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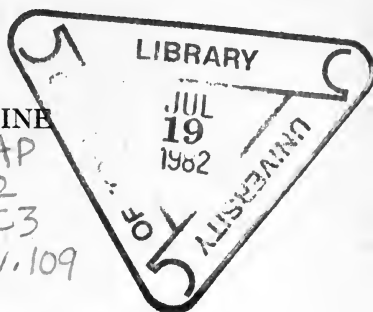
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# CONTENTS.

A Phase of Current Anglican Controversy.— <i>J. F. Scholfield</i> , . . .	527	High School, A Federal Revolution in the.— <i>Francis P. Donnelly, S.J.</i> , . . .	331
A Poets' Poet, Francis Thompson.— <i>Margaret Munsterberg</i> , . . .	753	How to Read St. John's Gospel.— <i>C. C. Martindale, S.J.</i> , . . .	459, 622, 783
American Idea, The.— <i>Gaillard Hunt, Litt.D.</i> , . . .	289	Huysmans and the Boulevard.— <i>Redfern Mason</i> , . . .	360
Anchress, The.— <i>Charlotte Balfour</i> , . . .	203	Ireland, at Last.— <i>Michael Williams</i> , . . .	212
Anglican Controversy, A Phase of Current.— <i>J. F. Scholfield</i> , . . .	527	Joseph Conrad, The Short Stories of.— <i>Joseph J. Reilly, Ph.D.</i> , . . .	163
An Irish Singer: Ethna Carbery.— <i>Katharine Tynan</i> , . . .	477	Kipling, The Passing of.— <i>Joseph J. Reilly, Ph.D.</i> , . . .	588
Annual Meeting of the Bishops, The.— <i>John A. Ryan, D.D.</i> , . . .	433	League of Nations, The Constitution of the.— <i>Charles G. Fenwick</i> , . . .	32
Armistice Days.— <i>Francis Aveling, S.T.D.</i> , . . .	601	L'Enfant des Rinfillières: Claire Ferchaud.— <i>May Bateman</i> , . . .	47
Bolshevism and Philosophy.— <i>James I. King</i> , . . .	450	Love, Marriage and Divorce.— <i>Henry E. O'Keefe, C.S.P.</i> , . . .	809
Bishops, The Annual Meeting of the.— <i>John A. Ryan, D.D.</i> , . . .	433	Maryknoll and the Far East.— <i>The Editor</i> , . . .	802
Canon Law, the Pope and the People.— <i>Samuel F. Darwin Fox</i> , . . .	1	Mediæval Science.— <i>James J. Walsh, M.D., Ph.D.</i> , . . .	85
Cardinal Newman and Edmund Burke.— <i>Alfred G. Brickel, S.J.</i> , . . .	637	Pan in California.— <i>Michael Williams</i> , . . .	19
Cardinal Newman and Gilbert K. Chesterton.— <i>Alfred G. Brickel, S.J.</i> , . . .	744	Passing of Kipling, The.— <i>Joseph J. Reilly, Ph.D.</i> , . . .	588
Case of California, The.— <i>C. M. Waage</i> , . . .	378	Philosophy, Bolshevism and.— <i>James I. King</i> , . . .	450
Catholic Social Study.— <i>Father Cuthbert, O.S.F.C.</i> , . . .	577	Promotion of Citizenship.— <i>Anthony Beck</i> , . . .	735
Catholic University, The Record of a.— <i>Albert J. Carnoy, Ph.D.</i> , . . .	176	Rattan Rods versus Psychic Stuff.— <i>Johan Liljencrants, A.M., S.T.D.</i> , . . .	487
Christ in Type and Prophecy.— <i>Cuthbert Lattey, S.J.</i> , . . .	187	Recent Events, 127, 264, 413, 557, 699, 843	843
Christ of Experience, The.— <i>Cuthbert Lattey, S.J.</i> , . . .	298	Record of a Catholic University, The.— <i>Albert J. Carnoy, Ph.D.</i> , . . .	176
Claire Ferchaud: L'Enfant des Rinfillières.— <i>May Bateman</i> , . . .	47	Remoteness.— <i>H. E. G. Rope, M.A.</i> , . . .	763
Constitution of the League of Nations, The.— <i>Charles G. Fenwick</i> , . . .	32	Resemblance of the Anglican Communion Service to the Catholic Mass.— <i>Michael Andrew Chapman</i> , . . .	774
Crimson Terror, The.— <i>Jerome Elmer Murphy</i> , . . .	145	St. John's Gospel, How to Read.— <i>C. C. Martindale, S.J.</i> , . . .	459, 622, 783
De la Salle, The Educational Reforms of.— <i>Brother Constantius</i> , . . .	721	Science, Mediæval.— <i>James J. Walsh, M.D., Ph.D.</i> , . . .	85
Education in a Democratic Society, Vocational.— <i>John A. Ryan, D.D.</i> , . . .	613	Shakespeare's Leading Man.— <i>Brother Leo</i> , . . .	62
Ethna Carbery: An Irish Singer.— <i>Katharine Tynan</i> , . . .	477	Short Stories of Joseph Conrad, The.— <i>Joseph J. Reilly, Ph.D.</i> , . . .	163
Far East, Marknoll and the.— <i>The Editor</i> , . . .	802	Social Study, Catholic.— <i>Father Cuthbert, O.S.F.C.</i> , . . .	577
Federal Revolution in the High School, A.— <i>Francis P. Donnelly, S.J.</i> , . . .	331	Tempest, The.— <i>Emily Hickey</i> , . . .	309
Gerard Hopkins and His Poetry.— <i>Henry A. Lappin</i> , . . .	501	Terror, The Crimson.— <i>Jerome Elmer Murphy</i> , . . .	145
Germany, The Treaty of Peace with.— <i>Charles G. Fenwick</i> , . . .	382	Thomas Dongan.— <i>Euphemia Van Rensselaer Wyatt</i> , . . .	662
Great Wars of Europe, The.— <i>Condé B. Pallen</i> , . . .	320	Thompson, Francis, A Poets' Poet.— <i>Margaret Munsterberg</i> , . . .	753
Growth of Croatian Nationalism.— <i>Aurelio F. Palmieri, O.S.A., Ph.D.</i> , . . .	344	Treaty of Peace with Germany, The.— <i>Charles G. Fenwick</i> , . . .	382
Hartley Coleridge: A Portrait.— <i>Florence Moynihan</i> , . . .	338	Vignettes of War.— <i>Francis Aveling, S.T.D.</i> , . . .	73
		Vocational Education in a Democratic Society.— <i>John A. Ryan, D.D.</i> , . . .	613
		War, Vignettes of.— <i>Francis Aveling, S.T.D.</i> , . . .	73

## STORIES.

An Uncanonized Saint.— <i>Mary Foster</i> , . . .	513, 646, 814	The Hermit.— <i>J. R. T. Baboneau</i> , . . .	236
Children.— <i>Kathryn White Ryan</i> , . . .	189	The Pope and the Poilu.— <i>William Fuller Curtis</i> , . . .	368
The Coward.— <i>M. Price Evans</i> , . . .	93		

# CONTENTS

iii

## POEMS.

<p>A Cry in the Springtime.—<i>Emily Hickey</i>, . . . . . 45</p> <p>A Song.—<i>Michael Earls, S.J.</i>, . . . . . 319</p> <p>An Answer.—<i>T. J. S.</i>, . . . . . 587</p> <p>At Jesus' Bruised Knees.—<i>Charles J. Powers, C.S.P.</i>, . . . . . 83</p> <p>Dark Rosaleen's Last Chaplet.—<i>Anna Griffin</i>, . . . . . 475</p> <p>Epitaph.—<i>Francis X. Doyle, S.J.</i>, . . . . . 500</p> <p>Glendaloch.—<i>Julian Johnstone</i>, . . . . . 185</p>	<p>Maris Stella!—<i>Edward F. Garesché, S.J.</i>, . . . . . 211</p> <p>My Little Ship.—<i>May Doney</i>, . . . . . 526</p> <p>Sister Teresa.—<i>Martha Elvira Petrus</i>, . . . . . 661</p> <p>The Lost World.—<i>Brian Padraic O'Seasnain</i>, . . . . . 92</p> <p>The Silences.—<i>Brian Padraic O'Seasnain</i>, . . . . . 645</p> <p>To the Singer.—<i>Thomas Curtis Clark</i>, . . . . . 367</p> <p>Vigil.—<i>Dorothy I. Little</i>, . . . . . 308</p>
---	--

## WITH OUR READERS.

<p>A Famous Indian Dictionary, . . . . . 861</p> <p>An Exploded Slander, . . . . . 863</p> <p>Anno Domini, . . . . . 143</p> <p>Bolshevism and H. G. Wells, . . . . . 142</p> <p>"Catholic Medical Mission for the Colored," . . . . . 575</p> <p>Catholics and Philippine Independence, . . . . . 425</p> <p>Charity of Blessed Thomas More, . . . . . 284</p> <p>Conference on Christian Unity, . . . . . 571</p> <p>Christian Unity and the Catholic Church, . . . . . 276</p> <p>Democracy, the Child of Catholicism, . . . . . 426</p>	<p>French Bishop on Social Reconstruction, . . . . . 709</p> <p>Indulgences, . . . . . 863</p> <p>Most Rev. Patrick J. Hayes, . . . . . 138</p> <p>Saints' Progress, . . . . . 718</p> <p>"The Holy Roman Empire in German Literature." A Protest and an Answer, . . . . . 428</p> <p>The Unchanging Church, . . . . . 856</p> <p>The Irish Question, . . . . . 139, 285, 569, 855</p> <p>The National Shrine at Washington, . . . . . 287</p> <p>Very Rev. John J. Hughes, C.S.P. . . . . 424</p> <p>Walt Whitman, . . . . . 572</p> <p>Wrong Education in Sex, . . . . . 715</p>
---	--

## NEW PUBLICATIONS.

<p>A Commentary on the New Code of Canon Law, . . . . . 245</p> <p>A Gray Dream, . . . . . 688</p> <p>A Handbook of Moral Theology, . . . . . 100</p> <p>A Hidden Phase of American History, . . . . . 552</p> <p>A Month of Devotion to Mary, . . . . . 696</p> <p>A Treasury of War Poetry, . . . . . 837</p> <p>Across the Stream, . . . . . 838</p> <p>Afterglow, . . . . . 252</p> <p>Amalia, . . . . . 550</p> <p>America in France, . . . . . 104</p> <p>American Association for International Conciliation, . . . . . 696</p> <p>Anecdotas Españolas, . . . . . 840</p> <p>Behind the Wheel of a War Ambulance, . . . . . 115</p> <p>Busy, the Life of an Ant, . . . . . 412</p> <p>Cambridge Essays on Education, . . . . . 398</p> <p>Canta, . . . . . 248</p> <p>Cantica Sacra in Hon. SS. Sacramenti Ac B. M. V., . . . . . 693</p> <p>Carven from the Laurel Tree, . . . . . 399</p> <p>Casting Out Fear, . . . . . 692</p> <p>Catechism of Patriotism for American School Children, . . . . . 260</p> <p>Catholicity, . . . . . 836</p> <p>Civilization, . . . . . 687</p> <p>Chimney-Pot Papers, . . . . . 679</p> <p>Christopher and Columbus, . . . . . 547</p> <p>Colonel John Scott of Long Island, . . . . . 260</p> <p>Collected Poems and Plays, . . . . . 681</p> <p>Compedium Theologiæ Moralis, . . . . . 246</p> <p>Connecticut in Transition, . . . . . 100</p> <p>Convent Life, . . . . . 834</p> <p>Currents and Eddies in the English Romantic Generation, . . . . . 258</p> <p>Dante, . . . . . 257</p> <p>Doctrinal Discourses, . . . . . 689</p> <p>Dutch Landscape Etchers of the Seventeenth Century . . . . . 110</p>	<p>Elements of Business, . . . . . 259</p> <p>El Pajaro Verde, . . . . . 840</p> <p>El Reino de los Incas, . . . . . 840</p> <p>Encyclopædia of Religion and Ethics, English Translations from the Greek, . . . . . 247</p> <p>Essays in Occultism, Spiritism, and Demonology, . . . . . 109</p> <p>Essays in the Study of Siense Painting, . . . . . 115</p> <p>Essentials of American History, . . . . . 125</p> <p>Essentials of Arithmetic, . . . . . 840</p> <p>Experiments in International Administration, . . . . . 109</p> <p>Fernando, . . . . . 827</p> <p>Fighting for Fairview, . . . . . 118</p> <p>First Lessons in Business, . . . . . 553</p> <p>For the Faith, . . . . . 836</p> <p>Foreign Publications, . . . . . 260, 554, 696, 842</p> <p>Four Years in the White North, . . . . . 246</p> <p>Free; and Other Stories, . . . . . 119</p> <p>Gorgoyles and Other Poems, . . . . . 253</p> <p>Garlington, . . . . . 694</p> <p>General Crook and the Fighting Apaches, . . . . . 124</p> <p>George Meredith, . . . . . 251</p> <p>Gulliver's Travels, . . . . . 249</p> <p>His Only Son, . . . . . 549</p> <p>How France is Governed, . . . . . 535</p> <p>In Flanders' Fields, and Other Poems, . . . . . 685</p> <p>In the Heart of a Fool, . . . . . 542</p> <p>In the Soldiers' Service, . . . . . 119</p> <p>Ireland: Its Saints and Scholars, . . . . . 551</p> <p>James Madison's Notes of Debates in the Federal Convention of 1787, . . . . . 677</p> <p>Jimmie Higgins, . . . . . 687</p> <p>Julius Caesar, . . . . . 695</p> <p>Lady Larkspur, . . . . . 694</p>
--	---

Leading Features of the Practical Plan of the Catholic Instruction League, . . . . .	696	The Doctor in War, . . . . .	110
Les Traits Eternels de La France, . . . . .	251	The Dominican College Year-Book, . . . . .	840
Letters of St. Teresa, . . . . .	553	The Dramatic Art of Lope de Vega, . . . . .	103
Letters to Catholic Priests, . . . . .	126	The Dream Maker, . . . . .	123
Lovers of Louisiana, . . . . .	249	The Elstones, . . . . .	548
Maggie of Virginsburg, . . . . .	690	The Emblems of Fidelity, . . . . .	543
Manna of the Soul, . . . . .	126	The Essential Mysticism, . . . . .	121
Marshal Ferdinand Foch, . . . . .	397	The Forgotten Man, and Other Essays, . . . . .	685
Marriage Legislation in the New Code of Canon Law, . . . . .	104	The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse, . . . . .	541
Mater Christi, . . . . .	688	The Gentleman Ranker and Other Plays, . . . . .	545
Meditations for the Use of Seminarian and Priest, . . . . .	124	The Great Conspiracy, . . . . .	545
Meditations Without Method, . . . . .	548	The Halo of Grief, . . . . .	249
Melissa Across the Fence, . . . . .	124	The Heart of Alsace, . . . . .	257
Memoir of Kenelm Henry Digby, . . . . .	825	The Heart of Peace, . . . . .	838
Mexico from Cortes to Carranza, . . . . .	102	The History of Henry Fielding, . . . . .	99
Military Servitude and Grandeur, . . . . .	688	The History of Legislative Methods in the Period Before 1825, . . . . .	112
Modern Punctuation, . . . . .	552	The Holy Roman Empire in German Literature, . . . . .	254
Moral Philosophy, . . . . .	688	The Joy Maker, . . . . .	248
Morale and Its Enemies, . . . . .	120	The Law of Struggle, . . . . .	120
Mysticism True and False, . . . . .	825	The Life of John Redmond, . . . . .	824
Nerves and the War, . . . . .	256	The Little Crusaders, . . . . .	839
Nowadays, . . . . .	695	The Lost Fruits of Waterloo, . . . . .	113
Octavia and New Poems, . . . . .	545	The Lover's Rosary, . . . . .	544
Okewood of the Secret Service, . . . . .	256	The Most Beloved Woman, . . . . .	552
One Thousand Technical Books, . . . . .	841	The Natural Incentive, . . . . .	255
Our Admirable Betty, . . . . .	123	The Oregon Missions, . . . . .	106
Our First Ten Thousand, . . . . .	679	The Parables of Jesus, . . . . .	544
Our Navy in the War, . . . . .	544	The Passion of Our Lord in the Words of the Gospel, . . . . .	126
Outline Meditations, . . . . .	258	The Poems of Fate, . . . . .	122
Painting, . . . . .	695	The Principles of Christian Apologetics, . . . . .	826
Pamphlets of American Association for International Conciliation, . . . . .	259	The Red One, . . . . .	108
Pastor Halloft, . . . . .	547	The Roll-Call, . . . . .	254
Pioneers of the Russian Revolution, . . . . .	538	The Second Bullet, . . . . .	550
Poems of New England and Old Spain, . . . . .	546	The Shadow of the Cathedral . . . . .	250
Poland in the World of Democracy, . . . . .	537	The Swallow, . . . . .	686
Redmond's Vindication, . . . . .	826	The Tale of Mr. Tubbs, . . . . .	839
Retreats for Soldiers, . . . . .	695	The Theistic Social Ideal, or the Distributive State, . . . . .	833
Rise of the Spanish-American Republics, . . . . .	678	The Truth About Bulgaria, . . . . .	551
Self and Self-Management, . . . . .	543	The United States in the World War, . . . . .	111
Sermons on Our Blessed Lady, . . . . .	689	The Valley of Vision, . . . . .	689
Simple Souls, . . . . .	551	The Victim's Return, . . . . .	118
Sketches and Reviews, . . . . .	838	The War and the Future, . . . . .	114
Skipper John of the Nimbus, . . . . .	119	The World War and Its Consequences, . . . . .	684
Solemn Vespers for Quartette and Chorus, . . . . .	693	The Years Between, . . . . .	682
Solid Geometry, . . . . .	841	Three Sides of Paradise Green, . . . . .	124
Spiritual Exercises for Monthly and Annual Retreats for the Use of Souls Consecrated to God, . . . . .	549	To the Heart of a Child, . . . . .	125
Studies in Literature, . . . . .	247	Twenty-Five Years in the Black Belt, . . . . .	253
Studies in the History of Ideas, . . . . .	123	Victory Over Blindness, . . . . .	834
Summarium Theologiæ Moralis, . . . . .	410	Volleys from a Non-Combatant, . . . . .	680
Supplement to Noldin's Moral Theology, . . . . .	258	Walking-Stick Papers, . . . . .	116
Tales of Secret Egypt, . . . . .	694	War Poems from the Yale Review, . . . . .	117
The American Boys' Engineering Book, . . . . .	125	Wasp Studies Afield, . . . . .	123
The Band of Gideon and Other Lyrics, . . . . .	108	Webster's New Handy Dictionary, We Others, . . . . .	412
The Bedrock of Belief, . . . . .	122	What We Eat and What Happens to It, . . . . .	549
The Best Short Stories of 1918, . . . . .	411	Whose Name is Legion, . . . . .	692
The British Navy in Battle, . . . . .	539	Whence Cometh Victory? . . . . .	126
The Catholic Encyclopædia, . . . . .	102	Where Your Heart Is, . . . . .	114
The Charmed American, . . . . .	691	Wild Youth and Another, . . . . .	252
The Chronicles of America, . . . . .	400, 828	With the Help of God and a Few Marines, . . . . .	827
The Citizen and the Republic, . . . . .	540	Your Neighbor and You, . . . . .	551
The Creative Impulse in Industry, . . . . .	105		
The Dawn of the French Renaissance, . . . . .	111		

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CANON LAW, THE POPE AND THE PEOPLE.

BY SAMUEL F. DARWIN FOX.

*"President Wilson the champion of the Society of Nations, on the occasion of his official visit to Cardinal Gasparri, Papal Secretary of State, was presented by His Eminence with two magnificently bound copies of the newly codified Canon Law."—Daily Press.*



FOR our exceeding comfort it has been asserted—and there is quite a literature upon the subject—that we have brought to a successful issue “the War which shall end all wars.” Prussian militarism triumphantly destroyed, the map of Europe reconstructed, and the smaller and weaker nations set free from the mailed fist of the oppressor, our feet are placed upon the threshold of an era of universal peace and permanent prosperity.

Practical, peaceful life, the people’s life, the People themselves Lifted, illumined, bathed in peace—elate, secure in peace.<sup>1</sup>

But what are the guarantees for a consummation so desirable? Is it possible to render “a reasonable account of the hope that is in us?” After all, the situation which faces us today is by no means a new one. The pattern of the political kaleidoscope has changed and ever changes: that is the utmost we can say. A century ago, the attempted hegemony of Napoleon was

<sup>1</sup> Walt Whitman, *Song of the Exposition*.

crushed—even as the German hegemony was crushed but a few weeks since. Napoleon was put out of harm's way; and Europe settled down to the enjoyment (as it thought) of a lasting peace. "But wisest Fate said, No;" and the Crimean and Franco-Prussian wars, in particular, were the foretaste of worse things to come. Realizing the danger, jurists, publicists, millionaires, Socialists, peace associations of every sort and kind labored, persistently and meretoriously, to construct a noble fortress of international friendship and international law which, they assured us, would make a world war a sheer impossibility. But they built with untempered mortar upon a foundation of sand; and, at the first puff of breath from the lungs of the Imperial Mars, their beautiful edifice, with all its fair turrets and shining bastions, fell tumbling like a castle of cards about their astonished ears. Of the Hague Conventions of 1899 and 1907—excellent and full of promise as they undoubtedly were—we can but say in sorrow: *Voces et præterea nihil*.

Are we, then, to hope that we shall succeed—*vi et armis*—where the publicists, pacifists and jurists have so obviously and lamentably failed? With the lessons of the past and the present before us, we are bound to admit that even the absolute annihilation of Prussian militarism, with all its concomitant evils and abominations, can offer no guarantee whatsoever that the generations yet to come may not be called upon to "deliver the world" from some future hegemony, and become involved in carnage even more hideous than the last. For the march of so-called modern civilization, and the progress of science and invention, serve but to intensify the horrors of warfare; and, at the present rate of proceeding, our children's children may well be forced to witness a universal cataclysm such as is described so graphically and relentlessly by H. G. Wells in his clever novel, *The War in the Air*.

It is just this cold-blooded employment of the richest discoveries and resources of modern science in the grim work of wholesale destruction, mutilation and slaughter, which constitutes what is, perhaps, the most forcible contrast between warfare as carried on in this enlightened twentieth century of ours, and warfare as waged in what the *ignorants ignorantifants* (to use Molière's delightful phrase) are pleased to term "the Dark Ages." We are all only too familiar with the



officially sanctioned (and, it would seem, greedily accepted) doctrines and practices known by the generic name of "Frightfulness." Here is an illuminating instance of "Modernism in Warfare."

Now, M. Paul Fournier, at a meeting of the *Académie des Inscriptions et Belles-Lettres de Paris*, in August, 1916, called attention to an extremely interesting decision of the Second Council of the Lateran, which bears immediately upon our point. This Council, held in 1139, under the presidency of Pope Innocent II., prohibited the use, in Christian warfare, of the bow and arbalest, on the ground that, by reason of the very perfection of their mechanism, they had become too efficiently murderous. The decision, forming part of a series of ecclesiastical measures intended to mitigate the evils of war, was inserted in the official collection of decrees during the course of the following century. M. Fournier tells us that this most humane decision was loyally accepted by France—the eldest daughter of the Church—and that, for nearly fifty years, the French soldiers refrained from using the arbalest in any shape or form.

In the same spirit of Christian charity, Louis XV. flatly refused to employ a particularly ingenious and deadly engine of war—newly invented—which was offered to him. He paid the inventor handsomely—and destroyed the invention:

It is from incidents such as these (and more might easily be given) that we are enabled to realize the humane conditions of warfare existing in the Ages of Faith, and to compare them with those existing today. We all remember the chorus of ridicule which greeted the proposal of the present Holy Father, in the early days of the recent War, that hostilities should be suspended during the Feast of the Nativity of Jesus Christ, the Prince of Peace. This proposal was not without precedent. By order of the Holy See, Bishop Hugh proclaimed the celebrated "Truce of God" at Montriond, near Lausanne, in the year 1036. This "Truce of God"—which was successfully carried out—involved the entire cessation of all hostilities from sunset on the Wednesday of each week until sunrise on the Monday of the week following, from the beginning of Advent to the Octave of the Epiphany, and from Septuagesima to the Octave of Easter. It further prescribed that priests, monks, clerks, lay-brothers, pilgrims, merchants, travelers, and agri-

cultural laborers with their beasts of burden should be immune from interference by the belligerents.

Incidents such as these were by no means unusual in the Middle Ages. They are symptomatic—the outward and visible signs of the binding-power of the unchanging moral law of the Catholic religion; then accepted, in its fullness, as the basis of the law of nations. And this brings us to the heart of our subject.

The principle of internationalism—and, consequently, the basis of International Law—rests upon the great doctrine of the unity and brotherhood of the human race. This doctrine could not possibly have been evolved from the opinions, the beliefs and the philosophies of the ancients; for to these it was in complete and absolute opposition; and against it, on that account, the Emperor Julian loudly and eagerly protested. But it was revealed to mankind by God Incarnate; and found material expression in that greatest of international societies: the Holy Catholic Church. The gates of hell could not prevail against it; and it made triumphant headway in the world.

Apart from this, its acceptance was doubtless facilitated by the fact that in the provisions of the Roman law, as in those of the laws of other countries with respect to religion, thus incorporated into the constitution of the State, we read the acknowledgment of the great truth that the State is not a mere mechanical institution concerned with the external life of its citizens, but that it is built of necessity upon foundations of a moral and spiritual character; and that this character is the primary element of its strength, and the real spring of its continued existence.<sup>2</sup> It would certainly be obvious, to farsighted founders and governors of States, that the Christian religion was admirably calculated to strengthen those foundations by adding the sanctions of revelation to the voice of conscience and the instinctive sense of right and wrong whereby the duties of the citizen were supported and enforced. "They who hold Revelation," says Burke, "give a double assurance to their country."<sup>3</sup> This is a principle accepted as true *semper*,

<sup>2</sup> "Denique, in his delinquendi est gravior periculum, ubi Fides violatur, aut jusjurandi Religio contemnitur, nam grave est fidem fallere quæ justitiæ totius firmitatem est, qua non solum republicæ, sed omnis humana societas continetur, et quod perjurium atheismo sit detestabilius, cum perjuri numen agnoscere videantur, sed ipsum irredere audeant."—Vide Zouch, *Solutio Quæstionis Veteris et Novæ, sive de Legati Deliquentis Judice competente Dissertatio.*, pars 1. s. v. 5.

<sup>3</sup> Works, vol. x., p. 39: *Speech on a Bill for the Relief of Protestant Dissenters.*

*ubique, ab omnibus*.<sup>4</sup> The ancient pagan religious systems had failed, and fallen into corruption and contempt: something had to be found to take their place.

The origin and nature of Christianity rendered impossible its incorporation into the State, in the manner in which pagan worship had been incorporated. For whereas the pagan religions were essentially tribalistic and (to use the convenient terminology of later times) Erastian, Christianity was fundamentally Catholic, that is to say, inter (or, more exactly, *supra*) national, which is the direct antithesis to tribalism, and altogether intolerant of direction or interference, in matters of principle, by the State. The maxim *Cujus est regio, illius est religio* is, to a Catholic, blasphemous in theory and false in fact.

So, when Christianity has triumphed, and become not only one of the *Collegia licita* but the actual religion of a nation, it is still, by the charter of its being, a body distinct from the State. Church and State naturally touch each other at many points; and the teachers of Christian doctrine become endowed with goods and lands, either by individuals under the sanction of the civil power, or by the State itself. This is what is meant by the familiar term, *Establishment*. But, though it be a *Collegium licitum* protected by the State as to its establishment, the Church possesses a divine mission, a divinely-constituted hierarchy, and a divinely-given doctrine. In these respects it remains—and must ever remain—altogether independent of human authority.

The external and visible Church, independent, by its very nature, of the territorial limits of kingdoms, is governed by an external, visible and infallible authority; that authority is lodged in one person; and that one person is the Pope. And, in order duly to exercise that authority, the Pope must possess a power irrespective of, and superior to, that of all temporal sovereigns.

“Thou art Peter and upon this rock I will build My Church.”<sup>5</sup> Experience and history have abundantly shown that non-Papal Christian communities—“Orthodox,” Anglican, “old-Catholic” or Protestant—have failed, one and all, to

<sup>4</sup> Cf. (e. g.) Cicero, *De Leg.*, I., Chap. viii.; *ibid.* I., Chap. xiii.; *Ep. ad Fam.*, xii. (Treatise); also some striking passages cited from Philo, Chrysippus and Aristotle, in Grotius, I. ii., xx., 44, 3.

<sup>5</sup> Matt. xvi. 18.

preserve any real measure of autonomy, or to escape from the quagmire of Erastianism, Nationalism, or popular democratic control. However different may be the accidental circumstances which immediately regulate their condition or situation as individual bodies, the fact remains unaltered that the scope of their influence and activity is limited and circumscribed, as opposed to universal and Catholic. In so far as this is true, non-Papal Christianity is a reversion to the primitive, pagan, tribalistic type of religion. We may, indeed, often detect the latent polytheism underlying these religious systems,<sup>6</sup> many of which have been either originated or commandeered by the State, and which, at best, are entirely subservient to a body of public opinion. Attempts to "internationalize" them are predestined to failure: chameleon-like, they faithfully adapt themselves to the ever-changing colors of their environment. But we must pass on.

The well-known non-Catholic jurist, Professor Laurent, in his monumental work: *Histoire du Droit des Gens et des Relations Internationales*, has said that International Law is the child of the Catholic Church. This is precisely our contention. The Church insists that the Christian nation has the *speciale jus gentis fidelis* in its intercourse with other Christian nations, over and above the *jus commune* with heathen nations, who are members of the great community of States. A Catholic nation—equally with the humblest Catholic child—has its duty to fulfill towards its neighbors. Chauvinism, or "Jingoism," is fundamentally incompatible with Christianity. In his speech in the House of Lords, "on the Motion for a Committee to inquire into the State of the Laws affecting Roman Catholics," delivered in April, 1812, Lord Wellesley finely and truly said: "Religion is not a mere matter of commerce between man and his Creator, but a lively motive of public action."<sup>7</sup> The Church has never ceased to impress this fact upon her children, individually and collectively. We need not here set forth, at length, the conditions necessary for a just and honest war, as carefully and elaborately formulated by her Fathers, the-

<sup>6</sup> During the late War, attention was frequently called to the recurrence of such expressions as "Our old German God," "the Holy Spirit is identical with the German spirit," and so forth, in German Protestant sermons and "religious" publications. This, surely, is tribalism *in excelsis*.

<sup>7</sup> This is by no means a bad paraphrase of James i. 27: "Religion clean and undefiled before God and the Father, is this: to visit the fatherless and widows in their tribulation: and to keep oneself unspotted from this world."

ologians and canonists: they are sufficiently familiar by this time. These bear eternal witness to religion as “a lively motive of public action.”

It should be carefully remembered that the Œcumenical Councils—besides being “assemblies of prelates and doctors to settle matters concerning religion and the discipline of the Church”<sup>8</sup>—were a tribunal before which were discussed the principal international affairs of Christendom, not only articles of faith and matters of religion, but such questions of secular importance as the conduct of princes, their trial and punishment, the precedency and rank of nations, and the disputed succession to kingdoms. So great was the authority and influence of these Councils, that the infidel Voltaire called them “The Senate of Europe.”<sup>9</sup>

It may be well here to set down the names and dates of the Councils, sub-dividing them as follows:

(a) Those which form a portion of the *Corpus Juris Canonici*; and

(b) Those held subsequently to its compilation (*quorum nulla in corpore Juris mentio fit*).

(a) EIGHT GENERAL COUNCILS IN THE EAST.

	A.D.
I. Nice (1) . . . . .	325
II. Constantinople (1) . . . . .	381
III. Ephesus . . . . .	431
IV. Chalcedon . . . . .	451
V. Constantinople (2) . . . . .	553
VI. Constantinople (3) . . . . .	680
VII. Nice (2) . . . . .	787
VIII. Constantinople (4) . . . . .	869

SEVEN GENERAL COUNCILS IN THE WEST.

IX. Lateran (1) . . . . .	1123
X. Lateran (2) . . . . .	1139
XI. Lateran (3) . . . . .	1179
XII. Lateran (4) . . . . .	1215
XIII. Lyons (1) . . . . .	1245
XIV. Lyons (2) . . . . .	1274
XV. Vienne . . . . .	1311

<sup>8</sup> Durand de Maillanc, *Dictionnaire du Droit Canonique*, tome 1., titre CONCILE.

<sup>9</sup> *Essai sur les Mœurs et l'Esprit des Nations*, Chap. Ixvii.

(b)	XVI.	Pisa . . . . .	1409
	XVII.	Constance . . . . .	1414
	XVIII.	Basle . . . . .	1431
	XIX.	Florence . . . . .	1439
	XX.	Lateran (5) . . . . .	1512
	XXI.	Trent . . . . .	1545
	XXII.	Vatican . . . . .	1870

We may observe, by the way, that the Vatican Council has never been formally closed; and also that a *postulatum* asking that the Sovereign Pontiff should take measures to reëstablish the Law of Nations, was presented to the assembled Fathers in the early stages of its session. This *postulatum*, signed by the majority of the bishops of Christendom, forms part of the *Acta* of the Council.<sup>11</sup>

With regard to the first four Councils, Justinian decreed that the Canons contained in them should be observed as laws; and the Canon Law declares: "Among the great Councils, four are known as especially venerable because their definitions embraced all the fundamentals of faith, after the manner of the four Gospels, and, indeed, they may be termed the four rivers from Paradise."<sup>12</sup> It is of importance to notice that the authority of these four Councils is fully recognized by Post-Reformation English law. Thus, the Legislature enacted that the High Commissioners appointed by Queen Elizabeth should have no power to "adjudge any matter or cause to be heresy, but only such as have heretofore been determined, ordered, or adjudged to be heresy by the authority of the Canonical Scriptures, or by the first four General Councils, or any of them, or by any other General Council wherein the same was declared heresy by the express and plain words of the said Canonical Scripture. . . ." <sup>13</sup>

And the international character of the Councils is clearly stated by that celebrated Anglican divine, the "judicious" Hooker, in a passage of singular beauty and power. The following extracts will serve to bring out the tenor of the whole:

<sup>10</sup> The Decrees of these Councils were considerably modified by a Council held at Rome (1512-17) under Leo X.

<sup>11</sup> *Vide* the speech of Lord Stanley of Anderley, delivered in the House of Lords on July 23, 1887.

<sup>12</sup> *Decret*; I.; *Dist.*, xv., Chap. i., s.l.; *et vide* Chap. ii.

<sup>13</sup> I. Eliz., Chap. i., s. 36.

Now as there is great cause of communion, and consequently of laws, for the maintenance of communion amongst Nations, so, amongst Nations Christian, the like in regard even of Christianity hath been always judged needful. And in this kind of correspondence amongst Nations, the force of the General Councils doth stand. For, as one and the same Law Divine . . . is unto all Christian churches a rule for the chiefest things . . . so the urgent necessity of mutual communion for preservation of our unity in these things, *as also for order in some other things convenient to be everywhere kept*, maketh it requisite that the Church of God here upon earth have her laws of spiritual commerce between Christian Nations . . . whether . . . be it for the ending of strifes, touching matters of Christian belief, wherein the one part may seem to have probable cause of dissenting from the other; or be it concerning *matters of polity*, order and regiment in the church, *I nothing doubt but that Christian men should much better frame themselves to those heavenly precepts which Our Lord and Saviour with so great instancy gave us as concerning peace and unity, if we did all concur in desire to have the use of ancient Councils again renewed rather than those proceedings continued, which either make all contentions endless, or bring them to one only determination, and that is of all other the worst, which is by the sword.*<sup>14</sup>

The concluding sentence of this remarkable passage certainly strikes one as being particularly "judicious."

Now it will at once be seen that a most important principle is here conceded. *If the authority of FOUR Councils be granted, why not the authority of the rest? And if the authority of the rest, why not the authority of the whole CORPUS JURIS CANONICI?* In the time of Elizabeth, the Church of England was created as the Religious Department of the Civil Service, which fact invests the foregoing citations with their great, outstanding value. The political exigences of that time—exigences which brought into being the Protestant Establishment—required without doubt that the conceded principle be limited; but those exigences no longer exist. *A loophole has assuredly been left open for an entire acceptance, by Protestant England, of Catholic International Law.*

The purpose of the present article is to indicate a particular idea in outline merely, allowing the reader to fill in the

<sup>14</sup> *Ecclesiastical Polity*, Book I., Chap. 10, Sec. 14. (Italics ours.)

details for himself. We will not pause, then, to discuss the *Acta* of those Councils (which are very easy of access), but will go on to our next point.

About 1152 A.D., the *Decretum*—a systematic compilation of the canons and laws of the Church—was made by Gratian, and approved by the Pope. Then, in or about the year 1235, Pope Gregory IX. caused his chaplain to reduce, to a regular order and system, the constitutions of former Popes, including with them his own, and also the Canons of the Third and Fourth Lateran Councils: these are the *Decretals*. The *Sext* (or Sixth Book of the Decretals) was added by Boniface VIII.; Clement V. began another compilation—afterwards published—called *The Clementines*; yet another was made by John XXII. Finally were added, in 1483, other Papal Decrees. These compilations received the most deliberate stamp of the Church's approbation, were ordered to be taught in all her schools, and became the law of all her tribunals.

Together with the *Jus Novissimum*, or later Canon Law, they constitute that body of Papal Law which is the perfection of the *Jus Gentium*.

In justification of our statement that the jurisprudence of the Catholic Church is the perfection of the *Jus Gentium*, we hasten to quote the deliberate opinion of that very learned and accomplished dignitary of the Church of England, the late Dean Milman. "It is impossible," he says, "to conceive what had been the confusion, the lawlessness, the chaotic state of the Middle Ages, without the mediæval Papacy."<sup>15</sup> And De Maistre quotes the infidel Voltaire in evidence of the fact that this authority, from the time of its promulgation and exercise, was eminently beneficial to the world.<sup>16</sup>

In an autograph letter addressed to the Priestly Sodality *Pro Pontifice et Ecclesia*, dated May 7, 1916,<sup>17</sup> His Holiness Benedict XV., gloriously reigning, writes as follows:

. . . I must not fail to answer the question you have asked me. You have asked what subjects might profitably be studied, by members of the Sodality, during the present

<sup>15</sup> *History of Latin Christianity*, vol. i., p. 430. Cf. also Portalis: "*Ils [the Popes] exercèrent une dictature salutaire, qui laissa respirer les peuples et prépara la renaissance de l'ordre social*"—*Discours, Rapports et Travaux inédits sur le Concordat de 1801; les articles organiques*, etc., etc., Introduction, vi.

<sup>16</sup> *Du Pape*, p. 249.

<sup>17</sup> The Latin text will be found in *Acta Sodalitatis Sacerdotalis "Pro Pontifice et Ecclesia," Annus iv., no. i., Julius, 1916.*



year. *The efforts of the Popes to promote Peace* may be considered from the standpoint of the past, the present, and the future. It seems to me that sound studies on the Papal efforts to promote Peace during the course of the ages, cannot but serve to make the Church and Her Head better known and better loved.

The principal achievements of the Popes in regard to this matter of peace-making—whether between the governors of States or between the nations and their sovereigns—may here be set forth in tabular form:

St. Leo the Great	(440-461):	Made peace with Attila in favor of Italy.
St. Gregory I.	(590-604):	Made peace with Agiluf, King of Lombardy, in favor of the Romans; also between the Emperors of the East and the Lombards.
St. Gregory II.	(715-732)	} Made peace with Liutprand, King of Lombardy, in favor of the Romans.
St. Zachary	(741-752)	
St. Leo IX.	(1049-1054):	Made peace between the Emperor Henry III. and Andrew, King of Hungary.
Victor II.	(1055-1057):	Made peace between the Emperor Henry III., Badoin of Flanders, and Godfrey of Lorraine.
Innocent III.	(1198-1216):	Made peace between John Lackland, King of England, and Philip Augustus, King of France.
Honorius III.	(1216-1227):	Made peace between Louis VIII. of France, and Henry III. of England.
Innocent IV.	(1243-1254):	Made peace between the King of Portugal and his subjects.
Nicholas III.	(1277-1280):	Mediated on several occasions between the Emperor Rudolph of Habsburg and Charles of Anjou, King of Naples.
John XXII.	(1316-1334):	Made peace between Edward II., King of England, and Robert, King of Scotland.

- Benedict XII. (1334-1342): Made peace between Edward III., Plantagenet, of England, and Philip de Valois, King of France.
- Gregory XI. (1370-1378): Made peace between the King of Portugal and the King of Castile.
- Nicholas V. (1447-1455): Mediated in Germany, Hungary and Italy.
- Innocent VII. (1484-1492): Mediated in Russia, Austria and England.
- Alexander VI. (1492-1503): Made peace between Spain and Portugal.
- Gregory XIII. (1572-1585): Made peace between the King of Poland and the Tsar of Russia.
- Urban VIII. (1623-1644): Mediated in order to conclude the dissensions on the subject of the right of succession to the Duchies of Mantua and Montferrat.
- Leo XIII. (1878-1903): Made peace between Spain and Germany; and between the two Republics of Haiti and San Domingo.

This catalogue—which might, indeed, be amplified—gives some notion of what the Sovereign Pontiffs have accomplished, for peace, in the course of history. In order further to drive the point home, we here set down a passage from a recent work<sup>18</sup>—a passage, be it observed, which gives a bird's-eye view of the Pontifical activity during a single century: “Who can recount the numbers of these *Legates of Peace*—we use the term in the full sense of International Law—sent from the Vatican? Here are a few outstanding names, taken from a single period—the fifteenth century. The Envoys of Nicholas V. (1447-1455), the Inaugurator of the Christian Renaissance, were: the Spanish Cardinal Juan de Carvajal (1446), twenty-two times Ambassador; Nicholas of Cusa (1451); and the Cardinal-Legate Dominic Capranica (1454), a churchman and statesman whom Pastor scrupled not to call ‘the ornament of

<sup>18</sup> Joseph Muller, LL.D. (translated by the present writer), *The Pope as Peace-maker: or, The Hague Convention of October 18, 1907, on the Right of Mediation possessed by Neutral States; together with some considerations upon the question of a Mediation by the Pope*, Fribourg, Switzerland, 1917, pp. 27, 28.

the Church and of the human race.' Who can pretend to ignore the fact that the policy of Leo X., from the time of his accession to the Throne of Peter onwards, was to reëstablish international peace? For this purpose he sent Peace-Legates to Spain, to France, and to England. The entire Pontificate of Paul V. was a painful struggle to maintain peace. He sent Cardinal Carracciolo as Legate to the Emperor, and Cardinal Trivulzio to France, for the establishment of peace. From his Pontificate likewise come the names of the Legates Quiñones and Sadoletto. Again, the cause of international peace was greatly strengthened by Julius III. when he dispatched the Cardinal Capodiferro (1453) to King Henry II. of France with the beautiful mission to declare, in the name of the Pope, that the Sovereign Pontiff desired but to fulfill his duty as Father of Christendom, and that he had no other interests at heart than the reëstablishment of peace for the common good. And, to this end, he offered himself as mediator. We need not speak at length of Cardinal Dandino, the Nuncio Gualterio (1454), and the renowned Frate Simone da Camerino, whose policy was more successful than that of all the diplomatists of his time (*The Peace of Lodi, 1454*). Nor need we discuss the celebrated Jerome Rorario—the mediator of peace between Ferdinand I. and Zapolya—and we need but name Pope Adrian VI.—universally admired for his high impartiality—a Pontiff who, as a diplomatist of later days has phrased it, stood in the midst of contending factions 'as a rock amid the waves.'"

From this it is easy for the mind's eye to picture the state of affairs in the Ages of Faith. We see that a perfect tribunal of International Law was established in the Vatican; and that the only common Judge, whom independent nations could acknowledge, was presented in the person of the Sovereign Pontiff. The spectacle of princes and nations submitting their quarrels to the arbitration of the Chief Minister of the Gospel of Peace, is surely one which the bloody wars of later times have given Christendom ample reason regretfully to long for. And it cannot be denied, by any thoughtful and candid person, that this beneficent authority, wielded by the Vicar of Jesus Christ, has full often protected the oppressed, humbled and brought low the oppressor, stayed the shedding of blood, cherished peace, and prevented war—and this at a period when the

barbarous manners and savage passions of humankind would have yielded to none other influence whatsoever. Truly the contemplation of such a picture cannot fail (once again to quote the words of our present Holy Father) "to make the Church and Her Head better known and better loved."

It may be of interest to notice, in passing, that the Decretal<sup>19</sup> beginning *Novit ille*, issued in the year 1204 by Innocent III. with regard to the difference between King John, of England, and King Philip, of France, expressly declares that a charge of breach of faith to a treaty (*rupta pacis fœdera*) no doubt appertains, *ratione causa*, to the judgment of the Church. And the Bull *In Cœna Domini*—known also as *Pastoralis*—which is so ancient that its origin cannot be discovered,<sup>20</sup> excommunicates and anathematizes (*inter alia*):

Pirates, corsairs, and maritime free booters.

All who seize the chattels of shipwrecked mariners in whatever region.

All those who supply the Saracens and Turks, or other enemies of the Christian name, with arms and aid.

All who obstruct the conveyance of victuals and other supplies for the use of the Curia Romana.

All who persecute persons coming to the Roman See, or sojourning at the Roman Court.

All who in any way molest pilgrims coming to Rome for purposes of devotion.

All who injure the Cardinals of the Holy Roman Church, or other ecclesiastical dignitaries.

All who obstruct prelates and ecclesiastical judges in the exercise of their jurisdiction.

No one can obtain absolution from the sentences of this Bull from any other than the Pope, unless he be *in articulo mortis*; and then only after surety given for obedience to the mandates of the Church, and for satisfaction to be made. Comment is needless.

Now the moral of all these things is surely manifest today. On Easter Sunday, 1896, Cardinals Gibbons, Vaughan and Logue, the representatives of the English-speaking peoples in the Sacred College, put forth a solemn appeal on behalf of a permanent tribunal of arbitration "as a rational substitute

<sup>19</sup> *Decret. Greg. ix.*, l. 2, t. i., Chap. iiii.

<sup>20</sup> In the Vatican is preserved a copy of the Bull of Gregory XI. (1370); the date of this famous instrument cannot be traced more exactly than this.

. . . for a resort to the bloody arbitrament of war.”<sup>21</sup> Three years later—in 1899—was convened the first of the Conventions of The Hague, which, be it noted, were directly inspired and initiated by Pope Leo XIII. But, for reasons which we need not at present discuss, a certain State deliberately vetoed every proposal that the Sovereign Pontiff should be invited to take part, whether personally or by proxy, in the deliberations. This was an altogether fatal mistake: it might, indeed, be qualified by a harsher term.

From private accounts of the proceedings of the Hague Conferences—those of Lammasch, Zorn, Meurer and Mérignhac, for instance—we learn that the veto was the subject of long and lively debate; but, to the eternal shame of Europe, it was allowed. It will be remembered that the late Mr. W. T. Stead at once addressed to Cardinal Rampolla, then Papal Secretary of State, a noble protest couched in the following terms: “The absence of a representative of the Holy See, from the Conference, was a great disappointment. You have, however, the consolation of knowing that this refusal to admit the Pontifical delegate has brought into the mind of at least one Protestant a solid argument in favor of the idea of conferring on the Pope some kind of territorial sovereignty, which should give him a claim, in law, to be represented at an international conference.”

The inevitable consequence of this unjust and preposterous veto has been to deprive the Conventions of every particle of adequate and operative moral authority. What possible answer could be given to the ever-recurring question: “Who hath appointed thee prince and judge over us?”<sup>22</sup> It was—and *is*—entirely beside the point to talk about International Law. For law must have a sanction; that is to say, there must be some superior from which it emanates, and which will actively enforce it. But, since the so-called Reformation, we have been in a state of sheer international anarchy: nations are regarded as independent sovereigns, and have no common sovereign. Accordingly, the majority of Anglo-Saxon jurists, following the teaching of John Austin, flatly deny the present existence of “International Law” in any form or shape. At best, the rules of international conduct, now prevailing, are

<sup>21</sup> The full text of this Appeal may be found in Dr. Allen S. Will's *Life of James Cardinal Gibbons*, pp. 279, 280.

<sup>22</sup> Exodus ii. 14.

mere fluctuating standards of morality. Austin happily terms these usages "positive international morality;" and his view is accepted by jurists such as Sir Frederick Pollock, James Bryce, and John Chipman Gray. Continental jurists are preponderatingly on the side of Austin and his followers; and Joseph Kohler and others declare that no International Law is possible apart from the establishment of a super-state.

Now, the maintenance of order in a "League of Nations," or Family of States, clearly postulates the foundation of a Tribunal of Arbitration for the settlement of international difficulties; *and the distinguishing features of such a Tribunal must be (1) supra-nationality, and (2) supreme moral authority.* In no other way can impartial, independent and fearless action be assured: in no other way can the rights and the legitimate aspirations of the peoples be safeguarded. For the occupant of the judgment-seat of the world, the most perfect disinterestedness, the most entire freedom from personal ambition, the most unworldly life, the most ardent love of justice, the most entire freedom from personal ambition, are indispensable and perpetually requisite. And these qualifications are summed up in that "Moral Person" who is the *Rector Orbis*, the Vicar of the Prince of Peace, the supreme infallible guardian of the eternal moral law. Meanwhile, how stand we? Let us face the facts, squarely and honestly. We have *no* supra-national arbitrator: International Law is a dead-letter: mediation by a neutral power is generally injudicious, never invited by the disputants, ever liable to be suspected of ulterior motives: intervention, as Bynkershøk says,<sup>23</sup> is always unjust. That is the situation as it is today.

And the situation as it will be tomorrow? Unless our sacrifices are to be in vain, and our honor rooted in dishonor, we must see to it that we realize our ideal—the gigantic transformation of human society which we have pledged ourselves to affect: we must reconstruct our civilization upon the bed-rock of Christianity.

We are far from underestimating the magnitude of the task. But the grim realities of the recent World War have shattered numberless cherished popular illusions, and have opened the way for radical changes. The brotherhood of man, the society of nations, the sanctions of international law, the

<sup>23</sup> *Questiones Juris Publici*, Chap. xxv.-xxx.

enthronement of justice and right, are notions which owe their very breath and being to the Catholic Church; and the corner-stone of the whole fabric is the Holy See, which, during the centuries, protected the poor and helpless against the war-lords and tyrants of the times and constituted a tribunal of arbitration which none might question or defy. The wholesale adoption of the Catholic ideal of international politics, must logically and inevitably be followed by the general recognition of the Papacy as the natural arbitrator in international disputes. For, in the words of M. Ernest Nys (Member of the Permanent Court of The Hague): "The Pope is Peacemaker above all others."<sup>24</sup>

By way of conclusion, it would be well to translate and record a noteworthy passage from the famous *Thèse de Paris: "De la Médiation,"*<sup>25</sup> by Charles Fouchault: "The movement [in favor of the recognition of the Sovereign Pontiff as an international Power] has become increasingly important since the affair of the Caroline Islands in 1885. When it was realized that the quarrel between Spain and Germany had been so happily settled, thanks to the mediation of Leo XIII., public opinion, which for several years had been focussed upon the idea of peace, and which was strongly in favor of arbitration, turned at once to the Holy See. A large number of journals—French and foreign—expressed the view that the arbitrator sought for was at length found, and that Leo XIII. should be elected Universal Arbitrator for the settlement of international difficulties. Since that time, several proposals have been made to restore to the Papacy a position in international affairs. In 1887, it was proposed to convene a European Congress, under the presidency of Leo XIII., to settle the difficulties then troubling Europe. This proposition was fully approved by a number of newspapers—even Protestant, such as *Le Temps*. On July 25, 1887, Lord Stanley of Anderley proposed and defended a motion in the English House of Lords to revive the

<sup>24</sup> *Les Origines du Droit international* (Brussels, 1894), p. 51.

<sup>25</sup> Paris (1900), p. 365. On p. 367 Fouchault adds: "We do not see any obstacle against restoring to the Pope the position of *Pacificator par excellence*." Cf. Casero, *De Romani Pontificis Munere Pacificandi et Sociandi Nationes* (Rome, 1916); Hedde, *Le Droit de guerre d'après la morale chrétienne* (Paris, 1913); Papal Allocution (1886) on "The Natural Mission of the Holy See as Arbitrator;" Lorenzo Schioppa, *L'Arbitrato Pontificio* (Naples, 1897); Dr. David Urquhart, *A Protestant's Appeal to the Pope to restore the Public Right of Nations* [in English, French and Latin], (London and Paris, 1869).

intervention of the Holy See, by means of arbitration, for the avoidance of unjust wars. At the Peace Congress held at Rome, in 1891, with Bonghi as President, the Marquis Pareto proposed to grant to the Pope the title of Universal Arbitrator. And, on January 20, 1894, M. Janssens brought forward a motion, in the Belgian House of Representatives, that the Pope should be constituted by the Powers (who should restore to him, for this purpose, his Temporal Power) Arbiter of all differences of opinion."<sup>26</sup>

"*Gloria in excelsis Deo, et in terra pax hominibus bonæ voluntatis*—peace on earth to men of good will!" The ancient Christian commonwealth—the brotherhood of charity, regulated by the ancient law fulfilled and interpreted by the Sovereign Vicar of the Prince of Peace—must be built upon the blood-drenched ruins of political selfishness and unmoral expediency—

Yea, Truth and Justice *then*  
 Will down return to men.  
 Orbed in a rainbow, and like glories wearing;  
 Mercy will sit between,  
 Throned in celestial sheen,  
 With radiant feet the tissued clouds down steering;  
 And Heaven, as at some festival,  
 Will open wide the gates of her high palace-hall.<sup>27</sup>

<sup>26</sup> Similar propositions were made by the Prince of Löwenstein, in the Bavarian House of Nobles, and by Monsignor Scheicher, in the Austrian Chamber of Deputies, in the year 1895; also by the Count von Hertling, in the German Reichstag, on May 12, 1899. It will be remembered that, so far back as the seventeenth century, the Protestant philosopher, Leibnitz, proposed that the Pope should be "the Arbiter of Nations," (*Pensées*, vol. ii., p. 401); and that, according to the project of the Landgrave Ernest of Hesse-Rheinfels, in 1666, Lucerne was to become the seat of an International Tribunal under the presidency of the Sovereign Pontiff.

<sup>27</sup> John Milton, *On the Morning of Christ's Nativity*.



## PAN IN CALIFORNIA.

BY MICHAEL WILLIAMS.



IT was on the Feast of St. Catherine, Virgin and Martyr, that Vizcaino, in 1602, sailing northward along the coast of California with his three ships, sighted a large island which in honor of the Saint of the day he named Santa Catalina; an island now justly famous among tourists because of its wonderful fishing. A few days later the explorers landed on its rocky shores and Masses were offered by the Carmelite Fathers accompanying the expedition. "A large number of Indians witnessed the solemn scene," says Engelhardt. "Here for the first time in the history of California the Spaniards encountered a place of idol worship. It was nothing more than a circle within which stood a gaudily painted figure supposed to represent a demon. On one side was the picture of the sun, and on the other that of the moon. The sacrifices offered to this idol consisted of birds, whose feathers were used to ornament the circle. While the soldiers were approaching, two crows flew from the spot and perched on some rocks nearby. The natives seemed to dread these birds; for this reason, probably, and on account of their extraordinary size, the Spaniards shot and killed them. This caused their Indian guide to utter the most woeful lamentations."

This incident is unique in the records of Spanish exploration and missionary work in aboriginal California. No other instance of worship, of religion, can be found. Father Palou, the companion of Junipero Serra, in his *Life of the Apostle of California*, declares: "In not one of the missions which cover the more than two hundred leagues of territory from this mission (of San Francisco) to San Diego, was there found any idolatry, but only a negative infidelity. Some superstitions and foolish practices were discovered among the Indians, and among the old men some ridiculous tales; but they were easily disillusioned." These superstitions and foolish practices were maintained and propagated by the medicine men, or sorcerers, who formed a special class, feared, detested, yet universally

obeyed. In a word, though there was no God, nor even any idols, save at Santa Catalina, there was diabolism, and the mountain which dimly towers over San Francisco Bay is still called Mount Diabolo, having been so named because it was said in those days to be the home of the principal demon from whom the sorcerers derived their powers.

Perhaps there was some special, higher development of the savage soul on Santa Catalina Island, and in that general region of California. Some years ago, at a time when I was adventuring among the dubious cults and equivocal occultisms of Los Angeles and San Diego, I was taken by one of the new pagans with whom I had foregathered to a place not far from Santa Catalina, a point on the shore which, I was solemnly assured, was "the most psychic spot in America, for here there are united, in a sort of mystical focus, or nexus, the spiritual forces of the land, the sea, and the air. If you will come here by yourself, and enter into the Silence, you will absorb the power and the loveliness of Pan."

All high developments of religion, whether of true religion, or of some mistaken or false form of worship, assume as they become virile the form of art; and the greater and the truer the religion, the finer and the more beautiful will be its art. And it was on Santa Catalina Island, where the Indian religion flourished, that the art of the California Indians reached its highest point. In the Southwestern Museum in Los Angeles you may see a tiny sculpture, a sleeping dolphin carved in rock, a truly exquisite and original creation, a work of some Indian, found on Santa Catalina. Among the Indians elsewhere, there was little or no artistic strivings, until the Friars came, and lifted them out of their paganism; and then, with their awakened spirit at last aware of beauty, they labored under new masters, who banished their sorcerers, and left the California mission churches to testify to what even the crudest type of humanity may accomplish when inspired with true religion.

But, as I have said, apart from this spark of worship (albeit of an idol), and this evanescent and solitary stirring of art, on Santa Catalina, the aboriginal people of California knew nothing apart from and higher (or lower) than sensual things except the sinister enchantments of the sorcerers; with their crude dabbings in hocus-pocus, or diabolism, whichever

it may have been. Yet, as Father Baegert, S.J., one of the early historians of the land, points out, these native Californians, even though devoid of a conscious philosophy, lived in accordance with many principles which later on became the subject-matter for some of the greatest and most influential of modern teachers, writers, artists, college professors, and makers of new religions—the precursors of Pan in his new avatar, which to-day he has accomplished. For the lovely land of California is, I think, the region chiefly favored by his manifestation; or, at any rate, the place where the growing power of the new paganism may be most openly viewed, under circumstances most favorable to the spread of the cult. Father Baegert tells us, the “nature-life” of the Californian Indians was most strikingly displayed in the education, or lack of education, of the children; and in the marriage laws, or, rather, the entire lack of all marriage laws or fixed marital customs. Promiscuousness was the general custom; or else polygamy. The only definite rule seemed to be that the sorcerer, if he chose to exercise his right (and of course he did), could at any time put aside the temporary husband, or mate. In education, the children were taught how to find food, and kill game. For the rest, there was practised in full the system of education now being promoted by many earnest-minded intellectuals, namely, let the child freely develop; let it do as it wills.

And the nature-people of today in California, the new pagans, who range from super-intellectuals and highly developed artists down to folk but little higher than the nature-people of the olden times, are distinguished by three points of resemblance to their forerunners, namely, their devotion (an ever-growing one) to occultism, to psychic aberrations of a bewildering variety, controlled by a new race of up-to-date medicine men, or sorcerers; by their established habit of banishing all religion from education, accompanied by an increasing disposition to let the children go as they please; and by their sexual looseness. Promiscuousness is rife not merely among adults, including the married, but also in many high schools, among the children. Perversion is steadily growing. The infamous Baker Street Vice Club in San Francisco revealed something of this latter horrible fact. More than fifteen hundred names—a millionaire and a clergyman among them—including some very well-known people of San Francisco,

women as well as men, are in the hands of the police, recorded as habitués of this resort; a place something like the one in Taylor Street in London, where Oscar Wilde and his circle celebrated their orgies. Divorces are granted by the courts on any pretext. With Pan has returned Priapus, and of course Venus, in her most liberal and most variable of moods.

As for the new forms of sorcery, their name is legion. At Point Loma, near the very place where Vizcaino's Carmelites celebrated the first Mass in California, in 1602, Madame Tingley, the Purple Mother, rules her colony of Theosophists, amid a garden that is a realized dream of art and natural beauty. Old millionaires, their poor, wearied souls at the last turning away from Mammon, seeking Something or Other to satisfy their irresistible cravings for spiritual food, totter to the reposeful shelter of Point Loma and dream away their dying days under the soporific influence of Oriental quietism. Hindoo "Swamis" build temples in the hills near Mount Hamilton, or in San Francisco and Los Angeles, and practice the rites of various Indian cults. German "Rosicrucians" form colonies of "Christian Mysticism" (heaven save the mark!) in the sunny southland of the State, and revive the study and the practice of alchemy and the "higher masonry." There are circles of "Christian Hermeticism" (imported, I was told by the founder of this cult, from a "hidden circle of adepts in Damascus"); and of "White Magic." There are "bishops" of Theosophy, deriving their orders from the unspeakably corrupt Leadbeater, Annie Besant's right-hand man, who has freely confessed in court to the most loathsome forms of sexual depravity. He derived *his* power of consecrating "priests" and "bishops" of Theosophy from a notorious English mystagogue and fallen priest, who in turn was made "bishop" by the head of the Old Catholic Church. Leadbeater's advice to his "priests" and "bishops" is to urge their followers freely to avail themselves of "the occult benefits" to be obtained by frequenting the Sacrament of the Holy Eucharist in the Catholic Church. And as for the circles and congregations of Spiritualists, and New Thought-ists, and Christian Scientists, and Homes of Healing, and the like, they are too numerous, too bewildering in their variety and their fantasy to be briefly catalogued. And all this vertiginous confusion of modern idolatry and sorcery and superstition and mania is putting

forth a ritualism of its own, is finding artistic celebration, and philosophical justification; and because of the general acceptance of the principle of mutual toleration, the various forms and types of these new frenzies of the soul of man are assuming a sort of unity, are becoming the many-featured Religion of the New Paganism.

And, side by side with this outpouring of perverted spirituality, there proceeds the physical return of the modern Californians to the nature-life. Despite the cumbersome bonds of industrial and business and professional occupations, which keep men and women and children tied to the factory, and the store, and the office, the return to nature early becomes more marked and significant. The love of the Californians for the open air, and all the sports and pastimes and occupations of the open air (save and except honest farming toil), is universal among them. The whole extent of the immense land, from Lake County in the wooded north, to San Diego in the sun-drenched, naked south, in the long, rainless summer time, is thickly dotted with camping parties. Thousands of families pack up a few cooking utensils and blankets, stow them in their motor cars (from Fords to the latest expensive French make), and go to the hills, the woods, or the shore. Everywhere there are pageants, festivals, out-of-door plays and masques. And from all parts of the country come those who would share, for a holiday period, or permanently, the open-air life of California, and drink deep draughts of its pure air, its potent sunshine, and feast their eyes upon its manifold beauty. So, also, with the artists; they throng to California; they see in this golden country the one land of romance in the Western world, the Italy, or Greece, of America, and year by year the influence of California upon the art and literature of the nation becomes more powerful and predominant.

Shall Pan find no rival to his rule over this expanding and strengthening force of California art, its pageantry, its festival outpourings?

What of the Cross, that Saving Sign—the Cross brought by the Carmelite Fathers, and established by Serra and his friars, and which still stands on every side in modern California; yes, what of the Cross? Has it lost the power it once possessed over art in California?

While it is true that the California Indians for the most

part were too bestial to show any appreciation of the ideal or the beautiful in life or thought, except in the case of the tribe that occupied the Santa Barbara channel islands, Santa Catalina, San Clemente, and San Nicolas, it remains true that where art did appear among them it assumed that quality which ever has distinguished art when it has been authentic, virile, and truly developed, namely, the quality of homeliness, of usefulness, of real utility. It was not the exotic and specialized interest of a peculiar class, as with us today. It was a communal matter, with the Indians, practiced by many, understood by all; as was the case in the great periods of art: in Greece; and in Europe in the age of the cathedral builders. It traced a charming if naïve line of beauty through the fabric of their daily life; it brightened, interested, and consoled the tribe, and not merely a few solitary and eccentric members of the tribe. The Indian "began by making useful things beautiful," says Hector Alliot, of the Southwestern Museum, "and in the later stage of his independent development reached an advanced stage of art expression, all his own." Art was a gracious and benignant spirit that dwelt intimately among these simple souls, their invisible friend and helper, touching with transfiguring influence their crude tools and weapons and household utensils—baskets, pots, vases—making them more comely and desirable, and thereby more certainly useful.

Apart from the sleeping dolphin and a few similar achievements, little of the ancient Indian art is left to us that matters much; but we might well go to school to the spirit of Indian art in order to learn how to effect that fruitful and daily communion with the living presence of art which they enjoyed. For undoubtedly, the Indians were more vitally "artistic" than we Americans of today. With us, art has long ceased to be truly popular. Art is now the strange concern of a special and limited number. It dwells as a stranger spirit amid the uncongenial hurly-burly of modern machinery, industrialism, vulgarity, crude sensualism. It is true that out of this very hurly-burly, this maelstrom of materialism and neuresthenia, there has emerged a something which claims to be art, and which is perfervidly championed in certain quarters as being, indeed, the authentic and appropriate art of modernity. However this may be, it is unquestionable that this newest phase, or mirage, or nightmare

of art—whichever it may be—is even less comprehended of the people, and enters less vitally into their daily lives, than the older and vanished forms.

And this, surely, is one of the great problems of this period of perplexing problems. We may multiply schools and evolve subtle and manifold “methods” of teaching art. We may increase the number of museums until every city and town in the whole country possesses one, but if art is a matter of museums, and not of homes and schools and churches and civic halls; if art remains subtle and foreign to the daily thought and daily labors of the multitude, and only enters intimately the lives of a very few (and often then but perversely), what does art profit man? What consolation does it bring to those who believe in democracy?

But there is an even graver aspect to this problem.

Art, at least in California, stirred by the new piping of the returning Pan, begins again to enter the warm stream of the common life. And when the worship of Pan develops from the merely brutal plane of instinctive human and animal passions, and adorns itself with ritual, and becomes vocal and melodious in poetry, and inspires temples adorned with painting and with sculpture, and is justified by its skillful philosophers—then hell rejoices, and if there can be mourning in heaven, the hour for it has come, for the children of earth are in the nets of the destroyer.

Again, what of the Cross, and the art inspired by that saving sign?

Now, if art as it existed in primitive California was a communal thing, a manifestation of the spirit of beauty mingling its mystic breath with ordinary, humdrum life, art as it later developed in this favored land of romance, of charm, of wonder, was even more intimately concerned with the fundamental matters of humanity. For in its second stage, art was bound up with religion; was the joyous and satisfied servant of God. And it served not the religion of nature; not the blind, groping other-worldliness of savage souls; but the vital, developed, final message of Christianity. The glorious, humble, dauntless, adoring Serra appeared, leading his Franciscans, under the banner of the Cross. They traced from San Diego in the south to Sonoma in the north their trail of devotion, the roadway of civilization, the path of God. This they dotted, a day's

journey apart, with those missions and settlements the names of which remain, as Charles Warren Stoddard says, to make the railroad time-table of California read like a litany of the saints. Being Spaniards, the architecture of the Franciscans reflected rudely yet truly and vigorously that of their own country, an architecture in which were mingled the Gothic, the Romanesque, and the Moorish styles. "Necessity," writes Alliott, "compelled the good Fathers to revert to the first principles of architecture, laid down nearly two thousand years ago by Vitruvius in three words, expressing all that constructive art should embrace: utility, solidity, beauty." And on these principles they labored, and their far away home churches were reincarnated in the savage wilderness. Being Catholics—and cultured Catholics; Serra in especial—they had been born into a magnificent heritage of the highest art the world has ever seen, and they had not lost sight of this heritage, as we, alas, today, have done; they belonged to a generation not yet commercialized and vulgarized out of respect for an understanding of the value of the art of Christianity. They were still in communication with the disappearing spirit of those so sadly misunderstood Middle Ages when art was, as never before and never since, the dominant and omnipresent companion of daily life, and in especial, of the daily religious life.

This material and spiritual collaboration extended among the people as well as the professional artists. Indeed, artists and craftsmen and workmen were all of the same goodly fellowship; and the fecund influence of art was apparent in small things as in great; not simply in the cathedrals, and the mysterious glass of their marvelous windows, but also in the statuary, the woodwork, the garments of the consecrated ministers of the holy place, the ornaments and vessels of the altar, in all that touched or belonged in any way to the service of the Creator. And from the cathedral, the benign and lovely spirit breathed into the market place, the civic hall, the houses of the guilds, and the homes.

And this spirit went with Serra into the California wilderness. If a rough plank and a crust of bread were all that he and his friars needed for bed and board, nevertheless they labored all their lives long to build wonderful temples for the King of kings, and they made them as comely and as beautiful as they could devise, with only the savages to help them, and



devoid of most of the things required save as they improvised them out of the crude materials at hand. And within the temples arose the Indian voices, singing the incomparable plain chant. Long after the unjust and lamentable secularization of the missions, the shepherdless descendants of these mission Indians clung to the old traditions. Robert Louis Stevenson, in the eighties, heard them singing Gregorian from treasured chant books amid the ruins of Carmelo.

The simple Indians well understood and appreciated and learned this new phase of art—though, indeed, the word art would have been strange enough to them. Today we have the word, but not the thing. This new phase was simply a higher development of their own communal habit, lifting them to a higher plane, and mingling the supernatural with the natural: not the preternatural of debased sorcery but the breath of heaven mingling itself in imagery with the stuff of earth. The golden age of art, in a crude, humble, halting fashion, yet truly, had once again come, here in California. Pan had been driven out by the Cross that crowned each Mission Church. Art was once more a handmaid of religion; ministering to the soul of man, and beautifying the ways of his bodily life.

Then this calm wave of peace and prosperity and beauty, so strangely at work in this sequestered wilderness, reached its climax, and broke and receded, dragged back by an ebb-tide from the abyss of iniquity. The philosophers and encyclopedists of Paris, London, Madrid wrote their books; the "liberal" statesmen read them, and applied the philosophy; Mexico "secularized" the missions, and its politicians became rich with the flocks and herds and lands and wealth which the padres had guarded for the Indians. The poor, foolish; yet gentle and docile sheep were deprived of their shepherds, and down upon the flocks rushed the wolves of vice, of robbery, of cruel injustice. Pan was returning. The Cross was overthrown. The frail people passed like shadowy phantoms. Civilization, with its vices, swept them into oblivion. The missions that had been to them what the cathedrals had been to the sturdier folk of the Middle Ages, crumbled into ruins. The roof of fair Carmelo's church fell through, and hid the lowly grave of Serra. Mournful owls hooted in the broken tower where once the sweet bell had

called the people to the sacring of the Mass. The gray, salt sea fog rotted the crumbling walls. The work of the Franciscans had been swept away, it seemed, and all memories of Serra and his friars appeared to be vanished from the land which he had won from savagery and consecrated to the Cross.

Nor were the white people, the Spanish Californians, the descendants of the soldiers and settlers who had followed Serra out of Mexico into the north, much more fortunate than the Indians. During the mission period they had lived in a tranquillity and prosperity such as but rarely, and briefly, are enjoyed in this valley of tears, the earth. It was a land, at that time, this golden and romantic California, where there was no poverty; a land of fat flocks, rich vines, abundant corn; a land without crime—for from San Diego to San Francisco there was not a jail for almost half a century. The men were strong and gallant and chivalrous; the women were fair and gay and virtuous; family life flourished truly and tenaciously. In this land of an everlasting spring and summer, there was little need to labor, and if labor was called for, there were the Indians to do it; so the Californians rode their swift horses, bred from Arab stock, bravely and colorfully attired, blazing with silver buttons, and hunted and helped each other at the cattle round-ups, the *rodeos*; and at night when the home-made candles were lighted in the great rooms where oak logs burned in the huge fireplaces there was music, and many a *fandango* lasting unto the dawn. The Faith was kept, but very temperately. It was a moral, a wholesome life, in California; but there was no fervor, there was little zeal; there is hardly more than one or two vocations to the religious life recorded, whether among men or women, in all the time of the Spanish period. Wherefore, no doubt, it was that the man in whom there was fervor and zeal, indeed, *El Profeta*; the Holy Man of Santa Clara, Father Magin Catala—whose cause is now before Rome—cried out against this beautiful and indolent people, warning them that because of their sins, their indifference, the Californians would lose their immense ranches and all their lands and flocks, and become poor, and many of their children's children would give up their religion, and another flag would come out of the East, and another people possess the country, and, being heretics, would build churches, but these would not be true temples of God.

Like unto the Laodiceans, the early Californians were lukewarm; tamely they lived, holding their Faith happily when the sun was shining, but casting it away when the sharp winds of trouble blew upon the coasts of their new Arcadia, out of the world where the spirit of the world was moving against the Church once more.

There followed after this long, leisurely, gracious yet sterile period of Arcadian simplicity, and the morose, ugly interval of the decadence and disappearance of the pastoral people, Indians and Californians together, the American California, the California of today. One word banished for ever the languorous atmosphere, and linked this distant land with every other land under the sun, and brought about—like the word of a magician—an instant and epochal change in all things. That master word was, gold! In a single year, tens of thousands of men out of all nations, and races, and tribes, poured into California. After them, came families, and the scene of a frantic adventure once more became a homeland, the fairest and sweetest and most beautiful and romantic in all the great country of these United States. But as this process proceeded in the midst of continuous excitements: adventure piled upon adventure—the Bear Flag revolution, the Mexican war, the carrying by storm of Statehood, the struggle between the forces of Secession and of Federalism, the fires and earthquakes, vigilante riots, booms and panics of San Francisco, and the intense preoccupation with material things—as this process proceeded, and the sway of industrial civilization grew firmer and firmer, what happened elsewhere came about in California also: art disappeared, or became the eccentric concern of a small and special class, and religion became almost wholly a missionary enterprise: a struggle to obtain a foothold; and not now among a docile and childish people, but among a people fiercely intent upon materialistic ends, a headstrong and self-willed people.

So also was it elsewhere in America: religion waging a stubborn, hard, practical warfare against mammon and materialism, and art driven wholly away from the people, and cultivated by a handful only of lonely and somewhat fantastic devotees.

Yet the love and desire for beauty, for the practical application of art to daily life, is an integral factor in humanity's

complex nature, and it was not dead but crushed and hidden away; a fact which was demonstrated when the Panama-Pacific Exposition was held at San Francisco, in 1915, in the midst of the Great War. The extent, the depth, the earnestness, the eagerness of the public response to the art of the Exposition, powerfully impressed all competent observers. And this fact, which has been emphasized, certainly in California, by the continued evidences of reawakened public interest in art since the Exposition, is at once a source of consolation and of anxiety to all those who love art and wish to see its true blessings, and not its aberrations and its evil spells, permeate the public life, as in the olden days. And, for good or for evil, this it is bound to do. Men and women hunger and thirst after beauty, even as they hunger and thirst after religion. And if they do not find true beauty, or true religion, they will satisfy their irresistible spiritual cravings with Dead Sea fruit and with drugs instead of wine. Even the Bolsheviki, drunken with blood, mad with lust, in the very midst of the destruction and terror of their course in Russia, patronize art and literature, and endow the work of artists.

In California, the Church has assumed at least something of the pageantry and open-air aspects which have belonged to her life in those lands of the old world where Faith has retained at least a partial sway. Processions, pilgrimages, wayside shrines, historical relics (such as the Missions), the Cross on many a mountain-top, the traditions of the past, create an atmosphere which gives to this State a romanticism in its religion which opposes the false and pernicious romanticism attached to the growing cults of the New Paganism. Yet, the returning Pan has a great and powerful following of artists, and lovers of art; and I for one pray that the Church will attract to her service an ever-increasing number of those who will strive to serve her with music and brush and chisel and pen, and who will labor to bring back the appreciation of liturgical beauty. Then the Church in our land may come into her own once more, and be again beautiful above the work of the sons of men.

For good, and for bad, the spirit of the age in art is an interior, an occult force. Predominantly, the original and powerful works of the art of today are spiritual. Catholics know that this fact may explain the frightful danger of many such

works; but others do not see this danger. We know, what they do not know, or else deny, that works of beauty are often profoundly evil, subtly and poisonously corruptive. Today, as perhaps never before, there are evil forces affecting humanity through the media of the arts. There are powers and principalities seated in the high places of the human intellect, which, expressing themselves through poem, play, novel, pictures, and music especially, wage menacing warfare against the soul of man. And now with the passing of the physical portion of the World War, an even intenser struggle will go on in politics, in trade, and, more fundamentally, in art and religion. The New Paganism aims at a conquest of the world, with State Socialism, or the Servile State, as its political system, and the deification of natural forces and of human instincts as its religion. And who does not see that this struggle will be particularly violent in our own country, obviously destined, as it is, to play a predominant part in world affairs?

Hence, so I believe, the importance of realizing the seriousness and the extent of the renaissance of paganism in our country, especially in California. For if it be true what so many critics, observers, prophets, have proclaimed, namely, that California is to be the Greece, the Italy, the land of creative art, romance, nature-life of the United States, then it follows that Christians must oppose this new invasion of Pan and his rout. Again, the Cross must overthrow the idol. If California is the most pagan of our States, so also is she the most Catholic, in many important respects; and, if kept sane and docile by the discipline of service, by devotion to the Truth of the Cross, art in California may safely touch the life-giving bosom of mother earth, yet keep its soul in heaven; and so be fructified anew, and be steeped in grace; here it may put aside dreary intellectualism, and the madness of morbidity, and turn its eyes again to the stars, the high mountains, and the sea; not merely for their own sakes, but because they are the symbols of divine realities.

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## THE CONSTITUTION OF THE LEAGUE OF NATIONS.

BY CHARLES G. FENWICK.



THE student of human nature, with his hand on the records of history, may well be pardoned if he hesitates to expect the millennium to follow the adoption of any given plan or project for the reconstruction of the State in which he lives or of the world at large. He has seen men pin their faith to programmes and institutions, and he has seen those same reforms become in turn the instrument of oppression. He knows that mere declarations of high principle, such as have been embodied in even so revered a document as the American Declaration of Independence, are not of themselves a guarantee that justice and right will henceforth prevail in all the complex relations of civic life. He is convinced that morality is not a matter of sovereign decrees but of individual consciences, and that laws and constitutions are but empty formulæ in the absence of the spirit of self-restraint and just dealing which is the essential condition of peace and freedom.

But on the other hand this same student can point out from the records of the past the numerous occasions on which programmes and institutions have been the direct instrument of progress. The morality of the individual citizen may, indeed, be the basis of effective law, but concrete forms of organization have been found necessary to give expression to individual morality and to enable it to exercise a guiding force in the administration of justice and the promotion of national welfare. The American people remained as individuals identically the same after they had set aside their form of government under the Articles of Confederation in favor of the Constitution of 1788; yet who can doubt but that the new form of government guided the moral forces of the States into more effective channels and made possible the development of national union. The League of Nations may not be an ideal institution; it may not express the principles of right and justice in their most perfect form; it obviously cannot change the moral character of the States which are to be members of

it; but its value will be demonstrated if it can be shown to be an instrument for bringing order out of disorder, for directing to a common purpose forces that now pull with honest intent against one another, and if it gives promise of displacing the old unstable equilibrium of the nations by laying solid foundations upon which a permanent edifice of law and justice may in due time be constructed. More than this no scheme of reorganization can hope to do. If it accomplishes this much it will have proved a boon to mankind.

The worth of the League of Nations must be tested, therefore, by a comparison with the system which it displaces. That the old system was an illogical one and that it contained within itself the seeds of war is now generally acknowledged, and the public at large is sufficiently convinced that a war to end war has not attained its purpose by the mere winning of a military victory. The results of the Congress of Vienna of 1815 forcibly remind us that a war won on the field of battle can be lost at the peace table. "The Congress of Vienna sits, and war becomes a war of wits." By perpetuating the old order of individual self-defence with its accompaniment of strategic boundaries and suppressed national aspirations, the Congress prepared the ground for new wars to undo what it had done and do what it had failed to do.

What was the essential weakness of the international system as it existed in 1914? One might venture to describe it as the lack of collective responsibility. There was, indeed, an international law in force, but it was a law between sovereign States, that is to say, a law between States which acknowledged no higher authority over them. Each State remained, when the ultimate issue was reached, the interpreter of its own rights and obligations. Certain rights and obligations were clearly recognized, and seven volumes of precedents published by our own State Department attest the concern which the nations felt that their conduct should be in keeping with custom and tradition. But in matters touching the more vital concerns of the nations, no rule of conduct was to be found, and each nation reserved to itself the right to take such action as its interests dictated. If it chose to arbitrate the dispute, it did so of its own free volition, and it recognized no right of the nations at large to intervene in the case except at its special request.

At the same time, while being the ultimate arbiter of its own rights and obligations, each State had to rely upon its own efforts to maintain what it claimed as justly due it. If negotiations failed to bring the opposing party to terms, a resort to armed force was recognized as the final means of obtaining redress. War, it must be clearly understood, was a legal remedy, and provided it was conducted according to the established code (known paradoxically as the "laws of war!"), the results secured by the treaty of peace were not vitiated, as under national law, by the fact that duress had been employed to obtain them. Whether or not the nuisance which Cuba had become in 1898 could have been removed by other means than war, the United States was within its *legal* rights in refusing the mediation of foreign powers and in proceeding to end by armed force a situation it had come to regard as intolerable.

War being a legal remedy between the claimant and the States opposing the claim, neutrality became a recognized duty of third parties. It is here that the lack of a sense of collective responsibility manifested itself most strikingly. It was as if two citizens resorted to blows in the open streets while the public at large watched the fray with no feeling of obligation to intervene; or as if an assault were committed in the market place and bystanders frankly assumed a non-partisan attitude. It is well to remember that the proclamation of the neutrality of the United States in August, 1914, represented a position of indifference to crime which we were legally entitled to assume. We were not told to withhold judgment before acting; we were told to wash our hands of the affair.

A system in which each nation was thrown back upon its own resources for the defence of its rights, could lead to but one result. Nations too weak to defend themselves against more powerful neighbors turned for assistance to other nations; alliances were formed to meet threats of aggression, and alliances in turn were met by counter-alliances of opposing groups. The unstable equilibrium thus resulting rendered futile all efforts at international coöperation. Again and again the powers met in "concert" to accomplish much needed reforms, but their mutual jealousies and suspicions blocked the way. The Congresses of Paris in 1856 and of Berlin in 1878 had it in their power to put an end to Turkish misrule in



Europe, but unhappily they were divided over the disposal of the territories of the Sultan and only half-hearted measures were taken. The collapse of the "concert of Europe" in the presence of the second Balkan war showed its complete inability to meet a crisis, and statesmen, encouraging themselves with the hope that the very horror of a general conflagration would prevent any single nation from starting it, looked on helpless while Europe drifted into war. The Hague Conference of 1899, called to secure "the general peace and a possible reduction of the excessive armaments which were burdening all nations," could come to no better conclusion than the expression of a pious opinion that a limitation of military expenditures was "extremely desirable." A similar resolution was adopted at the Conference of 1907, and was accompanied by a unanimous recognition of "the principle (!) of compulsory arbitration." But beliefs and wishes do not constitute collective responsibility. The balance of power remained as unstable as ever, and when rudely jostled in 1914, broke down, amid the eleventh hour appeals to arbitration, for which no effective provision had been made in advance.

What, then, does the Constitution of the League of Nations offer us in place of the old system? In his address following the reading of the draft before the Conference at Paris, President Wilson laid stress upon the fact that the Constitution expressed the purpose of the Conference to see to it "that the coöperation of the great body of nations should be assured in the maintenance of peace upon terms of honor and international obligations;" and that the result of their labors represented "the union of wills in a common purpose;" and again that war or international misunderstanding "is everybody's business, because it may affect the peace of the world." These are clear indications that the Conference definitely intended that in the future collective responsibility should take the place of the isolated and uncertain action of the nations under the old system. Article XI. of the Constitution of the League states in explicit terms that "any war or threat of war, whether immediately affecting any of the high contracting parties or not, is hereby declared a matter of concern to the League." War or threats of war have, indeed, always been a matter of concern to the nations individually, but it is to be observed that they are here declared to be of concern to the nations in their

collective capacity as members of the League. Again in Article XVI. it is declared that if any of the contracting parties should break the covenants of Article XII., it shall thereby "*ipso facto* be deemed to have committed an act of war against all the other members of the League." These are new principles in the relations of the nations, principles which the Conferences of the past could not see their way to accept, and while perhaps less explicit and comprehensive than they might be, they would seem, within their range, to put an end to the doctrine of neutrality, and throw upon the nations collectively the responsibility for the maintenance of peace and justice in the world.

Law in its true sense is henceforth possible for the nations; and law not, as before 1914, limited to the minor interests of the nations, but law in respect to those conflicts of national policy which, in the past, have drawn even reluctant nations into war. A written constitution has been adopted pledging the nations to the principle of collective action. To the skeptic it may appear as if little had been accomplished. Why should the League promise more effective action than the various "concerts" of Europe, when it is composed of nations with the same conflicting interests? The answer is, that the nations here solemnly pledge themselves to take united action for the welfare of the world at large, whereas the concerts and coalitions of the past were vitiated by the fact that each individual member was frankly seeking to secure an arrangement which would primarily benefit itself. If the ultimate basis of political unity is a realization that individual interests are best secured through due subordination to the common welfare, then the Constitution of the League lays the corner-stone of a united world.

Thus far we have been dealing merely with general principles, fundamentally important as they are; we must now pass to the more specific proposals offered by the Constitution for the organization and powers of the League. Owing to the uncertainty surrounding international rights and duties once we pass into the field of what the nations consider their more vital interests, it is imperative that some form of international legislature be created whose duty it shall be to define more precisely the claims which each nation is entitled to make. Were the demands made by the United States upon Spain in 1898, by

Great Britain upon the Transvaal in 1899, by Japan upon Russia in 1904, by Italy upon Turkey in 1911, just or unjust? The question cannot be answered in terms of law, because no definite law existed covering the points at issue. The traditional law of nations is chiefly a law of custom and precedent, and it is, in consequence, wholly inadequate to meet new issues. Columbia, as owner of the Panama Canal Zone in 1903, was within its legal rights in fixing what sum it pleased as the price of a sale or lease; but it is clear that the exercise of those rights had limitations in abstract justice and fair play.

The Constitution of the League of Nations, without formally creating an international congress or parliament, provides for two distinct bodies which may assume the functions of a legislature. Article II. creates a "body of delegates" which shall hold meetings "at stated intervals and from time to time, as occasion may require, for the purpose of dealing with matters within the sphere of action of the League." It is to consist of representatives of the members of the League, each member being entitled to as many as three representatives, who together cast but one vote. Article III. creates a more exclusive body known as the "Executive Council," which is to consist of representatives of the United States, Great Britain, France, Italy and Japan, together with the representatives of four other States not yet named. This Executive Council appears to constitute a sort of upper house of the international legislature, combining both legislative, executive and judicial functions. Its limited membership is obviously the result of an endeavor to meet the difficulty presented by any form of international government, that, in theory, all sovereign States are legally equal and hence may claim an equal voice in the decision of International Conferences, but that, in fact, the nations are politically unequal, and that it cannot be expected that the States of more advanced civilization would be willing to forego the preponderant influence which naturally belongs to them. The special legislative functions attributed to the Executive Council are the determination of plans for the reduction of national armaments and of plans for offsetting the evils of the manufacture, by private enterprise, of munitions and implements of war. It is also intrusted with the duty of formulating plans for the establishment of a permanent court of international justice. In these three cases

it was apparently felt by the leading powers that their influence should remain dominant.

The powers to be exercised by the international legislature are not specified in detail. This is undoubtedly a serious weakness of the League as a true union of nations, and it can only be hoped that the nations will not deny to their legislature, when it actually meets, the powers which they are unwilling to grant to it in the formal constitution. It is generally conceded that the trade rivalries of the nations are prominent among the underlying causes of war. Preferential tariffs, by which a mother country seeks to obtain a preferred position in the markets of its colonies, export and import duties, monopolistic control of the raw materials of industry, and concessions in undeveloped countries, with their inevitable accompaniment of jealousy on the part of the less favored powers, have been forces of international disruption which have more than offset the sense of international solidarity resulting from the growth of mutual intercourse. It will be remembered that just such rivalries, in a more primitive form, imperiled the union of the American States under the Articles of Confederation from 1781-1789. Yet the Conference at Paris has not seen its way to follow the example of our Constitution of 1789, and empower the body of delegates to regulate commerce between the nations, as the American Congress regulates commerce between the States. It is possible that such powers may be assumed gradually, and Article XXI. uses the vague expression of "equitable treatment for the commerce of all States members of the League" as one of the objects to be secured through the instrumentality of the League.

In one important respect, however, specific powers of legislation are conferred upon the League. The emancipation of the various colonies captured from the Central Powers and of the territories formerly subject to the bondage of Turkey, is to be effected according to the principle that the well-being and development of such peoples shall form "a sacred trust of civilization." The tutelage of these peoples is to be "entrusted to advanced nations," who shall act as mandatories on behalf of the League and render to the League annual reports in reference to the territory committed to their charge. The authority to be exercised by the guardian State is to vary according to the conditions of the individual case, and is to be

clearly defined in the mandate. In his address before the Conference, President Wilson speaks of the arrangement as "one of the greatest and most satisfactory advances that have been made," in that the League makes it its duty "to see that the nations who are assigned as the tutors and advisors and directors of these peoples shall look to their interests and their development before they look to the interests and desires of the mandatory nation itself." But to the present writer it would seem that the importance of the provisions is not so much that they aim to protect the undeveloped peoples of Asia and Africa against possible exploitation, as that they introduce a new principle of international responsibility into the relations of nations.

The foundations of an international legislature being laid in the Constitution of the League, we may proceed to examine what provision it makes for the establishment of a judicial system, which is a further essential function of an international government. In this respect the Constitution proceeds with extreme caution. The ideal that international disputes should be settled by courts having compulsory jurisdiction over the nations, in the same way that suits between citizens are submitted to the decision of national courts, has always been regarded by statesmen as impracticable in a world of nations so diverse in political character and in material interests. Consequently, while the States assembled at the Second Hague Conference were ready to approve of the "principle of compulsory arbitration," they were unwilling to bind themselves definitely to arbitrate all future disputes without exception. And even in their separate treaties with one another the nations have regularly introduced clauses which made it possible to evade the obligation to arbitrate in a given case. The Root treaties of 1908 contained a *proviso* that the disputes to be arbitrated should not affect "the vital interests, the independence, or the honor of the two contracting States." The Taft treaties of 1911 distinguished between "justiciable" and "non-justiciable" disputes, and provided that the former should be arbitrated while the latter should be merely submitted to a commission of inquiry for an investigation and report. The Bryan treaties of 1914 omitted the distinction between the character of the disputes, and provided that one and all should be submitted to an international commission for

investigation and report, pending which action the contracting parties agreed not to declare war.

In deference to the difficulties attending compulsory arbitration without any restrictions, Article XII. of the Constitution of the League follows the Bryan treaties, in providing that the parties shall not go to war without previously submitting the questions involved either to arbitration or to inquiry by the Executive Council; and Article XV. goes even further in that it makes the recommendation of the Executive Council binding upon the parties, if unanimously agreed to by the members of the Council other than the parties to the dispute. This would appear at first sight as the equivalent of compulsory arbitration, but when it is remembered that the Executive Council is composed of an exclusive group of the present five great powers and four others, yet to be named, it will be seen how improbable it is that in any grave political issue, one hitherto regarded as involving vital interests, a unanimous verdict of the Council could be obtained. Moreover, the dispute may be referred, on request, to the body of delegates, and a similar unanimous decision from them would be out of the question. The opportunities of evasion are obviously present, should a nation deliberately seek to block the processes of judicial settlement; but on the other hand it is clear that a great gain has been made in forcing all international disputes out into the light and in bringing to bear upon them the public opinion of the world at large. The nation that is acting in good faith cannot be the loser thereby.

The question of the character of the international court, like that of the obligation to arbitrate, is settled in a practical rather than in an ideal way. Resort to arbitration in the past has taken the form of the creation of temporary tribunals, constituted for the decision of the particular case, and composed of judges appointed directly by the parties. The inherent weakness of this method of settling international disputes is that such temporary tribunals have done nothing to establish a consistent interpretation of the law, which might do for the development of international law what the decisions of national courts have done for the development of national law. No legislature can frame law so perfect that disputes concerning them will be wholly forestalled; and, in consequence, our domestic courts have always been called upon to

perform the legislative function of defining rights under the guise of applying the law. Temporary international tribunals are practically useless for this purpose.

The desirability of creating a permanent court of arbitration which should sit continuously and develop a sense of judicial responsibility and a consistent interpretation of the law has long been conceded; but the various plans proposed for such a court have always failed of adoption because of the difficulty of securing an agreement upon the composition of the tribunal. The so-called Hague Permanent Court of Arbitration, which received the sanction of the Conferences of 1899 and 1907, was no more than a permanent list of judges from which the parties to a dispute might, if they so chose, select the judges to preside over the particular case in hand. The Judicial Arbitration Court proposed at the Conference of 1907 would have been a true judicial tribunal, but its adoption was defeated by the opposition of the smaller powers. To constitute a court of forty-five or more judges, one to be appointed by each of the States, would have been to reduce the proposal to an absurdity; yet the majority of the smaller States were unwilling to admit any method of appointment which would infringe upon the principle of the legal equality of the States, and, on the other hand, the great powers demanded a larger representation corresponding to their power and influence. In consequence, Article XIV. of the Constitution of the League does no more than provide that the Executive Council shall formulate plans for the establishment of a permanent court of international justice, leaving it optional to the nations to resort to it, when established, or else to continue to make use of temporary courts, created jointly by the parties to the dispute. A supreme court of the nations, modeled after the Supreme Court of the United States, must await the day when the nations are more nearly akin in political and moral ideals.

The third essential function of an international government must consist in some form of executive body, whose duty it shall be to give effect to the laws adopted by the international parliament and the decisions rendered by the several judicial tribunals. Hitherto international law has been lacking in any sanction for the observance of its rules, other than the moral sanction of the approval or disapproval of the nations at large. This sanction of public opinion has occasionally taken the

form of an unexpected combination of third parties against the international outlaw, but for the most part it has worked with great unevenness, at times exercising a controlling influence to restrain a nation through its condemnation of wrong-doing, at other times scarcely able to make itself felt, and again collapsing completely as at the beginning of the present War. It has long been clear that some coördinated action on the part of the great body of nations was needed to restrain individual offenders against the law. The Constitution of the League of Nations meets this need by authorizing two forms of physical sanction: a breach of the covenant to arbitrate, as laid down in Article XII., is to be regarded as an act of war against all the other members of the League, and is to be followed by a "severance of all trade or financial relations" between the League and the offending State. Should this economic boycott prove ineffectual, the Executive Council is authorized in such case "to recommend what effective military or naval force the members of the League shall severally contribute to the armed forces to be used to protect the covenants of the League." This latter plan was adopted as a substitute for the proposal of an international army and navy, which appeared to encroach upon the principle of national sovereignty. There is good ground to believe, however, that if the members of the League can remain united in their common purpose of maintaining peace, the economic boycott, which would strike the offending State in its most vital spot, will prove an effective sanction without the need even of the contributions of individual armies and navies provided for. The important point is that the penalty shall be understood clearly in advance, and that there shall be every reason to anticipate its certain application.

The objections raised by opponents of the League fall into two general classes: those of a legal character, based upon the inconsistency of the League with the Constitution of the United States, and those of a political character, based upon the inexpediency on the one hand of subjecting American interests to the decision of an international tribunal and on the other hand of entangling the United States in the affairs of Europe. The legal objections would seem to be chiefly technical. The Constitution of the United States, it is said, provides that Congress shall have the power to declare war, whereas Article



XVI. of the Constitution of the League would transfer that power into the hands of the Executive Council. But an examination of Article XVI. will show that the Executive Council has only the authority to *recommend* the several contributions of military and naval forces, leaving it to Congress to act upon the recommendation. Our treaties of 1903 with Cuba and with Panama, commit us to intervene forcibly for the protection of the independence of the two countries, but it has never been claimed that they took from Congress the power to declare war when the occasion arises. The recommendations of the Executive Council impose obligations of wider scope but not different in character from those already assumed in numerous treaties.

The political objections are more real, and are based upon an appeal to the immediate interests of American nationalism as against the indirect advantages which may ultimately be obtained from international union. There are certain domestic questions, such as the control over immigration, and certain questions of foreign policy, such as the exclusion of European or Asiatic powers from acquiring a foothold upon the American continent prescribed by the Monroe Doctrine, in regard to which the United States is not prepared to accept the adverse decision of an international tribunal. But if the articles of the Constitution of the League be examined carefully, it will be found that no compulsion is laid upon the United States. To assume that the entire body of some forty-five delegates would unanimously vote against the United States on such issues, is to reject the experience of the past, and to overlook the fact that most of the nations of the Western hemisphere, as well as Canada, Australia, and New Zealand, have interests closely similar to our own.

A further political objection is directed against the departure of the United States from its traditional policy of avoiding entangling alliances with European nations. Looking only at material considerations, it may be replied that the War now brought to a close, has shown that it is impossible for the United States to maintain any longer an attitude of isolation from the affairs of the world. Whether we wish it or not, our colonial possessions and the intricate trade relationships which we maintain with Europe and Asia will inevitably force us to abandon the rôle of bystander. The choice is between a

League of Nations with its concerted endeavor to prevent war, and an ultimate entangling alliance with one or other of the belligerent parties in the next great conflict.

But over and above considerations of immediate self-interest, is the call from Europe to us to lend the stabilizing influence of our detached position to the reconstruction of law and order. If the United States should refuse to play its part in the creation of an organized community of nations, the old system of alliances and counter-alliances must begin again, and begin under circumstances of mutual bitterness and economic exhaustion that spell disaster. The new and unprotected States of Central Europe and the oppressed nationalities now released from Turkish misrule, must fight alone for a freedom which the indifference of Europe has too long denied them. It cannot be that America, having set up an ideal of law and justice, will deny a helping hand to those too weak to reach that ideal unaided.

It is not claimed that the League of Nations in its present form is a perfect institution; in a number of respects it falls short of an ideal organization of nations or of peoples; but we are dealing with human nature as it is, not as it should be, and it is enough if we can but lay the foundations today, upon which a future generation, more far-seeing, shall build the completed edifice. No part of the Constitution of the League is proof against selfish and imperialistic policies on the part of the individual members, and numerous loopholes are left for the evasion of responsibility, should factions spring up within the League and concerted action prove impossible. Good faith and mutual confidence of the nations, one in another, will continue to be, in the years to come, the ultimate guarantee of the pledges now made.

As was said at the outset, the establishment of a League of Nations is a political problem, distinct from the moral problem of the possibility of attaining that greater self-restraint on the part of nations which is needed to bring about an adjustment of conflicting aspirations and policies. The League bears the same relation to the morality of nations that the organization of the State bears to the private morality of individuals. In each case the political organization assumes the moral law as a necessary postulate, without which it could not hope to be effective. As in the case of every association of in-

dividuals for the welfare of the whole, the success of the League will depend upon the extent to which its members are ready to impose upon themselves the self-denial essential to coöperation. Whether the nations will be willing to make the necessary sacrifices of their material interests, is for the future to show; the opportunity is, at least, here given them of making their ideals effective.

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### A CRY IN THE SPRINGTIME.

BY EMILY HICKEY.

*“Il n’y a pas de milieu: la Croix barre plus ou moins la vue libre de la nature: le grand Pan n’a rien a faire avec le divin Crucifié.”*  
—Sainte Beuve.

AND is it thus, Beloved? Does Thy cross  
Bar Nature out from me?  
Dare I no longer see  
A glory in the green and golden moss,  
A worship in the silver river free?  
Alas, that all should be  
Banned by the look of Thee!

And I have loved them so,  
My own grand hills that met my loving look;  
My dusky purple hills of grace that took  
The blessed light in opalescent glow,  
Or rose against the cloud  
With summits calm and proud,  
The same in beauty and in strength for aye,  
Yet changing every moment day by day.

And oh! my trees of praise!  
My chestnuts that I watched through lengthening days,  
When the young life throbbbed strongly up beneath  
The opening resinous sheath:  
My firs and larches with their baby cones,  
Green fairy beads and pendulous crimson ones—  
And all my flowers that rose to greet the spring  
With smiles of welcoming:

My primroses pale-faced, with bosoms clear,  
 Touched only with the spirit of a hue,  
 The spirit of a scent; and hyacinths blue,  
 And wild white windflowers, and the faces dear  
 Of daffodils that set a poet's heart  
 A-dance with pleasure as he lay apart.

It is the springtime now, and must I be  
 Deaf, blind to its delight because of Thee?  
 Is every bond of Thine a heavy chain?  
 The pain Thou tookest nothing more than pain?  
 O Rose of Sharon, Rose without a thorn,  
 O Lily of the vale of perfect spray,  
 Must all the tender flowers of earth upturn  
 Rot with the weeds, like them be cast away?  
 O Appletree of shade and fruit divine,  
 Must all the goodly trees that grew for us  
     Be cursed and blighted thus  
     For presence fair of Thine?

Thy smile reproves vain question; yea, we know  
 They erred indeed who sought to teach us so.  
 How shall we but rejoice in Thee alway,  
 In Thee Who art the source of beauty; in Thee,  
 Thou primal Beauty, Who hast made us free  
 Of all the beauty of Thine eternal day.

Thy flowers shall laugh this springtime at our feet;  
 Thy birds shall pour us music pure and sweet;  
 Thy gladsome air and sunshine bid us see  
 Thyself in all things as all things in Thee.  
 Thou Who didst give Thyself that we might live,  
 With that best gift all things dost freely give.  
 Thy cross is not a barrier, Jesus King,  
 But a great golden gate of entering;  
     And through that gate we come  
 To light and loveliness and joy and home.

## CLAIRE FERCHAUD: L'ENFANT DES RINFILLIERES.

BY MAY BATEMAN.



URING the course of the Great War it gradually came home to the Allies that beside the visible conflict of great nations, another war was being waged upon another sphere between the powers of evil and good—Satan and his dark companies thrusting upon St. Michael and the mighty hosts. Little by little the world began to realize that a holy war had to be won ultimately by holy means; that the power of arms must have behind it the full weight of penitence and prayer; that nothing less than the whole armory of the citadel of Faith had to be brought to bear upon the titanic conflict, and the national soul humbly laid bare before it could be shriven, like any individual soul. Nicanor was defeated by men of Judas “fighting with their hands, but praying with their hearts,”<sup>1</sup> and to deny prayer to our men in their tremendous ordeal was to withhold from them love’s supreme gift.

The call to national prayer and penitence is the keynote of Claire Ferchaud’s mission—too often misunderstood—*l’Enfant des Rinfillières*, whose name is known throughout France, and to the far homes of her Allies, and even to the prison camps of Germany.

Hidden within that narrowing point of the Department of Deux-Sèvres which borders Maine et Loire on the one side and La Vendée on the other, you will find—marked on large-scale sectional maps alone—a small town called Loublande, in the commune of Puy-St. Bonnet, between Mortagne and La Tes-souale. It is twelve kilometres away from the nearest railway station, and has five hundred and nine inhabitants. Even more difficult of access, and infinitely more secluded, separated from Loublande by a stream which at times breaks bounds and overflows its rustic bridge, made of two tree trunks held by a cross-branch, lies the hamlet of les Rinfillières, Claire Ferchaud’s home.

Standing there upon the hillside and looking out upon the

lovely panorama that carries eye and mind to unknown depths, you feel the current of strength and mystery with which the atmosphere is charged. If stones could speak, what echoes would reverberate in this dramatic region, where the pure flame of sacrifice has continuously kept the altar of faith burning throughout the ages. Exteriorly, it is a land of peace and plenty, a "goodly heritage" of fields and pasture. But the ghostly world-forces of love, mystery, zeal, and passion play on it from every side. Turn where you will, you meet with hallowed places; the ripe corn springs from soil steeped in the blood of "that race of giants," as Napoleon called the *pésans*<sup>2</sup> who fought with such desperate ardor to keep the Faith, going into battle as they were with their farm implements and coarse jerkins, but with the scapulary of the Sacred Heart on their breasts and their faces pale with the grim passion of ecstasy. Soft contours and tender outlines, of Poitou and Vendée, stretch before the human eye, threaded by the shining water of the Sèvre-Nantaise River, fertilizing and enriching the soil—rising hills, across which winds, so pure that they seem to have the spray of the sea within them, play; hedges of furze, blackberry, and holly. In places like this God's voice may well be heard, even by human ears. For the prayers of the martyrs, which do not die with death, still rise from the white winding roads where countless religious were struck down in the Revolution and their limbs hacked off while the bodies were yet warm.

There below is the spire of the Mother House of La Sagesse Convent, which gave so many victims to the cause. The nuns were thrust out of the convent in the Revolution, murdered in certain cases in the open road, wounded by sabre cuts, and left to die; in others, starved, imprisoned, exiled; publicly exposed on the scaffold, with the *carcan* iron collar weighting their necks, before being condemned to spend another ten years in irons; guillotined. Back to their broken home, undaunted, those who were left of the original small band returned, at the first opportunity, to live amongst its ruins until Napoleon helped them raise the walls anew. A little way off the towers of Saint Laurent-sur-Sèvre stand out against the blue, with its tomb of Blessed Grignon de Montfort, the missionary-founder of the Order of La Sagesse, whose burning words woke the dead soul

<sup>2</sup> Peasants.

to life, as with the hand of death upon him he traveled on, preaching and exhorting huge crowds of followers.

To this land of golden memories Claire Ferchaud was born on May 5, 1896.

The Ferchauds come of a fine stock of peasants; strong, hardy, sensible folk, who never leave the commune except at duty's call. Rigid in faith, like nearly all their neighbors, a psychologist describes them as "solid and firm as the flint of their own country." The present generation consists of six members, three sons and three daughters. The two elder sons joined up in the first hour of mobilization. The third boy attends the village school at Loublande. The eldest sister is a professed nun at the Convent of La Sagesse, l'Hôtel Dieu, Nantes; the third daughter works on the farm at home, where Claire helped her daily until the end of 1916 and afterwards for a period.

A bare hundred yards from the farm buildings stands a humble chapel built by the Ferchaud family forty-six years ago in obedience to a vow. The scourge of typhoid fever was ravaging the whole commune, and many of the household had actually succumbed to the epidemic when the son of the house was taken ill. His young wife was then expecting her first baby, and Madame Hérault, the mother-in-law, promptly carried her off for safety to St. Pierre des Echaubrognes, her old home, where the baby, Claire's father, was born. Hearing the news when—being in a state of high fever—he was unaccountable for his actions, Jean Ferchaud left Rinfillières, trying to find wife and child. Half way he fell unconscious on the road. Later in the day some peasants passing by recognized him and carried him on to Echaubrognes, although despairing of his life. When consciousness returned and he found that not only he but his wife and child were also alive and well, he made a vow to dedicate five hundred francs to the erection of a tiny chapel at Rinfillières in honor of Notre Dame de la Garde.

But time passed, and first one difficulty and then another delayed the keeping of the vow. The *Curé* at Puy-St. Bonnet was naturally anxious that the money should go towards the chapel at Chêne-Rond. . . . But Madame Ferchaud, who by now had a family of five, boldly urged its spiritual claims in writing upon none other than the Bishop of Poitiers himself. Puy-St. Bonnet was so far. . . . It was often impossible to get to the

parish church at Loublande, because the stream became quite impassable at times. . . . The simple appeal touched the Bishop's heart, and he authorized the construction of the Rinfillières chapel, which, homely and plain, capable of holding not more than ten to a dozen persons at a time, with a stone cross above the entrance and a few statues on niches, is now the centre of such widespread devotion that it has been visited by more than two hundred thousand pilgrims in less than eighteen months.<sup>3</sup>

Gallants in the world of adventure always travel light. The lucky "third son" of folklore, the fortune-favored peasant of fairy-legend, the knight-errant of chivalry all set out hot-foot and alone upon their quests, with little more than a knapsack apiece to hamper speed. . . . So the mystic, seeking God, leaves one by one behind him on his way the weight of earthly possessions, whose weight delays him on that greatest of all wonder-journeys.

Claire Ferchaud, very young, weighed human and eternal gifts in the balance, and "sunk herself in God," in Dante's inimitable phrase. Outwardly, she did nothing to make her remarkable amongst her friends and companions; she appeared to live the ordinary everyday life, and took her full share in the hard routine work of house and farm, work which became much heavier when war broke out, and farm servants and sons of the house were alike called up. At school, far from evincing any special aptitude for learning, she merely had the ordinary "primary" education and took no certificates. But "he who knows best how to carry his cross, even though he should not know the first letters of the alphabet, is the most learned of all."<sup>4</sup> She was not deficient, but her bent of mind lay in other directions. A doctor who examined her at Cholet when growing interest in *le fait de Loublande* made such a course advisable, pronounced her perfectly balanced, both physically and mentally normal.

The women of Cholet are famed for their good looks, and Claire Ferchaud's oval face and refined features make for beauty. Farm work often tends to thicken the figure, but she is *svelte* and slender, of medium height, "smiling when she talks to you, but sad in repose," according to the testimony of a life-long friend.

<sup>3</sup> Monsignor Joseph Guyot.

<sup>4</sup> Louis-Marie Grignon de Montfort.



At eight years old she made her first Communion, and from that time onwards practised frequent Communion. When she was about thirteen years old she was first made aware of the occasional Presences of Invisible Companions Who guided and instructed her. She told her confessor about them, but he, with habitual prudence, strove rather to discourage than strengthen her belief; in any case he forbade her to speak of the visions as yet to anybody but himself. When war broke out she began to practise daily Communion, and from thenceforward never failed in her purpose.

And now the visions became more and more frequent, and were the source of definite directions and commands. . . . Her promise held good, and never by word or look did even those who were most intimate with her, who loved her best, gather that she believed herself to be in any sense set apart from others or spiritually privileged. Night after night, when the household was asleep, she would keep vigil until early dawn in the very room where her younger sister was sleeping; praying, listening, seeing, filling page upon page of the rough copybooks, which were all she had, with writings which have been described by experts as of exceptional beauty and doctrinal accuracy. Their facility and depth, conviction and literary style seem to point to direct inspiration, and have even been likened to the work of such incomparable writers as St. Teresa and Bossuet. When morning broke, no matter how rough the weather, how high the stream that separated Loublande from Rinfillières, nor whether snow lay thick upon the ground or the water had turned to ice or torrential rains were falling, she would make her way undaunted to Loublande for her daily Communion. If there were no other means of getting across, she would take shoes and stockings off and wade. "The stream will be swollen but what of that. I will cross it for I must have my Jesus."<sup>5</sup>

But with her, in exquisite communion, there went at times, it is said, her guardian angel, Our Lady, and the Sacred Heart—Our Lord Himself—tenderly preparing the way of the little white soul that gave itself more and more completely into their care.

In 1689, Margaret Mary Alacoque, a nun of Paray-le-Monial, was chosen by the Sacred Heart as the apostle of that

<sup>5</sup> *Fleurs-de-Lys*. Août, 1917.

great devotion. "She received from heaven a sublime and national commission, like to that of her warrior sister, Joan of Arc, but even loftier and more extensive."<sup>6</sup> The reign of love and triumph—in other words, the reign of the Sacred Heart—was to be inaugurated in France, and, through France, in the world, by means of a special feast, the erection of a temple in honor of the Sacred Heart, the addition of Its divine emblem on the National Standard, and a solemn act of national consecration, made publicly by its head (at that time Louis XIV.). The King, duly informed of the message through Marie-Beatrice d'Este, wife of James II. of England, who was then at a convent in Chaillot, totally ignored the divine commands. "The queen, Marie Leczinska, the wife of Louis XV., wrote of it to the Sovereign Pontiff. Her pious daughter embroidered magnificent decorations with the emblem of the Sacred Heart (one may be seen at Montmartre), and the Dauphin erected a chapel in the Palace of Versailles to this same Heart, but he died without being king, for the days were not yet fulfilled. Louis XVI. dreamed, but too late to realize the 'great designs,' as Margaret Mary called them. The scaffold left him no time."<sup>7</sup>

The Feast of the Sacred Heart is an established fact. Of the three other commands, the first is wholly realized. The two others are on the way to realization. This appears to be Claire Ferchaud's mission. In 1873 a majority of three hundred and eighty-two against one hundred and thirty-eight in the National Assembly voted for the National Monument to be erected on the holy hill of France, the hill of the Martyrs, Montmartre, in fulfillment of the vow of 1870. And on the twenty-sixth of July, 1914 . . . on the esplanade of the city of miracles,<sup>8</sup> in presence of the Pope's delegate, six Cardinals, two hundred bishops, twenty thousand priests and an immense crowd, the Cardinal Archbishop of Paris, Monseigneur Amette announced the completion of the church and its approaching consecration on October 17th of the same year, the feast of the blessed heroine of the Sacred Heart of Jesus.

"Eight days later the War broke out."<sup>9</sup>

The addition of the Sacred Heart to the National Standard would represent, it is clear, an act of faith on the part of the

<sup>6</sup> *Deux Règnes.*

<sup>7</sup> *Deux Règnes.*

<sup>8</sup> Lourdes.

<sup>9</sup> *Deux Règnes.* "Our wrestling is not against flesh and blood, but against principalities and powers, against the rulers of the world of darkness."—Eph. vi. 12.

entire nation. The promise made originally to Blessed Margaret Mary and renewed, so many believe, to *l'Enfant des Rinfilières*, is that victory over the enemies of the country should follow the national change of heart, of which this would be the outward symbol.

Many, naturally, will scoff at the idea of any such message being delivered in these "enlightened days." The entry of the supernatural into everyday life, the lifting of the veil between this little world of ours and the great world beyond is hard to realize. There are still more doubters than believers to be found today. Suffering and loss have not yet opened all blind eyes. There are many who "deny the vision of God in their fellow-men and fellow-nations even when the spikes of the cross are visibly tearing wounds in their feet and hands."<sup>10</sup>

But, on the other hand, man after man, come home from the front, will tell you that the help given to himself and to his companions in the critical hour was no human help. And "over there" you will hear stories of the "White Comrade" at first hand; of the little nun who has been seen over and over again in No-Man's Land and on the battlefield tending the wounded; of the miracles—not miracle—of the Marne; of the Woman who stood with her arms outstretched defending Paris, before whom the Germans retreated. Ask the French who were at Verdun in what strange way the message which caused them to be relieved was delivered, and, if they trust you enough to tell you, you will hear tales which the world might well disbelieve.

"The supernatural abounds in the lives of saints; the supernatural still illuminates all human life when God permits."<sup>11</sup> It is not the fact that he sees clearly now which amazes the man who has looked without shrinking upon the three mysteries of life, death, and eternity, but remembrance, rather, of that hour when, in the dark, he groped amongst material things and never saw the open shining way.

In the early days of November, 1916, Claire Ferchaud obtained permission from the nuns at La Sagesse Convent, St. Laurent-sur-Sèvre, to make a retreat there in absolute seclusion. She remained with them from November 6th to the 20th. And at the end of that period her public life began.

What actually happened during that solemn fortnight of initiation is not made public yet, and may never be made pub-

<sup>10</sup> *Out to Win.* By Coningsby Dawson.

<sup>11</sup> *Bulletin Paroissial de Maulévrier.*

lic but when *l'Enfant des Rinfillières* reappeared she was transformed. For she knew definitely now what she was called upon to do. The habitual grave sweetness of former days was accentuated, and with it was a new dignity and certitude. The humble peasant girl spoke, it was said, "with the tongue of an angel." There was upon her a radiance as if she had bathed in the Pool of Siloam.

News spread in the district with extraordinary rapidity; spread beyond the district, far and wide. Claire Ferchaud was a visionary; she had received messages from heaven and direct prophecies about the War. Neighbors, in awed groups, exchanged reminiscences. They recalled her docility, the faithfulness and simple goodness of her ways, her supreme faith. . . . She had never drawn attention to herself, even in church, by any obvious "ecstasy," but mixed with friends and companions naturally and simply as a young girl would. Yet, remembering the rare sweetness of her smile when they came upon her unexpectedly, working in the fields or walking home from Mass in the early morning hours, they—looking out with wondering eyes upon their "dear familiar world," every tufted tree and hedgerow of which was known to them—found it not hard to believe that here, in their very midst, *l'Enfant des Rinfillières* had "walked with God."

Incredibly soon the road converging on Loublande became packed with vehicles of every description and foot passengers. Bicycles, auto-cars, old-fashioned one-horse carriages, farm-carts, broughams, two-seaters, motor-cycles appeared in turn. The fields were trodden down. Journalists, high ecclesiastics, officers, *poilus*, nuns in coifs, little families in deep mourning, strangers from distant countries, tramped in long serried lines across them to the rough way of Rinfillières, some drawn by idle curiosity, but more by faith, to "catch a glimpse" of the visionary if possible; if not, merely to pray where she had prayed.

The poise of an ordinary girl might well have been disturbed by all this attention. But Claire Ferchaud directed prayers and petitions alike to their rightful source. "I, to save France!" she wrote to an aunt. "It will not be done by me, nor human means. If France is saved, God alone will do it."<sup>12</sup>

From that time forward events moved with rapidity

<sup>12</sup> *Le Télégramme de Toulouse*, May, 1917.

towards the inevitable goal. And meanwhile Loublande grew to be as a little Bethlehem of devotion. The Church exercised its authority and acted swiftly. The matter of the "writings" had been brought before the Bishop of Poitiers. It will be remembered that Claire Ferchaud's director had been informed throughout of the course of the visions, but that she was not allowed to mention them except to him. The "writings" which from time to time, under obedience, she had kept, amounted by now to a formidable document.

An ecclesiastical commission of some of the most learned theologians of the day was duly appointed to look into the case, and Claire Ferchaud—who until now had never traveled further than a few miles from home—was forthwith summoned to appear at Poitiers, there to be interrogated and examined with the greatest precision on the supernatural favors of which she had been the object, just as blessed Joan of Arc was in the past. Rumor says that she was examined in the same room as the Maid was, on December 27 and 28, 1916.

"What struck the commission more forcibly than any other marvel," writes M. Etienne Garnier, in *Le Télégramme de Toulouse* of March 24, 1917, "were the five to six hundred pages written by the young girl; the evidence of her lack of education is given by mistakes in spelling . . . but the subjects are treated not only in an irreproachable manner as to doctrine, but with a felicity of expression, a richness of style, and a loftiness of thought that is admirable and proper to inspired Doctors and mystics."

"The writings are irreproachable from the theological point of view, extremely elevated, and obviously surpassing the natural scope of a peasant. . . . The girl herself is worthy of the highest regard. . . . As to the 'mission,' proofs alone can decide it . . ." wrote an eminent priest.

Shortly afterwards, accompanied by her father, a priest, and a notable personage from Tours, Claire Ferchaud left home, strictly incognito, one night for Paris. Through the kind offices of Monsieur de Psaudry d'Assou, deputy for La Vendée, she was admitted to an audience with Monsieur Poincaré himself. The President received her with the greatest consideration and kindness, and listened to her appeal that, in obedience to the Divine Will, the emblem of the Sacred Heart should be forthwith placed on the banners of France.

A priest writes that "Monsieur Poincaré answered that this was beyond his powers; he could do nothing without the permission of the Chamber. . . . But he sent her away saying that she had done right to come, and that she had acted 'in good faith,' both as a patriot and a Christian. . . ."

During this visit and a subsequent one it is said that Claire Ferchaud asked that a certain French General should be again called to the service, who has since led his troops to brilliant successes on different occasions, and that she further indicated places where intrigue and treason existed, the truth of which has been proved by the verdict of actual public trials.

But in questions like these, where friends and foes alike damage a cause by exaggeration or misrepresentation, the prudent man or woman will prefer to wait until such time as definite results, side by side with the actual prophecies, can be given authoritatively to the world. For obvious political reasons this cannot be yet. It is known, however, that on May 18, 1917, *l'Enfant des Rinfillières* addressed a letter to every French General at the front, urging them, as an act of faith, to display the banner of the Sacred Heart, not only to obtain victory over the invading enemy, but also over the interior enemy, which was at enmity with Faith. Officially, this has not been done, but it is an open secret that not only many of the French but also many of the Allies' soldiers wore the little button or medal of the Sacred Heart.

To those who know what scrupulous care the Church exercises in such questions as the "cause" of Claire Ferchaud, its prolonged delay in giving judgment will not come as a surprise. Years passed, in the case of the apparition at Lourdes, for example, before the Bishop of Tarbes allowed his priests to visit the grotto, and numbers of cures were definitely established on a firm medical basis, having successfully passed the test of time, before any sort of ecclesiastical recognition was authoritatively given to the cult. "Work was," indeed, "done with such calm deliberation that the first episcopal report was only published four years after the first apparition."<sup>18</sup> But facts speak for themselves, and a categorical arrangement may make them clearer still.

(1) To begin with, not only was "the cause retained," but it is still subject to serious examination.

<sup>18</sup> *Lourdes*. By George Bertrin.

(2) Since February 4, 1917, there has been exhibited for public veneration in the parish church at Loublande, with the approval of the Bishop of Poitiers, a picture of the Sacred Heart, painted from the directions of *l'Enfant des Rinfillières*, which has been the source of many conversions, and is the object of daily pilgrimages. It is framed in dark wood upon which the Eucharistic emblems are encrusted in silver metal. Its tragic realism goes straight to the heart. The right hand is stretched in supplication, but the left points to the Pierced Heart. And the face itself expresses suffering so deep, so poignant, that few can look at it unmoved. It is a picture of inward torture, "the most beautiful of the children of men, disfigured by the Divine Passion," the wounds which sin opens anew. The tired head inclines a little to the right. Below is the invocation: "Sacred Heart of Jesus, bruised for our sins, have mercy on us."

Candles burn incessantly before it, and both above and below the altar is a wonderfully human touch in the shape of "little boxes containing photographs of soldiers for whom the *Voyante's* prayers have been asked."

(3) On May 5, 1917, the following petition was sent out by the Bishop of Poitiers:

"His Lordship the Bishop of Poitiers recommends his diocesans to sign a general petition directed to the official authorities, to be circulated through France, asking them to place the emblem of the Sacred Heart upon the national flag."

(4) Finding that a note in his *Bulletin* of March 25, 1917, as to *Le Fait de Loublande* had been misread as "the classification" of a cause "practically abandoned," the Bishop of Poitiers once more repeated formally on May 5th in that year that far from that being the case, the question "was still before the Commission" and was "being examined with sustained and cautious attention;" that it was in no sense "deprived either of interest or gravity."

(5) On June 14, 1917, the Bishop wrote the following prayer, which was quoted in *La Croix des Deux Sèvres*: "O God Who is pleased to choose for the accomplishment of Your will, insignificant instruments, select from among us a tiny creature, convinced of her nothingness: take from among us a nothing, a little nothing, and use this nothing to humiliate once again the wise, the learned and the powerful."

“ O Mary . . . help us to make ready the hour of triumph of the Sacred Heart, which will be also for our Country the hour of deliverance, of victory, of order, of peace.”

(6) At Christmas-time, acting under the Bishop's authority, Claire Ferchaud was permitted to found at Loublande “ the base of a future order of *religieuses*, victims of the Sacred Heart, . . . acting for the time being as workers for churches in neighboring districts. The companions of Claire . . . are, like her, dressed in black, and only go out to the offices at Loublande or to the little sanctuary of Rinfillières. They walk through the streets without speaking to anyone, and live in prayer and penitence.”<sup>14</sup> At Loublande, amongst others, there is at least one English lady who has been there for several months, and who had a Sacred Heart embroidered upon the English flag with the intention that it should be exhibited at Loublande during the Feast of the Sacred Heart this past year.

(7) In the *Semaine Religieuse* of Poitiers, March 24, 1918, the Bishop publishes the following official statements: “ In view of the increasing numbers of pious people who come to the church of Loublande for the First Friday of every month we have authorized M. le Curé to celebrate the offices solemnly. For the same reason an assistant will be given him each month. . . .”

*La Croix des Deux-Sèvres* in its issue of March 31, 1918, makes the following comment on this communication: “ The importance of this laconic official communication will not escape anyone. It is the ecclesiastical recognition of *le fait de Loublande*, where the crowd of faithful continue to come as at first.”<sup>15</sup>

On June 7th last, more than twelve thousand pilgrims traveled to this little out-of-the-way spot, there to join in the great ceremonies of the vigil and feast. Benediction was given a little before midnight. At the midnight Mass, which was offered in the open, at an altar hard by the great Calvary which stands at the entrance of the village there were more than a hundred communicants. A procession of torch-bearers accompanied the Blessed Sacrament back to the church, where It was exposed throughout the nocturnal Adoration.

<sup>14</sup> *Bulletin paroissial de Bourbon-Lancy.*

<sup>15</sup> The Bishop of Poitiers has now suppressed all meetings and ceremonies at Loublande which he had previously authorized, in order to leave the Holy Office unprejudiced.



“The Masses recommenced at three in the morning. Thousands received Holy Communion. At the eight o'clock Mass Claire Ferchaud and her five companions dressed in black, wearing a crucifix around their necks, communicated. Then they returned to their work-room, decorated with the French colors, the escutcheon of the Sacred Heart and the standard of Joan of Arc.”

Amongst those who took part in that great festival were mud-bespattered *poilus* straight from the trenches, Generals on leave, with rows of medals on their breasts, strangers from far Carcassonne, Toulouse, Béziers, Bordeaux, even American soldiers and a few English folk.

The story of Claire Ferchaud, *l'Enfant des Rinfillières*, is only just begun. Like all wonderful stories, it has no human ending. It is part of a great mystery; a link in the chain that binds this world with “over there,” and “over there” with eternity.

For the mission is no material mission, but a direct call to the soul. And to see in it nothing but prophecy relating to human fulfillment is to miss all that is finest in it. Loublande has been called “a little corner of heaven, the chosen spot of life-long dreams.” . . . “Beloved land of La Vendée,” writes one who knows it well, “the safety of our dear country will come through you, by means of the Sacred Heart.”

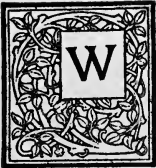
Out of agony peace dawns, we humbly hope, for our beloved; washed in flame is the track made by those who have gloriously “passed while trumpets sounded on the other side.” But if Faith is to renew us as a nation, we must apply it to all life—not a mere part—and the War will have taught us little or nothing nationally, for all its pain, if we do not realize with Claire Ferchaud the part that prayer and penitence play in the great issue, and that they are invincible arms. Away in far Loublande at this very hour, tender voices of supplication rise to God on our behalf: “Sacred Heart of Jesus, bruised for our sins, have mercy on us.”

“The voice of him that humbleth himself shall pierce the clouds” is the divine promise which cannot fail.

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## SHAKESPEARE'S LEADING MAN.

BY BROTHER LEO.



WHAT gives an added fascination and an element of pathos to many of the products of nature and of art is their all too obvious evanescence. Beautiful beyond words are the rich and varied hues glinting among the pansies beneath our window this golden afternoon; but tomorrow those identic hues will have gone forever. Alluring, haunting, inspiring is the face that for a fleeting moment we glimpse in the thronging street; do we seek another glance, the face has passed on or a new light falls upon it or an unsuspected angle throws it out of drawing, and what was a moment ago a thing of beauty is now but the commonplace projection of a commonplace soul. Wise are we to drink in unstintedly the glories of the sun setting in the western sea, for never, through countless eons, shall we behold a sunset with precisely its majesty and promise. An earnest of God's abiding beauty and heaven's unending delight we find in the laughing skies of autumn and the faultlessly rendered symphony; but often—sometimes, alas, we feel too often!—the transitory quality of their exquisite charms serves to remind us with what seems unneeded emphasis that we have not here a lasting city. This is a theme much sung of poets little and great, from Villon who asks hopelessly where abide the snows of yesteryear to Herrick who laments the passing of the violet's velvet glow; from Horace who none too gently admonishes Lycé of her fading beauty to Shakespeare and Calderón who mourn the briefness of the player's strutting during his hectic hour in the theatre of the world.

And so it is that the stage, which has been happily styled the meeting place of all the arts, lacks the quality of permanence. Some of us, born out of due time, have never been privileged to see the great Edwin Booth; and never shall we be able to make good our loss. However responsively we pore over the tributes paid him by so stimulating and judicious an admirer as the late William Winter, however wholesouledly

we listen to our elders who assure us that Booth was the one Hamlet, supreme and unapproachable, that the stage has known, however sedulously we thumb his prompt books and study his portraits, we shall never pluck out the heart of his mystery. It is something that has gone, never to return, a thing of naught but memory or surmise, like a toccata of Galuppi's or yesterday's sunrise on Mont Blanc or the Rheims Cathedral of 1914.

If this is true of a relatively modern actor like Booth, it is even more poignantly true of stage artists of an earlier day. Captivating and fruitful though it be to dip into such books as Baker's *English Actors*, Clark Russell's *Contemporary Actors* and Fleay's *History of the Stage*, the experience is almost depressing; for how little, how pathetically little, can we learn of the men and women who once held audiences spellbound and made the printed word a living thing through gesture, voice and presence. It was the leaping glow of personality that gave their performances potency and charm, and nowhere can we find that Promethean heat that can its light relume. Yet a tribute, deep and generous, is due those enthusiasts, both scholarly and popular, who seek to revive something of the stage's past, who strive to re-create the conditions under which dramatic masterpieces were first presented, who labor at the almost impossible, yet intensely appealing, task of bringing back the thespians who first interpreted speeches that the world declares immortal.

Just three hundred years ago there died in London Shakespeare's leading man, Richard Burbage. An enticing myth, persisting through three centuries, maintains that he was born at Stratford-on-Avon, that he and Shakespeare were play-mates at the Stratford Guild School, and that as boys they laid the foundations of the friendship and artistic partnership which endured until the death of the dramatist in 1616. The few facts we possess relative to Richard Burbage do not substantiate this theory. A family of that name did live in Stratford, and a certain John Burbage was bailiff there in 1556; but the Burbages from whom the actor came were of Hertfordshire descent. When Richard's brother applied for a grant of arms in 1634, he made no mention of Warwickshire ancestors. Shakespeare and Burbage met for the first time in London when both were grown men. The earliest record of their pro-

fessional connection dates from December, 1594, when, with the comedian William Kemp, they are mentioned by the treasurer of the royal chamber as having appeared at Greenwich Palace in "two several comedies or interludes showed by them before her majesty in Christmastide last passed, viz., upon St. Stephen's Day and Innocents' Day."<sup>1</sup> It is certain, however, that Shakespeare and Burbage had been members of the Lord Chamberlain's Company for some time before their appearance at Greenwich, and that their friendship was severed only by death. In his will Shakespeare bequeathed Burbage and two other actors a sum of money to buy themselves memorial rings.

Richard Burbage was probably born in Shoreditch, London, about the year 1567. His father, James Burbage, deserves remembrance as a pioneer theatrical manager. Before his time dramatic performances had been given in open places and in inn yards, but to him belongs the distinction of constructing the first theatre in England. This was in 1577; the building was called the Theatre and was situated in Shoreditch. He made money and became involved in lawsuits and developed actors and playwrights and in general led a busy, varied and excitement-crammed life. A rival house of amusement, the Curtain, caused him some anxiety for a time, but he triumphed over the competition by opening another theatre toward the end of 1596. This was the Blackfriars, erected in the confiscated Dominican priory.

When James Burbage died in 1597, the management of his theatrical ventures devolved upon his sons, Cuthbert and Richard. They, too, had their share of lawsuits and business anxieties, but they contrived to ride out the storms. Richard must have begun his professional career during his father's lifetime, and he continued acting for the rest of his life; but this did not prevent his sharing in Cuthbert's business responsibilities and projects. Giles Allen, from whom James Burbage had leased the ground occupied by the theatre, proved a temperamental landlord; so toward the end of 1598 the brothers removed the fabric of the building to the Bankside, Southwark, where it became the famous Globe Theatre. The Bankside site was leased for a term of thirty-one years, the

<sup>1</sup> J. O. Halliwell-Phillips, *Outlines of the Life of Shakespeare*, London, 1898, vol. 1., p. 121. Mrs. C. C. Stopes, in *Jahrbuch der Shakespeare-Gesellschaft*, 1896, xxxii., p. 182.

Burbage brothers assuming the liability, the other half being shared by five actors, including William Shakespeare and that John Heminges who, with Henry Condell, was destined to be the first editor of Shakespeare's plays. •

The Burbages, while maintaining the Globe as a summer playhouse, retained control of the Blackfriars—except from 1600 to 1608 when it was rented by the manager of the boy actors, the Children of the Chapel—and besides directed the company when, in a phrase still living in theatrical parlance, it “went on the road.” Their path was not rose-strewn, especially during “the spacious times of great Elizabeth” when from one cause or another theatrical managers suffered what often amounted to downright persecution. The preachers were their inveterate and unrelenting enemies; and the notion, widely accepted in our own day, that the playhouses in the time of Shakespeare were sinks of iniquity, is due less to actual conditions in the theatres than to the spleen and fanaticism of sundry gentlemen of the cloth. Though playgoers were numerous, there ran a strong current of opinions against the theatres—bad enough, in all conscience, but by no means as black as they were painted—and Richard Burbage and his brother Cuthbert were more than once obliged to exhaust their resources of ingenuity to keep their business intact from the interference of meddling officials.

Conditions improved vastly upon the accession of James I., who promptly granted a patent royal to the Globe players, and the managers who had been so harassed and molested under Elizabeth began to enjoy a measure of freedom. Henceforth Burbage and his associates ranked as grooms of the royal chamber, wore the king's scarlet livery and enjoyed several privileges and immunities. It was unquestionably in recognition of these marks of royal favor that in *Macbeth* Shakespeare evolved a Scottish theme, incorporated some of the well-known views of the king and softened and even glorified the portrait of Banquo, James's reputed ancestor. “With all their faults,” says Mrs. Stopes,<sup>2</sup> the Stuarts were the first real patrons of the drama in this country.”

Burbage's only untoward experience with court officials during the Jacobean era occurred in 1615. From earlier times actors had been forbidden to present plays during Lent, but

<sup>2</sup> *Burbage and Shakespeare's Stage*, London, 1913, p. 98.

custom had sanctioned the procedure of the master of the revels who was wont to grant dispensations from the ruling, except for what were called sermon days. But this year the Lord Chamberlain issued a special prohibitive order which the managers either did not understand or chose to ignore. At all events, Burbage included, they kept the theatres open. The result was a summons to appear before the privy council, and Burbage and Heminges were singled out as the Globe representatives. The records of the council are silent as to any hearing of the case, so it is probable that mutual explanations eased the friction and no punitive measures were invoked against Burbage and his fellow managers.<sup>3</sup>

Long before this event the Prospero who evoked the spirits of fancy and the truth of being from the air and from the sea had broken his magic staff and retired to his native Warwickshire village to live out his remaining years as a respectable and substantial burgher. Shakespeare thus severed his active connection with Burbage and the Globe, though he now and then ran up to London to greet his old comrades of the stage and witness the premier of a new production. His cousin, Thomas Green, records one such visit in 1615.<sup>4</sup> It is likely that whatever part he had in the composition of *King Henry VIII.* was the result of one of those occasional visits to the metropolis.

The play of *King Henry VIII.*, otherwise known as *All Is True*, has a special association with Richard Burbage and the Globe, for during an early production of the piece, on the Feast of St. Peter and St. Paul, 1613, the theatre was destroyed by fire. Toward the end of the first act the king arrives at Wolsey's palace to take part in a fancy dress ball where he is destined to meet the coy Anne Boleyn. The stage management employed considerable pomp and circumstance; and the details of the conflagration resulting therefrom are given with delightful fidelity by Sir Henry Wotton: <sup>5</sup>

“Now King Henry making a masque at the Cardinal Wolsey's house, and certain cannons being shot off at his entry,

<sup>3</sup> Sir Sidney Lee, *A Life of William Shakespeare*, New York, 1916, p. 451, note. J. Payne Collier, *Memoirs of the Principal Actors in the Plays of Shakespeare*, London, 1846, p. 43.

<sup>4</sup> Mrs. Stopes, *Burbage and Shakespeare's Stage*, p. 113.

<sup>5</sup> Sir Sidney Lee, *op. cit.*, pp. 445, 446. Mrs. Stopes, *Burbage and Shakespeare's Stage*, pp. 111-112. Halliwell-Phillips (*op. cit.*, vol. ii., p. 292), thinks the play was not Shakespeare's *King Henry VIII.*

some of the paper or other stuff wherewith one of them was stopped did light on the thatch, where being thought at first but an idle smoke, and their eyes more attentive to the show, it kindled inwardly, and ran around like a train, consuming within less than an hour the whole house to the very grounds. This was the fatal period of that virtuous fabric; wherein yet nothing did perish but wood and straw and a few forsaken cloaks; only one man had his breeches set on fire, that would perhaps have broiled him, if he had not by the benefit of a provident wit put it out with bottle ale." "It was a marvel and fair grace of God," declares the pious Winwood, "that the people had so little harm, having but two narrow doors to get out."

This fire, which occasioned the irreparable loss of manuscript copies of Shakespeare's play, caused a great stir in London. Ben Jonson, in his *Execration of Vulcan*, lamented the passing of "The Globe, the glory of the Bank," and at least two other verse writers unburdened themselves of threnodies. Some lines from *A Sonnett upon the pittifull burneing of the Globe playhouse in London*<sup>6</sup> merit reproduction here:

Now sitt the downe, Melpomene,  
 Wrapt in a sea-cole robe,  
 And tell the dolefull tragedie,  
 That late was playd at Globe;  
 For noe man that can singe and saye  
 Was scard on St. Peters daye.

Oh sorrow, pittifull sorrow, and yett all this is true.

All yow that please to understand,  
 Come listen to my storye,  
 To see Death with his rakeing brand  
 Mongst such an auditorye;  
 Régarding neither Cardinalls might,  
 Nor yett the rugged face of Henry the eight.

Oh sorrow, pittifull sorrow, and yett all this is true.

This fearfull fire beganne above,  
 A wonder strange and true,  
 And to the stage-howse did remove,  
 As round as taylors clewe;  
 And burnt down both beame and snag,  
 And did not spare the silken flagg.

Oh sorrow, pittifull sorrow, and yett all this is true.

<sup>6</sup> Halliwell-Phillips, *op. cit.*, vol. i., pp. 310, 311.

Out runne the knightes, out runne the lordes,  
 And there was great adoe;  
 Some loste their hattes, and some their swordes;  
 Then out runne Burbidge too. . . .

To the career of Richard Burbage as an actor we might apply the words of his distinguished friend and associate, "One man in his time plays many parts." As early as 1588 he had an enviable reputation as a player, and his vogue increased with the years. He played leading rôles in Richard Tarleton's *Seven Deadly Sins*, Kidd's tragedy of *Jeronimo*, Marston's *Malcontent*, Heywood's *Woman Killed with Kindness*, Marlowe's *Edward II.*, Webster's *Duchess of Malfi*, and in several of the plays of Ben Jonson and of Beaumont and Fletcher. His Shakespearean parts included Hamlet, Lear, Othello, Macbeth, Romeo, Brutus, Shylock, Henry V., Coriolanus and Richard III. Sometimes, so great was his personal popularity, he appeared in contemporary plays in his own character—a procedure akin to the present day device of having a favorite screen star appear on the stage in person.

All too fragmentary are the records of his acting that have come down to us, but at least they serve to indicate his wide popularity and histrionic excellence, especially in tragic rôles. Collier<sup>7</sup> cites the concluding stanza of a ballad on the story of Othello found in a manuscript dating from the time of Charles I.:

Dick Burbage, that most famous man,  
 That actor without peer,  
 With this same part his course began,  
 And kept it many a year.  
 Shakespeare was fortunate, I trow,  
 That such an actor had:  
 If we had but his equal now,  
 For one I should be glad.

To the judgment that he was "without peer" his contemporaries raise not one dissenting voice. The poet is manifestly inaccurate when he tells us that Burbage began his career with Shakespeare's *Othello*, but certainly his impersonation of the Moor added appreciably to his laurels. And even though we recognize in the attitude of the writer a familiar bias in favor of the good old days of the drama, with his last

<sup>7</sup> *Op. cit.*, p. 22.



two lines we of the twentieth century find ourselves in hearty agreement.

Burbage achieved his most pronounced success as Shakespeare's ideal villain in the sublimated melodrama of *King Richard III*. Due largely to the vigor of his rendition, the famous lines,

A horse a horse! My kingdom for a horse!

became the object both of imitation and parody—indisputable signs of popularity. Bishop Richard Corbet, in his *Iter Boreale*, written about 1618, recounting the tale of Bosworth Field as given to him by a Leicestershire innkeeper, tells how mine host, "full of ale and history," associated Burbage with the battle to the exclusion of the protagonist.

Ben Jonson,<sup>8</sup> never a spendthrift of eulogy, characterized Burbage as "your best actor;" and such was the critical consensus of his times. The actor's death was the occasion of several lyrical tributes, one of which Halliwell-Phillips<sup>9</sup> takes from a manuscript preserved in the library of the Earl of Warwick:

Some skillful limner aid me; if not so,  
Some sad tragedian help to express my woe;  
But oh, he's gone that could the best both limn  
And act my grief. . . .  
He's gone, and with him what a world is dead.

The poet, struggling most resolutely with his reluctant muse, mentions Hamlet and other parts played by Burbage:

Oft have I seen him play this part in jest  
So lively that spectators and the rest  
Of his sad crew, whilst he but seemed to bleed,  
Amazed thought even that he died indeed.  
And did not knowledge check me, I should swear  
Even yet it is a false report I hear,  
And think that he that did so truly feign  
Is still but dead in jest to live again;  
But now he acts this part, not plays, 'tis known;  
Others he played, but acted hath his own.

Another version of the elegy, given in full by Collier,<sup>10</sup>

<sup>8</sup> *Bartholomew Fair*, v. 3.    • *Op. cit.*, vol. ii., p. 88.    <sup>10</sup> *Op. cit.*, pp. 52, 53.

makes mention of "Crookback," "Tyrant Macbeth, with un-wash'd, bloody hand," and other rôles enacted by Burbage.

The Queen of James I., Anne of Denmark, died about the same time as Richard Burbage; and one verse writer<sup>11</sup> indirectly discloses the vogue the actor enjoyed by reproaching the people of London for paying more heed to the demise of a mere player than to the passing of a queen. Occasional hints in such memorial verses help us to piece out the picture of Burbage on the stage and to realize that he had pondered, as well as declaimed, that best treatise on the art of vocal expression ever penned: Hamlet's advice to the players. And there are other commentaries. Thus Overbury<sup>12</sup> praises his modulations of voice and his "full and significant action of body." At greater length, that mysterious cleric and ineffectual poet, Richard Flecknoe,<sup>13</sup> gives a helpful taste of his quality.

Our conception of Burbage as an actor is aided by an understanding of the mechanical conditions under which he worked—mechanical, because even at its best the theatre is frankly a compromise between art and mechanics. The most poetical speech may be blasted by a slip of the tongue, the most dramatic situation ruined by an awkwardly handled sword. A chair that creaks, a gun that misses fire, a castle wall that sways in the wind—any one of thousands of mechanical possibilities may make or mar the production. If such is the case today, when the appointments of the stage are under the eye and hand of electricians, carpenters, scenic artists, modistes and other specialists, what must have been the environment in the days of Richard Burbage?

Perhaps the essential difference is this: In the days of Burbage both actor and audience gave and expected more exercise of imagination and less mechanical perfection, while in our time less demand is made on the artists and more on the artisan. We want doors with "practicable" knobs and locks, genuine cut glass vases and authentic axminster rugs, real viands on real plates and real water in a real bucket. We have been rendered literal-minded and unimaginative by David Belasco and the movies. With Burbage's auditors it was far otherwise. They came to the Globe—many of them unkempt and ill-smelling enough, to be sure—with imaginations afire

<sup>11</sup> Collier, *op. cit.*, p. 56; Mrs. Stopes, *Burbage and Shakespeare's Stage*, p. 117.

<sup>12</sup> Quoted in *Dictionary of National Biography*, art., Burbage.

<sup>13</sup> *Short Discourse of the English Stage*, originally appended to the tragi-comedy, *Love's Kingdom*, 1664. Reprinted in Hazlitt's *English Drama and Stage*, 1869.

and intellects athirst. They needed no natural trees in their forest of Arden, no cunningly daubed canvas to represent the coast of Bohemia. A spoken word or a rudely lettered placard was sufficient to transfer them to Ophelia's grave from the battlements of Elsinore, to the Rialto in Venice from Portia's house in Belmont. But they did insist on having the lines of the play read by actors capable of rendering the spirit of the scene depicted, they did insist on having their ready imaginations kindled at the torch of art. They didn't talk much about art, but they knew what they liked.

Austin Dobson, in his own inimitable way, has reproduced the environment of the playhouses that Shakespeare and Burbage knew in the following quotable verses: <sup>14</sup>

When Burbage played, the stage was bare  
Of fount and temple, tower and stair;  
Two backswords eked a battle out,  
Two supers made a rabble rout,  
The Throne of Denmark was a chair!

And yet, no less, the audience there  
Thrilled through all changes of Despair,  
Hope, Anger, Fear, Delight and Doubt,  
When Burbage played!

This is the Actor's gift,—to share  
All moods, all passions, nor to care  
One whit for scene, so he without  
Can lead men's minds the roundabout  
Stirred as of old these hearers were,  
When Burbage played!

The art of dramatic interpretation, as distinguished from our so-called natural method in acting, was in favor. The actor found himself not on a lavishly furnished picture-frame stage with his audience compactly massed in front of him in padded armchairs, but on a long, narrow platform, practically devoid of adornment, that extended out among the spectators huddled together in the uncovered pit and sometimes seated on the stage itself. And he found the audience appreciative, doubtless, when he stirred their souls, but impatient and outspoken when he fell short of their expectations. More than one knight of the sock and buskin, less gifted and experienced

<sup>14</sup> *Poems on Several Occasions*, New York, 1889, p. 262.

than Richard Burbage, was compelled to retreat precipitously to the 'tiring-room to the accompaniment of cat calls and partly eaten apples. That was dramatic criticism, feral and primitive but lucid and efficacious.

Dr. W. J. Lawrence<sup>15</sup> and other modern investigators have exercised ripe scholarship and commendable ingenuity in reconstructing for us the mechanical conditions under which Burbage played; but the most valuable source of information remains the plays of Shakespeare. In the prologues and epilogues, in the meagre stage directions and in such suggestive passages as Hamlet's speech to the players, we have vivid and first hand commentaries on the rudimentary scenery, the incongruous through often elaborate costumes, the incentives to windy elocution, the restlessness of the groundlings and the necessity of fertile and dynamic imagination in both actors and audience. Actors who succeeded in those days were great actors, and Richard Burbage was greatest of them all.

Besides his recognized ability as an actor and his considerable success as manager and producer, Richard Burbage enjoyed some repute as an artist. It is a safe surmise that he designed the costumes for many of his productions. Did he by any chance paint the portrait of his friend Shakespeare? Both the Chandos and the Felton portrait of the dramatist have been attributed to him,<sup>16</sup> but on dubious authority; and Collier, more ingeniously than convincingly, opines that he painted the original of the Droeshout engraving which was printed as the frontispiece for the First Folio edition of the plays. Alleged specimens of his pictorial skill—one of them the portrait of a woman—are preserved at Dulwich College.<sup>17</sup> In 1613 and again in 1616 his services were secured to paint an *impresa* or heraldic device for the Earl of Rutland. On the former of these occasions Shakespeare collaborated with him, receiving forty-four shillings in gold for his part of the work;<sup>18</sup> and the fact has an added interest inasmuch as it suggested to

<sup>15</sup> *The Elizabethan Playhouse and Other Studies*, Stratford-upon-Avon, 1912 and 1913.

<sup>16</sup> Sir Sidney Lee, *op. cit.*, pp. 453, 532, 535.

<sup>17</sup> Mrs. Stopes, *Burbage and Shakespeare's Stage*, p. 108.

<sup>18</sup> Dr. S. A. Tannenbaum, *The Dial*, October 14, 1915; Mrs. Stopes, *Burbage and Shakespeare's Stage*, p. 109; Sir Sidney Lee, *op. cit.*, pp. 453, 454. In her *Elizabethan and Shakespearean Fragments*, New York, 1915, Mrs. Stopes identifies the Shakespeare of the *impresa* with a London bit-maker possessing the same surname!

Dr. Karl Bleibtreu, and to M. Célestin Demblon of the Université Nouvelle of Brussels, the preposterous Rutland theory of Shakespearean authorship.<sup>19</sup>

It may prove comforting to stage aspirants whose genius is not a matter of inches to learn that, like David Garrick and Edmund Kean, Richard Burbage was short in stature. Two brief passages from Kidd's *Jeronimo*,

My mind's a giant, though my bulk be small,  
and

I'll not be long away;  
As short my body, long shall be my stay,

have an evident application to Burbage who played the title rôle in that tragedy. As the years went on, Burbage, like so many more recent ladies and gentlemen of his profession, had cause to lament the copious plenty of his "too too solid flesh." The speech of the queen in the last scene of *Hamlet*,

He's fat and scant of breath.

Here, Hamlet, take my napkin, rub thy brows,

was conceivably inserted as a palpable hit at the physical amplitude of Shakespeare's leading man.

In private life Richard Burbage was a respectable married citizen and the father of six children, most of whom died young. A boy born shortly after the death of Shakespeare in 1616 was named William; and it is not impossible that Burbage's daughter Anne had for godmother that Mistress Anne Shakespeare, née Hathaway, whom the poet in the days of his youth had wooed and won in sylvan Shottery. Considering the social status of actors in England during the sixteenth and early seventeenth century and the bitter attacks launched against playhouses and players by the self-constituted moral censors of the times; considering, too, the unequivocal immorality of many of the plays that found favor and the disorderly lives of many of the men connected with the stage, it is gratifying to find the record of Richard Burbage free from stain. A bit of gossip preserved in John Manningham's diary and reproduced in the *Dictionary of National Biography* and elsewhere reflects discreditably on both Burbage and Shakespeare; but Mrs. Stopes<sup>20</sup> argues—and, I think, persuasively—

<sup>19</sup> Cf. Demblon, *Lord Rutland est Shakespeare*, Paris, 1913.

<sup>20</sup> *Burbage and Shakespeare's Stage*, p. 244.

that the episode, if it ever occurred at all, is susceptible of an innocent interpretation. It is pleasing to know that Burbage had high professional ideals and high personal standards; that in a day when loose living and salacious speech were assumed to be identified with the theatres, "our English Roscius," as later authorities assure us, was "never scurrilous."

Such was the man who first interpreted the noble lines of Shakespeare's tragedies, who first recited, "To be or not to be;" who first uttered the impassioned query, "Hath not a Jew eyes?" who first revealed the oratorical possibilities of Henry V.'s great rallying speech, "Once more unto the breach, dear friends, once more!" Such was the man who fashioned some of our universally accepted conceptions of Shakespearean characters and founded some of the most enduring traditions of the Shakespearean stage. Such was the man who inspired this quaint, anonymous epitaph:

This Life's a play, sceaned out by Nature's Arte,  
Where every man hath his allotted parte.  
This man hath now (as many men can tell)  
Ended his part, and he hath acted well.  
The Play now ended, think his grave to be  
The retiring house of his sad Tragedie,  
Where to give his fame this, be not afraid,  
Here lies the best Tragedian ever played.

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## VIGNETTES OF WAR.

BY FRANCIS AVELING, S.T.D.



IN a former article I have attempted to give some faint idea, by way of suggestion for the imagination, of the great number of trades and professions that are represented, and necessarily so, in an army. But of the life lived, and the experiences undergone, it is almost impossible to write an adequate description. It and they are so highly colored by the intensity of the instant, by the violence of the oft-recurring emotions, by centralization and focussing, so to say, of all interests into a pin's point, that most people find it almost impossible to convey what they have tried to convey when speaking of any given crowded moment or pulsing incident which they have lived "out there." A year is often lived through in a week, and a single night may seem an eternity long drawn out. Memory plays us strange tricks. Even the stronger and more dominating feelings have a tendency to fade out rapidly. And one often feels that one is recounting in a colorless and unreal fashion what, when it was actually lived, had every fibre of his being tense and taut as harp strings, thrilling and vibrating to the unusual violence. It may serve none the less to bring to the mind of the reader in some slight degree the kaleidoscopic character of an army at work to sketch in three or four scenes and incidents, the like of which were to be found, all up and down the front and in the back areas of the army in France.

### NIGHT BOMBING.

The army, of course, has its Meteorological Officer; but we were weather experts on our own account in our mess. The reason for our great devotion to the science was to be found in the one word—bombs. We have been bombed a good deal during the past few years, and in the later months the number of night bombing raids increased considerably. "Fritz"—or "Jimmy," as our men call the German airmen—did not relish the welcome he got by day, and flew by night, when we could not make it so hot for him. I find that one does

not "get used to" bombs. They are "windy" things, and worse than shells. If the first shell does not hit you, you are reasonably able to keep out of the way of succeeding ones, at any rate in desultory shelling. But bombs, at night, when the airman is more or less blind, may pitch anywhere. There is just the horrid drone of the engines—an unholy sound—a rising swish, as of tearing silk, and an appalling explosion. That you hear all this, warns you that you are alive; but you begin to wonder about the target which the next will make.

I propose to describe one small raid, one of the first of personal experience, and therefore, perhaps, the most vivid in my mind. It happened a long time—months—ago now. We were sleeping in Armstrong huts, with but the thickness of canvas for protection, and had been worried night after night by the planes and machine guns; but nothing had dropped very near us. One evening, earlier than usual, the raiders came over. We were in our Nissen hut office, my Colonel and I, with the Sergeant and orderly. The Colonel was on the field telephone to one of his D.A.P.Cs. in a neighboring corps: and I could gather from the one-sided conversation that something was happening at the other end of the wire. Up to then we had been left in peace. Suddenly a rattle of machine guns started, and the tracer bullets began to hiss upwards towards the converging shafts of light thrown skywards from the projectors. The moaning drone of nearing planes could be clearly heard, then a vicious hiss, and a crash, too near to be pleasant.

"They're here, too," I heard the Colonel shout through the telephone. Obviously they were paying a visit to the corps as well. I was on the floor boards by that time, with a warning to the Colonel to drop; as another wicked "swis-s-sh" cut like a whip through the air. The hut rocked and swayed: a shower of something hit the corrugated roof: and then there came a cry—one sharp, short-cut cry, and a chorus of groans. We lay where we were for a moment, wondering; and the next explosion was almost too far away for the warning hiss to be heard. The planes were passing. Someone came running in: "A lot of Frenchmen badly hit at the Mission. Colonel says you'd better come."

It appeared afterwards that the Colonel in question—a Canadian—thought I was "some sort of a doctor," and would be on the spot before the M. O. Unscrewing the top of my oil-



stock, I hurried through the darkness to the next hut but one, where the French Mission Office was. They had a lantern lighted there now, and standing on the roadway. A little crowd of clerks and servants began to collect. Two human figures in the familiar French blue were lying on the ground, others standing or sitting, and wiping dirt and blood from their faces, arms and bodies. I had given absolution as I neared the place; and bent over the first prostrate figure. The man was quite unconscious, and already dead, or dying fast. The ashen gray face stood out in the darkness, illumined by the feeble rays of the lantern. A slow black flood oozed away from the lower part of his body: the femoral artery was severed. Swiftly I anointed him: "*per istam sanctam unctionem et suam piissimam misericordiam indulgeat tibi Dominus . . .*" and turned to the other case of urgent need. This man was conscious, but riddled with bits of the bomb, and in great pain. They were bringing up a stretcher for him now. I could not hear his confession in public; but told him to make the acts, and gave him the sacraments while the M. O., who had reached the spot by this, bandaged his terrible wounds. Then I passed on to the others, who were wounded, indeed, but not in danger of death.

It was an extraordinary scene; and the suddenness of the whole little tragedy shook one. Under a dark avenue of trees, and shut in by a thicket of bushes, with the splintered and twisted huts for background, the ring of peering, questioning, distorted faces lit by the single lantern, showing ghostly in the dark; the dead man and the dying; the white bandages, swathing the wounded; and the dark, oozing pool. A motor ambulance drove up, and the casualties were taken away. The little crowd remained for a moment, talking in subdued voices, looking at the débris, examining the bomb-hole—no more than a large, saucer-like depression in the hard roadway—the pool of blood. Then it melted away into the night. The wounded man died at dawn. The Chaplain buried them both the next day. And the War went on.

#### FIELD SPORTS.

Just outside one of the pleasant little villages of the Somme country, in the late spring weather before our 1916 offensive, the battalion sports were held. Picture a small valley nestling in between gently rolling hills on either hand, a crystal

stream winding in and out along the bottom, skirting plantations of willow poplars set in solemn, regular lines, flowing through highly cultivated fields and lush pastures, feeding the many marshy ponds which lie all down the length of the Ancre and Somme, passing from village to village in its voyage towards the sea. Picture the village with its rose-covered cottages and red-tiled roofs, its few long streets straggling away from the gray old church, embowered snugly among the trees: and up and down the valley, on either side the river, two or three kilometres each from the other in their settings of emerald green, little red-tiled, flower-planted hamlets, with the swelling hills, clad in greens and browns and mauves rising behind them to the blue Picardy sky.

The sports were held just beyond the end of the long village street in a field that sloped gently from the valley bottom to meet the low rise of the hills. They were ordinary sports, held before when the battalion was out of the line: sports like those held in peace time—races, long and high jumping, putting the weight, tug-of-war. These, like the boxing and the concerts and sing-songs that the men so enjoyed, were planned to give them a relaxation from the tenseness of fighting in the trenches, the perpetual hard training which went on when they came back “to rest.” The battalion fifes and drums played—there was no brass band to liven up the afternoon nor tea and cakes to hand around afterwards on the lawn—as officers and men assembled. The magpies shot through the air overhead or balanced on the branches, and wild pigeons gorged in a neighboring sown field; while from the distance came the muffled roll that told the ever busy guns were active. The sports began with races, among which was a handicap where the places were allotted by ages—the Colonel and the Chaplain having the advantage of the doctor; all three well ahead in the field of young Captains and subalterns. There were amusing disputes, and a good deal of chaff about the ages and the number of yards given. It was a happy afternoon. And the race was run, to the great distinction of the C. O.; and weights were “putt,” and hammers thrown, and mighty feats and prodigies accomplished in the way of jumping. Everyone was good tempered, gay and jolly; for the War was forgotten for the nonce, and only the healthy emulation of the games was in mind.

Before the homeric tug-of-war came an improvised race, destined to become historic. Along the rising ground of the field, separated by some few yards from each other, low stakes in double rows had been driven in the ground. The object of this race was for teams of two men each to dribble footballs in and out, right and left, around the stakes; and the competitors put their will into their work. I do not know who had devised this particular trial of skill—for skill certainly was needed to guide the ball, and kick it accurately and quickly in its devious course: but, whoever it was who was responsible for it, one of our Captains seized at once upon its military use. We had been training long and hard for a projected attack upon Contalmaison.

Our Captain, looking at the dribbling of the football, mused, and then spoke: "That is the way to attack. When we leave our trenches for Contalmaison in actual earnest, my company shall dribble footballs over No-man's Land. The men will have something to think of, and their movements will be a protection from sentries and snipers."

The expected attack on Contalmaison never came off: but Captain —— sent home for his footballs: and on the first of July the battle of the Somme commenced. The battalion had as its task the storming and capture of the western end of the village of Montauban. It acquitted itself with glory in the attack, rushing the German lines and taking the end of the village in spite of furious rifle and machine-gun fire. Later, the *London Times* printed an account of the first days of that mighty action which ultimately pressed the enemy back so many miles: and it did honor to those gallant men who actually did kick their footballs back and forth between the lines, as they rushed forward, despite the resistance of the foe, to their objective at Montauban.

The Captain fell that day with many of his comrades in the battalion. Those who were left lost many, many friends in those perfect days of July, 1916. But they mourn them with deep respect and great pride. And the football that he dribbled as he went to wrest their stronghold from the Germans, and to meet his heroic death, was gathered up with reverence later on, and taken home to England, where it is now guarded as a sacred trophy at the Regimental Depot of the East Surreys.

## GRAVEYARDS IN FRANCE.

There are many graveyards in Flanders and in France. These are "God's acres" hollowed in the pleasant, flower-strewn chalk downs of Picardy, and in the plashed soil of Ypres, and in the fields of Artois. In a long line these holy spots stretch from the sea to Noyon, and from there, onwards to the south and east, our boys' comrades in arms lie in the little cemeteries of the line, awaiting their final call to assemble before the great Captain of Souls. There are cemeteries with their long, close serried lines of crosses where the Casualty Clearing Stations stood, great graveyards filled with all that flower and promise of life that death has mown down for the sake of a world's lasting peace. There are graveyards greater still, in which the dead heroes sleep down by the base hospitals; and scattered graves, trenches and singly lying, here and there wherever the fire of war has passed and battlefields been cleared. Such a profusion of life poured out, so great a toll of sacrifice, appalls and stuns. It is not that one is not accustomed to death. It is not that one does not know the lavish prodigality of nature—nature, careless of the countless broken pearls as, throughout the centuries, she strings her perfect rosary. It is rather that one recoils from the apparent utter waste of human life, seeing only that one aspect of it all which horrifies the mind.

But there are some who can read the secrets of the horrible things of war, and find a meaning even in these hecatombs of dead. But their vision pierces beyond the veil of time, and reckons with eternity; their reading of the secret goes deeper than all means and touches the uttermost end of human life. In the tangle of aims and purposes, of ways and means and ends, both national and individual, of the strife of battalions and the doings and aspirings of each man alone, they follow and unravel the one single strand that matters. Why should the horror be, how can it be, with a good God in His heaven? It is precisely because God is good in His heaven that there is a meaning to it at all. There is no answer to the puzzle in the grave, no palliative for dismay. Only in the vision of man as he is struggling, striving, falling, rising, reaching out towards his ideal self, and of man as he was made to be, complete and perfect in the sight and purpose of his Maker,

can the eternal riddle set by nature and by war be solved. Only in Christ, the God Who willed to die, in Whom the dead are made alive, do the veils of mystery fall away: and the symbol of the eternal truth shining through is the cross that stands at the head of each soldier's grave. They have not lived—they have not died—in vain. Their sacrifice was not for gain or guerdon in their own eyes. Imperfect though they were, they died for others: and in that death they rose to heights that nature could not compass.

Those quiet graveyards scattered throughout France and Flanders, from the coast to the line, and all up and down its torn and scarred and bloodstained length, those scattered groups of graves and lonely sepultures, are the records of the heroism of the nations, and the undying valor of their soldier sons. They are the silent witnesses of the ideals of the Allies; a memorial of the past and an earnest of a better and a nobler future. They are more. They are records of the divine spark that smoulders and kindles in the poorest human heart. They are the witnesses of great and spiritual truths and aspirations, often but dimly grasped and blindly felt; but, none the less, the hidden mainspring of their heroic action. And from the dead past of each of these brave men, who offered his life that justice should be avenged and right triumph in this disordered world of ours, we have every right to hope that a living present has flowered in fullness and in joy unspeakable, where the end has crowned the work, and the soldier hero sheathed his unsullied sword in the presence of the Eternal King.

#### PRISONERS OF WAR.

A Catholic Chaplain, to minister fruitfully to all the troops with whom he came in contact on the western front, had to be a polyglot; for men of almost all nations and races under the sun fought there in our common cause. And among them all were Catholics—English speaking, it goes without saying, and French, Belgians, Italians, Portuguese, Poles, Lithuanians, Russians, Indians and Chinese, as well as representatives of a great many other peoples.

Another set to be ministered to were the German prisoners who came down from the line, singly or in little groups; or, again, in greater numbers—hundreds and even thousands—after heavy engagements, raids on a large scale and battles.

These miserable enough looking specimens were marched to the sorting cages, large barbed-wire enclosures separated into a number of compartments, to be separated into groups according to their regiments and rank. Here they were medically examined and fed. These are the valid prisoners of war. The wounded passed through the medical units with our own wounded and sick to hospital.

There was no "establishment" for Chaplains at camps of prisoners of war in the field; but the authorities were most anxious that the spiritual welfare of prisoners should be attended; and the men themselves, and especially the Catholics, were generally very keen, indeed, on joining in religious worship, assisting at Holy Mass and frequenting the sacraments. Where possible, German speaking Chaplains, one Catholic and one Protestant, were posted to Army Headquarters for duty with prisoners of war and their guard in army areas. But there are so many camps, and these so scattered, that other Chaplains, of divisions in rest, for example, or on lines of communication, often lend a hand and minister to the prisoners. If they speak no German, this is a far easier task for a Catholic than for a Protestant; for the Catholic prisoners of war all know what to look for and what to do. Holy Mass is the same, even in language, the world over; and, as for confessions, they can, at worst, be managed by the use of little cards upon which an examination of conscience is printed in both tongues.

As a rule, a very considerable proportion of the Catholic prisoners approached the sacraments; and, if they had been captured recently, one generally found they had received Communion from their own Field Chaplain not so very long before.

Confessions are heard anywhere in the camp, often in a small hut or shack, to which the men come one at a time, lining up outside in a queue to wait their turn. Next morning the Chaplain would take his portable altar with him and erect it in a hut which served as a sleeping place and mess-room. Outside the War went on; outside lay their daily work and toil. But here, within, while Mass was being said, doubtless their minds forgot the War for the moment, and the irksomeness of prison, and the monotony of toil in workshop or on road. Doubtless their thoughts went back to the village church in their Bavarian hills, where the old father and mother

knelt together, praying for their boy; or to the little Rhineland chapel in which wife and children worshipped in spirit with their husband and father. At least they dimly realized that there is something here which transcends war and all the vicissitudes of war; and that in this medium of the Holy Sacrifice they are linked close to those they love.

A Chaplain's work for prisoners of war is not of the easiest. There are long miles to be covered between the camps, in all sorts of weather; and for transport one has to depend mainly upon chance vehicles picked up on the road. But it is worth while, and well worth while. The consolation of religion given to the men, is in itself a consolation to the priest; and, despite all the records of inhumanity and stories of cruelty that come to light from prisoners' camps in Germany, he has a right to hope that even there religion—and particularly the Catholic religion—brought a ray of comfort into the lives of the men who languished there as prisoners of war.

#### A MAIN C. M. D. S.

A Main Dressing Station was one of the important medical links that bound the battle front to the base hospitals and "Blighty." It lies not so many miles from the thick of the fighting, but behind the Advanced Dressing Stations and Regimental Aid Posts. From them the battle casualties are passed, on foot or on stretchers, through the A. D. S. Wounded Posts; thence to be redispached by ambulance to the Casualty Clearing Stations at Railhead.

The organization of the R. A. M. C. is extraordinarily fine. When an enemy offensive is met, carefully planned arrangements often have to go by the board. When it is considered what a multitude of details must be foreseen and planned beforehand, and often changed or modified at a moment's notice, it is marvelous how smoothly and regularly the work was carried out. There are the teams of doctors and surgeons with their anæsthetists, orderlies and surgical instruments; the medical stores and comforts, bandages, splints, and drugs, which must never be allowed to run short; the piles of stretchers, going up to the battle zone empty and coming down again filled; the busy ambulances loading and unloading; the food and drink for personnel and patients: all these things and many more must be kept supplied, and, if necessary, the staff must

be ready to move them all in a very short space of time. In cases of extreme urgency, tents and stores would be burned, so that they should not fall into the hands of the enemy. The main preëccupation then would be the evacuation of the patients. But in a planned offensive there is practically no danger of disorganization.

In such circumstances, Chaplains are usually moved from their battalions, fighting in the line, and temporarily attached to the Dressing Stations, where they meet the wounded as they are brought in from the field, and provide them with whatever religious ministrations they may need. When the casualties are heavy, and streaming through continuously, reliefs have to be provided. There are thus often as many as six Chaplains working in shifts at the main D. S.—two each of Catholics, Anglicans, and non-Anglican Protestants. All the arrangements were made in consultation with the medical authorities at Army and Corps Headquarters, and were most carefully planned to secure that a Chaplain of each kind should be always at the post, and at the same time to prevent overlapping and crowding. It was strange work—this ministering to the wounded as they came down, bloody and dirty and torn, from the front. One boy would want a letter written home for him; another pulled lovingly at the “fag,” to the end of which the Chaplain held a lighted match. A third described the action from which he had just come; while a fourth would groan in unconsciousness on his stretcher. Chaplains write letters, hand out field postcards and pencils, bend here over a prostrate form to catch the whispered words of confession, anoint, give Communion. There was little privacy: fortunately the men were used to the strange circumstances and did not mind them. No one took notice, save with profound respect, of the administration of the sacraments.

At night, lighted by hanging lamps, the shadows flickered and faded in monstrous distortions; patients came and went, were moved from one tent to another; and the work went on. One M. O. relieved another; a tired Chaplain sought his shelter and blanket on the ground, while a second stepped into his place. The guns rattled and roared, and shells burst with heavy, dead or cracking, sharp reports; but the business of patching up broken bodies and reconciling souls never slackened; for the lines of evacuation had to be kept clear



whatever happened, and at no point of the system should a block occur.

The stream of wounded flowed on, now trickling only, now swollen, as the battle developed; until at last it dwindled away to nothing—a few last stray cases, picked up on the ground that has been fought over and left behind. And these were cleared to Casualty Clearing Stations; and the work was done. M. Os. rejoined their ambulances, and Chaplains their units; and the next day your morning paper printed an account of the advance on a so many kilometre front to a depth of so many metres; and gave the tale of prisoners and guns.

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### AT JESUS' BRUISED KNEES.

BY CHARLES J. POWERS, C.S.P.

HAIL Jesus! At Thy bruised knees,  
Men win eternal victories,  
For hid, Thy being's deeps within,  
Thou and the Godhead are akin,  
And God and Man are one in Thee.

The angels laud Thy might and power,  
The demons fear and shrink and cower  
In presence of Thy Deity;  
Yet in Thee raised upon the Tree,  
Who doth discern Thy Majesty?

The flowing fountains of Thy Blood,  
Stream o'er Thee in a welling flood,  
And blazon every limb of Thee,  
And clothe Thee in the panoply  
Of Thy supernal Royalty.

Yet who doth now Thee King confess?  
In this Thine hour of bitterness,  
Of anguished soul and body's pain,  
Of faithless friends, of foes' disdain:  
Who worships Thee in agony?

O comfort Thee! Ah 'tis a grace  
Prone at Thy knees to find a place,  
And offer such a dole as mine,  
As guerdon for a love like Thine,  
So freely giv'n and tenderly.

O comfort Thee! O pity me!  
Thy bruised knees shall be my plea,  
For falls my wayward steps have brought.  
O comfort Thee! 'Tis not for nought  
Thy Body droops upon the Tree.

Go! at Thy word, the opening gates  
Of Paradise the thief awaits.  
Go! Thee a ransomed race acclaim:  
They hail Thee Saviour in Thy Name  
They chant the paean of victory.

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## MEDIAEVAL SCIENCE.

BY JAMES J. WALSH, M.D., PH.D.



ONE of the long felt wants has been a brief history of science, available for consultation by the general public, particularly by university and college students, where they might readily obtain the background of knowledge on which modern developments of science could be properly seen. The announcement some time ago of *A Short History of Science*<sup>1</sup> by two professors of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, promised to fill the gap.

An immense amount of information concerning the development of science in the olden time, has been accumulated in recent years. It is unfortunately little known outside the narrow circle of those who may happen to be interested in the history of their own specialty, and often comparatively unknown even among them. There was a great need and a magnificent opportunity for a text-book that would present this matter fairly, ignoring the traditional history of science, founded on ignorance and the assumption that serious interest in science is a comparatively recent affair. There was, further, the opportunity to eliminate from the supposed history of science so much that has been falsely said about the "Dark Ages," tending to the idea that more opposition was offered to the development of science during the Middle Ages than modern novelties of thought meet with from latter-day conservatives. The way of the genius, in advance of his time, has never been smooth, and never will be. In the Middle Ages, men were occupied much more than are we with architecture, art and sculpture, the cultivation of literature and philosophy, in a word, with the things of the mind; we have become more intent on physical comfort, rapid transit, labor saving devices, in a word, the things of the body. But they did not neglect the physical world around them. They met and solved quite well the problems that presented themselves, and made some re-

<sup>1</sup> *A Short History of Science.* By W. T. Sedgwick and H. W. Tyler. New York: The Macmillan Co. \$2.50.

remarkable observations in physical science and some still more remarkable anticipations of modern developments of science which, in recent years, have attracted merited attention.

In the face of this recent development of knowledge *A Short History of Science* declares that the Middle Ages can be graphically portrayed as a great hollow. The thousand years from the fifth to the fifteenth century are declared to be a time in which knowledge, as we understand it, and as Aristotle understood it, had no place. Morison is quoted as if he had said the last word on the subject. "The modern man, reformed and regenerated by knowledge, looks across it (the great hollow) and recognizes on the opposite ridge in the far shining cities and stately porticoes, in the art, politics and science of antiquity, many more ties of kinship and sympathy than in the mighty concave between, wherein dwell his Christian ancestry in the dim light of Scholasticism and theology." This hardly coincides with John Fiske's estimate published thirty years ago: "When we think of all the work, big with promise of the future that went on in those centuries which modern writers in their ignorance used once to set apart and stigmatize as the 'Dark Ages,' when we consider how the seeds of what is noblest in modern life were then painfully sown upon the soil which Imperial Rome had prepared; when we think of the various works of a Gregory, a Benedict, a Boniface, an Alfred, a Charlemagne, we feel that there is a sense in which the most brilliant achievements of pagan antiquity are dwarfed in comparison with these. Until quite lately, indeed, the student of history has had his attention too narrowly confined to the ages that have been preëminent for literature and art—the so-called classical ages—and thus his sense of historical perspective has been impaired."

It is amazing, therefore, to find a chapter on "Science in the Middle Ages" which makes no mention of Vincent of Beauvais, the great encyclopedist of the period. Vincent's work filled about fifty octavo volumes of modern size, and we need but to recall the immense labor of copying in his day, to gain some idea of the interest of his generation in scientific information. This great work discusses the rotundity of the earth, the existence of antipodes, suggests that a stone falling through a hole in the earth would rest at its centre, and contains many

other anticipations of scientific ideas, supposed to be much more modern in origin. It treats of the medical uses of plants and animal products, and states that superheated steam has stronger solvent properties than boiling water. Evidently its author understood the principle of the Papin digester, often supposed to be a purely modern invention.

Albertus Magnus is mentioned as "a fresh and notable philosopher" and "an ardent champion of the newly discovered, but proscribed, works of Aristotle." There is also mention of the fact that he interpreted "the milky way as an accumulation of small stars, and ridiculed the current objections to antipodes," but the significance of his work is dismissed by saying that he was constantly "striving to harmonize the ancient science with the theology of his Church." Yet great scientists like Humboldt confess to have found scientific passages in Albert's books that excited their surprise and Meyer, the German historian of botany, declared that "no botanist who lived before Albert can be compared to him, unless Theophrastus with whom he was not acquainted; and after him none has painted nature in such living colors or studied it so profoundly until the time of Conrad Gessner and Caesalpinio"—these last lived over three hundred years later.

Roger Bacon receives more extended notice, but he could scarcely have been neglected, since the international celebration of his seven hundredth anniversary which took place at Oxford just before the War, proclaimed him one of the greatest original thinkers in science. It soon becomes clear, however, that the principal reason for giving Bacon space, in *A Short History of Science*, is in order to expatiate on the injustice of his long imprisonment. Roger Bacon was a great genius. Like most great geniuses, he was a great crank. He must have been a most difficult man to manage and get on with in the family life of a religious order. He joined the Franciscans when he was well on towards thirty; they afforded him some magnificent opportunities for intellectual development, including a sojourn in Paris of some years, but when, in his later years, he contravened rules of the Order, he had to be disciplined. The Pope had nothing to do with Bacon except to encourage him to write his great works, and, indeed, to require him to write them under obedience. Bacon's troubles were all with his brother Franciscans. He could have left the

Order, but he preferred to stay, accepting the penance that was imposed and living on to the age of eighty years. Out of these traditions, the dreadful story of Bacon's long imprisonment has been ingeniously constructed by the religious controversialists, especially of the eighteenth century, in order to show how utterly opposed to science mediæval ecclesiastics were, Albertus Magnus, whose scientific interests were as wide as Roger Bacon's and who wrote even more on the subject, but whose personal character was more admirable, was canonized by the Church of Roger Bacon's time. The difference in the treatment of the two was caused by personality, not by scientific thinking.

Instead of a paragraph on such a man as Vincent of Beauvais, the authors of *A Short History of Science* treat their readers to a paragraph on another work of the time. They say: "To show the low state of natural history it suffices to refer to an extraordinary work, the so-called *Physiologus* or Bestiary, a kind of scriptural allegory of animal life, originally Alexandrian, but surviving in mutilated forms and widely used in mediæval times. The childish and grotesque character of this curious compendium shows how ill-adapted were the centuries of crusading to the calm pursuits of science; they were, indeed, almost barren in this direction." To suggest the *Physiologus* as representative of the intellectual interests of the Middle Ages is about the same as suggesting that the artistic taste of our time is indicated by the cartoons of the afternoon papers or the colored supplements of the Sunday editions. In both cases, there is no doubt at all of the immense popular interest, but neither is there any doubt, in both cases, of the condemnation of the judicious and those possessed of taste. It is to be hoped that the historians of the twenty-seventh century will spare us such misrepresentation. We certainly provide plenty of opportunities for it. Never was there a generation so credulous, so ready to believe in "cures" of all kinds, in spiritualism and Eddyism and Dowieism and all the rest, yet our generation is not destitute of sensible people, nor devoid of real intellectual development.

The thirteenth century was, to be sure, the century *par excellence* of the Crusades. But it was, also, the century of Albertus Magnus, Thomas Aquinas and Roger Bacon, three of the most penetrating thinkers of all time. Two of them,

Albert and Bacon, were occupied largely with physical science. Aquinas' writings proved of the deepest interest to a man so typically modern and intensely scientific as Huxley. They contain one of the greatest syntheses of scientific knowledge and philosophy ever known. This, then, is the period that *A Short History of Science* calls "almost barren in this direction," [that is of scientific thinking]. Professor Saintsbury of Edinburgh, reviewing the work of this century, more than twenty years ago, in his volume on the twelfth and thirteenth centuries,<sup>2</sup> expressed himself very differently. He has made it clear, however, that a just judgment can only come from "generous souls who have some tincture of philosophy."

It is easy to understand how sadly misrepresented Scholasticism would be at the hands of men who manifestly know so little of the real intellectual life of the time which they thus calmly write about, who even attribute to Thomas Aquinas the authorship of the *Imitatio Christi!*

For them Scholasticism was scarcely more than "a characteristic technical and essentially verbal scholarship" which occupied itself mainly, as a half page quotation from Rashdall shows, with the interminable discussion of realism and nominalism. The Seven Liberal Arts "founded upon the educational doctrines of Plato but adapted to the fashion of the Middle Ages," were cultivated, but are dismissed with merely a mention. Huxley once suggested that this *trivium* and *quadrivium*, as a curriculum, were better calculated to develop the many sided mind of man than the curriculum of any modern university, but of course there is no hint of that here. Nor, indeed, is there any hint of the fact that these universities of the Middle Ages were really scientific universities. The *quadrivium* are geometry, astronomy, music and arithmetic; the *trivium*, grammar, logic and rhetoric. All were studied from their scientific aspect. Huxley's recognition of this drew from him, in his inaugural address as the Rector of Aberdeen University, acknowledgment of the place they should be accorded in developmental education.

But perhaps the most serious lacuna in this chapter on science of the Middle Ages is the utter absence of any reference to the great explorations and the magnificent foundations of geography made in the later Middle Ages. As a matter of

<sup>2</sup> *The Flourishing of Romance.*

fact, then "all parts of the East were penetrated, the capital and the dominions of Jenghis Khan described, Lhasa was entered, Thibet visited, and the greater part of China thoroughly explored, while an immense amount of information with regard to the Near East was gathered by men whose books still remain as convincing evidence of the great work which they accomplished.<sup>3</sup> Colonel Yule, the modern English authority on Oriental travel and geography, gives due credit to these brave travelers of the later Middle Ages, for anticipating most of our supposedly modern information from recent travelers.

The absence of any reference to the engineering feats of the Middle Ages is most surprising. In architectural engineering they have never been surpassed. Without steel, without steam, without machinery, without the modern means by which engineers now solve their hardest problems, they built magnificent structures and dared to pierce the heavens with spires that rival our highest buildings. Rheims has fallen beneath modern discoveries in science, but it took the diabolical force of modern destructiveness to bring down what was built up so long ago. The architect who studies the Cathedral at Beauvais, or rather the fragment of it, the choir, which is all that exists, must be struck with the constructive genius of the man who dared to plan masonry of over two hundred feet in height with the vault of the choir supported by arches, and then, realizing that the construction was too frail, rebuilt it all, doubling the number of arches and producing a marvelously beautiful result.

What is called "the great hollow" is filled with a series of magnificent technical achievements of which this *History of Science* has nothing to say. Surely these should have been interesting for students of technology, as anticipations of modern work, and important as the background of their own thoughts with regard to their work. Were the technics of architecture, for instance, ever better developed than during the mediæval period? Besides, there was the advance in chemical technics which enabled the great cathedral builders to make the most beautiful stained-glass that has ever been made, to invent painting in oil colors, and to develop the technique of color work generally so that their textile dyes, their tints for illumination and glass work are unsurpassed. Their gold burn-

<sup>3</sup> *The Thirteenth, Greatest of Centuries.* Present writer.



ishing, still bright, at the end of seven centuries, on manuscript pages, is literally a lost art. Surely their development of the arts and crafts might serve as model for the modern technician.

It is surprising beyond all measure to have the authors of *A Short History of Science* suggest that "mediæval academic standards were naturally low. . . . Not until 1426 is there a record of the refusal of a degree for poor scholarship, and the victim then sought redress by legal proceedings, though in vain." Why did not these good historians turn to the records of the medical schools before making such sweeping statements?

According to a law published before the middle of the thirteenth century, prospective medical students had to spend three years in university work before taking up the study of medicine and four years more at medicine before they could receive their degree of doctor. This degree gave them permission to teach—if they could find students. It did not permit them to practice until they had served with a physician for a year. If they were to practice surgery, they were to spend another year in the study of anatomy.

Now, well on in the twentieth century we have *nearly, but not quite*, climbed back to the standards thus outlined in the thirteenth century. We now require some college work at least as a preliminary for medical training, four years at medicine and a year in a hospital before practice may be taken up. Lest it should be thought that the law I have mentioned was an exception, I may add that a number of Papal Bulls issued as charters of universities require that their medical schools shall maintain standards equal to those of Bologna and Paris, and that the teachers must, at the beginning, come from those universities, and that there should be preliminary education and a full course of medical training occupying altogether some seven years, before the degree of Doctor in Medicine might be given. The examinations were to be conducted under oath so as to insure fairness and the maintenance of standards.<sup>4</sup>

No hint is given in the volume of the magnificent development of surgery which took place in the later Middle Ages. The text-books of the professors of surgery in the Universities

<sup>4</sup> See the *Dublin Journal Science*, December, 1908.

at Salerno, Bologna, Piacenza and Paris, not to mention others, have been made available by re-publication, and the result has been a veritable revelation of achievement where it had be least expected. Dr. Buck, in his recent *History of Medicine*, gives full credit for it. He is almost the first in America to do so. These surgeons had a form of anæsthesia, dressed their wounds with strong wine and got union by first intention, taught that it was not necessary to have pus in wounds, and did operations that have only been reinvented since Lister's time. But this magnificent evolution of surgical technique is unknown to the professors of science at one of our great technical schools.

The Department of History at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology needs to come out of the Dark Ages of the nineteenth century into the light of the twentieth. This *History of Science* is a disgrace to American scholarship.

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## THE LOST WORLD.

BY BRIAN PADRAIC O'SEASNAIN.

THERE comes this day,  
The old, old dream of a lost world, dim  
Within some hidden sanctuary, high  
Not in the hills, not in the sky  
But here, within myself. A cry  
From its deep heart has often pierced my day—  
And yet . . . that music will not stay  
Its tremulous sweet melancholy fades  
Far down the lonely valleys of the soul;  
We must be whole  
To bear the searching of that melody—  
Our wandering earth's old minstrelsy.

## THE COWARD.

BY M. PRICE EVANS.



SYMES drew himself up to a sitting posture, wiped the mingled sweat and rain and mud from his forehead with the back of his hand, pulled himself to his feet, and glanced "over the top." A sea of mud and soaking rain and other things spread themselves out before him in the gathering dusk. The spot his eyes were seeking was not far distant; he would know it—see it in his mind's eye—all the rest of his life.

"It's quiet now," he muttered, staring at the spot; "I can go over and have a look—"

Earlier in the day Peter Cort had been killed just out there; blown to pieces by a wayward shell, while going to the assistance of a wounded sergeant. Peter Cort, Symes reflected, was the best pal a chap ever had; to see him sent under by one of those infernal shells, before one's very eyes—well, one had seen and done some tough things since "Blighty" was left behind, but this was unquestionably the toughest. They had been pals so many years that Symes couldn't remember when it had begun; ever since they had been grimy, squabbling kids; all through the years of swanking school-days: standing the test many a time of falling hopelessly in love with the same girl, and laughing about it together when the allotted span of an infatuation was over. Yes, there were no two questions on the subject: Peter was the best chap going.

Symes had got over the parapet, and was crawling slowly along through the slush towards the spot. If he could find anything recognizable of Peter, it should have decent burial—at least, as decent as he could make it. His thoughts traveled inevitably to the girl Peter Cort had married, some four or five years back. She would expect him to tell her about it, and he'd have to comply.

Symes crawled along in the gloom to his goal, to start the search. Surely he would be rewarded by finding *something*? His thoughts in an agonized chaos, he made most careful search. The task seemed pretty hopeless, but he would not

give in. Fifteen—twenty minutes he sought in the clayey mud, among things it isn't nice to handle, with no result. Then, presently his patience was rewarded by the sight of a glint of brass, attached to a shred of khaki; here, at last, was something that had been Peter's—a pathetic little something, the brass numerals he'd worn on his shoulder. And that bit of brass was all; all Symes ever found of the man he had loved as one only loves a life-long friend and good comrade. Digging his teeth into his lower lip, he forced back a groan.

“She'll—she'll like to have it,” thought Symes, as he returned with the fruits of his search. “I'll have to write—and send it along.”

Rain, and more rain beat down, making a dismal, whispering sound in his ears. His clothing, from helmet to boots, was heavily laden with wet mud; his hands and face possessed their full share of it. Tonight he would be on the horrible, horrifying listening-post duty, through all the black, unending hours of the night. A shudder passed through him at the recollection; he was conscious of feeling a bit “off-color”—unnerved.

This time last year—or two years ago—or sometime far back in prehistoric ages, he had been slogging hard but happily at black-and-white illustrating for the “mags.” A day or so back, an old number of one of his mags had turned up, in the pages of which he had found some of his own work; and it had seemed at least a century since he had drawn and sent in that stuff; yet the date was only some eight or nine months old.

You couldn't gauge the passage of time, and you dared not try to gauge the possibilities of the future.

Night had come, closing down and around like a wet pall. It was cold, miserably, almost impenetrably dark. A lonely figure, caked in mud from “tin” helmet to heavy boots, dragged himself stealthily along the communication trench. Something outside of himself impelled his volition, urging him away—away from that hell just behind him. Every sensitive, tortured nerve on edge, breathing in gasps, he was blindly, if slowly, following the compelling force. Contemptible, of course, but wholly imperative that he should get away, if only for that one hideous night; his nerve had given out at last, and he couldn't help himself. His frenzied mind had invented a story for the sentries at the trench junctions; he was carrying

an urgent message to Colonel Dixon in the village, from his own captain, and so had got past. If he were discovered—well, hang it, he didn't care; it was no use caring—whatever the consequences. After all, nothing really mattered, and he wasn't out to count costs.

He couldn't picture old Peter doing this! What would Peter say—and think? His light-hearted laugh would have annihilated fear, anyway; it was but a few hours ago that Peter had uttered that light-hearted laugh—not three minutes before he had gone under; perhaps—considering he'd only been gone so short a time—Peter wasn't so very far away . . . maybe he could see, and was watching somewhere.

Symes stopped, glanced round him, and mopped the drops from his face. Thrusting his hand in his pocket, he let his fingers fumble with a little brass thing there. Then, gripping his muddy rifle with a fresh vigor, he crept forward, until the end of the communication trench was reached.

Glancing furtively this way and that, he reckoned that the shell-torn road on the right would take him into the village of —. And along in that direction he stole like a hunted thing, taking care to keep close in the cover of the hedge. The shell-holes, half-filled with liquid mud, provided many a pit-fall, but yet the tired feet dragged and stumbled on in an irresistible retreat. The word "coward!" sang constantly through his brain; danced in letters of flame amongst the eerie black shapes around him. Several times he halted, as if to summon back his manhood, and return to duty; but duty didn't somehow count tonight—and anything was better than to go back to a spot where a man's life was not worth a cent. . . . At all costs he must get away. Even now, at intervals, the familiar whistle of a bullet nearly spent, fell on his ear.

"Lord, but I'm tired—tired!" His own voice sounded hoarse and menacing into the night, for he hadn't known he was going to speak aloud; "how far can a chap get when he's fairly spent?"

Up in the sky the clouds had seen fit to part a little, allowing a clear moon to look down on a world of dreariness and devastation. Here were the pathetic remains of what had once been a beautiful village; folks had dwelt here at one time—uncountable years ago, surely?—in peace and contentment. And there on the left was the ruin of their magnificent church,

where once they had knelt to worship, its handsome, wrought-iron gates all twisted now, and torn in the hungry hurricane of war.

Those gates . . . A man must rest when he's dog-tired, and each foot seems to weigh half-a-ton. He would go in, hide among the fallen gray stones, and sit down a while before he went on. Here, at least, was a resting-place for limbs that felt like so many separate and gigantic bruises; and here the sounds on the night air were softened by the distance he had put between himself and the hell he'd left behind.

Only a few weeks ago a fine old church had stood there. Symes could tell that, from what he saw of the wreckage. A few pillars remained in the pathway before him; here and there a great shell-hole told how it was that those peaceful tombs were wrenched up and flung wantonly about the ground; resting-places of men and women long dead, ruthlessly torn open by the never-ending fury of the hurricane.

Involuntarily he shut his eyes. "And yet I can't go back," he muttered; "I can *never* go back. . . ."

In the midst of all the ruin, the great crucifix had remained unharmed by enemy fire. Peaceful, calm, exquisitely beautiful, this cross supported the carven figure of the Christ. Symes raised his head again, and saw it with the moonlight falling upon it, making a halo about the pitiful, majestic head. The man stumbled across to it, dropping down exhausted at the foot of the cross.

His rifle, falling on the marble steps, made a startling clatter. Symes stared at it a moment; opened the bolt mechanically. The magazine was still loaded; to Symes' mind there seemed nothing sinister in the fact that the muzzle pointed directly to his temple, as it lay on the steps. If he put his right hand down he could touch the trigger—and then nothing else would matter. It might mean peace—at last; oblivion—? Or—might it take him to a hell even worse than the one he'd just left?

Stretching up his arms, the soldier's hard, battle-scarred hands groped out and encircled the feet of the Figure on the cross. Slowly he lifted his eyes, gazed up at the bowed head of the Man Who had suffered infinitely nearly two thousand years ago.

"Oh, Christ!" His very soul cried out in desperate appeal

as if he felt that here he might find vague comfort; "I—cannot 'carry on!'"

His arms slid down, and for awhile he remained still, half-kneeling, half-lying on the cold, wet steps. And yet this resting-place did not feel comfortless; after a time—very soon, now, he reflected—he might be his own man again; would be thoroughly rested, and able to move and get on. Heavens! but he was deadly tired, tonight.

A strange calm stole over him as he lay; there seemed to be an extraordinary quiet and peace among the shadows of this place; a chap couldn't be filled with hideous, sickening horrors, and shapeless dreads, in this friendly darkness. One appreciated rest and stillness.

After awhile a world of comfort and strength gradually enveloped him; something palpable, reliable, warm. By degrees he seemed to become conscious that a voice from somewhere was addressing him—softly, scarce above a whisper. It was as if Christ Himself were speaking—tenderly sympathetic—from the shadowed, exalted loneliness of His cross.

"Brother—I, too, have suffered, through the sins of my fellow-men. Do I not *know*? I, Who value your sacrifice more than you realize, more than you have dreamed of, know your agony even as you know it yourself! 'Carry on' for My sake, then, and take comfort from that very sacrifice—that the world for which we have given ourselves may know eternal peace!"

In the ineffable hush that followed, Symes once more lifted his head, listening intently. The haggard lines of fear and nerve-racked exhaustion had disappeared from his face, leaving it strong and keen—the face of a soldier on duty. He sat up, breathing deeply and regularly, slipped a hand into his pocket to feel for the scratchy little bit of brass and fragment of khaki that were safely there.

And then a sound of tramping feet in the roadway outside the gates caught his ear. Not steady marching, but something that sounded like a small body of men stumbling along, picking their way determinedly between the shell-holes to get back to the lines.

They were joking, some of them; others singing in undertones snatches of music-hall songs—or parodies of them—adapted by the singers to their own especial circumstances, or those of their nearest neighbor. One of them laughed; a jolly,

light-hearted laugh, uncommonly like old Peter's, thought Symes, as the sound floated towards him. . . . Occasionally a solid "d——!" rang out on the air, as one or other fell into a pitfall; most of them sounded cheerful—men worth calling men, these—who hadn't known the meaning of cowardice or fear; strong, glorious men a nation could do well to lean on!

As they came into sight, the lurker within the church gates recognized a fatigue party—considerably less muddy, less weary than himself—carrying food for a hungry trench-mortar in the vicinity of the front line.

Symes, in his new, calm strength, took up his rifle. A voice had bidden him "carry on," and had explained to him the reason *why*. Even now, with firm, quiet insistence, he could hear the message still—" *We have given ourselves!* "

He went down the steps, turned, and with the instinct bred of his training as a soldier, drew himself erect. Standing at attention he saluted the crucifix, turned about, and stepped firmly toward the gates. From the young corporal in charge of the fatigue party came again the laugh that had reminded him of Peter Cort's; it held in it something of gay, youthful dare-devilment, plenty of mirth, and a good sound share of manly courage and chivalry.

Symes was just in time; he came through the gates with his head erect, and fell in at the rear of the little party.

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## New Books.

THE HISTORY OF HENRY FIELDING. By Wilbur L. Cross.  
New Haven: Yale University Press. \$15.00.

This work, by the editor of the *Yale Review*, is a notable contribution to American scholarship. It is a definitive study based upon painstaking and exhaustive researches covering many years; it supersedes all previous works and says the final word regarding the author of *Tom Jones*.

Professor Cross set himself a threefold task: the discovery of the facts of Fielding's life; the establishment of his authorship of various unacknowledged writings by a careful consideration of internal evidence; and finally the destruction of the long current conception of Fielding and the substitution of an authentic portrait for this hitherto unchallenged caricature.

In calling this work a "history" Professor Cross has followed Fielding, with whom the term meant a biography. But this work is not a biography in any limited sense. It is not focussed so sharply as to exclude the numerous interesting characters who played a part in civil and literary affairs in the middle of the eighteenth century. Men great and small throng these interesting pages: Lyttleton, classmate of Fielding's at Eton and his life-long friend; Ralph Allen, wealthy owner of Prior Park; Robert Walpole, prince of politicians, in whose eyes every man had his price; Richardson, the plump, fussy little printer who astonished the world (and perhaps himself) by such a masterpiece as *Clarissa Harlowe*; Smollett, the hard-headed Scot, as virile as Fielding and as conceited as Richardson; John Fielding, the novelist's blind brother who succeeded him in his magistracy and eventually achieved knighthood. We are brought into touch with the hacks of Grub Street, brilliant, indecent, clamorous, and we behold all London in the throes of a lengthy transition from the unblushing frankness of the Restoration to a regard for the outer decencies that were finally to triumph in the nineteenth century.

Fielding's was a day and generation when the amenities had not triumphed over the scurrilities in literary disputes; when men who found themselves beaten in a duel of wit took refuge in a torrent of vituperation which made Dame Scandal herself hide her head; when "Beau Brocades" affected the graces of gentlemen and raised highway robbery to a fine art; when things were talked about in polite society and permitted on the stage which we of today relegate to police reports and clinical researches;

when the laws were incredibly stringent in some respects and lamentably weak in others.

Against the manifold abuses in the laws and their administration Fielding inveighed with power and effectiveness even though some of his reforms were adopted only after his death. This is the Fielding, keen of wit, impatient of abuses, sympathetic toward his fellow-men, seeing at once the weaknesses of the good and the virtues of the bad, exposing hypocrisy by irony and ridicule, eloquent for reform, that Professor Cross has presented in his history. His Fielding is not only a great writer but an honest, high-minded, and generous-hearted man. He has, therefore, done more than fulfill the demands of unremitting research and exact scholarship. With a convincingness which cannot be gainsaid, he has vindicated the memory of one of the great men in English literature.

**A HANDBOOK OF MORAL THEOLOGY.** By Rev. Antony Koch, D.D., Adapted and Edited by Arthur Preuss. Vol. II. St. Louis: B. Herder Book Co. \$1.50 net.

The second volume of Dr. Koch's *Moral Theology* deals with sin and the means of grace. In five chapters the author discusses the nature and origin of sin, the principal kinds of sin, the causes of moral regeneration, the seven sacraments, and the sacramentals. An appendix sums up the marriage impediments of the new code of canon law.

**CONNECTICUT IN TRANSITION.** By Richard J. Purcell, Ph. D. Washington: American Historical Association.

The Justin Winsor Prize in American history for the year 1916 was awarded to this monograph. In a form slightly different it was also awarded by Yale University the John Addison Porter Prize. Having been twice approved by eminent specialists in the field of American history, it needs no commendation from a reviewer whose function, under the circumstances, must be confined to an enumeration of the more important subjects noticed by the author.

Dr. Purcell's study is introduced by an explanation of the rise in Connecticut of infidelity, a phenomenon which is traced as far as the year 1801. This is followed by an account of the religious life of Yale College and of the spiritual revival in the beginning of the nineteenth century. A summary of the liberalizing of Calvinism completes this section, which includes an outline of the rise in colonial times and the later progress of the more numerous religious bodies which existed within the State. A

concise enumeration of the undoubted grievances of dissenters, that is dissenters from the Congregational Church established by law, make up the second chapter. With this background, which is admirably sketched, the subsequent happenings in Connecticut are perfectly intelligible. In fact, the qualities of clearness and entertainment are among the obvious merits of this work.

An interesting section on the operation and the mechanism of government in Connecticut leads logically to an account of the rise of the Democratic-Republican or Jeffersonian party, one of the author's main themes. From Dr. Purcell's skillful analysis it is clear that the final success of Jefferson's Connecticut followers was largely due to the support of dissenters. A faithful narrative of those far-off, sectarian quarrels is amusing now, but in the beginning of the last century the intolerance of the Congregational Church was not a matter to move one to mirth, for Episcopalian, Baptist, and Methodist labored under disabilities exceedingly grave. Catholics were not, as yet, sufficiently numerous to be feared or even to arouse a feeling of contempt, though the organization of their Church often supplied the intolerant with effective epithets. The exertions of the Jeffersonian party were chiefly responsible for removing those discriminations and establishing in the eye of the law the equality of all citizens. It will come as a shock to readers whose ideas of early American democracy have been derived from the holiday orations of contemporary demagogues and reputed statesmen, to learn in what manner, in post-Revolutionary times, the principles of the Declaration of Independence and of the Constitution were everywhere applied by the well-born, in Connecticut, at least, as late as the year 1819. Always excellent in narration and description, the author sketches the organization of the Federalist party in the "land of steady habits," and both suggests and portrays its limitations.

A fact familiar to students of American institutional history is that Rhode Island and Providence Plantations, as well as Connecticut, did not, like the other members of the Union, form constitutions of government when Congress, after adopting the Declaration of Independence, had recommended such action. Both States continued to live on under their colonial charters. Most readers, we believe, assume on insufficient information that the old systems of government were adequate to all the emergencies which might confront the new Republic. But nothing could be farther from the fact. The smooth narratives in the school and in the college histories of the United States do not even faintly suggest the bitterness of the conflict. Dr. Purcell's book vividly describes the long struggle for emancipation in Connecticut. The

success of the reform party and the completion of the revolution make up the list of chapters to which is appended an excellent bibliography. On the whole the reviewer regards this as a splendid piece of research, at once complimentary to the Graduate School of Yale University, to which it was submitted as a doctoral dissertation, and to the author, who, we have no doubt, will make other valuable contributions to American history.

**THE CATHOLIC ENCYCLOPÆDIA.** *Supplementary Volume Containing Revisions of the Articles on Canon Law According to the Code of Canon Law of Pius X., promulgated by Pope Benedict XV.* By Andrew A. Macerlean, Member of the New York Bar. New York: The Encyclopædia Press, Inc. Cloth, \$1.00; morocco, \$1.50.

This supplementary volume of the *Catholic Encyclopædia* contains revisions of the articles on Canon Law contributed to the *Encyclopædia*, and also a good deal of new material bearing on Church Law. It has been rendered necessary by the new Code of Canon Law on which the Canonists of the Church have been working for several years, and which has been recently promulgated. Many of the articles of the *Encyclopædia* were compiled after portions of the Code had already appeared and these needed no revision. With this supplement the *Catholic Encyclopædia* contains a complete, compendious, and scholarly treatise on the legislation of the Church. It comprises not only four hundred articles on Canon Law proper, but also a large number of articles on cognate subjects—all treated with the erudition that marks this great monument of Catholic learning. It should prove extremely valuable to all who take an intelligent interest in this wonderful aspect of the Church's life and teaching.

**MEXICO FROM CORTES TO CARRANZA.** By Louise S. Hasebrouck. New York: D. Appleton & Co. \$1.50.

This very sketchy volume makes no pretence to scholarship. It is a "popular" publication, and the authorities on which it is based are not reconдите. It presents that idealized portrait of Aztec Mexico and Montezuma which Prescott pruned, and which received universal currency from the writings of Lew Wallace and other novelists. Modern research has proved all these pictures to be utterly unfounded. Two chapters, the second and the fourteenth, are cast in the form of a story; a device which lends picturesqueness, but does not conduce to accuracy. The astounding statement is made that, "in 1818 the conqueror Napoleon deposed the Spanish king, Ferdinand VII." In 1818 Napoleon him-

self was a prisoner on St. Helena; the unlucky Ferdinand was deposed in 1808. This inexactitude is perhaps not of vital importance, but in weighty matters we meet a similar indifference to truth and to charity as well. We are told that "the priests, instead of setting an example to us, were men of bad lives. . . . And on the great estates of the Church, the poor peons were more badly used than elsewhere." Again we are informed, "Juarez knew that the meddling of the Church in politics and the hoarding of the greater part of the wealth of the country in its coffers, were bringing about the ruin of Mexico." Passing strange then, that such a greedy and unfaithful Church built the most magnificent temples, universities and colleges on the American continent; printed the first books published on the soil of the New World; educated and civilized the Indians; and was the nursing mother of Mexicans, eminent in medicine, science, literature and journalism. The best answer in brief compass to all these hoary calumnies lies in Monsignor Kelly's admirable article, *The Tragic Story of Martyred Mexico*, published in the *Extension Magazine* for April, 1917. Monsignor Kelley was not satisfied with "popular" authorities. He went to the sources, and his essay is a veritable storehouse of information pithily put.

**THE DRAMATIC ART OF LOPE DE VEGA.** Together with *La Dama Boba*. By Rudolph Shevill. Berkeley: University of California Press. \$3.50.

Señor D. Marcelino Menéndez y Pelayo, of the Spanish Academy, has frequently been blamed for devoting so many of his later years to the works of Lope de Vega, but surely, even if the Spanish master-critic might, as it seems, have given his age to more prolific subjects, it is strange to hear an American professor inveigh, not only against the character of the performance, but against the very project itself. And for what reason?—merely the pedagogical necessities of the college class-room for clearer texts—a rather trifling consideration it seems, in face of the almost complete absence of any kind of text, as Professor Shevill acknowledges. Certainly he would seem to advocate a beginning from what should be the end of this question.

Students of Lope de Vega can afford to await the Spanish Academy's editions—which if not so nearly perfect as Professor Shevill would have them, will at least be an accomplishment in scholarship and exploitation far beyond merely pedagogical achievement in class-room ease and elegance.

*The Dramatic Art of Lope de Vega* is accompanied by a fine text of *La Dama Boba*, a precious work of the *monstruo de*

*la naturaleza*; it is illustrated by ample notes that very ably demonstrate the quality of the numerous allusions and the histories of the personages referred to in the speeches. Particularly noticeable is the biography of Juan Latino, the illustrious negro of Baena, whose great erudition, and the difficulties in obtaining the details of his life, have made him a favorite subject with the Spanish historian.

#### MARRIAGE LEGISLATION IN THE NEW CODE OF CANON

LAW. By Very Rev. H. A. Ayrinhac, SS., D.D. New York: Benziger Brothers. \$2.00 net.

Dr. Ayrinhac, the scholarly President of St. Patrick's Seminary, Menlo Park, California, has written a thorough and accurate explanation of the marriage legislation of the new code of canon law. While the changes are not in fact very numerous, they are of real practical importance, and should be understood aright by the priest on the mission. Every law calls for an interpreter, for doubts will at once arise concerning its meaning and application. These doubts will be finally settled by the Roman Congregations as occasion arises, but in the meantime we can confidently rely on this able treatise of a theologian who has taught moral theology and canon law for many years.

The text of the law is given in the original, with an English translation for the benefit of the lay reader. The writer lays special stress upon the history of the Church's marriage laws, so that one may appreciate the better the reason of the changes affected in the new code. The twelve chapters treat of the preliminaries to the celebration of marriage, the various impediments, matrimonial consent, the form of marriage, marriages of conscience, the time and place of the celebration of marriage, the effects of marriage, the dissolution and the revalidation of marriage and second marriages.

AMERICA IN FRANCE. By Major Frederick Palmer. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. \$1.75.

Major Palmer describes *con amore*, as is only natural and quite proper, the marvelous achievements of America in the War. America had never been a military nation, and armed intervention on a huge scale in Europe would have appeared a few years ago unthinkable to her. Everything then had to be started from the very beginning—general staff, training of officers and units, transport, artillery, engineering, trench tactics. All this had to be done three thousand miles from home, done too under the highest pressure and at the briefest notice. How heroically Amer-

ica responded to the appeal of her chiefs; how on March 28th General Pershing hurried to Marshal Foch and offered him all the American troops and material in France to do with as he pleased; how unselfishly General Pershing toiled, working daily from 7 A.M. till midnight, for the comfort and welfare of his men; how the dashing intrepidity of the American boys needed restraint rather than stimulant; how gallantly and successfully they bore themselves at St. Mihiel and in the Argonne—all this and much more should be read in Major Palmer's vivid and sympathetic pages. The author has one literary peculiarity that soon strikes a reader. He takes a real delight in building up long sentences. On page two there is a sentence of ten lines pointed with commas. On page one hundred and ninety-four the foregoing is bettered by one of fourteen lines. To this succeeds almost immediately a banner sentence of forty-three lines, pointed, indeed, with semi-colons and commas, before we breathlessly reach a full stop.

**THE CREATIVE IMPULSE IN INDUSTRY.** By Helen Marot. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. \$1.50.

In machine industry, where the majority are tied to tasks which seem to be hopelessly monotonous and specialized, is it possible for the worker to develop a creative interest in his work? This is the problem with which Miss Marot deals, and it is in her view one that concerns primarily educators. The worker can be enabled to find a creative interest in his occupation only through the right kind of industrial training. In America, as well as in Germany, the wrong kind is given, for the aim in both countries is merely to make the worker a technically efficient producer in order that the product may be as large and as cheap as possible. Little or no attention is paid to the worker's desire for self-expression, his desire to find interest in the productive process upon which he is engaged, and pride in his contribution to the finished article.

Undoubtedly the problem that the book discusses is one of the gravest that exists in our industrial system. Both in the school and in industry it is assumed by the majority of even socially minded men, if we make the worker technically efficient and provide him with good conditions of employment in the matter of wages, hours, safety, etc., we shall have a satisfactory industrial situation. This is an astonishing fallacy. What it really implies is that the workers can be safely treated as efficient machines, or at least as well-fed animals, without initiative or interest. The fact is that even if we had satisfactorily solved all the problems involved in the relations between capital and labor, we should still

have left the apparently more difficult one of enlisting the interest, initiative, imagination and creative impulse of the worker. Perhaps this is rendered impossible by the very nature of machine industry; on the other hand, engineers like Mr. Robert Wolf may be right when they assert that ninety per cent of the machine tasks can be made interesting, and that the remaining ten per cent ought to be abolished. In any case, the immediate duty of all social students is to realize and grapple with the problem.

The book in hand is a small one, but it is intensely suggestive and stimulating. Its indictment of the monotony of machine industry at present, and its demonstration of the inadequateness of American and Prussian systems of industrial training are complete and unanswerable. Unfortunately its proposals of remedial educational measures are timid, partial, and unconvincing. But this is a new and difficult field.

**THE OREGON MISSIONS.** By James W. Bashford. New York: The Abingdon Press. \$1.25.

Bishop James W. Bashford of the Methodist Episcopal Church undertakes to show in this volume that "Oregon" including what is now the States of Oregon, Washington, Idaho, Western Montana, and a part of Wyoming, were secured to the United States through the patriotic efforts of Protestant missionaries, mainly Methodists. To refute his visionary claims would be an easy task, but it would require more space than can be given to a necessarily brief review of his work. Had he chosen to call his book "The Settlement of Oregon," it would have been vastly more appropriate, since it deals much with the political and commercial aspects of the country during this period and very little with the spiritual needs of the natives.

The first to lead in this so-called "Missionary Work" were the Methodists who settled in the Willamette Valley in 1834. Their leader was Jason Lee, whom Bishop Bashford exalts and eulogizes as one of the greatest of missionary saints and heroes. As a matter of historical fact the missionary labors of Jason Lee never extended beyond the Willamette Valley, Oregon, and covered a space of only six years (1834-1840). But since exaggerated claims are made for him by his biographer, it is only fair to examine a few of these. Jason Lee was born and died a British subject. The intense Americanism claimed for him by his biographer never urged him to renounce his British allegiance. From the beginning of their missionary work in 1834, he and his associates showed their ignorance of effective missionary methods by requiring their neophytes to abandon their tepees and live in



houses, to send their children to school in close, unclean, ill-ventilated houses: in fact to live wholly unnatural lives with results frightfully disastrous to life. Parrish says that "in 1840," five hundred Indians died in the Willamette Valley, and by the Willamette Valley he means the Mission Bancroft. The causes assigned were "the change in the mode of living and the introduction by the whites of vices among the natives which undermined their vitality and made them a mere shadow of their former selves, a hopelessly degenerate race" (Bradshaw, p. 185). It would be quite pertinent to inquire of his biographer why this terrible visitation should have fallen on them just during the period of Methodist missionary activity, and how a promising tribe of natives could become "hopelessly degenerate" under the same influence. Bancroft says that it was not difficult for Jason Lee to believe that his wishes were identical with the Lord's, and now that the Indians were gone, there was nothing to prevent the establishment of a prosperous Methodist settlement of white immigrants. No further attempts were made to carry on missionary work and the mission was turned into a commercial centre for the white settlers.

Space forbids detailed mention of the disgraceful scheme of the Methodist missionaries to cheat Dr. McLoughlin out of his homestead claim at Oregon City. In 1844, the Methodist missions in Oregon were closed. Thus ends the history of ten years of missionary labor in Oregon, says Bancroft, in which nothing was done that ever benefited the Indians, but which cost the Methodist Episcopal Church a quarter of a million dollars. It is a stinging commentary by a non-Catholic historian. An indispensable qualification for the historian is regard for the truth. Right Reverend Bashford shows himself painfully lacking in this particular in several instances. On page twenty-four, in the apocryphal story of the visit of four Indians to St. Louis in 1832 in quest of the Bible, he says: "Inasmuch as He-oh-ste-kins' speech shows the object of the Indians visit to St. Louis was to get the Bible *which the Catholics do not use in their public worship nor furnish to their members.*" Right Reverend Bashford could not have been unaware that he was penning a pernicious falsehood. On page thirty-two he speaks of "the low standard of civilization demanded by the Catholic missionaries among their wards." While giving credit to the Catholic missionaries for certain things, he studiously conveys the idea that they were in sympathy with Great Britain and opposed to the United States, and, without openly asserting it, he leaves the impression that they were in some vague way concerned in the Whitman Massacre.

The book adds nothing to the world's stock of useful knowledge. It is written in a style of pious camouflage, well adapted for keeping the trusting Methodist believer from probing beneath the surface and discovering the truth of things for himself.

**THE BAND OF GIDEON AND OTHER LYRICS.** By Joseph S. Cotter, Jr. Boston: The Cornhill Co. \$1.00.

All interested in the progress of the negro race will be glad to give attention to the songs of the young David Cotter. They are not numerous and they are very slight: the greater part of them are colored by a weary sadness, possibly to be attributed to ill-health, which Mr. Cale Young Rice's introduction tells us has held bed-ridden so many of the singer's twenty-two years. The verses betray a soul earnestly reaching out toward God, toward faith and peace and beauty, albeit conscious always of the mysterious cloud placed by race upon his brow.

David Cotter's real success lies in the finely simple and impassioned hymn which gives title to the little book. Here one catches the primitive fervor and lilt of the negro folk-song—and there is abundant room in American literature for more of this naïve and genuine music. Mr. Cotter reproduces it, in this best effort of his, quite as powerfully as do the dialect chants of Mr. Vachel Lindsay.

**THE RED ONE.** By Jack London. New York: The Macmillan Co. \$1.40.

Here are four samples of the novella or long short-story as Jack London wrote it in the closing years of his adventurous and corpuscular career. But there is nothing in this book that will increase London's reputation. He struck out a new vein in fiction with *Before Adam* and *The Call of The Wild*; and in his later books he showed that he had no little expertness in evoking the glammers of adventure in remote wild places, especially the magical lure of the Southern Pacific Islands. At times his writing about the sea and ships—most of all perhaps in *Burning Daylight*, if one remembers aright—recalled, a little, Conrad's virtuosity. But Jack London was never an artist *pur sang*. He came nearest to being an artist in the best of all his books, *Martin Eden*, but even that interesting novel is defaced by many technical faults. And he had no loving care for words; again and again throughout his books he writes "no language."

These four tales are entitled respectively, *The Red One*, *The Hussy*, *Like Argus of the Ancient Times*: *The Princess*. The third of these seems the best. It recounts the adventures of the in-

domitable Tarwater. Old Tarwater is a real person and we are made to feel it. The story is a piece of genuine human life and striving.

**ESSAYS IN OCCULTISM, SPIRITISM, AND DEMONOLOGY.** By Dean W. R. Harris. St. Louis: B. Herder Book Co. \$1.00 net.

In a dozen brief chapters Dean Harris discusses in popular fashion the phenomena of modern occultism. The first half of the volume deals with the facts of telepathy, orientation, second sight, bilocation, bicorporeity and dual personality. The second half treats of demoniacal possession and spiritism.

Spiritism, as the author well brings out, is an utterly pagan system and its existence today is an alarming sign of the degeneracy of our boasted civilization. The Catholic Church strongly denounces it because it denies an objective revelation, the divinity of Christ, the Church and its sacraments, the priesthood, heaven and hell, and holds the absurd theory that every man is his own saviour. The souls of the dead, saved or lost, do not respond to the evocations of man. The character of spirit manifestations is proof positive—aside from fraud—that evil spirits masquerade as the souls of men or women who once lived upon earth. The evil effects, both moral and physical, that follow upon the practice of spiritism prove the wisdom of the Church in forbidding her children, under pain of sin to have aught to do with mediums, *séances*, or spiritism in any of its forms.

**EXPERIMENTS IN INTERNATIONAL ADMINISTRATION.** By Francis Bowes Sayre, S.J.D. New York: Harper & Brothers. \$1.50 net.

Those interested in the more technical side of the problem of creating an effective league of nations will find this book helpful both for the data it contains and as a guide for the formation of judgment on a number of points of fundamental importance. Beginning with a brief review of the epoch-making treaties of the past, he shows how the main reason for the failure to effect lasting peace was due to their having been founded essentially upon injustice. Added to this was the unwillingness on the part of the nations to submit to a sufficient amount of external control to make an effective international executive organ possible. On the supposition that the time is now ripe for the creation of such an organ, he proceeds to delineate what he characterizes as three different types of international executive organs and draws a sharp distinction between those with large powers of control and those with little or none. The conclusion drawn at the end, and well

substantiated in the body of the book, is that "the striking fact is not that successes have been so few, but rather that, in the very few cases where international government has been sincerely and honestly tried, and where necessity has forced the nations to accord to the international organ sufficient power, the results have been on the whole successful."

**THE DOCTOR IN WAR.** By Woods Hutchinson, M.D. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. \$2.50 net.

Dr. Woods Hutchinson is so well known as a popular writer on medical subjects that no one would doubt for a moment but that he would make a very interesting book on the War, even though he had stayed at home. Having had the privilege, however, of visiting all the fronts with the approval and the assistance of the Army Medical Departments, it is easy to understand that he has made what is really a fascinating book and, indeed, much more than that, that he has made a volume which will be referred to long after the War as containing first-hand information with regard to the medical history of this immense struggle.

What Dr. Hutchinson's book makes very clear is that, in spite of the fact that we thought human nature had become very different as the result of living nice, comfortable and even luxurious lives in the midst of our modern conveniences, human nature has not changed a single bit. So far from the hardships of war proving detrimental to modern humanity, with its supposed relaxed physical fibre, it has actually braced men up and proven beneficial.

**DUTCH LANDSCAPE ETCHERS OF THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY.** By William Aspenwall Bradley. New Haven: Yale University Press. \$2.00.

To some lovers of art, etchings are a matter of more than common interest, and to them the art of etching assumes a significance equal to that which others attach to color and canvas. Every man to his taste, is a proverb suited to promoting good fellowship among individuals, and it serves acceptably here. Mr. Bradley has served very acceptably those given to the study of etchings by writing a small volume upon the subject. It is an interesting book, and, in fact, the first adequate account in English of the Dutch etchers of the period. It is biographical and critical in its scope, and covers the activities of all the more important workers of the century from the Van de Velde to Antoni Walterloo, with the exception of Rembrandt. This most noted of all Dutch landscape etchers the author has omitted because

he has been so often the subject of study. Whether this omission may be counted a defect in the book, the individual reader will best decide. At all events, it is entertaining and valuable, charming alike for its simple narrative and descriptive style, and the one hundred and fifty-four illustrations of the work of the Dutch etchers. It may be interesting to note that the originals of most of them are to be found in the Boston Museum of Fine Arts.

**THE DAWN OF THE FRENCH RENAISSANCE.** By Arthur Tilley, M.A. Cambridge: The University Press.

Mr. Arthur Tilley has made the most thorough study we possess in English of the beginnings of the French Renaissance both in letters and art. An introductory chapter deals with the origin, spirit and development of the Italian Renaissance, and traces its influence upon France during the reigns of the French kings, Charles V., Louis XI., Charles VIII. and Louis XII. Part II. on the "Renaissance in Letters" deals with the study of Latin and Greek both in Paris and the provinces, and gives an excellent, critical sketch of the chief French poets and prose writers of the period. Part III. on the "Renaissance in Art" deals with the history of architecture, sculpture and painting, the text being beautifully illustrated by many photos of French châteaux, hotels, smaller town houses, municipal buildings, churches, stained glass windows, statues of the Blessed Virgin and the saints, tombs, choir stalls, medals and other works of art.

**THE UNITED STATES IN THE WORLD WAR.** By John Bach McMaster. New York: D. Appleton & Co. \$3.00.

The story of how the United States was driven from neutrality into war is well told in this book. The submarine campaign annoyed and angered the American people, but what really fanned their wrath into flame was the *Lusitania* tragedy. Before the indignation of the American people had time to cool, they began to learn of the treacherous acts of German officials domiciled in America. These men were abundantly supplied with money, and in the interests of their propaganda they did not stop at crime. Suitable tools were employed and paid to foment labor troubles, to injure factories and shipping, to blow up bridges and railroads. Worst of all, German agents endeavored to embroil the United States with Mexico and Japan. There is something peculiarly repellent in the crimes of the German secret service planned on neutral soil, and performed against a then friendly nation. Like all their other crimes, these too contributed to bring about their

authors' undoing. The President protested again and again, but in vain. Deceitful promises were made, only to be evaded or broken at the first opportunity. He then severed diplomatic relations, hoping still to avert hostilities. Only when forbearance would have ceased to be a virtue, did he call the manhood of the country to the colors and declare war. The new blood of America, poured lavishly into the contest, brought about the greatest debacle in history—a downfall so complete and irremediable, that its full consequences cannot as yet be adequately forecast.

Some of the newspaper statements quoted and written in the purest journalese, show up in odd contrast with the author's own cultured and academic style. The value of the book as a work of reference is enhanced by the addition of a copious index.

**THE HISTORY OF LEGISLATIVE METHODS IN THE PERIOD BEFORE 1825.** By Ralph Volney Harlow, Ph. D. New Haven: Yale University Press. \$2.25.

Many who lack experience and scholarship are apt to believe that the vast mass of existing statutes has been hammered into shape by the discussions of legislative assemblies. As they enter into the subject, however, they will learn that many lawmakers have really had nothing whatever to do either in suggesting or formulating the principles of laws enacted during their legislative experience. A little reading of this work soon corrects the notion that legislative bodies or their regular committees are the most potent forces in shaping the phraseology or selecting the principles of the laws enacted. From an early date, as appears in this narrative, irregular bodies or non-official groups have played exceedingly important parts in the legislative game.

In tracing the rise in colonial times and the development of standing committees, Dr. Harlow has examined former studies of this subject, the *Commons Journal*, the *Parliamentary Debates*, the journals and other records of American legislative assemblies. So important are the functions of the committees of Congress and to so high a point of perfection has this principle of the division of labor been carried in the United States, that many believe the idea of standing committees to be of American origin. Further inquiry shows that the principle was well understood in Parliament long before the English settled North America. Indeed a wide course of reading is requisite to acquaint one with the history of American political institutions.

An exceedingly interesting chapter treats party organization in the provincial legislatures. In looking into the *Journal* of the Massachusetts House the author has discovered for a definite

period, 1766-'67, that certain names are constantly occurring. About the time of the Stamp Act several of this coterie, known as the Boston "Junto," began to acquire power at the expense of the royal governor. Until 1774 this grew apace. John Adams describes a visit to one of the meetings of such an irregular group. On the occasion of his visit the future President heard amidst flowing flip the affairs of the province discussed in clouds of smoke. There, he informs us, officials were chosen before they were elected in town meeting. In a word, the Caucus Club and the Monday Night Club appear to have anticipated the more modern machine and to have already acquired skill in the making of slates. For other colonies the story, with slight variations, is much the same.

Another section discusses the origin of "The Committee of the Whole House," which is ascribed to the British Parliament of the time of James I. The author shows that it really is not a committee at all, but a meeting of the house itself, conducted under rules different from those which govern procedure in the regular session. The speaker no longer presides and there are not the usual restraints on debate.

In a succeeding chapter the subject of committee procedure is examined. Some of the problems confronting the First Congress are ably discussed in the section following. Republicanism in the House and the Jeffersonian régime together form an interesting and instructive part of this book. From the above the reader can readily estimate the practical value of the work.

**THE LOST FRUITS OF WATERLOO.** By John Spencer Bassett, Ph.D., LL.D. New York: The Macmillan Co. \$1.50.

Dr. Bassett thinks the World War of yesterday is one of the lost fruits of Waterloo, the *damnosa hereditas* of the shameless cupidity and unceasing antagonisms of the Powers of Europe. His book really contains a brief and lucid history of European politics since 1815, and more than once he points out with disconcerting impartiality that again and again the actions of the Powers would not bear a searchlight. In his second chapter he gives a résumé of peace movements in the past. But he makes no mention of the mediæval concert of nations under the presidency of the Pope, and the numerous Truces of God. Yet of the mediæval Christendom Auguste Comte, who was no Catholic and not even a Christian, said "it was the political masterpiece of human wisdom." He speaks respectfully of the Emperor Alexander I. of Russia and of the Congress of Vienna of 1814. Very different is the estimate of De Lanza de Laborie in the

*Correspondant* of September 25, 1918. This well-known historian gives a picture, one can only characterize as terrible, of the frivolity and ineptness of the Congress; of the carousings and junketings of its members. He quotes the Prince de Ligne as saying: "*Le congrès ne marche pas, mais il danse.*"

In his sixth chapter Dr. Bassett summarizes very well the intricate politics of the Balkan States. The last two chapters contain excellent arguments in favor of federation. Whether the nations will act on them remains to be seen. Apropos of the battle of Waterloo we may be permitted to remark in passing that some distinguished contemporary Englishmen, (*e. g.* Hazlitt, Shelley), did not think the victory an unmixed blessing for the English people; while Faguet (*Propos Littéraires*, vol. ii., pp. 171 *et seq.*) considers it to have been a misfortune for the cause of civilization itself.

**THE WAR AND THE FUTURE.** By John Masefield. New York: The Macmillan Co. \$1.25.

Two lectures compose this book: the first on "St. George and the Dragon;" the second on "The War and the Future." In the former the author gives a rapid sketch of the main events of the War up to April of last year, interpreting the part of Great Britain as resembling the combat of St. George with the dragon. The second, which was delivered in the United States last spring, is likewise mainly descriptive of the War, although it contains a few pages at the end which give expression to the hope that something like a league of nations may be formed to make another war impossible. The volume has high literary merit.

**WHERE YOUR HEART IS.** By Beatrice Harraden. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. \$1.50.

Miss Harraden reappears before her public with fiction of marked effectiveness. It treats of the War's salutary reactions upon the heart and soul of a woman naturally selfish and avaricious. The pursuit of her own business interests takes her to Belgium, where she witnesses the sufferings of the victims. Shamed and inspired by the labors of those who are striving to alleviate the distress, she eventually becomes as generous and devoted as they. The theme is not new, but the treatment is distinctly so, in ways which it would be unfair to the reader to tell. The transformation of character is no sudden and dubious conversion, but gradual, consistent, and thoroughly convincing. The scenes of relief work ring true, and are obviously the fruit of the author's experiences. In this connection, it is agreeable to



note her repeated tributes to the fine achievements of the American Relief Commission. The book has faults of style and construction, but these count for nothing, weighed against its merits. *Where Your Heart Is* may be classed as one of the few War novels that will not soon fade from the memory.

**BEHIND THE WHEEL OF A WAR AMBULANCE.** By Robert Whitney Imbrie. New York: Robert M. McBride & Co. \$1.50.

Mr. Imbrie has produced a most enjoyable book; for he writes well and has the gift of crisp and vivid narrative. He has a talent too for witty comparisons, and homely humorous phrases, which stick in the memory. His tenth chapter "Encore Verdun" is, perhaps, the best in the book; while the pages which we should call Verdun in death are super-excellent—a little snap of what he saw as he sauntered about the shell-torn, mutilated city. Subsequently he was sent to the Near East. He spent some time at Saloniki and Monastir. His adventures driving his ambulance over the trackless defiles of the Balkans were almost epic. His career was nearly cut short by enteric. He recovered, however, and received the *Croix de guerre*. In his preface he apologizes for the "egocentricity" of his pages. There is really no need to do so. Their egoism is by no means excessive, and is never offensive. There are a few misprints here and there. The interest of the book is enhanced by ten illustrations.

**ESSAYS IN THE STUDY OF SIENESE PAINTING.** By Bernard Berenson. New York: Frederick Fairchild Sherman. \$3.65.

A new token of Mr. Berenson's activity in the field he has plowed and from which he has reaped during the last thirty years, is something of an event, especially if presented in the attractive, richly illustrated form we owe to the publishers of this, his latest volume. The reproduction of the pictures used for illustration, serves again the intention which presided over his former efforts, when treating of North and Central Italian painters, namely, to make us better acquainted with artistic personalities "hitherto unintegrated, or to extend, by showing in a new phase," personalities already known. With that object in view he selected a few of the less famous among the members of the Sienese guild of palette and brush, of which Duccio di Buoninsegna, Ambrogio and Pietro Lorenzetti, Giovanni Antonio Bazzi, commonly called Sodoma, and Domenico di Pace Beccafumi are perhaps the most widely admired. "Disentangling" Lippo Vanni, Cola di Petruccioli, Girolamo da Cremona, Guidoccio Cozzarelli and Matteo di Giovanni, he goes a little out of his way to discuss in a

chapter by itself the beautiful Ferrarese marriage salver in the Boston Museum of Fine Arts without venturing as yet an opinion as to its possible author.

Concerning the period in which Sieneſe painting reached its zenith, he strikes a novel chord in differing from the *cinquecento* notion by putting the date of its culmination about the year 1350. Then, he asserts, archaïsm, eclecticism and syncretism caused the lapse of its steady and logical evolution, and "nothing but a surviving simplicity of purpose and fine craftsmanship, and a saving ignorance of chiaroscuro and the oil medium, prevented the disaster that overtook Italian painting in general, little more than two centuries later." Mr. Berenson has, indeed, good reason for inviting us in his preface to believe in his conclusions even if not perfectly convinced of his arguments. In welcoming this admirably instructive book, we cannot omit mentioning the promise it conveys of a disquisition from the same hand on the relations between Sieneſe and Oriental art. The debt of the West to the East, also in an artistic sense, has never been adequately acknowledged, although it begins to make itself felt. We look forward to Mr. Berenson's contribution to that subject.

**WALKING-STICK PAPERS.** By Robert Cortes Holliday. New York: George H. Doran Co. \$1.50.

To be able to converse well is a choice accomplishment. To entertain, to instruct, to make hours happy and profitable that might have been dull and empty, and to do it in a light, cheery, unforbidding way—who would not desire to be skilled in the art of conversation? Mr. Holliday must be a very pleasant companion, if one may judge by his *Walking-Stick Papers*. In these twenty-four essays, called by Mr. Huneker "monstrously clever," he chats pleasantly on all sorts and conditions of things from "The Fish Reporter" to the philosophy of wearing a hat. Only one who has been a fish reporter knows what to say about it. Mr. Holliday also wears a hat, we believe, and has seen several others do likewise. A great amiability pervades the three hundred odd pages of the book, a quiet good humor that enlivens the interesting observations on manners and men.

While the author probably did not intend the papers to compete with one another, but to live together in a happy family spirit, the ones that make the most persistent appeal to the present reviewer are "On Carrying a Cane," "On Going a Journey," "Going to Art Exhibitions," "That Reviewer Cuss," "Literary Levities in London," and "The Deceased." "That

Reviewer Cuss" assuredly opens up the question of book reviewing quite amazingly, stating openly what many people have shrewdly suspected. This one essay is pure gold to one about to take up literary work. It is a pocket philosophy drawn from the experience of a man who has seen the literary life in its various aspects. If it does not teach a kindly lesson, it is not Mr. Holliday's fault.

In fact, he has few faults. Other essayists, to be sure, would write similar ideas in a dissimilar way. Mr. Benson's polished sentences would make an entirely new book of it; Miss Repplier's sparkling conversational tone would be quieter and less staccato in its effect. But the three are not quite akin, and their modes of expression do not meet. Mr. Holliday is nothing if not good company.

**WAR POEMS FROM THE YALE REVIEW.** New Haven: Yale University Press. \$1.00.

No Virgil has yet essayed the task of singing the *arma virumque* of the Great War now ebbing away, and it will be many a year, no doubt, before the Homer of the modern world will tune his lyre to the wrath of the Crown Prince or of the uncrowned Kaiser. But every poet has called his muse to assist him in voicing some phase of conflict, or in setting to music some emotion evoked by an incident of the War. In many instances it would seem that the muse has answered the call but feebly, for the song has often been rather lifeless and ænemic. But many poems have been written which have been of high order, appealing at once with the fair grace and beauty that is poetry. Several anthologies have appeared, containing much of the best war verse. *War Poems From The Yale Review* is one of them, and one of the best, despite the fact that it is probably the most slender of the collections, having but nineteen poems and comprising only forty-seven pages. Seventeen poets ask the reader's plaudits, and many of them surely deserve them.

In *The Union* Alfred Noyes has a ringing tribute to the United States in a musical setting that would stir even a dead soul to rise to love of country. John Erskine sees the marshaled armies and offers his *Impressions at the Front* in the superb classic tones that characterize so much of his poetry. In *The New Iliad* Katharine Lee Bates sings quite charmingly the tale of the New England boy closing his Homer to take his part in the greater Iliad overseas. A sweet and gentle melancholy pervades *The Absent Lover*, an old theme ever new, and very pretty in the tuneful lyrics of Irene McLeod. Winifred Letts is

the laureate of *The Connaught Rangers*, a poem of charming melody, in a lilting, Celtic mood. The little volume also offers specimens of the work of Robert Frost, Emile Cammaert, and Louis Untermeyer, among others. All the poems reflect the idealism of the past four years, as it seeks expression through the temperament of the individual poet. There is to be found in them little utterance of the joy of the clash of arms, there is no hymning of hate, but the song is of the endurance of the spirit, a paean of the gladness to live or to die for the right. There is no useless regret for a peace that departed with Prussia's crime, but a forward gaze to the new peace, born of *The Will to Perfection*, as Masfield names his sonnet. They are over now, the four years of travail, and many men are dead; but the dead are not dead in vain, for a resurrection will come to the world, one hopes, such a resurrection as the fine concluding verses of John Finley's, *The Valleys of the Blue Shrouds*, foretells for France. Then all the valleys and hills "shall pulse again with life that laughs and sings."

**THE VICTIMS' RETURN.** By Noelle Roger. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. \$1.00.

This simple, straightforward account of the systematic repatriation of War refugees in Switzerland is by one actively engaged in the work. It is another cheering and welcome reminder that side by side with inhuman cruelty have gone intense sympathy and loving-kindness, laboring to repair deadly wrongs: thus, despite the tragic conditions with which it deals, it is pleasant reading. It is, moreover, so well written that it is entitled to consideration even in face of the mass of War literature only too likely to crowd out so small a contribution as this unpretending book.

**FIGHTING FOR FAIRVIEW.** By William Heyliger. New York: D. Appleton & Co. \$1.35 net.

Mr. Heyliger gives us here another story for boys. "Buddy" Jones, captain of the Fairview high school baseball team, awakens to the discovery that he is no longer the one best fitted for that position; that loyalty to the interests of Fairview and fairness to his mates require that he surrender his leadership to a newcomer among them. He conquers in the silent struggle with himself, and by his sacrifice his beloved school is victorious in a contest of immense importance to all concerned.

The book is well written, in the author's characteristic manner. This means the ignoring of any more spiritual motive for right

conduct than a naturally high individual standard of ethics. Lacking the deeper source of courage and support, Buddy is rewarded by his comrades' appreciation, which takes the form of public acknowledgment and thanks. Thus the book becomes a bit of the pleasant but illusory reading that can scarcely be held to contribute toward the best preparation for life.

**IN THE SOLDIERS' SERVICE.** By Mary Dexter. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. \$1.50 net.

This is a series of letters written by the author to her mother in America, telling of her war experiences as a nurse in the English hospitals and as an ambulance driver in France. The book has subject matter in plenty, yet Miss Dexter has hardly made the most of it. While the narrative of her "cases" and her experiences is always bright and interesting, it is somewhat disconnected. Because the story is told in letters hurriedly written, the tale loses much in the telling, is scant and incomplete and is a promise only of what might have been.

**SKIPPER JOHN OF THE NIMBUS.** By Raymond McFarland. New York: The Macmillan Co. \$1.50.

This is a stirring tale of the life and adventures of the young captain of a fishing schooner sailing from Gloucester to the Banks. Our boy hero is cruelly treated by his guardian, and in a fit of angry defiance runs away to sea.

The reader will follow with the keenest interest John Deane's fight for success, against the heaviest odds, from the day on which he was kidnapped by the villain captain of the story, to the moment in which he rescues the same villain shipwrecked off the Canadian coast. Every detail of the business of mackerel fishing is perfectly explained, and the descriptions of storms, shipwrecks, contests with the Canadian revenue officers—they were always discomfited of course—will appeal strongly to every American boy.

**FREE: AND OTHER STORIES.** By Theodore Dreiser. New York: Boni & Liveright. \$1.50 net.

These eleven stories, of which the first gives its title to the collection, are widely devious in subject and character. Though not all on the same plane of merit nor exhibiting anything strikingly new, they are for the most part interesting, *Old Rogaum and His Theresa* especially so. Taken as a whole, they give Mr. Dreiser adequate representation, and demonstrate that he is able to express himself as effectively in the short story as through his accustomed and less difficult medium, the novel.

**THE LAW OF STRUGGLE.** By Hyman Segal. New York: Mas-sada Publishing Co. \$1.50 postpaid.

Is the author of this book in earnest or is he only poking fun at his readers? On the latter hypothesis the book is worth reading; otherwise, not.

Mr. Segal does not at all adopt Mrs. Eddy's view that pain is error. On the contrary pain is of the very stuff of life, and the phrase "of the very stuff of life" becomes a quasi-technical term by repetition. Our normal condition is the state of pain from which we are ever struggling. "Pain is the universal substance which is given and the Will to Struggle is its concomitant." "Morality in man and beast . . . flow from the degree of their responsiveness to pain or sensitive experience." "The true basis of title to property is acquisition by struggle according to the standard of struggle obtaining at the time the property is acquired." "Honesty is an acquired as distinguished from a natural virtue, enforced by society in order to maintain a standard of struggle." "Murder is a heinous offence because it is the most palpable instance of the permanent cutting off of another's struggle." "Marriage organizes our life for struggle. Hence the sanctity of marriage ties." "The vices are those practices, habits or inclinations which weaken our capacity for struggle." "The State is the medium through which the people at large or nation has pooled its power for collective struggle." The non-morality of the German State "is a different order of morality than we profess and only relatively immoral. Actually, it is a kind of morality, inferior in the scale of struggle. . . ."

**MORALE AND ITS ENEMIES.** By William Ernest Hocking. New Haven: Yale University Press. \$1.50.

In this study Doctor Hocking, Professor of Philosophy at Harvard, proposes to elucidate the mentality of soldier and civilian under the stress of war conditions. By the application of the theory of psychology to the mental states observable in war time, he endeavors to outline the laws and principles which are at work throughout the human predicament. For the study of such phenomena he had abundant opportunity on the occasion of his visit to the front under British auspices, and of his lecture tour to the Northeastern Division of Army Camps during the summer of 1918.

Accepting Napoleon's judgment that in war the moral is to the physical as three to one, the author inquires into the nature and conditions of an effective morale. This, he establishes, is no mere matter of the feelings and emotions, but rests on a rational

and ethical basis: "Morale is at bottom a state of will and purpose; and the first factor in any mature human purpose is *knowledge, i. e.*, knowledge of the thing to be gained by the purpose—the good to be realized or the evil to be averted, or both." And again: "Morale for all the greater purpose of war is a state of faith; and its logic will be the superb and elusive logic of human faith. It is for this reason that morale, while not identical with the righteousness of the cause, can never reach its height unless the aim of the war can be held intact in the undissembled moral sense of the people." Recognizing thus the two factors of logic and ethics in morale, he stresses the need of popular instruction in war aims, and shows how the moral integrity of a cause may defeat the purpose of a conscienceless *Realpolitik*.

The hope is expressed in the preface that the morale developed for war purposes may be a spiritual asset in the time of peace. The inevitable drawback of Doctor Hocking's ethics is that it depends exclusively on natural motives as a means of uplift. Thus, in the absence of the supernatural, it is idle to urge as a specific against the social evil the American standard of democracy and chivalry toward woman. This lack of belief in revealed religion takes from a book which is otherwise marked by singular clarity of thought and treatment.

**THE ESSENTIAL MYSTICISM.** By Stanwood Cobb. Boston: The Four Seas Co. \$1.50 net.

Mysticism is a word more often used than understood. Even in circles where it should be understood it has borne a hazy meaning. Happily, of late years in Catholic literature it has become simplified. Henri Joli in his *Psychology of the Saints* defines it as the love of God. Every Christian, he says, who is in the state of grace loves God and is a mystic. Similarly, Father S. Louismet, in *Mysticism True and False*, contends that the mystic life is simply life with God—"the intercourse of mutual love between God and the fervent Christian."

The author of *The Essential Mysticism* also takes it to mean the reaching out of the soul for union with God, and his book is a plea for things of the spirit in an age "that is too busy hunting for material comforts to sit down and think," and in which "life's sole aim is to exhaust the pleasure of the present moment." His picture of the typical American is not very flattering. He has "two very good eyes, a physically analytical mind, and a total ineptness for real thought." It is no wonder that when such a man embraces Christian Science "he has become an idealist without knowing or understanding what he believes."

Mr. Cobb's plan to transform the typical American into a mystic will not, we fear, meet much success. It is not easy to see how mysticism of any kind can have a place in the religion which Mr. Cobb invents. For he champions a new brand of religion—a universal religion—"a religion comprising the essential truths of all the world's spiritual teaching." "Religion," he explains, "at bottom is one and the same thing for Jew and Christian, Brahman, Moslem and Confucianist." Surely, Mr. Cobb's studies should have taught him that religion, to have a foothold in the world, must be based upon supernatural revelation. It is only in revealed religion that well-balanced mysticism can have place—and it is only in Catholicism that mysticism, in the highest sense of the word, is possible. Mr. Cobb's book is a jungle where Buddhism, Theosophy, Christian Science, Bahaism, Sufism, Taoism and other dreamy cults jostle one another, much to the reader's bewilderment. It is a book which, decidedly, makes "confusion worse confounded."

**THE BEDROCK OF BELIEF.** By William F. Robison, S.J. St. Louis: B. Herder Book Co. \$1.25 net.

This is the third volume of a series of lectures on apologetics given by Father Robison in St. Francis Xavier Church, St. Louis. He first answered the question: Why must one be a Catholic? the second: Why must one be a Christian? and the third: Why must a man profess any religion at all?

The six chapters of this interesting volume treat of the necessity of religion, the existence of God, the idea of God, the nature and dignity of man, the necessity of worship, and the sanction of eternal reward and punishment. It is an excellent book to put into the hands of an unbeliever. It is well written, well thought out, and puts the arguments for the foundations of belief in a clear and cogent manner.

**THE PAWNS OF FATE.** By Paul E. Bowers. Boston: The Cornhill Co. \$1.50.

In this novel of politics and sociology more is attempted than it is wise to undertake within the limits of one moderate-sized volume. The author has not confined himself to one theme, but deals with several, each of which would require undivided attention. There is scant evidence of original thought; the material is reminiscent of the matter with which our periodicals have teemed for a decade. An effect of novelty could be produced only by a more skillful and temperate literary manner than appears to be at Mr. Bowers' command.



**OUR ADMIRABLE BETTY.** By Jeffery Farnol. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. \$1.60 net.

Mr. Farnol has returned to his early manner and given us here another "romantic" novel. The story moves animatedly through an atmosphere of patches and perukes, lace and ruffles, with moments that call for the ready rapier and pistol, the "admirable Betty" being, of course, the cause and centre of both comedy and adventure. Despite the disapprobation of realists, there is a constant audience for fiction of this kind, to whom Mr. Farnol's somewhat artificial and exclamatory treatment will be rather an attraction than a drawback.

**THE DREAM MAKER.** By Helen Fitzgerald Sanders. Boston: The Cornhill Co. \$1.50.

There is no plot and but little connected story in this narrative of a childhood passed in Mississippi and a girlhood in California. The interest is derived from scenes and people depicted so graphically and intimately that the author conveys the impression of relating personal reminiscences. A keen appreciation of the beautiful is demonstrated, as well as humor and warm human sympathy. To those who cherish memories of the far South, as it appeared for some years after the Civil War, the book will have a special appeal of sentiment and charm.

**STUDIES IN THE HISTORY OF IDEAS.** New York: Columbia University Press. \$2.00.

These studies in the history of philosophy are published and edited by the Department of Philosophy of Columbia University. Their object is to encourage research and the exercise of historical imagination—"to increase," as the editors put it, "America's contribution to the history of culture." The chief essays of the series are: "Appearance and Reality," by M. T. McClure; "Francis Bacon and the History of Philosophy," by John J. Coss; the "Motivation of Hobbes' Political Philosophy;" "Truth and Error in Descartes," by Robert B. Owen;" "Old Problems with New Faces in Recent Logic," by H. T. Costello.

**WASP STUDIES AFIELD.** By Phil Rau and Nellie Rau. Princeton: Princeton University Press. \$2.00.

Two professional naturalists here record their studies and observations of four years on sixty-odd species of wasps. The work is entirely original and most technical. It is above the capacity of the general public, but interesting and valuable to students of entomology. What a fund of patience and skill must

have been expended on these minute and difficult researches! We read, for instance, of how the nests are built and the larvæ fed; of wasps stinging spiders and caterpillars, so as to paralyze but not kill them. The wasp then deposits its egg on the living prey, and on this live food the larvæ feeds. The authors think the sting of the wasp must have a preservative or embalming effect on its victim! They record two cases where a caterpillar survived fifty-four days after being stung; and one where the subject lived for seven and a half months, to all outward appearances still quite healthy. Incidentally, the lesson comes home to the reader, how short life is and how inexhaustible knowledge. Less than 200 species of wasps have been studied, but some 9,900 varieties are known to exist, and no doubt there are others still unlisted. The book is provided with sixty-eight illustrations and an index.

**GENERAL CROOK AND THE FIGHTING APACHES.** By Edwin L. Sabin. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co. \$1.25 net.

Mr. Sabin's contribution to the Lippincott *Trail Blazers Series* is an interesting blend of fiction and fact. It follows the fortunes of the boy, Jimmie Dunn, who serves under General Crook in the campaign against the notorious Geronimo, has many adventures and hairbreadth escapes, and is able to be of assistance to the brave, just commander whom he loves and reveres.

While not a defence of the Apaches, emphasis is laid on the responsibility of the whites for much of the Indian trouble. The narrative preserves historical accuracy, and the author introduces considerable information as to Apache traditions and customs. Thus, though designed for boy readers, the book is not without appeal to those of more mature years.

**MEDITATIONS FOR THE USE OF SEMINARIANS AND PRIESTS**, by the Very Rev. L. Brancherau, S.S., translated and adapted, is published by Benziger Brothers, New York. (\$1.00 net.) Volume VI. on "The Blessed Virgin and the Saints" offers many suggestive and instructive lines for meditation on the feast days of the saints.

**A**MONG new books for children we have *Three Sides of Paradise Green* (\$1.35) and *Melissa Across the Fence* (\$1.00) by Augusta Huiel Seaman (New York: The Century Co.). These stories of small happenings in present-day setting, will doubtless prove of absorbing interest to youthful readers. *The Waterboys and Their Cousins* (75 cents), by Charles Dickens Lewes, (Philadelphia:

J. B. Lippencott Co.) is a delightful book of better than fairies—the rain, the dew, and other lovely things of creation. The writer inducts his readers into nature's secret methods of travel, her partnerships, and business methods in a most fascinating manner, but, alas, the spiritual key to all this marvelous creation is missing.

**T**HE AMERICAN BOYS' ENGINEERING BOOK, by A. Russell Bond, with 232 diagrams by Edwin E. Bayha, (Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co. \$2.00), will prove a mine of delight to the boy of a mechanical, engineering turn of mind, and a stimulus to the passion for making something, latent in the boy mind.

Mr. Bond calls his book emphatically "a play-book not a text-book," and asserts "it is more fun to make a toy than to play with it." The boy who is fortunate enough to have this book given to him, will soon learn how to use its many suggestions for surveying, sounding, signaling, etc. We were pleased to note the effort to interest him in the use of a knowledge of the stars. There is a chapter on "Fitting up a Workshop," which brings this delightful asset within the limits of the possible. We commend the book to boys having these tastes and congratulate them on the enjoyment in store for them.

**E**SSENTIALS OF AMERICAN HISTORY, by Thomas Bonaventure Lawler, with illustrations in color by N. C. Wyeth, (Boston: Ginn & Co. \$1.12), is termed a revised edition. As a matter of fact it has been re-written from beginning to end, along the same lines which won it a distinguished place with educators on its first appearance.

Naturally, the viewpoint has changed somewhat, the horizon widened under the influence of the past few years—for this history ends with the armistice of November, 1918, and shows the United States before the world as the champion of liberty for other lands than her own—"liberty to act within the limits of the civil and moral law, and liberty to worship according to the dictates of one's conscience."

The work contains a number of useful appendices; the Declaration of Independence, and the Constitution, with an excellent digest of the same, also a bibliography of suggested historical readings which comprise works of fiction and poems, as well as more serious studies of history.

**T**O THE HEART OF A CHILD, by Josephine Van Dyke Brownson (New York: The Encyclopedia Press. \$1.00 in boards; cloth, \$1.25 postpaid), has been recommended as "the work for all

who teach catechism at home or in school, week-day or Sunday." The writer certainly merits the blessing of every teacher who has felt timid in venturing on what seems to her holy ground. Young mothers and especially Catholic mothers, will aspire to be the instruments in opening the minds of their children to the things of God. So the demand for this little book comes "not only from the cities, but also from mothers living out in the country, where they have not teachers and must themselves teach their little ones, or let them go without the most important of all knowledge—religious instruction."

Two additions greatly aid the usefulness of these lessons—a bibliography, and a list of pictures, illustrative of the topics, and extremely modest in price. The blessing and reward merited by those who "instruct many unto justice" is herein made attainable to countless thousands of the members of Holy Church.

**A** FITTING memento of Pope Pius X., of holy memory, is his *Letters to Catholic Priests* published in a well-bound pocket edition by P. J. Kenedy & Sons, New York. (50 cents postpaid.) It evinces on every page the deeply spiritual character of His Holiness and is a clarion call to life with Christ.

From the same firm comes a special "thin edition" of Father Lasance's *Manna of the Soul*. (40 cents to \$3.00 according to binding.) It is adapted to slip easily into the man's vest pocket or the woman's hand-bag.

**T**HE C. Wildermann Co. have brought out an attractive booklet for the season: *The Passion of Our Lord in the Words of the Gospel*, edited by Father Herbert McDevitt, C. P. The illustrations which add to the effectiveness of the text are photographic copies of Mastrienni's striking models in clay. The booklet is in handy form for a pocket companion for meditation.

**M**ARY BRABSON LITTLETON in *Whence Cometh Victory?* already in its second edition (Baltimore: John Murphy Co. 50 cents), dwells on the power of prayer as shown in the great conflicts of the past. Specific instances of those who have triumphed through prayer, or gone down to defeat without it, are drawn from Old Testament and secular history. The theme is sympathetic and its exemplars well chosen.

## Recent Events.

The Peace Conference is still continuing its long drawn out discussions upon questions which have been submitted for decision. So far it cannot be said to have reached any definite conclusions. In the early days of March it was hoped that towards the end of the month a preliminary peace treaty might be laid before the Germans for their acceptance, but even this hope receded into the distance. President Wilson's determination to have a definite League of Nations plan incorporated into even the preliminary Peace Treaty, is responsible for the delay. In view of the differences that seem to be developing between him and the French, the prospect is not very bright. No definite conclusions have been reached by the delegates to the Conference, as a whole.

Some of the many Commissions and Sub-Commissions, to which the work has been intrusted, have reported their decisions. These include the destiny of the German Colonies, at least to the extent of declaring that they will never be German again. How they are to be administered and by whom, depends upon whether the League of Nations is adopted or not. Another important decision regards one of the terms to be imposed on Germany: the limitation of her army to 100,000 men to be enlisted voluntarily. This, if carried out, will put an end to conscription, first in Germany, and as a consequence in the rest of Europe. The fate of the League of Nations is still in the balance. President Wilson has committed himself to the statement that the vast majority of the people in this country are in its favor, even in its present form. This statement is vehemently contradicted by no small number of persons who presumably are as able as the President to form a judgment as to the mind of the American people. The fact that in Paris a division is now being made of the draft of the League by the British, French and Italian members of the Commission which drew it up, would seem to prove that the President is becoming cognizant of the real state of public opinion; and that in a few days such changes may have been made as to render it acceptable to its strongest opponents. A real decision of major importance is that food is to be supplied to Germany in consideration for the use, granted the Allies, of the German ships which have been lying in Germany, and in various neutral ports throughout the world. The necessity for supplying Germany with food is based on evidence which Mr. Lansing declared to be convincing. The purpose of such supplies is to prevent the starva-

tion of the whole population, which, without them, is considered inevitable. Starvation would be the surest way to effect the spread of Bolshevism, which is the thing that most threatens western Europe. Three million and one-half tons of shipping will, by this agreement, be made available for the use of the Allies, who in their turn will supply Germany with three hundred and seventy thousand tons of foodstuffs per month, receiving therefor some five hundred million dollars.

Among the many commissions appointed by the Peace Conference to consider means to make a better world, none is more important than the one having under consideration the conditions of labor, with a view to incorporate into the new Peace Treaty regulations to improve the lot of those who toil. At Berne in Switzerland, Internationalists have been holding a conference in which not only British and French, but also German delegates took part. The representatives of American labor, under the guidance of Mr. Gompers, as also the Belgian delegates, refused to participate in this conference on account of the presence of the German delegates. After many sittings the conference broke up without practical decisions. The Belgian delegates are said to have issued invitations for a new conference to be held at Brussels.

The Berne Conference represented extremists, although not quite of the Bolsheviki type. If the new peace should prove able to make regulations for the well-being of the workers, and at the same time satisfy the just claims of the employers, it would be an achievement of almost equal importance to the making of the Treaty of Peace itself. The members chosen to consider the question are as well qualified to bring about the desired result as the world can furnish, and they have arrived at a number of definite proposals. These proposals, to some extent, have already been accepted in this country. The most striking innovation adopted by the Commission is an obligatory system of insurance against unemployment for all workers. Second only in importance, is the provision that all workers shall be insured by the State against industrial accidents. All these suggestions will have to be confirmed by the entire Peace Conference.

**Poland.** In the recognition of Poland, towards the end of January, the United States was followed by France and Great Britain in February. Early in March, Italy followed. Poland, therefore, again takes the place she once occupied among the nations of the world, although the determination of her boundaries, both on the

east and on the west, is still to be made. This question is one it will be very difficult to settle; in fact it is one of the most difficult of the questions before the Peace Conference. The principle guiding its settlement will be to put Poland in possession of all territories inhabited by indubitably Polish populations. This territory is comparatively easy to ascertain; but there are outlying districts, in Lithuania, White Russia, East Galicia and the Western Ukraine, where the Polish population is so intermixed with the other nationalities, that it is most impossible to make an equitable division. For example, in East Galicia there are about 3,100,000 Ruthenes and 1,900,000 Poles. The problem moreover is complicated by the fact that while the population, as a whole, is not Polish, the landlords are, and the settlement therefore involves the question of the ownership of the land and the expropriation of the landlords. Unless something more than recognition of Poland as a nation is given by the Western Powers, that country still runs the risk of falling into the hands either of the Germans or the Bolsheviki. Before the former left the country, they either carried off the machinery necessary for manufacturing, or destroyed what they could not carry off, so that no wheel is now turning in Poland and hundreds of thousands of people are without employment. Starvation is at the door of every household and, although our country has furnished supplies, these have not been adequate for the needs of the population. To these internal difficulties may be added the fact that military operations against the Bolsheviki in the north, and against the Ukrainians in the south, have to be carried on, to say nothing of the conflict with the Germans in Posen. The armistice terms, indeed, required cessation of hostilities in this region, but the Germans have not adhered to these terms. This necessitates the maintenance of a Polish force in this region. The non-arrival from France of the Polish army that fought there, has added to the difficulties of the situation. Notwithstanding all these difficulties, however, the Cabinet of M. Paderewski is meeting with a fair measure of success. The National Assembly is at work framing the constitution for the new Republic, and the recognition accorded it is, in itself, a testimony to the belief the powers entertain that a stable government will be established there.

#### Germany.

At Weimar the National Assembly has been in continuous session since its opening on the sixth of February. Its main work has been the elaboration of a constitution for the new German Republic. Along what lines this Constitution is being made, has

not yet been disclosed, but it is thought that it will resemble somewhat that of the United States, inasmuch as the larger States which made up the former German Empire will be formed into a number of republics. What will be done with the small Duchies and Principalities is not yet clear. These new Republics will be federated with one President over all. It is not expected, however, that the new German President will be intrusted with the vast powers possessed by the American President. The division of seven Republics, advocated by some, and of four advocated by others, does not seem to have met with sufficient support to render likely the adoption of either proposition. The Separatist Movement, of which there were signs at the beginning of the revolution, seems to have met with a decisive rejection in all parts of Germany, although the separation from Prussia of the provinces west of the Rhine and the formation of them into a Republic for a more or less prolonged period of time, is said to be one of the conditions which will be imposed upon Germany by the Allies.

While the National Assembly has been engaged in constitution making, the Government which is dominated by the Majority Social Democrats, has been preparing to lay before the Assembly measures of a drastic character for the regulation of industries and agrarian reforms. So far-reaching are these measures, that it is said they will exceed the demands of the Independent Socialists. All the mines of Germany are to be taken over, as well as the coal syndicate. The measures for which the Government has assumed responsibility, do not come up to the demands made by other Socialists in the Assembly, for Bills have been brought in providing that property necessary to the maintenance and exploitation of the wealth of the soil shall belong only to the Government. The transfer of mines and public power plants from private to common ownership and the appointment of industrial councils, consisting of workmen, for the control and operation of these properties, are among the other things which Socialists in the Assembly look upon as requisite for the well-being of the German population. On his first assumption of office, the Minister of Education issued a decree taking away from both Catholic and Lutheran clergy the control they formerly had of the schools. This decree was but the forerunner of stronger measures to deprive the State of all religious influences. The Catholic Party, reënforced by those among the Lutherans who still possess an interest in the religious well-being of the State, offered so decisive an opposition to the proposal of the Government, that they were able to have its exercise suspended for the time being, and to bring about the appointment of a Commission to examine



into the whole question. What will be the result remains to be seen.

After the deaths of Karl Liebknecht and Rosa Luxemburg there appeared to be a restoration of order in Berlin, although in other parts of Germany there were outbreaks too numerous to mention. For a time Weimar, where the National Assembly is sitting, was cut off from all communication with the rest of Germany on the north, east and west. Strikes in the Ruhr districts threatened to cut off the supplies of coal from the whole country. The most serious disturbance, however, was at Munich, where the originator of the Bavarian revolution and its presiding genius, Dr. Kurt Eisner, was assassinated. It is said this act was instigated by the supporters of the dispossessed Whittelsback family. For a time it seemed as if Bavaria would fall into the hands of a German type of Bolsheviki. To this, however, a strenuous opposition arose, although it is not quite clear what shade of Socialism is supported by the new Cabinet which has been formed. The Diet, which had just met to form a new constitution for Bavaria, is to be superseded by a new one elected for the same purpose. At present a fairly orderly state of things seems to be established in Bavaria, but in Berlin the hopes that a settlement had been reached have been disappointed. A new uprising has taken place in which Spartacides have participated and also, it is said, some of the Independent Socialists. Fighting, sometimes of a serious character, went on in several of the suburbs of Berlin for a fortnight and many lives were lost. Atrocities akin to those practised in Russia were perpetrated. One of the curious features of the situation was that, within a short distance of the streets in which this internecine warfare was going on, large numbers of the population were indulging in their usual amusements as unconcernedly as if nothing were happening. This conduct of the Berlin populace so scandalized the authorities, they issued a decree prohibiting public dancing. On the whole the Government seems, at length, to be dealing resolutely with all violations of peace and good order. The soldiers have proved loyal, as a whole, in defence of stable government. While there are those who take a very pessimistic view of the immediate future in Germany, there is reason to believe that anarchy and Bolshevism may be averted.

**Newly Formed States  
of Austria-Hungary.**

The chief event of importance which has taken place within the last few weeks is the law passed by the National Assembly of German-Austria which declares that State to be a part of the German Republic. A good deal has to be done,

however, before this law becomes effectual. It must receive the assent of the new German Republic, and also be accepted by a plebiscite of the Austro-German people. It is probable, however, that both these conditions will be fulfilled, but there is question as to whether the consent of the Allies can be obtained. If German-Austria is joined to the German Republic, it will give to Germany an increase of about seven millions of people and will compensate her, so far as population goes, for the loss of the people dwelling in Alsace-Lorraine, Schleswig and Posen. Hence Germany would be stronger after the War than before. A result to which the Allies may well take exception.

With reference to Czecho-Slovakia, a few notes may be made. A conspiracy of Germans and Magyars has been discovered, the object of which was the overthrow of the newly-established democratic government of which Dr. Masaryk is the President. No overt steps were taken, as the project was discovered in time. Whether or not the new Republic should be liable, along with Austria-Hungary, for the reparation which has to be made to the Allies for injuries inflicted in the War, is a hotly debated question which seems almost impossible of solution. During the War the Czechs offered every possible resistance to its being waged and yet they actually took part in it. International law always apportioned any debt which may be due by a State as a whole, to the parts of that State, in the event of its being divided, and so it would seem that Czecho-Slovakia should bear her share of the burden borne by the Dual Kingdom. This, the new Republic positively declines to do. Moreover Czecho-Slovakia finds that she has no access to the sea, and is making demands for rights of way through other countries, both to the Baltic and the Adriatic and across Germany to the Rhine. In fact the new State is completely isolated; commerce may be cut off from her and even the free transmission of news by letter or telegraph: she is hemmed in on all sides by countries more or less hostile. As it is of vital importance for the Allies that she should be strong enough to resist any future effort of Germany to extend her boundaries, the call made by Czecho-Slovakia for assistance is imperative.

The course of events in Hungary have been far from smooth. Meetings have been held supporting the demand for the re-establishment of the Monarchy. Seventeen persons have been arrested, charged with counter-revolutionary propaganda. Among those accused of this propaganda is included the well-known Dr. Wekerle, several times Prime Minister of Hungary. In consideration of his advanced age the former Premier was allowed to remain at his home and was not subjected to imprisonment. Hun-

gary has suffered a greater loss of territory than any of the other new States, on every side except that adjoining the Austro-German Republic. This loss caused delay in calling the Constituent Assembly which is to settle her new constitution. The Government, however, have now decided to summon the Assembly early in April and to hold elections, even in the territory which has been occupied by the invaders. The future of Hungary, it is said on good authority, will depend upon the attitude of the peasant. On this hangs the fate of the country. His thirst is for the land, and it is said he is sure to get it, inasmuch as the nobles will offer no resistance and the Church has already thrown her vast lands into the melting-pot.

The hoped-for arrangement of the antagonistic claims of the Italians and the Slavs to the districts bordering on the Adriatic has been disappointed. The dispute, instead of being settled, has become even more acute. The Italians have even prevented the food which was being sent for the relief of the Slovenes, Croats and Serbians from reaching them. They have had to be warned by this Government, and our Allies, that their own needs would not be satisfied by this country unless the embargo placed upon transmission of food should be removed. The Italians manifested their hostility to the Slavs by deeds, and the latter responded by threats. They threatened, in the event that the Peace Conference granted to Italy the disputed districts, to make war for the recovery of the districts which they claim. The Italians are as stubborn as the Slavs, basing their claim to the districts in question not merely on historical grounds, but also on the fact that by the Treaty made with our Allies in London, these districts were allotted to her.

**Russia.** Of the 173,000,000 of Russians embraced within the former Russian Empire, the number controlled by the Soviet Government at Moscow is only 40,000,000, while the territory which lies under their control bears an even smaller proportion to the population, consisting of about 500,000 square miles as against the more than 7,000,000 of which the former empire consisted. Of this former vast area, certain portions have already been definitely separated from Russia. These include Finland and Russian Poland, both of which have been recognized as independent nations, by some at least of the European Powers.

The districts which have exercised that right of self-determination which the Bolshevik Government were the first to declare, are too numerous to name. Mention may be made, how-

ever, of the Ukraine Republic, the Crimean, and the Caucasian. Various districts occupied by the Cossacks seem to have acquired independence, as well as the district of Kuban, while the whole of Siberia seems to have been lost to the Bolsheviki. In Siberia the Omsk Government has been by far the most successful in its efforts to drive back the Bolsheviki but whether its jurisdiction extends to the seacoast, is a matter involved in much uncertainty. The Northern Government of Russia which embraces the Province of Archangel and the Murman Coast, is still the scene of continuous fighting. As a consequence, the border line between it and the regions still controlled by the Bolsheviki, is a moveable one, as one party succeeds or the other.

Within the sphere still left under Bolshevik control, their power seems undiminished. In fact, the advancing troops of the army which Trotzky recruited has gained, through military successes in Northern Russia and in the border States of the Baltic, a territory as large as France. Within the last few weeks, however, the Bolsheviki have met with reverses and have not only made no further advance, but, at various points, have been forced to retire. This, notably in the region occupied by the Don Cossacks. So great, indeed, was the success of the forces fighting against the Bolsheviki in this region, that, a few weeks ago, strong hopes were entertained of a junction being effected between the troops operating in this region and the forces controlled by the Omsk Government. Thereby, it was anticipated, the Bolsheviki might be encircled by a ring of enemies stretching from Eastern Siberia to the Black Sea. The recent success of the Omsk troops in effecting the capture of Ufa tends to revive this hope.

The reverses of the Bolsheviki cannot be looked upon as decisive, however, nor can the danger from the spread of their doctrines be considered as over. In one of the areas where hostilities have taken place, Germans, under the command of Marshal Von Hindenburg, have, at last, resisted the common enemy, instead of playing into their hands as they did when Poland and Ukraine were evacuated by them. This reversal of conduct it is hoped will be continued and supplemented by the recall of the German officers said to be in command of a part of the Bolshevik troops. In some districts, officers of the old Russian army are now commanders in the Bolshevik ranks, having been forced by the Bolshevik Government to render this service. The army itself consists to some extent of Chinese and Lettish mercenaries, and is further recruited from the lowest class of the population who are attracted by the pay offered and the fact that the soldiers have sufficient food while the rest of the population is starving.

No amelioration is noted of the atrocious methods adopted by the government of Lenine and Trotzky to insure the supremacy of the proletariat. This it is their avowed object to establish not only in Russia, but throughout the world. Evidence accumulates daily of deeds done in Russia by the workingmen who nominally make up the Supreme Council of the Soviets, surpassing in barbarity anything history records. One of the greatest evils due to the Tsar's government is that centuries of subjection to its severe discipline seems to have rendered the Russian people incapable of withstanding the bloody despotism which now dominates. Submission has been ingrained into their very being and energy fails them to shake off the intolerable yoke imposed by Lenine and Trotzky.

It is a matter for congratulation, however, that the proposed meeting at Prinkipo has come to naught. That would have involved something like a recognition of the success of the Bolsheviki and consequently of the methods by which they attained this success. It is said a renewed attempt may be made to revive the project in another form. At the beginning of the Peace Conference the Russian question was recognized as the one most difficult of solution and the many weeks during which the Conference has sat, have only seen the difficulties increase. At first, there was a possibility of armed intervention by the Allies, or that, at least, they would permit a volunteer army to be raised. Now, however, it seems certain no intervention will take place, and that even the troops already there, including our own, will be withdrawn.

While the violent methods by which Lenine and Trotzky have striven to establish the supremacy of the proletariat, have shocked and disgusted the whole world, the failure of the system of state socialization of industries and despoliation of landlords which they have established in Russia, has caused widespread internal dissatisfaction. The peasants at first acquired land for themselves in large numbers and were in consequence warm supporters of the Bolshevik régime. Now their experience of the Soviet methods of government, has so completely changed their minds that they have risen in insurrection throughout Soviet Russia. In their desperation they are said, to have destroyed roads, thus hindering troop and food transport, so that famine universally stalks through the towns. But the opposition to the Bolshevik rule comes not alone from the peasants but from the workmen in the cities. Factories have stopped working, and the Soviet Government has been compelled to issue a decree introducing forced labor for the unemployed. The change in the attitude of

the peasants who so readily accepted the Bolshevik Government, is due to the fact that as soon as the Bolshevik power was established, they forcibly seized the stores of food accumulated by the peasants, using them for the army, and leaving the towns without food. This fact estranged the workingmen in those towns from the Government they had been glad to recognize. Their failure at home is by many held responsible for their determined efforts to spread Bolshevik principles abroad. While the Bolsheviki have their own troubles, those parts of Russia that have declared themselves independent, are far from having obtained the peace they sought. In Northern Russia some time ago one of its military authorities put the whole of the Cabinet on board a vessel and shipped them off to a monastery. The Allies had to intervene to restore the deposed authority. Ever since then, military operations have been going on between the Allies and the Bolsheviki, the latter having threatened to drive the former into the sea by the month of March. Some little success has attended their efforts, but the realization of their project has now been deferred until the month of May. In the Baltic States conflicts also have taken place between the Bolsheviki and the Lithuanian troops, assisted by Finnish volunteers. Here the opponents of the Bolsheviki seem to have met with considerable success, and to have driven back the Red army as was done on the eastern border of Poland. There the apparently irresistible onrush of the Bolsheviki has been stopped, although they are still in possession of the town of Vilna which forms an advantageous military post. In the Ukraine, General Pettura seems to have secured control. He has driven out the pro-German Hetman, who had usurped supreme authority. What General Pettura represents, however, is quite uncertain. Indeed, he is claimed to be a supporter of Bolshevik principles. His feeling toward fellow Slavs who dwell in Galicia, is indicated by the constant state of warfare existing between his fellow-citizens and the Poles. Sometime ago it was said that the French, after having taken Odessa, were marching into Ukraine to the relief of Kief, but nothing more has been heard of this expedition. It is not known, therefore, whether the Bolsheviki control Ukraine. Farther east, as already said, the Bolsheviki have been defeated, but not decisively as was expected. They have been driven out from the region of the Caucasus as well as from Tashkent, and the fact that Baku is again in the possession of the British, makes the extension of their power into Trans-Caucasia very unlikely. What fate has befallen the recently set up republics of Georgia and Mt. Ararat has not been disclosed.

Of the organized groups, the Omsk Government is the most

firmly established and holds the greatest extent of territory. But its internal affairs seem to be in a more disturbed condition than any of the others. Mention has already been made of the seizure of power by Admiral Kolchak, due to the suspicions entertained of the loyalty of the social revolutionist government which preceded the one formed by the Admiral. His assumption of power has been generally acquiesced in, yet there has been a more or less determined resistance to it in some quarters. The Czecho-Slovak troops who were coöperating with the forces of the Omsk Government were in the opposition for a time, and more active resistance was offered by Generals Semenoff and Kalmykoff, commanding Cossack troops in Siberia. The former, indeed, has had to be tried by court martial. A contributing element in the confusion was the fact that some time ago, when the Omsk army was small, France was requested to send a Commander-in-Chief to these troops. After much delay, he arrived. But the Omsk Government troops had then reached the number of one hundred thousand, and it was felt that a foreign commander would be derogatory to their dignity. This situation was alleviated by a compromise which left Admiral Kolchak in nominal command.

Chief among the causes of disturbance, however, were the efforts, just revealed, of the Japanese Government to bring the whole of Siberia east of Lake Baikal within their own sphere of influence. When the Allies agreed to send troops to Siberia, the contribution of each was limited to seven thousand men. It has now come to light that the Japanese sent no fewer than 72,000. Moreover they made a determined endeavor to secure for themselves, in every place where Allied troops were stationed, the command of those troops. This was done by sending, to every station where troops were placed, an officer superior in rank to that of any of the other Allies. They also impeded, on various pretexts, the organization of the Siberian Railway by American engineers. So acute did the crisis become that, in November last, the American Secretary of State had to call the attention of the Japanese Government to the efforts which were being made to control the situation. This communication resulted in the recall of a large part of the Japanese army from Siberia. Whether the loyal coöperation of Japan with the other Allies is to be counted upon, depends upon the result of the conflict which is now going on in Japan between the war party and the party who advocates peace.

*March 19, 1919.*

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## With Our Readers.

**T**O our new Archbishop—the Most Reverend Patrick J. Hayes—  
THE CATHOLIC WORLD and all its readers extend affectionate greetings and heartfelt congratulations. Because of his thorough knowledge, his long experience in the administration work of the archdiocese of New York, Archbishop Hayes is particularly well qualified to fill his high and important office. New York is his birthplace, and New York had been the scene of his many years of labor—until his appointment as Chaplain Bishop gave him a diocese that necessitated extensive travel and a jurisdiction that, so to speak, included Europe as well as America.

In New York he received as a youth his college education; later he went to the old Seminary at Troy, and then to the Catholic University of America. As early as 1895, the then Father Hayes was appointed secretary to Bishop, later Archbishop and Cardinal, Farley. He served as secretary when Bishop Farley was appointed to the archdiocesan see of New York; then as Chancellor; and was appointed Bishop of Tagaste in 1914. While filling the office of chancellor he was also the President of Cathedral College, and the remarkable success of that institution may be credited to the ability and foresight of Archbishop Hayes. His work as Chancellor, and later his labors as Auxiliary Bishop, brought him in touch not only with the priests of the diocese, but with its manifold and far-reaching problems.

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**S**HORTLY after America entered the World War it was found necessary to appoint a Chaplain Bishop, one who would head the large diocese, to be made up of all the Catholic chaplains in the service of the United States army and navy. The Holy Father appointed to this position Bishop Hayes. It was a task that demanded great executive ability; painstaking labor; constant vigilance as to needs and how those needs might be filled; wise, sympathetic yet authoritative leadership and guidance for the Ameri-



can Catholic chaplains in our own country and abroad. The great number of chaplains, both commissioned and volunteer, who served our soldiers and sailors and who have written an indelible record of generous, heroic, faithful and self-sacrificing service are a testimony to the Bishop who passed upon the special fitness of all, who guided, directed and inspired, and who insisted always that they were in the service primarily as priests for the spiritual welfare of their men.

After his appointment to this post, Archbishop Hayes was also designated by the Archbishops of the United States as one of the four Bishops of the Administrative Committee of the National Catholic War Council. In that position, he, with his co-members, has directed all the Catholic activity in welfare service for our troops at home and abroad, and for all those who have been affected by war conditions.

He enters his new position enriched with varied and tested experience. Not only will our obedience and faithful coöperation be his, but our prayers will abide with him that God may bless and crown in his new and far-larger field the successes of the past; and that the history of the archdiocese of New York under his rule may add still further glorious pages to the record of the Catholic Church in the United States.



AS we are about to go to press the announcement is made in the *London Times* that the English Government will again by forceful measures rule Ireland. With absolute disregard of the truth the *Times* states that the English Government "having failed to induce Irishmen to agree among themselves must impose their own settlement upon Ireland." Championing in a Peace Conference the right of peoples to determine their own form of government, the English Government denies the application of that right to Ireland. And for the reason that there is no doubt as to how the great majority of the Irish people would speak on the question of self-determination, if it were permitted them to speak.

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THE expression of American public opinion on the question is having effect. On March 5th the United States House of Representatives, by a vote of 216 to 41, passed the following resolution:

“It is the earnest hope of the Congress of the United States of America that the Peace Conference now sitting in Paris, in passing upon the rights of various peoples, will favorably consider the claims of Ireland to self-determination.”

On February 22d a very notable Convention was held in Philadelphia, attended by many distinguished churchmen and laymen, and by over five thousand delegates from every section of the country. The purpose of that Convention was to voice to all the world the claims of Ireland. The Resolutions adopted unanimously by the Convention were read and presented by His Eminence, James Cardinal Gibbons. We reprint them here in full:

“We, the delegates to the Convention of the Irish Race in America, assembled in Philadelphia, the city in which the immortal declaration of American liberty was given to the world, and speaking for many millions of American citizens, call upon the President and Congress of these United States of America to urge the Peace Conference now in session at Paris to apply to Ireland the great doctrine of national self-determination and to recognize the right of the people of Ireland to select for themselves without interference from any other people the form of government under which in future they shall live.

“We urge this claim, in the first place, in the name of justice—recognizing and insisting on the truth set forth by the founders of our Republic that all governments derive their just power from the consent of the governed.

“We urge this claim in the name of America, insisting, as we have just shown in the case of France, that we are not an ungrateful people, and recalling that no other people have contributed more than those of Irish blood to the creation, the up-building, the development and the preservation and defence of our great country.

“We urge this claim in the name of Ireland because of the unparalleled struggle for now seven and a half centuries that Ireland has carried on for national existence and liberty; because all efforts to break down and destroy that existence have failed, and because of the extraordinary majority by which less than two months ago the people of Ireland declared, not alone their dissatisfaction with the government of their land by England, but also their determination to govern themselves without interference from any outside influence or power.

“We urge this claim in the name of humanity, because we believe that war cannot be ended, and a just and permanent peace cannot be brought about unless the doctrine of self-determination

be applied to Ireland and the people of that country be permitted to decide for themselves the form of government under which they shall live.

“ We point out that England has tried in every way to coerce or to persuade or to cajole the people of Ireland to give up their devotion to their national aspirations, and tried them all in vain. Lloyd George within the last few months has been compelled to assert that Ireland is at present as much opposed to British rule as in the days of Cromwell. The industries of Ireland have been destroyed; her trade and commerce wiped out; her population cut in two; her leaders deported and held in English jails without indictment or trial, and yet with a unanimity never before attained have again declared their utter dissatisfaction with English rule and their determination to be free.

“ England refuses to listen to the voice of Ireland, but we point out that England likewise refused to listen to the voice of the American colonies. England was compelled less than a century and a half ago to recognize the independence of the colonies, and within the last year the efforts of our country saved England and her allies from total defeat at the hands of the Central Powers. The land to which England was thus compelled to do justice has just saved England in her hour of need. Let England now realize that justice to Ireland, which she has so long denied, with grievous loss to Ireland but also with great loss to herself, will now remove from her path the bitterest hostility which she has to encounter all over the world, and will convince mankind in general of the sincerity of her declarations when she says that she believes in liberty and justice for others as well as for herself.

“ Finally, we urge this claim that peace and order may be brought out of the chaos with which the whole world now seems to be threatened. In this great hour, when Governments are being reformed and when peoples long oppressed by tyranny are emerging again into the sunlight of liberty, let there be sincerity and unselfishness upon the part of those who are controlling the Peace Conference, to the end that the mistakes of the Congress of Vienna may be avoided, and a peace made that will be lasting and permanent because it will be just and right.

“ Upon the shoulders of our President and Congress rests, in the last analysis, the responsibility of the peace that shall be made. We urge them to act in accordance with the doctrines laid down on our behalf when we entered the War, and in accordance with the resolution recently adopted, almost unanimously, by the Foreign Affairs Committee of the House of Representatives, to the end that autocracy and militarism may be for-

ever destroyed, and that the right of self-determination shall be given to all the peoples of the earth."

THE Bolshevik programme, as outlined in the March issue of THE CATHOLIC WORLD, was no doubt the cause of great shock to the average reader. He concluded, probably, that it was the wild outburst of savagery—of men suddenly gone mad, and madly bent upon destroying order and reason and God in this world. Their madness appeared most clearly perhaps from the bestiality of their lust. With us, all that is nobler, purer, stimulating to higher conduct and higher standards is comprised in the name of woman. With them woman was to be made a piece of "common property." "Of course," the reader said consolingly to himself, "these people are far off in Russia." And the very word relieved his anxiety. "This," he added, "is far removed from us. Thank God we would not tolerate such a filthy and infamous programme. No civilized people would, and were any one to venture proposing such a step he would be branded with public infamy." So would run the average reader's thoughts. If we rouse him from his easy slumber, it is only because the danger is not alone in Russia; but right at his own doorstep. Indeed, it is not impossible that Russia may have borrowed it from English writers.

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A LEADER for many years past in all social questions—and still regnant in some quarters—is Mr. H. G. Wells. From him many minor writers have borrowed their theories and their solutions. If the Russian programme concerning the public ownership of women were compared with the teachings of H. G. Wells a pitiful sameness would be revealed.

Much apparent effort is being made to save our country from Bolshevism: yet the reconstruction programme of a reputable organization lately published, proclaims H. G. Wells as a teacher whom we ought specially to study for guidance.

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THE notorious decree of the Saratov Soviet proclaimed that "social inequalities and legitimate marriage in the past have served as an instrument in the hands of the bourgeoisie—and prevented the proper continuation of the human race."

In consequence it was decreed that all women are exempted from private ownership and are proclaimed the property of the whole nation.

Mr. H. G. Wells wrote, "Our existing sexual order is a system in decay" (*Socialism and the Family*), and in the same book,

in stating his own position, he added: "Essentially the Socialist position is a denial of property in human beings; not only must land and the means of production . . . but women and children, just as men and things, must cease to be owned" (*Socialism and the Family*).

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THE idea that the family is an independent unit with its own life was declared by H. G. Wells to be uncivilized. It must be done away with: "So far as the family is a name for a private property, a group of related beings vested in one of them, the head of the family, Socialism repudiates it altogether as unjust and uncivilized. The Socialist would put an end to the uncivilized go-as-you-please of the private adventure family. Socialism, in fact, is the State family. The old family of the private individual must vanish before it just as the old water works of private enterprise, or as the old gas company" (*New Worlds for Old*).

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THE Russian decree subjected marriage and the rearing up and education of children absolutely to the State. Mr. H. G. Wells has anticipated this: "Now, what sort of contract will the Socialist State require for marriage? . . . Socialism says boldly the State is the over-parent, the outer-parent. People rear children for the State and the future; if they do that well, they do the whole world a service, and deserve payment just as much as if they built a bridge or raised a crop of wheat; if they do it unpropitiously and ill, they have done the world an injury. . . ."

"It follows that motherhood, which we still in a muddle-headed way seem to regard as partly self-indulgence and partly a service paid to a man by a woman, is regarded by the Socialists as a benefit to society, a public duty done. The State will pay for children born legitimately in the marriage it will sanction" (*Socialism and the Family*).

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THE Saratov decree may be more "advanced" than Mr. H. G. Wells; but if the latter may not be termed its "father," it looks very much as if he merited to be called its "grandfather."

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TO make familiar to ourselves the thought of the other world for which we live is extraordinarily beneficial. We may even learn to live in that other world while we work and wait in this. It is the land of true freedom; of the spirit's release; of that peace, balance and composure which touch with God alone can give. Spiritual reading, so sadly neglected, is the open casement thereto. Many of us complain that we have not the time for such reading.

We might speak more truly and say we have not the inclination nor the will. Lately we read a small pamphlet containing a reading, for every day, of about four hundred words. It was entitled *Anno Domini*, and is published monthly by the Home Press (New York), and received notice in the November issue of THE CATHOLIC WORLD. Any one who reads it faithfully will be blessed beyond his expectations. His eyes will see for a few minutes at least that other world, and it will not altogether disappear for the rest of the day. Best of all it will make up in a measure for us pilgrims that void we feel when we miss daily Mass, and, as Belloc says: "What is a pilgrimage in which a man cannot hear Mass every morning?"

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### BOOKS RECEIVED.

- P. J. KENEDY & SONS, New York:  
*Man's Great Concern: The Management of Life.* By E. R. Hull, S.J. 35 cents.  
 OXFORD UNIVERSITY PRESS, New York:  
*Modern Punctuation.* By G. Summey, Jr. \$1.50. *Early Economic Effects of the European War Upon Canada.* By A. Short. \$1.00.
- BENZIGER BROTHERS, New York:  
*The Elstones.* By Isabel C. Clarke. \$1.35 net.
- HENRY HOLT & Co., New York:  
*The Peace-President.* By William Archer. \$1.00 net.
- FREDERICK PUSTET CO., INC., New York:  
*Compendium Theologiæ Moralis; Editio Vicesima Septima ad Novum Codicem Juris Canonici Concinnata.* By A. Sabetti, S.J., and T. Barrett, S.J. \$4.50.
- LONGMANS, GREEN & Co., New York:  
*George Meredith.* By J. H. E. Cress, M.A.
- B. W. HUEBSCH, New York:  
*The British Revolution and the American Democracy.* By N. Angell. \$1.50.  
*The Covenant of Peace.* By H. N. Brallsford. 25 cents.
- ALLYN & BACON, New York:  
*Julius Caesar.* By S. Thurber, Jr. *Anécdotas Españolas.* By P. W. Harry.
- ROBERT M. MCBRIDE & Co., New York:  
*Okewood of the Secret Service.* By V. Williams. \$1.50 net. *How France is Governed.* By R. Poincaré. \$2.00 net.
- G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS, New York:  
*Cambridge Essays on Education.* Edited by A. C. Benson, LL.D. *Studies in Literature.* By Sir A. Quiller-Couch. \$2.50 net.
- E. P. DUTTON & Co., New York:  
*The Shadow of the Cathedral.* By Vincente Blasco Ibañez. \$1.90 net.
- CATHOLIC UNIVERSITY OF AMERICA, Washington, D. C.:  
*Spiritism and Religion.* By Rev. J. Liljencrants, A.M.
- ROSALIE M. LEVY, 39 K Street N.W., Washington, D. C.:  
*The Heavenly Road.* By Rosalie M. Levy.
- SMALL, MAYNARD & Co., Boston:  
*The Best Short Stories of 1918.* Edited by E. J. O'Brien. \$1.60 net.
- THE FOUR SEAS Co., Boston:  
*The Gentleman Ranker, and Other Plays.* By L. Gordon. \$1.50 net.
- YALE UNIVERSITY PRESS, New Haven:  
*Afterglow.* By James F. Cooper, Jr. \$1.00. *The Chronicles of America.* Edited by Allen Johnson. Twenty volumes now issued. \$3.50 vol. net.
- B. HERDER BOOK Co., St. Louis:  
*A Commentary on the New Code of Canon Law.* By Rev. C. Augustine, O.S.B., D.D. Volume III. \$2.50 net.
- THE KAUFFER Co., Tacoma, Washington:  
*Mass in Honor of St. Elizabeth.* By P. A. Kauffer. 80 cents.
- WALTER A. ABBOTT, Los Angeles:  
*The Gray Man of Christ—Generalissimo Foch.*
- BLOUD & GAY, Paris:  
*Une Campagne Française.* Par A. Baudrillart. 3 fr. 50. *Dans les Flandres.* Par D. B. de Laflotte. *Sur les Routes du Droit.* Par L. Barthou. *Lettres aux Neutres sur L'Union Sacré.* Par G. Hoog. *La Guerre et la Paix.* *The Church of France during the War.* Par G. Goyau. *Petit Catéchisme du Français sur la Guerre.* Par P. Courbet. *Pourquoi l'Alsace-Lorraine doit redevenir Française.* Par G. Hoog. *La Mauvaise Foi Allemande.*

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THE CRIMSON TERROR.

BY JEROME ELMER MURPHY.



THE sudden apparition of Bolshevism and Spartanism upon the world's horizon does not mean that they have sprung up by chance, like fungoid socialistic growths, amid the decaying wreckage of war. Long before the War began, the seeds of radicalism of which they are the efflorescence, had been planted in eastern Europe and had germinated and even attained a thriving growth under the nurturing stimulus of Russian revolutionary activity. The leaders of the movement—which is the same in all countries, whatever the names under which it appears—were as zealously preparing for *Zarya*, the dawn, as the deluded German junkers were gathering their forces for *der Tag*, and the triumph it brought to them was, momentarily at least, as complete as the disaster with which Prussian imperialism was overwhelmed.

As far back as 1905, in the programme of the Menshevik branch of the Russian Social Democratic Party, since turned Bolshevik, appeared this prophetic phrase: "When the revolution spreads to western Europe where conditions are ripe for bringing about Socialism." The radicals who formulated this prophecy did not have in mind the military struggle which has left middle and eastern Europe a political shambles. They were intent, rather, upon an economic upheaval that would enable the proletariat to cast off its fetters and rise up to

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establish a new order of society. The revolution "from below" did not come to pass, but the War did, and the radical leaders, no longer under police restraint and the fear of constituted authority, emerged into the open. Recruiting their forces from the discontented and suffering millions of Europe, they seized the opportunity to attempt to impose their will not only upon Russia but, by the disruption of existing governments, the destruction of national institutions, by bloodshed and terror, upon the world at large.

In retrospect the Russian revolutionary movement presents two phases, the one political, the other economic. Of the two the latter is the more significant, especially from the point of view of America where, by a process of infiltration, the spreading of Bolshevik economic theory has already begun. For years the Russian radical leaders did not concern themselves with the particular form of government that was to prevail in their own country when the socialistic millennium arrived. They plotted against the Tsar and sought the destruction of imperialism, but this was only incidental to the greater aim: the complete obliteration of the existing economic order and the setting up of socialistic ideals.

The economic struggle was not circumscribed by nationalistic limitations. It was the same in Russia and Germany and in the United States, and it was plainly evident that, in the wake of the Bolshevik triumph in Russia, there was to be a gathering of revolutionary forces in other countries where the seed has been planted and taken root. Lenine and Trotzky, once belonging to opposing factions of the Russian Social Democratic Party, had worked for years to this end. In the international group they had rubbed elbows with Karl Liebknecht, Rosa Luxemburg, Clara Zetkin, Zinovieff and many others whose names recur in the chronicles of contemporary socialistic activity. This conspiracy was world-wide; the political revolutionary movement concerned Russia alone.

There is nothing forbidding in either of the terms Spartan or Bolshevik. The first had its origin in the use of the word "Spartacus" as a pen-name by Liebknecht and Franz Mehring, who formulated, in a series of secretly circulated letters, the political theories advanced by one of the six factions into which the Minority German Socialists split shortly after the beginning of the War. The word "Bolshevik" is even



less distinctive. It means majority, the opposite of Menshevik, "minority," and was first used to designate the dominating faction of the Russian Social Democratic Party, whose guiding spirit was Vladimir Ilitch Ulianoff, otherwise known as Nikolai Lenine. For a long period the struggle of the Bolsheviks and Mensheviks for control of their party organization was of small consequence to the world at large, although it was kept under close scrutiny by the secret agents of the Tsar. But when the veil of the old order was rent and the revolutionaries, who had for years wandered as exiles about the capitals of Europe, came back to their own country and assumed control of its affairs, the word Bolshevik began to have a sinister significance. The Bolsheviks were no longer merely the dominating element of a group of socialistic agitators working largely under cover of secrecy. They came to be an implacable majority, and the subjugation of Russia has merely provided the base of operations for a campaign to conquer the world.

Against the turgid background of Russian revolutionary conspiracy the course followed by Bolshevism becomes reasonably clear. The issue it has raised, the methods it has followed and the theories it has advanced leave no doubt of the merciless character of the struggle it purposes to carry on against the established order in both hemispheres. It has shown itself to be as much the enemy of the small farmer and property holder in the United States, as it was the enemy of the imperialistic grand duke in Russia. It is equally hostile to American trade unionism and capitalism, holding both to be the offspring of the same pernicious system. Lenine himself places the German Socialist leader, Scheidemann, and Samuel Gompers, President of the American Federation of Labor, in the same despised category—traitors to the Bolshevik cause. From a survey of its past may be gathered some idea of evil portent it holds for the future.

The story may be written mainly around Lenine who, by his turbulent revolutionary career, was well fitted for leadership of the destructive "red" hosts. Those who have known him admit the strength of his personality, but his ideas were oftentimes not the ideas of his associates. He was always the extremist, uncompromising in his attitude and unyielding in his demands. If he failed in one way to induce his revolutionary colleagues to adopt his views, he sought another, but he never

gave ground or abandoned a conviction. In the end he succeeded and the policies of the present Soviet government are for the most part the application of his theories. Even Trotsky, who once opposed him, the milder Plekhanov and the anarchistic Maxim Gorky, forgetting old differences, have come back into the Bolshevist fold of which he has been the shepherd, and in other countries, even in the United States, the name has become the catchword of international Socialism, and detached radical groups are arraying themselves under its flaming banner.

Lenine, who appears at various times as Ilyich, Ilyin and Tulin, unlike most of his associates, is a hereditary nobleman, his family boasting of greater antiquity than even that of the ill-fated Nicholas Romanoff, last of the Tsars. His father was a councillor of state of the government of Simbirsk, but the other members of the family were, almost without exception, revolutionaries. One brother, Dmitri, was under police observation at Podolsk. A charge of treasonable activity was lodged against a sister, Maria, and another sister married Mark T. Elizaref, whose name appears on the police records. A brother, Alexander, was executed in 1887 for participation in the attempted assassination of Alexander III.

Early in his career Lenine showed that he was not to be the least among this revolutionary brood. From the University of Kazan to which he went from the Simbirsk gymnasium, he was expelled in 1887, at the age of seventeen, for political agitation. Thenceforth he became a suspect, and his movements were shadowed by the secret police until this hated imperialistic institution went down amid the ruins of the Romanoff dynasty.

In 1895 Lenine joined the growing colony of Russian revolutionary *emigrés*. With Plekhanov, now one of the Bolshevist leaders, he built up one of those mysterious organizations through which, in spite of the secret agents of the Tsar, the leaven of revolutionary propaganda was injected in the amorphous mass of Russia's industrial and peasant population. Shortly afterward he returned to Petrograd where he devoted his activities to the editing and publication of the "underground" revolutionary newspaper, *Rabotcheye Dyelo*, "Labor's Work." In this enterprise he fell into the hands of the police and was condemned to exile for a period of three

years, a sentence mild in the extreme compared to the capital punishment meted out indiscriminately by the Bolsheviki to persons suspected of "counter-revolutionary" activity. He was also forbidden to reside thereafter in Petrograd and Moscow, and for a further term of three years in industrial and university towns and at Irkutsk and Krasnoyarsk, a decree he ignored on more than one occasion. At the conclusion of his exile he went abroad, in 1900, as a delegate to the Central Committee of the Russian Social Democratic Party. This point marks the beginning of Lenine's leadership of the radical element among the revolutionary *emigrés* and the inception of the movement which has culminated in the establishment of the Bolshevik state upon the ruins of the Russian empire.

The aims of Lenine and his associates at this time were set forth in the first number of the party organ of the Social Democrats, *Iskra*, "The Spark," which he, with Martov (Tsederbaum) and Potressov, established. They are defined thus:

The task which the Russian democracy is called upon to perform is to inoculate the masses of the proletariat with political ideas, and a socialistic frame of mind, and to organize a revolutionary party closely in touch with the spontaneous and unorganized labor movement development and the organization of the working classes.

At this, the very outset of the enterprise, it was made plain that there was to be no compromise with the bourgeois revolutionary element. The *Iskra* group declared its hostility toward the "economists" who proposed that the Social Democrats confine their activities to the struggle with capital and trust to the liberal bourgeoisie to conduct the political struggle for which they were better equipped. *Zarya*, "The Dawn," a publication which did not transgress police regulations, was established to carry on this fight against the Social Revolutionary Party which recruited its adherents mainly from the ranks of the bourgeoisie.

In this mild conflict, begun nearly twenty years ago, is foreshadowed the relentless struggle of the Bolsheviki not only for economic but also for political supremacy. In the call sounded by its leaders there echoed, even at this time, an ominous note. It was not altogether by favor of circumstance that the provisional Russian government, of which Kerensky

was the head, was overthrown and the flood of Bolshevik propaganda loosed upon the world. Neither Kerensky nor the imperialists before him feared greatly the small group of radicals. The former, especially, believed that their strength would ebb under the enlightening influence of a constitutional democracy. Both made the mistake of not taking into account the formidable effect of German aid and German money—another of the Prussian blunders for which the German people are now paying a terrible cost.

Lenine, intolerant of divergent opinion, did not confine his energies to the spread of revolutionary propaganda, but sought to gather all revolutionary groups into one cohesive organization which could enforce discipline and direct all activities. He said in a pamphlet published in 1902:

As long as home-made circles do not realize their limitations and have not ridden themselves of them, political problems will remain inaccessible to them. Only through firm revolutionary organization will we be able to guarantee it a resisting power as a unit and realize both social democratic and trade-union aims. The nucleus of the future party must be a country-wide central which will unite itself and gather in one drive all and every manifestation of political opposition, protest and indignation—an organization composed of professional revolutionists and led by real leaders who have the confidence of the whole people.

This policy began to take shape at the first congress of the Russian Social Democratic Party held at Minsk in 1898. It was to some extent tactical, as Witte and his lieutenants attempted to divide the forces hostile to the State by supporting the "economists," holding out to them the bait of State Socialism, and cutting the ground from under the political agitators who were bent upon revolution. The manœuvre, largely through the efforts of Lenine and his associates, failed. The revolutionary movement grew apace and the shadow of terror which fell athwart the paths of the leaders of the old regime deepened.

It was with the triumphant consciousness of the growth of their strength that the delegates to the second congress of the party gathered in London in 1903. They were to weld into a unit the scattered revolutionary groups and focus all effort

upon the forthcoming upheaval. Lenine, as usual, took the centre of the stage, but even with his dominating personality he was unable to compel complete acquiescence in his views. A very definite line of cleavage between the moderates and the extremists appeared. Eventually, as this divergence of policy—which at first had to do merely with the internal organization of the party—became fixed, the Lenine faction composed of the radical element went under the name of Bolsheviki, the majority. The Mensheviki, the moderates, became the minority.

The attitude of the majority, which led to the breach that has existed ever since, was formulated by Lenine:

The stronger the inner party organization which must be composed only of real Social Democrats and free from vacillating elements, the wider, more fruitful and richer will be its influence for leading the surrounding labor masses. During revolutionary periods in particular, practically every laborer is an adherent of the labor party, which is labor's vanguard. By the very reason of our cause being a class party, we must make a distinction between a party member and a party adherent. To have the party big numerically does it no good. We know very well that not every striker can be a Social Democrat. Control over those who carry out occasional jobs for the party committees without being a party member, is a fiction and, besides, such special jobs should be discountenanced as far as labor masses are concerned. Noncompulsory participation in party organization will only open the door to free lances and *intelligentsia* who, in general, as a class differ inconveniently from the proletariat in that they are less capable of organization and discipline.

From the beginning it has been evident that the movement, of which Lenine has been the leader and chief spokesman, was to be an inexorable class war. Faint-heartedness was not to be tolerated; the free lances and *intelligentsia*, the prototype of the American "parlor-Socialist," were regarded as a detriment rather than an advantage. Even labor was to be used merely as an instrument and its aims were to be kept distinct from the aims of the revolution.

Lenine prematurely jumped to the conclusion that the second congress had accomplished its purpose and a single party had been established. Subsequent events proved his error. In

1905, when the Russian revolution was under way and the liberal element was conspicuously active in the movement—the year in which the guns of the imperial soldiers were turned without provocation upon Father Gapon and the thousands of workmen who marched with him to the winter palace to present a petition to the Tsar—the third congress was held at Geneva. No sooner had it convened that factional strife broke out and, the Bolsheviki being in control, the Mensheviki withdrew and organized a congress of their own. The point in controversy was the method by which the revolution should be conducted. The Mensheviki were for permitting the liberal elements, the bourgeoisie, to carry on the revolution while the proletariat directed its energies to the struggle against capitalism. The Bolsheviki, on the contrary, were against any half-way measures. Whatever the effect of the impending political upheaval, there was to be no relaxation of effort until the class struggle, to which Lenine constantly referred, had been carried to a triumphant conclusion.

This purpose is expressed in the following resolutions adopted by the Bolshevik congress:

Depending upon the correlation of forces and other factors, which cannot be accurately determined or defined in advance, participation in the temporary revolutionary government is admissible for the purpose of a merciless struggle against all counter-revolutionary attempts and of defending the independent interests of the working class.

That a *sine qua non* of such participation must be the absolute control of representation by party, the unswerving conservation of the independence of the Social Democracy, whose aim is a complete social revolution and as such is irreconcilably opposed to all bourgeois parties: and

That independently of whether participation of Social Democracy in temporary revolutionary government be possible or not, the widest possible propaganda among the proletariat masses must be instituted in favor of the idea of the necessity of the constant pressure of the armed proletariat, led by Social Democracy, upon the temporary revolutionary government in order to defend, make secure and permanent, the conquests of the revolution.

It was the unbending Lenine's idea that there must be no compromise with the bourgeoisie who were always open to

suspicion of the taint of capitalism. He insisted, with characteristic inconsistency, that to achieve its ends it was necessary for the Social Democracy to establish a "revolutionary democratic dictatorship of the proletariat and peasantry." Until this was accomplished, until every vestige of the old capitalistic system was wiped out and the bourgeois class exterminated, stricken Russia was to have no rest. It is small wonder that the liberal element, under the vacillating leadership of Kerensky, was to go down before the determined Social Democratic leaders who had inoculated the proletariat with Lenine's ideas, and unexpectedly found a powerful friend in the imperial government of Germany.

In October, 1905, when the heavy hand of the imperial police was lifted and the struggling revolutionaries were given a place, however insecure, in the sun, both the Bolsheviki and the Mensheviki transferred their activities to Petrograd and for a time almost forgot their differences. The existence of the Social Democratic Party was authorized by law, but this was of small avail as the leaders were kept under constant police surveillance and the more ardent were persecuted as before.

When the fourth congress assembled at Stockholm in May, 1908, the Mensheviki, for the first time found themselves in control. They adopted resolutions proposing the confiscation of lands in the possession of landlords, the municipalization of them in some cases and the nationalization of them in others. They advocated the formation of trades unions, participation in the Duma elections and the calling of a constituent assembly. The Bolsheviki, opposing this programme in theory, reluctantly supported it.

Lenine, inflexibly uncompromising as usual, fought especially the agrarian programme. He demanded the adoption of the policy of the immediate nationalization of all land in accordance with the principle that has since been applied by the Bolshevik state. He saw no virtue even in the system which prevailed in America, where the land is cut up into small holdings. He insisted that any compromise of this kind was merely sapping the strength of the revolution that should be devoted to the overturning of the capitalistic system.

This attitude he stated more clearly in his book on *The*

*Agrarian Programme of the Social Democracy During the First Russian Revolution of 1905-1907.* In this he says:

Ten million peasants possess about 70,000,000 deciatimes, while 30,000 landlords possess about 70,000,000 deciatimes. There are two possible remedies in a bourgeois evolutionary way: one, in the interest of the big landowners, which has been adopted in Prussia (junker system) creates a large number of big landed peasants, the rest becoming hired labor on the land; the other is the so-called American method where big land-holdings become cut up into small ones, the peasant becoming a farmer (that is a small capitalist employing hired labor). Either remedy would in Russia require revolution and would only result in the interest of capitalism. Why not have nationalization in the interest of the peasants? They will support it, not because they are socialistic, but because they are bourgeois and want to be farmers.

Subsequent events have again shown the fallacy of Lenine's reasoning. The expedient course he suggested of nationalizing the land because the peasants, who are bourgeois at heart, would see in this scheme an opportunity for getting hold of some of it, has not been altogether successful. The Ukraine has not been a fertile field for the growth of Bolshevism, not so fertile, at least, as the industrial centres where the workmen hailed with satisfaction the nationalization of all industries. The small Ukrainian landholders approved the cutting up of the large estates, but they cling tenaciously to the soil that is their own.

The history of social democratic activity in the Dumas is not an inspiring narrative. In the first, which was dissolved in July, 1906, the handful of Social Democrats organized the Trudobiki (labor) group but achieved nothing. In the second Duma there were fifty Social Democrats belonging mostly to the petty bourgeois class in the Caucasus region. The Social Revolutionists wavered between the Constitutional Democrats (cadets), whose futile defence of the provisional government is one of the tragic episodes of the Bolshevik upheaval, and the Social Democrats. When all of the latter were arrested on a conspiracy charge, the country looked on with indifference.

With the renewal of police vigilance after the revolutionary fiasco, Social Democratic activity entered upon a new



phase. The leaders scattered among the European capitals. Some went to Belgium, others to Paris but Geneva became the cradle of Russian revolutionary propaganda. There Lenine and his followers, among them Lunacharski and Alexinski, issued *The Proletarian*. The Mensheviki, under Plekhanov and Martov, published a paper called *The Voice of the Social Democrat*, and established a Foreign Menshevik Bureau with which were connected various leaders of the party, not the least of whom was the glib Chicherin, now Minister for Foreign Affairs of the Soviet Republic.

The vicissitudes of the Social Democrats in Russia, where the party was constantly losing ground, brought no cessation of the quarrel in the ranks of the *émigrés*. The Menshevik Foreign Bureau was dissolved by the Central Committee under control of the Bolsheviks. The two factions measured their strength at a conference at Paris in 1908 and the Bolsheviks were clearly in the majority. They denounced the move of the Mensheviki, who proposed the abandonment of "underground" methods, condemned their lack of discipline, and insisted upon the carrying out of the original Bolshevik programme formulated by the fourth and fifth congresses.

About this time, 1909, the Social Democratic Party divided into three groups: the Otzovitsy (Recallers), of the extreme left, of which Maxim Gorky was one of the guiding spirits, who advocated the boycott of the Duma, the abandonment of legalized methods of agitation and the resumption of underground work; the Leninites, consisting of both Bolsheviks and Mensheviks, who proposed to use legalized methods of agitation; the Liquidators, headed by Martov, whose policy was directly opposed to that of the Recallers.

There was a fourth element, headed by the nimble Trotzky, who had fled from Russia, like the other *émigrés* when police vigilance was renewed, and established himself in Vienna where he edited the *Pravda*. Trotzky and his associates tried to conciliate the other warring factions but without success.

It was apparent, at this time, that the Social Democratic Party had fallen upon evil days. The Russian imperial government adopted the policy of giving greater latitude to the Socialists whose activities, following legal channels, were diverted from the secret propaganda of the extremists. The liberal element, the bourgeois and the *intelligentsia*, at whom

Lenine always sneered, chose to take advantage of this opportunity and deserted the radicals giving their attention to the development of trade unionism, the Duma and the establishment and development of political and educational organizations through which they hoped to bring about political reform in the empire. Lenine and the other radicals held aloof, contending that these measures were undertaken merely to perpetuate the bourgeois regime. They tried to revive the drooping revolutionary party, but its affairs went from bad to worse.

The final chapter preceding the War is written in the reports of Briandinski, the Moscow police agent, who gives the following account of the so-called Lenine revolution of 1911.

The process of disintegration had gone so far that in that year Lenine, despairing of bringing about action by regular means through the Central Committee, called a conference of the more ardent Bolshevik spirits at Paris, among them Zinovieff, now one of the officials of the Petrograd commune. To them he proposed that the rusting party machinery be ignored, and that a plenary session of the Central Committee be called by one of its members. Such a call was sent out but only three of the members responded, and they insisted that the meeting be considered an unofficial and private affair. Lenine then sought to revitalize the party by wresting authority from the regularly constituted but inactive committees. Failing in this, he set out upon another course and called a Pan-Russian conference consisting of representatives of all organizations practising underground methods. They created one commission to act in Russia, another to act abroad. Both were Bolshevik. They absorbed the activities of the Social Democratic revolutionary party, dissolved the Menshevik Foreign Bureau, and organized a finance commission of their own.

Rosa Luxemburg, the wife of a member of the conference, whose tragic end was one of the episodes of the lurid Spartan revolt, was one of the trustees. Largely through her efforts an appropriation of 40,000 francs was authorized to carry on the work. The efforts of Lenine to pack the conference with his Bolshevik friends, it appears, thereafter gave rise to altercation. Clara Zetkin threatened to carry the case to the internationalist Socialist Bureau. Lenine's enterprise also encountered the opposition of the Polish, Lettish and Jewish organizations and Plekhanov and Gorky denounced it.

But Lenine did not pause. Under cover of secrecy, he and his friends and a number of radical Bolshevik agitators from Russia, eighteen men in all, met at Prague. Lenine, who presided, submitted this report:

The revolutionary impetus is evidently growing and is especially strong where labor is most abundant. The revolution is not finished. We are on the eve of a new wave. We must have representation in the fourth Duma. Liberalism is more afraid of the red devil than it is of the black devil. All of the real democratic elements, laborites especially, must be separated from the Constitutional Democrats. By fighting them we fight the right parties, including the counter-revolutionaries. We must get help from the peasants and organize them into the peasants' republican party.

Even at this time, as his report shows, Lenine, in spite of the difficulties which confronted the Bolsheviks, showed no signs of compromise. He declared war upon the Constitutional Democrats no less than upon the imperial regime. He would have nothing to do with the milder spirits who might, by any construction, be included in the term bourgeois.

The Prague conference established a new central committee, a secret affair, consisting of seven members, two of whom, Lenine and Zinovieff, were to remain abroad. Incidentally, by way of showing that expediency was not to be tolerated, the subsidy of Trotzky's paper was discontinued. This probably accounted in some measure for Trotzky's active interest in the proceedings of a rival conference called by the Mensheviks in Vienna, in 1912, to denounce the revolutionary move of Lenine and his ardent colleagues. Of this gathering, known as the August block, Trotzky was made president, but as soon as it began to steer a moderate course he, with Martov, another of the Bolshevik leaders, deserted it.

Such was the pass to which the radical element of the Social Democracy had come when the shadows of war began to gather. The party was split into apparently irreconcilable factions. Lenine found himself at the head of a dwindling group, already so small that it is not to be wondered at that, although revolution was in the air, the diplomatic agents who watched the turbulent course of Russian politics, did not count upon the radical Bolshevik element as be-

ing potentially an important factor in the situation. On the contrary all looked to the Constitutional Democrats for the regeneration of the country when the imperial government, undermined by German conspiracy, went down in ruins.

The effect of the War upon Socialism in Europe was no less profound than it was upon every other phase of political activity. Old points of controversy were submerged; a general realignment of factions in relation to war policies took place. In Russia, as in some other European countries, there were two groups—the Internationalists, of whom Lenine became the dominating leader, and the Patriots, at the head of whom was Plekhanov.

The deep stirring of national feeling in the countries involved in the gigantic struggle only served to intensify and bring into bolder relief the bitter opposition of Lenine to the existing order. This was formulated in his famous thesis issued as a manifesto by the Central Committee at Geneva shortly after the War began, and adopted generally by the radical international Socialists of Europe as a rallying cry to the red cohorts who found inspiration in none of the national colors, now lifted to the gathering storm of battle. This remarkable document presented the following demands:

1. The war, which is imperialistic—dynastic in origin—must end at once.
2. The social revolution must next be brought.
3. This war is a struggle for land, a fight for markets, and for the fooling of the proletariat in favor of the bourgeoisie.
4. The French, German and Belgian Socialists, whose leaders betrayed them, suffered defeat because of the presence among them of petty bourgeois, and the future international must get rid of them.
5. The Social Democracy of Russia must struggle against the great Russian monarchistic chauvinism and sophistry of the liberals, cadets and social revolutionists who defend it.
6. The watchword must be: wide propaganda in the army and at the front for a social revolution, that it is necessary to turn rifles against their bourgeois government, which propaganda must be carried on in all languages and made to reach all nations at war. Patriotism of the bourgeoisie must be fought; the

Socialist leaders who have betrayed Socialism must be brought before the bar of the masses who pay for the War.

7. Propaganda for the establishment of republics in Russia, Germany and other countries, and the formation of a republic of the United States of Europe.

Here again is reflected the relentless purpose of Lenine and the radicals in the forefront of the internationalist, or Bolshevist, movement. Not only the bourgeois but the liberals, Constitutional Democrats and even the dissenting Socialists are to be regarded as enemies and crushed by the proletariat army. Patriotism is to be uprooted as an evil. Nowhere is mention made of democratic ideals, of the promise of peace and the blessings of liberty under the new order. It has been characteristic of Lenine to concern himself much with what he is fighting against and little with what he is fighting for.

The Lenine thesis straightway became the issue of the moment in European Socialism. It was adopted by the eleven Social Democratic members of the Duma who were promptly arrested by the police agents present at their meeting. The allied Socialists, who met at a conference in London in 1915, adopted the resolution offered by Vanderveld, who presided, declaring "that as long as war is a defensive war, Socialists must support it until victory is won over Germany." This action was denounced by the Russian Social Democratic Central Committee which demanded the resignation of Vanderveld and others from ministerial posts in the French and Belgian governments.

In the meantime Lenine and his followers laid their plans for carrying on propaganda in accordance with the anti-war policy. A conference was held in February, 1915, at Berne, attended by Lenine and his wife, Zinovieff and his wife, Troianovski and his wife, and Beilinski and Litvinoff. They adopted Lenine's suggestion to coöperate with the extreme left, or radical wings of the Social Democratic Parties of other countries, especially Germany, where Liebknecht and Rosa Luxemburg offered to assist in the distribution of anti-war literature among the Russian prisoners. At a second conference, held in March, it was decided that the War must be converted into a civil war against the bourgeoisie. Means to that end were adopted. The establishment of "underground" sys-

tems for carrying propaganda was approved; pacifism was denounced as an illusion; the defeat of Russia was held to be desirable, as a Russian victory would lead to universal reaction.

Both the Bolsheviki and Mensheviki sent delegates to the two conferences of International Socialists held in Switzerland, one in 1915, the other in 1918. Lenine fought for the adoption of his programme urging the declaration of a general civil war, receiving some support from the German representatives, but he failed. He then turned his attention to the Russian organizations, openly working for a Russian defeat. Ultimately, with the aid of German money, his purpose was accomplished. The provisional Russian government established by the Constitutional Democrats, to the assistance of which the Allies promptly came—the United States was the first to accord it recognition—was overthrown and Bolshevism had, at last, gained its foothold. Immediately the dissenting Russian radicals, Trotzky, Lunacharski and others who had joined the United Internationalists, the Zimmerwald group, hastened to declare allegiance to the Bolshevik state, now the world-wide expression of the radical socialistic ideal.

What has been accomplished is, from the Bolshevik point of view, not the end but the beginning. *Zarya*, the dawn, has arrived; until the world stands in the fullness of the Bolshevik day the struggle is to be carried on. The political conquest of Russia is but a minor detail in the larger pattern, an economic upheaval in all countries and the establishment of the proletariat as a dominating class.

“We know that circumstances alone have pushed us, the proletariat of Russia, forward,” writes Lenine in a letter addressed from Moscow to American workingmen in August, 1918, that we have reached this new stage in the social life of the world not because of our superiority but because of the peculiarly reactionary character of Russia. But, until the outbreak of the international revolution, revolutions in individual countries may still meet with a number of setbacks and overthrows. “Workingmen the world over are breaking with their betrayers, with their Gompers and their Scheidemanns. Inevitably labor is approaching communistic Bolshevik tactics, is preparing for the proletarian revolution that alone is capable of preserving culture and humanity from destruction.”

Refugees emerging from the chaos of Bolshevik rule, stripped of their possessions and subjected to unspeakable hardship, tell weird stories of this new order, the appalling tragedy of which is yet to be disclosed. Putting aside these fragmentary portrayals of the devastating effects of the rule of the "armed proletariat dictatorship" and judging it solely in the light of its past, it cannot be regarded otherwise than as a destructive force maintaining itself by an inexorable absolutism, more extreme than the imperialism against which it has conspired. It is small wonder that the Bolshevik government has resorted to the inhuman practice of holding hostages, to maintain the dictatorship, of which Lenine had constantly preached, of dealing in wholesale execution to put down counter-revolution, of filling the dungeons of the old imperialistic prisons with political offenders and their kin, and establishing a reign of mass terrorism which called down the official condemnation of the United States Government. These revolting practices Lenine himself, unlike the American apologists for Bolshevism, does not disavow. In his letter to American workingmen he presents this defiant justification:

Have the English forgotten their 1649, the French their 1793? Terror was just and justified when it was employed by the bourgeoisie for its own purposes against feudal domination. But terror becomes criminal when workingmen and poverty-stricken peasants dare to use it against the bourgeoisie. Terror was just and justified when it was used to put one exploiting minority in the place of another. But terror becomes horrible when it is used to abolish all exploiting minorities, when it is employed in the cause of the actual majority, in the cause of the proletariat and the semi-proletariat, of the working class and the poor peasantry.

When the workers and the laboring peasants took hold of the powers of state, it became our duty to quell the resistance of the exploiting class. We are proud that we have done it. We only regret that we did not do it at the beginning, with sufficient firmness and decision.

To this declaration of the inflexible purpose of Bolshevism may be added this other excerpt from the same letter reflecting clearly Lenine's ideas of democracy:

While the old bourgeois institutions, for instance, pro-

claimed formal equality and the right of free assemblage, the constitution of the Soviet republic repudiates the hypocrisy of a formal equality of human beings. When the bourgeois republicans overturned feudal thrones, they did not recognize the rules of formal equality of the monarchists. Since we are here concerned with the task of overthrowing the bourgeoisie, only fools and traitors will insist upon the formal equality of the bourgeoisie.

From the beginning of his long revolutionary career Lenine has consistently preached this doctrine of force. It is echoed in a letter of Liebknecht's also addressed to American Socialists. "War against this party all along the line," he says of the Majority German Socialists, "to conquer the party for the party. War against the traitors and usurpers." The blood-letting which is attending the setting up of the German republic and the terrorism that marks Russia's hour of tragedy are the normal outgrowth of Bolshevist theory. In its scheme of things minorities have no place. Those who do not bow abjectly to the yoke of the armed proletariat are to be treated as enemies and traitors. Once the imperial order, whether of Kaiser or Tsar, is overthrown, every form of political activity, carried on by bourgeois, Constitutional Democrat or even Liberal Socialist, becomes counter-revolution and must be suppressed. Extermination becomes a fixed policy, and we find in the official organ of the Petrograd commune a formal proclamation decreeing that while workmen shall have two herring and eight ounces of bread every day, the bourgeois shall have none at all.

The record of Bolshevism shows conclusively that between it and the American ideal there can be no possible reconciliation. If the one stands, the other must fall, and it is the Bolshevik leaders themselves, not the constituted authorities in the United States, that have sounded the call to war.

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## THE SHORT STORIES OF JOSEPH CONRAD.

BY JOSEPH J. REILLY, PH.D.



THE first thing which strikes the reader of Joseph Conrad's stories is that they are "different." One is constantly aware that his point of view is not typical of the people whose language he writes, and that his tales have a flavor which is neither English nor American nor French nor German, and which one finally decides is Slavic. He lacks the perfection of form which is French, the restraint and the acquiescence in things as they are which is English, the compactness and verve which we think of as American. He has the melancholy, the regret for joyous yesterdays, the brooding sympathy with all the children of Eve who must battle against mischance and poverty and weakness and heartbreak, only to find death at the end, which is typical in a marked degree of the Celt and of the Slav.

Mr. Conrad as a matter of fact is Teodor Joseph Konrad Karzeniowski, who was born in the year 1857 in southern Poland. He attended the Christian Brothers' School in Cracow until 1874, when an irresistible impulse drove him to take up the life of a seaman. Four years later he landed on English soil for the first time, absolutely ignorant of the language. He advanced rapidly to a command both of English and of seamanship, was naturalized in 1884, and at the same time became a master in the English Merchant Service. For twenty years he followed the sea, working in leisure moments upon a book, published in 1895 as *Almayer's Folly*, which attracted but scant attention. Conrad definitely abandoned his calling for literature, although at times the temptation to return gave him battle, and during the last twenty-odd years he has produced five volumes of short stories and many novels. It is with his short stories that we have to do.

Conrad gave up the sea, it is true, but the sea did not give up Conrad. To him, gifted with an imagination, it was not a mere highway for traffic, but tremendously more: it was "the sea tragic and comic, the sea with its horrors and its peculiar

scandals, the sea peopled by men and ruled by iron necessity." He had beheld it in all moods and never ceased to love it, although it gave a deeper tinge to his Slavic melancholy. To him there was something human about it, something willful and fascinating and sinister. He gazes upon men struggling against their weaknesses, devoured by vice, seeking success—and always in his mind their destinies are played upon the sea, not as a mere element in the setting but as a very member of the *dramatis personæ*, large, profound, emotional as the chorus of a Greek tragedy.

In two of his most notable stories, *The Typhoon* and *Youth*, the sea is as veritable a character as Captain MacWhirr or as young Marlow in the lustihood of his years. With all its forces unleashed it flings the gauntlet of combat at these men's feet, and, merciless and inexhaustible, compels them to fight for life in the teeth of discouragement, exhaustion, and despair. And when their intrepidity has achieved a triumph, it is this self-same sea which seems to hymn their victory at the very moment of massing its forces once again for a new and not-far-distant trial of strength! In all his other tales, almost without exception, we have the lure, the splendor, the menace of the sea. Even in *Amy Foster*, the story of a poor exile from southern Europe, it is to a shipwreck that the vagrant owes his advent in England, and throughout the tale one breathes with every sentence the salt tang of the Atlantic. No man for whom the sea possesses so tremendous and human a reality as for Conrad, could help describing it in all its moods with compelling vividness.

During Conrad's twenty years as a sailor he visited the remotest corners of the world and gives us a series of varied and unforgettable pictures: there are far-away islands which, a mass of green, "lie upon the level of a polished sea, like a handful of emeralds on a buckler of steel." There are rivers whose virgin waters have never been ploughed by a white man's boat, beaches upon whose thundering surf stands the cottage of a Nelson, a Renouard, or a Van Wyk, with striped awning, attractive flower beds, and walks of imported gravel. Again, he pictures a white man's hut smothered amid rank verdure on the squalid edge of a Malay settlement where a hapless discard of civilization might drag out an uncertain existence. Again, he gives us what he calls ironically an "out-

post of civilization" far up a lonely river where the boat of some trading company's director finds its way twice a year, and where the deadly heat destroys men's bodies as pitilessly as the contact with savagery and the abandonment of the decalogue destroy their souls. Here is a vivid page from *The Lagoon*: a white man and his Malay servants are paddling up a tropical river:

"At the end of the straight avenue of forests cut by the intense glitter of the river, the sun appeared unclouded and dazzling, poised low over the water that shone smoothly like a band of metal. The forests, sombre and dull, stood motionless and silent on each side of the broad stream. At the foot of the big, towering trees, trunkless nipa palms rose from the mud of the bank, in bunches of leaves enormous and heavy, that hung unstirring over the brown swirl of the eddies. In the stillness of the air every tree, every leaf, every bough, every tendril of creeper and every petal of minute blossoms seemed to have been bewitched into an immobility perfect and final. . . . The white man's canoe, advancing up stream . . . seemed to enter the portals of a land from which the very memory of motion had forever departed. . . .

"Astern of the boat the repeated call of some bird, a cry discordant and feeble, skipped along over the smooth water and lost itself, before it could reach the other shore, in the breathless silence of the world. . . . Suddenly the slanting beams of sunset touched the broadside of the canoe with a fiery glow, throwing the slender and distorted shadows of its crew upon the streaked glitter of the river. . . . Immense trees soared up, invisible behind the festooned draperies of creepers. Here and there, a twisted root of some tall tree showed amongst the tracery of small ferns, black and dull, writhing and motionless, like an arrested snake. . . . Darkness oozed out from between the trees, through the tangled maze of the creepers, from behind the great fantastic and unstirring leaves; the darkness, mysterious and invincible; the darkness scented and poisonous of impenetrable forests." No man writing today has beheld such a scene as this, or if he had, could realize it in words with such compelling vividness. "My task," Conrad once wrote, "which I am trying to achieve is, by the power of the written word, to make you hear, to make you feel—it is, before all, to make you see." That man is, indeed, blind in

soul as in vision to whom this scene, as by a conjurer's wand, is not made palpable as his very body.

Conrad's, however, is no mere photographer's skill. He can make his scenes impress the retina of the soul no less than of the eye by giving them that something which is baffling, indefinable, and yet distinctive, which we call *personality* in men, and *atmosphere* in scenes. But Conrad's strength is also his weakness. For at times his descriptions become a riot of adjectives and colorful substantives which produce upon the reader's mind nothing but a brilliant blur. Such prodigality recalls Ruskin's notorious description of Turner's "Slave Ship," regarding which Thackeray remarked that he wasn't certain whether it was sublime or merely ridiculous. In each man's case the fault was due to a retouching, lavish and deliberate, upon which he fell back in that inevitable hour of doubt when the writer questions the authenticity of his inspiration and the devil tempts him to seek to support it by the deceptive potency of mere words.

Conscious of his descriptive powers, Conrad loves to indulge them. In his earlier work he was prone to forget that long descriptive passages fatigue the reader unless surcharged with an immediate—and sustaining—human interest. This is the chief weakness of *The Typhoon*. But he has learned an ampler wisdom since, and in one of the most brilliant of his later descriptions he has succeeded in combining the human interest with the compelling attraction of the sea at dawn. Freya Nelson has slipped out upon the veranda of her island home to wave farewell to her lover, Jasper Allen, as he passes aboard the *Bonito*:

"The green islets appeared like black shadows, the ashen sea was smooth as glass, the clear robe of the colorless dawn, in which even the brig appeared shadowy, had a hem of light in the east. Directly Freya had made out Jasper on deck, with his own long glass directed to the bungalow, she laid hers down and raised both her beautiful white arms above her head. In that attitude of supreme cry she stood still, glowing with the consciousness of Jasper's adoration going out to her figure held in the field of his glass. . . . She brought both her hands to her lips, then flung them out, sending a kiss over the sea, as if she wanted to throw her heart along with it on the deck of the brig. Her face was rosy, her eyes shone. . . . The slowly ascend-

ing sun brought the glory of color to the world, turning the islets green, the sea blue, the brig below her white—dazzlingly white in the spread of her wings—with the red ensign streaming like a tiny flame from the peak. And each time she murmured with a rising inflection: ‘Take this—and this—and this—’ till suddenly her arms fell. She had seen the ensign dipped in response, and next moment the point below hid the hull of the brig from her view.” What color, what verve, what harmony of things animate and inanimate, as if both brig and sea shared in the youth and beauty and passion of the lovers!

At the very outset of his stories Conrad gives us their setting. Be it a beach, a tropical river, a swarming Malay village, he describes it opulently, minutely, with a wealth of significant detail which convinces us that his eye is upon the scene as he writes. There is in his work an insistence which reminds one of Poe: just as Poe exerts a pressure upon the reader’s attention in order to achieve the fullest effect of his climax, so Conrad throughout the course of his story insists upon the reality of its setting. On occasions the pressure seems overdone; again, it is so subtle as to leave the reader unconscious of its presence; but all the time it is there. The deadly heat almost stifles you in *The Heart of Darkness* and in *An Outpost of Progress*; the turbulent seas seem to drench you, body and soul, in *Youth*; the meagre life of the village where Jean-Pierre, in *The Idiots*, rails against the awful fate of his children broods over you like a pall; in *The Partner* you feel the wrecked *Sagamore* lurching under your feet, a plaything for the unleashed forces of the sea. In a word, as I suggested before, Conrad has a genius for creating atmosphere. And that atmosphere is an essential of the story.

There are writers to whom the setting of a tale causes as little concern as to the Elizabethan dramatists. It is otherwise with Conrad. He concedes an imagination to his reader; in fact a reader of Conrad without imagination is a contradiction in terms. The particular crisis his men are called upon to face is conditioned by their surroundings. Marlow in *Youth* might have experienced the thrill of a joyous fight for life in a dozen ways. He might have swung a sabre at Balaklava or faced a panther in an African jungle or plied a dagger in a Yukon bar-room upon the turn of a card. But these will not do. Conrad wants you to realize that Marlow’s struggle is upon the

sea; the wind and storm and sky, fire, the leaky ship, the bemused old captain, the haggard crew fighting with blind instinct against the incessant menace of death—they are all part of that gripping story. Were the atmosphere unrealized, the tale would be powerless; change the setting and it would vanish into thin air. For it is not the struggle of any men against any force, but the struggle of sailors, stolid, slow-thinking, unresourceful, but brave, unyielding—slaves of an instinctive discipline, matched against that titanic force which they serve with love—and fear. The reality of the story does not depend upon a single scene or a single vivid description, but upon a constant interaction, so to speak, of character and setting, a marriage of the two from which, in Conrad's vocabulary, there is no such word as divorce.

In *The Heart of Darkness* Conrad is concerned with the moral disintegration of a man energetic, ambitious, and high-minded, whose ideals crumble before the fetid breath of a savagery which wallows in a tropical inferno. Remoteness from civilization, the brutal custom of enslaving natives under the pretext of law, the sordidness and jealousy of fellow officials, the debasing sensuality of savage rites, and endlessly a heat so fierce as to wither, it might seem, the very tablets of the decalogue—all these struck at Kurtz's soul as with a consuming fire. To understand Kurtz with his temptations, his debaucheries, and his fall, one must realize as Kurtz himself realized at last, the fatal powers of disintegration which lurked in the very air he breathed. It lay at the heart of Conrad's genius that he was able to achieve this unflinching, as well in all his other tales as in these two masterpieces, *Youth* and *The Heart of Darkness*.

In *The Secret Sharer*, a good though not a great story, we have a striking example of this power. For it is written, as it were, in an undertone; it is as if Conrad told you the tale with finger upon lips. You feel the danger of a voice raised above a whisper, of an indiscreet glance, of a sudden start of surprise lest you betray the secret and wreck the career of one man and the life of another.

Conrad's power to make the reader realize the setting of his tales and breathe their very atmosphere, would be a noteworthy gift even though it were his sole possession. But with the same opulence, the same detail, he has drawn his men (and

his few women) and sought to make them *real*. He has a passion for establishing their moral antecedents: he must tell you what they were yesterday and last month and last year, what ties they have, what their early lives were like, in what estimation people hold them. And you are informed of all this in the most indirect of ways, as if the authenticity of the characterization were insured, like the ownership of purloined property, by getting into the possession of a third person. He manifests character as a master should, in and through action. But that action is as slow and cumbersome in getting under way as the lumbering *Apse Family* which was possessed by a very devil of perversity. It backs and fills, heaves and plunges, lurches now to starboard and now to port and, like the *Judea* in *Youth*, rolls unsteadily in the offing long after it should have dipped below the horizon. Conrad, indeed, is as uncertain in his beginnings as the great Walter Scott himself, whom he has imitated in his conclusions, as well as by affecting explanatory tailpieces. Life with its ramifications and complexities obsesses him; to gather up its loose ends, by anticipation, like Poe, and thus clear the way for a definitive climax seems to him a violation of truth. His short stories are carried beyond the point of dramatic finality except for *Tales of Unrest*, in writing which he had just thrown in his lot with the English instead of with the French tongue, though he was obviously under the influence of French models. Whether the form of Conrad's tales be due to his insistence upon presenting life as he conceives it or to a sheer inability to adopt another, it can be called artistic only by devotees of the sort that discover sincerity in Shaw, poetry in *The Spoon River Anthology*, and sanity in cubic art.

Conrad's men, no less than Stevenson's, have for the most part red blood and strong muscles. They are not mere creatures of a prolific brain, but people who seem to have their being, their individual existences, entirely independent of their creator. Like Jeanie Deans, Allan Breck, and Colonel Newcome they are as real as flesh and blood. The sturdy figures of three dimensions that fill his pages are so numerous as to be impressive. How real are those precious scoundrels, Niclaus, Fector, and Bantz, each infamous in his own way, the hapless laughing Anne, and the terrible Frenchman with one hand (reminiscent of that unapproachable rogue, John Silver) in

*Because of the Dollars.* How can one soon forget Cloete in *The Partner*, affable, smoothly persistent, almost likable despite the villainies he commits for the sake of money. Men out of real life are Jasper Allen and Lieutenant Heemskirk in *Freya of the Seven Isles*. Allen, the reckless, loves his shapely brig, *The Bonito*, like a human thing, but will risk wrecking her to save half an hour in reaching his sweetheart. Daredevil though he is, he can dream dreams and love with a passionate devotion. Heemskirk deserves a place in the gallery of immortal scoundrels. How real—and repellant—he is as he sits upon Nelson’s veranda, his black gunboat in the offing, contemptuously ignoring his host while his small black eyes devour the beautiful Freya; how detestable in his jealousy, how revolting in his advances to the girl, how diabolically brutal and clever withal, when he wrecks his rival’s brig and with it the lives of the lovers!

There is Captain Whaley in *The End of the Tether*, the handsome, dignified old seaman who abandons his dream of ease to provide for his “little girl,” married to a ne’er-do-well. Alone, single-handed, he begins anew the battle of life at sixty-five and, erect in body as in soul, endures the shafts of outrageous fortune with a noble stoicism. Then there is Lieutenant Feraud in *The Duel*, the peppery little Gascon, who re-sents a brother officer’s calling him from a woman’s presence to receive a military message and pursues him for a decade with challenges to combat. There is Yanko, in *Amy Foster*, the poor Slavic peasant, shipwrecked upon the English coast, hiding at first like a frightened animal, lean, sallow, with great brown eyes, eloquent of every emotion of his soul. We see him dumbly toiling in the fields; turning in the hunger of his lonely heart to the only woman who showed him sympathy; celebrating her possession in outlandish dances at the village inn; and finally, devoured by consumption, feared and abandoned by his wife, stumbling out into the rainy darkness to die like a dog a few yards from his own door.

There is Susan Levaille, the pretty wife of Jean-Pierre, who presents him with children, handsome and well-formed enough, but cursed with idiocy. Maternal anticipation becomes dread and dread terror and terror mute despair as each of her children in its turn betrays its vacant mind. Her days are but the torturous repetition of her neighbors’ jeers, and



the brutal scorn of her husband, whose drunken curses are met by the foolish smiles of his children. There is Captain Hagberd in *Tomorrow*, the poor old sea-dog whose son has run away from home in his youth and of whose return his shattered mind ever pictures a confident tomorrow. It is always "tomorrow." At last the son returns, but fifteen years have wrought a change. "A grinning, information fellow," cries the old man. "You are no son of mine. My son will come *tomorrow*."

Existence to Conrad is anything but simple; its ramifications are infinite; echoes of his men, be they good or ill, roll from soul to soul, though they are not in themselves complex. Each in fact is dominated by a fixed idea: Kurtz by his ambition to become a great figure in the world of affairs in which he will preach the altruistic doctrine of the twin progress of business and civilization; Captain Whaley by his determination to save his daughter from a bitter struggle for bread; Jasper Allen to wed Freya Nelson and make her mistress of the ship which next to her he loves best in life; Alvin Hervey to maintain in their relative positions his wife, his home, his business, his social associations, and himself, elements which one and all make up the total of his complacent and artificial existence; Geoffrey Renouard to crown his successful young career by marrying the only woman he has ever loved.

Given a man with a fixed idea, two things are evident at once: first, that he will never know a crisis except when that one idea faces a power which menaces the very soul in which it flowers; and secondly, that the crisis, when it comes, will bear tragedy within its bosom. By stripping his men of complexities, Conrad has brought them more sharply into focus, and by narrowing their vulnerable points to one, he has made that shaft a very tool of fate which achieves its piercing. All of which is another way of saying that Conrad's men are brought face to face, not with *some* crisis but with the *one particular* crisis above all others which they are least qualified to resist. The winged arrow never fails to find lodgment in the one vulnerable spot.

"Even Homer nods," says the mocking Horace, and a similar privilege must be permitted Conrad. This Anglo-Slavic magician has not always triumphed. "Conservation of character," to use that fine old phrase of Fielding's, is wanting in

what would otherwise have been a masterpiece—*Freya of the Seven Isles*. For the Jasper Allen who is crushed by the loss of his brig, has no kinship with the Allen that Conrad has portrayed in the earlier part of the tale, buoyant, hopeful, rich in verve, in energy, in dashing courage. His heroine is no less an anomaly. To believe that Freya Nelson, who, radiant as the dawn in whose glow she waved farewell to Jasper Allen, is the same Freya Nelson who, white and languid, dies of anæmia at the end of the story is to believe that Diana Warwick betrayed Dacier or that Lady Babbie married Gavin Dishart.

A similar charge lies against his Geoffrey Renouard in *The Planter of Malata*. Big, energetic, capable of a noble passion, Renouard becomes a sentimentalist and a suicide (swimming out to sea at night with his eyes fixed upon a brilliant star) because a pretty woman is too ungenerous of soul to appreciate his love. In *The Heart of Darkness* Conrad has kept Kurtz in the background almost to the end of the story, endowing his name with a glamour which is reminiscent of Rider Haggard's method in *She*. At last we are permitted to see kept Kurtz in the background almost to the end of the story, en-jealousy, the man whose name is one to conjure by in Altruria—and we behold a consumptive ghost, a skeleton shivering with ague, whom Conrad exhausts his skill in trying to invest with reality. As well attempt to re-create Cleopatra from a bone and a hank of hair! Kurtz is no fallen column the mystery of whose greatness may be guessed at. He is a wraith, a ghost, a shadow who, like the lovely figure in Balzac's *Unknown Masterpiece*, has vanished beneath the very brush strokes of the artist. Here, as in *Freya of the Seven Isles*, Conrad for the second time just failed to achieve a perfect thing.

This failure when on the threshold of triumph is surprising, for both in *Freya* and in *The Heart of Darkness* Conrad had subjects which in sweep of elemental emotions were made for his fashioning. His style, his manner, his interest demand large subjects, the sea in its violent moods, the welter of tropical vegetation, shipwrecks, the anguish of men in the fell clutch of circumstances. One recalls at random the retreat of Napoleon's army from Russia in *The Duel*; the *Sofala* quivering like a wounded animal as she strikes a sunken rock and founders, deserted by all but her blind old captain; the naked

slaves like brown skeletons in *The Heart of Darkness*, each with an iron collar about his neck, with meagre breasts, dilated nostrils, and stony eyes, now toiling like beasts and now lying helpless in the languor of disease, abandoned and despairing.

For Stevenson it was possible to write *A Lodging for the Night* on the one hand and *Markheim* on the other. But not so with Conrad. When he has essayed psychology apart from dramatic action he has never succeeded. He reminds one of a worker in bronze seeking to accommodate his muscular hands to the demands of the goldsmith, or of the landscape painter attempting a miniature on ivory. Both *The Return* and *Il Conde* are failures. In each instance Conrad is attempting to scale the wall into the preserves of Henry James and Edith Wharton and, like Sentimental Tommy in his hour of temptation, he is left hanging ignominiously upon the avenging spikes. But all the gifts of the gods are not vouchsafed to any mortal, even though he be a brilliant Slav who found his first models in France and his literary tongue in England.

Most of Conrad's stories are depressing and even tragic and yet he is not—in despite of a dozen omniscient critics—an unqualified pessimist. What they have called pessimism is an attitude of mind which is racial rather than individual and which belongs to the Celt no less than to the Slav. It is marked by abiding regret for the tender grace of dead yesterdays, a poignant sense of the "subtle melancholy of things touched by decay;" a sadness vague and pervasive like an autumnal haze; and finally an acquiescence in life with its unfulfilled desires, its unrealized hopes, its thwarted ambitions. In *A Smile of Fortune* Conrad says: "The further one ventures the better one understands how everything in our lives is common, short, and empty." What is this, after all, but the cry of the inspired writer: "Vanity of vanities, and all is vanity," deadly pessimism only to men in whose eyes this life is the be-all and the end-all.

Something of the Greek notion (which is Celtic and Slavic as well) warns him that it is unsafe to be too happy, that upon our joy broods the shadow of sorrow or misfortune, that there is a kind of equalization everlastingly going on between our ills and our blessedness. Pitfalls catch the feet of the unwary as they laugh joyously to the stars. Jasper Allen "lived in a state of perpetual elation fit, perhaps, for

the seventh heaven, *but not exactly safe in a world like ours.*" Seek not happiness overmuch, warns the Greek, lest by attaining it you awaken the envy of the gods. You must not expect real happiness, says the Celt, in this valley of tears, for

This world is all a fleeting show,  
For man's illusion given;  
The smiles of joy, the tears of woe,  
Deceitful shine, deceitful flow—  
There's nothing true but Heaven.

To call that pessimism is to do new wrong to the most misunderstood race in history.

But in all seriousness, does Conrad not leave one, like Maupassant and Hardy, overwhelmed at the thought of human creatures in the grip of fate, playthings of a malice at once cunning and purposeless? The answer is an emphatic "No!" For to Conrad's mind life is not a "long disease" as that arch-poseur Pope pretended to find it, nor a thing not worth the living. In his philosophy there are high ideals of honor, nobility, unselfishness, truth. He does not minimize the power of the human will nor defend weaknesses by proclaiming the innocence of their possessor. He is as deeply, though less obviously, a believer in retributive justice as Stevenson. If his men err they pay the price. There is no compromise with evil, and weaknesses of will exact their penalty. His people are not caught in the toils without a struggle, nor do they waste tears upon themselves, nor blame fate for their undoing. He does not preach that life is not worth while, which is the thought that lies at the very heart of pessimism, but he does teach that life is a struggle so grim that it evokes no laughter, save that which is akin to tears. "The days of this life are short and evil," says à Kempis, "full of sorrows and miseries; where man is defiled with many sins, ensnared with many passions, racked with many fears, disquieted with many cares, distracted with many curiosities, entangled with many vanities, encompassed with many errors, worn down with many labors, burthened with temptations, unmanned with delights, tormented with want." *There* is Conrad in one sentence and if he be a pessimist his kinship is not with Maupassant and Gissing and Hardy, but with the Hebrew psalmist and the author

of the *Imitation*. Pessimism on the one hand and the noblest optimism on the other gaze upon man—his world a stage—through the same opera glasses, but from opposite ends.

In writing *Il Conde* and *The Return*, Conrad wrote with his eye on Henry James; in *The Partner*, on Stevenson; in *Tales of Unrest*, on Maupassant; in *Tomorrow*, on Thomas Hardy. Whether or not he has studied *The Apologia* it is hard to say; but he is as sensitively aware as Newman of the isolation of every individual soul. In the hour of crisis each of us must play his own part, make his own fight, morally as isolated from his fellows as Crusoe upon his island. Conrad's Slavic temperament, reënforced by his life upon the sea, has made him abidingly conscious of this truth, as when he speaks of "the tremendous fact of our isolation, of the loneliness, impenetrable and transparent, elusive and everlasting." In no other writer of English fiction is this note so pervasive, so insistent; in no other work in the language is it so pronounced except in *The Dream of Gerontius*.

When all is said, Conrad's virtues are striking. For sheer power he has no equal in England or America, and though he can perpetrate such hopeless stuff as *The Shadow Line*, his best work can smile defiance at hostile criticism. He has turned a Slavic tributary into the broad stream of English literature for the effect of which he can afford to wait for a confident and more catholic-minded tomorrow. Meanwhile he has achieved a place among those immortals who like Scott and Cooper and Stevenson have known the lure of the deep, and have recounted the romance of those dauntless spirits "that go down to the sea in ships, that do business in great waters."

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## THE RECORD OF A CATHOLIC UNIVERSITY.

BY ALBERT J. CARNOY, PH.D.



A victory in war finally rewards the nation that displays the greatest energy in action and the stanchest endurance in morale, so the future will belong to those who in this period of reconstruction, work with the greatest resolution and the clearest understanding of the situation. Financial, industrial, commercial, political plans are in active preparation in order to restore to the nations the resources on which their very life depends. But it is an old truth, which this harsh War has made most evident, that the moral forces are the decisive factors in the viability of nations or societies, since they are the only reason that makes them worth living and dying for.

The University of Louvain was a moral force. It has shaped and inspired the minds of most of the men who have made Belgium prosperous, progressive, brave and Christian. The restoration of Belgium would be a mere fallacy if Louvain were not to rise out of its ruins with renewed vitality and greater prestige.

But, in fact, Louvain did not belong to Belgium alone. For four centuries it has been one of the greatest centres of Catholic intellectuality. As the first and greatest of the Catholic Universities created in the nineteenth century to enable Catholics to participate in the great scientific movement of modern times without renouncing the principles of their Faith, its influence was gradually extending, thanks to its location in the heart of the most active area of material and moral civilization in Europe and the prestige of a glorious past.

The old University of Louvain was founded in 1425, when the provinces of the Low Countries, united already by common economic interests and political and moral ideals, felt the need of an intellectual centre of their own. The Middle Ages had developed an exalted conception of the university, placing it entirely outside local governments and princely intrigues. The doctors with their *facultas ubique docendi*, traveled over

Europe and were welcomed in all the great schools of the time. In spite of the difficulties of transportation, the great figures of the time—notably three of those most closely associated with Louvain: Erasmus, Justus Lipsius, and Versalius—traveled even more than modern scholars and were, in all truth, citizens of a republic of intelligence.

This high grade internationalism had its basis in the moral unity of the world; it disappeared in the intellectual upheaval of the sixteenth century and was replaced by the antique conception of the absolute sovereignty of the State.

As the head of the mediæval republic of nations, the Pope was the only person who could institute a university. The Alma Mater of Louvain, accordingly, was founded by an Act of Pope Martin V. This curious document was preserved in Holland since the French Revolution and given back to Louvain University on the seventy-fifth anniversary of its restoration, only to be destroyed in the burning of the library in 1914. It conferred the greatest privileges on the new institution, making it absolutely independent of the civil authorities of Louvain and of the Duchy. The rector was the repository of all jurisdiction, both spiritual and secular, and was surrounded with brilliant pomp. In all ceremonies he took precedence over all the other authorities of the country.

The institution enjoyed a rapid development, being provided with scholarships and endowments. Colleges were built all over the city in the manner of Oxford and Cambridge. In the sixteenth century it was an oasis of peace in the midst of the religious and political struggles of the time, and it became the great intellectual centre of the North. It constantly played an important part in the development of humanism.

By 1470 many editions of ancient writers had already been published at Louvain in the presses of John of Westphalia. The splendid collection in incunabula in Louvain's library was due to that circumstance. It was one of the most important in the world and its disappearance can never cease to be regretted.

In 1502, Erasmus settled at Louvain and gave a strong impulse to the study of antiquity. His efforts culminated in the foundation of the *Collegium Trium Linguarum* in which the new methods were to be applied to the study of Hebrew, Greek and Latin. The influence of this institution was considerable.

Among its graduates were Barthélemy Masson whom Francis I. intrusted with the direction of the *Collège de France*, founded on the model of the Louvain institutions, and Justus Lipsius, the great figure of humanism and philology in the second half of the sixteenth century. Allured by the ideas of the reformers, he lectured part of his life at Jena and at Leyden, a university founded by the Dutch Calvinists in opposition to Louvain, but he soon returned to Louvain and to submission to the Church.

While humanism was flourishing at Louvain other courses were hardly less brilliant. Mudæus introduced there the so-called "elegant method" in the interpretation of Roman Law, which was then considered the supreme expression of law and equity in the courts of Europe. The faculty of medicine could boast among its graduates Vesalius, the founder of modern anatomy, who taught both at Louvain and in Italy. And in mathematics there was Adrianus Romanus, one of the inventors of modern algebra.

But, in spite of its great scientific achievements, Louvain, from its origin up to our own times, has been especially prominent as a school of theology.

By virtue of its part in the revival of piety, it exerted a strong moral influence in the fifteenth century. Two of its graduates deserve special mention: Jacques Wegns, who popularized the rosary in the Low Countries, and Paeschen, who introduced the devotion of the Way of the Cross in its modern form.<sup>1</sup> In the doctrinal movement, the Faculty of Louvain, by a kind of instinct, always rejected the extreme solutions and worked for unity in Christianity. In the fifteenth century it sided with the Pope against the Basle Council, and in the person of one of its graduates, James of Hoogstraeten, it opposed, in Cologne, the teachings of Reuchlin. In the sixteenth century, it was scarcely shaken by Lutheranism and Calvinism, although it constantly worked for reform within the Church. Erasmus was very aggressive against the abuses of the time and was accused of leanings towards Protestantism, but, in fact, he always wanted the authorities of the Church to take measures against the things he was denouncing. "Who am I to decide anything concerning faith, if the Catholic

<sup>1</sup> Cf. H. Thurston's translation of Boudinon's *Étude historique sur le Chemin de la Croix.*, p. 139.



Church does not decide it herself. You ask me to follow Luther: I will do so willingly if he remains faithful to the Church.”<sup>2</sup> While humanism became in Italy a conception of life involving ethics as well as art, the more sedate temperament of the Northern people restricted it to the school. With them it was simply a movement against decadent Scholasticism and an effort for better Latin, a better understanding of antiquity and progress in science.<sup>3</sup>

Adrian Florensz represents this attitude very well. After having taught in Louvain and directed the education of Charles V., he succeeded Leo X. under the name of Adrian VI. The brilliant court of the Medici pontiff did not welcome the Northern Pope with much enthusiasm. He drastically cut out all expenditures save those for spiritual purposes, and endeavored to suppress all the abuses that were giving Luther a pretext for attacking the Papacy. He eagerly desired to restore unity in the Church and sent to Nuremberg, in 1522, a delegate who promised the suppression of all the abuses in the Roman court while insisting on the execution of the Edict of Worms. Unfortunately Luther was not in the mood to agree. “The Pope,” so he had said, “is a *magister noster* from Louvain. In that high school such asses are being crowned. Satan is speaking through his mouth.” The failure of his sincere attempt to restore peace in the Church and unite the Christians against the Turks caused Adrian’s death. In the meantime the first condemnation of Luther by an official body of theologians had been pronounced, in 1519, by the Faculty of Louvain.

But the intervention of the University was chiefly of a constructive nature. It published several translations of the Bible and compiled a collection of propositions giving the orthodox view on the points most disputed in the sixteenth century. This Louvain confession proved a great success. It became the summary of religious teaching in the Low Countries and did much to oppose the spread of Protestantism in an insidious form. It was endorsed by the government of Charles V. and provided a basis of discussion at the Council of Trent, in which five doctors of Louvain called upon as “deputies to the councils” played an important part.

<sup>2</sup> *Erasmi Opera Omnia*, III col. 631.

<sup>3</sup> De Wulf, *Historia Philosophiæ Scholasticæ*. Mem. Acad. Belg. t. 51.

Immediate contact with the Protestants and the desire of doing constructive work, kept the Louvain theologians in a state of constant intellectual activity. They decided to go to the sources of Catholic doctrine. They undertook the correction of the text of the Vulgate of Gratian's decree and made a special study of St. Augustine's work. This led to the treatises of Baius and Jansenius which were to raise controversies that ended in the acceptance of the views of Rome.

During the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, Louvain suffered its share in the general depression of life in the Low Countries to the south, at that time transformed into the cockpit of Europe. It had a period of quieter but no less beneficent activity than formerly, and out of it emerge some names such as that of Rega, the great physician, and Minckeleers, the young priest who contributed to the invention of the balloon. It was then that many Irish priests were educated at Louvain, where there was a well-known monastery of Irish Dominicans. At the end of the eighteenth century Louvain waged a long contest against Josephism, a doctrine which would confer upon the State powers properly belonging to the authorities of the Church.

From 1795 it was engaged in conflict with the French revolutionary government. The faculty refused to share in the cult for the *Etre Suprême*, to suppress the Sundays; and, in 1797, refused to take an oath of allegiance to the *Constitution de l'an III*. The Rector was sent to Cayenne, many professors were imprisoned, and the colleges were closed. "Since we have to perish," said the Rector, "let us fall nobly, defending our holy Faith, our ancient, honest and Christian customs! The last glory of this University will be to have refused to bow slavishly to the dictates of despotism and to lose our honor under the attacks of the enemies of the Church."

When in 1834 the University was restored as the "Catholic University of Louvain," with the bishops of Belgium as its trustees, it was simply revived with the same characteristics it had always possessed. It is a survival of the old Christian conception of a *Studium generale*. It is divided in the same way as in former times with the sole difference that the Faculty of Arts has been split into a Faculty of Philosophy and Letters and a Faculty of Sciences. Louvain, therefore, has at present five faculties: Theology, Law, Medicine, Philosophy and Letters, and Sciences.

The Faculty of Theology has precedence over all the others, and many interesting features of the old ceremonial still attend the bestowal of the degree of Doctor in Theology. The members of all the faculties accompany the new doctor to St. Peter's Cathedral in caps and gowns where he kneels before the old statue of the Holy Virgin as *Sedes Sapientiæ*. Formerly, upon the conclusion of this ceremony, he was taken to the *Salle de Promotions* artistically adorned with old paintings—now destroyed—where he had to answer to the objections made by the members of a large audience, some of whom were renowned theologians from abroad. The attacks could bear either upon the special subject of his dissertation or upon forty theses which were printed and distributed to the audience. The discussion was conducted chiefly in Latin, although for twenty years or more the main dissertation has more frequently been written in a modern language. As is well known, the doctorate in theology of Louvain is the most difficult to obtain. Its prerequisites are a course of four years of theology at the seminary, followed by six years at the University. The number of these doctors does not exceed one or two each year. The influence of the new Louvain Faculty of Theology has been very important. Van Hoonsacker and Ladeuze (the present Rector) have secured a reputation for sound scholarship by their critical studies on the Bible; Cauchie has founded a school of Church History which counts several graduates in the United States; de Harlez, with his pupils Colinet and Casartelli (now Bishop of Salford, England), have done constructive work in the history of religions.

The School of Philosophy has developed greatly in the last twenty years through the efforts of Mercier (now Cardinal Mercier) who, at the invitation of Leo XIII., undertook the study of St. Thomas' philosophy with the view of developing his system, and adapting it to the results of modern science. Students have flocked to that school of neo-Scholasticism from all the countries of the world.

Profound as has been the influence of Louvain on the clergy, it has been hardly less so on the laity which forms four-fifths of its students. In this respect Louvain has been a most interesting experiment. Belgium was the only country in our times which had a Catholic government and this had been the case, without interruption, since 1884. If asked the reason

for this, no Belgian would hesitate a minute to ascribe it to the intellectual and moral influence of the University of Louvain throughout the country. This influence springs first of all from the scientific prestige of the institution, a prestige greater than that of the other Belgian universities.<sup>4</sup> Although there are unbelievers in Belgium, both learned and ignorant, her young men are not exposed—as is often the case elsewhere—to the danger of losing their Faith because they find science associated with indifference to religion. The mere presence at Louvain of a large and prominent body of laymen, who are both scholars and Christians, furnishes an especially inspiring and suggestive example.

Defections among Louvain graduates are rare. A very large proportion of the professional and public men in the cities and the villages of Belgium are good Catholics and give active support to Catholic organizations. There is *esprit de corps* among them and they constitute the backbone of the organization of the Catholic Party. This political group would never have been able to maintain its prestige had it not remained constantly under the intellectual guidance of Louvain. Most of its leaders, most of the “ministers” it gave to Belgium were Louvain graduates, often even Louvain professors, such as Thonissen, Delcourt, Descamps, Nyssens, Van den Heuvel, Helleputte, Pouillet and others. Moreover, from 1870, the evolution of ideas in the Party received its impulse in the University, which constantly imbued with a modern spirit the young men gradually replacing the older generation in committees, clubs and organizations for social work.

It is in Louvain, for instance, that the doctrinal conflict concerning the participation of Catholics in a liberal government received a solution based on the facts (as in America) rather than on the theories of the extremists represented by Professor Perrin. It is in this spirit that the Belgian Catholics were soon to conduct against the so-called Liberals a campaign for the preservation of religious teaching in the schools. Their tolerance, contrasting sharply with the violent policy of their adversaries, did much to gain and keep the favor of the

<sup>4</sup>The new University can set forth names of men in the most varied fields of knowledge who have acquired a universal reputation, such as those of Willems in the Study of Antiquity, Moeller in History, De Wulf in History. Van Beneden, J. B. Carnoy, G. Gilson, etc., in Zoölogy and Biology. Denys and Van Gehuchten in Medicine, de la Vallée Poussin, in Mathematics, de Dorlodet in Geology, A. Dumot, the discoverer of the Campine coal basin, Reusens in Palæography, etc.

Belgian public, instinctively hostile to all kinds of radicalism.

In the question of suffrage also, the Catholics proved more liberal than the "Liberals" who were afraid to lose the influence of the bourgeoisie of the cities which supported them. Professor Nyssens of Louvain introduced universal suffrage, with the interesting compliment of additional votes to college graduates, and to some categories of citizens especially interested in a good government. The system was soon after completed by Proportional Representation, which is now advocated in many countries.

Meanwhile the workmen were raising their voice in a more and more insistent manner for reforms in the condition of the laboring class. The bourgeoisie, both Catholic and Liberal, were reluctant to depart from Manchesterism and make the sacrifices which social legislation would impose upon them. Here again the impulse came, to a large extent, from Louvain. Mabille and Vliebergh initiated the rising generations of young men into their social duties, while Professor Helleputte was one of the pioneers of the Catholic labor party, "Christian Democracy," which in parallelism with the Socialists tends to group the workmen in the trade unions. The movement was encouraged by the celebrated encyclical, *Rerum Novarum*. It gradually overcame a stubborn resistance on the part of the conservative Catholics, and, in 1914, the Christian trades unions had grown numerous and were becoming a real power. Louvain was generally the seat of the congresses of the Catholic democratic organizations. One special aspect of this movement is the effort towards suppressing the difference in language between the people and the upper classes in Flanders, which interferes seriously with the intellectual and material development of the Flemish population. In this also Louvain students played an important part. One of them, F. Van Canwelaert, is at present the most prominent leader of the movement. It is inspired by the contemporary ideal of a truly democratic national community with unity of culture and language and a spirit of collaboration between the classes. This must prevail in the new nations, regenerated by this War or born from it and destined—so we all hope—to be partners in a great "society of nations," solidified by the acceptance of the same ideals.

tion of this conception of the State, has also found pioneers among the Louvain Catholics. Ministers Beernaert and Descamps have been active in the sessions of the Hague Conference, and Professor Van den Heuvel, the Belgian representative at the Vatican during this War, will defend the same ideals, as Belgium's delegate, at the Peace Conference.

It will also be to the eternal honor of Louvain that she has given to the Church Cardinal Mercier, who victoriously raised the great voice of Christianity amid the din of battle and the unbridling of the war fury.

In the reconstruction of Belgium and also in the restoration of the ideals on which societies and nations should be rebuilt if they are to live, Louvain should have occupied a prominent place. The criminal fire which, in 1914, destroyed the precious library with all the objects connecting Louvain with its glorious past, together with three hundred thousand volumes, eight hundred incunabula and nine hundred and fifty manuscripts, the loss of the University archives, the damage wrought to the scientific equipment and the serious endangering of Louvain's sources of income, may prevent the institution from reviving when its work and its influence are most needed. This, of course, the Belgian Catholics will try to obviate. In the immense work of reconstruction, they will not forget the centre of culture which has shaped their minds during so many centuries and has victoriously upheld the traditional ideals of their country. That the fate of Louvain has attracted the attention of the whole intellectual world comforts them. They feel especially honored that an international committee was constituted, in 1915, under the presidency of M. Imbart de la Tour, to give to the restoration of Louvain the character of a tribute from the entire intellectual world to one of its oldest and greatest centres of culture. A national section of that committee has now been formed in the United States under the presidency of Nicholas Murray Butler, and Belgians rejoice to find on the list the names of Cardinal Gibbons, Right Rev. Henry Gabriels, Right Rev. Thomas J. Shahan, and other prominent men. Special interest in Louvain on the part of American Catholics will result in cementing the relations between the Church in the United States and Louvain University which have always been cordial. The American Seminary, now practically incorporated into the University, has given to

the Church in this country a great number of priests and bishops.

The number of American students in the schools of Theology, Church History, Philosophy and Science was steadily increasing before the War, and the special relations of friendship between the United States and Belgium during this War cannot fail to tighten the bonds of friendship between Louvain and the Catholic institutions in this country.

As the Rome of the North, located at the crossing of the most important roads of civilization in Europe, Louvain with its old traditions of Catholicism and learning is especially well situated to become the connecting link between Catholic culture in the Old and in the New World.

By holding out a brotherly hand to the stricken University at the critical hour, the Church in America is laying the foundations for a structure that can prove a most important factor in the future development of Christian civilization.

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## GLEN DALOCH.

BY JULIAN JOHNSTONE.

IN all the world mirificent  
There's nothing so magnificent  
As Glendaloch, the golden, where the wild wave falls.  
Not Silveretta glimmering  
Nor Adamello shimmering  
Were fairer, brighter, rarer than those bold, blue walls.

The very air of Paradise  
Empurples all the summer skies:  
The music and magic of May is in the rills.  
The Lake of Como luminous,  
The Falls of Rhine voluminous  
Afford no scene so lovely as the Wicklow hills.

The blackbird's song is sweeter, there:  
 The summer is completer, there:  
 Roses, there, are fragrant as an Angel's ruby mouth.  
 The granites red and azuline,  
 The lakes of lucent opaline  
 Are fairer than Sicilia, and the sweet, sweet South.

Like chiming-bells in Maryland,  
 The silver flutes of Fairyland  
 Are ringing and are singing where the foxgloves blow:  
 And red-birds gaily flittering  
 Where runs the river glittering  
 Make Glendaloch the glory of the bright world below.

The scarlet roses tremulous  
 Like Red Cross soldiers emulous  
 Are climbing up the cliff for a footing on the wall.  
 And waters wild and thunderful  
 Adown the valley wonderful  
 In floods of mighty music and emerald glory fall.

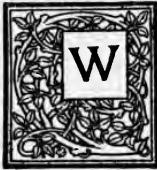
Like petals of the glimmering  
 Sun-Rose of Day, the shimmering  
 Bright butterflies are blown now upon the balmy breeze:  
 And like to yellow daffodils  
 A-fading on the sapphire hills  
 The sunset lights are paling along the level leas.

O would that in this beautiful  
 Loved land of children dutiful  
 Where Summer floats her rainbow-banner from the Tower  
 Mid waterfalls melodious  
 And mountain summits glorious,  
 'Twere mine to dwell till Heaven's bell rings for me the hour!



## CHRIST IN TYPE AND PROPHECY.

BY CUTHBERT LATTEY, S.J.



WE have considered the conception of Christ that St. Paul, enlightened by direct revelation, had formed for himself, and all that he claimed for his Divine Master; we have seen likewise all that Christ claimed for Himself, and whither He sought to lead those who believed in Him. Not, as has been explained, that these claims were always urged openly and explicitly; but still those who were in good faith had more than enough light to guide them. Now we may go back yet further, as far back as ever we can go at all, and see Christ foreshadowed before He came. He was foreshadowed both in word and deed, that is to say, both in type and prophecy. Our title, therefore, has been chosen simply as the most fitting description of the subject-matter; it is also well-known as the title of an admirable work by that veteran Biblical scholar, Father A. J. Maas, S.J., to which the reader may be referred for a more adequate treatment of the subject.

What is a type? Confining ourselves to matters of exegesis, we may say that a type is a person or fact or incident which is intended by God to signify or represent some other person or fact or incident. That types are to be found in the Biblical narratives, in the sense that the sacred writer takes them to be such and represents his characters as doing the same, the greatest unbeliever will hardly deny, however he may explain it. It may be enough to point to those words of Our Lord, "Henceforth thou shalt catch men;"<sup>1</sup> the catch of fish, in the mind of Our Lord and in the mind of the writer, is a type of the catching of men, and no sane man can doubt that that is truly the sense of the passage. But in this article we have to deal with types of Christ, with Messianic types, wherein there is, of course, ampler room for skepticism. The unbeliever—using the word in a rather wide sense, seeing that nowadays Protestant canons and even Protestant bishops come under the same condemnation—the unbeliever may feel in

<sup>1</sup> Luke v. 10.

honor bound to "hack his way through" the historical evidence for miracle and prophecy, but at types he can afford to smile. And, indeed, we had best leave him smiling; types are rather for the believer; they enlighten and console him, while their use in practical controversy is small.

That there *are* types in the Old Testament is clear from the New Testament itself and from the teaching and tradition of the Church in all ages, and is an article of faith. There is no need to prove this here, but the student may be referred to Father Pesch's monumental work *De Inspiratione*, where he treats of the typical sense. A certain caution needs to be observed in speaking of types. We are not free to make a type of anything we please, but we need some justification in Scripture or tradition. To assert a type is to assert that God Himself intended some event or the like to bear this special meaning, and to know the mind of God in the matter we need the light of revelation. Many types are indicated in the New Testament, and some others in tradition; apart from these, it seems more reverent and, as a rule, obviously more veracious to abstain from propounding, not to say inventing types, and to content ourselves with speaking merely of an accommodated sense. As a matter of fact there is ample warrant in the Fathers of the Church for suggesting an accommodated meaning for the words of Holy Scripture which objectively is not in them, not being intended either by Almighty God or His interpreter as the literal or typical sense; these hallowed words in any case have an unction of their own, and the lesson, couched in such terms, sinks in more deeply.

Of the many types let us take but one, perhaps the most significant of all, the paschal lamb. The story how Moses celebrated the first passover is told in Exodus xii. "By faith," we are told,<sup>2</sup> "he celebrated the passover and the sprinkling of the blood." How gladly had we seen the theme worked out in that mighty epistle, wherein it would have fitted so well! Nor can we easily suppose St. Philip to have been silent touching the paschal lamb when he spoke<sup>3</sup> of Him Who was "led as a lamb to the slaughter" in his exposition of Isaiah liii., a homily which again we find it hard to have lost. St. Peter, in 1 Peter i. 19, may well have had in mind the "lamb without blemish" of Exodus xii. 5, but he too refrains from enlarging

<sup>2</sup> Heb. xi. 28.

<sup>3</sup> Acts viii. 32.

on that aspect of Christ's death. St. Paul, on the other hand, in 1 Corinthians v. 6-8, touches on the subject in brief but pregnant words: "Know you not that a little leaven leaveneth all the dough? Cleanse out the old leaven, that you may be new dough, free from leaven, as, indeed, you are. For our passover hath been sacrificed, even Christ. Wherefore let us hold festival, not with old leaven nor with leaven of malice and villainy, but with unleavened bread of innocence and truth." This epistle was probably written about the time of the passover, and the true passover for Christians, the Apostle says, is Christ.

But what shall we say of St. John? "Behold the lamb of God, behold Him Who taketh away the sin of the world;"<sup>4</sup> Like St. Paul, St. John had learnt his first lesson well. To St. Paul Christ had said: "Saul, Saul, why persecutest thou *Me*?" And ever after the Apostle's central doctrine was the corporate identity, so to speak, of the Christian with Christ in His Mystical Body. To His young namesake and disciple—indeed, his relative, seeing that their mothers both appear to have been related to Our Blessed Lady—the Baptist had pointed out the true Lamb of God, even at the time when before their eyes, very likely, those other lambs were being taken to Jerusalem for the feast. How deep the lesson sank, the Johannine writings still bear witness; and incidentally we are furnished with another link between the Fourth Gospel and the Apocalypse. To put it in the guise of statistics, of the three words which occur in the New Testament for "lambs," one is found only in Luke x. 3 (*arnas*), and is allied to *arnion*; and *amnos* is used in Acts viii. 32 (the word being repeated from Isaiah liii. 7) and 1 Peter i. 19, otherwise only in John i. 29, 36 (in both cases the Baptist's words). But *arnion* we find only in John xxi. 15 and in the Apocalypse, and there we find it twenty-eight times. It is hardly too much to say that "the Lamb" is the central figure of the Apocalypse; after the first four chapters there are but few that contain no reference to Him, and to set forth all that St. John has to say on the subject would be to write a small commentary on the work. It is well worthy of our pious meditation, and for the passage that supplies a key to the whole we may go to his gospel, to John xix. 36, where his solemn witness ends with the explanation: "For these things came to pass

<sup>4</sup> John i. 29.

that the Scripture might be fulfilled, 'not a bone of Him shall be broken.'" The quotation is from Exodus xii. 46; the while the Jews were celebrating their passover, Christ, the true Paschal Lamb and saving Sacrifice, was fulfilling that type upon the cross. And the bones were to remain whole for a glorious resurrection, that the Lamb might reign over the re-deemed.

Let this much, then, suffice for this one type, so rich in deepest meaning, and let this one type suffice for all. At least, it may suffice where there is type and no more. But by a certain compenetration a type, or rather what is said of the type, may contain within itself what is proper to the antitype, which glows through, as it were, and manifests in large outline what we might only vaguely distinguish if our eyes were closed to all save the type itself. This mingling of type and prophecy we naturally come to consider next; and we cannot have a better guide in the matter than the Angelic Doctor himself, who was no less wide and deep as an exegete than as a theologian. In the preface to his commentary on the Psalms he writes as follows:

"Prophecies are sometimes uttered about things which existed at the time in question, but are not uttered primarily with reference to them, but in so far as they are a figure of things to come; and therefore the Holy Ghost has provided that when such prophecies are uttered, some details should be inserted which go beyond the actual thing done, in order that the mind may be raised to the thing signified. Thus in Daniel many things are said of Antiochus as a figure of Antichrist; wherefore some things are therein read which were not accomplished in the case of Antiochus, but will be fulfilled in Antichrist. Thus, too, some things are read about the kingdom of David and Solomon, which were not to find fulfillment in the kingdom of these men, but they have been fulfilled in the kingdom of Christ, in figure of Whom they were said. Such is Psalm lxxi., 'Give to the king thy judgment, O God,' which according to its title deals with the kingdom of David and Solomon, but there is something said therein which exceeds the power of that kingdom, viz., 'In his days shall justice spring up, and abundance of peace, till the moon be taken away,' and again, 'He shall rule from sea to sea, and from the river unto the ends,' etc. This psalm therefore is expounded of the king-

dom of Solomon, in so far as it is a figure of the kingdom of Christ, in Whom all things there said shall be fulfilled."

In writing thus St. Thomas doubtless had in mind St. Jerome's commentary on Daniel xi. 21 *ss.*, wherein the latter gives it as the current Catholic opinion of his day that Antiochus was a type of Antichrist, "and that what befell Antiochus beforehand in part, is to be accomplished in Antichrist in full. And that this is the wont of Holy Writ, to anticipate in types the truth of things that are to be, as in what is said of the Lord Saviour in Psalm lxxi., which has Solomon's name prefixed to it, whereas all that is said of Him cannot apply to Solomon. For he did not endure 'with the sun and before the moon, throughout all generations,' nor did he 'rule from sea to sea, and from the river unto the ends of the earth,' nor did 'all nations serve him,' nor did his name endure before the sun,' nor were 'all the tribes of the earth blessed in him,' nor did 'all nations magnify him.' But in part and, as it were, in a shadow and image of the truth these things were anticipated in Solomon, that they might be more perfectly fulfilled in the Lord Saviour. As therefore the Saviour has both Solomon and the other holy men as a type of his coming, so Antichrist has that most wicked king Antiochus . . ."

And, indeed, is not such a method of exposition found in the first discourse of St. Peter himself, both in Acts ii. 16-21 and Acts ii. 25-32? But not to linger on the exegesis of such passages, we may notice that this principle of compenetration was set forth at length by one whom Cardinal Billot<sup>5</sup> has called "one of the princes of modern exegesis," M. l'Abbé Le Hir, formerly professor at St. Sulpice, who died in 1868. Cardinal Billot himself, in a series of articles in the *Études* on the Parousia, begun in June, 1917, has based much of his own work on M. Le Hir and has quoted largely from him. M. Le Hir's treatment of the subject is to be found in *Études Bibliques*, a collection of former articles, etc., of his, collected into two volumes and published after his death, in 1869, by M. l'Abbé Grandvaux, Director of St. Sulpice; the relevant article is entitled, *De l'interprétation des prophéties*. Here it is at once more interesting and more important to quote for the most part Cardinal Billot himself. The article most to our pur-

<sup>5</sup> *Études*, June 5, 1917, p. 557.

pose is the first of the series, in the *Etudes* for June 5, 1917. His Eminence insists that prophecy differs from history in its perspective,<sup>6</sup> its subject-matter,<sup>7</sup> and the end it has in view.<sup>8</sup> As regards the subject-matter, which is the heading that chiefly concerns us, it is the function of prophecy to set forth an event in all its bearings, such as it is in the scheme of Divine Providence. "In prophetic oracle the subject-matter becomes twofold, and is shared between two series of events (in French, *plans*), the one farther off, wherein is the chief, the major, the more important event, occupying as such the background in the general perspective; the other nearer, wherein is the event that I might say belongs to the foreground, prior to the principal event in the order of time, but destined by God in the arrangements of His providence to be the figure thereof, the type, the rough draught, and therefore also the living prelude."<sup>9</sup>

One more enunciation of the same phenomenon may be cited from Father Pesch's work *De Inspiratione*, already referred to; as a matter of fact the following translation is that given in the Westminster Version in the note on Mark xiii. 4:

"When there is question of *prophecy by fact* or of types, the prophet sees the unity which exists in the divine mind between the event signifying and the event signified, and therefore speaks of type and antitype without discriminating between them; moreover as these two, in the intencion of God, are part of one and the same design of providence, the prophet assigns to the type itself [or better, passes from the description of the mere type to enlarge upon] that complete accomplishment of the divine promise which belongs to the antitype alone."<sup>10</sup>

How rich a field of vision is opened by such a treatment of types, the example of Psalm lxxi. has already perhaps sufficiently shown. But one more may be reproduced from Cardinal Billot's vivid pages, by reason of its great importance. After quoting Isaiah vii. 13-16, he writes:

"Here there is undeniably question of the Messiah, of Him who to this beautiful name of Emmanuel will unite others no less significant, enumerated in a following chapter, those of Wonderful, Counsellor, Mighty God, Father of Eternity, a Prince of Peace. But what are we to say? Did Isaiah believe in

<sup>6</sup> Page 551.    <sup>7</sup> Page 553    <sup>8</sup> Page 558.    <sup>9</sup> Page 556.    <sup>10</sup> *De Inspiratione*, p. 506.

the immediate fulfillment of his oracle, and consequently in the immediate coming of the Messiah, that he should reckon thus by the age of the wonderful child the time when Judah should be delivered from the grasp of the two confederate kings, and the enemy country (Syria and Samaria, Damascus and Ephraim) be ravaged and devastated? Or must one perhaps twist from their natural meaning these significant words, 'For before the child shall know to refuse the evil and choose the good, the land whose two kings thou abhorrest shall be forsaken?' (Isaiah vii. 16.) But let us distinguish the accomplishment of the oracle in the person of the true Emmanuel, from its preliminary accomplishment in the person of the figurative Emmanuel; for see, there is another mysterious child upon the scene, who is about to be conceived, who is about to be born, to whom a symbolic name will be given, a guarantee to the house of David of deliverance from the danger wherewith it is menaced before the time be come for the first stammerings of the new-born babe. This is the child of whom the prophet says, a few lines lower down, 'And I went to the prophetess, and she conceived and bore a son. And the Lord said to me, Call him Maher-shalal-hash-baz,<sup>11</sup> for before the child know how to cry, My father, my mother, the riches of Damascus and the spoils of Samaria shall be carried away before the king of Assyria.' And in him, in this child, the Emmanuel oracle shall receive forthwith a first fulfillment, certain pledge of the second, which it will only have several centuries later, but then no longer in the shadow of a figure, but in the fullness of reality."<sup>12</sup>

The Cardinal then again quotes some words from Le Hir:

"The Messiah whom Isaiah announces in such magnificent terms, is only later to appear in person, but He is about to be born in figure. There will be born, then, a child of Isaiah, and the symbolic name which will be given him before his conception will denote the impending devastation of Damascus and Ephraim, or, in a higher sense, Hell vanquished and despoiled by the Messiah." "It would be easy," continues Cardinal Billot, "to multiply examples of these prophecies with a double accomplishment, wherewith Scripture abounds, intimately con-

<sup>11</sup> Literally translated, probably, "Swift booty, speedy prey."

<sup>12</sup> *Études*, June 20, 1917, pp. 695, 696.

nected as they are with the economy, already set forth, of figurative events which Divine Wisdom destined to be from age to age so many first representations and effectual anticipations of the mysteries of our religion." It were a labor of love, also, to set them forth in these pages; but it is time to pass to prophecies which refer to Christ exclusively. Here a couple must suffice; the material is too vast to be dealt with in a single article, except by way of indicating general outlines and a few examples.

Our first passage may well be from the book of Genesis, the prophecy of Jacob touching Judah in Genesis xlix. 10. It is explicitly a prophecy of what is to befall "at the end of the days." As to the meaning of these words, the Oxford Hebrew Dictionary<sup>13</sup> seems to be right in calling them "a prophetic phrase denoting the final period of the history as far as the speaker's perspective reaches; the sense thus varies with the context, but it often equals the ideal or Messianic future." It is natural, therefore, that Judah's Messianic glory should be portrayed when the turn of that patriarch and tribe comes; the context is decidedly in favor of Messianic prophecy. The correct translation of the passage appears to be:

The sceptre shall not pass from Judah,  
Nor the staff from between his feet,  
Until he come whose it is,  
And to him shall be the obedience of the peoples.

The "staff" is the commander's staff, held like a standard between the feet; Judah rules in peace and commands in war. The critical verse is the third, and to that we may confine our attention. The rendering here given has an overwhelming mass of textual authority behind it. It is the rendering of the Peshitta, or what may be called the Syriac Vulgate: also of the Targum Onkelos, or earliest Aramaic paraphrase, and of the later Jerusalem Targum: and of the Septuagint and Old Latin versions, which clearly suppose the Hebrew text for which we are contending, but besides the translation given above, also show, occasionally, a less good rendering of it: "Until that which is his shall come."

Before we speak of the rest of the textual evidence a word of explanation is necessary. The Hebrew *letters*, in which

<sup>13</sup> Brown, Driver, Briggs, p. 31.



alone the original text was written, are all consonants, only a few of these consonants being also used in certain circumstances to signify vowels. An elaborate system of *marks* or points, mostly below the letters, was introduced by the rabbis somewhere after the fifth century A.D., partly to signify *all* the vowels and partly to guide the reader in public recitation in the matter of pauses, etc. Now the *complete* reading presupposed above by the words, "whose it is" is *shelloh*, but the only part *originally* written would be the three letters *sh-l-h*, the *l* not requiring to be written twice. How those three letters were taken the evidence already adduced amply shows. The only rival to the three letters as a reading is that of the Massoretic or traditional rabbinical text, which puts in a fourth letter, the letter used for the vowel *i*, thus, *shil-h*, read always as *shiloh*, with no very obvious meaning, but taken in the Anglican versions as a proper name, "until Shiloh come." But there is an absolute consensus of early authorities against this intrusion of the *i*, so much so that if there were a few more instances of the same kind of thing, we should be driven to suppose a deliberate falsification of the text, which as things are can scarcely be in question. Forty manuscripts of the Massoretic text itself have only the three consonants, and likewise the Samaritan Pentateuch, and in reality St. Jerome's Vulgate also; for the rendering, "he that is to be sent," is obviously due to the last of the three letters, the soft *h*, being read by mistake as the hard *h*, which is very like it. There can be no question of an *i* having been present in the Hebrew original. One more complication; the reading "Shiloh" *might* be adopted, even with the three letters only, but everything is against this, for it gives no satisfactory meaning and, as has been said, all the early evidence which *does* show how the three letters were taken is against it.

Such is the textual argument, sufficiently simplified, it is hoped, to be intelligible to the general reader. There are one or two grammatical difficulties in the rendering adopted, but they are far from insoluble, and are not worth discussing here. As for the substance of the prophecy itself, the accomplishment of it is fairly obvious. The Jews were practically self-governing down to the time of the Machabees, notwithstanding the short exile even of Judah, and some periods of oppression, notwithstanding also the fact that after the exile,

more especially, their country formed part of larger empires. It is the Herods and the Romans that mark the real end of self-government; it is in the lifetime of Christ Himself that Rome begins to govern Judah directly. We cannot but think of this prophecy when we repeat that Christ "suffered under Pontius Pilate."

From one of the earliest we may pass to one of the latest prophecies, that of Malachy i. 11, where again the context urgently demands a prophecy of this kind, of the total abolition of the Mosaic system of sacrifice, which is being carried out in such a mean and unworthy spirit. Let the priests take the victims they think good enough for God to the governor, the Jewish representative of the Persian suzerain, and see what *he* will say! God will no more accept an offering from them! And then comes the verse which, as the former Louvain professor, Canon van Hoonacker, says in his admirable treatment of it in his large edition of the Minor Prophets,<sup>14</sup> "can only be understood as presenting a feature of the divine cult proper to the Messianic era." The prophet speaks once more in God's name, and we are transported to that era, although grammatically the construction is in present time—at least that seems the better interpretation, though there is ample warrant in Malachy himself<sup>15</sup> for simply translating by the future, if that be thought smoother. But this point is not in dispute. The important words may be rendered thus, "In every place incense is offered to my name, and a pure oblation," or else, since the word rendered "incense" may possibly be itself a participle, "incense is offered, sacrifice is brought to my name, even a pure oblation," or else again, but with a deletion of a letter, the necessity for which makes this rendering less likely, "there is sent up in smoke, there is offered, a pure oblation." Thus is the one great and universal sacrifice of the Gentiles foretold; and what the present writer has long felt to be the clinching argument for this prophecy, as for the preceding, lies in the truly desperate attempts of non-Catholic and more or less rationalistic writers to get out of it!

One last important question may be briefly touched. In speaking of St. Paul's, and again of Christ's own presentment of His claims, emphasis was laid on Christ's Divinity; is not

<sup>14</sup> *Les Douze Petits Prophètes*, p. 713.

<sup>15</sup> *ib.* 11. 3; *ib.* 1. 17.

this, then, foretold in the Old Testament? A word of caution here seems necessary. The names given to the Messiah by Isaiah, "Emmanuel,"<sup>16</sup> "Mighty God,"<sup>17</sup> might seem to put the question beyond all dispute. But we have to remember that such names are found often enough borne by ordinary mortals; indeed, as the copula ("is," "are," etc.) is never expressed in Hebrew, we cannot tell for certain whether, for example, we should render Emmanuel "God with us," or "God *is* with us," in which latter case the name might even more easily be purely symbolic. And the same is true of the other names, such as Josedec (or Yehozadak, "God [is] righteous," Aggeus i. 1), and the Holy Name itself (Yehoshua, Yeshua, or Josue, "Jehovah [is] salvation"), which occurs fairly often in the Old Testament. Still, the names, given in Isaiah with such emphasis, were a strong indication, emphasized again by such passages as those we have seen in Psalm lxxi., and again by not a few such as Isaiah xl., signifying that it was in truth God Himself Who was waiting to come to His people. For us, looking upon them all in the light of after events, they are enough; but perhaps we are apt to forget how inconceivable the Incarnation would of necessity appear to any mortal mind before it actually took place. At least we can say that when Our Lord was actually there to lead them on by word and work, then they should have followed, and in doing so they would have understood all that went before.

Edersheim at the beginning of his *Life and Times of Jesus the Messiah* quotes two sayings from the Talmud: "All the prophets prophesied only of the days of the Messiah," and again, "The world was created only for the Messiah." And, indeed, all things were, and are, to be brought to a head in Christ;<sup>18</sup> unity with Him, as we saw, is the end put before the Christian in the New Covenant, to which all creatures are to help, and to this the Old Covenant was to lead. Where we have Christ in type or prophecy, we only have a more explicit assertion of the whole course of the world-movement.

<sup>16</sup> vii. 14.<sup>17</sup> ix. 6, as in x. 21.<sup>18</sup> Ephes. i. 10.

## CHILDREN.

BY KATHRYN WHITE RYAN.



YEARS ago, twenty years before the Great War began, an unperturbed city bore on its outskirts a broad, comely park. It ornamented the city like a ring on a finger. Open fields billowed down its central slopes and went curling under the shadows of gnarled, stately oaks, or, stretching themselves flat, pulled up white sheets of mist to dream under in the afternoon sun. In and out of shaded bridle paths ladies and their grooms rode on shining, high-stepping horses with arching necks; and along the hedgerows happy couples whispered hand in hand.

But of all who came to this garden, called a park, none came more eagerly, more joyously than the children.

Every morning they collected. They breathed the lovely air, they played together, and—since they were scarcely more than babies—they learned to walk. Nurse maids in long blue capes and small blue bonnets with crisp white bows under their chins wheeled their charges to the balmy spot in silken, springy perambulators, and in prim composure sat on the park benches watching the children frolic about them.

Some filled colored pails on little mounds of clean, gray sand. Some went gathering pebbles, some took hold of hands and twirled in a ring, some, shouting, rolled over and over down a hill, some toddled off on individual adventure, some doubled their small petticoated persons to observe the scurrying ants they discovered at their feet, and contemplated in vocal agitation these wee things of earth congenial to their own diminutiveness.

And they were always toppling and picking themselves up and falling and getting their balance again—these children! For they all in that happy playground were practicing how to place their tiny feet more solidly, more surely on the ground. Steadying on wobbling soles, sometimes one of the littlest ones would place himself a few paces in front of his nurse and she would clap her hands and call:

“Walk, Little Paul!” (Or Little George, or Albert or Tom, or John, as the case might be.)

Then the small mushroom of a baby would secure a wav-  
ing erectness and start forward. But at the first displacement  
of the enterprising foot he would totter, and folding at right  
angles, plump down. He would proceed at once to turn him-  
self over, to toe himself into erectness and to try again. Cheeks  
glowing, breathless, he would advance with outstretched arms  
to the enveloping knees.

In this gentle place where the poppies had such laughing  
faces, where the walks gathered little rivers of leaves in their  
borders for short ankles to swish through, where fluttering  
masses of sparrows chattered in branches overhead, the chil-  
dren were made ready for the journey into life.

On a rise of ground above them watching over them quite  
as austere, as vigilantly, as fondly, as the nursemaids was a  
sign: “This Space Reserved for Children.”

Twenty years passed over the happy park, the peaceful  
city. Then one day, suddenly, with a muffled cry of terror, its  
inhabitants leaped into action. The Great War was hurling  
its rage in their direction!

Overnight all its men became warriors, overnight the  
silence of the streets echoed with the rush of many steps—of  
trained and solid steps of out-going soldiers, soldiers heavily  
booted, heavily armed, blankets coiled about the body. Their  
steps kept time, fell into one beat, mingled in one rhythm, one  
throb of sound—left, right, left, right, like a clock in a room of  
death.

Quickly the garden-park became a stern and solemn place  
—a great encampment. No longer the ladies and their grooms  
rode through quiet lanes; their restless horses pawed at  
tethers in front of long rows of tents. Motor lorries stood  
where perambulators had been.

The children’s playground was used for drilling.

More numerous than the sparrows in the trees were the  
men on the drill-grounds. Squads of young recruits crowded  
together. There was scarcely enough room for their turn-  
ings.

In the intervals of manœuvring the men would fling them-  
selves down for a few moments rest. They would lie in the

shade of the oaks whose gnarled and knotted branches now looked like the knuckles of fighters. Near by, one of the men would start to shave in front of a two-inch mirror hung on the wheel of a commissary cart. Once, Paul (or was it George, or Albert, or Earnest, or John?) took an envelope out of his pocket and began to read a letter from his mother. He read it more than once.

"I suppose," he remarked thoughtfully to his friend beside him, "I suppose, a man's mother never quite gets his infancy—his helplessness—out of her calculations."

"Yes," his companion answered, peering down the barrel of his gun, "we are just children to our mothers—and Boy! I can't help thinking also—to—," he lifted his gun upright and with easy motion poked it toward the sky.

All these soldier recruits had clear boyish faces. They were, in fact, the same who twenty years before had come to this park to learn their first steps, to set their untrained feet firmly and surely on the ground to make ready for the journey into life. Now they were come again on a similar mission, come to learn the first halting steps of the soldier, come to set their untrained feet firmly, surely, on the ground but this time not—not as then, to make ready for—for *life!*

From desks and arts and dreams they hastened now as once from silken coverlets. They marched and counter-marched with backs bravely straight, in fine rigidity of courage. Sometimes they took a few steps, made mistakes and were ordered to repeat. Sometimes they bent to the ground and lifted themselves unsteadily and tottered slightly as unused muscles came into play.

As they tramped past the flowers with laughing faces, the blossoms drooped; as they marched down the walks where their baby ankles had swished the autumn leaves, the leaves crackled mournfully; as they jerked their shoulders erect upon the drill-master's shout, ghostly echoes of a nurse's call reverberated in the tree tops.

They passed and repassed a sign. It was dim and faded as the face of an old man, but as it looked down on these marching children of men, as it watched their heated, mastered bodies bend to a command not to be questioned, its words seemed to proclaim a gravely sober guardianship, an august truth: "This Space Reserved for—*Children.*"

The War crawled nearer, nearer! Fuming, roaring, like a black serpent rolling over and over upon its heavy sides, the hordes of the enemy advanced.

Sometimes at night the thunder of the cannon could be heard in the city. Women would awaken and cry out and mothers of the soldiers, white-faced, would fall upon their knees and sob.

Bleeding, gasping, staggering, all those young men fought like madmen to stem invasion. But gas and flame poured over them, steel tore through them, driving them always back—back, back, until they saw the red roofs of their city huddling together, and the broad spaces of their park staring helplessly at the sun. Then they shrieked with broken voices: "They shall come no farther. They shall not pass!"

But even so the oppressors crawled nearer, nearer, until one day their destroying feet trod on the very park itself. . . . There the final battle! There the end!

In the glow of flames that went licking up their city the young defenders grappled them and held them.

Ah! the children of that once happy park! with their pebbles and their colored pails, their twirling games, and shy adventurous steps! The pebbles now were bullets that tapped on the heart and stopped it; the colored pails were helmets filled with blood, the chattering sparrows were Zeppelins dropping bombs, the scurrying ants were bodies writhing on the ground, the sweet air was poison gas, the games a dervish twirling when a man was stung with death.

Moments that were ages, hours that were eternity—but the enemy did not pass! . . .

When the firing stilled, when the invaders retreated, when the night had come, there boomed over the city the tidings of peace. Low, deep-throated, hoarse, like a man murmuring to his beloved—the sound of the joyous cannonading! The whole world awoke in ecstasy.

Thereupon the fathers and the mothers of that triumphant land peered out of cellars, and, wiping their eyes, staggering, went searching for the battlefield, for the quiet park. . . . A wide, bleak, smoking wilderness! And lying twisted, silent on the muddy earth all the brave young soldiers! So many, so many! All the proud youth of the land, all the eager lads, all

the handsome sons! All with dear faces of little boys! All with life unlived!

“We must bury them where they fell!” wept the fathers.  
“We would do no other way.”

And thus in the once lovely place where flowers winked into baby eyes, long rows of wooden crosses stood sentinel side by side. Paul was the name on one, Albert on another, on another George, on another Humbert, on another John, and Tom, and Sam—names that the nurse had once called tenderly.

Soon the snow fell and covered the loneliness with a soft velvet pall. The moonlight breathed upon it. Only those thin branching sticks were visible above the smooth, cold, glistening snow—they, and a twisted sign-board that lay questioning the stars. The flakes had slid to one side and the playful stars nudged each other as they blinked upon the words:

“This Space Reserved for Children.”

[Editor's Note.—On February 18th a bill for establishing a military cemetery in France, to be known as the “American Field of Honor,” for members of the American Expeditionary Force who died abroad, was ordered favorably reported by the Senate Military Committee. The French Government has offered to present a site for the field.—*Public Press.*]

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## THE ANCHORESS.

BY CHARLOTTE BALFOUR.



It is very remarkable," says Father Dalgairns of the Oratory in his prefatory essay to Walter Hilton's *Scale of Perfection*, "that the most startling form of the life of the desert Saints, should have continued in England up to the very moment of the Reformation."

It was a common feature of the Middle Ages to find men and women leading the life of recluses. We come across it in mediæval romances, in the *Morte d'Arthur* of Malory for instance and in the lives of the Saints. St. Catherine of Siena set off, as a child, to become a hermit; Sir Percival comes, in his Knightly quest for the Holy Grail, to the cell of his aunt, the holy recluse. But there are so few actual writings of the recluses, or detailed accounts of their way of living, that we are hardly able to reconstruct the life of an anchorite of the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries in this twentieth century.

The most notable of such documents is a treatise in Anglo-Saxon, by one Richard Poore, written in the early fourteenth century, called the *Ancren Riwle*, which being translated means the Rule of the anchoress. This treatise, though it calls itself "a Rule" is written more as a spiritual guide to the religious life, with useful indications as to methods of prayer and recommendations as to the profitable employment of leisure, than in any authoritative spirit. Evidently the anchoress was very largely cast upon her own spiritual resources as regards her way of life.

Men hermits usually had their cell or hut in the woods or deserted places. They had their gardens to dig and sometimes a cow to tend, though they shunned the habitations of other men. But this isolation was manifestly impossible for the unprotected woman, and her cell was, as a rule, built against the walls of a church in some large human centre. The anchoresses were usually women of gentle birth, able to provide for the necessaries of their solitary life and for one or sometimes two servants who were their means of communication in

all practical matters with the outer world. Their retreat, the seclusion of which they never, under any pretext, left, was, as a rule, a series of two or three small rooms. One of these served as oratory to the recluse, the second as her dwelling room and the third and outer one for her servant. Three windows communicated with the world. One looked into the church and through this she heard Mass and followed the divine liturgy. Through the second her food and other necessities of life were passed from the outer room; the third opened to the daylight and to the world, and through this she spoke to those who came to her for counsel and consolation in their worldly troubles. This window was sometimes covered with a black curtain into which was inserted a cross of white material through which the light could shine, symbolic of the aspiration of the religious, whose only illumination, spiritual and corporal, should be through the Cross.

Richard Poore's instructions to his anchoresses as to their outward behavior are quaint and direct. "My dear Sisters, love your window as little as possible and see that they be small. A recluse must not give to any inclination to satisfy curiosity by putting her head out of the window. A peering anchoress who is always thrusting her head outward is like an untamed bird in a cage. And when you must needs go forth to the window, make the sign of the Cross carefully on your mouth, ears and eyes." He recommends confession once a week, Holy Communion only fifteen times a year, and does not even specify on which feasts the Communions should be made. His more minute instructions are for the devotions of the holy women, their morning prayers, their ejaculations at the elevation and so on. It is evident that their life was almost entirely spent in prayer, and that their vocation was expiatory, though he enjoins no austerities beyond a certain degree of fasting and abstaining. What he does lay stress upon is the importance of their example in upholding the religious life: "The anchoresses ought to be of so holy a life that the whole Holy Church, that is all Christian people, may lean and be supported upon them; and that they may bear her up and support her by their holy life and their pious prayers. And an anchoress is for this reason called an anchoress and is anchored under the Church as an anchor under a ship."

He also enjoins emphatically upon the hermits that they

shall many times a day think of all suffering souls in the world and pray for sinners, for the dying, and for Christian captives amongst the heathen especially, and pray for them under their different categories. To us in these material days when belief in the life of prayer is practically limited to Catholics and as often as not misunderstood even by them, such a life is almost unthinkable. The life of the Carmelite or the Poor Clare is tax enough for our halting imagination in its contemplative concentration. But even their lives are at least lived in community. Their fainting ardor is revived by the example of others and by acts and devotions performed in union with their sisters. Moreover, they have their detailed Rule to guide them and counteract all alien influences.

Indeed, the cynical might almost be tempted to ask whether the spiritual life of the recluse *was*, as is assumed, on such a very high level, if it were not for the remarkable autobiography of one of them which we are going to examine.

It is remarkable, considering the dearth of contemporary writings of the anchorites, that this one-piece of writing that survives to this day should be that of a woman, and that it should be something so beautiful, so inspired and so living that students of mystical writings claim it to be worthy to rank with the writings of the author's great contemporary, St. Catherine of Siena.

This book is *The Revelations of Divine Love*, written by Juliana of Norwich, an anchoress of the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries. She had her dwelling, between the years 1373 and 1442, at Carrow, a hamlet outside Norwich, then an important town, famous for its wool market. Her cell was built against the parish church in the accustomed way, and here for nearly a hundred years<sup>1</sup> this holy woman lived an illumined life of prayer and contemplation.

Her book is only autobiographical in so far as she describes the manner in which the sixteen revelations, which form the matter of her book, were made to her. We do not know at what age she entered the recluse's cell, nor her motive in doing so, nor what her parentage was. She lived at a time of stress and disturbance and tumult. The ninety-nine years of her life covered much history. She witnessed much of the glories and iniquities of the Hundred Years' War, the success

<sup>1</sup> She was born in 1343.

and death of the Black Prince, the mission and martyrdom of Joan of Arc. St. Catherine of Siena brought the Pope back to Rome, the Church in England was harried and disturbed by the Lollard heresy. Great Saints arose, Catherine of Siena in Italy, Joan of Arc in France, St. Lydwine of Schiedam in the Netherlands and many others. Their virtues and sufferings were being weighed in the scales of God to right the balance against the horrible sin, confusion and bloodshed of the times, and Juliana and her fellow anchoress threw in their weight on the right side.

Let me give Juliana's own words in her own lovely language as far as possible in repeating her tale. She tells us that she had always prayed for three "Gifts of God." The first was "mind of His Passion." "I desired a *bodily* sight wherein I might have more knowledge of the bodily pains of Our Saviour and the compassion of Our Lady and all His true lovers that saw His pains. For I would be one of them and suffer with Him." The second was "bodily sickness in youth. That I might be so hard unto death that I might receive all the rites of Holy Church . . . for I would be purged." The third was to have three "wounds," the wounds of true contrition, of loving compassion, and of "steadfast longing" towards God.

Then she tells how at thirty years of age, she had a severe illness and was at the point of death, so that all around her thought her already dead. Suddenly in her distress she remembers her three prayers and at that moment the "Revelations" begin. As in all deep spiritual experiences, time and space vanish. Juliana was to spend seventy years in understanding, construing, interpreting the message. But the actual sixteen revelations were received by her in a short space of time. She distinguishes her revelations as being of four kinds. In her own words they are sometimes "bodily sights," that is a distinct picture before her eyes of some phase of Our Lord's Passion to be interpreted by a spiritual truth; sometimes they are "ghostly shewings," that is an intellectual apprehension or illumination of some spiritual truth; sometimes as a "word formed in mine understanding," also to be interpreted, and finally by "ghostly or spiritual sight." "But the sight," she says, "I cannot nor may not shew it as openly nor as fully as I would."

It is impossible in the compass of a short sketch to convey

the depth of significance of Juliana's *Revelations*, the wealth of images that it presents to the mind, the melting sweetness and the peace that it brings as its message to troubled souls. Her heart is torn with compassion, first for her crucified and suffering Lord and then for her "even Christian," her fellow creatures in their sin, shame and blindness. Again and again her theme is the inseparableness of God and man, of His endless mercy and compassion for and *interest* in us.

"Love was His meaning," she cries. "From the time that it was shewed I desired often times to learn what was Our Lord's meaning. And *fifteen years* after and more, I was answered in ghostly understanding thus: 'Wouldst thou learn thy Lord's meaning in this thing? Learn it well; love was His meaning. Who shewed it thee? Love. What shewed He thee? Love. Wherefore shewed it He? For Love.'"

All through she insists—she returns to it again and again as though each time it is a fresh revelation—upon *our* part in the Passion; without us to die for, Our Lord would not have had the joy of suffering.

"Then said Jesus, our kind Lord: 'If thou art pleased I am pleased. It is a joy, a bliss, an endless satisfying to Me that ever suffered I passion for thee.'" And again, speaking of prayer in the Fourteenth Revelation she says: "God shewed great pleasaunce and great content, as though He were much beholden to us for every good deed that we do (and yet it is *He* that doeth it), because that we beseech Him mightily to do all things that seem to Him good: as if He said, 'What might then please Me more than to beseech Me, mightily, wisely and earnestly to do that thing that I shall do.'"

In this account of the interchange of the divine Omnipotence and human free will, one is reminded of Dante's summary of St. Thomas Aquinas' theory of prayer:<sup>2</sup>

The Kingdom of heaven suffereth violence from warm love and living hope which conquereth the Divine Will;

Not in fashion wherein man subdueth man, but conquereth It, because It willeth to be conquered; and conquered, with Its own benignity doth conquer.

... our good in this good is refined, that what God willeth we too will.

<sup>2</sup> *Paradiso* Canto xx. 94-136. Transl. Temple classics.

So we have Dante a generation before, the scholar and poet, deeply steeped in theology and in contact with all the learning of his time, and Juliana the anchoress in her cell, cut off from all intercourse with the world, occupied with the same thoughts, interpreting the same mystical truths. The heart illuminated in its contemplation teaches the intellect in both.

To Juliana herself the revelations are painful in their intensity; the "bodily sights" of the Passion rend her soul and make her cry out with suffering, as for instance in the Eighth Revelation which is a bodily sight of Our Lord's sufferings "near His dying," of His thirst, the dying of His flesh and the sagging of the Crown of Thorns, the weight of His body on the Cross. "Is any pain like this?" She hears the words in her intellect. "And I was answered in my reason: of all pains that lead to salvation this is the most pain, to see thy love suffer. Here I felt soothfastly that I loved Christ so much above myself that there was no pain that might be suffered like to that sorrow I had to see Him suffer."

Then again she is tortured by the problem of sin. How does it fit in with God's scheme, how can it be reconciled with that intimate, interdependent relationship between God and man that she speaks of so luminously? "How may this be?" she cries; "between these two contraries my reason was greatly travailed through my blindness and could have no rest for dread that I be left in unknowing of how He beholdeth us in our sin."

She says, in the Third Revelation, that she "Saw verily, that sin was no deed," expressing the doctrine of St. Thomas Aquinas in her own words, sin has no manner "of substance, nor no part of being, nor might it not be known but by the pain it is cause of."

But Juliana takes comfort in the thought of the pain inseparable from sin: "And this pain *it is* something as to my sight, for it purgeth and maketh us to know ourselves and to ask mercy. . . . For the amends making is more pleasing to God and worshipful without comparison than ever was the sin of Adam harmful."

And further she asserts that, "In every soul that shall be saved is a godly will that never assented to sin nor never shall. Right as there is a beastly will in the lower part that may will

no good, right so there is a godly will in the higher part, which will is so good that it may never will evil but only good."

Coventry Patmore laid hold of this truth in his *Remembered Grace*:

Whom God does once with heart to heart befriend,  
 He does so to the end:  
 And having planted life's miraculous germ,  
 One sweet pulsation of responsive love,  
 He sets him sheer above,  
 Not sin and bitter shame  
 And wreck of fame  
 But Hell's insidious and more black attempt,  
 The envy, malice and pride,  
 Which men who share, so easily condone  
 That few even list such ills as these to hide.  
 From these unalterably exempt  
 Through the remembered grace  
 Of that divine embrace,  
 Of his sad errors none  
 Though gross to blame,  
 Shall cast him lower than the cleansing flame,  
 Nor make him quite depart  
 From the small flock named "after God's own heart."

— Her words leave a wonderful impression of God working, planning, ordering all things for us. The scheme of salvation is there waiting for us to fall in with it. Some of it we know and may study and rejoice in through revelation, but the rest—all that is not actually necessary for the working out of our salvation—is hid from us:

"For it is Our Lord's privy counsel and it belongeth to the royal lordship of God to have His privy counsel in peace and it belongeth to His servant for obedience and reverence not to learn wholly His counsel. Our Lord hath pity on us," she continues, "for that some creatures make themselves so busy therein, and I am sure if we knew how much we should please Him and ease ourselves by leaving it, we would." There is exquisite delicacy and courteousness in that "I am sure if we knew how much we should please Him, we would."

If we knew more of this mystic, of her daily life, her converse with the outer world, with her director for instance, if

we had any portrait of her features, should we know her any better than we can by studying her book? Would her message be any clearer?

“Love was Our Lord’s meaning.”

She urges upon us the interchange of love and trust and hope between the Creator and the creature, the Redeemer and the sinner. A *sacrum commercium* between God and the soul. She speaks of God’s “homely loving.”

“He is to us everything that is good and comfortable for us: He is our clothing that for love wrappeth us, claspeth us and all encloseth us for tender love that He may never leave us. . . . It is full great pleasaunce to Him that a simple soul come to Him plainly, simply and homely. Verily it is the most joy that may be that He that is highest and mightiest and worthiest is lowest and meekest, homeliest and most courteous.

“For He willeth we should believe that we see Him continually though to us it seemeth but little sight. For He will be seen and He will be sought: He will be abided and He will be trusted. The continual seeking of the soul pleaseth God full greatly: for it can do no more than seek, suffer and trust. And that seeking is as good as beholding for the time that He will suffer the soul to be in travail.

“And thus I saw Him and sought Him and I *had* Him, I *wanted* Him. And this is and should be our common working in this life.”

Again she reiterates: “God willeth that *we know* that He keepeth us even alike secure in weal and in woe. For it is God’s will that we hold us in comfort with all our might.”

There is nothing passive in this trust. “Be still and see that I am God,” says the Psalmist and it often needs “all our might,” indeed, to leave our self-torturings and perplexities and doubtings, and simply trust and love.

As Juliana urges this attitude upon her “even Christian,” a perfect expression of her thought comes before my eyes. It is Michelangelo’s Adam of the Sistine chapel, as, newly made in his strength and manhood, he looks upward with love and trust to the outstretched hand of the Father.

Juliana’s book is a mine of precious stones. It is a book to be the companion of a lifetime. The exquisite freshness of its archaic language is a refreshment in itself and its note is so lofty in its spirituality and so deep in its intellectual grasp



of great mysteries that one is arrested and held wherever one may open its pages.

Juliana assures us that she was "a simple soul unlettered" and that the revelations were made to her, not because "God loved me better than the least soul that is in grace; for I am certain there be many that never had shewing or sight but of the common teaching of Holy Church, that love God better than I." In this we are assured, too, that this holy anchoress possessed that great quality in common with all the greatest saints, of humility before God.

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### MARIS STELLA!

BY EDWARD F. GARESCHÉ, S.J.

OFT, when my singing prow  
 Rushes in gladness through a summer sea,  
 Ave Maria! thou  
 Send, O clear star, thy guiding beam to me!  
 Lest in the very calmness of delight  
 Witched by the stillness of the balmy night  
 I might forget and turn my course from thee!

And in the wild  
 Wrestling and terror of the sudden gale,  
 Soft, on thy child,  
 Star of the Sea, thy light must never fail  
 Lest the wet fury of the roaring wave  
 Leaping may blot the hope thy radiance gave,  
 Wrest from my weakening grasp the helm and sail!

In storm and peace,  
 Still send the glorious greeting of thy ray  
 Dear star, nor cease  
 Thy tender beams until the dawn of Day.  
 Ah, with what hope and love through all the dark,  
 Wistful, mine eyes shall seek thy golden spark  
 Till the sweet Sun drive storms and shades away!

## IRELAND, AT LAST.

BY MICHAEL WILLIAMS.



FEW years before the Great War broke up the foundations of the world and overthrew the pillars of the old order, it chanced that I met and saw much of a strange man, a Polish writer, a college professor who had been driven out of his country by the Germans because of his patriotism. A strange man, I say, and so, indeed he was: one of the many singular characters who appeared upon the stage of public affairs (he was lecturing on Polish history and literature in this country) in that brooding period of enigmatic omens and puzzling portents that preceded the bursting of the storm of storms. It is already difficult to remember back, at least with clearness and certainty, to that time, separated from us now as if by some sort of spiritual abyss. Yet when you wrench your attention away from the whirling maelstrom of the changing moments, and recall, by an effort of will, the years immediately before the War, what a pathetic pageant of unhonored and unheeded prophets defile before your memory; and what a curious series of significant events may be reviewed—events that were the symbols and figures of coming catastrophes, shadows of fate, cast before it. So far as prevention of disaster was concerned, these events were vain and remain merely as examples of how Providence gives warning to man, if man would only heed. But unless man pays heed with his soul, instead of merely with his worldly mind, to the messages from the spiritual powers, they go unheeded or misread.

In the years before the War, our souls were clouded or ignored. Over and over again, we were warned by many writers that all the conditions and circumstances of unimaginable, yet certain, calamity were drawing speedily and terribly toward their issues. Even in details, many prophecies were accurate. Frederick Harrison, for example, was only one of several publicists who had studied Germany, and gave warning of what was to be expected from that quarter. Not only the political and sociological students, but religious writers as well,

analytically or intuitively, judged the world situation, and labored to awaken the minds of their fellows, or their souls. They utterly failed. Truly, it would appear that of all the vain things under the sun, the business of a literary Cassandra is the most inutile.

Not many years after the Franco-Prussian war of 1870, a French author<sup>1</sup> wrote these burning words of truth: "Prophets and workers of convulsions . . . are unsettling the earth in our own unfortunate day, just as if the cruel barbarism of science and intelligence, the intoxication of effete civilization, was determined to work more ruin than the robust barbarism of our first ages, which, in spite of its horrors, was at least the fruitful progenitor of modern nations. . . . It is undoubtedly a sorrowful thing to see ancient nations, dazed by mathematics and deceived by protocols, so industriously preparing the great jubilee of universal war: a mingling of millions of men who will massacre one another by unthought-of mechanical inventions. This is what comes of wisdom without God. Materialist politics, whose maxim is the one used by despairing power, 'After me the end of the world,' has no expedient left but to drench the frontiers in blood in order to keep its place in the interior." Warnings similar in spirit, and often more explicit and matter-of-fact in their reasons, abounded.

Would you not suppose that at least a few politicians, that here and there a statesman or a diplomat or a ruler, reading such words, would have asked if they were justified, and finding that, indeed, they were, would have attempted to lead the people out of the fog of materialist politics and philosophy into the light of reality, where God is listened to, and God's laws of justice rule—eternal, immutable? Vain questions, I dare say. The world gave no heed to the saints and poets and enlightened religious teachers, but rushed into the abyss. It seems to have been written in the decrees of Providence that those who had failed in their stewardship of power, were now to be stricken powerless for ever; while from the ruins of their systems and formulas, new things should spring.

Nevertheless, the true prophets and the illuminated poets have been, as they are always, justified; their work is never finally vain; though all the world be against them, at last they prevail.

<sup>1</sup> Paul Féval, in *Jesuits!*

My Polish friend was one of those true prophets. His vision saw what now the world may see: a Poland reunited, re-arisen, a nation once again. For that he labored when night was upon the earth. Now comes the dawn, and the tempest dies. When he talked to me, years ago, what seemed less likely than that which has come to pass? But he was sure it would come to pass; and, he said, so also would it be with a nation which according to his view was soul-sister to his own.

“Ireland, too, will be free at last!”

In powerful, creative phrases, fertile with faith, he spoke wonderful things. A poet and a mystic Catholic, he expounded his Messianic philosophy, according to which it was held that each of the nations has a God-given vocation, and a special mission; a mission not always the same, but by which it stands or falls as it fulfills it or fails. And Poland and Ireland, he declared, were the nations chosen by God for the highest things, for the greatest parts in the drama of humanity. For they were victim-nations. Through them would come redemption for others. God required them to bleed and to suffer; to mourn with lamentations; to be riven asunder; to be dispersed, for the sake of sanctifying human liberty. For nations, like unto individual souls that attempt to reach the heights of achievement, must tread the hero's part; which is suffering and self-sacrifice. Yet not always would Poland and Ireland weep and bleed and wander in exile in this valley of tears. God would in time wipe their tears away. Even should they go down into the grave, there would be resurrection; there would be a glorious Easter-tide, and peace, and life, and liberty at last.

And most certainly he was right. He seemed to me a fantastic person then, my Polish friend; the poet-prophet who walked in the foot-steps of Tarnowski and Mickiewicz, and the other poet-prophets of that Poland whose destiny is now directed by the poet-pianist, Paderewski. For he was living in the place of true vision, and I, in common with the most of the world, was not. The truth that only justice and truth, and the other laws of God matter in the long run was hidden from the souls of most of us, in those days of muddy materialism, and shallow mediocrity of mind, which benumbed the world before the breaking of the inevitable tempest. Now we see things hidden from us then. Now the power of spiritual real-

itics asserts its dominance above the shifting and misleading phantasms of materialistic rationalism. Amid the bloody and blackened wreckage of one epoch and in the dawnlight of another, the visions and dreams of poets and prophets are coming true. Empires dissolve, but the love of home burns as it has from the beginning; the temporal symbol of the love of Heaven.

Where more than in Ireland have visions shone, and dreams been dreamed, and songs of home been sung? Where more than in Ireland, and from the greater Ireland dispersed throughout the world, have prayers for home been more faithfully and ardently poured forth? Where has the ideal been more faithfully maintained, though all the mass and weight of materialistic facts and conditions seemed to mock that ideal? And now it is Ireland's turn at last! Ireland will be free, with the help of God and the United States. The pendulum of history swings back in its appointed path to bring about the passionately desired consummation of the hopes of seven centuries. The high romance of Ireland's soul approaches its term. And what consolation and inspiration in the thought that this nation of the United States which, enslaved and persecuted (but never hopeless or helpless), Ireland helped, and helped more than any other nation or race, to become free and independent, moves now to the aid of Ireland!

By one of those fortunate circumstances which wear the disguise of chance or coincidence, but which in reality are Providential, there comes at this moment from the press a book which once and for all assembles and makes available the evidence for the great, vital, perhaps indispensable, aid rendered by Ireland to our country in its hour of greatest need. It lays down a foundation of indisputable facts for the thesis that the material aid of Ireland, no less than the merits and useful characteristics of its individual sons and daughters as these became units of the new nation, was a most powerful factor in the struggle for liberty. The sympathy for Ireland's cause, the help given it, in the United States, are far from being mere results of innate racial reactions on the part of the Irish elements of the population. Causes deeper and more powerful are operating. Ireland's idea is America's. Their causes are one cause. Deep answers unto deep.

The book I speak of is entitled *A Hidden Phase of Ameri-*

*can History*,<sup>2</sup> and its subject is, "Ireland's part in America's struggle for liberty." It is the work, carried on through many years and now brought to an issue, of Michael J. O'Brien, the historiographer of the American Irish Historical Society.

It attempts a double task. First, though this is the lesser part, it boldly traverses the statements of such American historians as George Bancroft and Henry Cabot Lodge, derogatory to the part played by the Irish race in Ireland and America during the War of the Revolution, and, as J. I. C. Clarke says in the introduction, it "in all cases quotes their own words on the related points, and proceeds therefrom to the utter demolition of their premises and conclusions with a crushing weight of evidence, marshaled with care, argued with acumen, and presented in admirable order." These derogatory statements, although frequently challenged, and debated with more heat perhaps than cogency, have long stood without conclusive answer. Now the answer is made. According to Mr. Clarke, it is "the answer absolute. . . . For the first time, an indisputable array of cogent facts, stated without flourish, points to inevitable conclusions fatal to the misstatements of the historians named." It is not within my competence to say whether or not Mr. Clarke is justified in so unqualified an assertion of Mr. O'Brien's triumph over his opponents. But with his next statement, there can be only emphatic and rejoicing agreement, namely, that "the real value of the triumph lies in the constructive and demonstrative nature of the work."

Apart from its value as the utterance of that truth which in the long run discovers and accuses all falsifiers of history, and in the skillful manner in which it lets the light of facts illuminate the cases of misinformation, unfairness, injustice, or prejudice, that seem to abound in the writings of certain American historians when they deal with Ireland, the book's importance is established by its massing and substantiation of the facts which concern the Irish part in the Revolution. According to Mr. Clarke, "intensive research may add corroboration to Mr. O'Brien's averments; the Irish race may rest assured that nothing discoverable will shake his conclusions. The reason for this sweeping substantiation of our historiographer's argument resides in the method with which he has wrought.

<sup>2</sup> *A Hidden Phase of American History: Ireland's Part in America's Struggle for Liberty.* By Michael J. O'Brien. New York: The Devin-Adair Co. \$5.00 net.

It is simplicity itself, but it involves such close, persistent, patient, indefatigable examination and study of the records that the conclusions reached are patent. I may say that he establishes unequivocally that thirty-eight per cent of the Revolutionary Army that won American independence was Irish!"

Reflected in the opening chapters of this remarkable book, but only dimly, for it sticks closely to its own theme, are other facts showing how Irish exiles in other lands, Spain and France, and elsewhere, also took part in the struggle; which, indeed, was much more than the fight of a particular part of the new world against the tyranny of Britain. It was, in truth, but one campaign in the beginning of the world-wide upheaval of the people against autocratic rulers, the end of which is not yet. Everywhere in the world, then, and now, the Greater Ireland (the happy phrase is Dr. William Barry's) moves in all its scattered units as a single force. It is, says Dr. Barry, "especially since the broken treaty of Limerick in 1691, and the 'flight of the wild geese' that a Greater Ireland has been growing up beyond the shores of Erin, not by the winning of new territory, but by the repeated evictions which have cast out the people from their homes. Thousands in the eighteenth century, and millions in the century following, fled across all waters into an exile from which they never came back. They were compelled to be landless wanderers. The 'wild geese,' led by men like Sarsfield, represented famous old Catholic houses; they had among them nobles and chiefs whom the courts of Europe delighted to honor; and their descendants earned renown as generals, diplomatists, and ministers of State, in France, Spain, Austria, and Russia. . . . Until after the Union there appear to have been comparatively few Irish immigrants into Great Britain, although absentee landlords, drawing vast rents from the estates they seldom or never visited, were conspicuous in London society. Recurring famines, however, since that ill-managed alliance, drove crowds of the rising population, which attained its highest figure towards 1845, across the narrow seas and the Atlantic, and even to the islands of the Southern Cross. Never had a scattering so widespread, of myriads so poverty-stricken, been recorded in history. These disinherited folk, invading Britain, the United States, Canada and Australia, swarmed into the great cities and increased that late Roman yet most modern of classes

which possesses nothing but its labor and is known as the proletariat. . . . Yet among them a certain proportion rose to comfort, to affluence, and at last to power. The Irish abroad have nowhere formed a State, any more than the children of Israel, wandering through all nations. But as the Jews remember Zion, the exiles of Erin keep in their hearts unquenched the love of their lost land; neither can they forget how they came to lose it. Their memory is an indictment, their political influence a weapon. Greater Ireland reckons, perhaps, thrice as many millions as have survived in the 'distressful country.' And these widely separated children of one worshipped mother would certainly applaud when the Englishman and Protestant, Mr. Jeudwine,<sup>3</sup> affirms that 'the present condition of Ireland can only be understood by a knowledge of the past; and its condition confronts us as a menace from every aspect of our European relations.'"

It is toward the happy and final settlement of that menace, a menace not merely to Britain, but, what is more important, to the peace and friendly inter-relations of all nations, that the United States now advances, supporting Ireland; and as a solid foundation in reason for such support, a foundation even more essential than the presence in our population of the sons of Greater Ireland, are the facts which (returning now to Mr. O'Brien and his memorable book) prove the communion of ideals and of purposes which have existed and still subsist between Erin and America, and which go to show that Irish blood, and strength, and idealism, and spirituality, and faith, are woven into the fabric of the American nation. And as was the similar debt that we owe to France, the greater debt to Ireland is being paid.

It will be well to review briefly some of these facts, as marshaled by Mr. O'Brien, "in the high court of humanity, history, where truth must be heard and justice must be pronounced." This phrase of Bancroft, Mr. O'Brien uses as a preliminary to the pulverization of Bancroft in that very court; or, at least, the anti-Irish aspects of Bancroft. Rhetorical St. Patrick's Day glorification of Ireland's part in American history is one thing, and sometimes a fascinating thing, but in the court of history, facts count for more than fervid phrases,

<sup>3</sup> J. W. Jeudwine, F.R.H.Soc., LL.B., in *The Foundations of Society and the Land*.



unless these, indeed, are the passionate expressions of facts; for when eloquence is wedded to truth it is a most mighty power for good—as who know better than the Irish? Perhaps only Ireland's foes!

The two main counts in the indictment—for it amounts to that—which a few historians, but these of wide influence, have brought against Ireland is, first, that the Irish Parliament, on hearing the news of Lexington and Bunker Hill, voted that it heard the news with “abhorrence of rebellion,” and “was ready to show to the world its attachment to the sacred person of the King;” and, secondly, that the people of Ireland sent against the American patriots some of their best troops and their ablest men. Mr. O'Brien makes mince-meat of both statements. He brings forward ample documentary evidence to prove, first, that the Irish Parliament did not vote as Bancroft says it did; second, that it took no action on American affairs until many months after the news from Lexington and Bunker Hill was known in Ireland; and, thirdly, that not only did the people of Ireland not send troops against the Americans, but that from the start of the war, and throughout its course, they were the steadfast friends of the patriotic cause. Not only this, but the author likewise brings forward a mass of at least reasonable and weighty evidence to show that Irish influence in the years before the Revolution paved the way for that event, and was one of the decisive factors in forming the psychology of Americanism as opposed to British subjectism.

Even if the Irish Parliament of 1775 had voted in the words given by Bancroft, which it did not, biased and half-blind would be the historian who should attribute the Parliament's view to the “people of Ireland.” In the first place, the Parliament was utterly unrepresentative, for the millions of Catholics of Ireland were by law debarred from sitting therein, and it is notorious that a very large proportion of those who did have seats were the bought-and-paid-for pawns of the British Government, and many others were merely English landlords or their creatures. Yet, even so, the Irish Parliament contained members who were frankly for America, and who succeeded in modifying the language of the resolution actually passed into a comparatively mild, official expression of loyalty to the Government. Some of these pro-American members of the Irish Parliament, men like Yelverton, Bushe, Burgh, Ponsonby,

Conolly and Daly, lead an active fight against the majority of servile supporters of the administration, and behind this small group stood the vast mass of the Irish people; among them the three million Catholics who had "no more voice in elections or appointments than had the natives of the Fiji Islands," but who could, and who did—as ever since they have done—give their support to leaders who strove for Irish freedom, whether these leaders were of the old Faith, or not. In the midst of the venal and, indeed, purchased Irish Parliament, this small group, alone representative of the true feelings of the Irish people, actively opposed the action of the British Government in sending troops out of Ireland to war upon the cause of American independence.

"In the Irish Parliament," says John Mitchell, in his *History of Ireland*,<sup>4</sup> most of the leading men of the Opposition opposed the war upon principle; they inveighed against the unconstitutional exactions of the ministry, and in their speeches went very little short of formally justifying the American Rebellion. The analogy between America and Ireland was too close to pass unnoticed, and the defection of the American colonies produced a strong effect upon Ireland." Grattan, upon his entry into Parliament in 1775, denounced the policy of the Government in his most powerful speeches, in one of which he described America as "the only hope of Ireland, and the only refuge of the liberties of mankind;" which is a phrase that describes the position of our country in the world today a thousand times more aptly even than in 1775. W. E. H. Lecky, in his *History of Ireland during the Eighteenth Century*,<sup>5</sup> says that "there were great numbers in Ireland who regarded the American cause as their own. Already the many disastrous circumstances of Irish history had driven great bodies of Irishmen to seek a home in the more distant dominions of the Crown, and few classes were so largely represented in the American army as Irish emigrants. "So brisk grew the opposition to the Government on the part of the people that when the amended resolution in favor of Britain was passed, riots broke out all over Ireland. "In fact," says Mr. O'Brien, "these riots developed into serious proportions, and in the *Pennsylvania Gazette* of November 15, 1775, I find among the news from London an item reading: 'Insurrections of a very alarming

<sup>4</sup> Page 114.

<sup>5</sup> Vol. ii., p. 153.

and dangerous nature are dreaded in Ireland in the course of the ensuing spring, if troops be not sent from this country to replace the Irish troops serving in America.' And in the same journal, in the issue of November 27, 1775, in a dispatch from London dated August 15th, may be read that, 'Orders have been dispatched to the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland and to the Commander-in-Chief there to put that Kingdom in the best posture for defence without delay and to execute the laws for disarming the Roman Catholics with great strictness.'" So, as Mr. O'Brien says, "it made not the slightest difference, therefore, how the Irish Parliament voted on this question, for it is the will of the Irish people that should be considered, not that of a corrupt and venal Parliament, the same which, twenty years later, bartered away for a price the last shred of Irish liberty."

If in the Irish Parliament there was a strong pro-American party, three Irishmen in the English Parliament were among the staunchest of the friends which America possessed in that legislative body. These were Edmund Burke, one of the greatest figures of the age, Barré, and Conolly who "were ever on the side of liberty and justice," as the *Pennsylvania Gazette* bore witness.<sup>6</sup> They fearlessly and intelligently opposed the coercive measures introduced by the supporters of the Government to subdue the Americans. And that Burke and his pro-American Irish colleagues correctly voiced the sentiments of their fellow Irishmen is shown by a thousand facts. Lord Chatham bore witness to the same effect in a speech in the English Parliament in January, 1775, in which he declared that "the sending of armed troops was not the way to make them (the Americans) good subjects, for that three millions of people were not so likely so soon to give up their most valuable rights and undoubted privileges. Nay," continued the noble orator, "what do I talk of three millions of people; many more, for Ireland is with them to a man." Again, a year later, when warning England that war with France was imminent, Chatham said: "The whole Irish nation favor the Americans."<sup>7</sup> Chatham's advocacy of American rights made him a popular hero in Ireland, and Dublin named two streets in his honor. When Chatham's son resigned his commission in the army as a protest, many Irish officers joined him.

<sup>6</sup> February 1, 1775.

<sup>7</sup> *Parliamentary Register*, vol. xl., p. 9.

From Barré, a descendant of the old Franco-Irish family of Barry, the American cause derived perhaps even more persuasive support than from the thunderous oratory of Burke. Barré had lived in America; he knew the country, and the spirit of its patriots, and Arthur Lee wrote to Samuel Adams from London in 1771 that the best friend that America had in England was Colonel Barré. As early as 1765, when the Stamp Act was introduced, Barré opposed and denounced the measure in one of the most powerful addresses of his career. "To the utter amazement of the Government supporters," writes Mr. O'Brien, "he characterized the struggling Americans as '*those sons of Liberty.*' When copies of Barré's speech were circulated in America and organized opposition to the Stamp Act begun, Barré's shibboleth was at once adopted by the patriots and thenceforward the various patriotic associations began to call themselves the "Sons of Liberty." The organizations which thus came to be known as the '*Sons of Liberty*' receive much credit in history for their activities in arousing the people to a proper understanding of their political situation, and it is generally conceded that it was the Sons of Liberty who began the agitation which culminated in the Revolution. . . . And it is a circumstance worth recording that it was an Irishman who originated the name and thus gave a tremendous impetus to the Revolutionary movement in America."

Long before the battle of Lexington, which in the minds of many seems the starting point of the American Revolution, when the Boston "Tea Party" of the previous year does not take that place of honor, the forces of liberty and justice were at work, preparing the path. Evolution made possible the explosion of the revolution, and among these silent, pervasive forces, the Irish influences, both in America and Ireland, were potent. This was inevitable. Ireland and the Colonies were linked together in a communion of ideals; even as they are today. From the passage of the Stamp Act in 1765 the New York newspapers contain abundant testimony to the sympathy of the people of Ireland for the oppressed colonists. Mr. O'Brien furnishes much evidence of the kind. The *New York Gazette and Weekly Mercury* of February 10, 1766, reports that the "People of Ireland say we are fine fellows, and most heartily wish us success in our Opposition to the Laws of Tyranny. Their toast is, *Destruction to the Stamp Act and Success to*

*the Free Sons of Liberty in America.*" Benjamin Franklin, who visited Ireland twice, in 1769 and 1771, in his capacity as diplomatic agent of the United Colonies, confirms these newspaper reports over and over again, and in his reports contrasts the cordial reception given him and his cause by "the principal patriots" of Dublin. In 1769 he reported to Dr. Samuel Cooper of Boston that, "All Ireland is strongly in favor of the American cause. They have reasons to sympathize with us. I send you four pamphlets written in Ireland or by Irish gentlemen here, in which you will find some excellent, well said things." Two years later, again writing to Cooper, Franklin declared that "our part is warmly taken by the Irish in general, there being in many points a similarity in our cause."

But the most remarkable of the numerous utterances of Franklin is taken by Mr. O'Brien from a document which, strangely enough, is not printed in any of the editions of Franklin's works, and which apparently has escaped the attention of American historians, though the original printed copies thereof are on file in the records of the Public Record Office in London. It is, "An Address to the Good People of Ireland on Behalf of America," written in Versailles, where soon the new Treaty of Peace will be signed, October 4, 1778. The address begins with these words, which are as exactly applicable today as when the philosopher penned them:

The misery and distress which your ill-fated country has been so frequently exposed to, and has so often experienced by such a combination of rapine, treachery, and violence, as would have disgraced the name of government in the most arbitrary country in the world, has most sincerely affected your friends in America, and has engaged the most serious attention of Congress.

After explaining fully that the Colonies were fighting not only for constitutional liberty, but commercial liberty as well, and drawing attention to the analogy between the cause of Ireland and that of America, he says:

But as for you, our dear and good friends of Ireland, we must cordially recommend to you to continue peaceable and quiet in every possible situation of your affairs, and endeavor by mutual good will to supply the defects of administration. But if the government, whom you at this

time acknowledge, does not, in conformity to her own true interest, take off and remove every restraint on your trade, commerce, and manufacture, I am charged to assure you, that means will be found to establish your freedom in this respect, in the fullest and amplest manner. And as it is the ardent wish of America to promote, as far as her other engagements will permit, a reciprocal commercial interest with you, I am to assure you, they will seek every means to establish and extend it; and it has given the most sensible pleasure to have those instructions committed to my care, as I have ever retained the most perfect good will and esteem for the people of Ireland.

Not only by Franklin, speaking for the new American nation, but by the Congress of that nation itself, was thanks given to Ireland and acknowledgment made of America's debt to Erin, in the famous "Address to the People of Ireland," adopted by the Continental Congress at Philadelphia, July 28, 1775.

Having traced at considerable length, though far from completely, the arguments of the facts proving Ireland's great part in the pre-Revolutionary struggles, space is lacking for the adequate presentation or review of the even more important, but more generally known, evidence demonstrating the part played in the physical struggle by the sons of Erin. Here Mr. O'Brien has exhaustively covered a wide ground. He proves that from the Greater Ireland scattered throughout the world, Spain, France, Russia, the descendants of the "Wild Geese" flocked to the Continental Army, or made efforts to do so. He shows the efforts made by the English Government to draw off the sympathies of the Irish in Ireland from America and to make them more inclined to enlist for service against the revolutionists; efforts which flatly failed, as Horace Walpole and other English writers have amply recorded; and he makes it plain that the regiments that actually sailed for the Colonies from Ireland were far from being composed entirely of Irish troops—while a great number of those Irishmen that were under arms were pressed into service; and even when recruited voluntarily it was for general military service, and not for action against the Americans. Indeed, action against the Americans was unpopular not only among the Irish but among many English soldiers as well, leading to the ever greater and

greater employment of mercenaries. Funds were collected in Belfast and sent to the American patriots. The people of Cork sent a ship loaded with provisions and clothing for Washington's army, which safely reached Boston in spite of the English navy. These and innumerable other evidences of Ireland's active part in helping America might be quoted—and all this in spite of the very serious fact that Ireland was suffering greatly in her trade by the stoppage of imports from America. Finally, after inquiries the most careful and painstaking, and much patient delving—not among the perfervid periods of oratorical glorifications of Ireland—but among documents of all sorts, newspapers, parliamentary papers, congressional records, war department archives, here and in England, Mr. O'Brien reaches the conclusion that thirty-eight per cent of the revolutionary army were Irishmen. It is not a mere opinion, but a reasoned and reasonable judgment, sustained by a great weight of facts.

Appearing just at this moment, the book gives solid support to a glowing and powerful sentiment among millions of Americans, namely, the conviction that America owes to Ireland a substantial debt of gratitude, and that the time has come to pay that debt. Following the service rendered in the Revolution, came military support of the Republic in 1812, in Mexico, in the Civil War, and most splendidly in the Great War whose vast echoes are still pealing thunderously throughout the riven world. All this, apart from the cultural debt. The influence of Irish idealism, of the spirituality of the Irish soul, in America, has been perhaps incalculable, for who shall accurately measure and weigh the impalpable forces of the soul of man? but that the influence has been vast and beneficial none can justly deny; it is an admitted fact.

There are those that say—it would be hard to believe that they really are convinced of the truth of what they say, were it not for the fact that prejudice often lends more force to opinions—more violent and destructive force, than calm truth may do—there are those who say that a free Ireland means an open gate for the enemies of England to enter that island, and that it would constitute a standing menace to the peace and safety of the English people. For those who hold that view, the Great War has been waged and won in vain. If the opinion holds and prevails that the peace and safety of any

nation depends primarily upon the subjection of weaker peoples, and armed dominance over the lesser in favor of the material interests of the greater, then has the Great War been waged—and lost; lost for all; lost for every nation under the sun; and the future holds nothing but warfare, or the miserable troubles and intrigues and festering rebellions which lead up to war. Unless, on the contrary, justice, which is based, and can only be safely based, upon the religious, the Christian knowledge of what justice is—based upon the law of God, and not the selfish interpretations of imperialists, and materialists—unless, I say, justice become the basic principle of the treaty at Paris, America's participation in the War will become the most saddeningly ironical failure of all history.

Even from a materialistic point of view, the argument that a free Ireland means an open gate into England for the enemies of the English, is fallacious, for the League of Nations covenant expressly provides that any nation attacked unjustly shall be supported by the others in the League. If Ireland unjustly opened the gate to England's foes, Ireland would have to deal with America as well as England; but it is a stupidity, where it is not something worse, even to intimate that Ireland's desire is for revenge upon, or for the injury of, England. The law of hate does not rule Erin, that fair daughter of God; especially now when the dawnlight is breaking. A free Ireland would be the best friend that England could possibly have. A friendship based upon justice accorded, and confidence restored, would constitute an alliance as far superior to mere treaties of materialism, which self-interest makes and breaks with equal facility, as the words of a truthful man are more dependable than the promises of a politician.

And to this consummation events are moving. There is something finally irresistible in the pressure of truth and justice. No Catholic at least may deny that good must triumph over evil. America's cause is that of Ireland. Only those Americans who are not acquainted with the facts—the facts of Irish participation in this nation, the facts showing the identity of cause—can honestly oppose liberty and justice for Ireland. Dr. O'Brien's most valuable book should have the widest circulation throughout the length and breadth of our land. It should be the forerunner in a practical campaign of education as to the facts of the unassailable Irish cause, that



would yield returns far beyond those derived from speech making or parades—valuable as these may be.

Such a campaign should spread before the American people not only the facts and conditions outlined above, but should also acquaint them with what has been said for Ireland by scores upon scores of England's leaders: her true statesmen, her writers, and poets. It should reduce to practical terms, and spread everywhere, the facts which are at the bottom of the dreams of Irish poets, the prayers of Irish saints and sinners, the Irish ideal, the immortal Irish soul—and quickly then, and surely, we should hail, Free Ireland, at last!

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### THE WAR'S STORY.

BY EMILY HICKEY.

How shall the story of the War be writ ?  
 What is the medium greatest and most fit ?  
 Where is the pen for use all exquisite ?

Could mortal ear sound of the story hold,  
 Meanings too deep for senses to enfold  
 Rung out in joy-bells or in requiems tolled ?

Shall sun on sun we knew not erst, arise  
 To shew in strange new light to opened eyes  
 The very dace of the supreme emprise

That sprang full-armed from Justice' godlike head,  
 And shouted, in a voice to wake the dead,  
*To Arms, or be for aye dishonorèd.*

The face and voice of one magnific good,  
 Seen through the blinding mists of smoke and blood;  
 Heard through the deafening crash and understood.

How say ye, mothers, each of him your son  
 Who fell mid gallant deeds unnumbered done,  
 His own high deed not the least gallant one ?

Sons, who in height and depth of heroism,  
 High as heaven's height, deep as the deep's abysm,  
 Poured out their sweat and blood on earth like chrism.

And ye, all glorious in your womanhood,  
 Undaunted and undauntable, who stood  
 Comrades, to help and heal, through surging blood ?

And ye, our blinded, maimed and mutilate,  
 Bearing the heavy cross without the gate,  
 Marching in soul to music clear and great ?

And ye, great Captains, ye who planned, fulfilled  
 Your task divinely taught, divinely willed,—  
 Whose names can never fall on ears unthrilled ?

None, none could write it, none the tale might tell  
 Of grappling horror between heaven and hell,  
 Of shame and glory all unspeakable.

The splendid dreadful things to bide for aye  
 In hearts that hold them silent till the day  
 When central fire asserts its mighty sway.

But generations yet to be shall know  
 A bluer sky, a greater sunshine's glow,  
 Because of all who did and suffered so.

And 'neath that sky, on blood-redeemèd sod,  
 Free of the blasting heel so deep that trod,  
 The knees unbowed to man shall bow to God;

With eagle sight up to that Sun address,  
 With good things all unsatisfied to rest,  
 Seeking the better still and still the best.

Could all be written, all be understood,  
 We could not read it, even if we would—  
 Not for the rain of tears, the mist of blood.

Nor yet for darkness of the evil lair—  
 But for the light that clove the darkness there;  
 The light too great for mortal eyes to bear.

## THE SLOVENES AND THEIR LEADERS.

BY ELISABETH CHRISTITCH.



ONE and a half million seems a small number when applied to a people; but when it means one and a half million united souls, under the guidance of spiritual leaders firm in devotion to creed and race, it becomes a power to be reckoned with. Such is the lesson taught by Slovenia, the least in appearance of the three branches of Southern Slavdom (Jugo-Slavia) in Europe, and yet the most productive in those intellectual factors that organize, coalesce, and determine. Geographical position is also, of course, most important, as in the case of Montenegro, a people of half a million, known all over the world as independent and the most formidable opponents of the Turks. The Slovenes inhabit the northwestern part of that region between the Adriatic and the Black Sea mainly occupied by Southern Slavs. They were directly in the way of the German drive southwards towards the Mediterranean, and their main policy in the past has been one of dogged resistance to German aggression, whether exercised openly or under the form of cultural propaganda.

The Slovenes settled in these parts after the departure of the Lombards in the sixth century, and fought for the ground against various hostile tribes till, finally, they fell under the rule of Bavarian princes who had helped them in their struggles. The German feudal system broke their unity, and all attempts at development of national literature were repressed. The apostle Methodius preached Christianity in the Slav tongue. Soon the Magyar hordes swept away all traces of a new struggling civilization. When their final defeat by Teutons and Slavs combined was accomplished, the former fixed themselves more firmly than ever in the land of the Slovenes. But these intruders retreated once again before Turkish inroads, leaving Croats and Slovenes dependent on their own efforts to stem the Mohammedan advance. Together with their Serb kindred they battled for centuries with fluctuating success. At the decline of Ottoman aggressive power

the German colonizers reappeared, followed later by Italian infiltration in the form of literary and artistic influence.

Slovenia, however, held fast to its Slav characteristics and racial traditions. The formation of the kingdom of Illyria, of which it was a component part, gave a strong impetus to national feeling. But this experiment of Napoleon the Great was short-lived. The seed that had been sown, however, was not wasted. During the last century there have been various attempts to revive the spirit, if not the little State of Illyria.

Until recently a few western Europeans realized that Trieste, Laibach (Ljubljana), Klagenfurt (Celovec) and all the surrounding country are inhabited by Slovenes; that the Isonzo (Socsa) runs through a land exclusively Slovene; that Styria, Carinthia, Carniola are Slovene lands wherein dwell a people possessing uniformity of faith, tongue and national aspiration with the Croats, who number five millions and were, until recently, a kingdom within the kingdom of Hungary.

The language of the southern Slavs, it is true, has branched off into various dialects, differing less from each other, however, than the common speech of north and south England. This was forcibly brought home to the writer some dozen years since, in a journey through the most beautiful parts of Styria. Our party alighted in a secluded spot, where we spent two hours wandering about waiting for the Agram train. At that time we were not interested in the politics of these parts, nor in philological problems, but we were struck at hearing ourselves greeted by passing shepherds and peasants in what seemed to us the pure Serbian tongue of the land we had come from—the free kingdom of Serbia. On the railroad all notices were posted in German or Hungarian, and these languages were used entirely by the railway officials and employees. Now that we had stepped from the train, leaving the beaten track, we could not comprehend the sudden transition. When we expressed surprise at the Serbian “God bless you” of those whom we greeted in these remote regions of southern Austria, they looked at us askance and avoided further conversation. A village inn-keeper, with a queer little smile, said cautiously when interrogated: “Not many people care to know that we are Serbians—or as good as Serbians. We are Slovenes and it comes much to the same thing. With our speech one can go straight down from here to the further end of Mace-

donia; and even further east the Bulgars understand us with little effort."

Now we saw clearly for the first time what was in reality the notorious Austrian policy of *Divida et Impera*. Austria had not welcomed Serbia's deliverance from the Turks; she had consistently hindered Montenegro's relations with protective Russia; she had annexed Bosnia and Herzegovina in order to prevent their union with either Serbia or Montenegro; she had insisted on Turkey's retention of the Sanjak of Novi-Bazar so as to put a barrier between Serbia and Montenegro; she had assigned Croatia to Hungary, separating it thus from Slovenia, which she herself retained, and by various administrative, military, and cultural devices kept the southern Slavs asunder. All in vain. The national language, customs, and aspirations of these countries tended to union.

While Serbia with her magnificent little army that had defeated successively Turks and Bulgars, did her part in resisting Austria until she was overwhelmed by Austria's allies, Serbia's kindred under the Austrian crown attempted a constitutional revindication of their right to autonomy. The great Croat prelate Bishop Strossmayer had, long before, proclaimed fraternity between all the southern Slavs within and without the Dual Empire. In the latter part of the struggle all these separated branches of one race looked to the distinctively Slovene clergy for leadership and inspiration. The parish priests of Slovenia were foremost in the movement tending to establish centres for a peaceful but intensive campaign.

Towards the end of the late War Austrian and Hungarian statesmen, prompted by Germany, proposed to grant a measure of independence to the southern Slavs within the limits of the Hapsburg monarchy. The national protest against severance from Serbia, Montenegro and Bosnia was formulated by the Slovene clergy: "The time has come for absolute political union of every section of our nation. Only thus is our future assured."

This was but a just return to Serbia for the sacrifices she had made in their favor. Serbia had taken up arms to free her kindred under alien rule, and her kindred did not fail her. The Serbs of Bosnia had never learned the lesson taught by their rulers that they were a people in themselves and spoke a "Bosnian" language. Too many found their way over the

border to Serbia and were at home there in speech, custom, and creed; but the Croats and Slovenes were told that, as Catholics, they could not be in sympathy with schismatic Serbs. This crusade of intolerance had a temporary effect.

The Croats, nevertheless, watched with envy the progress of a young and sturdy little Christian kingdom whose citizens found honor and prosperity in furthering its welfare and serving its national cause. They themselves, in the meantime, could only rise to any position of note, or succeed in a public career, by keeping in abeyance their Slav origin, speech, and sentiments. I have myself met Croats in the Austro-Hungarian diplomatic service who affected to be Hungarian. They refused to know their own beautiful language and dissociated themselves carefully from any national leanings. In spite of these concessions to the ruling powers, none of them ever held any post of consequence, whereas Poles, as we know, gained access to the very highest positions in the State service. Serbia's magnetic attraction for its kindred across the Danube and Sava Rivers was an obstacle to their advancement.

The attitude of Austro-Hungarian statesmen towards Serbia was peculiar, and flagrantly foolish. "This Concordat of Serbia with the Vatican is a malicious bait," said an Austrian diplomat to the present writer. "It has been deliberately designed as an incitement to treason on the part of our Catholic subjects of Croatia and Slavonia! But it will not lure them from their allegiance to the Monarchy," he added with a little smile. For Austrians of this type there was but one monarchy in the world. The best answer to such assertions came from Bishop Mahnic of Velglia last autumn: "For over a century we have sought to be united with all our kindred in the south. We do not fear them. We know they will not be our task-masters. We shall not lose through Serbia our religious liberties but we shall gain national liberty. We are not children, to be coerced! As Catholics we intend to have full liberty for education on a religious basis in our national tongue." Years before the outbreak of the War the leaders of the Serbo-Croat coalition in Hungary, Messrs. Supilo, Trumbic and Cingria, declared that Croats and Serbs, one nation in blood and language but professing different creeds, are united by the continuity of the territory on which they dwell. Two army divisions of Southern Slavs from Austria were formed in the course of the

War on Serbian soil and led to battle by officers of the Serbian army. We know likewise that southern Slav regiments under the Austrian flag surrendered to Russia and claimed the right to rejoin the Serbs and fight on the Serbian side till the end of the War. As early as 1912 Croat officers had been dismissed from the Austro-Hungarian army for having openly rejoiced at Serbia's victory over the Turks, and spoken with appreciation of the military prowess of their Serb brothers.

Austria's greatest failure in dealing with the southern Slavs was due to the literary influence of the Slovenes. Their Catholic press upheld the national tongue and ideals. Owing to the patriotic clergy, the "Glagolite," the Slav Liturgy of the Roman Rite, is still maintained largely in Slovene-Croat lands. It is interesting to note that a learned Glagolite monk, Magister Georgius, Henricius de Rayn of Styria, was in the fifteenth century an officiating Canon at the Cathedral of Tours in France. The Glagolite Rite is recognized as very beautiful and very ancient, and German or Italian efforts to oust it in favor of the Latin were resented by the people.

The current Slovene tongue has developed under many difficulties, especially in its literary form. It is remarkable how native writers and poets managed to resist outward influence, and in spite of their forced knowledge of stranger tongues, continued to express their loftiest thoughts in the simple despised home medium. They never underestimated their future rôle in the world. The most traveled of them, the best acquainted with European literatures, were imbued with the feeling that it was reserved to their race to spread a gentler spirit of humanity, to extend the fraternal sympathy and kind tolerance which are the birthmarks of the true Slav. Austrian schemes and German intrigues were powerless before the spiritual bond of Southern Slavs welded by Slovene Catholic writers. Of late years a Catholic review, *Dom in Svet* (*The Fatherland and the World*), has published a remarkable series of stories and sketches as also verses of a high order. Its chief contributor, Father S. Finzgar, is the author of a historical novel of great value, *Under the Free Sun*. Prominent among Slovene poets and writers are priests, who, indeed, lead the way in everything good. They maintained national, Slovene, schools by a voluntary tax on their flocks, and never ceased to oppose the government policy which imposed German schools on a Slav pop-

ulation. In spite of hindrances from Vienna, the education of the Slovenes on national lines was crowned with success to the extent of their ranking as fourth among the literates of the great Austro-Hungarian Empire. We give the order (note that a Slav people is at the head of the list) according to confirmed statistics: Czechs, Germans, Italians, Slovenes, Poles, Hungarians, Rumanians, Serbo-Croats.

Not only for its intellectual culture but for the statesmanship of its sons will Slovenia take a foremost place among the southern Slavs of the new State. As its most popular authors are drawn from the clergy so, too, its most distinguished national leaders are found in the episcopate. Three have been notable as veritable shepherds of their harassed flocks, in the crisis preceding Austria's collapse. The prisons were crowded with "suspects" subsisting upon a daily ration of thin cabbage soup, often without an atom of bread. Executions took place without trial; perquisitions and spoliations were the daily lot of the villagers. When, to crown all, a German clerical organ of Vienna accused the Slovene Bishops of sympathizing with "traitors," Bishop Anton Mahnic, in a burst of righteous indignation, published the following reply:

"We, the leaders of the Southern Slav Catholic Party, are said to be tools of Freemasonry and friends of treason. Evidently Archbishop Baur, Bishop Jegbic, and my unworthy self are thus indicated. Allow me, therefore, to defend my episcopal honor and that of my colleagues and of the Southern Slav Catholics adhering to the Declaration of May, 1917. . . . We needed no incitement from outside to proclaim our long cherished ideal of an autonomous nation. The hope aroused by "Illyria" has never died. Our Southern Slav Academy dates from 1867. Its founder, our revered Bishop Strossmayer, had no Croat-Slovene programme. His programme was union of the southern Slavs. . . . It is false to assert that we approved of the Huss celebrations in Prague. But we did find something good in Prague, namely, a protest against the oppression of nationalities in Austria by German Imperialists! . . . Yes, there are points of contact between us and our Orthodox-Serb brethren. While our people are melting away, dying, and we call to you in our despair, you forbid us to speak and close the doors of parliament. You banish, confine, or execute the exponents of our just cause, and worst of all, de-



nounce the leaders of our Catholic Party as tools of Freemasonry! In the middle ages persecuted nations could appeal to the Pope, and the Father of all Christianity called to order the mighty rulers who had substituted the mailed fist for the laws of God. But today Europe denies obedience to the Pope. Our only hope is in an international Peace Conference where the kernel of Benedict XV.'s teaching may prevail: *Let each little nation develop freely.* And we know that the southern Slavs who merit, beyond any other European nation, for the defence of Christian faith and civilization, are dear to his paternal heart. . . . Be just, O gentlemen of Vienna, and reflect what it must mean to us, for example, in Carniola, where ninety per cent of the population is Slovene, to have but one Slovene college; and that in many Slovene districts you will not even grant us a normal school! Remember, before railing at us as malcontents and disturbers that in the prayer of our daily worship the word *justitia* precedes the word *pax*. Reflect on the extreme nationalism that has become rank imperialism and chauvinism, and cease to judge harshly the episcopal leaders of the Slovene Catholic Party."

When, finally, deliverance from alien rule was at hand, only outsiders, unacquainted with the great political rôle of the Slovene clergy, were surprised at the appointment of a priest, Monsignor Korosec, to treat with Serbia for the formation of the new, united Kingdom of Southern Slavs. Monsignor Korosec is actually vice-president of the Jugo-Slav Cabinet, where he represents five million Croats and Slovenes. His fearless denunciation in the Vienna Reichstag of the cruel and oppressive methods applied to his countrymen during the War, had made him as popular among the Serbs as among his own people. Up to the present moment there has been no sign of religious antagonism between Orthodox-Serbs and Catholic Slovenes, who join hands in the understanding of perfect equality for both. Mutual tolerance is the basis on which six and a half million "Orthodox" and five million Catholic Slavs, with half a million Moslems, hope to found the new State of united Serbs, Croats, and Slovenes.

## THE HERMIT.

BY J. R. T. BABONEAU.



THE evening hour of Angelus has rung. I have illuminated today the initial letter of the sixth chapter of St. John's Gospel, and while I wrought with the lovely colors, my inward eyes have seen the fair vision of God surpassing in beauty all my powers of thought. Fain was I to portray it upon the page, but now I cannot even tell you of it, for through the tears which the joy of that revelation caused me, I could see only His Crucifixion and His infinite pity for men. So I have limned this upon the left-hand corner of the page. Before a dark sky bearing storm and tempest, a blue heaven appears. Our Blessed Lady and St. John stand on either side of the Cross and look upon that Being Who bore our Sorrows like a crown of light, albeit woven of thorns. They are set as a symbol of pure man and perfect woman, who understand That whereon they look. Afar off, I have shown a crowd of men who shake staves and cast stones and cry with an empty voice, understanding nothing.

"I have made an end and looking upon this marvelous fair forest above me, I ponder upon eternal things and see God's ways made plain in my own sorrows. Since men think upon their grief too much and on God's will too little, their paths are devious and blind before them. The world grows distraught with vexation and vain endeavor, and folk with lax hands and foolish voices cry continually, "God is not here." Wherefore to show such as these that He is not mocked, I take up again the vellum sheets spoiled by my clumsy hands, when first the monks taught me to write, and athwart these will set down my own story for other men to read, if so they please. In this wise it happened.

"King Arthur had called us to his court at Caerleon for Eastertide. Seven days before the feast he was there. I came riding through the forest, right glad of heart, in the company of four good knights; very joyous was I, since I had met these

knights the day before and they had told me of their goodwill, that Lady Vivien had already come to Caerleon.

“In the city was a right fair house, shining with lights and many knights stood about the doors; here was I lodged with Sir Kay the seneschal. In the morning a breeze stirred the rushes about the floor, so that I awoke in fresh fragrance and sunlight and saw King Arthur’s castle high upon the hill. In the garden I plucked me a cluster of daffodils; my hands were wet with dew. After we had heard Mass and broken our fast, I bound the flowers upon my helm. So we went, talking and laughing, into King Arthur’s closes and Sir Kay was with us. Many famous knights wended thither by divers roads, some of whose names he told us and some we knew by the shields and blazons which they bore. I remember seeing that day Sir Mordred darkly smiling, Sir Gawain laughing like a young maid and as bright of face, Sir Bedivere and the gentle Sir Galahad. But his father, Lancelot, walked in the garden with the Queen.

“I came into the outer pleasaunce by a postern-door and there we stood, four or five young knights, beneath a tree whereof the lower branches gathered dew from the grass. We stayed in silence because the sight was so fair. Tender reeds grew by a stream and mingled with the swaying boughs, veiling us. Upon a green lawn stood the Lady Vivien amongst the Queen’s maidens, white as a dove, light as snowdrift, like a perfect lily among lilies. One amongst us said, ‘How fair is Vivien;’ one said, ‘Her ways and smile are full of witchery, she will hurt the man whom she loves;’ another, ‘God bids us love all beautiful things, why then do you mistrust her?’

“While we were thus speaking, Sir Perivere entered by the wicket-gate and stood with us. Now it was rumored that both he and I loved the Lady Vivien and of this you shall hear. My friends had gone before us and he and I stayed beside a little bridge. Then he left me and Vivien came singing to the river to gather flowers. The sunlight through the leaves made her golden and desirable and all her face bright. I asked her, smiling, ‘Who is your knight, Lady Vivien?’

“Laughing back to me, she answered, plucking daffodils, ‘He who wears my flowers in his helm.’ Thereat my soul rejoiced and stood in a clear light. Then Sir Perivere returned, for he had hidden himself and cried: ‘Are these pale blooms

thy flowers, Lady? I would choose thee poppies in the summer-tide. Large blossoms, heavy with scent and wide with beauty are meet for thee, for a token of pleasure and sign of luxury.' Vivien answered him not but fled from us.

"Now I would tell you of what befell in the council chamber. Arthur was upon his throne, but Guinevere was not with him. The greater nobles of his realm stood about the dais and ever and anon would whisper with the King, but Arthur followed his own counsel. Many barbarian knights conquered by Sir Lancelot and his fellows of the Round Table came before him, and there were many causes in which he gave judgment. It was a most noble array. When he had made an end, there came Sir Perivere suddenly into the midst and strode before the throne with wrathful countenance and clenched hands, having his armor and hauberk upon him. He gave honor unto Arthur and spake against me in this wise: 'There is in thy court, O King, a knight who has despoiled and maimed a vassal of mine foully. For I sent this henchman unto my friend King Mark with letters and jewels as a gift and token of love, and while he rode in the forest Sir Arteval came silently out of the bushes and used him evilly after a dastard's kind; and this he did from pure hatred of me. Three others he has slain outright.'

"Thereat the body of a man sore wounded and suffering from his hurts was borne into the hall, who confirmed what Sir Perivere had said. Three others gave testimony against me likewise, swearing they had seen the strife from afar. A great movement arose in the crowd, as if anger and compassion strove together. Then the King asked: 'What need had Sir Arteval to do this thing? Verily it profits him little.' And Sir Perivere answered wrathfully and withal cunningly: 'He will do me malice and harm whensoever he can, Sir King, because he loves the Lady Vivien, who is beloved of me. Shall not this love be called lust, which leads a man to hate and hurt another?' The wise King answered him not, but bade, 'Let Sir Arteval stand forth and meet this charge.'

"Then I strode boldly up the hall. A gusty wind shook the arras and all men craned their necks to stare at me. I was a young man and alone in the great space before the dais, yet right gently the King spoke: 'What hast thou to say, Sir Arteval, who art a knight of the Round Table?'

“I answered: ‘I am a knight of the Round Table, and I have done this thing; but Sir Perivere lies, for he speaks not the whole truth. As I rode down a green lane in the forest, the hawthorn blossoms shook upon either side and the wind blew the boughs apart, so that I saw the gleam of steel and an ambush of armed men. I laid my lance in rest and waited for their intent. If I had not done so, I should assuredly have been slain, for they hurtled at me full treacherously and sore. None might tell from their guise whether they were robbers or the followers of some knight. Now, indeed, I know they were Sir Perivere’s men, but I slew them in self-defence, unwitting. Saying that I slew them, he has molded truth in the falsehood of his thought. This is the way of a craven.’

“At that word Sir Perivere threw down his gauntlet, crying passionately: ‘To hurt a hind is an evil thing, but to accuse him out of thy weakness is a vile act, indeed. Command, O King, that he do battle for his life.’ The King replied: ‘Prove thy charge, Sir Perivere, in battle.’

“There rose again a great stir and sound of voices, for now Arthur and the great lords departed. I moved strangely among my fellows, for I was lately knighted and known to few, so I was shamefast at the mere charge brought against me, and I marveled that Sir Perivere could stand below the tall windows and be so merry in the sun. Now the outer doors were open and the rumor of our fray spread about and came to the Queen’s ladies. Vivien came to Perivere as he went lightly through the garden and was fain to hear of the combat between us.

“At the evensong she avoided me. One said: ‘In this wise a clean maiden does not love.’ Another said, laughing: ‘It is the way of women, for although we are all become Christians, they are still, like pagans, worshippers of the sun. And now Perivere’s sun is rising, while Arteval’s is on the wane. Why then, do you wonder?’ In this wise they mocked me, though not unkindly; I saw that they spoke truth, yet hated the truth, for my dreams were set upon Vivien and I desired her ardently for my lady.

“On the morrow the lists were set and thither came a great company. It was a clear day in April with sun and showers and wind. It was determined I should enter on the western side of the lists and Sir Perivere from the eastern. Many men

advised me well, but only two gave me good cheer; yet I scarcely heeded them as I rode to my place, for my eyes were set on the galleries where the Queen sat with the King, her ladies about her. Vivien wore goodly jewels in her hair; she deigned not to look at me, but turned to smile at Sir Perivere. A jester, noting this, cried she would be queen of that tourney, whatever befell. Small things, God wot, spoil a man's great purpose; my hand was shaken, that had been so quiet before. Certes, it seemed a sorry thing for a maid, who had called me friend, to arraign me on an empty word. Are women so made that their very weakness can shatter men's strength? I remember only the heralds' cry and can tell you nothing of our first encounter. Lances twain and three we broke and once Sir Perivere was borne backward, yet he was such a good knight that he was not unhorsed. Now I aimed at his visor to strike him between the eyes, when suddenly there fell a strong clattering hail and blinded me, so that I swerved in my course and Sir Perivere's lance caught me upon the neck and threw me to the ground. Then he avoided his horse lightly and we fought with swords long and fiercely, taking many strong buffets. The armor upon his right shoulder was broken and his head-piece hewn. Thereafter I pressed him sorely, so that he fell upon his knees, yet I suffered him to rise because of the mercy of God, which should dwell in every good knight. Ever and anon fell the April hail and strong and windy rain and sunshine afterwards. As we wheeled round about each other the fresh sunlight of a sudden blinded me; I saw not Sir Perivere's great blade that swung upon my head and broke my helm, cleaving to the skull.

"Thus, a second time, God ministered to my fall. Like a man drowning in darkness, I heard glad voices shouting my shame and was wrapped in quiet and ignorance of things. I knew not that I was abhorred of King Arthur, that all men fled from me save two, and that my lady gave her gladness and will into my enemy's keeping. Yet did they not deal rightly, seeing that battle was ordained for men to vindicate their judgments?

"Now these two knights brought me to a house by the city gate. It belonged to an old woman, who cleansed and anointed my wounds with herbs and swathed them with linen. I came out of my swoon about the hour of the evening Angelus.

The woman was bent and withered, but withal gentle. Seeing that my mind was clear, she went forth to buy food. Then arose a great rabble in the street without, with much shouting and running of feet as if a rout went past. Perhaps I grew childish and knew not what I did, for I tottered from the couch to the window. A crowd of the common folk were hounding a leper toward the city gates: there was no mercy in them, for they threw sticks, stones and mud at the piteous creature, drowning his cries with their derision. This was done while darkness was falling. Thereafter I was raging of fever for many days. Evil dreams drew round about and the voices of Satan cried from my lips and vexed my will, but the old woman tended me well with her ministrations and prayers, and in the third week my mind was whole.

“Yet partly because I was very weak and because I was ashamed to meet my fellow-men, I stayed in the house for ten days more. It was Mary’s month and the world was gay as an altar with flowers; the birds’ matins were merry as laughter. The burgeoning of leaves grew apace and I saw knights ride forth upon their quest. I deemed that I said, ‘This sorts with the will of God,’ yet said not so in my heart. I called to the old woman and bade her fetch me a hermit’s frock of the roughest brown cloth, with a girdle of rope and when it was brought I put on the dress and went forth, having with me a few crowns and a little food which the woman gave me of her charity.

“I came painfully to the city gate and there passed out; the men-at-arms were well pleased at my blessing. At that moment the moon arose and I heard a cry upon my right hand. A leper sat in the shadow of the wall and cried to me for alms. Compassion came upon me, for I remembered how he had been driven forth with stones, and I gave him all that I had, both money and food. This I did for a purpose, which you shall hear.

“Now I traveled till I came to the forest and therein I went until dawn. When the light was more than mystery and clear shadows, I gave thanks to God for the loveliness of the place. There was an open glade within the sanctuary of tall trees and a clear spring which welled within a channel of clean stones and grasses. In the further space was a small hut built, well swept and tended, where a holy man had lived and died. The

peasants of that district believed that a hermit would return to dwell amongst them, wherefore their children brought food daily and left it within the door. So I entered in and took my rest. I was awakened by two wondering woodcutters, who cried out that a holy man had come amongst them again according to their desire; and many folk that day were curious to see me and to have my blessing.

“Natheless, my heart was full of bitterness and when night had fallen again, I found me a short way to the city, taking with me a goodly portion of food in a wooden bowl. There again, within the shadow of the wall, I ministered to the leper, putting the morsels of food within his lips and comforting his distress, for his disease was heavy upon him, so that I had to crush my loathing with pity and prayer; his rags might scarce cover his sores. So I returned and slept. In the morning I prayed grievously: ‘O merciful Mother, this night I have shown mercy to an unclean and an outcast man. Therefore ask of thy Son, Who has said, “Vengeance is Mine,” to do justice against my enemy for the foul wrong he has wrought me.’ This was my petition, though I used the form of many holy prayers. That night I tended the leper again. He was very weak and desired my prayers. For his sake I was shrived at the Feast of the Ascension and took Christ’s Body. Yet hate, like a flame, consumed the charity of my prayers and hid Christ incarcerated from me. Always I desired vengeance, and fed the leper that God might take account of this good deed. Anon, I would not touch the peasants’ bounty, but ate, only roots, herbs and wild fruits that the leper might be the better fed and my prayers the cleaner. Day and night I vexed God and wearied heaven with my pleadings, and all this time God besought me in beauty; in a large leafage of the woods, in the whispering rains, the fair bounty of fields, the tenderness of shy things, fawn and squirrel and leaping hare, the love of simple men and of merry children. No evil thing afflicted me, save my own thoughts.

“Now it was in the month of August at the harvest-tide and the laborers went, singing, through the forest to reap and to glean. The noonday meal was spread in the shade—rye-bread and cheese and sour red wine; the red poppies were in the corn. The children went hither and thither among the gleaners; one poor babe fell and cut himself grievously upon



a sickle. I was summoned to assuage his hurts and tended him beneath the trees until his parents came at eventide; they gave me wild honey and fruit and bread for a token of thanks. The forest had become very still, there was no breeze to temper the heat. Sleep weighed upon my eyelids; like a powerful hand it held me and would not let me stir. I was fearful lest I should forget my task and the leper go fasting. Thus sloth would make my prayers of no avail. But while I was yet troubled, I fell asleep; when I awoke, it was broad day. The children had come to fill my bowl with food, but had not disturbed me. I ran, then, towards the city, taxing my soul with penances and full of remorse. When I reached the gates there were many folk stirring.

“The leper was fallen against the wall and I saw that he was nigh to death. Now he saw my face for the first time in the clear light, and my hood was fallen upon my shoulders; he cried my name aloud thrice. ‘Knowest thou not,’ cried he, ‘I am Sir Perivere, thy foe, who wrought thee such evil. And in this wise thou hast requited it.’ As I gazed upon him in amazement and could not move for very sorrow, the gates were opened for the passage of a cavalcade of happy ladies and knights, who rode to hunt, with hawks upon their wrists, and the falcon bells rang merrily. I would have hidden myself and, certes, little grace would we have had of their glances, had not Sir Perivere cried out: ‘Look you, ladies and gentles and hearken unto me, who am Sir Perivere.’ Seeing a leper lie there, they rode on, but in a little while one of them returned and asked: ‘Who art thou, that calls thyself Perivere?’ Anon they all came back and stayed at a distance to hear what Perivere should say, he answered: ‘I am a leper, but once I was a strong man and thy friend. But on the day I overcame Sir Arteval, I returned to my house to rest and doffed my armor. Then was this disease found upon me, though in the morning I had been hale. By night I was cast without the city as carrion is thrown to crows.’ Then he told of the wrong he had done, how he had smirched my fair fame, and how he would have murdered me in the forest by his hinds. Nor did he send the jewels at all to King Mark, but gave them unto Vivien. They cried out, one and all: ‘Where is Sir Arteval, that we may requite him our judgments and set him again in our midst?’ And Perivere said: ‘Here is that good man, whom

I have grieved, who every night has come to feed and to hearten me out of simple charity. And I knew him not. I pray you to tell this thing to the King and to forgive me for my un-knightly deed.' Then I ran forward to embrace him, but ere I could speak a word he was dead. Thus was my vengeance made complete. Then they besought me to go along to King Arthur in their company, but I would not, for an act ill-done may be forgiven, but suffering ill-endured has no repute or savor before God. It profiteth nothing. When I saw how evil was my prayer and how well God had answered it, I came back to the forest quietly to pray for the soul of Perivere. Because this was the task I set myself, I have come to pray for all other souls. King Arthur caused that he should be buried as a knight and many people mourned the manner of his death: high tapers burned about his bier and thereto the Queen came to pray.

“This was long ago. It is said now that Vivien by magic arts has laid the wizard Merlin to sleep in the forest of Broceliande. This I know not for truth, for I dwell apart and in a little space; yet great mysteries of God are about me and I know that happiness may be apart from joy and akin to sorrow, and yet be perfect. Daily I say Mass—for the monks have made me priest—to gladden the hearts of peasants, of wondering children and of passing knights, to assuage calamity, to cleanse remorse, and to exalt the ancient beauty of the earth.

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## New Books.

A COMMENTARY ON THE NEW CODE OF CANON LAW. By Rev. Charles Augustine, O.S.B., D.D. Vols. II. and III. St. Louis: B. Herder Book Co. \$2.50 net each.

The second volume of Father Augustine's commentary on the new Code of Canon Law treats of the clerical state from the time of incardination in a diocese to the exercise of the Papal power.

The author discusses in order the rights, privileges and obligations of clerics, the laws on election, the loss of ecclesiastical offices, ordinary and delegated power, the order and authority of bishops, the office and duty of cardinals, the functions of the various congregations, the proceedings of plenary and provincial councils, the duties of curial and diocesan officials and kindred topics.

The third volume deals with two classes of people, religious and lay people. One hundred and ninety-five canons of the Code on religious set forth accurately and briefly the whole jurisprudence of the Church regarding the religious life. Hitherto we have had to rely on special pontifical constitutions and deductions from the same, for the legislation had not been gathered together or officially coördinated.

The advent of congregations of Clerks Regular after the Council of Trent necessitated a number of changes in the old monastic legislation, and opened the way for new congregations of simple vows, perpetual or temporary, which have done such noble work in meeting the conditions of modern times.

The most important change with regard to the older orders is the law requiring a period of three years of temporary simple vows after the novitiate, before perpetual vows can be taken.

Another important change is the greater stress laid upon the element of the common life, as an essential condition for the religious life. A hermit, for instance, is not technically a religious, because he does not lead the common life. Again, those who live the common life but are not bound by vows, are not, properly speaking, religious.

The second part of the volume deals with associations of the laity, such as Third Orders, Archconfraternities, Confraternities, Pious Associations, and the like. The Code strongly approves the enrollment of the laity in these associations, and requires that they be approved and established by competent ecclesiastical au-

thority. They are always to be under the jurisdiction of the Ordinary.

We highly recommend these volumes to our readers, clerical and lay. Father Augustine is a most competent guide, for he taught canon law for many years at the Benedictine University in Rome.

**COMPENDIUM THEOLOGIÆ MORALIS.** By Aloysius Sabetti, S.J. Edited by A. T. Barrett, S.J. New York: Frederick Pustet Co. \$4.50.

Father Barrett has just published the twenty-seventh edition of Father Sabetti's well known Manual of Moral Theology. There is no need for us to recommend this excellent text-book to our seminarians and priests. For many years this edition of Gury-Ballerini has been the *vade-mecum* of the priest on the American Mission, and its worth has been tested in many a seminary classroom.

**FOUR YEARS IN THE WHITE NORTH.** By Donald B. Macmillan, F.R.G.S. New York: Harper & Brothers. \$4.00 net.

On July 2, 1913, Mr. Macmillan sailed on the *Diana* with a party of explorers to ascertain positively whether Crocker Land, spoken of by Peary in 1906, and discussed by Arctic travelers for ninety years, did or did not actually exist. The other objects of the expedition were to search for other lands to the west and southwest of Axel Heiberg land and north of Parry Island; to penetrate into Greenland between the 77th and 78th parallels of north latitude, studying carefully the meteorological and glaciological conditions of that region; to study the geology, geography, glaciology, meteorology, terrestrial magnetism, seismology, zoölogy, botany, ethnology and archæology of the section lying above the 77th parallel.

The author spent four years in the White North, and in this most interesting volume gives us a vivid account of his explorations. He disproved conclusively the existence of Crocker Land, although he discovered a new land far to the west of his last camp on the Polar Sea.

He surveyed for the first time the great stretch of coast line on the northwest shore of Axel Heiberg Island; he reached King Christian Island, seen from afar by Sverdrup in 1906; he discovered nine new islands; he recovered a number of records left in previous years by Dr. Elisha Kent Kane, Rear Admiral Peary, Sir George Nares, and Sir Allen Young; he compiled three thousand words of the Smith Sound Eskimo language; he took five

thousand five hundred photographs, and secured ten thousand feet of motion picture film; he did extensive work in geology, botany, ornithology, meteorology and ethnology.

The author loved the country with all the enthusiasm of the true explorer, and his enthusiasm breathes in every line. He describes vividly the hardships and dangers of Arctic travels, the hunting of the bear, the seal, the musk ox and the walrus, the management of the dog team sledges, the customs of the natives, the building of igloos. The book is well written, and most beautifully illustrated.

**ENGLISH TRANSLATIONS FROM THE GREEK.** By Finley Melville Kendall Foster. New York: Columbia University Press. \$1.50.

In this Columbia University thesis Professor Foster has made a bibliographical survey of the English translations, prose and verse, of the Greek classics from the establishment of Caxton's press to the year 1918. His work will doubtless prove useful to students of the classics and of English, but the titles of several well-known translations are omitted, and the proofreading has been carelessly done. In enumerating the books from which his list of translations was "largely gathered," the compiler makes no mention of W. C. Hazlitt's *Handbook* and his various supplementary volumes, which are surely indispensable aids to the successful compilation of such a catalogue as this.

**STUDIES IN LITERATURE.** By Sir Arthur Quiller Couch. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$2.00.

The King Edward VII. Professor of English Literature at Cambridge University has collected in this volume a number of his class-room discourses and several essays and reviews contributed by him to English periodicals. The book is a rare delight from start to finish, for Sir Arthur is a true humanist, wields his pen with an exquisite grace and finish and has an unerring instinct for the finest things in life no less than in letters. These are some of the topics treated: "The Horation Model in English Verse,"—a most delicate and discriminating brief study. "Q"—one may note—ranks Conington highest among translators from Horace, with Sir Theodore Martin second, "surpassing him in occasional brilliance but falling some way behind him in the long run." De Vere is awarded third place. Perhaps one may mention here that Hugh Andrew Johnstone Munro pronounced Conington's translation of the Satires and Epistles to be the most perfect example of what a translation from Latin into English should be. There is a fine paper—originally read at the Royal

Institution of London—on “The Commerce of Thought.” And there is a lecture on “Ballads” which occupies less than thirty pages, but conveys more illumination on its subject than some college text-books of ten times its length. There are also essays on Coleridge, Matthew Arnold, Swinburne, and Charles Reade, all perfect models in their way, and two lectures on the poetry of George Meredith and Thomas Hardy, respectively. The Cambridge professor is one of the rare instances where profoundness and minute exactness of scholarship are combined with an artistic temperament, and an acute critical faculty with a delicate poetic imagination and a power of divination where the savor and spirit of a bygone age in literature are concerned.

**CARITA.** By Lucy M. Blanchard. Boston: The Page Co. \$1.50 net.

This pleasing story for girls is laid in Mexico City, the home and birthplace of Carita Andrews. Though the child of loyal American parents who have brought her up to reverence our flag, she has never seen the country the banner represents. Her heart is given to Mexico, and she looks forward sorrowfully to the not distant day when she must go to the United States to complete her education. This event occurs earlier than is anticipated; already the storm is gathering that is soon to break upon the head of President Diaz; and when Carita, with her mother, leaves her beloved home, it is in flight for the safety to be found under the folds of the Stars and Stripes. Taught by this dramatic experience, Carita quickly becomes a patriotic American.

It is a well-written story, with abundance of incident and action which, in the telling, so graphically picture the interests and fascinations of Mexico as to make Carita's attachment easily understood. The book may be enjoyed by all young readers, irrespective of creed; for the author's attitude, though non-Catholic, is unmarred by any suggestion of discourtesy.

**THE JOY MAKER.** By A. Eugene Bartlett, D.D. New York: Fleming H. Revell Co. \$1.00 net.

This collection of little essays pleads for the cultivation of individual happiness, as one of the great needs of the day: a reasonable happiness, based upon avoidance of sin and its consequent misery, reparation for wrong-doing made whenever possible, appreciation of blessings and thankfulness for misfortunes missed, and so on, along lines of cheerful philosophy. The author presents his reflections and advice in a chattily informal fashion that is usually rather agreeable. Upon his ex-

cursions into theology, Catholics cannot accompany him; but these are infrequent, while his references to Our Lord as the Example for all who would live rightly are constant and reverent. On the whole, the content is above the average of similar contributions in its proportion of truth and good sense, proposed in a manner that suggests and stimulates thought.

**LOVERS OF LOUISIANA.** By George W. Cable. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. \$1.50 net.

This novel of New Orleans in 1914 treats of the conflict between the deep-rooted prejudices of the old regime and the more democratic ideals of the younger generation. Philip Castleton, a native of Louisiana, educated at Princeton, loves Rosalie, the granddaughter of M. Durel, a Creole who clings with passionate loyalty to the traditions of his race and family. Philip's political views, especially as they concern the vital problem of the colored race, so shock and offend Durel that he opposes the match with all the weight of his authority. How he is led to withdraw his objections, having learned that Philip is, no less than himself, a chivalrous gentleman and true lover of Louisiana, is developed in a story of dramatic effectiveness. The book is worthy of the author and represents him adequately; in fact it is the best of his recent productions.

**GULLIVER'S TRAVELS.** By Dr. Jonathan Swift. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co. \$1.35.

It would be late in the day to praise or to recommend this classic. But, since this edition of *Gulliver's Travels* is for children, we protest at the retention of a few coarsely suggestive passages, which might have been excluded, and nowise have lessened the charm of the whole. Tastes differ in differing ages, and what was lightly regarded by eighteenth century satire is certainly offensive to present-day decencies and good taste.

**THE HALO OF GRIEF.** By Bolton Hall. New York: Brentano's. \$1.25.

It is difficult to see what comfort and consolation such books afford. Yet the reviewers sing their praises. This volume is scholarly, urbane, philosophical,—but vague. We have honestly sought what it is evidently intended to impart, only to be eluded. At times it is almost Catholic in tone; again one can scarcely tell whether there is any certain grasp of faith at all, so affable, so hospitable, so all-embracing are these pages, to every divergent fancy. But, most of the vagaries of present-day belief will find

something to suit their needs, and harmonize with their tenets, but much of it seems to sum itself up in these words from Shakespeare:

Why, farewell Portia. We must die Messala:  
 With meditating that she must die once  
 I have the patience to endure it now.

—*Julius Cæsar.*

One consolation we can derive from it. Materialism has failed and passed. Some belief in survival after death is held by every shade of religious thought or philosophy ministered to in this book. The effort to make it too comprehensive to all who are in sorrow, seems to hinder its effectiveness for the individual mourner.

**THE SHADOW OF THE CATHEDRAL.** By Vicente Blasco Ibañez. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. \$1.90 net.

Mrs. Gillespie's translation of this novel from the Spanish was first published ten years ago and is now reissued because of the success of *The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse*, the famous war-novel by the same author. Under the guise of fiction the book is simply a violent diatribe against the Church and State in Spain by a Socialist and atheist. It purports to be a study of the dwellers in the Claverias, or Cathedral precincts of Toledo, whose lives are etiolated by the blighting shadow of that imposing fane. One of these, Gabriel Luna, the mouthpiece of the author, had once studied for the priesthood, but, after fighting in the Carlist cause, had lost his faith in exile in France and England. There he imbibed the radical tenets of rationalism and pseudo-scientific materialism, and became a professed anarchist. On his return to his native land he was imprisoned as a revolutionist in Barcelona, and finally came back to Toledo a broken man, to infect with his Socialism and infidelity the inhabitants of the Claverias. His wordy disquisitions, urged without mitigation or remorse of voice, on the Church as the organ of Cæsarism, obscurantism and priestcraft form the staple of the narrative, and afford ample opportunity for ribaldry. The story ends lamely, and rather inconsequently, in his death which he meets while resisting, as night-watchman of the Cathedral, those whose faith he had sapped.

Throughout the book the Cathedral makes itself felt as a gross bedizened monster battenning on the masses who live within its influence. It is not the Cathedral of Huysmanns, typifying the beauty of the spiritual ideals which it enshrines, nor even the Cathedral of Victor Hugo's fantasy, dominating the quaint vivid life of the Middle Ages that surges around its portals. The "red



fool fury" of the revolutionary is insurgent in the conception, and inspires the rancor with which the priestly character is traduced, the sentiment with which free love is dignified, and the blasphemy which does not spare the Person of Christ Himself. The soulless creed of the author might be summed up in a line of Swinburne's: "Glory to Man in the highest, for Man is the master of things." His gospel is one that rays darkness.

**GEORGE MEREDITH.** *A Study of His Works and Personality.*

By J. H. E. Crees. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. \$1.50.

Meredith alike as novelist and poet does not yield up his secret to him who reads as he runs; it is much harder to "acquire a taste" for Meredith than for almost any other novelist. It is not enough simply to read him: he must also be marked and inwardly digested. His work, as Mr. Crees says with truth, is a discipline as well as a delight. That is one reason why so little good Meredith criticism has been written. There is the handbook and the essay, both by Trevelyan: the essay by Le Gallienne, much less penetrating; and E. J. Bailey's doctoral dissertation on the novels is not without value. But this searching little book by the headmaster of the Crypt School, Gloucester, England, is by all odds the most illuminating study of Meredith that has yet been published. It is obviously the work of a man who is no less artist than scholar. Dr. Crees' book is not a meticulous treatment, volume by volume or year by year, of Meredith's achievement. It consists of seven essays including two chapters of introduction and summary. Among the headings are "Meredith's Poetry," "Meredith's Philosophy," "Meredith the Artist." There is hardly a page upon which may not be found some valuable critical utterance, some specially memorable pregnancy of phrase. Henceforth no student of the writings of the great novelist and poet will be completely equipped without this book.

**LES TRAITES ETERNELS DE LA FRANCE.** By Maurice Barrès.

With notes by Fernand Baldensperger. New Haven: Yale University Press.

"He who offers up his blood for France offers himself really as a sacrifice for the progress of the human race and for the fulfillment of God's will on earth." Thus wrote the Abbé A. Gratry in 1848. But even Gratry at the close of the Franco-Prussian war, became despondent over the destiny of France. If he, with all his ardent patriotism, could yield to doubt on this point, those who had come to look upon France as "a nation of the past, an effete nation," to use Barrès' words, may well be

pardoned their surprise when, at the outbreak of the War, the French were discovered to be, after all, living chrysalids only awaiting the hour to unfold their wings.

Now that surprise has yielded to wonder and admiration; and the words of Graty are again confirmed, a solution is sought for this apparent mystery of the resurrection of a people. The key to the mystery is Maurice Barrés' present message to the world: *La France éternelle se dégage*. As Mr. Baldensperger says, without exaggeration: *Les Traits Eternels de la France* is one of the ablest demonstrations of the vital unity of French tradition and a beautiful illustration of what is in fact permanent in the soul of the nation—so often misunderstood—France."

**AFTERGLOW.** By James Fenimore Cooper, Jr. New Haven: Yale University Press. \$1.00.

This little book contains some sixty poems, mainly lyrical, by a great-grandson of the famous American novelist. The poet, Captain Cooper, died at Camp Dix on February 17, 1918. Some of the lyrics are gracefully turned, but for the most part the authentic inspiration is lacking; and it was a mistake to reprint the sophomore essay on "Religion" which is given in an appendix.

**WILD YOUTH AND ANOTHER.** By Gilbert Parker. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co. \$1.50 net.

In the two short novels that make up this volume there is nothing actually new in either the scene—the Canadian west—or the themes handled; but the author seems perennially gifted with ability to impart increased glamour with each successive description of the region he loves so well. For the rest, he produces in *Wild Youth* almost the effect of an innovation by presenting a point of view abandoned by too many of his contemporaries. The story is that of a young man's love for a young, beautiful and unhappy married woman. Experience has taught us what to expect from the pernicious writing of the day, which gauges strength of passion by weakness of resistance. It is therefore refreshing to find Sir Gilbert Parker's young people taking account of temptation to be withstood and a hard battle to be won. The reader who is old-fashioned enough to be glad of this treatment will also be thankful for a *dénouement* that clears the path for the sorely tried pair by a tragic act in which they have not a shadow of responsibility. This is the better story of the two, though *Another*, its companion, is also interesting, and equally wholesome.

**GARGOYLES AND OTHER POEMS.** By Howard Mumford Jones.  
Boston: The Cornhill Co. \$1.25.

There is originality of viewpoint and there is paradox, too, throughout these verses. It is the paradox of the professor who perceived white Aphrodite walking at the end of a college corridor—who prefers Swinburne to the sciences—who sees the battle of heroes and the ride of Valkyries above a page of “Anglo-Saxon phonology.” It is easy for such a soul to be haunted by dreams of the rich, repressed humanity of the young creatures—men and women—lined up in orderly, studious groups before him. Indeed, it is a little hard not to be obsessed with the idea of all this living youth sacrificed, perhaps, to learning which seems dead. Revolting from the dry-as-dust, it is hard not to swing over to the morbid or the revolutionary. And some of these “Gargoyles” do betray a tendency toward exaggerative emotion along with a fine sense of “the pity of unpitied human things.” But the best of them are a memorable addition to our contemporary verse. Not soon will readers forget the haunting and fateful lines of *Librarians*, or that challenging sonnet, *We Study Marlow*. . . . And they should not soon forget the name of Howard Mumford Jones, even if he is a little unfair in his *English* 37, to his immortal predecessor Geoffrey Chaucer—happy poet, whose faith was as broad and as blithe as his humanity!

**TWENTY-FIVE YEARS IN THE BLACK BELT.** By William J. Edwards. Boston: The Cornhill Co. \$1.50.

This little book of one hundred and fifty pages is a clear call from Macedonia for help. Twelve millions of American people, not long out of slavery, are in educational, social, and religious need, and the need is instant. In simple, direct, unaffected phraseology the author of this human document presents his understanding of the negro problem, and graphically describes his personal method of partial solution.

Handicapped by poverty, bodily weakness, and most discouraging environment, the youth Edwards sought to rise to higher things. He managed to enter Tuskegee; after finishing his courses was impelled with the ambition to found a school on the general lines of his Alma Mater. In a one room log cabin the Snow Hill Normal and Industrial Institute began, with one teacher and three pupils. In spite of countless self-denials, self-disciplines, and deprivations, this Alabama institution, in its quarter-century existence, has trained thousands of negro youth, offers courses in fourteen industries, and rejoices now in an educational plant valued at one hundred and fifty thousand

dollars. It is the aim of Snow Hill to teach the dignity of all labor, and to inculcate a love for the soil and for agricultural life. The South, in Mr. Edwards' judgment, and especially the farm section, is the best locale for the black man.

**THE HOLY ROMAN EMPIRE IN GERMAN LITERATURE.** By Edwin Hermann Zeydel, Ph.D. New York: Columbia University Press. \$1.00 net.

In the preface of this monograph we are told that originally it was to be entitled *Literary Satire at the Expense of the Holy Roman Empire*. Why the change was made is not quite clear. The present title is justified neither by abundance of subject-matter nor by careful analytical scholarship. Strangely enough, moreover, what little amount of original data the author has managed to gather, is decidedly at variance with many of the conclusions he would have us draw. His historical treatment instead of growing out of his material, suffers lamentably from being no more than a re-hash of the old oft-refuted Protestant accounts of the causes that brought about the gradual disintegration and final disappearance of the Holy Roman Empire. He might easily have given us a much more intelligible contribution had he only been able to see that the emperors and not the Popes were the ones responsible for the weakness of the Empire.

**THE ROLL-CALL.** By Arnold Bennett. New York: George H. Doran Co. \$1.50.

In Mr. Bennett's latest novel, *The Roll-Call*, one might fairly expect to find a subsidiary study to the three Clayhanger books, for George Edwin Cannon, the hero, if one may call him so, is the son of Hilda Lessways and has Edwin Clayhanger for step-father. But in these pages Hilda and Edwin are but shadowy and remote figures. The book concerns itself with the adventures and experiences of George Edwin Cannon in London, whither he had repaired two years before the date of the opening of the story, to become an articled pupil in the firm of Lucas & Enwright, architects. John Orgreave, one of that Five Towns family group which was so superbly portrayed in *Clayhanger*—"They were constantly poking fun at people but it was never mean fun" Mr. Bennett wrote of them in the first volume of his fine trilogy—is Mr. Enwright's junior partner. Mr. Bennett in a swiftly-moving narrative recounts what happened to George Edwin after he left the Orgreave home to room with Mr. Haim, the office factotum, and describes the young man's love-affair with Marguerite Haim—not wholly unreminiscent of that earlier

romance in which his mother and Clayhanger had been the principals—and the dramatic fracture of their engagement. Mr. Bennett excels in the delineation of such crises in youthful emotion. In the course of time George wins a great architectural competition and takes his first steps on the road to prosperity. Ultimately, after a vicissitudinous courtship, he marries Lois Ingram, whose acquaintance he had made under unpromising circumstances in the opening chapters of the book.

At the beginning of the second part of the novel George Edwin Cannon has achieved fame and two children, Laurencine aged eight, and little Lois aged five; and Mrs. Cannon is again about to become a mother. War comes, and George Edwin after an agonizing night of struggle with himself, a struggle most powerfully and subtly rendered, answers "the roll-call" and seeks and obtains a commission. The closing pages describes Cannon's early days in the army and skillfully suggest his increasing acquiescence in the fate that has befallen him. "*There is something in this army business!*" is his grim conclusion.

*The Roll-Call* is a first-rate novel, and in its atmosphere there is nothing of the morbid miasma which infected his last book, *The Pretty Lady*. But, for one thing, Mr. Bennett is writing far too much and is allowing himself to grow more and more careless. He was never a distinguished stylist, though ordinarily one of the most exact of writers. In this book he has repeatedly and reprehensibly lapsed from the most essential auctorial virtue. If Mr. Bennett could for two years abstain from the writing of popular manuals of "practical philosophy;" leave the composition of Government publicity "literature" to the highly efficient clerks who can do it almost as well as he can himself, and retire within the fortress of his own soul, in the course of time one might reasonably look for another massive masterpiece like *The Old Wives' Tale*. Is it too much to expect this from him?

**THE NATURAL INCENTIVE.** By Elsie West Quaife. Boston: The Cornhill Co. \$1.25.

There would seem almost every reason why this little drama of the young, temperamental violinist, hastily married to an opulent, highly conservative and much mother-tied Boston man, should have ended tragically. Yet few will quarrel with Mrs. Quaife for choosing to bring it to a happy consummation. The theme is common enough, but it is treated with freshness, and as a study of the "natural incentive"—that *parenthood* which at first husband and wife so willfully eschew—the play is not without considerable power. It is a pity that the promise of the first

two acts weakens in the final two, for the situation of prosperous and legitimate motherhood, concealed with such desperate care, strains the probabilities perilously near to the breaking point. But for a' that, the play has some bright dialogue and one or two situations which are so good emotionally that they promise well for the dramatist's future work.

**OKEWOOD OF THE SECRET SERVICE.** By Valentine Williams. New York: Robert M. McBride & Co. \$1.50 net.

When some whim of fate brought together such ill-assorted people as Major Desmond Okewood, Maurice Strangwise, Arthur Mackwayte, his daughter Barbara and Nur-el-Din at a London music-hall, there were woven the meshes of a complicated intrigue which the reader will sit up o' nights to unravel. What the Star of Poland had to do with an intrigue that involved the Secret Service of France and Germany, and what personal motives, not admitted to himself, prevented Desmond Okewood from obeying to the letter his Chief's instructions, are problems which will not abide a deferred solution. In the person of Okewood, Valentine Williams has conceived a detective of individual character who is not omniscient, and whose singular aplomb is balanced by a human willfulness. The plot of his romance, written with unusual snap and deftness, has a vibrant, gripping quality, and in its ruses shows the clever psychological skill by which the audience of *Three Faces East* was outwitted and nonplussed.

**NERVES AND THE WAR.** By Annie Payson Call. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. \$1.25 net.

Miss Call's book, described as dealing with "individual economy of nerve force," explains how this can and should be made a factor both in "carrying on" and in recovery from injuries sustained, whether physical or mental. The author speaks with absolute assurance and conviction upon even so difficult a subject as shell shock, and it is to be noted that advancing knowledge in this respect gives corroboration to many of her statements. She is no pacifist, nor seeks to minimize the noble possibilities of war; the nervous economy advocated is not niggardliness of energy and enthusiasm, but only their right direction and control. The content is not long, though a considerable portion is devoted to discourse upon things not obviously of close relation to the matter in hand. It is on the practical side, in its presentation of a working plan, that the value lies; nor will this lose its timeliness, notwithstanding the title that misleadingly implies limited applicability. The War may have reached its longed-for

end; but we can cherish no such hope anent the rack and strain of our whirling civilization. Miss Call herein supplies aid for such victims as perceive in themselves, and desire to correct, a tendency toward neuroticism.

**THE HEART OF ALSACE.** By Benjamin Vallotton. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. \$1.50.

This tale has as *raconteur* a young Swiss who accepts the position of tutor to the sons of an Alsatian manufacturer. He is situated advantageously for close observation of the country and its inhabitants, both new to him. His keen interest soon deepens into affection for a people whom he presents in a most lovable light, as ordering their days with a dignity and sweetness in harmony with the restful beauty of their fatherland. Alsatian life, both public and private, is depicted with what we instinctively recognize as veracity; and thus is revealed the indomitable heart of the country that for so many years has resisted alien domination. The action covers many scenes and circumstances, including those of the period when the dauntless national spirit quickened to the call of the War. But not even the entrance of the world's tragedy, told by letters to the tutor from one of his former pupils who had gone to the front, can obscure for the reader the leisured charm that first engages and well repays his attention.

**DANTE.** By Henry Dwight Sedgwick. New Haven: Yale University Press. \$1.50.

The purpose of this elementary book on Dante is to give the average reader "a more personal intimacy with Dante's spirit, and to afford him help and comfort from merely touching, as it were, the garment of a great man."

The book is a caricature rather than a portrait. After reading it carefully, the simple-minded reader would deem Dante a Protestant of the fourteenth century, chiefly because of his bitter denunciations of the abuses of the age, and his contempt for some of the contemporary Popes. The author, however, omits all reference to the closing chapter of the *De Monarchia* and the episodes of Casella and Manfred in the *Purgatorio*, which prove clearly Dante's reverence for the spiritual and divine power of the Papacy.

Mr. Sedgwick spoils the book by trying to make Dante a mystic in a vague, un-Catholic sense. He was not a mystic, but a poetic genius, well read in all the learning of the Schools, and a scholar who understood the Catholic mysticism set forth in his

favorite authors, St. Augustine, St. Bernard and Richard of St. Victor.

Dante would certainly have repudiated utterly the authors so complacently and approvingly quoted by Mr. Sedgwick—such as Tolstoy, Emerson, Bunyan and Luther. Dante had a truly Catholic abhorrence of heresy and schism; he was uncompromisingly Catholic, doing more than any other poet to popularize and make intelligible to non-Catholics the great treasures of Catholic philosophy and theology.

**SUPPLEMENT TO NOLDIN'S MORAL THEOLOGY.** By Rev. Albertus Schmitt, S.J. New York: Frederick Pustet Co. 75 cents.

Father Albertus Schmitt, S.J., of Innsbruck, has just published a supplement to Father Noldin's *Theologia Moralis*, which enumerates the changes made by the New Code of Canon Law. His annotations are arranged under the three headings of Laws, Precepts and Sacraments. The make-up of the book is such that the pages may be cut out and inserted in Father Noldin's manual.

**OUTLINE MEDITATIONS.** By Madame Cecilia. New York: Benziger Brothers. \$1.50.

Madame Cecilia has once more put us under obligation to her by the publication of these "points" for the morning meditation. Grouped according to the ecclesiastical season, we have Advent, Christmas, Lenten and Easter subjects, and in addition the Holy Ghost, the Trinity, the Blessed Sacrament, and Our Lady, one hundred in all. The outlines are undeveloped, being made up of short pregnant sentences grouped under appropriate headings, and are marked by a combination of clearness, keen insight, and sympathetic and imaginative understanding. They are evidently meant for readers of some experience in developing their thoughts, and will also prove helpful to those in charge of sodalities, when press of work prohibits individual and personal preparation.

**CURRENTS AND EDDIES IN THE ENGLISH ROMANTIC GENERATION.** By Frederic E. Pierce. New Haven: Yale University Press. \$3.00.

Dr. Pierce who is Assistant Professor of English at Yale has herein made an important contribution to the history of English Romanticism. He has traced and set forth clearly and interestingly the most important minor movements in the "Romantic" generation of writers, has indicated with admirable skill "the



lines of division between them, with such differences as existed in the character of their poetry," and has studied minutely "the effect of social and geographical environment, of racial instincts and of other forming influences." His work will be of the highest value to students of early nineteenth century poetry and prose, assembling as it does a great deal of information which must otherwise be wearily sought for through many volumes of memories, reminiscences, letters and criticisms. Not the least interesting part of the book is the section entitled "Sources and Authorities." There is a well made index.

**E**LEMENTS OF BUSINESS, by Parke Schoch and Murray Grose, (New York: American Book Co., 88 cents), is intended primarily for those embarking upon a business career, but, under present-day conditions, few can dispense with such knowledge as it affords. The writers have practical experience of their subject and present all necessary information in available form. Insurance, Property, Banks, Savings Institutions, Coöperative Associations, etc., are treated of in a clear, concise manner, which leaves the reader in possession of the information sought.

**T**HE monthly pamphlet publications of the American Association for International Conciliation (407 West One Hundred and Seventeenth Street, New York City) for the current year are valuable contributions to every man's study table. In January was offered a summary of the *Projects for a League of Nations* and all the subsidiary suggestions; noteworthy speeches on the subject and a valuable *Annotated Reading List on International Organization* and kindred topics. The February issue presents *The Problems of Reconstruction*, showing its spirit, its necessity, the attitude and active measures of the various nations, the problems in detail: political, economic, with a bibliography of the subject. In March the history of *Russian Documents, Constitution, Land Law and Franco-Russian Alliance* is given and a special bulletin on the *League of Nations* up to date, including the *Proposed Constitution of the League of Nations*; speeches delivered before the Peace Conference and the President's addresses in Boston and New York. The Association thus furnishes a handy reference library on the vital topics of the day. Its publications may be had at the above address at the cost of five cents a copy.

**T**HE Yale University Press has published a contribution to American Colonial history in the form of a sketch of the picturesque soldier of fortune, Colonel John Scott of Long Island.

The sketch is by Wilbur C. Abbott, Professor of History in Yale University, and was prepared originally for the Society of Colonial Wars of the State of New York. The eventful career of the "Colonel" and the light it throws on late seventeenth century English and Colonial history, have merited for this monograph a more extensive publicity. The price is \$1.25.

A PUBLICATION that cannot be too highly recommended is the *Catechism of Patriotism for American School Children*, compiled by Alice Louise Thompson of the Daughters of the American Revolution and published by the John Murphy Company, of Baltimore, Maryland. The purpose of the little book is well stated by the author: to "show we have a country that, from its natural advantages, is worth living for, and, from its noble and generous form of government, worth dying for." She claims that to teach the truth "that equal rights demand equal service," patriotism must be made part of the regular school curriculum. Certainly it is much to be desired that the lessons of this *Catechism* may reach our millions of school children.

WE wish to correct an error in our April issue which announced the thin vest pocket edition of Father Lasance's *Manna of the Soul* as a publication of P. J. Kenedy & Sons, New York. All of Father Lasance's books are published by Benziger Brothers, New York.

#### FOREIGN PUBLICATIONS.

The Librairie Pierre Téqui, publishes:

*La Religion*, a new work by the eminent Bishop of Versailles, Monseigneur Gibier, which is destined to render great service to the clergy and the faithful. It is a résumé of all that a true Christian ought to know in order to give to his God the double homage of his faith and his works. (1) Religion, (2) Doctrine, (3) Practice, (4) Works: such are the divisions of this volume which merits an immense success. Priests will find in it matter for short, practical and interesting instructions. It should be the manual of the faithful who wish to be instructed. It will be also an extremely useful work to put into the hands of souls, weak in their faith or those who are seeking the truth.

*Les Croyances Fondamentales*, by Monseigneur J. Tissier, the indefatigable Bishop of Châlons, is a new work for "people in the world," to aid them to instruct themselves in the fundamental truths of the Catholic religion. The object Monseigneur Tissier has in view is an apostolic one. The experience of war which has brought us in con-

tact with men of the world of every kind, civil and military, has confirmed us in a conviction we have long enjoyed that French society amongst the middle and lower classes is not irreligious but ignorant of the most elementary truths of religion. The Bishop does not write for theologians who, perhaps, might furnish more profound reasons, but for lay people who have not the time to devote to study.

*Le Purgatoire*, by L. Rouzic, has a double end in view. First, to make us avoid the sufferings of Purgatory; second, to deliver those who are suffering there. Some of the questions discussed are: "Where is Purgatory?" "What is the state of the souls who are there?" "What are their pains?" "Have they joys?" "How long do they remain in the same?" "What is the rôle of the angels with regard to them?" "In what does the intercession of the Blessed Virgin consist?" and "What can we do to help the suffering souls?" These and many other questions are touched upon and well treated.

The eloquence of the Abbé Poulin is well known in Paris. Sermons, panegyrics, retreats have given him a distinguished place amongst the clergy of the first of the dioceses of France. His works, not less scholarly, are also appreciated and continue his fruitful ministry at home and abroad. His new work, *Les Sources D'Eau Vive*, is composed of sermons and allocutions delivered between 1915 and 1917. Like its predecessors, it is written in a style of distinction and breathes the soul of a true apostle.

*Retraites de Dames et Mères Chrétiennes*, by Abbé Millot, the distinguished vicar-general of Versailles, is made up of instructions for a three days retreat not including the opening and closing days. The following are some of the subjects discussed: (1) The Barren Fig Tree; (2) Mary Magdalen: Her Fall and Her Repentance; (3) The Christian Mother; (4) Prayer, Confession, Communion, Devotion to the Blessed Virgin; (5) The Family; (6) The Real Meaning of Christian Life. These very solid and very apostolic instructions befit the necessities of the present time, and have for their object to point out to mothers their true rôle, and thus restore the family in Christ.

*Retraite de Jeunes Filles*, by Abbé Millot, is dedicated to the young women of St. Paterne to whom the retreat was preached. Besides the opening and closing sermons, this retreat covers three days with three instructions and a conference for each day. Enriched by a long experience in dealing with women, the author touches and treats the principal subjects which can decide the conversion of a soul, direct the work of its sanctification, awaken in it apostolic zeal. He enlists in the service of souls the light of a sound doctrine, the ardor of an enlightened zeal, all the resources of true talent. More than one preacher will find in it excellent matter for sermons to young women.

The Librairie Gabriel Beauchesne publishes:

*Le Saint Coeur de Marie*, by J. V. Bainvel. Like all works from the pen of the distinguished professor of the Catholic University of Paris, this one is worthy of our very best attention. It is not a practical

work in the ordinary acceptation of the term. One will not find in it matter for meditation, popular sermons and conferences. It is an ascetic work in which the author, to use his own words, studies the psychology of the Blessed Virgin Mary—her interior life—with that curiosity of love which St. Thomas tells us is not satisfied with a superficial knowledge of what one loves but wishes as much as possible to go down to the very depths.

*Nos Quatre Évangiles*, by E. Levesque, S.S., is a solid and well written work in which the author departs from the beaten path of criticism and shows the consonance between the synoptics and the Fourth Gospel. He also touches upon certain peculiarities of the Gospel of St. Matthew.

*Questions Théologiques du Temps Present* has come recently from the pen of the well-known professor of theology at the Catholic University of Lille, A. Michel. In it he studies the subject of war in St. Aquinas. The titles of some of the chapters will afford an idea of the work. (1) The Christian and War; (2) Vengeance; (3) *La Patrie*; (4) The Unity of the Church and War; (5) War and Martyrdom; (6) The Clergy and War; (7) Prophecies and War; (8) Theological Idea of Peace. The work closes with some reflections on truth and war. It is a work of erudition and patience. (3 fr. 50).

*L'Église*, a volume in a "Higher Course on Religion," by Louis Prunel, is a solid doctrinal work along lines similar to the first volume of this series. Although chiefly addressed to the educated layman, it will prove very serviceable to the theological student. A glance at its contents will give an idea of the work. (1) The existence and necessity of a Church; (2) Jesus Christ has founded a Church to continue his mission through the ages; (3) How to know the true Church of Jesus Christ; (4) The Catholic Church, the true Church of Jesus Christ; (5) The nature and constitution of the Church; (6) Members of the Church; (7) Power of the Church to sanctify, teach and govern; (8) Pope, Bishops and Councils; (9) The Roman Congregations; (10) Church and Civil Society.

*La Vie Catholique Dans La France Contemporaine*. That a patriotic revival was bound to be followed by a religious renaissance is well proved by this new volume from "La Comite Catholique de propagande Française a l'étranger." These pages prove, indeed, that the Catholic Church in France is very much alive and full of splendid vigor and vitality. It is an historical document of the highest value, although the tone is sometimes harsh and aggressive because written in response to a challenge of the German Catholics. The names of the authors, alone, who have contributed the articles which go to make up this work is sufficient to attract attention. Amongst others, we find Monseigneur Tissier, the heroic Bishop of Châlons, Etienne Lamy, of l'Académie Française, Henri Joly and M. Fortunat Strowski whom students of literature will remember as the author of an excellent volume on the history of French Literature in the Nineteenth Century.

Don Hebrard calls his work, *Le Vie Créatrice*, an outline of a

religious philosophy of the interior life. He writes for the modern unbeliever, striving to win him to the truth by an appeal to his reason. He brings out clearly the necessity of religion, and insists strongly on the dispositions of mind and heart required in the earnest seeker after the truth. (\$1.50.)

*Mon Petit Prêtre*, by Pierre Lhande, is a delightful story of the Basque country. Its theme is a priestly vocation, fostered by a perfect Catholic mother despite many obstacles—poverty, human affection, and temptations against the Faith. On every page it images forth the true ideals of the Catholic priesthood and the contemplative life of our religious communities. (75 cents.)

The Librairie Lecoffre publishes:

*La Doctrine de Vie*, by R. P. Gillet. This volume like his previous one is written in a picturesque and vivid style and responds to an actual need. We shall not find in it a scholastic and complete exposition of Catholic doctrine nor a detailed analysis of Christian life, but only the essential doctrine and a method of adaptation of the truth to the general conditions of every life.

Students everywhere will welcome the *Études de Liturgie et d'Archéologie Chrétienne*, nine scholarly essays on liturgical subjects, just published by Monsignor Batiffol. He first discusses the origin and make-up of the Roman Pontifical, tracing it back, with absolute certainty, to the one compiled by William Durandus, auditor of the sacred palace under Clement IV. (1265), and later on Bishop of Mende, 1292-1295. It was reëdited, and made to conform with the Roman usage by the Bishop of Pienza and Montalciro, aided by Burchard, the prevost of the Church of St. Florent in the diocese of Strasbourg.

The succeeding essays discuss in a scholarly manner the origin of priestly vestments: of the pallium and the procedure in early Church Councils. The author shows in another chapter that there is no connection between the feast of the Purification and that of the pagan Lupercalia.

In *La Guerre et la Paix* (Paris: Bloud & Gay) the Reverend Father Marcel Chossat, S. J., as a faithful disciple of the great doctors from St. Thomas to Francis Suarez, masterfully comments and applies the theological principles *de iis quæ ad bellum pertinent*. Some of the subjects discussed are: War and Human Conscience; War, Reason and the Gospel; Christian and Pagan Ideas of War; Just War, Peace.

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## Recent Events.

The Peace Conference which opened its sessions on the thirteenth of January dispatched to the German Government on the fifteenth of April a formal invitation to send representatives to Versailles for the meeting of the Peace Congress on April 25th. Upon their arrival, the peace terms which have resulted from the deliberations and investigations of these many weeks past, will be presented to the representatives of the German Government. It is understood that they are to have a fortnight to consider them and lay them before their Government for acceptance or rejection. The terms of the peace agreed upon by the Allies have not been made public, nor will they be until they have been accepted or rejected by the Government of Germany. This course has been adopted as the only one likely to bring about a satisfactory conclusion. A public discussion in the various countries might lead to dissension and give to Germany a leverage for effecting the disunion which now constitutes her only hope. The terms, however, although not disclosed are, the British Premier declares, stern but not vindictive, and will, as he also said, fully redeem all the promises he made during the general election in January. These promises included the payment by Germany, to the full extent of her capacity, of the cost of the War which she forced upon the Allies.

The Council of Four, which has taken the place of the Council of Ten, in the supreme deliberations of the Conference, may seem to many to have wasted time in coming to a decision. But it must be remembered that the Council of Vienna, which had only Europe to deal with, took eleven months to arrive at a settlement. By contrast the Paris Peace Conference has been rather quick in reaching a conclusion. This will be the more apparent if the multiplicity of problems which it has had to settle be taken into account. The boundaries of some ten or twelve new States have had to be settled and their divergent claims reconciled besides all kinds of other questions, such as the incorporation of woman suffrage into the constitution of new States, the opium trade, the White Slave traffic, the prohibition of alcohol and the international regulation of labor. A curious claim was made upon the Conference for the regulation of their territorial boundaries by a people who declared themselves to be the descendants of the Assyrians

of old. This claim is not allowed by scholars, however, although they are willing to grant that the claimants at Paris represent a tribe subject to the Assyrian rule.

Not only have the peace terms to be presented to Germany been settled, but the revision of the draft of the League of Nations has been made in such a way as will remove, it is hoped, the objections felt in this country to the League as formerly drafted. The Monroe Doctrine is protected against any control of the League of Nations in any way, which would be detrimental to the claims of this country, and any call of the League to wage war must be unanimous, so that America's single voice could prevent such a call being accepted.

France. Events in France are not taking the course its friends would desire. Not that anything very serious has happened, but indications are manifest that the harmony and union maintained during the War are giving place to dissension. In the Chamber of Deputies there have been disorderly scenes which are not creditable to a legislative body. The most distressing event, however, is that a Parisian jury has acquitted the murderer of the great Socialist leader, M. Jaurès. This murder it will be remembered occurred on the eve of the War. Why the murderer was not tried before, is a question hard to answer, and why he has now been acquitted, is one still more unanswerable. This acquittal is looked upon by the Socialists as a concession to the capitalists, and by the latter is attributed to the jury's desire to belittle Jaurès. The worst feature is the fact that both sides take it for granted that the decision of the jury was not given on the merits of the case, and upon the evidence presented to it, but was due to extraneous reasons which had nothing to do with the matter. That M. Caillaux has been so long in prison without having been brought to trial, seems to show that political influences, and not strict justice, decide questions which should be left to the courts. Bolo Pasha and others have been tried and their sentences carried out, while M. Caillaux, probably the most guilty of all, has so far escaped.

Within the last few weeks France has been severely criticized as if she were seeking to inflict upon Germany terms of peace of too great severity. She has even been accused of desiring territorial aggrandizement. These criticisms, however, are without foundation. Her position as a neighbor of Germany, a country with a population which will soon be twice that of France, renders necessary safeguards adequate for her protection. The more so as the League of Nations does not provide for the standing army

France wished to have a feature of the League. Therefore, she demands in the first place military security, and this cannot be had unless Germany is excluded from the west bank of the Rhine. German military writers can be found who are in complete agreement on this point. Indeed, the whole teaching of the German General Staff shows that Germany's power of aggression depends upon the tremendous railway system, of a military nature, she has built up on that bank, and that system, in turn, is entirely dependent upon the rapidity with which troops can be moved across the Rhine throughout its frontier length. The demand for the Saar district is justified by the necessity for compensating France for the devastation wrought in the coal mines at Lens and in French Lorraine. Germany, as is now well known, deliberately laid waste these mines so that it will not be possible to work them for years to come.

#### Poland.

The affairs of Poland have formed the subject of anxious debates in the Peace Conference. The Premier, M. Paderewski, went in person to the Conference to appeal for a settlement in regard to Danzig. It is claimed that its possession is absolutely necessary for the commercial prosperity and independence of Poland. On the other hand the giving of it to Poland contravenes the self-determining rights of the city and district, as the majority of the inhabitants are undoubtedly German. The settlement is believed to have been reached by the internationalization of Danzig. This like so many other "settlements" is not at all certain. The project of bringing the fifty thousand Polish troops, who have been serving in France under the command of General Haller, by way of Danzig into Poland has been abandoned, Germany having consented to their being brought by rail. These troops will form Poland's defence against the threatened attack by Russian Bolsheviks. M. Paderewski seems to have met with the complete support of all the various political parties in Poland. Indeed, it was with great difficulty that he obtained permission to go to Paris. The struggle with Bolshevism is proving successful, at least with the Russian Bolshevism which Lenine and Trotzky are seeking to impose upon Poland. It is not quite so sure that internal Bolshevism is no longer a danger. There are those who assert that Poland may become at any moment the victim of this malady. That five millions of Poles are on the verge of starvation is the chief cause for this apprehension. Since food is beginning to arrive from this country, it is to be hoped that this peril may be averted, as also the danger that



Poland might seek her salvation in alliance with Germany. The long continued conflict with the Ukrainians for the possession of Eastern Galicia, and especially for the possession of Lemberg, has been brought to an end by an armistice between the contending parties. This has further contributed to the amelioration of the Polish situation.

#### Hungary.

The most important event which has taken place since the notes of last month were written is the revolution which has been accomplished in Hungary. This revolution is important in itself, and perhaps even more important in the effects it may produce upon the rest of Europe. By it Bolshevism has broken through the line drawn for it by the Peace Conference. In no case have the indecisions and delays of the Peace Conference brought about such detrimental results as in its dealings with the problem of Russia. In fact indecision and the delay consequent upon indecision have characterized the Allies in their dealings with Bolshevism from the very beginning. This delay, it must be admitted, is largely due to President Wilson's hesitation. For a long time he refused to cooperate with the Allies in sending an Expeditionary Force to Russia to free its people from the odious usurpation of power by the government of Lenine and Trotzky. Even when this expedition was resolved upon, the force sent was so inadequate as to be unable to cope successfully with the armies of the Moscow Government. The first sessions of the Peace Conference were concerned with this problem, but no decision was arrived at, no adequate steps were taken, and the inept proposal made to hold a conference with the Bolsheviki at Prince's Island fell through. The result was that Russia was practically deserted and the Bolsheviki left to dominate the country behind a line, not very clearly drawn, stretching from the Baltic to the Black Sea. The Hungarian Revolution has broken through this line, and organized Bolshevism has now reached the borders of German Austria, the Czecho-Slovak State, as also the Kingdom of the Serbs, Croats and Slovenes.

As a consequence of the defeat of the Central Powers, Hungary has suffered more than any other of the nationalities which form a part of the Hapsburg dominion. Internally she has been torn by disorders which bordered on anarchy, and externally she has been stripped by her neighbors of large tracts of territory to the north, east and west. When the Conference at Paris demanded of the Karolyi Government that upon her eastern border, between what had been left of Hungary and

Transylvania, a wide stretch of territory should be neutralized, the Provisional President felt the cup was full and he could not be responsible for the sacrifice demanded. He thereupon resigned his position and transferred the government to the Communistic Party which had become so strong. This party at once, and quite readily, accepted the charge and has proceeded to organize the country on lines modeled after the Soviet régime in Russia. A Bolshevik Cabinet was formed. This Cabinet, following genuine Bolshevik principles, declared a dictatorship of the proletariat for the whole of Hungary, without waiting for the expression of the will of the people by any constitutional method. It called upon them, however, to aid in the establishment of Socialism and the freedom of the country. *Proprio motu*, it proceeded at once to decree the socialization of large properties, mines, big industries, banks and other commercial enterprises. Far-reaching as was this socialization, the new government hesitated to extend it to the ownership of land. This was not to be partitioned but was to be cultivated by socialistic organization and trade unions. All opposition to the new decrees is to be ruthlessly punished and iron discipline exercised over all who offer opposition. An army is to be raised which, according to subsequent accounts, has already attained a fair size.

Following upon these decrees socializing commerce, the new government, at its second meeting, abolished all ranks and titles; separated the Church from the State; abolished all compulsory taxes for ecclesiastical and church purposes. Although not enacted into law, proposals were made to set up a special court for the trial of all who resisted the edicts of the new ministers who call themselves, as in Russia, commissaries of the people. Prohibition of the sale of alcohol is among the projected reforms. The decree of socialization was immediately put into effect by the seizure of all financial institutions. These were placed under the management of persons chosen by the new government.

As to its foreign policy, the Hungarian Cabinet, without delay, declared its purpose of uniting itself with the government of Lenine and Trotzky. It even placed itself and the country under the protection of the Russian Bolsheviks, and appealed to the workingmen of all Europe to ally themselves in the same cause. Thus from the West they made an appeal to the East, and received from Lenine the promise of help and succor. In Germany also this appeal met with a favorable response from the Independent Socialists and the Spartacides. The other parties made it the occasion of addressing a warning to the Allies that if onerous peace terms were imposed on Germany they would be rejected,

and an alliance would be formed for the subversion of the Western Powers by the united forces of Bolshevism. The effects of the Hungarian Revolution in spreading the principles of Bolshevism into German Austria are not yet apparent. This is due to the fact that this Republic is now receiving from this country and the Allies supplies of food which would be cut off were it to adhere to the programme of the Hungarians. It is believed, however, that, were it not for this, a similar revolution might have taken place there. In Bavaria, the government established since the assassination of Kurt Eisner, has been overthrown, and a Soviet régime has been inaugurated. In several other towns Soviet governments have been established. The revolution however is not extended throughout the whole country, the overturned Cabinet having withdrawn to Bamberg, while the peasants are offering effective opposition to the Soviet rule which has been established in Munich.

So far the Hungarian appeal does not appear to have met with any reply, at least in action, from Rumania, Bulgaria or Greece, although fears are entertained that sooner or later it may be heeded in these countries.

Upon the Peace Conference, sitting at Paris, the Hungarian revolution produced something like a panic. For weeks it had been attempting to attain ideal solutions of practical questions—questions which could not be solved in a way to satisfy everybody. Committees had been appointed to settle boundary questions. Their reports had been received and sent back for revision time after time and decision seemed to be as remote as ever. Then the Hungarian revolution came, It was a clear and open rebellion against the authorities sitting in Paris, inasmuch as, by the conditions of the armistice, settlements had been reserved to the peace delegates. The revolution owed its origin to the determination of the Hungarian Government to defy the one decision which had been reached on the question of boundaries. Thereupon it was said that military action would be taken to bring Hungary to terms and that General Mangin would be sent to take charge of an expedition. This proved to be only rumor, for it was General Smuts who was commissioned to go to Budapest. The purpose of his going is not clear, for it is certain he was not in command of any army. The result of his visit, so far as has been disclosed, is that the new Hungarian Cabinet looks upon itself as having been recognized by the Allies. With this exception the relation between Hungary and the Allies seems to have remained unchanged.

Of the other States sprung from the ruins of the Dual Mon-

archy there is little to relate. The CZECHO-SLOVAK REPUBLIC seems to remain in a state of quiet consolidation and to be resisting all attempts of its neighbors to bring about disturbances. A plot made by German Austrians in union with abettors, in Saxony, was frustrated before it had time to take active steps. This is not to say that everything has prospered in CZECHO-SLOVAKIA. It is still suffering from the ill-treatment of its Austrian overlords during the War. Although the need of food is not so common as in Poland, large numbers are suffering from privation and appeals have been made for help for them similar to that given to Poland. The GERMAN-AUSTRIAN REPUBLIC remains much in the same state, the only change which has taken place being a re-arrangement of the Cabinet. It is in a somewhat strange position for, although it has a Cabinet with a premier, it is without a president. This may be because it is looking forward to amalgamation with Germany. Negotiations having this in view have been going on but the results have not, as yet, been disclosed. The Allies have been more lenient to this State than they have been to Germany, inasmuch as they have sent considerable supplies of food there. The KINGDOM OF THE SERBS, CROATS AND SLOVENES has not yet been formally recognized by any of the Great Powers. Greece in fact is the only State that has given formal recognition to the new kingdom. Rumors were current that the king had abdicated and that this, the only kingdom among the new States, was to be a republic. There seems to be no foundation for this report, but it is feared that Bolshevism, the enemy that is dreaded everywhere, will attempt to penetrate within its borders. The controversy with Italy about the possession of Fiume reached a point so acute that there was danger of open hostilities, nor can the question be said to be settled. The fear that the Peace Conference was on the point of giving that city to the Jugo-Slavs almost led to the breaking-up of the Conference, so far, at least, as Italy's concurrence was concerned.

Germany. Of the twenty-two republics into which the former German Empire has been reorganized, Prussia and Bavaria are the chief centres of interest. The former kingdom of Prussia now forms a republic with a cabinet mainly consisting of Majority Socialists, who represent that form of Socialism which is also predominant in the National Assembly recently elected. However moderate this form of Socialism may be, the Prussian Cabinet proceeded by an executive decree to ordain the break-up of large family estates and the dissolution of entails by April 1, 1921, a severe blow to

the junkerdom which has held sway for so long over the political and economic interests of Prussia. If large estates are not voluntarily broken up within the next two years, the State will do so compulsorily. The arbitrary manner of this decree indicates the masterful spirit of socialistic methods, for as the Prussian National Assembly consists of one hundred and sixty-nine Socialists, eighty-eight members of the Centre, sixty-five Democrats and seventy-three more or less Conservative members, it would have been easy for this land reform to have been affected in a constitutional way. The new ordinance immediately affects about five million acres. The effect of the decree will be the allocation to peasants of sufficient land for the maintenance of a man and his household.

The Coalition Government established at Munich, after the assassination of Kurt Eisner, of which Herr Hoffmann, a Moderate Socialist, was the Premier, maintained itself in existence more or less quietly for a longer time than was expected. However, when the revolution took place in Hungary and formed a Soviet government there, the Bolsheviki of Munich took heart and expelled the Moderate Socialists. The latter, however, did not acquiesce in their loss of power and migrated to Bamberg where they continued to exercise their authority. Recent accounts state that they are contesting the possession of Munich with the Soviet Government—whether with success or not is not decided at this writing. The peasants, also, in various districts throughout Bavaria have refused to submit to the new Soviet Government and have risen against it—whether in coöperation with the Hoffmann Government or not, is not stated. It would, indeed, be disastrous if, after having obtained power in Hungary, the Bolsheviki should so easily extend their project of world domination to such a civilized country as Bavaria.

During the short existence of Herr Hoffmann's Cabinet, bills were introduced into the Bavarian Diet abolishing the system of family entails and nobility and prohibiting the granting of new rights of inheritance.

Herr Scheidemann's Government of the new German Republic, which has replaced the former German Imperial Cabinet, has met with much opposition throughout all Germany, but, contrary to the expectations of many, has remained in power. Nor have there been any changes in its constitution, with the exception of the accession to its numbers of Herr David, the former Vice-President of the National Assembly, and the resignation of the Minister of Finance, Dr. Shiffer. This resignation is ascribed to the dissatisfaction felt by the Financial Minister with the measures

of socialization which are being promoted by the Government. Among the changes of *personnel* may be noted the fact that Herr Erzberger has been excluded from the number of the delegates who are to go to the Conference for the settlement of the Peace Treaty. That the Cabinet of Herr Scheidemann has remained in power is not due to lack of opposition. Many attempts have been made throughout the country to overthrow it. In Berlin, the Ruhr District, Magdeburg and many other places, strikes have taken place with the avowed object of overturning the Government. It has been obliged to use the military forces still at its disposal in order to quell the violent uprisings that have taken place. In consequence, although still in existence, its life is regarded as precarious, although it is hoped that no change will be made before the Treaty of Peace is signed, which is a necessary preliminary for the restoration of normal conditions.

The chief question at issue during the last few weeks has been a way to satisfy the claims of the Workers' and Soldiers' Councils which came into being at the beginning of the revolution. These Councils wish to maintain their present powers in the new organization upon which the National Assembly is working, and to form a branch of the Legislature which is to be established. This Legislature was to consist of a House of Deputies and a Senate. The Workers' and Soldiers' Councils demanded that they should form a third branch of the Legislature. To this the Cabinet offered strenuous opposition. It was willing to give them control of economic affairs, yet was unwilling to share with them political power; but the Cabinet's opposition seems to have been overcome, and if the present project goes through, the Workers' and Soldiers' Councils will be so organized as to form a third legislative house. The Workers' and Soldiers' Councils will therefore be laid down in the constitution as economic representatives of labor. Although the Government is represented as moderately Socialist, an Emergency Bill, recently brought in by it scarcely gives evidence of moderation. This bill lays down the principles of socialization for the coal industry and is to be applied ultimately to all industries. Labor, it is declared, is the nation's highest economic asset; every German is guaranteed the possibility of earning his livelihood by means of work suited to his capabilities; in the event of his not being able to obtain work he is to receive maintenance out of public funds; the Government of the Republic is to take over the control of all economic undertakings and values, especially mineral resources and natural energies; to regulate the production and distribution of economic goods for the benefit of the Republic; businesses are to be

conducted by self-governing economic bodies, these bodies to be under the superintendence of the Republic: the exploitation of fuel substances, water-power, and other natural sources of energy are to be regulated by law; and a beginning is to be made with the coal industry.

While the Government was able, by the use of the military, to restore order in Berlin, the movement towards extreme Socialism has not been checked, as is proved by the fact that the Workers' and Soldiers' Councils have succeeded in obtaining the recognized place they demanded in the constitutional organization of the country, and by the socialization of industries which has been begun. But whether there will be any definite organization at all of the new Germany seems doubtful, in the light of events which have occurred within the last few days. A general strike has begun again in Berlin which paralyzes all business there, and Munich is said to be in a state of chaos: robbers are looting the banks and general disorganization reigns. Thoughtful Germans have resigned themselves to a period of chaos, if not of anarchy, and look forward to a future of more or less long continued disorder, out of which they hope may emerge finally a reëstablishment of stable conditions. The fact that four millions of workmen are said to be out of employment adds immensely to the difficulties of the situation, while the payment given by the Government to those who are out of work, amounting, as it does, to more than they could possibly earn, tends to increase the numbers of non-workers. This has gone so far, there is possible danger that the industrious habits which have hitherto characterized the working classes of Germany may be destroyed. Meanwhile the Committee for drafting a new constitution works on steadily, but the accounts of the outcome of their work are very meagre. A senate is to form a part of the new legislature, whose members are to be elected by universal suffrage, one member being chosen for each one million voters, with various adjustments for the different States. The constitution embodies the rights accorded to the workers, on an equal footing with the employers, to collaborate in the fixing of wages, the settling of questions of labor conditions and in the entire development of the productive force. They are also to have legal representatives in all industrial councils, including the Imperial Labor Council.

A further provision, which has been adopted, decrees the separation of Church and State, without, however, abrogating the legal observance of Sunday.

While the Spartacides and Extreme Socialists have so far been the chief cause of unsettlement, the fact must not be overlooked

that there are still royalists in Germany, a thing not to be wondered at considering the suddenness of the revolution. Their number has been estimated, more or less inaccurately, as one in five of the population. Attachment to the Hohenzollerns exists especially among the peasantry; and demonstrations of this attachment are made from time to time. Even General Ludendorff who soon after the outbreak of the revolution had to flee the country, soon after his return met with a demonstration in the streets of Berlin. The fact that the Government has been obliged frequently to use the military for the suppression of the Spartacides tends to reinstate it in the approval of the public. This, naturally, causes a reversion towards the old order, when the military were supreme.

Russia. While the power of Lenine and Trotzky within the region over which they have control, is said to be on the point of col-

lapse, owing to the failure of their socialization methods, the Russian territory over which they hold sway has been much augmented. The French who have been operating in the Ukraine with a Greek force, have been driven back and forced to evacuate the city of Odessa. This Bolshevist success has put them in possession of the most fertile district in all Russia. Whether the whole of the Ukraine has been conquered by them cannot be said with certainty. No account has been received of General Petlura who, for so long a time, has been fighting against them. Further successes have been scored by the forces of Lenine and Trotzky in their conflict with the Don Cossacks, and the whole of Southern Russia is now in their possession. To the North also they have driven back the Allied forces for forty miles, although they are still more than a hundred miles from Archangel. In the Murmansk District, the Allied forces have found themselves in so precarious a position that they were in danger of being annihilated. Great Britain has been forced to send reënforcements to save the situation. On the other hand, the Lithuanians and Esthonians have driven back the Bolshevist invaders of their country and have successfully carried the conflict some little distance into Russian territory. The Poles have, at least, held their own. The Omsk Government, also, has had some notable successes against the forces of Lenine and Trotzky, and has retaken Ufa which, some time ago, it was forced to abandon. On the whole, however, the Bolshevist power seems to have extended. The fact that Hungary has adopted their principles and that possibly Bavaria may also become a Soviet Government, makes the dreaded spread



of Bolshevism a matter of great anxiety. On this account the Associated Powers decided to send food to Russia under neutral control. They are doing this with the hope of saving the millions of people who are in danger of starvation, owing to the Bolshevist socialization schemes. In this way they hope to save, at least, the better classes of Russia from starvation. It is to be feared, however, that by one way alone could Russia have been saved, and that the Allies refused to adopt: to send a sufficient body of troops to put down the usurped power now controlling a large part of Russia. The magnitude of this task appalled the Allies. They contented themselves with undertaking to defend the small countries which have been formed out of the Austrian Empire. This defence has now been broken down by the spread of Bolshevism into Hungary. The misery wrought by the Soviet Government of Russia within the territory under its control, has by no means diminished Lenine's desire to extend to the whole world the methods of government which have proved so disastrous at home. He has organized at Moscow a Council to take control of the Proletariat governments which he hopes will be formed in every country, and has appointed commissioners to carry these projects into effect. The money formerly belonging to the Imperial Government, which was seized on his advent into power, and that derived from the confiscation of the capital of the rich, is being used to send agents to every part of the world to promulgate Bolshevist principles. He does not, indeed, always advocate the same "rough" methods as were adopted in Russia, for he has sent word to the Hungarian Government to act more gently in the establishment of Bolshevism there. It is a fact to be reckoned with that an organized body is actively at work in every country to establish a despotism worse than any the world has ever seen.

*April 17, 1919.*

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## With Our Readers.

**E**VERY aspiration after Christian unity is good and praiseworthy. Christ is one Divine Person, true God and true Man, and unity is His attribute, as it is the attribute of God Himself. Christ Our Lord knew the definite truth of God and came to reveal it to men.

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**T**HE revelations of His mind are the revelations of God's own mind: as eternally true and unchangeable as God Himself. Unity with Christ is a unity with a living Person, and the first condition of it is, as St. Paul says, the bringing into captivity our understanding unto the obedience of Christ. The true Christian thinks with Christ: his faith is an echo of the mind of Christ as the latter is of God. Christ came to teach all truth—that is every cardinal truth which concerns the personal responsibility of the individual to God: of man's eternal relations with his Creator: of the help, power and grace which God would give and which would be necessary for man to attain the life to which he was destined.

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**T**HE end and purpose of man's life is not a creation of his own fancy but an end and purpose which have been placed by God. The truth of God—and that truth, even as it concerns man, is not a subject of man's creation nor of man's imagination: it is God revealing Himself, to which revelation every mind must bow.

The actual approach to Christian unity can only be made with this fundamental consideration as a guiding star. One must seek and accept the mind of Christ. Now that mind cannot surely be our mind any more than we ourselves can be Christ. It can be our mind only inasmuch as we have made His mind our own: as we have accepted the definite truth He taught, which is independent of us, which would be the same whether we ever knew of it or not. Our mind can be His only when we have accepted that truth in all its parts, and have made ourselves obedient to it. The mind of the Church is, as St. Paul tells us, the mind of Christ. The Church is the living visible body of which Christ is the invisible but true head. It teaches only through His power: yet it does teach. It is the pillar and ground of truth: it is sent to teach all nations: and Christ is with it, so that error will never prevail against it.

Let us look back to the time when our Blessed Lord, liv-

ing in the flesh, was visible to men. He demanded of men that they should accept His teaching without question. That teaching was difficult, mysterious at times, almost inexplicable to His hearers. He covered in it all the relations between man and God, between the individual and the Creator. It shocked and it bewildered His hearers. It was such a synthesis of truth, as they knew it, and such a comprehensive revelation of the supernatural with the unique claim of being the only creed that would save mankind that He Who preached it and demanded the full obedience of every man to it, was denied and crucified.

Let us imagine what would have been the attitude of Our Blessed Lord if the different sects among the Jews had replied to His teaching, and said that while they granted He had a portion of the truth, He had no exclusive claim to it. They, so the argument might run, had been studying the sacred books for years: the psalms, the prophecies, the teachings of Israel: they had, according to their own lights, striven to find the truth. That truth could not be the possession of one man or one body of men. Would it not be best, indeed would it not be obligatory, to take as a common basis a common attitude of reverence and love for God, and all confer together, each yielding something: none insisting upon any special dogma: and all eventually coming to an agreement as to what they thought the truth of God to be.

It were blasphemy even to ask what the attitude of Christ, the Son of God, would be. No man ever loved His own as did our Blessed Lord, yet that very love was founded upon the eternal dogmatic truth which He knew from the Father, and which was both the expression and the reason of His Father's love and of His own love and sacrifice for men.

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ONE must keep before his mind this supreme truth of Christ's divine Person if he is ever to walk safely amid the mazes of this modern question of Christian unity. In talking of the unity let him not forget the Christ. And he must likewise remember that because Christ is a Divine Person He is the *living* Christ. He speaks, acts, guides His living Church today as He founded and guided her almost two thousand years ago.

The secret and the basis of unity is not human good will. That may open the approach to it but it can never create it. The desire essentially demands something outside of itself—and that something is the truth of Christ. To think that it can be produced by conferences, by pleasant deliberations, is to empty Christ of all personal worth, to rob Him of any mind of His own, and to force into Him our own conclusions and our own opinions.

Instead of the Son of God coming down to teach us, it is as if we were to ask the Son of God to come to our deliberations and accept our conclusions because they were the best in the light of modern progress and scientific investigation and economic research that we could reach, and yet keep our good will one to another.

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**T**HE world has recently realized that there are certain immutable laws of justice and of right, which are above all peoples and all nations. The acceptance and observance of them are necessary for any people's peace and any nation's salvation. A conference that would seek to rewrite them or reconsider them could today find no meeting place. They are not to be changed by human will nor to be interpreted to special needs or special ambitions. They are imposed with a supreme unquestioning power upon all: and all must accept, and in the acceptance and obedience all will find their peace and their national honor and security.

In like manner the truth of Christ is not from us but from above. It is imposed upon us and we must accept it. It does not arise from human good will: but human good will is born of it. When the Truth was born, and not till then, did the angels announce the advent of peace.

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**E**VERY attempt at Christian unity that is not inspired by this cardinal principle is doomed to failure. And because the Catholic Church holds to the principle, indeed, because the principle is her very life as it is the life of Christ Himself, the recent pronouncement from the Holy Father of his attitude towards the proposed Pan-Christian Congress will be very clear.

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**T**HE Holy Father stated that the Church could not join as one of many organizations in such a congress, and referred to the pronouncements made by his illustrious predecessor Leo XIII. In the latter's Encyclical on the The Unit of the Church we read:

“It is so evident from the clear and frequent testimonies of Holy Writ that the true Church of Jesus Christ is *one*, that no Christian can dare to deny it. But in judging and determining the nature of this unity many have erred in various ways. Not the foundation of the Church alone, but its whole constitution, belongs to the class of things effected by Christ's free choice. For this reason the entire case must be judged by what was actually done. We must consequently investigate not how the Church may possibly be one, but how He, who founded it, willed that it should be one.

“ But when we consider what was actually done we find that Jesus Christ did not, in point of fact, institute a Church to embrace several communities similar in nature, but in themselves distinct, and lacking those bonds which render the Church unique and indivisible after that manner in which in the symbol of our faith we profess: ‘ I believe in one Church.’

“ The Church in respect of its unity belongs to the category of things indivisible by nature, though heretics try to divide it into many parts. . . . We say, therefore, that the Catholic Church is unique in its essence, in its doctrine, in its origin, and in its excellence. . . . Furthermore, the eminence of the Church arises from its unity, as the principle of its constitution—a unity surpassing all else, and having nothing like unto it or equal to it.<sup>1</sup> For this reason Christ, speaking of this mystical edifice, mentions only one Church, which He calls *His own*—‘ I will build My Church;’ any other Church except this one, since it has not been founded by Christ, cannot be the true Church. This becomes even more evident when the purpose of the divine Founder is considered. For what did Christ the Lord ask? What did He wish in regard to the Church founded, or about to be founded? This: to transmit to it the same mission and the same mandate which He had received from the Father, that they should be perpetuated. This He clearly resolved to do: this He actually did. *As the Father hath sent Me, I also send you.*<sup>2</sup> *As thou hast sent Me into the world I also have sent them into the world.*<sup>3</sup>

“ But the mission of Christ is to save *that which had perished*; that is to say, not some nations or peoples, but the whole human race, without distinction of time or place. *The Son of Man came that the world might be saved by Him.*<sup>4</sup> *For there is no other name under heaven given to men whereby we must be saved.*<sup>5</sup> The Church, therefore, is bound to communicate without stint to all men, and to transmit through all ages, the salvation effected by Jesus Christ, and the blessing flowing therefrom. Wherefore, by the will of its Founder, it is necessary that this Church should be one in all lands and at all times. To justify the existence of more than one Church it would be necessary to go outside this world, and to create a new and unheard-of race of men.

“ Furthermore, the Son of God decreed that the Church should be His mystical body, with which He should be united as the head, after the manner of the human body which He assumed, to which the natural head is physiologically united. As He took to Himself a mortal body which He gave to suffering and death in order to

<sup>1</sup> St. Clemens Alexandrinus. *Stromatum*, lib. viii., c. 17.

<sup>2</sup> John xx. 21.

<sup>3</sup> John xvii. 18.

<sup>4</sup> John iii. 17.

<sup>5</sup> Acts iv. 12.

pay the price of man's redemption, so also He has one mystical body in which and through which He renders men partakers of holiness and of eternal salvation. *God hath made Him (Christ) head over all the Church, which is His body.*<sup>6</sup> Scattered and separated members cannot possible cohere with the head so as to make one body. But St. Paul says: *All the members of the body, whereas they are many, yet are one body, so also is Christ.*<sup>7</sup> Wherefore this mystical body, he declares, is *compacted and fitly joined together. The head, Christ: from whom the whole body, being compacted and fitly joined together, by what every joint supplieth, according to the operation in the measure of every part.*<sup>8</sup> And so dispersed members, separated one from the other, cannot be united with one and the same head. 'There is one God, and one Christ; and His Church is one and the faith is one; and one the people, joined together in the solid unity of the body in the bond of concord. This unity cannot be broken, nor the one body divided by the separation of its constituent parts.'<sup>9</sup> And to set forth more clearly the unity of the Church, he makes use of the illustration of a living body, the members of which cannot possibly live unless united to the head and drawing from it their vital force. Separated from the head they must of necessity die. The Church, he says, 'cannot be divided into parts by the separation and cutting asunder of its members. What is cut away from the mother cannot live or breathe apart.'<sup>10</sup> What similiarity is there between a dead and a living body? *For no man ever hated his own flesh, but nourisheth and cherisheth it, as also Christ doth the Church: because we are members of His body, of His flesh, and of His bones.*<sup>11</sup>

"Another head like to Christ must be invented—that is, another Christ—if besides the one Church, which is His body, men wish to set up another.

"But He, indeed, Who made this one Church, also gave it *unity*, that is, He made it such that all who are to belong to it must be united by the closest bonds, so as to form one society, one kingdom, one body—*one body and one spirit, as you are called in one hope of your calling.*<sup>12</sup> Jesus Christ, when His death was nigh at hand, declared His will in this matter, and solemnly offered it up, thus addressing His Father: *Not for them only do I pray, but for them also who through their word shall believe in Me . . . that they also may be one in Us . . . that they may be made perfect in one.*<sup>13</sup> Yea, He commanded that this unity should be so closely knit and so perfect amongst His followers that it might,

<sup>6</sup> Eph. i. 22, 23.

<sup>7</sup> 1 Cor. xii. 12.

<sup>8</sup> Eph. iv. 15, 16.

<sup>9</sup> St. Cyprianus, *De Cath. Eccl. Unitate*, n. 23.

<sup>10</sup> *Ibid.*

<sup>11</sup> Eph. v. 29, 30.

<sup>12</sup> Eph. iv. 4.

<sup>13</sup> John xvii. 20, 21, 23.

in some measure, shadow forth the union between Himself and His Father: *I pray that they all may be one, as Thou, Father, in Me, and I in Thee.*"<sup>14</sup>

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CATHOLIC dogma is the truth of Christ. To empty Christianity of creed and of dogma is simply to throw to the winds any hope of knowing the mind of Christ. Yet the various advertisements from non-Catholic sources that speak of Christian unity are constantly repudiating doctrine, hoping perhaps to win the favorable ear of a world that has lost the true meaning of dogma. Dogma with most non-Catholics means a ruling that has been declared to be the truth of Christ by some conference representing a certain body of believers, and that had no authority except what they conferred upon themselves or what those who elected them conferred. For example, the old Presbyterian formula that taught the damnation of unbaptized infants: or the formula of the Disciples of Christ that demands as a *sine qua non* of Church membership baptism by immersion. Dogma is robbed, in their minds, of the divine dignity of Christian truth because it has been the plaything of merely human discussion and merely human debate.

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FOR example, one of the latest bulletins of The World Conference on Truth and Order declares in approving tones that the chaplains at the front have had no time "to study heresies buried centuries ago in tomes now thick with dust." Evidently the older Christians who deplored such heresies had little appreciation of Christian unity. In the very next sentence the circular speaks of the fundamental Christian truth that "God came in the Person of His Son." Evidently, then, Athanasius had some idea of Christian unity when he destroyed the heresy that would have taken this truth from the souls of men. The circular is not honest in that it gives the impression that "the chaplains"—one would think all the chaplains—were so carried away by a notion of Christian unity as to be willing to waive all differences in order to attain it.

The *Christian Century* states that there has been a "growth leading away from sacramentarianism (*sic*) to greater spirituality." "Many of the free churches have left creeds behind altogether, insisting upon the right of each congregation to formulate a statement of the faith that unites the believers into one body. Any kind of union that will betray the cause of progress in religion to the forces of reaction will not in the long run provide a basis for union."

<sup>14</sup> *Ibid.*, 21.

Of late there has been an endeavor by certain members of the Episcopal Church and others of the Congregational Church to agree upon a plan of union. It is asked that Congregational ministers shall agree to be reordained by an Episcopal bishop. The former are in turn freed from being obliged to follow any requirement of the Prayer Book or of submitting to the canons of the Episcopal Church.

Such a combination begets ethical difficulties. It was asked "does it in any way detract from the solemnity and sincerity of the act of reordination when the man who receives it and the man who administers it differ widely as to the precise significance of the act." And one of the Episcopalian members answered, saying that "there was no deception: that the differences were known to ordained and ordainer: the result is an enlargement of Christian service." The utterly un-Christian ethics of such a proceeding must be apparent to anyone who has not obscured the vision of his soul by substituting the cloud of compromise for the white light of truth. No normal man would ever make the absence of deception synonymous with morality. The boy knew he was stealing and the man who gave him the coat knew he was giving something which he had no right to give—therefore the good will engendered between the boy and the man would mean "an enlargement of Christian service." Such is the reasoning of the Episcopalian rejoinder. Yet the *Churchman* states with regard to the proposed agreement that "neither side is asked to sacrifice anything which ought to do violence to conscience or conviction."

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IT is ever a source of hope to see the non-Catholic bodies holding fast to something of Christian truth. In justice to Christian optimism it should be said that it is good to see a Christian body standing for the necessity of an episcopate and of the sacraments: of a Church Universal. That they do not answer these questions definitely and tell us what is an episcopate: what is the Church Universal: what is the sacrament of the Last Supper is due more to their inability than to their unwillingness. Perhaps even the remembrance of those necessities will lead them finally to an acceptance of the reality.

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THE Encyclicals of Leo XIII., the pronouncements of our present Holy Father defend and present fully and emphatically the position of the Catholic Church. It is a position known of all men and known through all the centuries. Christ could de-



clare the love of the Father because He knew the truth of God. And the Church, only because she possesses that same truth today can, with meaning and with hope for all, declare her abiding love for her own, and for those separated from her. This is her prayer for Christian unity:

“Do Thou, above all, O Saviour and Father of mankind, Christ Jesus, hasten and do not delay to bring about what Thou didst once promise to do—that when lifted up from the earth Thou wouldst draw all things to Thyself. Come, then, at last, and manifest Thyself to the immense multitude of souls who have not felt, as yet, the ineffable blessings which Thou hast earned for men with Thy blood; rouse those who are sitting in darkness and in the shadow of death, that, enlightened by the rays of Thy wisdom and virtue, in Thee and by Thee, they may be made perfect in one.”

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**T**HE honest labor for Christian unity by those outside the Church will by the Church be encouraged and helped in every possible way. She has no desire to impute bad faith where there is no bad faith. She is ready to take every endeavor—however mistaken—to be what it claims to be, a sincere effort for wider Christian unity. And she not only asks but she demands that the spirit of fraternal charity and fraternal love that prompt her every word and pronouncement concerning non-Catholics be the spirit that shall prevail among all men.

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**T**HE desire to possess the unity of Christ is ever to be encouraged. And equally to be deplored is that ungracious, un-Christian spirit often manifested by those who speak for Christian unity, of maligning and misrepresenting the Catholic religion. It reaches unfortunately farther than we might think. It is not to be expected that those who differ with us should agree with us. It is to be expected that they shall not misrepresent us or lie about us. Yet in many of the meetings that have been held to gather together the one hundred millions of dollars for many of the Protestant denominations, the speakers have not hesitated to defame the Catholic religion: to claim that the time has come for the redemption of Europe: that now the true light of the Gospel must be carried to them who have so long sat in darkness: that as Protestantism overthrew kings (no religious denomination ever fixed them so safely on their thrones) so now must it overthrow priests and hierarchies. To carry this religious war into Europe, Americans are asked to contribute one hundred millions of dollars: the

placards advertising it are full posters showing a meek, loving Christ looking over the world.

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**S**URELY those who put into such a campaign the animus of anti-Catholic feeling are sowing the seeds not of peace but of discord. They are planting hatred of America abroad when it is most necessary that America have the good will of all. They are neither American nor Christian. Why ask America to help them rob of their faith the people of France and of Italy?

They have gained entrance and hearing and welcome because of our entry into the War. Shall they under the cloak of peace scatter the seeds of discord? And, claiming that Protestantism alone can be the religion of the League of Nations, disown their Catholic brothers, equal in courage and sacrifice? America will not permit it. We believe that such speeches and such plans represent the small minority, and yet the declarations have been public enough and frequent enough to merit repudiation by the official bodies of the organizations which the speakers claim to represent.

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**C**HRISTIAN unity is fed by the spirit of Christian charity. What Christ taught is the salvation of the world. For those who believe in all or any of His teachings there was never greater need of standing together in a Christian union, every part of which should do its best to beat back the waves of irreligion, of immorality, and of anarchy.

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**P**ERHAPS one of the most touching and effective examples of Christian charity to be found in history is that recorded of Blessed Thomas More in the conclusion of his speech after he was condemned to death by a "packed" jury.

"More have I to say, my Lords, but that like the blessed Apostle St. Paul, as we read in the Acts of the Apostles, who was present and consenting to the death of the proto-martyr, St. Stephen, holding their clothes that stoned him to death; and yet they be now both twain holy saints in heaven and there shall continue friends for ever: so I verily trust and shall heartily pray that, though your Lordships have been on earth my judges to condemnation, yet we may hereafter meet in heaven merrily together to our everlasting salvation."

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**I**N a recent article in the London *Times* Literary supplement, evidence is given of More's kind and considerate spirit. He married as his first wife the older sister though he really thought

more highly of the younger one, but he would not injure the former's feelings. Erasmus tells us that "he instructed her in literature and had her taught every species of music." Now Mr. P. S. Allen in the *London Times* shows that More did not succeed in teaching her anything until he had appealed to her father. And her father had to use severe methods before she became the docile and loving wife that history records her to have been. The article closes with the following paragraph:

"England owes much to Sir Thomas More. Of all the characters in our history there is none that is so intelligible and that makes appeal to so wide a circle. With the high devotion of an enthusiast he combined the serene common sense of a man of action; loving his life with cheerful humor, but ready without complaint to lay it down for the cause his conscience bade him choose, upon the cruel demand of his own familiar friend whom he had trusted. And besides this great part, he is one of the founders of our modern literature. Yet how little has England done to cherish his memory! The house that he made at Chelsea is clean gone out of sight; even his tomb in the old church there, with its long plain inscription, is hidden in darkness, almost as though he had died a death of shame. Heroic efforts could not save Crosby Hall from transplantation; and the great Holbein portrait of the Chancellor, immeasurably more beautiful than any reproduction of it, was allowed to go out of the country without a single word of protest. No one has collected More's letters, and there is no critical edition of his English works. It is time that reparation should be made."

**B**UT recently we read in a journal of note that Ireland's plea for self-determination should not interest the Peace Conference at the present time because this was not "a question arising out of the War." The remark was a vain repetition: yet the repetition itself forces one to ask himself if there really is such an ignorant misunderstanding of the Irish question as the remark would seem to imply.

Can there be anyone today, when the facts of Irish history have been spread broadcast by debate, by pamphlet and by book, who thinks that the Irish question is merely a political complaint or unjustified dissatisfaction on the part of a portion of the people of Ireland? Any one who believes that it is purely a political question between England and Ireland: or that the latter is urging itself on this course simply because of hatred of England and desire for revenge?

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**I**T is true that the views of some are so limited and so unwilling to take in all the facts that they picture the situation as that of a country (Ireland) mistreated and persecuted once, but now governed by England with greater measure of justice: and that if she (Ireland) were a lover of the world's peace she would accept this: and peacefully work for a greater share of just government by England. That Ireland has a right to seek her own form of government and cut herself off from England: that Ireland has the right to be a nation once more—they either cannot or will not see.

These same people would undoubtedly have sympathized with Belgium when that small nation was subject to the ruthless invasion of the Germans. They would have the world reëcho with their cries of protest in humanity's name. And very rightly so. If we can imagine that Germany had won the War and placed her heel securely on the body of Belgium, they would have said, "There shall never be recognition of the conqueror." "Belgium must never compromise her honor by accepting her conqueror. Evil is evil: wrong is wrong, and neither the years nor the centuries can make the evil good: nor the wrong right."

Germany might have shown love and consideration for the Belgians: she might have placed her sons in positions of great trust—but every son of Belgium that accepted the trust would have been a traitor to the land of his fathers. Belgium might under German rule have been far more prosperous materially than she ever had been under her own. But the true Belgian would have cursed the man who would have sold his country's inheritance for a mess of pottage. In Belgian homes, in Belgian churches, in every Belgian family the story of how their country was stolen by the conqueror would have been handed down from father to son: from mother to daughter, and would not have lost but gained through the telling. And after centuries, were German domination to continue that long, true, patriotic Belgians would have been more ready than ever to grasp the opportunity that would grant them justice and their land independence from the robber.

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**S**OME centuries ago, England by an invasion as ruthless as Germany every perpetrated—England conquered Ireland. She pursued her conquest with a ruthless savagery and a satanic determination never—even in the words of her own historians—equaled in history. She depopulated the country: she laid waste the cities: she massacred the inhabitants: she put a price upon the head of every priest: she "planted" the country with her Protestant allies so that they might own it and so that the Irish would never possess it again.

Centuries have not wiped out facts. Centuries have not made evil good, and wrong right. England has not succeeded.

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**T**HOSE who today are denying the right of Ireland to possess her independence are simply condoning the wretched wrong of centuries ago that can never be made a right. It were as just to approve Germany's treatment of Belgium, as to approve England's treatment or possession of Ireland. Time does not and cannot change the nature of morality any more than it can change the nature of God Himself.

The Irish question did not arise out of the War. Neither will a true Pole admit that the justification and the claim of Poland's liberty arose out of the War. Both questions were living, vital, world-wide questions before the War began, but the War, in its larger purpose, will have been fought in vain unless to both it gives the just answer.

**T**HE National Shrine of the Immaculate Conception, the great new church which it is proposed to erect at Washington on the grounds of the Catholic University, was planned about five years ago by Bishop Shahan, at the suggestion of many ecclesiastics and members of the Catholic laity, as a tribute of honor and gratitude to Mary Immaculate, patroness of the Catholic Church in the United States. It is proposed to raise at once the sum of one million dollars to begin the great work and carry it to a reasonable completion, leaving to Catholic generosity in the future the responsibility of interior finish. One hundred thousand dollars have been already subscribed, mostly in very modest sums, from all parts of the United States, and it is hoped that with the conclusion of peace the great and holy work will be taken up with much vigor.

This magnificent church will serve also most appropriately as a memorial to the Catholic soldiers and sailors who have fallen in the War, and will thus perpetuate at the National Capital the memory of our Catholic patriotism at the greatest crisis in the world's history.

It is believed by our bishops and clergy that every Catholic in the United States will wish to contribute to this great monument of the Catholic religion, and that there will be little difficulty in securing the million dollars needed at the present stage for this holy enterprise, that marks wonderfully the completion of one great era of Americanism and the beginning of another and greater era in which the beneficent religious and social forces of the Catholic Church will have free play on the widest scale.

The good work is carried on at present by means of the *Salve Regina*, a little paper devoted entirely to the erection of the National Shrine of Mary Immaculate. It is under the direction of Rev. Dr. Bernard A. McKenna of the Catholic University, Washington, D. C., to whom all offerings should be sent in aid of this first great monument to Our Blessed Mother by the Catholics of the United States.

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### BOOKS RECEIVED.

OXFORD UNIVERSITY PRESS, New York:

*James Madison's Notes of Debates in the Federal Convention of 1787 and Their Relation to a More Perfect Society of Nations.* By J. B. Scott. \$2.00. *Economic Effects of the War Upon Insurance, with Special Reference to the Substitution of Insurance for Pensions.* By W. F. Gephart. \$1.00. *The Financial History of Great Britain, 1914-1918.* By F. L. McVey. \$1.00.

THE DEVIN-ADAIR Co., New York:

*A Hidden Phase of American History.* By M. J. O'Brien. \$5.00 net. *Spiritism and the Dead.* By Baron J. Liljencrants, A.M. \$3.00 net. *Christian Ethics.* By J. E. Ross, Ph.D.

CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS, New York:

*The Valley of Vision.* By H. van Dyke. \$1.50. *The Day's Burden.* By T. M. Kettle. \$2.00. *Lady Larkspur.* By M. Nicholson. \$1.00.

LONGMANS, GREEN & Co., New York:

*Meditations Without Method.* By D. Strappine. \$1.80 net. *Mater Christi.* By Mother St. Paul. \$1.25 net.

HARPER & BROTHERS, New York:

*What We Eat and What Happens to It.* By P. B. Hawk, Ph.D. \$1.35. "*Busy:*" *The Life of an Ant.* By W. F. McCaleb. 75 cents, net.

FLEMING H. REVELL Co., New York:

*Songs from a Watch-Tower.* By Richard H. McCartney.

HENRY HOLT & Co., New York:

*Proposed Roads to Freedom.* By Bertram Russell, F.R.S. \$1.50 net.

DODD, MEAD & Co., New York:

*Marshal Ferdinand Foch.* By A. Hilliard Atteridge. \$2.50.

GEORGE H. DORAN Co., New York:

*The Mind of Arthur James Balfour.* By W. M. Short. \$2.50 net. *The "Charmed American."* By G. Lewys. \$1.50 net.

G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS, New York:

*The World War and Its Consequences.* By Wm. H. Hobbes. \$2.50 net. *In Flanders Fields and Other Poems.* By Lieut.-Col. J. McCral, M.D. \$1.50 net.

E. P. DUTTON & Co., New York:

*Amalia.* A Romance of the Argentine. From the Spanish of José Marmol, by Mary J. Serrano. \$2.00 net.

MUNICIPAL ART SOCIETY, New York:

*Bulletin—War Memorials.*

BENZIGER BROTHERS, New York:

*The Barrier.* By René Bazin. \$1.25 net.

ROBERT M. MCBRIDE & Co., New York:

*Carven from the Laurel Tree.* Essays by T. Maynard. *Tales of ecret Egypt.* By S. Rohmer. \$1.50 net. *The Second Bullet.* By R. O. Chipperfield. \$1.50 net.

BRENTANO'S, New York:

*Poems.* By Michael Strange. \$1.50 net.

SMALL, MAYNARD & Co., Boston:

*The Heart of Peace.* By Laurence Housman. \$1.25 net.

YALE UNIVERSITY PRESS, New Haven:

*The Forgotten Man, and Other Essays.* By W. G. Sumner, LL.D. \$2.50. *Idealism and the Modern Age.* By G. P. Adams, Ph.D. \$2.50. *Rural Reconstruction in Ireland.* By L. Smith-Gordon, M.A. \$3.00.

J. B. LIPPINCOTT Co., Philadelphia:

*A Gentle Cynic.* Being the Book of Ecclesiastes. By M. Jastrow, Jr., LL.D. \$2.00 net.

ILLINOIS CENTENNIAL COMMISSION, Springfield:

*The Frontier State, 1818-1848.* By Theodore C. Pease.

# THE Catholic World

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## THE AMERICAN IDEA.

BY GAILLARD HUNT, LITT.D., LL.D.



HIS is an article on a fundamental principle of the Constitution of the United States, and no apology is made for presenting it to the readers of THE CATHOLIC WORLD, for the time is appropriate for the consideration of things which are fundamental. We are now living in a crisis of denial which is manifesting itself in many ways. In what we call literature we see it in novels, essays and political writings which deny the foundations of private morality and repudiate the authority of time and experience in all government affairs. Some of our so-called advanced thinkers have revised their dictionaries and stricken from them such words as religion, virtue, wickedness and sin, for they deny that the definitions of these words which the dictionaries contain are true and they even deny that there are such things. Moral disorganization has lead up to chaos in political thought. Kings and Emperors have been thrown aside. The divine right of any man to rule is an idea as dead as the murdered Tsar. "The voice of the people is the voice of God," but there are many who deny that there is a God. And there is the wildest dispute as to who the people are. Are they you and I, salaried and bathed, or those who work by the job and are often out of a job? Who is to rule—the people who read this magazine or those who read the literature that teaches class hatred and spoliation of

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IN THE STATE OF NEW YORK.

private property? Class against class, experiment against experience, dreams against facts, the conflict is on and the immediate outcome is in doubt. Eventually, sanity will triumph, but for the moment crazy men are ruling in many parts of the world and are trying to rule in every country. Let us put it another way: They used to say, one hundred and twenty years ago, "The devil is loose in Paris." He is loose now in many other places than Paris and his agents are busy in America. We must look to it to preserve our own, lest the fate which now hangs so heavily over other countries shall descend upon us.

It is not strange, then, that at this stage of the world's efforts at readjustment we should find many people denying the virtues of the American Constitution of Government. They say it is outworn, that it is a capitalists' document, that it is designed to keep the poor man down, that it is a barrier to progress because the majority may not change it at will, that it is undemocratic, and so forth—above all, however, that it is capitalistic and worn out. In the face of the attacks upon it those who would defend it must be prepared to explain it and show why it is good. To point to our happy progress under it as its justification will not convince its critics, for they deny the force of experience. The world is a brand new place to them and we should have a brand new government unfettered from the past.

David Jayne Hill's two books, *The People's Government* and *Americanism, What It Is*, are an explanation of the foundation upon which the American Government rests and an argument to show that its foundation is unchangeable. The author was a university president, the Assistant Secretary of State, Envoy to Switzerland and at The Hague, Ambassador to the German Empire. He has written a number of philosophical and historical books, the best known being his *History of Diplomacy*. Of recent years his chief work has been as a champion and expositor of the American Constitution. The two books, *The People's Government* and *Americanism*, go together, and this article gives an interpretation of their main idea, treating them as if they were one book.

In the beginning government came entirely from force, and the State comprised the rulers and the ruled. For thousands of years nobody ruled except through force; all dynas-



ties date from the battlefield. Even to this day the wolf, the eagle and the lion, the spear, the sword and the battle-axe are the symbols used for the coats of arms of States. It is only of recent years that the common people have come to have a voice in government. The substance of the State was always considered to be supreme power or sovereignty. The subject might enjoy some degrees of liberty by permission, but he was not free to resist the State or even to speak against it. Whatever was done in the name of the State was the supreme command; whatever the State decreed was law; the law was a creature of the State; the State was above the law. The subject was the property of the State, the rights of the individual were only such as the State granted to him. Yet there was always a protest in the minds and hearts of men against this doctrine, and from time to time the protest found expression. The whole nature of man has always responded to an authority higher than that of human government. There are certain fundamental rights so clear, so urgent and so indisputable in their outcry for security that the undertone of their pleading runs through all the free expressions of the human mind since thought has been recorded. The lowest tribe of savages recognizes the existence of some rights and duties on the part of its members—rights and duties apart from mere physical compulsion. It is the consciousness of their rights and duties on the part of the individuals who compose the State which distinguishes between what governments may do and may not do, and what ought to be endured and what ought not to be endured. All human authority is derived from this consciousness of rights and duties. Each person has a sphere of private interests which all others must respect. Such are his right to life, liberty and property. There is something in the individual which force cannot reach and cannot change. There is always something reserved to the human soul, which within its sphere is answerable only to its Creator. The law may take a man's life away, but the right to live is not granted by law. It is inherent or natural and can only be forfeited by the man himself. And the individual has not only the right to live but the right to earn the means of living and to possess and enjoy the fruits of his industry—the right to property, in short. The idea that a citizen's property belongs to the State is the old idea that everything, including the citizen himself, be-

longs to the State. It is the old dogma of absolute sovereignty. You cannot organize human society upon any just principle without admitting the right of property as a consequence of the innocent exercise of individual powers of creating property. It is included in the right to liberty.

In the sixteenth century, when the United Netherlands threw off the yoke of Spain, Johannes Althusius, a Dutchman, defined sovereignty as a "right *inherent* in the entire body politic of free association for its own protection and government." Here was the fundamental idea; here was the truth that the individuals constituting the body politic, the members of the State, had natural rights and might join together to protect their rights. The first radical pronouncement, however, against the doctrine that the State is a thing of unlimited power, came from America.

On November 11, 1620, the emigrants to New England, as they approached the shores, drew up and signed in the cabin of the *Mayflower* a compact which expressed a new idea in human government. They pledged themselves to frame for themselves "just and equal laws" and "to yield to them all due submission and obedience." When, in 1780, Massachusetts adopted a constitution, the instrument began with this announcement: "The end of the institution, maintenance and administration of government is . . . to furnish the individuals who comprise it with the power of enjoying, in safety and tranquillity, their natural rights and the blessings of life." In 1776 the Virginia Bill of Rights said in the first section: "That all men are by nature free and independent, and have certain inherent rights, of which, when they enter into a state of society, they cannot by any compact, deprive or divest their posterity: namely, the enjoyment of life and liberty, with the means of acquiring and possessing property, and pursuing and obtaining happiness and safety." And the last section said: "That religion or the duty which we owe to our Creator, and the manner of discharging it can be directed only by reason and conviction, and therefore all men are equally entitled to the free exercise of religion according to the dictates of conscience, and that it is the mutual duty of all to practice Christian forbearance, love, and charity towards each other." The Constitution of the United States in the preamble announced that its purpose was "to establish jus-

tice, insure domestic tranquillity, provide for the common defence, promote the general welfare and secure the blessings of liberty to ourselves and our posterity." The instrument itself names many things that cannot be done lest the natural rights of the individual be infringed upon. No law can be passed suspending the writ of habeas corpus, except in time of rebellion or foreign invasion; no State can pass laws impairing the obligations of contracts; private property cannot be seized without due warrant; no law can be passed affecting the free exercise of religion, nor abridging the right of free speech, a free press and free assemblage. Finally, there is a general reservation which says that the enumeration in the Constitution of certain rights must not be construed as denying or disparaging other rights retained by the people, and that all powers not delegated to the general government are reserved to the States or to the people.

The American idea went far beyond *Magna Charta*, for that declared that certain rights and liberties could not be taken away save by the law of the land. America proclaimed that there were certain rights and liberties which could *never* be taken away, even by law. It set these rights above the law. Never before had a people voluntarily subscribed to certain definite principles of right which they bound themselves to regard.

Those who announced these principles of right as the fundamental law were in a position to consider fairly fundamental problems of government, for the isolation of the New World from the Old was, in effect, a return to a condition of nature, so far as government was concerned. At the same time, in mental development and political experience they possessed the full maturity of the age in which they lived. They had the best traditions in the world—the long struggle of the Anglo-Saxon world for representative government and liberty.

The permanent security of the American idea, the permanent security of the fundamental rights of the individual, is to be found in the American Constitution. And here is where our Constitution is unlike the constitution of any other country; for it is not, as other constitutions are, the mere frame and mechanism of administration, but the guarantee of individual rights and liberties. It is a law for the law-makers. It is a bill of rights, and it is not only a bill of rights, but it

places the bill of rights under a special independent guardianship—namely, the judiciary. Individual natural rights are not only recognized in the Constitution, but the Constitution is their organized defence.

Other nations following our example have written constitutions similar to ours, but not one of them has ever adopted the two really original features of our Constitution. Those original features are the renunciation of the absolute power of majorities over individual rights and liberties, and the institution of a judicial power to guard over the constitutional guarantees and prevent them from being overthrown by mere majority legislation. Other countries with constitutions have rendered the legislative power omnipotent and have made it possible for a faction or even a single executive to exert despotic domination. What the American system aimed to accomplish was to end forever the idea that there is any depository of unlimited power—to crush forever the error that any one's will is law. It put the rights of the individual beyond the reach of legislatures and executives. It put legislatures and executives *under* the fundamental law. Life, liberty and property could not be taken away except by judicial process acting *under* the fundamental law. It distributed government powers so that no public officer could commit an act of oppression without rendering himself responsible for his action. Even the people themselves could make no law which encroached upon the rights guarded by the fundamental law. The executive executes the laws but he is bound by law. The judiciary must declare what the law is, but it must maintain the fundamental law. There is no absolute authority anywhere.

A democracy unrestrained by a constitution is a despotism of the majority. Absolute democracy is as bad as any other form of absolute power. It can sweep away everything opposed to it and override all rights. It is no better than elective imperialism. As Edmund Burke remarked, in speaking of the French Revolution, a majority of the citizens is capable of the utmost cruelty towards a minority and towards a greater number and with greater fury than can be apprehended from the dominion of a single sceptre. Those who are subjected to wrongs committed by majorities are overpowered by a compulsion of their own kind and receive no sympathy.

An omnipotent majority is devoid of sense of responsibility. It is quite as likely to be influenced by passion as a single prince is. Unless it is controlled by a superior law it can reduce men to slavery. The doctrine of the absolute sovereignty of the people, operating through an absolute majority, is as faulty as the doctrine of absolute individual authority. The divine right to rule rests no more with a number of people than it rests with one person. What concerns a people who are jealous of their rights is whether, in forming a government, their rights are protected against any sovereign power; what concerns them is the fundamental constitution of the State and whether it guarantees to them the rights with which they cannot part; what concerns them is not alone the machinery by which laws are to be made, but whether the law-makers are to be sovereign and whether there is any check to their power. This problem was fully understood by the deep-thinking Americans. James Madison said: "Where there is an interest and a power to do wrong, wrong will generally be done, and not the less readily by a powerful and interested party than by a powerful and interested prince." It was Abraham Lincoln who said: "A majority, *held in restraint by constitutional checks and limitations*, and always changing easily with deliberate changes of popular opinion, is the only true sovereign of the people."

In these two pronouncements we see the American idea. Lodge supreme power anywhere, and those in whom it is lodged, whether they be many people or one man, will, sooner or later, find it to their interest to disregard the rights of those who oppose them, and will perpetrate wrong upon their opponents. Restrain a majority by constitutional limitations beyond which it may not go, and you have the fairest expression of the sovereignty of the people that is obtainable.

It is in the American conception of the State, in voluntary self-limited power, that the true foundation of Democracy lies. Here the citizen is himself responsible for government. He is a constituent and not a subject of the State. The Government is his. He cannot justly blame it; he can blame only himself. The constitutional idea of the limited power of government is the real opponent of imperialism.

A constitution is to a State what conscience is to a man. It is an unfailling guide to the right path of conduct. And as a

conflict for ascendancy between right and wrong is ever going on in a man, so in a State there is a continual struggle between liberty and despotism, between constitutionalism and imperialism. In a democracy the struggle is between the limited power of a majority and unlimited power of a majority.

Of course, such a system as ours has met with opposition. This comes mainly from the arrogance of individuals whose will the system checks and whose plans it frustrates; from classes who desire to dominate; from demagogues who wish to rise by appealing to the special or sordid interests of a numerical majority. Whoever controls the State likes to think of it as having unlimited power. Thus we hear it asserted that the State may demand the surrender to it of all private property, yet this is absolutism as despotic as the royal pretensions which democracy was called into being to resist. A democracy with such power is as arbitrary and unjust as any form of autocratic government.

There has been a change in the sentiments of many people in the past ten years, and they have felt that there is something wrong in the adjustment of our system of government to social needs. Naturally, the criticism falls upon the system rather than upon the abuses of the system, and the criticism is due largely to the fact that the critics do not understand the American Government. There can be no change in the principles upon which that government is founded; they are eternal.

But a new conception of social justice has arisen and demand is made, not for equal laws but for laws of equalization. A new theory of wealth has been advanced and it is declared to be a social product and consequently a social possession. Yet society never yet initiated, created or brought to successful achievement any industrial process or wealth-producing activity. It is always the creation of an individual or a group of individuals. How can it rightfully belong to those who have not created it? The only theory on which we can transfer the right of property from the individual to the State is that the unrestrained will of the people is the law and that they may take or give away at pleasure. We have merely transferred the idea of despotic sovereignty.

For a long time the chief danger to constitutionalism in our country was the menace of conflict between the States.

That danger has passed, and in its place we have developed a class antagonism which has been stimulated by political ambitions which have found advantage in creating unrest and deepening the hostility of certain classes against other classes. The aim is to control the State by class organization, so as to change the laws and even the Constitution in the interest of special classes. If this movement should prove successful we would find ourselves in the position of having one class as the plunderers of the other classes.

There is a growing lack of reverence for law which is due to the changed conception of the source of law. As long as men had their attention fastened upon their inalienable rights, they revered law as the guardian of their rights. As soon as they conceive of law as the decree of a dominant will, made without reference to fundamental rights, it is difficult to respect law in and for itself. If men do not conceive of it as emanating from a moral principle you cannot expect it to be respected. It is necessary, therefore, for us to turn our minds back to the principles upon which our fundamental law was built. If in our crisis we will look to the rights of the individual as guaranteed by our Constitution, there we will find the rock of our salvation.

There is a deep meaning to each of us in this, the true interpretation of our Constitution of Government. How splendidly it elevates the individual man; how it causes him to glory in that spark of divinity in us which was before the floods and knows no homage unto the sun! He stands forth equal in his rights to the highest and no higher than the most humble, governed by himself, and secure in the knowledge that as long as he holds his Government within the powers which he has granted to it, the rights with which his Creator has endowed him cannot be oppressed.

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## THE CHRIST OF EXPERIENCE.

BY CUTHBERT LATTEY, S.J.



AN attempt has been made in these pages to show the concept of Christ which St. Paul had formed to himself; to consider, also, how Christ presented His own Person to those among whom He worked; finally, to glance yet further back and to see how He had been foreshadowed under the Old Covenant. But the modern man will ask: "What is Christ to mean to me?" And what is His message for our time, for our cities, for our men and women? Does Christ really matter? Is there any workable theory as to how He is to matter? These and many other such questions we may sum up under a single heading, "The Christ of Experience," and attempt but a partial answer thereto, for otherwise "the whole world would not hold the books that should be written."

St. Ignatius of Loyola certainly thought that he had such a workable theory of the practical significance of Christ, and endeavored with all his might to press it upon his fellow-men, so much so, indeed, that it appears fairly safe to say that he considered the giving of his *Spiritual Exercises* to be the most important work of the members of his Order. These *Exercises* represent, as it were, his philosophy of the life and teaching of Christ, and that in the form which he thought best suited to influence men; they represent Christ, but Christ in action, and Christ in action means the Christ of experience. The chief truths of our religion are there, but organized by a master-mind for a tremendous offensive. The delicate psychology of the *Exercises* and their historical significance need not be dwelt upon here. The end of the nineteenth century, indeed, marked a new era in their history, in that it saw them extended to all ages and classes of Catholics, even to the opening of a number of special houses for the purpose. A survey of the movement may be found in Father Plater's *Retreats for the People*, in the *Westminster Library*. It has even spread to those outside the Church, and in Father Bull's *Threefold Way* we have an attempt to interpret the *Exercises* to Anglicans,



while in the pamphlet *Towards a New Way of Life: a Review and Re-dedication*, published by the Student Christian Movement, we have a presentation that is meant to be palatable even to Nonconformists. Needless to say, in these two non-Catholic works there are some significant "adaptations" of the *Exercises*; all the same, much remains that is good and solid, and cannot but bear fruit in the well-disposed.

But first, to answer a possible objection; the phrase, "the Christ of experience," may itself be thought suspect, and savoring of Modernism. Nothing could be farther from the present writer's thought; and the very plan of the present series of articles, aiming as it does at an identification of the Christ of experience with the Christ of St. Paul, the Christ of the Gospels, and of the Old Testament, of itself refutes such an insinuation. We have to remember what the fundamental tenet of Modernism really is, how experience is set up as the ultimate court of appeal, so that the whole truth of an article of faith, or at the least the whole value and importance of it, depends upon its satisfying a religious craving. Unless it appeal to us in this way—so it is maintained—it may at least be disregarded. Thus a highly subjective test is the only one admitted, and one that it is practically impossible to apply, not merely because in actual life a man's account of his own experiences is beyond argument, but also because the desire to test is itself an utter bar to the highest forms of spiritual experience. But for Catholics the ultimate motive of faith must always be the revelation of God, the fact that God has spoken a message that is delivered to them from without. On the other hand, they may find in the consequences of this whole-hearted acceptance of the revelation of God, in the experience that results from it, in Christ, that is, as He affects them, a signal confirmation of that faith itself, a reason in itself weighty for declining to think themselves the victim of any delusion. In this sense they may upon occasion examine what is for them "the Christ of Experience," and, indeed, in one form or another Catholic writers and speakers are constantly doing so.

Having thus cleared the ground we advance to the consideration of the New Testament, and chiefly the Gospels, on the one hand, and of the *Spiritual Exercises* on the other. And at once we are struck by a complete difference in the method pursued, due to the different circumstances under which St.

Ignatius and his Divine Master worked. Our Lord was preaching in the open to a multitude whose native Jewish faith in any case fell short of what He wished to teach, and had in part been corrupted by the rabbis. Further, to a large extent they were rude peasants, incapable of much mental concentration, in constant need of the living voice, and of homely parable and easily retained adage; an audience not so very difficult to win for a time, but superficial and quickly lost once more. And thus Our Lord conducted His missionary work on popular lines, and relied on the vivid picture and the clinching word, and offered His audience an ample variety of discourse, besides the absorbing interest of His actual miracles.

In the *Exercises* the presentation of the argument, of Christ and all His teaching, is far otherwise. Nowadays we are accustomed to see priests and religious making annual retreats, and indeed, as has been said, the practice is gaining ground even among the laity, and a large number of all these follow the *Exercises*. This use of the *Exercises* is perfectly legitimate, and according to the mind of St. Ignatius himself; nevertheless for our purpose it will be clearer and more instructive to take a case such as he had primarily in view, and to watch his method of work chiefly there. His model subject, as it were, would be a man not as yet irretrievably committed to one single career in life, the more willing and able to serve God the better; such a one (shall we say?) as was Xavier, with his life before him, keen of intellect and full of high spirit, and a thorough Catholic. To such a one St. Ignatius would give the whole of the *Exercises*, and, if we may so put it, at their full strength; for he did not believe in propounding to people what would merely frighten or repel them, but rather in leading them sweetly on to desire more, leaving them still hungry rather than overfed. Him, then, whom he had found fit and ready for all that he had to give, he would invite to quit the world for about a month, and as far as possible to be alone. "To one who is more at liberty, and who desires to benefit in every possible way, all the *Spiritual Exercises* should be given in the order in which they are set out. In these, as an ordinary rule, the exercitant will benefit all the more, the more he secludes himself from all friends and acquaintances and from all earthly solicitude."<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> From Annotation 20. The translation is taken from *The Spiritual Exercises of St. Ignatius, Spanish and English*, by Joseph Rickaby, S.J., p. 13.

The *Exercises* open with some simple positive statements, scarcely going beyond what might be known by sheer reason; the simpler and more elementary they are, the better they serve their immediate purpose of compelling the soul to acknowledge the rights of Almighty God, and of awakening it to shame and sorrow. It is not that it has failed to rise to sublime ideals, rather it has failed in all that is most obvious. But this shame and sorrow are in the main something negative, they cleanse the soul of sin and willful leaning to sin, they make up the purgative way. It is Christ that is to fill the soul thus emptied of all that is unworthy of Him. As it is imperative to base the negative work of purgation upon a minimum in the way of asserted principle, so in the positive work of building up the soul it is necessary to work from a principle that will go the whole way, so that the only development will be to realize more fully all that is contained in it. And such a principle can only be entire abandonment to Christ. Man is not easily swayed to deep emotion and firm resolve by mere abstract principle; and even under the Old Covenant Jehovah was eager, if we may say so, to make Himself felt as personally interested and personally intervening in the history of His people. Yet it was not enough for Him that they should reason to what He was from what He did; He Himself, in an unspeakable manifestation of love and wisdom, would woo them in human flesh. Such Flesh the Word of God became, and dwelt among us.

For Him the Baptist prepared the way with thoughts of repentance, tempered with alluring words of ardent love, much as St. Ignatius does in the earlier part of the *Exercises*; for it was the Baptist, for example, who pointed to Christ as the true spouse of the soul, who in his humility could but rejoice to have helped towards such wedlock. "He that hath the bride is the bridegroom: but the friend of the bridegroom, who standeth and heareth him, rejoiceth with joy because of the bridegroom's voice."<sup>2</sup> Thus there was order even in the evangelization of Christ Himself, inasmuch as His forerunner pressed home the thoughts needed earliest. These thoughts Our Lord never suffered to fade from sight, but His own main demand, as we have seen, was for absolute surrender and entire abandonment. Such surrender St. Ignatius, like St. Paul,

<sup>2</sup> John iii. 29.

endeavors most earnestly to secure Him. Like the Baptist, he commits his disciple to the company of the Bridegroom Himself: Christ is to become for him an experience, he is to live and converse with Christ, to watch and share His thought and words and actions, to be won by Him and be entirely His. It is in the experience of Christ—not usually in any mystical sense, but through the ordinary supernatural workings of the soul—that the main force of the *Exercises* is to be found.

To be truly Christ's involves crucifixion. So the Apostle had taught, insisting that thus alone could one enter into His Mystical Body and by continued crucifixion alone remain in it. To love Christ was to love Him upon the Cross. And St. Ignatius, full of chivalrous ardor as he was, pictures Christ as a God-sent Leader and crusading King, ready to share all privations of His followers and to promise sure victory, beneath Whose banner all will enroll with loyal enthusiasm—and yet, when he comes to consider what “offerings of greater moment” can be made to such a Captain, it is not mighty exploits at home or abroad that he would make men's ambition, but he bends their thoughts to the bearing of shame and injuries, to inward detachment and outward poverty. And again, when he sets forth the plan of campaign alike of Christ and of His adversary, it is not merely indifference to riches and honor that he inculcates, but a positive preference, so far as it is lawful, for their opposite. Human nature being what it is, Christ could but raise the Cross on high, and they who would follow Him must embrace it. Meanwhile it remains one of the most striking points about the *Exercises* that they do not explicitly and directly propose an apostolic life, even there where we should most expect it. We must remember once more the contemplated circumstances.

St. Ignatius would not forestall the Holy Ghost. What precisely the divine call might be remained to be seen; the one thing that mattered was that it should be received in the right spirit, the spirit of absolute acceptance, at whatever cost. Even so the soldier knows not to what post he may be appointed, and he that would be first in battle may remain far from it in some garrison or in some other necessary work; yet his patriotism will ever lie in strict attention to duty and the prompt execution of commands. And St. Ignatius was catering for

all: the founding of his own particular religious Order appeared to him to meet a special need of the time, without of course being intended to supersede what had gone before, but the principles of his *Spiritual Exercises* are universal, and hold good for those filling, or destined to fill, any place in the Mystical Body. The only limitation St. Ignatius recognized was the exercitant's power or will to assimilate; there must be prudence even in urging what is the best.

Thus St. Ignatius in the meditations which are intended to supply the key, as it were, to the life of Christ, turns us upon ourselves, even where we should most expect to have our attention directed upon the world at large, and bids us look to our own dispositions, and offer ourselves for any sacrifice in Christ's cause. If that be secured, Our Divine Captain will know well enough how to use us. This supreme detachment, this readiness to suffer, is to be a permanent attitude, a strong motive-power in our lives; but it may be noticed in passing that care is taken that this tremendous energy be directed aright. Every individual has a character of his own, good qualities and corresponding failings, and usually there is one downward path which for him is the supreme danger, precisely because it is that which his own peculiar characteristics make easiest and, as it were, most natural for him. It is typical of St. Ignatius' method, at once scientific and thorough, that he would have us pay special attention to our weak point; indeed, it is against this failing, in itself more dangerous than all others, that we should make ourselves, if that be possible, more proof than against all others. But upon this aspect of his spiritual guidance we may not linger.

And all the while so confident is he that his interpretation of the life and teaching of Christ is the true one, that he would have us meditate upon Christ and abandon ourselves to His Divine Person throughout the rest of the *Exercises*, and it is only by way of supplying guidance and keeping before us certain aspects that he intervenes with thoughts of his own. Now, that Christ did fight particular vices needs no demonstration; but it is not always realized how much He preached and practised renunciation, how correct, therefore, is the interpretation of His Will to be found alike in the Epistles of St. Paul and in the key-meditations of the *Exercises*, upon which latter we have been dwelling. Yet here too, perhaps, it

may be possible to make the truth plain without long elaboration.

Our Lord was after a manner an alarmist in the way He spoke about hell; and the same might be said in reference to His attitude towards wealth. His words to the rich young man have rung out through the ages: "If thou wilt be perfect, go, sell what thou hast!"<sup>3</sup> And later generations have been no less beside themselves with amazement at His further explanations than were those who first heard them, so great a miracle of grace did He proclaim the salvation of a rich man to be. And persons are to be renounced no less than things: it is the gentle St. Luke who records the saying: "If any man come to Me, and hate not his father, and mother, and wife, and children, and brethren, and sisters, yea, and his own life also, he cannot be My disciple."<sup>4</sup> Nay, all three Synoptics repeat in almost identical terms the strong saying that clinches all: "If any man will come after Me, let him deny himself, and take up his cross (day by day, adds St. Luke), and follow Me."<sup>5</sup> "Deny himself," renounce himself, in a more drastic way than we might at first understand from the term; cease to be himself, disclaim all knowledge or intercourse of his former self, become a new being—all this seems to be the true implication of the term, to treat oneself (shall we say?) as Peter treated Christ.<sup>6</sup>

Such was, in truth, no less Christ's practice than His preaching, though once again we can say but little here to justify such a statement, enough only if it is eked out by careful reading and much meditation. "The foxes have holes, and the birds of the air nests; but the Son of Man hath not where to lay His head."<sup>7</sup> Such was Our Lord's state after leaving Galilee; but even before that He was wont to make missionary journeys from Capharnaum, and as a matter of fact it was during one of these that "His disciples, as they walked along, began to pluck the ears," from which we may well infer that they too, like David and those with him, "were in need and hungry."<sup>8</sup> Even at Capharnaum itself they sometimes "could not even take food,"<sup>9</sup> and later Christ's invitation to His Apostles, no doubt sorely needed, to come apart and rest,<sup>10</sup>

<sup>3</sup> Matt. xix. 21.

<sup>4</sup> Luke xiv. 26.

<sup>5</sup> Mark viii. 34 *et seq.*

<sup>6</sup> Mark xiv. 30, 31, 72.

<sup>7</sup> Luke ix. 58.

<sup>8</sup> Mark ii. 23-25, *et seq.*

<sup>9</sup> Mark iii. 20.

<sup>10</sup> Mark vi. 31.

led to busier work than ever. And how bitterly trying were the normal conditions of His work! How much a sympathetic audience buoys one up! But for Christ the Scribes and Pharisees were ever there, eager to turn all to His destruction by fair means or foul. Nor did they fail. For the eye of faith this, and far more than this, including even the sufferings of Mary and Joseph before and after Christ's birth, the Incarnation itself<sup>11</sup> and His Passion and Death—all form part of the one great divine plan, wherein the Cross is glorified in word and work. The Cross of Christ, once more let us say it, is to be borne in union with Him: His death is to be shared by man, that His life also may be shared: it is not an annihilation, but the supremest self-realization, the removal of all obstacles to the grandest work that ever man can do. Christ fashioned thus His Apostles to convert the world; in the *Exercises* it is once more the spread of Christ's Kingdom, as best may be, that calls for the holocaust of self.

For we have come to that, and that is Calvary! This was in the mind of Christ when He spoke of the daily cross, and to this, too, St. Ignatius leads us when we are beginning to realize how great is the cost. To point to the Cross is the only possible answer to him who would shrink from paying it! And so the contemplation of the Passion, coming after that of the Teaching, is once more true to human instinct; the Life enlightens, the Death inflames. Christ shall be followed, *coûte que coûte!* And this, too, is Christ's own lesson, for it was the Cross itself that He named as the price, and bade us mark it well.<sup>12</sup>

Nevertheless another far different thought was to help us to bear the Cross also. It is not a dead Christ Whom we follow, but one living, triumphant, working powerfully for our sanctification; for this end He rose again, He "was delivered for our sins, and rose again for our justification."<sup>13</sup> After all, we are on the winning side, and in the long run right is might, because both are God. Christ triumphs in the Church, in spite of all her sufferings; and He triumphs in every soul that is His by grace. For a while we have to bear His Cross, but to bear it with joy and hope, awaiting the fuller reward, even as the Apostles rejoiced "that they were accounted worthy to suffer

<sup>11</sup> Philip. ii. 7.<sup>12</sup> Luke xiv. 25-33.<sup>13</sup> Rom. iv. 25.

reproach for the name of Jesus.”<sup>14</sup> For well they knew that Christ would have them beside themselves with joy when they were hated and reviled and persecuted,<sup>15</sup> and that His peace and His joy were not thus to be taken from them.<sup>16</sup>

One thing alone remained, so old and yet so new, in which the work of Christ Himself was to find its goal, no less than that of His servants who had gone before: “*Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with thy whole heart, and with thy whole soul, and with thy whole mind.*”<sup>17</sup> And this, too, is the goal and crown of the *Exercises*. When the soul is so fastened upon the following of Christ and the service of God that it is ready to endure all, within and without, and even to count it joy, then it is ready for the supreme effort, the effort to love God without condition and without limit, to love Him as He is worthy to be loved, so far as it is given to a frail creature to go in this matter. Here again we must be short, and do scant justice to a profound contemplation. Two main principles run through the whole. Love, says St. Ignatius, should show itself in deeds rather than in words; and his aim throughout is to convince us that God loves us, from the thought of all that He has done for us, whether for ourselves in particular and in common with others, and from the thought that He is everywhere by His presence, power and essence, always supporting ourselves, and all else for us, and ever wishful to do more for us if we will but do our part. The other principle, a far deeper one, is that love tends to the communication of good; and Almighty God seeks to give us so far as is possible, Himself, so that we in return endeavor not merely to do all that He desires, but to give Him our very selves, all that we have and are and can be. And then comes another thought, that any quality we admire and love in creatures, that all the truth and charity and beauty, and all else that wins us in our fellow-man, is but some far-off reflection, some feeble ray from an infinite Sun, some drop from an Ocean of infinite perfection. And thus we come to think of God not merely as good to us, but as He is in Himself, and rise yet higher, to the supreme and most perfect act of which an intellectual being is capable, beyond which there is nothing at which to aim, save the greater

<sup>14</sup> Acts v. 41.<sup>15</sup> Matt. v. 10-12; Luke vi. 22, 23.<sup>16</sup> John xiv. 27; xvi. 22-24, *et seq.*<sup>17</sup> Matt. xxii. 37, 38.



intensity, and duration of that same act; we love God no longer from the thought of any benefit to ourselves, but because He alone is worthy of love, and of all our love, and of infinitely more love than we can give Him. We love God because He is God. And now, as continually through the contemplation, St. Ignatius urges us to a surrender as complete as words or thought or desire can make it. The words may not have much æsthetic merit, any more than the rest of the *Exercises*—St. Ignatius was no stylist—but they are the expression of a tremendous purpose, and at least as such have a certain rugged sublimity of their own: “Take, O Lord, and receive all my liberty, my memory, my understanding, and all my will, all I have and possess: Thou hast given it me, to Thee, Lord, I return it: all is Thine, dispose of it wholly according to Thy Will. Give me Thy love and grace, for that is enough for me.”

Thither St. Ignatius takes those who would hearken to him; thither also the great Apostle and the Divine Master of both. God, being God, can ask no less. And for our poor fallen nature there is but one way to this, the royal road of the Holy Cross. There are mysteries in conduct, surely, no less than in articles of belief. For the merely natural man, with naught but unaided reason to guide him, the renunciation taught in the New Testament, no less than in the *Exercises*, is terrifying and even at first sight repulsive; but if this lead on the positive side to an equal excess of love for God and for fellow-creatures, then he cannot but confess that “he that shall lose his life shall find it.”<sup>18</sup>

No man worthy of the name can make an idol of mediocrity; and if to this stern repression of self can be joined unshaken joy and peace and life and love, then truly we have the superman, because he is divine. And he is enlisted in a great cause, wherein all that is not evil may serve; to be caught up into the Mystical Body of Christ need entail no fanatical annihilation of the good, but only the disappearance of evil, by reason of the introduction of the good which it excluded. But all good has been offered up and consecrated, and is now no peculiar possession or treasure, but Christ's alone, to be used as fully as He will. And yet, God is a jealous God,<sup>19</sup> and ever and anon to show His absolute and indisputable mastery over His creatures, and the excess of His love, will bid one for-

<sup>18</sup> Matt. x. 39; xvi. 25.

<sup>19</sup> Exod. xxxiv. 14, *et seq.*

sake all lesser activity, and think and desire Him alone. Such a one is with us in the strong bond of grace and charity, but not in action. How shall we persuade the worldling that it is anything but criminal folly to let the blossoming maiden immure herself behind the convent grille? And yet, if men would have her, how much more Christ! Is it not sweet to think that in our great family, the Church, there is many a Mary at the Saviour's feet, no less than many a zealous Martha?

Such are some of the thoughts that have come in a feeble endeavor to portray the same terrific forces, love for the Cross and love for the God-man, working among us today no less than in the ages gone by, or in the greatest age of all; to show the mind of the Church to be still the mind of Her Spouse; under her guidance and authority to pay once more a small tribute of homage to Jesus Christ, the same yesterday, today, and forever.<sup>20</sup>

<sup>20</sup> Heb. xiii. 8.

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## VIGIL.

BY DOROTHY I. LITTLE.

WAKEFUL with hunger in the night I be,  
 And watch the moon's pale circle riding high,  
 A white host in the monstrance of the sky.

And in that semblance sweet, I worship Thee:  
 Forgive this innocent idolatry,  
 True Host until the dawn denied to me.

## THE TEMPEST.

BY EMILY HICKEY.



HERE are those to whom it seems a matter of importance to localize. You cannot localize *The Tempest*. Despite the circumstances of Admiral Somers' shipwreck, despite the Bermuda coast having been its scene, *The Tempest* is unlocalized now and always. One word may be said as to the difficulty of understanding how it could be supposed that Shakespeare thought of his faery isle as one of the Bermudas, in the face of our knowledge that Ariel was called up to fetch dew from the still-vexed Bermoothes. It is best to say with Professor Gollancz, who quotes from the ballad of *The Enchanted Island*:

From that day forth the Isle has been  
By wandering sailors never seen.  
Some say 'tis buried deep  
Beneath the sea, which breaks and roars  
Above its savage, rocky shores,  
Nor e'er is known to sleep.

We have in *The Tempest*, as elsewhere, Shakespeare's conception of the high dignity and responsibility of the ruler's office; and the question of the suitability of the man to the post of ruler is, in various plays, explicitly or implicitly dealt with. In Prospero the student and scholar appears to dominate the monarch; he understands this and will not leave his people to be at the mercy of party or faction while he seeks a longed-for retirement with leisure for study such as he loves, but passes on his responsibility to his brother Antonio. To this brother he gives these instructions as to the treatment of subjects deserving or over ambitious, which show him as a keen observer of character; a keen observer except in the most important case of all, that of his brother. In Antonio he saw no hint of the probable development of his future; to him Antonio was one to be infinitely trusted. Here we come upon the perennial puzzle of the work of opportunity. The mute inglorious Miltons, the Cromwells guiltless of their country's blood, have

been with us and are still with us; but there is deeper depth than that sounded by the plummet of Gray. It is more than a question of how far opportunity may affect the deed; we have to consider its influence on the being itself. So may some of us put before them the possibility that Antonio's life, entirely apart from the factor of supreme entrusted power, might have passed on without the plunge into glaring wickedness, without the blackening of the soul such as came to him as regent of Milan; and without the successful endeavor to incite Sebastian to a crime not less horrible than his own. These are questions grave and difficult.

We must note that Prospero had not neglected his duty as ruler, as long as he held the reins of power, for it was a prosperous and happy Milan that passed from his hands into his brother's. He had not been so buried in his books that his people could have forgotten him, thinking themselves forgotten of him. They loved him, indeed, and with a great love. He would never have been guilty of what was in Antonio a blunder as well as a crime in subjecting free Milan to most ignoble stooping; Antonio's blunder and crime, he preferring vassalage to honorable regency.

Shakespeare's use of the preternatural, a subject full of interest, plays a very important part in *The Tempest*. Our great poet is far from unsympathetic towards popular belief; and popular belief has always peopled the invisible world with many a being of many a kind. We have beings unmoral, graceful, charming, admirers of good qualities in humankind, or pranksome, mischievous, not unkindly, but apart from humanity in a great apartness. These are "weak masters," yet strangely powerful when linked with human might in the great white magician, Prospero.

In *A Midsummer Night's Dream* we have the light charm of grotesquerie in the part played by Puck: a part similar, but only faintly similar, to that of Ariel in *The Tempest*, and with a large unlikeness of motive and execution set in the heart of that similarity. This is consonant with the dream character of the early play, with its vagaries, its delightful absurdities, and yet its infantine touch on the bosom of real life.

The masters, Oberon and Prospero, stand even more widely apart than the servants, Puck and Ariel, Ariel the chief of the band of spirits whom Prospero commands.

It must be noted that while in *Macbeth* the preternatural is used for purposes evil absolutely or evil working punitively, it is there the dealing with spirits of a class altogether removed from that which we have in *The Tempest*. In the tragedy of *Macbeth* we have the working of "black magic;" in the action of *The Tempest*, "white magic" is used for just and beneficent purposes. Before the time of the action of the play Prospero has used a "rough magic" indeed, rough, but not black.

The spirit-world of which Prospero has gained the control is not peopled with anything that has the character of evil. The coming of Prospero puts an end to the last result of the exercise of the witch Sycorax's power, in the freeing of Ariel from a dreadful captivity; hers having been an evil power, used for evil and cruel ends. Her power seems to have been yet subordinate to that imagined of a sort of god, the instinct of worship being so inseparable from other instincts that Sycorax must have her god, Setebos. This power of hers is destroyed by the strangely gifted human being who frees the delicate air-spirit from his prison, and employs him in works that, however at times distasteful, are to end in perfect liberty.

The ends for which the control of the spirit-world is employed are, as I have said, wise and beneficent: that repentance may be awakened, to be followed by full and free forgiveness; that justice may be done and restitution made; that a perfect wedded life may begin for the young man and woman, on whom a great burden of responsibility must ultimately be laid; that age may rest, not in idleness or ignoble quiet, but in the fulfillment of such duty as it can do, and do in the light of preparedness for the going forth; and that punishment may come for those to whom nothing but punishment can appeal. In brief, the main object of Prospero is to secure justice and peace; and with these two most beautiful things the future of the child of his love is bound up.

We note how naturally the magic works on the royal people and their suite. If Alonso and the others do not realize that they are under a spell, but know themselves as victims to their own thoughts, so, "with a difference," does the magic work on Ferdinand.

It was needful that the passion of grief in him should be quieted and his mind so soothed after the agitation of his own seeming wrestle with death that he could fully receive the

great new impression of Miranda's presence; and so, as he sits on a bank, weeping for the supposed death of his father, the spirit-music comes creeping by him over the waters, allaying with its sweetness both their fury and his passion. Thus, the grief fades, gently, quietly, as if under the healing hand of Time, and he can listen to the ditty that remembers his drowned father, with its telling of the sea-change upon the dead, and the rich and strange things into which all that is not fadeless has passed.

As Puck delights in mischievous confusion,

(And those things do most please me  
That befall preposterously),

so Ariel works on the side of order. Under the wise master's guidance, the horror of confusion in the pseudo-tempest is used for the evoking of moral order following on moral right. He is a delicate little spirit, loving the warmth of summer, and dreading the errands northward, when the sea-ooze is cold and the earth-veins are baked with frost. He is not apart from the distinction between right and wrong in human beings, of which he learns from Prospero. He who would not "act the earthy and abhorred commands" of Sycorax, "refusing her grand hests," can enter into the mind of his master, and can bravely upbraid the men of sin, and recall to them the greater than the punishment they have suffered which must come unless warded off by repentance and a clear life ensuing." He can feel too for the sufferings of the punished men, and plead, as it were, for his master's mercy to be shown to them.

By-and-by all this dealing with the world of earth-spirits must by Prospero be laid aside, for the hour of the great summons must be watched for and had in preparation.

Caliban, whose name appears to be an anagram of *Cani-bal*, another form of Caribal, or Caribbean, is the strange being in whom perhaps is reflected the puzzle and wonder of the settlers in America, brought face to face with beings of a kind hitherto unknown to them, and seen through an atmosphere of wonder, interest and prejudice, like the melancholy of Jacques, "compounded of many simples, extracted from many objects, and, indeed, the sundry contemplation of (their) travels." Browning's wonderful *Caliban on Setebos* hardly, I think, reflects the Caliban of *The Tempest*.

Like Ariel, Caliban has understanding and is without moral feeling, but, unlike Ariel, he is incapable of reflecting Prospero's mind. Degraded as we find him, he goes down to a yet lower depth of degradation before our eyes, in taking the drunkard for a god and worshipping the dull fool. In his own sight this is not wrong but unwisdom, and he goes back to trim the cell of Prospero handsomely, enlightened of his folly and unconvinced of his wickedness. Prospero has tried in the old days to tame him; has stroked him and made much of him, giving him water with berries in it (probably the much appreciated newly known coffee). To this Caliban has responded with helpful telling of the qualities of the isle. His meaningless gabble had been exchanged by Prospero's teaching for the use of words: the pity and kindness of the master freely working to help and uplift him. But, having no moral strain, Caliban by-and-by so jeopardizes the safety of Prospero's lovely jewel, the child who had smiled on him shipwrecked, and been his comfort and hope as she grew into beautiful maidenhood, that he must thenceforth be kept completely under. He is drawn to Stephano, not by any kindly feeling, but because of the "celestial liquor" which he bears. Yet in his degradation, he is higher and wiser than humanity brought low by drink; he is the less degraded of the two. His language is often poetical; as Coleridge says, Caliban gives us images from the earth, as Ariel from the air. What a poem is Caliban's description of the spirit-music of those lovely twangling instruments that give delight and hurt not; and of the voices that lull him to sleep again; and of his visions from opened clouds of riches ready to drop on him. Have we here some token of a spiritual nature latent in the savage things?

In the plot to take the life of Prospero, the grotesque underplot to that against Alonso and Gonzalo, Caliban shows himself wiser than the two human beings whom he has made his confederates. There must be no delay; no frippery temptation must keep them from their end; and his prudence is lost on the drunken fools.

Caliban is not a comic character. He is comic only when he is befooled by Stephano and makes a wonder of a poor drunkard. Trinculo and Stephano are befooled by him, to their cost. As the plot which Antonio originates against Alonso and Gonzalo serves not only to develop the action of the play,

but to show the audience still more fully than Prospero's tale to Miranda could do, the baseness of the criminal who has gone from bad to worse, so the grotesque plot which Caliban originates, also developing the action, serves to show us the justice of Prospero's judgment of the hag-born creature whom kindness could not tame.

Never more truly than in Miranda has Shakespeare been "A priest to us all of the wonder and bloom of the world." "O thou wonder!" says Ferdinand, and so we say with him. Born of a mother who "was a piece of virtue," she was brought up from her very early youth by her student father, brought up in a serious atmosphere, but an atmosphere of love. The care of her upbringing, and her companionship, have saved Prospero not only from despondency but from the danger of a life devoted to study alone, as his life would have been had he been cast alone upon the island. She is a being of lovely balance, intellectual as spiritual, full of kindness and selfless grace. She has shown kindness even to Caliban until her father's care for her safety has kept her apart from him, and her own unerring understanding has taught her not to love to look upon him.

As we see her, there seems to be in Miranda none of that bright wit, sometimes sharp wit, which we find in several of Shakespeare's women. Hers is a lovely seriousness begotten of the atmosphere in which she has lived, love's quietness and the interest of study, and the ever present great sea with its tempests and its calms, and the wonder of clouds and trees, and the life of animals such as the nimble marmoset. A strange upbringing hers, and what strange beauty has come of that upbringing! It has been said by that great sayer of true things, Coleridge, that some of Shakespeare's loveliest women are half the woovers, Juliet, Desdemona, Miranda. But Miranda only goes to the logical end as she understands the meaning of Ferdinand's words and all they imply and involve, and just gives it the simplest and most natural expression. How haunting is the music of word and of spirit:

I am your wife, if you will marry me;  
If not, I'll die your maid: to be your fellow  
You may deny me, but I'll be your servant  
Whether you will or no.

It is the mission of such as Miranda to give that most



precious thing, sympathy, for their nature is full not only of the milk of human kindness but of its very cream; the more than feeling for others, even the feeling with them:

O, I have suffered  
With those that I saw suffer!

This is the quality that gives us the consolers, the comforters, the strengtheners; a goodly company, a band elect; smaller, indeed, than the band of the kindly, the pitying, but rising to a fuller strength, a larger service. Not in the sorrow only of us, their brothers and sisters, do they feel with us, but in our joy they are partakers also: and not in the high ecstasies alone, any more than not alone in the great depths of the waters that have gone over our heads, but alike in the little gladnesses and the little woes. It is her baby presence that saved Prospero from despair, in that terrible time of the casting away.

O, a cherubim  
Thou wast that did preserve me. Thou didst smile,  
Infused with a fortitude from heaven,  
When I have deck'd the sea with drops full salt;  
Under my burthen groan'd; which rais'd in me  
An undergoing stomach, to bear up  
Against what should ensue.<sup>1</sup>

And in her sweet girlhood, hearing her father's tale of that past danger and horror, her heart bleeds to think of the "teen" that she has turned him to, the sorrow that is by her unremembered, the sorrow that must hurt him in its telling. In her relation to Ferdinand this lovely quality comes out. How gladly she would bear his burden! How uncaring she is whether it weighs over heavily on her own slighter, tenderer frame! Hers is the passion of help. So, even if he deny her to be his fellow, she will be his servant, whether he will or no.

The qualities of Ferdinand are indicated by implication as well as shown in action. He is none the less good for being something of the man of the world. Young and beautiful, with all natural charm, with everything seen at home in the splendid setting of the heirdom to a crown, he has had, and has used, many opportunities of knowing women, and has not

<sup>1</sup> Act I., 2.

been insensible to their charms. He is more than something of a critic, and we feel that, just in this, we see all the more clearly what Miranda is. Only the "so perfect and so peerless" could satisfy the man of fine and careful taste. This is a bit of Shakespeare's invariable truth to nature. A man nice in choice, fastidious, if you will—

Full many a lady

I have eyed with best regard . . . for several virtues  
 Have I liked several women; never any  
 With so full soul, but some defect in her  
 Did quarrel with the noblest grace she owed,  
 And put it to the foil . . . <sup>2</sup>

One who had seen much and many, would recognize the essential spiritual as well as bodily loveliness of Miranda, created of every creature's best. In Dryden and Davenant's detestable perversion of the play, we have not only false taste, but knowledge immeasurably below Shakespeare's, in their pairing Miranda with a man who has never seen a woman.

What a picture of Ferdinand's bodily strength we have in "I saw him beat the surges under him," etc., etc.,<sup>3</sup> and when we meet with him there is no sign of exhaustion about him; nothing to mar his beauty but the stain of "grief that's beauty's canker." His sorrow for his supposedly drowned father is so real, so great, that the influence of those unearthly sweet airs "that give delight and hurt not" is necessary for the soothing and calming of his spirit. His attitude towards Prospero is entirely manly, and to Miranda he shows the high honor and respect that goes with love, the leal and true.

Our sympathy with the young folk of this play is not like that which we give to the lovers of the many years' earlier *Romeo and Juliet*. We love those lovers dearly and are glad for their glorious hour of sunshine supreme, and follow them, full-hearted into the dark, and on to the hour that is the hour of the sacrifice of these for the healing of the otherwise unhealable feud. But our Ferdinand and Miranda belong to a world greater far than Verona; a world that possesses itself in noble control; a world of vital movement and of most lovely equipoise.

In the later plays of Shakespeare, those belonging to the

<sup>2</sup> Act. III., 1.    <sup>3</sup> Act II., 1.

Fourth Period of his work, evil has a part differing from that which it takes in the great tragedies of the Third Period. It does not crush down and overbear for this world's time, nor is it a thing lightly and easily overcome. A deep note is sounded in *The Tempest*, as in *A Winter's Tale*: evil is evil, and not to be lightly overcome; yet we know that overcome it can be, and overcome it shall be.

If the Four Periods represent Shakespeare as mirrored in his art, then, in this Fourth, we find him largely wise and strongly calm. The struggle is over, and the gain is there. I always feel that Francisco's account of Ferdinand's struggle with the waves and his victory over them, is applicable to the spiritual struggle which we all go through (for "these things are an allegory") and specially so to the battle as fought by our greatest poet. Listen!

I saw him beat surges under him,  
And ride upon their backs; he trod the water,  
Whose enmity he flung aside, and breasted  
The surge most swoln that met him; his bold head  
'Bove the contentious waves he kept, and oar'd  
Himself with his good arms in lusty stroke  
To the shore, that o'er his wave-worn basis bow'd,  
As stooping to relieve him: I not doubt  
He came alive to land.

And as Ferdinand not only came alive to land, but found there the fairest gift that life could bring him, so did Shakespeare find the gift of peace, the gift whose crown is joy, the crown of the great by-and-by.

Yet, in *The Tempest* there is an undertone of sadness. In the resignation of Prospero we have, indeed, peace, but a peace less perfect than that of *Cymbeline* and *A Winter's Tale*. It may be remembered that in these two last-named plays peace comes after pain grandly borne and borne by the selfless ones, Hermione and Imogen. This alone would give it a greater depth and width and height.

As it has been noticed, the true Epilogue to our play is Gonzalo's speech.<sup>4</sup>

Was Milan thrust from Milan, that his issue  
Should become kings of Naples? O, rejoice  
Beyond a common joy! and set it down

<sup>4</sup> Act V., 1.

With gold on lasting pillars: In one voyage  
Did Claribel her husband find at Tunis,  
And Ferdinand, her brother, found a wife  
Where he himself was lost, Prospero his dukedom  
In a poor isle, and all of us ourselves  
When no man was his own.

For the action of *The Tempest* is the restoration of Duke Prospero to his rights; action finely worked out, not by violence and bloodshed but by the awakening of repentant sorrow and of its due sequel: willingness, even eagerness, to make restitution. This awakening we have fully in Alonso, the least guilty and the most penitent.

The real healing in this play is that of the breach between Prospero and Alonso, at one time the enemy to him inveterate. How fine is Prospero's forgiveness! The wronged Duke of Milan embraces the body of his erstwhile inveterate foe, and Alonso asks for forgiveness even after he has been assured that he has it and most fully. The restitution is made, and the healing of the breach is complete. The sweetness set upon the healing, the fresh high breeze of day, is the betrothal of Ferdinand and Miranda. Alonso would gladly have died, if but this fair couple had been king and queen of Naples, and he lives to see their heirdom and to be loved of them and to love them. In the repentant Alonso we rejoice with a joy that we cannot feel for Sebastian and Antonio.

Prospero has been willing to be misunderstood; he has tried Ferdinand sorely to the righteous end of testing fully the man to whom he would fain give his highest treasure, were he found deserving. "He's composed of harshness," says Ferdinand—(Miranda knows better). Is not this willingness to face misunderstanding a godlike quality? Do we not often, in our blindness, asperse our Father for the seeming harshness that is but test and trial?

Pardon, reconciliation, healing, peace and joy! These exquisite things are here, and have not been lightly won. Our sympathy goes out to the beautiful young and the beautiful old; to Ferdinand and Miranda; to Prospero and Gonzalo, our dear old Gonzalo, kindly in carrying out a stern command, yet loyal to his master who has laid it upon him. Our beautiful fairest couple have the qualities that shall carry them through

whatsoever days of trial and difficulty may be set round the jewel of their great love-joy. Our Prospero has worked, suffered, forgiven, and been gladdened with a gladness great and sweet; our Prospero who retires now, not as he had retired of old, leaving statecraft in hands unfit to touch it, but as one whose work will be carried on nobly and fitly by hands brave and untired.

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A SONG.

BY MICHAEL EARLS, S.J.

JUNE of the trees in glory,  
June of the meadows gay!  
O, and it works a story  
To tell an October day.

Blooms of the apple and cherry  
Toil for the far-off hours;  
Never is idleness merry,  
Is song of the garden bowers.

Brooks to the sea from mountains,  
Yea, and from field and vine:  
Rain and the sun are fountains  
That gather for wheat and wine.

Cellar and loft shall glory,  
Table and hearth shall praise,  
Hearing October's story  
Of June and the merry days.

## THE GREAT WARS OF EUROPE.

BY CONDÉ B. PALLEN.



THE European War still looms before the imagination as the most colossal in history. The vast numbers engaged, its long lines of battlefront, its enormous consumption of munitions of war and its great and rapid economic waste, its terrific destruction of life and property, the wide extent of the areas affected directly and indirectly—for no remotest corner of the globe escaped its shock—its violent and continuous intensity—for it was rather one unremitting conflict than a series of battles—coupled with the fact that it was waged by the most highly civilized and powerful nations of the world with the most formidable weapons ever devised by man, stamp it as the most astounding and titanic conflict in the annals of man. Its vastness staggers us, its complexities confound us, and its ramifications bewilder us, for in one way or another the entire world was involved.

Living as close to it as we did, the very drama unfolding before our eyes with every moment of the day in all its ghastly horror, we were so violently and profoundly impressed by its immediacy that we have come to regard it as the most disastrous and momentous mankind has ever endured. But when we read the records of European history, we find that there have been wars which, relatively at least, have been as great and in their issue even more momentous to civilization.

European civilization had vast crises at various epochs in its history, which by the shifting of the scale in any other way, would have meant another Europe than the one we now behold. Such crises have been committed to the issue of great wars, some of which in point of violence, in the numbers engaged, loss of life, destruction of property and the general resultant horrors of warfare may compare relatively with the great conflict just ended. I say relatively, for we must take into consideration populations, resources and conditions, etc., as compared with those of the nations recently embattled against each other in the European War.

The first great war within the ken of history, wherein the destiny of Europe was at stake, arose at the very beginning of Western civilization, and was in reality a war waged by European man against Asiatic man, and involved the supremacy of one or the other. It was a war which the Greek communities of Europe waged against Troy in Asia Minor in the twelfth century before Christ. All of Greece was involved and one hundred thousand men crossed the seas to besiege the city of Priam. An armed force of this size was as great in proportion to the population from which it was drawn, as any of the European armies of the present day. On the side of the Trojans as many men must have been engaged as were in the ranks of their Grecian opponents. Troy was besieged for ten years and finally destroyed. Its inhabitants were either slain or taken away into captivity. This ten-year conflict was, in matter of numbers and resources, when we consider the populations and their environments, as great as any in history. When we consider its results, it was one of the most momentous wars of the world.

Greece was the well-head of European civilization. Its art, science, literature and philosophy have flowed like great fecundating streams into the life of European humanity and are even today vital forces in our civilization. Had the Trojans been triumphant, who can estimate what might have been the issue to Europe? For Troy was Oriental in origin and type. The war was in its essence Oriental civilization pitted against Western. Had that tide of Orientalism overflowed Greece and strangled European civilization in its cradle, how long delayed would have been the development of Europe or what might have been the character of that development, no man can say. But the happy fact is that the Greek victory saved the dominant civilization of the world at its very source.

Greece was destined to see Europe invaded from Asia a second time. This was seven hundred years after the destruction of Troy. Through the victories of Cyrus and his successors Persia had become a vast and formidable empire. By the time of Darius (521-485 B.C.) all of Asiatic Greece, Thrace and some of the Ægean Islands had come under the dominion of Persia. The Oriental threat hung like a great cloud over European Greece. The battle of Marathon for the moment hurled back the Asiatic flood. Darius did not live to renew the war,

but Xerxes, his successor, sought to achieve the conquest which his father had failed to carry out.

Xerxes was employed for four whole years in making his preparations. In the fifth year he set out upon his march. Even to modern ears the Great King's army was of startling proportions. "Of the expeditions with which we are acquainted," says Herodotus, "this was by far the greatest. For what nation did not Xerxes lead out of Asia; what stream, being drunk by the army did not fail him, except the great rivers." In fact, the Persian army consisted of not less than 2,640,000 combatants. Add to this attendants, slaves, camp followers, and the vast host swelled to the enormous proportions of 5,000,000 advancing like a great plague to devour a people whose total population could not have amounted to two million, and the area of whose country did not exceed that of Ireland.

This enormous mass moved upon Greece like a creeping inundation about to engulf and swallow up Hellas like an island in the waters of the great sea. Its sheer weight would seem to have been sufficient to obliterate the slender power that Greece could muster. But the Greeks rallied to a common standard in face of the common danger, and beat back the multitudes of the Great King like a swift whirlwind among the dead leaves of an autumn forest. It was again the Occident against the Orient, the power of energy against force of weight, mind against matter. At the Pass of Thermopylæ a little over five thousand Greeks stayed the Persian advance for three days, and it was only over the dead bodies of Leonidas and his Spartans that Xerxes finally forced the passage. Twenty thousand dead was the toll the Persians paid to Greek valor at the famous gateway. The naval battle of Salamis followed the glorious stand at Thermopylæ. The Great King retreated leaving three hundred thousand Persians and fifty thousand auxiliaries with Mardonius, his son-in-law, in the hope of retrieving the disasters to the Persian arms. At Plataea Mardonius suffered an ignominious defeat. Of the three hundred thousand Persians scarcely three thousand were left alive with the exception of some forty thousand withdrawn from the field at the beginning by one of the Persian generals, who fled when he saw the tide of battle going against his fellow-countrymen. The victory of Mykale on the shores of Asia Minor,



whither the Greeks had pursued the Persians by sea, concluded the war and the triumph of Greece.

This war had lasted less than a year, Greece had not only been cleared of the invaders, but the war had been carried into the enemy's country, the pride of the Great King broken and his power shattered. Europe had again been saved from Orientalism. During the century succeeding the Persian invasion Greek genius developed to its full maturity. Into this period are crowded its greatest names: Herodotus, Thucydides, Socrates, Plato, Aristotle, Isocrates, Æschylus, Sophocles, Euripides, Phidias, Hippocrates, Demosthenes and others. Within a century and a half after the battle of Salamis a Greek King, Alexander the Great, led an army into the Orient, and founded Greek dynasties upon the ruins of Persian satrapies.

While Greece was blocking the Orient against invasion of Europe and founding the intellectual and artistic life of the Western world, in the Italian peninsula was developing a power destined by the time of the advent of Christianity to be the mistress of the ancient world. This was Rome, whose career from the founding of the city eight hundred years before Christ to the time of the Empire's dissolution four hundred years afterward, was one long warfare. Rome was essentially a military State. Her genius was war, her aspiration the dominion of the world. After eight centuries of conflict she achieved her ambition and the Roman magisterium extended to the limits of the known world. Rome stood without rival to fear or possible foe to cope with; she was dominant and supreme.

In the course of her growth she met with one really formidable opponent to dispute the mastery of the world. This was Carthage. Three memorable wars are the record of a conflict, whose issue in Roman victory saved Europe again from the fatal degradation of Oriental civilization. The three Punic Wars waged at intervals within a century were vital to Western civilization. The Carthaginians were of Phœnician origin. The commercial mastery of the world was the goal of Carthage. The lust of gold was in her veins. Her galleys were in every port of the Mediterranean west of the Ægean Sea, where Greek rivalry alone successfully withstood her. Her fleets had penetrated as far north as England and Ireland, and south-

ward down the African Coast as far as Sierre Leone. Wherever she went she planted colonies. That she was to clash with Rome was inevitable. The collision first came over Sicily, and the First Punic War began in 264 B.C. and lasted for twenty-three years, to 241. It was during this war that the great naval battle off Ecnomus was fought between Roman and Carthaginian fleets, in which three hundred thousand men were engaged, perhaps the greatest sea fight in point of numbers which the world has ever witnessed. It was also during this war that naval tactics underwent a radical change, which obtained up to the time of the present modern warship. Up to the First Punic War naval manœuvres in battle were conducted for the purpose of ramming the enemy with the prow. At the naval battle near Mylae, the Romans devised for the first time the method of grappling and boarding the enemy's ship.

The result of the First Punic War was the loss of Sicily to Carthage and the destruction of her supremacy at sea. A peace of twenty-three years followed, during which both powers proceeded with their plans of aggrandizement and world conquest and made preparations for a future resumption of hostilities clearly evident to their leaders. Carthage undertook the conquest of Spain with an eye, as future events proved, to a descent upon Rome from the North. In keeping with this design Hannibal, the great Carthaginian General, crossed the Pyrenees, traversed Southern Gaul, and crossed the Alps into Northern Italy, losing more than half his army in this stupendous and perilous march. When his forces debauched into Cis-Alpine Gaul, there remained to him only twenty thousand foot and six thousand horse out of ninety thousand foot and twelve thousand horse with which he had started. He met and defeated the Roman armies at Ticinus, Trebia, Thrasimene and Cannæ. He traversed Italy from one end to the other, but in spite of his victories was unable to reduce Roman resistance. His brother Hasdrubal meanwhile came to his assistance, following the same route across the Alps, but failed to effect a junction with Hannibal. The Roman Counsels, Livius and Nero, intercepted Hasdrubal on the banks of the Metaurus and overwhelmed him in a crushing defeat. Hasdrubal himself was slain and his head sent to Hannibal, who saw in that gory and cruel spectacle the defeat of his own hopes and the ulti-

mate triumph of his detested foe. For four years after the battle of Metaurus, Hannibal remained in Italy with continually diminishing fortunes and finally abandoned it, when he found that the Romans were carrying the war into Africa. He had been thirteen years in the enemy's country, and though unsubdued, could not break through the indomitable legions of Rome. When he learned that Scipio had laid siege to Carthage, he withdrew to Africa to fight his last battle at Zama, where the power of Carthage was crushed finally, never to recover.

The Third Punic War did not occur until forty-eight years after, in 149 B.C. The Roman Cato, who had been dispatched to Carthage in the year 174 as a commissioner to arbitrate between Massinissa, King of Numidia, and Carthage, returned to Rome with the conviction that Carthage was still a menace to Rome's greatness. In season and out of season he kept urging upon the Senate the necessity of the utter destruction of the African city which had proved such a formidable rival, and might again contest the supremacy of the world. *Delenda est Carthago* was Cato's constant slogan until the Roman Senate finally heeded. After a three-years' conflict, Carthage fell again before Roman prowess. The entire city was destroyed, not a stone remaining upon a stone, and its population of seven hundred thousand dispersed. From that time Carthage became a mere record in the annals of history.

All in all Rome and Carthage had faced each other as rival world powers one hundred and eighteen years. The time occupied in actual warfare in the Three Punic Wars was forty-three years. The triumph of Rome was a victory for European civilization. Thus a third time (twice by Greece and now by Rome) was Oriental aggression driven back and the Western world saved from the degradation of the semi-barbarism of the East.

It was not until after the Second Punic War that Rome truly found herself. From that time onward the city of the Tiber began to stride the earth as the world-conquerer. Nation after nation, people after people were subdued in rapid succession to her yoke. When Augustus gathered into his hand the entire power of the Republic, he ruled without a rival from the banks of the Tiber to the utmost limits of the civilized world.

With Rome supreme, there was little danger to Europe from the East. Indeed, it was not until the Empire was tottering to its final overthrow that the Oriental menace assumed again any grave proportions. In 441 A.D. the Huns attacked the Eastern Empire, and their power was not broken until 451 by the defeat of Attila at Châlons by Roman legions with their Gaulish allies under Aëtius. The very battlefield, where the Hunnish hordes met their final disastrous check, is today in part the scene of the recent vast conflict between Germany and the Allies. At Châlons the dying Empire gained its last momentous victory. Attila afterwards renewed his attacks upon the Western Empire, but with little effect. The Hunnish peril to the civilized world had passed, and with the death of Attila the Asiatic menace disappeared altogether.

It was not until the seventh century that danger loomed again out of the East. In 622 the Mohammedan era of the Hegira flamed up like a devastating conflagration. By 632 Arabia was conquered; by 651 Persia came under the yoke of the Koran. Syria, Egypt and Africa were subdued by 709, and the same year saw a Moslem army cross the Straits of Gibraltar and invade European soil. By 715 Spain was in possession of the Saracenic conqueror. It was not long before the victorious followers of the Prophet crossed the Pyrenees and irrupted into France. The Western Empire had perished; the Eastern Empire was impotent to stay the onward rush of Islam, and had seen her fairest provinces wrested from her in Asia and Africa by this new and terrible power. The danger was imminent; was Europe to fall under the civil and religious yoke of the Koran? Abder-Rahman, the conqueror of Spain, invaded Gaul in 732. Charles Martel, King of the Franks, met him on the field of Tours, and gained a signal victory, completely routing and destroying the Saracenic host. Abder-Rahman perished in the battle, and Islam was driven back over the Pyrenees into Spain. Schlegel says (*Philosophy of History*): "The arms of Charles Martel saved and delivered the Christian nations of the West from the deadly grasp of all-destroying Islam."

But Spain was to endure the Moslem yoke for eight hundred years, and it was eight hundred years of war. The Spaniards, driven back by the fanatical Moslem, found final foothold amid the rocky fastnesses of the Asturias. Thence issuing they battled century after century, gradually wresting the

soil, it might almost be said foot by foot, from the detested foe. It was one long racial and religious conflict, waged almost incessantly and culminated only in 1490 when Ferdinand and Isabella drove the last of the Moorish kings from Granada. It is worthy of note that Columbus, discoverer of America, served in the Spanish army at this famous siege.

In the meantime Christian Europe from 1096 to 1270, in eight successive Crusades, flung the might of her chivalry against the Moslem power in Asia. The effect of these military expeditions was to keep Islam on the defensive within its own limits and secure European territory from its aggressions. When the pressure of Christian arms, which the Crusades brought to bear upon Islam in Asia, ceased, the followers of the Prophet gradually dismembered the Byzantine Empire and in 1453 took Constantinople itself and established themselves a second time upon European soil. From this vantage point they advanced for two centuries up to the very walls of Vienna, where they were finally stayed and disastrously routed by Sobieski, King of Poland, in 1683. The siege of Vienna was the high watermark of Moslem aggression in Europe. Since that time the power of the Turk has been receding in South-eastern Europe, until today, as the result of the recent Balkan War, Turkey in Europe consists of a narrow strip of territory along the Bosphorus, and how precarious that narrow footing remains is evident in the victory of the Entente over Germany and her allies.

Thus for a period of nearly three thousand years has Asia been a menace to Europe, and at various intervals poured her hosts into European territory, seeking a foothold and conquest. The wars of this conflict have been the most momentous in their results that European people have ever waged. If European soil had not been kept inviolate from Medo-Persian, Carthaginian, Hun, and Moslem supremacy, Western civilization would have been doomed. Greece, Rome, Gaul, Spain, and Austria have each in turn stood in the breach and warded off the great disaster. Asia is no longer feared and the day of her aggression is passed, at least in Europe. Whether Asia may again become aggressive and strike across the Pacific at the new nations of Western blood on American soil, is a question that the future holds for us. The rapidly rising power of Japan and the immense potentialities of China are problems which

Christendom may yet have to face, not merely in theory, but in fact.

The internal wars of Europe, that is, wars waged between European peoples, have been numerous and some of them in time and extent of immense proportions. The history of ancient Rome bristles with wars; from her rise to her fall warfare was her normal occupation. Her greatness was founded upon conquest, and her decline was filled with the constant clamor of civic and foreign strife. Modern Europe rose upon her ruins in the midst of the struggles and contentions of the Northern Barbarians. Goth and Visigoth, Gaul, Frank, Saxon, Dane, Northman, carried fire and sword the length and breadth of Europe, until by degrees out of the immense turmoil racial and national demarcations became fixed and modern Europe rose out of barbaric confusions into that homogeneous and yet diversified entity which goes under the general name of Christendom.

The longest war ever waged within the limits of Europe was that of the Reconquest of Spain from Saracenic rule. It was a conflict of eight centuries duration, and fought with an intensity and resolution unparalleled in history. It was a war of race against race and creed against creed. Its effect was to solidify and unite the many diverse elements which went to make up the people of the Iberian Peninsula, at the time of the Arab invasion, into a solidified and united nationality, and prepare them to play that great part in human history in America and Europe which lasted until the age of Louis XIV.

In the Hundred Years' War between England and France, the longest European war next to the Spanish Reconquest, we witness a conflict whose sole reason was the ambition of princes and the lust of territory. It was begun by Edward III. of England in 1337, under the claim of his right of succession to the French throne in the female line, and did not end until 1453 with the failure of the English cause. It was during this war that France witnessed the wonderful career of the Maid of Orleans, the peasant girl who rallied the disorganized and discouraged French armies to victory and turned the tide of the English invasion into defeat. No war in all European history had so little justification. It was capricious and wanton in its origin, destructive and futile in its results. Its one glory was

the unique career of Joan of Arc, who rescued her people from an invading host without right or title on French soil.

The Thirty Years' War from 1618 to 1648 next claims distinction for its duration and for the extent of its political ramifications, as well as for its religious complexion. It rose out of the religious and political confusions subsequent to the Reformation in Germany. It involved Germany, France, Spain, Sweden, England and the Netherlands. Its primary cause was religious jealousies and antagonisms among the petty German States within the Empire, originating in the quarrels over the interpretation of the Religious Peace of Augsburg. But it was not long before it became the focus of the wider diplomatic interests and struggles for mastery between all the Courts of Europe. France under Richelieu's policies was ambitious and Spain was retentive of her European domination, and each played against the other all the diplomatic resources at command to best its rival. Catholic France under the guidance of Cardinal Richelieu espoused the cause of the German Protestants against a Catholic Emperor and Catholic Spain. The war became a war between the House of Bourbon in France and the House of Hapsburg in Austria and Spain. Germany was crushed between the upper and nether millstones and was ravaged by both armies, mostly of a mercenary character, from end to end. The result was the aggrandizement of France, and the laying of the foundations for French domination under Louis XIV.

From the Peace of Westphalia, which concluded the Thirty Years' War, Spanish influence waned in Europe and France rose rapidly in the ascendant. Louis XIV. became master of Europe. Under Louis XV. French power rapidly declined, and under his ill-fated successor, Louis XVI., the Bourbon dynasty collapsed in revolution and the Republic of France rose dripping in blood from its ruins. The new Republic found itself arrayed against all Europe, and under the genius of Napoleon, France waged for twenty years the stupendous conflict known as the Napoleonic Wars.

Though not as intensive and as concentrated as the recent European war, the Napoleonic wars extended to an even wider area. France, Italy, Austria, Spain, Portugal, Switzerland, the Netherlands, Germany, Austria, Russia, and even Egypt, felt the heel of Napoleon's ambition and trembled to the march

of his hosts. For twenty years he triumphed over Europe, and not until Waterloo in 1815 did his astounding career come to a disastrous close. In men, money, and economic waste, relative to the populations and resources of Europe at the time, the Napoleonic wars, when summed up in totality, will compare with the European War. The destructive process was of course slower, but it extended over a series of years far beyond the duration of the recent conflict. In the present instance so rapid and intensive and immense were the destructive forces at work that a decision supervened in a comparatively short time. The waste and destruction of the recent War was so concentrated and so immediately enormous that it has staggered us. It is only when we stop to consider and measure the conditions of Europe a century ago with those of today that we are able to realize that the Napoleonic wars afford any equitable basis of comparison in the destruction of life and property with the titanic struggle but now happily concluded. Europe was depleted after the Napoleonic wars, and the recovery was slow. At the present time the recovery will be much more rapid, for the world moves faster by a hundredfold than it did at the beginning of the nineteenth century.

We are prone to measure events by what is most familiar to us, by our own environment and its conditions. The world a century ago is very remote, save to the students of history, and to the man-in-the-street, unknown. What he witnessed and experienced in the recent War leads him to believe, without the knowledge which enables him to compare, that it was the most gigantic and momentous conflict in history, before whose colossal proportions all others are dwarfed into insignificance. But in comparison with other struggles throughout human history, vast and destructive as it was, it does not relatively rank as superlative.

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## A FEDERAL REVOLUTION IN THE HIGH SCHOOL.

BY FRANCIS P. DONNELLY, S.J.



HERE was a time when few paid attention to the stream of publications issued by the Bureau of Education at Washington. No subject is more frequently discussed or with more variety of theories than the subject of education, but most of the discussions take place in special magazines and have no wide influence. So it was thought about the Federal publications, but with a Federal Board empowered, by the Smith-Hughes bill, to give money, to prescribe courses, to train teachers in all of the States, no publication it issues can safely be ignored.

There lies before us a publication having the approval of the Federal Board and representing also the views of the National Educational Association. The publication is entitled: *Cardinal Principles of Secondary Education, a Report of the Commission on the Reorganization of Secondary Education Appointed by the National Educational Association.*

Much of the Report is phrased in vague generalities, which appear to say something and actually say nothing. One instance may be cited. The Report proposes seven objectives for secondary education, and declares that "no curriculum in the secondary school can be regarded as satisfactory unless it gives due attention to each of the objectives."<sup>1</sup> Then, after enumerating the objectives, the Report continues with this very illuminating statement: "Due recognition of these objectives will provide the elements of distribution and concentration which are recognized as essential for a well-balanced and effective education." Translated into plain words this would seem to mean: "Balance these seven purposes well, and they will be well balanced." But how are they to be made short or long, you ask, and you are referred to "seventeen other reports in which the principles are applied to the various aspects." If a great deal of the Report were stated in plain terms, the

government bill for printing would be less, and much would be rejected as absurd or awaken such controversy as would show the whole scheme to be impractical.

The Report "regards the following as the main objectives of education: 1. Health. 2. Command of fundamental processes. 3. Worthy home-membership. 4. Vocation. 5. Citizenship. 6. Worthy use of leisure. 7. Ethical character."<sup>2</sup> There will be no disagreement about these objectives, and everyone will be glad to note that four of the seven are practically concerned with education of the will, although worthy home-membership, as distinguished from other objectives, is not as formidable as it sounds, consisting chiefly in sewing and cooking for the girls and in reading books and playing of music for boys and girls. The reader will observe that the seven objectives include the well-known division of a full, rounded education into that of body, of mind and of will with the addition of the spheres in which these are employed, home and state, occupation and leisure. The elaborate phrasing of these purposes illustrates again an undesirable feature of the Report: its failure to say a simple thing in a simple way.

The outstanding feature of the Report is the rearrangement of early school-life into what is familiarly styled the "six and six" plan. "We, therefore, recommend a reorganization of the school system whereby the first six years shall be devoted to elementary education designed to meet the needs of pupils approximately six to twelve years of age; and the second six years to secondary education designed to meet the needs of pupils of approximately twelve to eighteen years of age."<sup>3</sup> The latter six years are subdivided into what is known as junior high school and senior high school of three years each.

One might inquire what difference is this re-grouping going to make? We shall see presently. Note a possible advantage which concerns our high schools. Under the recommendations of the Bureau of Education, pupils are advised to begin the study of foreign languages at twelve. In many States pupils are now studying Latin at that age. Why not let such pupils enter high school at once and be ready, as they will easily be, for college at sixteen? Our present system is two years longer than in Europe without enough gain to justify the extension.

<sup>2</sup> Page 10.

<sup>3</sup> Page 18.

What is the real reason why the Report advises the six and six plan? Because it is in favor of a radical change in the nature of secondary education. Educators were fondly believing that electivism was a dead issue in American education after its dismal failure in colleges.<sup>4</sup> But educators were mistaken. Electivism has become vocational training, and the election of courses which is found impossible or impracticable at eighteen, is to be gravely enjoined on the philosopher of twelve, who is to elect his vocation in life at that mature age.

Could anyone believe that the National Educational Association would father and the Federal Board of Education stand sponsor for so grotesque an offspring? Here are some significant passages: "The school should provide as wide a range of subjects as it can offer effectively."<sup>5</sup> "Especially in the junior high school the pupil should have a variety of experience and contacts in order that he may explore his own capacities and aptitudes. Through a system of educational supervision or guidance he should be helped to determine his education and his vocation. These decisions should not be imposed upon him by others." (Here perhaps the bewildered teacher might betake himself to Bulletin 19, 1918, *Vocational Guidance in Secondary Schools*. If he does, he will return unenlightened but burdened with a load of profound platitudes.) But to return to our twelve-year electors. "Flexibility should be secured by election of studies or curriculum," by "possible transfer from curriculum to curriculum." Even within the same studies there must be no limitation with free and unrestricted choice of our grave juniors. "In certain studies these factors (capacities, interests and needs of the pupils) may differ widely for various groups, *e. g.*, chemistry should emphasize different phases in agricultural, commercial, industrial and household-arts curriculums."

Only the delectable irony of Miss Repplier could do full justice to the junior high teachers conducting a Woolworth Store for the twelve-year old explorers of their capacities, electing now agricultural and now household-arts chemistry but always with the possibility of transferring their aptitudes to commercial haberdashery or industrial macaroni and candy-making.

<sup>4</sup> See for the most recent evidence on its failure *Scribner's*, February, 1919, *The College: Today and Tomorrow*, by Dean Roe of Wisconsin University.

<sup>5</sup> Page 21.

When the junior high has escorted its pupil for three years to various possible curriculums, all the time "imposing nothing" on the pupil, yet "organizing" each year's work that the pupil may leave at the end of any year according to the grand principle of the "subordination of deferred values,"<sup>6</sup> what then is to be done? Our Report takes us then to senior high. "The work of senior high school should be organized into differentiated curriculums. The range of such curriculums should be as wide as the school can offer effectively."<sup>7</sup> Six curriculums are suggested but in a "broad sense." Everything is ample about this Report except common sense. What of our old time high school? It gets one sentence in passing, as an afterthought. Oh, yes, by the way: "Provision should be made also for those having distinctively academic interests and needs." Academic! Alas, poor academic, once a fellow of infinite wisdom. Where be your glory now? Hail, vocational; you are now king.

The Report, after electing and adopting and transferring and differentiating, begins to think of what it calls the "unifying function," and it declares with its usual platitudinousness, which would be humorous were it not so sadly serious: "With increasing specialization in any society comes a corresponding necessity for increased attention to unification. So in the secondary school increased attention to specialization calls for more purposeful plans for unification." The only reply is: "You said it." But vain hope! You cannot stop this vocational electivism anywhere for anybody at anytime. So, though the Report advises "constants," (Are they to be "imposed?"), it goes on to propose "curriculum variables" and free electives to either or both of these functions." Perhaps unification, the curriculum variables to specialization and the free electives to either or both of these functions." Perhaps you think you now have some unity. Do not be too precipitate. For fear your young pupil, who is being trained all this time in "worthy home-membership," should be differentiated and made constant too soon, you are told: "In the seventh year, that is the first year of the junior high school, the pupil should not be required to choose at the outset the field to which he will devote himself." The principal, or one of the seventeen additional reports, "will organize several short units of real

educational value in addition to their exploratory value." The Report continues to urge the schools to keep on exploring and differentiating and yet always organizing and unifying and preparing, and thus concludes this section: "Above all, the greater the differentiation in studies, the more important becomes the social mingling of pupils pursuing different curriculums." As a final "unifying function," if there is no unity in the studies, the students can get together in a dance or in a play or in a foot-ball game if nowhere else.

The Report may advocate specialization of courses but it will have no specialization of schools. There will be no classical high or Boston Latin or English High or Manual Training. No, everything must be in one building. At last we have unification. Woolworth's building is constant whatever may be said of the purchasers, clerks or commodities.

We have cited enough to show the extraordinary nature of this document. How can we explain the serious advocacy of an impossible scheme? The framers of this Report are following logically a false philosophy and their conclusions are a veritable *reductio ad absurdum* of that philosophy. The Report denies the possibility of general training and upholds the theory of equivalence in studies, and all the rest follows logically to confusion worse confounded. The Report, indeed, states that "the final verdict of modern psychology has not as yet been rendered on subject values and general discipline."<sup>8</sup> Theoretically the Report says there is no final verdict, but practically the Report accepts the fact as proved.

It is not prudent, to put it mildly, to impose electivism on the whole country when perhaps most Americans will wish freely to elect prescribed courses. Neither is it honest to give the verdict of not proven to general discipline and to excellence of particular studies. First of all the whole educational world from the beginning down to Herbart held, at least in practice, to general discipline.<sup>9</sup> Then, secondly, as Professor Cameron and Professor Shorey and others have pointed out, modern psychologists in recent years, though at first awed by the name of William James, have since tested his proofs and have found them decidedly wanting. We never, indeed, can have complete agreement among psychologists, but any one conversant

<sup>8</sup> Page 8.

<sup>9</sup> *Educational Review*, September, 1918: *Formal Discipline Past and Present*, by Edward H. Cameron, Yale.

with the recent literature on the subject will know that the theory of general discipline has been proved by many satisfactory experiments.<sup>10</sup> There is, indeed, no agreement on the explanation, but he would be very courageous, or a member of the Commission on the Reorganization of Secondary Education, who would deny the fact of general training.

The Report practically ignores the educational value of languages. There is not a word about clear thinking, about judging, reasoning, developing imagination, cultivating taste. These "capacities or aptitudes" are practically denied although a few brief references are made to "various processes such as reading, writing, arithmetical computation and oral and written expression, that are needed as tools in the affairs of life," and "command of these fundamental processes, while not an end in itself, is nevertheless an indispensable objective."<sup>11</sup> The Report admits general health for the body, general character for the will, but will have none of general discipline for the mind.

So much for the unproved, inconsistent and imprudently experimental philosophy upon which the Report is based.

It is small wonder the wealth of the Federal Government is needed for such a scheme. Vocational Training is the most costly experiment that can be imagined. It intends to experiment with the brains of our children; it proposes and must propose countless vocations with highly specialized subdivisions; it contemplates building up a whole system for this with our money; it will multiply the cost of education nearly twenty times, and then it will not accomplish its purpose. The educational experience of all ages was sure of only one thing, that pupils will have brains and tongues and minds and wills all their lives, and it sets out to train them. The Report, however, calls for the penetration of a super-seer to comprehend a pupil's aptitudes, and calls for the vision of a super-prophet to prognosticate a pupil's future occupation. There is your choice, American citizen; do you accept the common sense of ages or do you wish to lavish your money on an experiment which contradicts all experience, is based on a false philosophy and calls for impossible qualifications in teachers and pupils?

<sup>10</sup> See Professor Cameron's article above and Professor Angell and Professor Pillsbury on Formal Discipline, in *Latin and Greek in American Education*, by Kelsey, pp. 344-396.

<sup>11</sup> Page 10.

It would be difficult to compute exactly the cost of such a scheme as the Report advocates, but we may approximate by taking the cost of teaching various branches as stated in one of the "seventeen special reports," *Reorganization of English in Secondary Schools*, Bulletin, 1917, No. 2, page 152. In that report the average teaching cost per pupil of the five branches, English, Latin, French, History, Mathematics, in certain schools, amounted to \$43.49 and the equipment cost per pupil was \$7.66; while for the five branches of Physics, Chemistry, Manual Training, Commercial, Agriculture, the teaching cost was \$66.62 and the equipment cost was \$71.12. The average annual increase of expense per pupil was for the former five ten cents, and for the latter one dollar and eighty cents, or eighteen times as much. All this for that highly pampered darling, secondary education, while scarcely a word is heard about elementary education. The *Second Annual Report of the Federal Board of Vocational Education*<sup>12</sup> states that in 1915, 91.03 of our children were in elementary schools; 7.13 in secondary schools, and 1.84 in higher institutions. In view of these figures the Federal Board of Education and all State Boards should see to it that the ninety-one are educated before the seven, who in most cases can pay for their education, receive the expensive and experimental vocational training. Democracy requires that all should receive the necessities before a privileged few are given the luxuries, and educational facilities in buildings and teachers for the lower grades are not nearly ample enough, at least in the larger cities. Americanization and elimination of illiteracy must begin there. It will be too late in the secondary school when ninety per cent have left.

<sup>12</sup> Page 52.

## HARTLEY COLERIDGE: A PORTRAIT.

BY FLORENCE MOYNIHAN.



VISITORS to the English Lake District will remember Nab Cottage, an unpretentious little house which fronts the reed-fringed shore of Rydal Water on the road from Ambleside to Grasmere. Situated at a short distance from Wordsworth's home at Rydal Mount, it is famed as the residence (now remodeled) of Hartley Coleridge, the best beloved of the Lake Poets. Here it was, in the very heart of the Lake District, that for many years he lived, and here in 1849 he died. Traditions still linger among the peasantry regarding the personality of "Li'le Hartley"—the name by which he is affectionately remembered. To this survival of his memory not only his talents, but his social qualities and his very infirmities contributed. From his illustrious father, Samuel Taylor Coleridge, he inherited, together with his poetic faculty, a disabling weakness of the will. To the end he remained a wastrel of genius whose gifts were made void by the curse of intemperance. Yet this failing was offset by a singular tenderness of nature which showed itself in a sense of fellowship with every living thing, while the appeal of his genius made itself felt all the more because of his disarming weakness and incapacity.

Hartley Coleridge, so named in honor of the metaphysician, David Hartley, was born near Bristol in September, 1796. At the age of four he came with his parents to share Southey's home at Greta Hall, Keswick, in the Lake country. In this little mountain town, under the shadow of Skiddaw and by the sequestered Derwentwater, he grew up a visionary child with quick sensibilities which boded ill for his future welfare. At an early age the waywardness which was destined to make him "Wander like a breeze, by lakes and sandy shores" had begun to manifest itself. Among the memorials preserved at Dove Cottage, Grasmere, hangs a picture of Hartley, painted by Wilkie, as he appeared when ten years old. An abundance of dark hair straggles down over the low forehead, and the dark liquid eyes, which look out on one with a childish wonderment, add to the benignity of the features a wistful and dreamy ex-



pressiveness. This portrait, together with Wordsworth's incomparable lines "To H. C., six years old," gives an admirable impression of his character and temperament. A physical deformity—he was ungainly and stunted—unfitted him for boyish games and sports, and, *en revanche*, led to his seeking congenial recreation in the exercise of the dreaming fantasy. His subjective habit of mind made such a pastime specially congenial to him. Like De Quincey, he lived in the world of the imagination, and, like him, contracted obligations to this dream-world (whose fortunes he could not always control), which were to be a life-long menace to his peace and sanity of mind. The kingdom of his boyish invention—Ejuxria, with tales of which he used to regale his school companions—was more real to him than everyday life, nor did the most ordinary facts make any impression on him until they had been refined into the gossamer of sentiments and fancies.

Meantime, the process of his education was supervised by his father, who wrote an elementary Greek grammar for his behoof. Later he attended with his brother Derwent a local school, taught by an Anglican clergyman, at the little hamlet of Clappersgate. However, his real education was derived rather from association with the famous writers who inhabited the district, and from the influences breathed on the sensitive mirror of his mind by nature in her most inspiring ministrations: "It was so, rather than by a regular course of study," writes Derwent in his memoir of his brother, "that he was educated; by desultory reading, by the living voice of Coleridge, Southey, and Wordsworth, Lloyd, Wilson and De Quincey, and again by homely familiarity with town's folk, and country folk, of every degree; lastly by daily recurring hours of solitude, by lonely wanderings with the murmur of the Brathay in his ear." This account accentuates the privilege of friendship which he had with the circle of the Lake Poets, and his boon companionship with the peasants in their sheep-shearing and merrymakings. Thus he learned not merely from books, but from nature and men the lore which was to image itself in the plastic forms of his verse. Many a time must he have accompanied Wordsworth or De Quincey in rapt communion by the meres and over the fells, and many a haunting prospect over Windermere must he have enjoyed from Christopher North's house at Ellery, where

All Paradise  
 Could, by the simple opening of a door,  
 Let itself in upon him.

Somewhat akin to the solace of nature was the charm exercised on him by the society of his sister and her companions—the “triad,” Sarah Coleridge, Dora Wordsworth, and Edith Southey. In their company he could count on the ready tolerance of his singularity, and the admiration for his eloquence denied him by his schoolmates. This susceptibility to the softening graces of girlhood was to have its reflex in the feminine quality of his poetry, and in his vein of musing on the coyer aspects of natural scenery.

In 1815 Hartley entered Oxford as Scholar of Merton. There his brilliant powers as a conversationalist made him a welcome guest in academic circles. “Leaning his head on one shoulder, turning up his dark bright eyes, and swaying backwards and forwards in his chair, he would hold forth by the hour on whatever subject might have been started—either of literature, politics or religion.” His personal idiosyncrasy, however, was destined to mar a career which opened so auspiciously. He succeeded, indeed, in taking his degree, and in obtaining the Oriel Fellowship. But the fatal bias of his temperament which issued in eccentricity and intoxication—“brief period of dear delusion,” as he ruefully termed it—caused his dismissal from the University. Returning, after a year’s residence in London, to Ambleside he essayed teaching school but failed, also, because of his impracticality and intemperance. Thenceforth until his death he was to lead a vagrant existence in the Lake District, a pensioner upon the hospitality of others.

He resided for the most part at Nab Cottage with Mr. and Mrs. Richardson, within easy call of Wordsworth whose special *protégé* he was. As the years went by, his infirmities grew upon him, and what with his child-like ways, his flitting gait, and nondescript attire he presented the quaint figure of one

Untimely old, irreverently gray.

He passed his days in aimless wanderings over the countryside, in desultory reading of his favorite English poets, in miscellaneous writing, and in the interchange of social visits with

his friends. To the country folk, gentle and simple, he was endeared because of the touch of nature which made him kin with them. With child and grandam he was equally at home, and, ensconced in the ingle-nook of some cottier's house, he loved to have a "crack" with an admiring circle of listeners. All too frequently he indulged in bouts of conviviality with smocked yokels at the "Red Lion," or some mean tavern. On Sundays, however, he would beam paternally on the little congregation assembled at "Wytheburn's modest house of prayer," and he remained always a pietist who diligently conned his Bible. This strange anomaly is expressly mentioned by his friend, James Spedding, who testifies that "his moral and spiritual sensibilities seemed to be absolutely untouched by the life he was leading." It was as though some essential sweetness and innocence of nature underlay the soilure which smirched his outward life. Despite his lapses from grace he retained the good opinion of Aubrey de Vere and Doctor Arnold, and he conciliated the severe moral judgment of Harriet Martineau. How dear he was to Wordsworth's heart we may know from the fact that their graves were chosen beside each other under the spreading yew-tree in St. Oswald's Churchyard, Grasmere.

Hartley Coleridge's personality is reflected completely in his poems. In accordance with the tradition of literary confession he made them the receptacle of his confidences. His favorite medium is the sonnet; within its slender limits he, like Shakespeare, unlocked his heart. In his hands the sonnet-form becomes an instrument of subtle music, expressing in soft undertones the repining and introversion of a sensitive nature in defeat. The notes of his lyre are few, but they are delicately struck. His address to Poesy in the verses *Poietes Apoietes* gives us in effect the compass of its register:

The lovely images of earth and sky  
From thee I learned within my soul to treasure;  
And the strong music of thy minstrelsy  
Charms the world's tempest to a sweet, sad measure.

He sought in song an anodyne for his soul's hurt, and an organ to voice the amenities of nature. As Aubrey de Vere has beautifully phrased it: "His Muse interpreted between him and his neighbors; she freshened and brightened the daily face of

Nature; she sweetened the draught of an impoverished life, and made atonement to a defrauded heart." The *Sonnets on the Season* present objectively the familiar sights and sounds of Lakeland scenery: the "lowly heaving" hills, the inland lake, the pastoral idyl of shepherd life, the white-chaliced lilies upon the mere, the flush of apple orchards in blossom, the return of the cuckoo, the cheep of the wee wren, and the murmur of the woodland rill. He takes especial delight in the common wild flowers—the violet, the daisy, the cowslip, the celandine; he hails their appearance with delight, and attends their train as they circle through the year. The first primrose awaking in the brakes, the snowdrop peeping through its white coverlet fills him with vivid pleasure. These flowers are for him creatures of life, yielding and sensitive to the rain, and wind, and sunshine. An anemone, surviving amid the storms of autumn, becomes a figure of his early faith and innocence persisting through the inclemency of later life. The spell of nature is enhanced for him when it is associated with the bloom and promise of youth—the theme on which many of his poems are a variation. All the frustrate romance of his life revives in the verses to some maiden which link his name with her memory. These poems are instinct with the pensive retrospect of his failing years. The most touching of them are the sonnet, "To a lofty beauty, from her poor kinsman," and that to Louise Claude with its exquisite lines:

I am a waning star, and nigh to set;  
 Thou art a morning beam of waxing light;  
 But sure the morning star can ne'er regret  
 That once 'twas gray-haired evening's favorite.

Children share also a large part of his affection; he has written to them with somewhat of Wordsworth's awe and Blake's intimacy of vision.

It is, however, to his poems of self-portraiture that we return again and again. In them this "thrifless prodigal of smiles and tears" views with inseeing eyes his soul's malady, or gilds reality with the lovely dyes of fancy. The best are the sonnets beginning, "Let me not deem that I was made in vain," and "Long time a child, and still a child," etc., with its characterization

Nor child, nor man,  
 Nor youth, nor sage, I find my head is gray,

For I have lost the race I never ran:  
A rathe December blights my lagging May.

These express the outstanding traits of his character—the elements of brooding abstraction, of self-abasement, of unavailing regret, of humble acquiescence. Others celebrate the compensation of his lot: the appeal of music, the glamour of youth and beauty, the voice of “the warbling Nymph of old Winandermere.” They reveal him the faery voyager, whose

ship was fraught  
With rare and precious fancies, jewels brought  
From fairy-land.

With this magic gift of fantasy was he wont to recoup himself for the stern exactions of circumstance.

Apart from the sonnets, one poem “To my unknown sister-in-law” contains an affecting and dignified *apologia pro vita sua*:

Dearest sister, I

Am one of those of whom thou doubtless hast heard much—  
Not always well. My name too oft pronounced  
With sighs, despondent sorrow, and reproach,  
By lips that fain would praise, and ever bless me.  
Yet deem not hardly of me: who best know  
Most gently censure me; and who believes  
The dark inherent mystery of sin,  
Doubts not the will and potency of God  
To change, invigorate, and purify  
The self-condemning heart.

Here is evidenced the religious faith and penitence which makes the memorable sonnet *Multum Dilexit* the appropriate envoy to his poems. It is this fervor of aspiration (which he never lost), together with his warm human sympathies, his humanitarian pity that warrants Wordsworth’s ascription to him of

A young lamb’s heart among the full-grown flocks.

## GROWTH OF CROATIAN NATIONALISM.

BY AURELIO F. PALMIERI, O.S.A., PH.D.



HE twentieth century is the century of the Slav," recently wrote R. W. Seton-Watson, one who knows the Balkans well, "and it is one of the main tasks of the War to emancipate the hitherto despised, unknown, or forgotten Slavonic democracies of Central and Southern Europe. If the Poles, the Czecho-Slovaks, and the Jugoslavs succeed in reasserting their right to independent national development, and to that close and cordial intercourse with the West to which they have always aspired, they will become so many links between the West and their Russian kinsmen, and will restore to Europe that idealism which Prussian materialist doctrine was rapidly crushing out."

In several works on Russia, the author has reached the same conclusion. The nineteenth century was the century of awakening national consciousness throughout the world. The twentieth century will witness to the consequences, good or evil, of that awakening. There is no doubt that the leading part will be played by the Slavs. They have but now come out of the mists of their mediæval history. They are virile, full of the exuberance of youth. They are ambitious, aggressive, looking towards their future, rather than towards their past. They feel that a mission, both political and religious, is in store for them.

Messianism is a characteristic trait of the Slavic peoples. Solovev and Komiakov, although at opposite poles in their general concepts of life, looked upon Russia as the reviver of moribund Western Christianity. In the magic strains of the lyre of Mickiewicz, Poland became a crucified nation, purifying with her martyrs' blood the whole human race, and paving the way for a new era of justice, peace and brotherhood. Newly born, the Jugoslavs, themselves the amalgam of three Slavic races, have been set up as a future bulwark of Christian civilization against Prussian militarism and Mohammedan barbarism.

At present the Southern Slavs are the heroes of the drama

that is being played on the stage of Europe. Little Serbia appears crowned with the crown of martyrdom. The Croats and Slovenes lay stress upon their patriotic suffering under the sceptre of the Hapsburg. English statesmen and political writers dream of a strong nation that will hold the key of the East, and bar the way to the commercial expansion of Germanism. Catholics rejoice at the prospect of a closer contact between their co-religionists of Croatia and Slovenia, and the Serbian followers of the theological tenets of Byzantium. For one reason or another, all eyes are turned on Jugoslavia. It is to be hoped that the expectations of her friends will not be deceived, and that the history of the Southern Slavs will deserve and enjoy, from the very outset, the praise of their friends and the approbation of their foes.

Of the three races that compose the amalgamated state of Jugoslavia, the Croats are the most advanced politically and cultured intellectually. The purpose of this article is to follow up the evolution of their national consciousness and to set forth present conditions.

The national chroniclers of Croatia, as is customary with other Slavic races, give wings to their imagination, and place Croats in the forefront of Slavic history. According to the legends gathered by Faust Vrancic, the Russians, Poles and Bohemians are the offspring of three Croatian brothers, Russ, Leh and Ceh.

Genuine historical documents do not, of course, support the rhapsodies of the Croatian bards. The appearance of Croatian nationality in the history of Europe goes back to the beginning of the eighth century. The earliest historic document that mentions it is dated 838. It is a donation of Trymir, *Croatarum Dux*, to the Church of St. George in *Putalio*, at Salona. The earliest historian of Croatia is Constantinus VII. Porphyrogenetos, Emperor of Byzantium (912-959), who gathers in his treatise *De administrando imperio*, interesting data on the Slavs of Serbia, Croatia, Dalmatia, and Bosnia-Herzegovina. What he tells is a medley of history and legend. Yet his narration is the earliest page of Croatia's history. According to him, at the time of his predecessor, the Emperor Heraclius (610-641), the country called by that name was under the yoke of the Avars. Heraclius was anxious to get rid of the barbarians, whose presence on the shores of the Adriatic

was a constant danger to the Byzantine holdings in Italy. Unable to send his armies to expel them, he induced the Croats to assume that military task. At that time they lived beyond the Carpathians. They responded to the emperor's appeal only on condition that they be permitted to establish themselves in the territory wrested from the Avars. To this Heraclius agreed. The Croats, under the leadership of their chiefs, Klukhas, Lovelos, Kosences, Muhlo, Khrovatos, and the two sisters Tuga and Buya, after four years of bitter struggle, cleared the coasts of the Adriatic of the barbarians. The narration of Porphyrogenetos is embellished and colored with the evident purpose of promoting the prestige of Byzantium. The *Basileis* (the Christian emperors of Constantinople) are praised by him as pioneers in promoting the Christian faith among the Croats, whom he classes with the Avars themselves.<sup>1</sup>

To be sure, the national historians of Croatia are unwilling to accept the accounts of Porphyrogenetos without qualification. They will not admit that Dalmatian soil was ever held by the Avars. They hold that the Croats emigrated of their own will from their native land, crossing the Carpathians, and settled in the fertile plains of Hungary; and that there they were brought into touch with the Avars, who could not withstand their military pressure and slowly were driven towards, and then across, the banks of the Danube. Hence, instead of spreading from Dalmatia into Croatia and Slavonia, as Porphyrogenetos states, the Croatian theory is that Dalmatia was the last stopping place in the wandering of the Croatian people, and they had arrived at the Adriatic and the frontiers of Italy and of the Italian race, prior to the time assigned to their appearance by the pedantic imperial historian of Constantinople. In a letter to Maximus, Bishop of Salona, Gregory the Great (590-604) deploras the fact that the Slavs, in spreading through Istria, had already reached the gates of Italy. The Holy See felt that their coming was fraught with danger to the peace of the Latin world.<sup>2</sup>

<sup>1</sup> *De administrando imperio*, XXXI., P.G., CXIII., col. 248; see F. Racki, *Ocjena starijih izvora za hrvatsku i serbsku poviest srednjega vieka* (Criticism of the Ancient Sources Concerning Croatian and Serbian Mediæval History). In Croatian. Zagreb, 1804, pp. 1-42.

<sup>2</sup> *De Sclavorum gente, quæ vobis valde imminet, et affligor vehementer et conturbor. Affligor in his quæ jam in vobis patior; conturbor quia per Istriæ aditum jam ad Italian intrare cœperunt*, Lib. X., Ep. XXXVI., P.L. LXXVII., col. 1092. The



The Croatian historians, especially Tomo Maretic and Franjo Racki, the latter eminent among Slavic scholars, consider that the statement of the Byzantine emperor is proven false by credible sources. They declare that the Avars never crossed the Danube, or arrived on the Dalmatian coast; but that they tarried on the great plain of Hungary until the armies of Charlemagne put them to the sword. When the Croats overflowed into Dalmatia, that region was almost deserted. The only inhabitants were a handful of Byzantines, descendants of the settlers in Diocletian's sumptuous residential city of Spalato.

Of course, this conjecture, however ingenious, does not rest upon historical sources. Porphyrogenetos is certainly a collector of legends. But, when he touches the events of his own time, he is a trustworthy historian. He strongly insists upon the Roman culture and traditions of the region that Croatian nationalism fancies as having been inhabited by a mere handful of Byzantines. He declares that in his lifetime the towns and inhabitants of Dalmatia were Roman in language, descent and manners. It seems therefore that the overflowing of the Croats to the Adriatic took place, if at all, only after their first appearance at the Italian ethnical frontiers.<sup>3</sup>

The history of the Croats begins with the spreading of Christianity among them. They were subjected to the influence of Rome and Byzantium. While their kindred race, the Serbians, submitted to the Byzantine Church and followed her in defection from Rome, the Croats received the Gospel from Latin missionaries, and swore fidelity to the Holy See. The substance of their oath is related by Constantine Porphyrogenetos. It gives evidence of the providential mission

earliest historic documents regarding the history of Croatia have been gathered and discussed by M. Orbini, *Il regno degli Slavi; i successi dei Re che anticamente dominarono in Dalmazia, Croazia e Bosnia*. Pesaro, 1601; R. de Nagy, *Memoria Regum et banorum regnorum Dalmatiæ, Croatiæ et Sclavoniæ*. Vienna, 1652; I. Lucius, *De regno Croatiæ et Dalmatiæ*. Amsterdam, 1668; reprinted in I. Schwandtner, *Scriptores rerum hungararum*, vol. iii., 1748, pp. 1-461; I. Mikocz, *Ottorum Croatiæ liber unus*. Budapest, 1806; Raic, *Historja raznih slavenskih narodov, najpаче Bolgar, Horvatov, i Serbov* (History of the various Slavic peoples, especially of Bulgarians, Croats and Serbians). Vienna, 1794-1795 (4 volumes).

<sup>3</sup> *Diocletianus imperator summopere Dalmatiam amavit; quare etiam populi Romani colonias eo deduxit, populique illi Romani nuncupati sunt, quippe qui Roma illic commigrassent, manetque iis cognomen istud ad hodiernum usque dtem. De adm. imp., cap. 29 P.G.*

of the Papacy in Europe at the time of the great barbaric invasions. The Croatians bound themselves in writing to refrain from invading the territories of others and to live peacefully with their neighbors. Pope John IV. accepted their promise, which, for one reason or another, was not broken until the final disruption of the Austro-Hungarian monarchy.<sup>4</sup>

The Croatians became Christians according to the Latin rite. The invention of the Slavic alphabet by SS. Cyril and Methodius exerted a considerable influence on the shaping of Slavic Christianity. Having nothing in common with the Latin culture, the Slavs were well pleased with an instrument adequate to express their thoughts in their own language. Byzantium granted those who accepted her creed, the use of their mother tongue in liturgical ceremonies. In turn, the Slavs depending on the jurisdiction of Rome, claimed the same privileges. The concession of a new tongue in the liturgy, and particularly of a tongue that had no literary past, and was judged improper to shape the sublime truths of Christian faith, met with some opposition on the side of Rome. The conduct of the Popes is severely criticized by the Russian historians who train the cannon of their erudition upon the Papacy. But it was by this very unity of liturgical language that Rome succeeded so well in preserving also the moral unity of the European peoples and the dogmatic unity of the Catholic Faith, just when Europe had become a melting pot and a whirlpool of the overwhelming tides of invading barbaric tribes.

The Slavic liturgy gained ground among Croatians. It was short-lived, but its memory was retained in the so-called Glagolitic liturgy. These fragments have been collected by some learned members of the Academy of Sciences of Zagreb. The Glagolitic liturgy was revived at the end of the nineteenth century, following a decree of the Holy See (1898) authorizing the bishops of Dalmatia to use the Glagolitic in those churches where it had been used previously for at least thirty years. In a recent meeting of the Croatian and Slovene bishops it has been decided to eliminate entirely the Latin liturgy from the Catholic dioceses to be included within the political boundaries of the future kingdom of Jugoslavia, and to replace it by the Glagolitic written in Latin characters. Whether the decision of the episcopate of Jugoslavia will be approved by Rome and

<sup>4</sup> *Ibid.*, CXIII., col. 248, cap. 30, col. 273.

will serve the interests of Catholicism in the Balkans and in the Slovene and Croatian lands, is a question not yet answered.

By the adoption of the Christian faith, Croatia emerged from her isolation. She began to live a full and organic life. Her political régime was feudal, and the country was divided into several banats. After a short period of Frankish domination (802-828), attempts were made to fuse all the tribal units into a homogeneous body. The attempts at political reunion came to a successful issue in 892, when Mutimir was proclaimed Dux Croatiae. The political fusion of the formerly independent banats followed the danger threatening Croatia from Hungary. The Magyars and Croatians fought bitterly but the latter triumphed. Victorious Croatia stood forth, freed from her previous obscurity. In 924, in the presence of seven bans and of the Legate of the Pope, her ducal coronet became a royal crown. Tomislav, who tried in vain to have his royalty recognized by Constantine Porphyrogenetos, assumed the title of King of Croatia and Dalmatia.

The Kingdom of Croatia lasted two centuries from Tomislav (909-930) to Petar II. Svacic (1102). It reached its zenith under Zvonimir Dmtar (1076-1089), who, on October 9, 1076, in the basilica of St. Peter at Spalato, received from the hands of the Legate of Gregory VII. royal robes, a diadem, and a regal sword.<sup>5</sup>

At the death of Styepan II. (1092) a new era begins in Croatia's history, one of slow political absorption of the country by Magyars. Of course, the Hungarians met with strong and ceaseless opposition from the Croatians, but it is beyond dispute that for eight centuries the life of Croatia is intimately connected with that of Hungary.

The political rôle of Croatia henceforward is differently outlined by her historians, according as they are guided by Magyar or Croatian theories. Hungarian writers assert that Croatia was reduced by force of arms. She lost entirely her autonomous life and was incorporated as a conquered province

<sup>5</sup> *Ego Demetrius a te Domino Gebizo, ex Apostolicæ Sedis legatione Domini Nostri Papæ Gregorii potestatem obtinente, in Salonitana basilica Sancti Petri, synodali et concordii totius cleri et populi electione, de Croatorum Dalmatinorumque regni regimine, per vexillum, ense, sceptrum et coronam investitus, atque constitutus rex, tibi devoveo, spondeo et polliceor, me incommutabiliter complecturum omnia quæ mihi tua reverenda intungit Sanctitas.* I. Kukuljevic, *Iura regni Croatiae, Dalmatiæ et Slavoniæ*, Zagreb, 1861, vol. i., pp. 16, 17.

in the Hungarian kingdom. "An independent Croatia is an historical absurdity," writes C. M. Knatchbull-Hugessen.<sup>6</sup> "Croatian citizenship is a myth. The king of Hungary is at the same time the king of Croatia." "From a political point of view," writes Jellinck, "Croatia and Slavonia are nothing else than fully equipped provinces of Hungary."

The Croatians, on the contrary, maintain that the union of their country to the kingdom of Hungary took place with their own consent. They did not surrender their national autonomy. It was rather a political alliance between two independent kingdoms than the absorption of a conquered state by a conquering one. However it may be, it is an historical fact that for eight centuries the destinies of Croatia and of Hungary were intimately linked together.

The earliest relations between the two States date back to the last decade of the eleventh century. Styepan II. died in 1092, leaving no sons. His brother-in-law Ladislas, King of Hungary, laid claim to the succession. He invaded Croatia with an army to uphold his rights, but he was defeated. The country became a prey to anarchy.

The policy of Ladislas was successfully continued by Coloman (1095-1114). By his diplomatic skill he obtained what his predecessor had failed to secure by force of arms. The Croatians themselves offered their country to him on condition that he be anointed king in a Croatian town. Coloman hastened to accept their proposal. He overcame the heroic resistance of a handful of Croatians headed by ban Svacic, and in 1102 received the royal crown in the town of Belgrade (Zara Vecchia). After the ceremony he subscribed his official documents, as *rex Hungariæ, Croatiæ atque Dalmatiæ*.<sup>7</sup>

According to those documents he kept faithful to his promises not to violate the autonomy of his new possession. Churches and the clergy were granted full freedom and many privileges. He forbade his Hungarian subjects to establish themselves within the Croatian territory without the consent of the authorities of the land. He dispensed the Croatians

<sup>6</sup> *The Political Evolution of the Hungarian Nation*. London, 1908, vol. II., p. 312. *Perspicuum est Croatiæ maximam partem deditione ad Hungariam pertinere*, G. Pray, *Annales regni Hungariæ*, Vienna, 1763, vol. I., p. 101; St. de Horvat, *Ueber Croatien als eine durch Unterjochung erworbene ungarische Provinz und des Koenigreichs Ungarn wirklichen Teil*, Leipzig, 1844.

<sup>7</sup> Rattkay de Nagy Thabor, *Memoriæ regum et banorum regnorum Dalmatiæ, Croatiæ, et Sclavoniæ*, Vienna, 1652.

from the payment of taxes to him. He bound his successors to the observance of the liberties and privileges granted by him, enumerated in a charter known as the *Privilegium libertatum*, dated in the twelfth year of his reign (May 25, 1108).<sup>8</sup> For some years, his successors on the throne of Croatia and Hungary did not attempt to deprive the Croats of their autonomy. They recognized the supreme power of the ban who assumed the title of *Dux totius Sclavoniæ*.

On the basis of documents of the twelfth century, a French writer, who may be called a Croatian by education, has written as follows: "The union concluded between Croatia and Coloman was a personal one. The king himself had no right to live in Croatia, except because of his royal dignity. The king was the bond of union between both States. Otherwise they were completely independent of each other. Each preserved its ethnical individuality, and destructive legislation. They ignored each other, or at least they considered each other as a separate nation."

The political life of Croatia centred about the Diet or *Congregatio Generalis totius Sclavoniæ*, whose president was the ban of the whole country. A kind of feudalism was the basis of the civil administration. A great number of minor bans ruled the towns and villages. At times, they transmitted their power to their descendants. Privileges were granted by the king of Hungary with the previous consent of the ban. To him the army took an oath of fidelity. The right to wage war belonged also to the ban. He collected the taxes, and coined money.

This state of things lasted till the end of the fifteenth century. Then a great change took place under the reign of Sigismund. In 1403, having eliminated his rivals to the throne of Croatia, he obstinately refused to be anointed king of the country on Croatian territory. The Croats attempted to shake his decision. They did not succeed, however, and thus the old privilege of the double crowning of the kings of Hungary and Croatia fell into disuse. In spite of this diminution of her privileges, Croatia preserved the right of election of the king. The Croatian nobility promised fidelity to him, and asked him for the confirmation of their privileges and liberties.

<sup>8</sup> Kukuljevic. *Op. cit.*, vol. i., pp. 22, 23.

In the sixteenth century, the political bonds of union between the two States were relaxed by the victorious march of the Turkish armies into Hungary. Solyman the Magnificent inflicted a complete defeat on the Hungarian armies on the battlefield of Mohacs (August 29, 1625). A great part of Hungary fell under the yoke of the Mohammedans. The Croats fought gallantly for the defence of their faith and country. They checked the onward sweep of the Mohammedan hordes. Nicholas Jurisic (Qrinjski) with one thousand warriors withstood all the powerful assaults of an army of two hundred thousand Turks and forced Solyman, so the Croats say, to desist from his plan to take Vienna.

In 1527, with unanimity, Croatia attached herself to the House of Hapsburg. By the treaty of Celin, signed on January 1, 1527, between Ferdinand, King of Bohemia, and the representatives of the Croatian nation, Ferdinand and his wife were elected king and queen of Croatia. The king took an oath to guarantee the national liberties, and all the privileges granted by the former kings of Croatia.

The political bond, however, previously existing between Hungary and Croatia, was not entirely broken. Hungary became a part of the royal inheritance of the Hapsburg family, and her relations with Croatia were that of two autonomous States of a great confederation under the rule of the same monarch. The greater part of the seventeenth century is regarded by the historians of Croatian nationalism as an epoch of complete independence from the political yoke of Hungary. Between 1527 and 1593 the right of enacting laws was exercised by the Croatian diet. The rulers of Croatia sent their petitions to the King of Hungary, that is the Austrian Emperor, refraining from participation in the sessions of the Hungarian diet. The supreme command of the Croatian armies was vested in the bans of Croatia. This state of things continued throughout the eighteenth century. Several attempts were made to abrogate the privileges of Croatian autonomy and make of Croatia a *pars annexa* to the kingdom of Hungary. Yet those attempts were, on the whole, unsuccessful. Croatia energetically upheld her independence.

In the first half of the eighteenth century, the history of the Pragmatic Sanction in Austria affords an indisputable proof of the political autonomy of Croatia. With Charles VI. the

male line of descent of the House of Hapsburg became extinct. In order to preserve the right of succession for his female descendants, Charles VI. (1711-1740) resorted to a change in the constitution of the empire. He asked the different nationalities ruled by him to further his plans. The Croats answered his appeal eagerly. Without a dissenting voice, the parliament of Zagreb agreed to recognize for the women of the House of Hapsburg the right of succession to the imperial throne in case of the extinction of the male line. The so-called Pragmatic Sanction was accepted by Hungary in 1723, eleven years after its acknowledgment by the Croatian diet. The event is considered a convincing argument in favor of the political autonomy of Croatia during her union with Hungary.

But the fidelity of the Croats to the House of Hapsburg was not rewarded. Croatia fell under the sway of the policy of Vienna. By a decree dated August 16, 1779, she became a mere province of the kingdom of Hungary. The benevolence of Joseph II. towards the Croats was of no avail. They succeeded, however, in joining to their territory the Italian city, Fiume, assigned to them by a decree dated August 9, 1776.

In 1790, the political subjection of Croatia to Hungary increased. On the twelfth of May the Croatian diet, composed chiefly of nobles, declared that the alliance with Hungary would be the main foundation of the new political constitution of Croatia. The diet sent their representatives to Budapest. A plan of incorporation of Croatia within the Hungarian kingdom was drawn up. The Croatian delegates suggested the organization of a senate, representing both nations. The suggestions were adopted by the Hungarians, who took occasion to treat Croatia as a *pars annexa* to their kingdom, and voted the introduction of the Magyar language into the Croatian schools. The measure provoked a tremendous reaction. Attempts were made by Croats at a coalition with the Serbs of the kingdom of Hungary. A revolution was imminent, when the great French Revolution caused a diversion.

Napoleon made his own the cause of the Southern Slavs, and Italians living on the shores of the Adriatic. By means of the treaty of Campoformio (1799) the ancient State of Illyria, both in name and territory, reappeared on the maps of Europe. The French military occupation of Illyria lasted scarcely ten years (1805-1814). Marshal Marmont as governor of the new

State showed keen political sense. He granted freedom of commerce and industry, opened roads, replanted forests destroyed under the Venetian rule, established schools, and fostered the literary renaissance of the Southern Slavs.

The benefits of the French occupation of Illyria were of short duration. The treaty of Vienna (1815) placed the Croats again under Hungarian domination. The policy of Metternich, the greatest foe of all nationalisms opposed to Teutonic centralization, made void the claims of the Croatian patriots. Croats went under the sway of the Magyars who strove to drive from the public schools the Croatian language. Their policy had no other result than that of stiffening the resistance of the Croats. It inaugurated at the same time the period of the literary renaissance of Illyria.

The pioneers of the movement were Lyudevit Gaj and Janko Draskovic. The former blended poetical talent with the sagacity of an accomplished statesman. While writing in German, he headed the literary movement of Illyrianism. In 1832 his plea for authorization to open a course of Croatian language and literature at the University of Zagreb, was successful. In 1834 he founded the earliest Croatian paper, the *Novine horvatske* (Croatian News) and the *Danica hrvatsko-Slavonsko Dalmatinski* (The Croatian Slavonian Dalmatian Star). In 1838 he laid the foundation of the literary society *Matica*, organized to spread books and pamphlets among the Croatian population. In his effort to awake the national feelings of Croats, Lyudevit Gaj had a vigorous collaborator in Count Janko Draskovic, who, in 1832, demanded the use of the Croatian tongue in administrative life as also the restoration of the dignity of the bans.

The Hungarians disliked the Croats, and feared the aroused national feeling of people they wanted to hold in subjection. A royal rescript of 1843 forbade the use of the words Illyrian and Illyria in the press, public discussions and schools. The Croatian literary societies and clubs were dissolved. The chiefs of the movement were compelled to choose between exile and imprisonment. The House of Hapsburg espoused the cause of the Magyars. In 1843 Archduke Joseph declared in a speech that "there was no Illyrian nation. The only existing nation in Hungary was the Hungarian." The political relations between Hungary and Croatia became embittered to such a



degree that in 1848 a rupture between the two nations took place. On the nineteenth of April of that year, General Josip Jelacic was elected ban with the power of a dictator. Hungary answered by an open declaration of war, and ordered General Hrabovszky to arrest the ban. The latter answered by crossing the Drava with his army. In order to prevent hostilities, the imperial cabinet of Vienna detached Croatia from Hungary, and granted to both States a new constitution. The Croatian language became official for administrative matters.

But the period of Magyarization was replaced by that of Germanization. After the war of 1866 Croatia strove to form an independent kingdom in the Austrian empire. The politicians of Vienna, however, aroused to the danger of the formation of a purely Slavic state to be enslaved to the panslavistic policy of Russia, favored the interests of Hungary. The dual system became the political aphorism of Viennese diplomacy. A compromise was concluded between Austria and Hungary. (The famous *Ausgleich* of March, 1867.) The Croatian diet refused to accept it. After long discussions the compromise was amended, and promulgated November 18, 1868.

This scheme of a constitution was enforced as a fundamental law controlling the mutual relations between Hungary and Croatia. According to its first paragraph, the kingdom of Hungary with Transylvania, Dalmatia, and Croatia form the same political community, an autonomous unit among the nationalities of the Austrian empire, and opposed to all foreign powers. The above quoted States, according to this document, are to be ruled by the same monarchs, and have the same House of Representatives, the same legislation, and a common government. The compromise determines the joint affairs of the two countries, viz., the military organization, the financial arrangements, the monetary system, the commercial treaties, the customs, railroads, telegraphs, harbors, shipping, etc. Dalmatia, Croatia and Slavonia share in the expenses of the management of their joint affairs. These are to be discussed by the joint parliament at Budapest. The diet of Croatia, however, is empowered to consider them from their national point of view for an interval not exceeding three months. Paragraph 46 provides that the central government of Budapest will choose as civil employees within their frontiers natives of Croatia, Dalmatia and Slavonia.

Outside of joint affairs, the Croatian diet enjoys full autonomy. Domestic legislation, the departments of religious affairs, public instruction and justice are dependent on their jurisdiction. A ban is placed at the head of the government. He is responsible only to the parliament of Budapest. He is not invested with military attributes. A full linguistic autonomy was guaranteed to Croatia. The documents written in the Croatian language are accepted by the common government and answered also in Croatian. The laws promulgated by the same government are published in Croatian and Hungarian. The Croatian flag was to have the colors and the arms of the three States of Dalmatia, Croatia and Slavonia, and to be hoisted with the Hungarian flag on the building of the Hungarian parliament. The kingdom of Hungary recognizes the territorial integrity of Croatia and Slavonia. Fiume, in view of its maritime importance and its Italian character, is excluded from the boundaries of the Croatian State, and considered as *separatum sacræ regni coronæ adnexum corpus*.

The compromise of 1868 constitutes, in the eyes of Croatian statesmen, a convincing proof of the independence of their nation. By virtue of it Croatia is not a privileged province of Hungary, but an autonomous state. The compromise, therefore, is equivalent to a treaty of federation, to an alliance, to a convention between two countries. The Croato-Hungarian compromise did not, however, close the long-lived nationalistic conflict between Hungary and Croatia. In 1872, headed by the famous Bishop Joseph Strossmayer, the Croats asked for new concessions, viz., for the nomination of their ban directly by the King of Hungary, and the title for him of Minister of Croatia, Slavonia and Dalmatia. The request, of course, was not granted. But the nomination of a Croatian ban, Mazuranic, stilled for a time the excitement of Croatian nationalism. Under his régime the cultural development of Croatia advanced. In 1874 the University of Zagreb was established, and worked hand in hand with the Yugoslav Academy of Sciences and Arts founded in 1867 by Bishop Strossmayer and Racki, Croatia's learned historian.

Ban Mazuranic was looked upon unfavorably by the leaders of Magyarization. He was obliged to resign in 1880, and his successors followed an entirely different policy. In purely Croatian departments the knowledge and use of the

Hungarian language was forcibly imposed upon the employees, and in view of the opposition of the Croats, on December 1, 1883, the constitutional guarantees were suppressed, and a royal commissary sent to Agram. From that date on, the moral union between the three Slavic branches budding on the common trunk of Jugoslavia, became an accomplished fact. In presence of the danger of the loss of their nationality, the Serbians and Croats forgot their religious and national antagonism and shook hands. In 1895, Milovan Milanovich published in the *Delo* his *Serbians and Croats* to show the urgent necessity of a close union between the two races. The relations between them culminated in the famous resolution of Fiume (October 5, 1905), and its complement, the resolution of Zara, by which Serbians and Croats were recognized as one people.

The Hungarians did not desist from their anti-Croatian policy. In May, 1907, the Magyar language was made obligatory for the employees of Hungarian and Croatian railroads. In January, 1908, Baron Paul Rauch was appointed as ban. He had as mission to hold down Croatia and silence the rioters against Magyarization. He dissolved the diet and strove to weaken the Croato-Serb coalition. Baron Rauch, writes R. W. Seton-Watson, dispensed with all constitutional forms. The diet was not allowed to meet. The budget was promulgated by arbitrary decree. The press was subjected to repeated confiscations, even the manifestoes of the coalition parties falling victim to the censor's blue pencil. The autonomy of the University was flagrantly infringed. Right of assembly was restricted. The régime culminated in the gross scandals of the Agram, the high treason trial, which dragged on from the beginning of March to the end of September, 1909, and earned for Croatia an unenviable notoriety in Europe.<sup>9</sup>

The scandal raised by the trial of Agram, where forced documents were produced to suppress by terrorism the awakening of Croatian nationalism, only resulted in strengthening the Croato-Serb coalition. Hungary was compelled to yield to the claims of the Croats. The rules obliging the use of the Magyar language by railway men were practically abolished. On the first of December, 1913, the suspension of constitutional guarantees came to an end, and Baron Skerlec de Lomnitz was appointed ban. At the end of the same month the diet, dis-

<sup>9</sup> *Absolutism in Croatia*. London, 1912, p. F.- 8.

solved in 1911, began to hold its sessions again. The elections showed the great progress made by the party of the Croato-Serb coalition. They gained forty-seven seats against twenty-eight in 1911, and forty-four thousand four hundred and seven votes against twenty-seven thousand nine hundred and ten.

The Croatian contingent of the Croato-Serb coalition consists of the Croatian National Independent Party, which, in turn, represents a fusion of the Progressive Croatian Party and of that of the Croatian National Rights. The latter, organized in 1902, was amalgamated in 1911 with the Christian Socialists.

In 1913 the leaders of Croatian nationalism succeeded in gaining the Slovenes for the cause of the coalition. The Croato-Slovene Congress, held at Lubiana in the month of August, 1913, with an attendance of twenty thousand delegates, sanctioned definitely the political union of the three branches of the Southern Slavs. It is noteworthy that the Catholic clergy, especially of the Slovenes, headed the movement. To strengthen the bonds of union, a chair of Slovenian language and literature was founded at the University of Zagreb.

The coalition was a weight on Hungary's governmental policy. The Croatians were on the point of securing economic independence, and a separate budget. Their claims were strongly supported by Archduke Ferdinand, who was a determined supporter of the "triarchy" system in the Hapsburg empire; but his recommendations were looked upon suspiciously by the other Slavic nationalities of Austria, especially by Bohemians. They feared that once the Croatians were granted full political independence, they would lose interest in the struggle between Slavism and Germanism.

The Austrian declaration of war against Serbia was a rude blow for the coalition party. The history of the internal revolution of Croatians and Serbians in Austria has yet to be written. They paid a high price for their nationalistic aims. They fought, however, to the utmost of their energies for the Hapsburg dynasty to whom they had always been faithful. By their fidelity, they hoped to be able to break finally and completely their union with Hungary, and on the other hand to secure possession of those Italian territories they had claimed as a part of their national inheritance. According to their views, and the geographic maps of Jugoslavia, an independent Croatia ought to extend her domination over Dalmatia, the county of

Fiume, Trieste, Gorizia, Widden (Udine), Miesco (Venice), and Ionkin (Ancona). The defeat of the Austrian armies by the Italians reduced the territorial aspirations of Croatian nationalism, but the Southern Slav idea seems nearer realization.

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The dangers now confronting the Catholic Church from the birth of a great Siberia dominating the Croats and Slovenes are strikingly pointed out in a recent pamphlet by Rev. Martin Davorin Krmptich, a Croatian priest in this country: *Croatia, Bosnia and the Serbian Claims*, Kansas City, 1916.

## HUYSMANS AND THE BOULEVARD.

BY REDFERN MASON.



HE boulevard has never forgiven Joris Karl Huysmans his conversion to Christianity. If he had put on the robe of Sakya Mouni, men would have hailed the act as an inspired gesture; for Buddhism is lenient: it allows men to expiate the sins of one life by the virtues of another.

But Christianity admits of no such dalliance; its accounting suffers no postponement. It is no flatterer. Recognizing that without grace from on high men cannot be truly virtuous, it lessens the danger of their falling into sin by clipping the wings of the errant imagination and limiting the field of its flight. Humanity resents this. Wounded pride demands to know how men may do creative work in art or literature, or in the building up of philosophic systems, if the fancy is not to be allowed to exercise itself in absolute unrestraint. How is it possible to write original books if conjecture may not travel beyond the warnings and vetoes of a strict ethical code?

Men affected to see in Huysmans a melancholy illustration of the way in which this clipping of the psychic pinions may injure a literary genius. Left free to develop at will, his mind might have been a garden of strange delights, a paradise for spirits which have rejected the moral law. In *La Bas* it actually is such a garden. The flora of perversity and diabolism flourish there. The author seems under the spell of some accursed seership. The evil one is holding to his lips the chalice of a supreme apostasy.

But Huysmans saw the abyss and the grace was given him to save his soul alive. Long years elapsed, however, before he accepted the faith; meanwhile he was painfully groping towards the light. When the conversion came, all were not pleased. Men looked to Huysmans to pander to their taste for the abominable, and now, by his act of faith, he had criticized them more scathingly than any words could do. Exasperated, disappointed, perhaps perturbed, they took revenge by denying the sincerity of his conversion.

Self-distrust spoke here. If faith had power to convince Huysmans, it might disturb others as well. They were afraid of that. What would become of their darling sins, if conversion should put on the semblance of reasonableness? They felt this, and they silenced the still, small voice of conscience by assuming the dishonesty of the convert.

For many Parisians today Huysmans is a mystagogue and a charlatan. They acknowledge his gifts; they know him for an artificer of verbal mosaic, an erudite, a sensitive. But, with a perverse logic, they argue that the possession of these gifts only proves the insincerity of his conversion the more conclusively. If he were not an impostor, he could not accept the Catholic Faith. Reasoning in a vicious circle, the boulevard flatters its own self-conceit, gets rid of the burdensome necessity of investigation, and damns Huysmans to the limbo of hypocrites. If this judgment be true, Huysmans is merely a spiritual profiteer, a man who makes money by laying bare the sores of his soul and pleading the facile cure of spiritual illumination.

Fortunately for truth, the public which calls itself *tout Paris* does not include all the men of genius. They, at least, treated Huysmans with respect, even though they might not share his convictions. Barbey d'Aureville hailed him as a great Catholic writer, Baudelaire was his friend and sponsor; for Villiers de l'Isle Adam he was one of the elect; Remy de Gourmont found in *A Rebours* a sympathy with mediæval Latinity that strengthened his determination to write *Le Latin Mystique*. And Huysmans stood in his own light. He was past master of "the gentle art of making enemies." The gift alienated many. Ferdinand Brunetière might have stood by him, in spite of the wide difference between their literary ideals. But Huysmans found Brunetière's essays "constipated" and did not scruple to say so. Paul Bourget could appreciate *La Cathédrale*; but Huysmans said of Bourget that "the duchesses have always stupefied him," and the phrase rankled.

*Grande presse* and *petite* alike knew that Huysmans was not of their clan. In spite of a style which is Parisian in its complexity, a style into which enter the slang of the gutter, the jargon of the atelier, and the realism of Zola and the Naturalists, the writer was in Paris rather than of it. He was

psychically an alien. The roots of Huysmans' thought are to be looked for, not in the authors to whom Paris pays a far-off deference, but in that mystical Flanders which has given the world Verhaeren and Cesar Franck. The *Ville Lumière* could no more do justice to Huysmans than so typical a Parisian as Saint Saens could do justice to Franck.

The failure of Huysmans' plan to found a community of religious art-workers rejoiced his belittlers. The project was for a small group of musicians, artists, writers to live together in a religious brotherhood and make art "to the greater glory of God." But Dulac, who was to have been the Fra Angelico of the fraternity, and upon whose genius Huysmans built high hopes, fell ill and died. So the plan came to nothing. But the boulevard would not rest content with so obvious an explanation. Men said Huysmans' fervor had cooled; his conversion was a sham, his Christianity mere attitudinizing.

Nor were unbelievers the only detractors. Huysmans was as little apt to conciliate the faithful as was Savonarola. His love for the beauty of the house of God led him to the commission of what many honest folk must have deemed monstrous critical excesses. In the first chapter of *En Route* he flays the clergy of Paris for their bad art, their sentimentality, their tastelessness. He could hardly have been more unsparing if he had been a Voltairean on the lookout for holy things at which to mock. He tilted at reputations long held sacrosanct, and his praises were little less disconcerting than his blame. The man who spoke of Corneille, Racine and Molière as "bores" would not refrain from saying his mind if he preferred the Christ of Matthias de Grunwald to the Christ of Leonardo's Last Supper. For Huysmans, Leonardo was the subtle instiller into Christian art of Renaissance poison. The opinion is common enough today. But it was of apostolic boldness to voice it twenty years ago.

But, if his intransigence made Huysmans enemies, it also brought him friends. At first they were furtive; they admired with reservations; they hesitated to make an act of faith, in the author's mission. Even the Abbé Mugnet, Huysmans' spiritual adviser, was dubious concerning the influence of his books. What good could come, he asked himself, of onslaughts on men and ideas so long regarded with unquestioning respect? Yet Father Mugnet was a man of broad vision and



firmly convinced of his friend's honesty of purpose. One day, however, a penitent came, seeking reconciliation with the Church. The Abbé asked him what had brought him back to God. The penitent replied it was the reading of Huysmans. Then the priest doubted no longer. He believed and was glad.

In the Rue Monsieur, a little street which runs between the Rue Oudinot and the Rue de Babylone, on the outskirts of the Latin Quarter, is a Benedictine monastery. Here it was that Huysmans used to go to listen to the Gregorian chant, when his soul was sick of the operatic saccharine of fashionable churches. Here he heard the ancient music of the Church chanted in the purity and beauty to which it has been restored by the monks of Solesmes. To hear such music in the Paris of twenty years ago was rare. Today, in various stages of musical grace, you may hear it almost everywhere. The cloying idiom of Gounod and Dubois is being driven into outer darkness. How has this change been brought about? The movement initiated by Pope Pius is the primary cause. But the æsthetic gospel preached from the Papal throne has been forced into people's minds by the teaching of Joris Karl Huysmans. He brought out the truth, obvious enough to anyone who will give serious thought to the matter, that the difference between the music of the world and the music of the sanctuary is not a difference of degree but one of kind. The music of the world, when it is characteristically mundane; when it is sentimental, frivolous, passionate, is antagonistic to the spirit of the Church. Catholicism has her own incomparable language of song, a music in which the emotions are spiritualized and the grossness of earth purged away. This is the virtue which Huysmans found in the Gregorian chant, and the unworldly melody was balm to his spirit. In his advocacy of its pretensions, he was the lay brother of Dom Pothier and Dom Guéranger, and today many people frequent the little chapel on the Rue Monsieur full of gratitude to the oblate who, ravished by the sweetness of the immemorial music, labored with all his might to have it restored to the daily use of the sanctuary. There is only one mysticism, says Huysmans, the mysticism of St. Teresa and St. John of the Cross, and he felt its presence in the ancient plain-song.

There is no need to try to defend the life which Huysmans led in the years which preceded his conversion. "I have been

an abominable *salade*," he said to a friend who visited him in his illness, "and it is only just that I should suffer." He made no attempt to justify his past. Everywhere in his writings one feels his conviction of the utter insufficiency of unaided human nature successfully to battle against sin. "If anyone can be sure of his nothingness without the aid of God," said he, "I am that man." Hence his devotion towards saints who, like St. Lydwine of Schiedam, have illustrated the doctrine of substitution, suffering lifelong agonies to make some atonement, God helping them, for the sins of mankind.

The man was an artist, a being in whose nature the phenomena of existence were the occasion of revelations of beauty. In literature he was a creator; his attitude towards music and painting, sculpture and architecture, was that of analyst, critic, interpreter. His genius precipitated itself under the stimulus of artistic images. In such works as *Certains* he justifies the claim of Brunetière that, in the hands of greatness, criticism may rise to the dignity of a creative art.

It was inevitable that he should study the Church; for the Church is the depositary of the ideas which have inspired the artists he loved. Directly or indirectly the greater part of his literary output was inspired by the Catholic Faith. Even when he is at his lowest, in the terrible pages of *La Bas*, he seems to cry out from the mire of the infernal slough for someone to help him. One feels that he would give all the world to have the faith of a little child.

A parallel may fruitfully be drawn between the evolution of the soul of Huysmans and that of Dante. Both had to descend into the abyss before they could rise to the contemplation of the beatific vision. Of course, the comparison must not be pushed too far. It is not sure, for instance, that Dante lived a life of sensual indulgence, though there are passages in the *Divina Commedia* which strongly suggest that he did, notably the poet's words to his friend Forese, and the suffering which he underwent in the *Purgatorio* of the carnal. If it be asked who was Huysmans' Beatrice, the answer is that he had a heavenly one. "Providence was pitiful towards me," he says, "and the Virgin was good to me."

No Virgil played the philosophical mentor to Huysmans, unless, indeed, it was the good priest whom he portrays in the Abbé Gevresin. Cold reason ceded the place to prayer. And

there was the virtue of his ancestors. Behind Huysmans was a long line of devout Netherlanders, with many a pious monk and nun. He felt he owed much to them. Question his mind as he would, however, he could not indicate the exact moment in which the change of heart was brought about. "I have simply obeyed," he said; "I have been led by what are called extraordinary means."

The drama of hell, purgatory and paradise is present alike in Huysmans' life and in his work. The *Inferno* is *La Bas*, a hell in which the demons are men and women in league with the evil one. Dante tells of sins so awful that the doing of them at once plunges the soul into hell. The body still walks the earth; but it is tenanted by a fiend of the pit. One rises from the reading of the story of Gilles de Rais in Huysmans, haunted by a vision more dreadful than that of Branca d'Oria.

*A Rebours* is a halting place between despair and hope. It is a prelude to the taking of the determination which led the author to La Trappe. Horrified by what he had seen of the underworld of satanism, Huysmans became a wanderer in the wilderness of speculation. He reads the classics and is starved. His soul is famishing for nourishment which is not in them. He is not aware of it; but he is hungry for the divine food sung by St. Bernard and St. Thomas.

After reading the *Fleurs du Mal* of Baudelaire, Huysmans said to his friend: "Your only logical choice is between the mouth of a pistol and the foot of the Cross." Baudelaire chose the Cross, and the concluding pages of *A Rebours* leave us with the feeling that Huysmans will do likewise. The period of spiritual gestation lasted ten years. It ended when the writer made his retreat at the Trappe of Notre Dame d'Igny. There he was reconciled with his God. One of the fruits of that reconciliation was the great trilogy which opens with *En Route*, runs its mid-course in *La Cathédrale*, and ends with *L'Oblat*.

It is a strange and wonderful story, the chronicle of the long battle with principalities and powers, fought by a sinner whose love for the beauty and order of God's house eventually earned him the grace to be a dweller in that house. The retreat at Igny was a severe ordeal and, even after he had made his peace, Huysmans suffered much from aridity of spirit. The stains of sin remained, though their guilt had been pardoned.

As a natural consequence of this long drawn-out battle,

the process of purification, the *Purgatorio*, looms much larger in Huysmans' work than it does in the symmetrical masterpiece of Dante. It takes up the whole of *En Route* and a great deal of *La Cathédrale*. The former leads us into the world of recollection where dwell the Benedictines. In *La Cathédrale* we see the writer under the spell of Chartres. For Huysmans, Chartres was the queen of Gothic cathedrals. His soul-state is painted on a background of sacred erudition. Others have frequented the treasure-house of Catholic lore; but no layman has shown so profound a knowledge of its manifold phases or so eloquently revealed its myriad beauties to the world at large, as has Joris Karl Huysmans.

In *En Route* we see the writer undergoing the discipline of the purgative life; in *La Cathédrale* there are gleams of illuminative vision; *L'Oblat*—the latter part of it at least—is the *Paradiso* of the trilogy, and here the author enjoys prelibations of the unitive life. The three phases of the soul's unfolding are not sharply differentiated; but the operation of the threefold process is manifest.

But, if Huysmans' vocation was the way of art, his conception of that vocation was broad. Themes not specifically artistic became so when he handled them. The biography of St. Lydwine is a model for hagiographers. The sentimental platitudinizing of the tribe had made him suffer much. Hence his diatribes against the Little Bollandists. His life of St. Lydwine is at once an exemplification and a justification of his ideal. It is a masterpiece of learning and psychological insight.

There are notes of acrimony in Huysmans that one could wish absent, recriminatory passages which might well have been left unwritten. But the man's faults are open to the light of day. He may wound our sensibilities; his iconoclasm of the sentimental and the fetishistic is sometimes brutal. But his attitude is consistently that of an honest thinker.

There are *longeurs* too in his work. One could wish that the descriptions of the attributes of plants and precious stones had, in part at least, been relegated to an appendix. Huysmans is very human; but, to his credit be it said, he exasperates oftener than he bores.

To Huysmans more than to any other layman of our generation, we owe a re-awakened interest in Catholic art and literature. A few years ago such things were appreciated

here and there in the cloister or the seminary. Huysmans gave them to the world. *La Cathédrale* may not be a novel; but it is the finest exposition of Gothic art that has ever been written. Moreover, it is the faithful monograph of a soul.

Huysmans died the death of a faithful son of the Church. Dressed in his oblate's robe, they laid him to rest in the cemetery of Montparnasse. Today Catholics go on pilgrimage to his grave. Small wonder the boulevard is exasperated.

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### TO THE SINGER.

BY THOMAS CURTIS CLARK.

Poet, sing your song.  
What though none heed your lyre!  
Let heaven still inspire  
Lyrics both sweet and strong.  
Poet, sing.

Poet, why now grieve?  
Though men may turn away  
At the high noon of day,  
They will return at eve.  
Poet, cheer!

Poet, lose not heart.  
What though men nurse the wrong,  
And scorn your loving song!  
What though the nations hate,  
And grim war devastate!  
Earth shall yet learn your art.  
Poet, sing.

Poet, dream your dream.  
Long years may come and go,  
Old age may bring the snow,  
And yet all seem in vain.  
Cease not your heavenly strain.  
Earth still shall catch the gleam!  
Poet, dream.

## THE POPE AND THE POILU.<sup>1</sup>

BY WILLIAM FULLER CURTIS.



ADAME will wear her blue foulard, without doubt, and the black hat?"

"I will wear nothing of the sort. How often have I told you, Marie, that there is no sense in your suggesting what clothes I am to put on when I, myself, have perfectly definite ideas on the subject? I will wear the gray."

"But, madame, for driving in the Park, the blue is so becoming, so smart."

"That will do. The gray at three o'clock, and that hat you say looks like a woman of sixty. Now you may go."

There are times when I am obliged to put Marie in her place. Blue foulard, indeed! Just to go driving in that dullest of spots, Central Park! The woman was out of her head!

Yet I was fond of her. She had been left me by poor dear Julia Harrington, with the request that I look after her—incidentally putting up with her masterful French ways—and I have grown to feel a real affection for the creature, although at times, like the present, her ownership of me irritates, and I often contemplate making a change. But the memory of dear Julia invariably obtrudes, and I always relent. Now I have the feeling that Marie is fastened to me for as long as either, or both, of us shall live.

However, I would *not* wear that blue foulard, if for no other reason than to show her that I still possess some shreds of character.

Promptly at four-fifteen we started forth, Marie looking as only a French maid can look, and I probably a mere dowdy frump in her eyes. Nevertheless, gray becomes me. It tends to brighten my hair—and goodness knows *something* is needed to make those drab wisps less dull! I detest colorless hair, just as I detest colorless people.

It was a heavenly day, a day full of the sweetness and tenderness of spring. The trees were already green and the

<sup>1</sup> A true incident.

*forsythia* was out—although that gave me no pleasure, for I dislike its sickly yellow, and untidy habit of growing in every direction at once—and there were quantities of children and their nurses riding donkeys—the children I mean—and a general air of good-will seemed to pervade everything and everybody, for I saw no face which did not bear a smile, and that is “going some” these days I assure you!

Marie is fearfully shocked whenever I use slang. She says it is not *comme il faut* in one of my station. She never forgets and says “years” instead of “station.” But then she is French.

As we rolled gently along—Gifford is a wonderful chauffeur and knows my peculiarities as to speed—somewhere in the upper driveways of the Park I noticed a soldier, a French soldier, by the road, his hands in his pockets, his head raised, as if listening.

He was just a common *poilu*, a boy, one of the many who for one reason or another are here in this country. The sight of his blue uniform, as he stood against the green of the Park, brought back a memory of that other green park near Paris which I had loved so well and from which, four years ago, I had been obliged to flee, in such a hurry.

“Do you think he would care to drive with us, Marie?” I asked, the War and all its horrors suddenly coming over me once more with renewed vividness.

“But yes, madame—unless he is too proud. They sometimes are. My nephew once refused to drive with the Comtesse de —”

“Never mind your nephew. Tell Gifford to stop and ask that boy if motoring with a dull old lady would give him any pleasure.”

As we drew up, I opened the door myself and leaned forward looking into the soldier’s young, sad eyes. They were the eyes of youth, but old, heavens, how old! His face was a mass of scars, as if someone had tried to make mince-meat of it and had been stopped before the job was thoroughly accomplished. His poor right hand bore so little resemblance to what a hand should be that, after the first glance, I couldn’t bear to look again. Upon his breast were strung all of the medals France can give to her brave sons, a glittering row of hard won glory, and as he stepped closer to the open door, his

face expressive of neither surprise nor inquiry, I saw that he limped.

“Would you care to drive for an hour?” I asked, not waiting for Marie, who is at times conveniently slow. “Or I could take you wherever you wish to go, if you want to go anywhere. Or we might have tea.”

“Madame is very good. If it does not put madame out at all, it will be a pleasure to do just what madame is most desirous of doing. I should like exceedingly to drive.”

Marie, I could see, disapproved highly of the whole proceeding. She sat far back in her corner with her lips compressed into a thin acidity. But her eyes were eager.

“Very well,” I said. “We will drive, and then perhaps you will tell me where you would like to be dropped,” and I moved over as he took his place beside me.

He was of peasant stock, one of those simple, dignified creatures one sees so often in France and never in America. He possessed a directness, a gentleness most appealing to an older woman, and his story, as he told it, held somewhat of the simplicity of the early French poets, a naïve beauty underlying it all.

He was shy at first, and I was glad of that; but as time passed he talked freely, and I will try to tell you what he said with as much of his own simplicity as I can remember, putting it into English for you out of his somewhat halting French.

To begin with, I asked him his age.

“I have twenty-three years, madame. I went into the army when I had but nineteen. That seems a long time ago—but one does not pass the time very quickly in the army: it appears longer when one is fighting. And now, in your so beautiful city, the days go by and I find it difficult to believe that I have already lived here for a whole month. Yes, it is beautiful, but—well, it is of course not Paris. Madame will forgive me? I have found much kindness here, much brotherhood—and now I am waiting for a ship which will take me to England.”

“To England?” I queried, puzzled.

He smiled a twisted smile, which took some of the repellant ugliness from his face and gave one an idea of what it might have been before he was so cruelly wounded.

“It is a long story. If madame has the patience?”



“But I do so want to hear. Please go on.”

“Madame is very kind to take the interest. When I came out of the hospital for the last time, there did not seem to be very much for me to do. I have been wounded fourteen times—not, you understand, fourteen separate times, only five times have I been in hospital—but after all that, one begins to wonder what there can be for one so—how shall I say?—so *mended*. And the last time, when I stood upon the steps in the sunshine, I thought—‘if the good God does not show me the way, I shall have to stand here until I die, and that would be a pity.’ He must have heard me because, almost at once, two friends of mine, two Italians beside whom I had fought, appeared from around the corner. ‘What are you going to do?’ they said. ‘Nothing—what can I do? My father and mother are both dead. My village is dust. I have no home. My sisters have been taken by the Germans. There is nothing left and I have no place to go at all.’ ‘Why do you not come to Italy with us?’ they asked and, as it did not matter where I went, I said, ‘Yes, I will go with you, and perhaps in your country I will find work to do, work that a man with but one hand can do.’ You see, madame, it is not easy to get work for just one hand alone. They always want men with two.

“I had been discharged from the army, I could be of no more use there. Oh, yes. I have my pension—forty of your dollars a year—and I still draw my pay for one year after my discharge, so you see I have a great deal to be thankful for! And I have something else, something that was given me by a very great man. Madame is interested? I thought so! But wait! Madame shall hear all about him if she will have the patience, and I assure you he is a very great man, indeed, so great that few are allowed to see him at all. But I have seen him!

“We walked to Rome. It is a long journey. Madame has been to Rome? Ah! It is a large city, and very wonderful, like Paris—but not so beautiful or so—Pardon? Madame asked about these, my medals? Oh, they are nothing. They give them to so many! But yes, naturally, I am proud of them, but—well, I—I do not like to speak of them. It was nothing, nothing at all. I—oh, well, if madame insists, I was given this for— for just knocking down two of my comrades. Madame thinks, perhaps, that I am joking? But it is true. I saw a shell com-

ing, and so I knocked Paul Pillotti and John Baldo flat upon their back. What good did that do? I jumped on top of them, you understand. Madame does not yet comprehend? It is so simple! I caught the shell. It is that which has given me this ugly face. But I was telling madame about Rome, and that is more amusing than medals.

“I found a little work to do. I lived with my two friends and was able to pay my share of the lodging and food. But often we went hungry. One becomes accustomed to going hungry if one is a soldier. However, after I had been in Rome for some time, I began to wish very much to see the city, to see all the places I had read of in my school books. So one day I went to the Vatican.

“I had always wanted to see the Vatican, and I had always wanted to see the Pope. When I was a little boy I dreamed about going to see the Pope, and now that I was in the same city with him, I commenced wondering how I might accomplish it.

“My friends said, ‘You are mad! No one can see the Pope!’ But in spite of that my desire grew. It seemed to me, as I thought more and more about it, that I *must* see the Pope. I began to believe that I had walked all the way to Rome just for that and nothing else! I could not get it out of my mind; so, as I say, one fine day I took myself to the Vatican determined to do everything possible to procure an interview with His Holiness.

“There was a man standing guard on the steps. He had on the clothes of a king. But he could not frighten me. I went up to him and said: ‘I wish to see the Pope.’ He looked at me; then that man smiled and began walking up and down. So I walked up and down beside him. I said: ‘I wish to see the Pope.’ He smiled again. ‘You cannot see the Pope,’ he said. ‘No one can see the Pope. It is against the law. The Holy Father does not receive common French soldiers.’ ‘But,’ I replied, ‘if the Holy Father knew how much I wished to see him, I am sure he would receive me.’ You see, madame, I had the so strong desire to clap my eyes upon His Holiness that I was very insistent, and I kept marching up and down, up and down beside that man so beautifully dressed, trying to keep step with him, which was difficult, his legs were so much longer than mine! Finally, ‘Monsieur,’ I said, ‘if the Pope knew that

I—' Then, suddenly, the good God sent me an idea! 'Monsieur,' I repeated, 'if the Pope knew that I had saved the lives of two of his sons, and that I had been given the Croix de Guerre for it, do you not think that he would be willing to see me?' Ah! That was a wonderful idea, *sapristi!* That man stopped himself, then turned me about by the shoulder. 'What is your name?' he demanded. I told him. 'Where do you live?' he asked, and I told him that also. Then he asked me many questions and, finally, I left him and went back to my friends and recounted all that had arrived to me. They laughed at me, madame. They said I was a fool; that one might as well expect the good God Himself to send down a flaming chariot, in which I might ride to heaven, as that His Holiness would receive a common *poilu* who had given his name to one of the Vatican guards! I was a donkey to even dream of such a thing!

"That is what they said, madame. But you see I *had* dreamed of it. I had wanted to see the Pope all my life! It had lived with me, a great desire, and since I had come to Rome, it had grown until it seemed that, if my longing were not satisfied, I should lose my mind!

"Well, they said I was a fool, so I tried to put the thought of seeing the Pope out of my head altogether. I worked hard, and a month passed.

"Then one day a messenger came to our house, came—and asked for me! Imagine my astonishment, I who had never received a letter in all the time I had been in Italy. Who was there to write to me?"

He paused a moment, a whimsically wistful smile playing over his poor twisted lips. I glanced at Marie. She was sitting forward, holding tight to the window frame as she bounced grotesquely whenever we took the bumps a little too fast. There was an eager look in her eyes, which she tried to hide as soon as she caught me watching her, but her interest was too great.

"Go on, monsieur, go on!" she murmured breathlessly. Then she remembered her manners and once more subsided into her corner.

"Ah, but yes, mademoiselle, I will continue. Madame is interested now, eh? It is not such a stupid little history after all? It has its points, yes? Well, as I was saying, I was aston-

ished. I opened that letter with trembling fingers, and I suppose that my face showed my surprise, for my companions said: *Sapristi*, but he is clumsy through fright!’ And I was frightened, madame understands, more so than ever before in all my life! There is nothing in a trench to frighten one like a Pope!

“When at last I was able to look at what I held in my hand, I saw that it was a paper with a great seal at the top, and on it were printed words which told me to come to the Vatican two days later to see the Pope privately. At first I was so bewildered that I did not believe it was true, and thought that there must be some mistake. But as I gazed upon that big sheet of paper, I began to realize that it was for none other than myself. Then, of a truth, I became frightened, indeed! I did not want to see the Pope! I told my friends so. I said that, after all, it must be nothing much, this seeing a Pope. The Holy Father was not a very handsome man, and I believed I would send a letter to His Holiness explaining that there had been a mistake; that his invitation had, extraordinarily, got into the wrong hands. No, I did not care to go; I would stay quietly at home—and read about the Pope in the newspapers!

“But my friends tore their hair! They raged! They swore, cursing me for a ninny. *Per Bacco!* But I *must* go! It was a command, I could not disobey. It was as if God in His heaven had sent the angel Gabriel to summon me before the Throne! Was I mad? Had I lost all my mind? Not go? I was a fool! I most certainly would *have* to go, there were no two ways about it!

“You see, madame, I had what you call ‘colfeet,’ of an appalling coldness, and it was with very slow steps that, finally, I did drag myself there.

“And ah! What I found! If I had been frightened before, now my legs were shaking so I could hardly stand upright. My mouth was so dry that I thought I never would be able to tell them my own name!

“There was a tall gentleman who met me at the door. He passed me on to another gentleman, who gave me to yet another. I thought I would never be through with those gentlemen! But, finally, I was taken into a little room, very high and with a beautiful window at the end which looked like the

gates of paradise. And as I stood there, trembling, a figure all in white came through a door and I almost wept, madame, because he was so unlike a Pope and so like my own dear father! And he talked to me just as my father would talk. He put his hand upon my shoulder. He asked me questions about everything: about my father and mother; my little sisters, my brother who was shot at Ham; about my medals; my friends whom I had saved when the shell came—everything. And he spoke so gently—just as my father would—that I had no more fright and told him about my parents, who must have been killed when the Germans took our village; of how I, myself, knew through a comrade that my sisters had—how the boches had taken them away; of how I had come to Rome because there was no place for me to go, my village being dust, my home gone. And the Holy Father put his arm about me and there were tears in his eyes as he took my hand in his—but yes, madame, this one, all twisted and useless—and said he was proud to feel the flesh that had bled for France close to his own flesh!

“Ah! That was my hour, madame! I kissed his hand and he blessed me, and when I came out again into the sunshine, it seemed brighter than I had ever seen it before! And when I told my companions about it afterwards, they were very happy for me—and perhaps a little jealous too. They could not do enough for me. We had wine that night and they drank my health, ‘The Hero of the Vatican!’ One would have thought that I had done something wonderful! It was not I who was wonderful, but that kind and gentle man who lives alone, shut up like a prisoner in his garden!

“Then, after nearly three months had passed, one day there came another letter. It was written on a big sheet of paper, with the great seal at the top, just as before. But this time it was not printed. It was a letter from the Pope, written with a pen, and in his own handwriting! Madame does not believe me, I can see it in her eyes. But it is true. I will show madame. She will be convinced.”

He fumbled in his pocket a moment, his eyes shining, his whole manner one of excitement. Marie watched him like a hawk. Finally, he brought it out, a large, soiled, crumpled envelope, much worn at the corners. With shaking fingers, and the aid of his teeth, he managed to extract the contents.

"There, madame," he said proudly, and leaned back with the air of a lawyer having won his suit.

It was written in a rather fine, very foreign hand, and in Italian which, unfortunately, I am unable to read; but at the bottom of the single sheet, before my staring eyes, was the unmistakable signature: Giacomo, Marchesa della Chiesa, His Holiness Benedict XV., Pope of Rome!

I thought Marie would burst! Her face assumed an alarming purple, and she sputtered in French, babbling incoherent terms of endearment, which she showered upon the Pope and the *poilu* alike. Then I became conscious that the hero of this astonishing tale was speaking once more.

"Madame sees that I have spoken the truth. It is of a verity the signature of the Pope. I always carry it with me wherever I go, it is my one treasure. Madame would like me to translate? Good—but no, I do not have to look at it, I know it by heart! It says that the Holy Father had had inquiries made—it took three months, madame understands—and that he is glad to inform me that both my father and mother are alive and are now in England in a place called Upper Meith: that in this letter I will find a draft on the Bank of Rome, money enough to take me to England in the most simple way, which would be by New York, because of the War; that His Holiness blesses his son and wishes him godspeed upon his journey, and that the peace of God the Father may now and forever rest in my heart, even if it is not to be found in the world at this time. Then the Pope signs his name. That is all. I am waiting for a ship to take me to England, and then I shall see my mother and my father, and perhaps I will be able to get work to do. They say we who are unfit can always find work in England.

"And now, if madame will have the goodness to allow me to alight, I will do so after expressing the gratitude I feel toward madame for befriending a lonely French soldier. Madame has been more than kind."

As he stood at the side of the road, making funny little bows, his cap in his hand and his scarred boy's face looking up into mine, my heart nearly overflowed. I know my eyes did. And as for Marie's!

"Won't you tell me your name," I asked.

"Ah, no, madame, if you please! That would spoil it.

That would make you feel, perhaps, that you must ask me to your house, and I. Well, I would rather not. I should like to keep this afternoon—as it is, one of the pleasant memories I shall take with me from New York. Besides, I may at any moment receive word that I must embark for England. Adieu, madame—mademoiselle, and again I thank you,” and with a gay little wave of the cap, he turned and limped away.

I watched him disappear. Then I slammed the door to and snapped at Gifford to drive home.

“And you needn’t blubber like a great baby, Marie,” I said, wiping the tears from my eyes while I sniffed in a most unladylike manner myself. “There must be thousands just like him, poor soul!”

“Ah, but so—so young, madame, so y-young and b-brave! Oh, the poor little boy! The poor little cabbage!”

“It has been a wonderful experience! Think of picking up such a story as that, and in Central Park!”

“It is not his story, madame,” Marie whimpered. “That is nothing. But the young gentleman himself! So charming, so gay in all his medals! Ah, it is to make the heart ache—and madame in her old gray—I told madame she should wear her blue foulard! Then, perhaps, monsieur would have consented to return with us—with madame! It is a thousand pities!”

“You foolish creature! Do you suppose that boy noticed what I had on, an old woman like me?”

“One can never say. If madame had worn her blue foulard, he might have!” replied my incorrigible maid as we drew up at the curb once more.



## THE CASE OF CALIFORNIA.

(A REPLY.)

BY C. M. WAAGE.



R. MICHAEL WILLIAMS is obsessed with the idea of what he calls "the New Paganism." In his book *The High Romance* he devotes a chapter to this subject, in which he enumerates such cults as Spiritism, New Thought, Mental Healing, Occult Science, all of which have been dished up from the days of Moses, and before, in one form or another, all harking back to one and the same thing—the unsolved and unsolvable riddle of human speculation, that even an Œdipus could not have answered with all his wit.

In the book referred to, Mr. Williams has told us how some years ago he emerged from this "New Paganism" or some other paganism, very much like it, through an influence, which was more especially made manifest in California, when he received, so to speak, his second baptism in what has for more than one reason been called "The Golden State."

And now he turns upon his foster mother with amazing spleen in an attempt to be righteous. In an article published in the April issue of *THE CATHOLIC WORLD*, he reverts to his favorite topic the aforesaid "Paganism," and we are introduced to the following excerpts from his recent observations in California through a quotation from Father Baegert, S.J., who, be it observed, is speaking of the low moral conditions of the aboriginal Californians of one hundred and fifty years ago. Mr. Williams evidently does not consider the present era notably ahead of what Father Baegert found a century and a half ago.

Mr. Williams writes: "And the nature-people of today in California, the new pagans, who range from super-intellectuals and highly developed artists down to folk but little higher than the nature-people of the olden times, are distinguished by three points of resemblance to their forerunners, namely, their devotion (an ever growing one) to occultism, to psychic



aberrations of a bewildering variety, controlled by a new race of up-to-date medicine men, or sorcerers; by their established habits of banishing all religion from education, accompanied by an increasing disposition to let the children go as they please; and by their sexual looseness. Promiscuousness is rife not merely among adults, including the married, but also in many high schools among the children. Perversion is steadily growing. The infamous Baker Street Vice Club in San Francisco revealed something of this latter horrible fact. More than fifteen hundred names—a millionaire and a clergyman among them—including some very well-known people of San Francisco, women as well as men, are in the hands of the police, recorded as habitués of this resort; a place like the one in Taylor Street in London, where Oscar Wilde and his circle celebrated their orgies. Divorces are granted by the courts on any pretexts. With Pan has return Priapus, and of course Venus, in her most liberal and most variable of moods.

“As for the new forms of sorcery, their name is legion. . . .”

What follows is on a par with what has been already quoted. If Mr. Williams had been paid for leading an anti-California crusade he could not have chosen his words better. I do not for a moment believe that he engaged in any such mission, but it must be apparent to any one, who is familiar with his writings, that with him the modern newspaper man's instinct always floats to the surface, and the sensational is an element never to be disparaged by him. Hence this terrible arraignment of a State in which, according to his own assertion, he found his own self.

The world today appears to be passing through an eclipse of God's grace. Something appears to have come between the Creator and the creature, something more vicious in its nature than what ordinarily forces itself between God and man. But this “something” is world-wide and not confined to California nor, indeed, is it originally a product of that State. Mr. Williams in his article appears to think that there is a peculiar connection between the evil of the day and the Golden State, and that his satanic majesty looks upon California as a particularly choice morsel. He makes it his business to present California, and more especially San Francisco, as a veritable Valley of Himmon, speaking of it as of the pool, to which Ninive was likened, whence “the men flee away.” Lest we of California

suffer a fate so cruel, let us speak of this matter briefly, merely to show the silver lining to the cloud that, like a pall, has been thrown over us.

There is no need to speak here of Catholic activity in this far West. It is thriving under the guidance of a prelate, whose high ideals are known wherever the Catholic hierarchy pervades. Nor does Mr. Williams intend to belittle it, although he is somewhat doubtful of its ultimate success. Let us refer to things, not Catholic, or not exclusively so. This is written on Holy Thursday and it is naturally borne in upon the mind that it was a Catholic lawyer of San Francisco, Mr. Stanislaus Riley, assisted by a San Francisco woman, Miss Jessie Inglis, who seven years ago started a crusade for the reverent observance of Good Friday. That movement has now spread far beyond the borders of California. Here in California, even in San Francisco, it is now an understood thing that stores and offices close during the Three Hours, or allow their employees the needed liberty for attending the devotions. Even saloons and playhouses close from twelve to three P.M. and many non-Catholic denominations, which previously took but little notice of the day, have fallen into line with special services. This is an instance where Catholicism has touched those without the fold and it is a wonderful thing to contemplate.

Mayor Rolph of San Francisco, not a Catholic, a man known throughout this land for his patriotism and generous sentiments, was not slow in seeing the propriety of the movement, and through his influence all public officers were granted the needed leave of absence.

Men and women of the native element of California are banded together in two separate organizations. One of their mutual aims is to preserve the traditions of the State, and, included in this endeavor, comes the preservation and restoration of the old Missions. These young men and women are by no means all Catholics, but they are all bent upon the same purpose and are firmly united in their efforts to guard about the heritage of a glorious Catholic past.

There is but one way of meeting the charges of wholesale immorality which Mr. Williams hurls against the State and more especially against San Francisco: flatly deny them.

It is not claimed that there is no immorality practised in San Francisco, but rather that such practice is just what any

observer may find paralleled in almost any part of the so-called civilized world today, particularly in large cities. When Mr. Williams speaks of "more than fifteen hundred names in the hands of the police," in connection with the Baker Street scandal, it is the newspaper man who speaks. Has he seen this long list of names? If so, he is anxious for a "scoop" and uses THE CATHOLIC WORLD for his field. If he has not seen them he does not know. But whether or not, he breaks faith with California by setting forth his tale in the manner chosen, for he does not give established facts, but, with the exception of a few isolated cases, merely alleged offences.

The no less terrible reference to "promiscuousness" in which school children and married people are thrown into one category of the most hideous moral corruption—it is not true! Mr. Williams says: "Perversion is steadily growing." It is not true that perversity is growing here in advance of other places in general. There is perversion here as elsewhere. Men and women fall from grace as they have done in all communities from the days of our first parents; children, who are degenerates, happen along here, as in other places, but California is not suffering from a contagion of immorality, which needs a "keep-off-the-grass" announcement to warn people of her morals or rather her lack of morals.

Much more might be said in answer to Mr. Williams' allegations, but let this suffice. It might be urged that I have misunderstood his motive. To this I would reply that I am not here dealing with his motives, but with his manner of presenting them. When Boccaccio wrote his *Decameron* his motive was perfectly proper, but his language gave the Neapolitans a black eye for ever after. Mr. Williams (without intending any comparison between the two) is probably actuated by the highest motive, but his language is decidedly detrimental to the repute of California and San Francisco, and in so far he may be justly called to time.

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## THE TREATY OF PEACE WITH GERMANY.

BY CHARLES G. FENWICK.



*Æ VICTIS*, said Brennus, as he threw his sword into the scales which weighed out the thousand pounds of gold exacted as the price of the ransom of Rome. Modern conquerors, though perhaps employing less crude methods of confiscation, have been at times no less ruthless in their exactions than the barbarian chieftain. But the Gaul, having obtained his booty, could return undisturbed to his distant domains; whereas the modern conqueror, unable to retire from the scene of his pillage, has had to keep guard over his prize of war lest his despoiled neighbor seek to win back what has been lost. Thus it has come about that it is not "woe to the conquered" that should be inscribed at the bottom of the so-called "peace treaties" of modern times, but rather "woe to the conquerors," woe to those who having taken contrary to the laws of justice cannot keep by the law of force. If we survey the peace treaties of the nineteenth century, to go back no further, we shall find that quite as often as not it is the victors on the field of battle who have in a political sense lost the war at the peace table. This political defeat of the military victors has been due partly to imperialistic ambitions on the part of individual States, which have led them to annex territories for no other purpose than national aggrandizement, but much more to the fundamental weakness of the European system of the balance of power. The victors at the peace table have not only had to take proper measures to obtain redress from the defeated State and to secure themselves against future attack, but they have at the same time been under the necessity of seeing that none of the measures taken should contribute in any serious degree to the strengthening of any one of their number. For though allies for the moment, who could tell when the clash of their policies might convert them into enemies.

The problem of peace conferences of the past, therefore, has been not so much the problem of imposing terms upon the defeated enemy, but that of securing an agreement between

the victors themselves upon the political issues which have been raised by the war and which lie upon the peace table for settlement. It is but four years over the century mark that the great powers, having defeated Napoléon and broken the military power of France, sat at the Congress of Vienna to rearrange the boundary lines on the map of Europe. The opportunity was theirs to effect a settlement which might have made the nineteenth century the era of international peace which we still hope the coming decades of the twentieth century may be. Delegates of exceptional ability met in conference, but unhappily the principles of statecraft by which they were dominated led them to think first of the balance of power and the aggrandizement of their separate States and last, if at all, of the interests and sympathies of the small nationalities which they used as pawns in their diplomatic game. The seeds of war thus sown soon bore fruit. Greece had its revolution and after much suffering won its independence of Turkey. Belgium revolted against Holland; Italy rose up against Austria to secure its national unity, and Prussia took from Denmark the duchies of Holstein and Schleswig. Again in 1878 the delegates of the great powers met in conference to restore peace in eastern Europe, and again their half-hearted recognition of the rights of nationalities opened the way for the war of the Balkan States against Turkey in 1912. Nothing could be clearer than that a peace built upon the insecure foundations of national aggrandizement and strategic boundaries could last only so long as the temporary balance of power existing between the great nations continued. When the unstable equilibrium shifted, new wars and new settlements were to be expected.

Unlike the great peace treaties of the past, the Peace Treaty now pending ratification represents an attempt to construct conditions of peace which shall not merely make redress as far as possible for wrong done, but which shall, even at the expense of denying certain claims otherwise just, form the basis of a new international system designed to prevent wars in the future. This conscious recognition of the necessity of subordinating the imperialistic claims, which the victors have it in their power to make, to the larger and more permanent interests of world peace gives to the present Treaty a unique place in the history of modern international relations. It is

due to the fact that the magnitude of the conflict and the long months during which the opposing forces were at stalemate led the greatest of the neutral nations to assume the rôle of mediator, and to attempt to obtain from the opposing nations a statement of the principles upon which a peace by settlement might be brought about. The note addressed by President Wilson on December 18, 1916, to the powers at war drew from the Allied nations a renewal of the general principle of "reparation and securities" earlier enunciated by Mr. Asquith, as well as more definite conditions of territorial rearrangements. On January 22, 1917, President Wilson presented to the Senate a statement of the constructive conditions upon which he considered it possible that the United States might cooperate with other nations in establishing an international authority to guarantee peace. A year later, on January 8, 1918, when the United States was itself a belligerent, President Wilson again undertook to lay down the conditions of a just peace, and the "fourteen points" then set forth became forthwith the definite programme of America's conception of a just peace. These "fourteen points," together with other more general principles subsequently enunciated by the President, entered into the negotiations preceding the armistice which marked the surrender of Germany, so that the Allied nations became obligated to construct the present treaty upon them as a foundation. The extent to which they have been adhered to or departed from will appear in the discussion of the specific clauses of the Treaty. In any case it is clear that the scope of the Treaty transcends the immediate issues raised by the War.

A second unique and significant feature of the present Treaty is the fact that the terms of the settlement are intimately bound up with the creation of a new agency for the maintenance of international peace. The League of Nations, to which Section I. is devoted, forms an integral part of the Treaty, and while constituted as the general guarantor of the new international order it is made at the same time the active administrator of a number of the specific provisions of the Treaty. During the formulation of the Treaty considerable criticism was directed against the combination of what were regarded as two distinct objects, and a resolution, signed on March 3d by thirty-seven Senators, called upon President Wilson to postpone the formation of the League of Nations until the conclusion of the

Peace Treaty. The object of the Peace Conference in making the League an integral part of the Treaty will appear from a study of the machinery set up for the execution of various clauses of the Treaty. We may infer that the Conference felt that certain questions bearing upon international reconstruction could only be settled rightly under the guardianship of the League. Unless it was assumed that the old order of international rivalry and individual self-protection had passed away, it would be necessary to make concessions of strategic territory which would violate the principles of self-determination upon which the Conference was endeavoring to reconstruct the map of Europe. At the same time certain provisions of an executory character which might require years for their fulfillment, and certain other constructive provisions which were to be continuous in their operation, required the creation of permanent commissions to see to their fulfillment. The supervision of the work of these commissions by the League, direct in some cases and indirect in others, will do much to make it easier for the parties to the Treaty to acquiesce in the action taken. Moreover, the rivalries created by the assignment of the colonies of Germany to mandatory States become far easier of adjustment in the presence of a provision that the mandatory State shall exercise its duties of guardianship subject to the control of the League. Allowing for differences of opinion as to the manner in which the negotiations of the Peace Conference have been conducted, and for further changes which it may be necessary to make in the constitution of the League, it would seem that the League of Nations has an essential part to play in the execution of a Treaty which is not only to settle immediate issues, but to lay the foundations of permanent peace.

For the purpose of critical study we may depart from the order followed by the several sections of the Treaty, and divide its provisions into those which bear upon the problem of reparation and securities and those which are of a constructive character and are designed to lay the basis of a new international order. Beginning with the provisions for reparation, Germany is laid under obligation to make redress in money and in property for the losses suffered by the Allied nations. The "fourteen points" contained no other reference to reparation than that the occupied territory of Belgium and France

should be "restored;" but in a memorandum submitted by the Allied governments to President Wilson pending the armistice negotiations, it was stated that by this provision the Allied governments understood that compensation would be made by Germany "for all damage done to the civilian population of the Allies and their property by the aggression of Germany by land, by sea, and from the air." The bill is a heavy one. Section VII. provides that the total amount which Germany is to pay shall be later determined by an inter-allied Reparation Commission, before which Germany is to be given a hearing. A schedule of payments running during a period of thirty years is to be then presented. In the meantime, as an immediate step towards restoration, Germany is to pay within two years twenty billion marks in either gold, ships, or other specific forms of payment, and is to repay to Belgium all sums borrowed by the latter from the Allies in consequence of the violation by Germany of the neutrality treaty of 1839. In respect to the larger amount due as compensation for the losses suffered by the population of the Allied governments, it is recognized that the resources of Germany are not adequate to make complete reparation, but compensation is demanded under seven main categories of losses. The Reparation Commission will act as a sort of board of receivers for the German nation, and will see that priority is given to the claims of the Allies over the discharge of domestic loans.

The question arises whether the bill of damages constitutes the levy of an indemnity as distinct from losses suffered. Punitive indemnities in the form of requiring Germany to pay the whole cost of the War have been generally repudiated in the various pronouncements by Allied statesmen as to the proper principles of a just settlement. But the sum total of the amount required for reparation, if the estimate of one hundred billion marks be correct, is so enormous that the German Government might well be justified, considering the greatly diminished resources of the country, in regarding it as reducing Germany to virtual wage slavery. It is a hard law, if an old and well recognized one, which makes an entire people responsible for the acts of their government, even when that government is as little subject to the control of the people as was the executive branch of the German Empire. Nor does international law take account of the fact that, when once a war has begun,



many thousands who would never have voted to begin it, had they been consulted and had they known the facts, are driven to support it by the same impulse of patriotism which receives the highest praise when the nation's cause is just. In his address to Congress on April 2, 1917, asking that war be declared, President Wilson asserted that "we have no quarrel with the German people. We have no feeling towards them but one of sympathy and friendship. It was not upon their impulse that their government acted in entering this War." This distinction between the German people and their rulers does not appear to have operated to have reduced the indemnities which the masses of Germany must pay. Just as is the reckoning by the traditions of the law, it takes no account of the fact that even so docile a people as the Germans would doubtless have resisted the domination of their military caste had not the whole international system of the decades before 1914 been based upon the rivalry of opposing imperialistic policies, so as to blind even the just to the iniquity of war, or rather so as to deceive even right-minded persons into accepting as a war of self-defence what was in reality a war of aggression.

In addition to reparation in the form of payments of money, Germany is required (Section III.) to surrender the coal mines of the Saar Basin as compensation for the destruction of coal mines in northern France. In order that this may not involve a cession of territory contrary to the principle of self-determination, the treaty provides that the territory is to be governed by a commission appointed by the League of Nations, which is to administer the country under the conditions prescribed by the Treaty. After fifteen years a plebiscite is to be held by communes to ascertain the desire of the population whether it shall continue under the existing control of the League or be united to France or to Germany. It cannot be said that this latter provision is a desirable one, for it offers a strong temptation to the contending powers to carry on rival propaganda which would be a menace to the cause of peace. Further provisions for reparation (Section VIII.) consist in an elaborate array of restrictions imposed upon German trade. German customs duties are regulated, shipping privileges in German ports are secured for the Allied nations, and unfair German trade practices are to be abolished. A large number of international conventions to which Germany was a party are to

be renewed, and special treaties with individual members of the Allied nations may be renewed upon giving notice. German property in the territories of the Allies may be liquidated as compensation for property of their citizens not restored or paid for by Germany; and provisions are laid down for the cancellation or renewal of contracts between citizens of the Allied nations and German citizens.

As an item of political justice towards particular offenders, provision is made (Section VI.) for the trial of the former Kaiser and of persons accused of committing acts in violation of the laws of war. In the case of the Kaiser the indictment is "for a supreme offence against international morality and the sanctity of treaties." The earlier plan of a criminal indictment was abandoned owing to the obvious difficulty of making out a legal case. For it must be remembered that under international law of 1914, war was a legal means for the redress of injuries, and it was left to each nation to decide when its highest national interests called upon it to adopt that means. On the other hand in the case both of private soldiers and of officers there exist documents to prove violations of the time-honored laws of war, such as forbid, for example, the maltreatment of non-combatants. Here the offenders are to be delivered up and tried by military tribunals under military law.

The provisions adopted in the form of securities against future misconduct on the part of Germany (Section VI.) include the demobilization of the German army and its limitation to a permanent strength not exceeding four thousand officers and one hundred thousand men; the closing of all factories for the manufacture of arms and munitions of war except those specifically mentioned; the abolition of conscription and the adoption of a period of enlistment sufficiently long to prevent the training of any large number of troops by successive replacements; the dismantling of all fortresses situated within a zone fifty kilometers east of the Rhine, as well as those along the Baltic; the demobilization of the navy and its limitation to a small force of thirty-six ships of various sizes; and the surrender of all other war vessels, and of all airships except a small number to be used in searching for submarine mines. The occupation of the territory west of the Rhine is to be continued for a period of fifteen years (Section XIV.), but this

occupation is more in the nature of a guarantee for the execution of the Treaty in general than a means of protection against future attack; and provision is made for the retirement of the armies of occupation from certain areas after periods of five and ten years if the conditions of the Treaty are faithfully carried out. No mention is made of the dismantling of fortresses in the occupied area after the period of occupation, but this may be inferred from the provisions relating to the east bank of the Rhine.

Thus far we have been dealing with those portions of the treaty which bear upon the problem of reparation for wrong done and security against a recurrence of aggression on the part of Germany. We may now turn to the wide variety of provisions of a constructive character which seek to correct conditions which have long been an obstacle to the peace of Europe. More than any other war of the past, the present War has raised issues which from one point of view may be regarded as incidental, but which are in many cases actually more important for the restoration of law and order than are the more immediate issues, the settlement of which has just been described. In the first place numerous readjustments of territorial boundaries have taken place to carry into effect the principle of the self-determination of nationalities. Foremost among these readjustments is the cession of Alsace-Lorraine to France in recognition of the wrong done by Germany in 1871 to France and to the people of the two provinces (Section II.). The Treaty assumes that it is the desire of the two provinces to be reunited to France, and in consequence no provision is made for a popular vote of the inhabitants. To have taken a plebiscite after nearly fifty years of German control would have presented obvious difficulties, apart from the fact that, in the eyes of France, the restoration of the provinces was not so much an application of the principle of self-determination as a direct nullification of the act of spoliation in 1871.

The small neutral state of Moresnet lying on the borders of Prussia and Belgium is ceded by Germany to Belgium. This district, of importance because of the zinc mines under its mountain, was placed in 1817 under the joint government of Prussia and of Holland, to whose rights Belgium succeeded; but of recent years the control of the country has been a sub-

ject of dispute between the two States. With Moresnet goes the diminutive district of Prussian Moresnet just over the border. Two other districts, Eupen and Malmedy, are ceded to Belgium, subject to a right on the part of their inhabitants to protest against the change of sovereignty, the final decision resting with the League of Nations.

The boundary line between Germany and Denmark is to be fixed on the principle of self-determination. A line is drawn from the mouth of the Schlei River to the mouth of the Eider, marking off the duchy of Schleswig, which, together with the purely German duchy of Holstein, was taken from Denmark by Prussia in 1866. Within this territory an international commission is to supervise a plebiscite arranged in three zones. The object of the zone system of voting is to make it possible to secure a new frontier which will actually accord with the wishes of the population, not one which might include within either Germany or Denmark a large minority opposed to the decision of the majority. It is also provided that due regard is to be given to geographical and economic conditions. The Peace Conference clearly recognized that there are distinct limitations to the value of a plebiscite as a just basis for the transfer of territory, and that unless conducted under proper restriction the plebiscite might create new cases of *terra irredenta* to replace the old.

The provisions of the Treaty with regard to the cession by Germany to Japan of the rights of Germany in the Shantung peninsula, seem difficult to reconcile with the principle of self-determination. Not only does Kiao-Chau go to Japan, but all German rights to the railroad from Tsing-tao to Tsinan-fu, including all facilities and mining rights and rights of exploitation, pass equally to Japan. Japan's promise to return the territory later, not being upon a contractual basis, has not satisfied China, and according to the latest reports the Chinese Government has instructed its delegates not to sign the Peace Treaty with the above provisions included.

A second constructive task undertaken by the Treaty is the creation of two new States on the basis of the principle of self-determination applied in the readjustment of the boundaries of existing States. In Section IV. of the Treaty, Germany recognizes the complete independence of the Czecho-Slovak State, including the autonomous territory of the Ruthenians

south of the Carpathian mountains. The frontiers of the new State on the southeast remain to be determined, but on the northwest, where they are contiguous to Germany, they are to follow the frontier of Bohemia in 1914. On this latter point considerable difference of opinion has arisen among experts as to whether a boundary line could not have been drawn so as to exclude the German portions of Bohemia. It is estimated that Bohemia contains a German minority as large as thirty-three per cent, and a minority which contains a large proportion of the more prosperous business elements of the State. The Czecho-Slovak National Committee, speaking from Washington and Paris, has been insistent in its claim for the historic frontiers of Bohemia. A plebiscite according to the zone system might perhaps have removed the danger of a *Germania Irredenta* in later days.

A more difficult problem before the Conference was the creation of an independent Poland. On the part of Germany the Treaty provides for the cession of a part of Upper Silesia, most of Posen, and the province of West Prussia on the left bank of the Vistula; and since these districts will include many who are not Poles, special provision is made for the protection of racial, linguistic, or religious minorities. Owing to the irregularity of the racial boundary line between the two countries, the frontier of Poland on the side of East Prussia is to be fixed by two distinct plebiscites. Further, the port of Dantzig and the district immediately about it is to be constituted into a "free city" under the guarantee of the League of Nations, and is to be governed by a constitution drawn up by a high commissioner appointed by the League and by the President of Dantzig, in agreement with the duly appointed representatives of the city. Provision is made that the city shall be included within the Polish customs frontiers, without, however, interfering with the free area in the port; and Poland is to be insured the free use of the city's waterways, docks, and other port facilities, together with the control and administration of the Vistula River. Dantzig thus returns to a status approximating that which it held from the time of the Hanseatic League until its incorporation into Prussia in 1793. The loss of Dantzig to Germany, accompanied by the cession of West Prussia and the separation of East Prussia from the rest of Germany, will be one of the hardest parts

of the Treaty for Germany to bear. West Prussia was acquired by Prussia in the first partition of Poland in 1774, but it had at the time a large German population, being one of the districts settled by the same Teutonic Order which colonized East Prussia. Scholars, considering the problem from the point of view of abstract principle rather than of expediency, have questioned whether a solution could not have been reached which would have given Poland a right of way along the Vistula to the sea and the use of the port facilities of Dantzic, without the necessity of extensive transfers of territory which, as in the case of the outer fringe of Bohemia, may create a permanent cause of unrest. The thirteenth of the "fourteen points" called for the creation of an independent Polish state, which should include the territories "inhabited by indisputably Polish populations," and which should be assured a free and secure access to the sea.

Another constructive feature of the Treaty is the creation of a mandatory system for the control of the German colonies. By Section V. of the Treaty, Germany renounces her overseas possessions in favor of the Allied and associated powers. The Constitution of the League of Nations then comes forward with its provisions for the administration by a mandatory state of the colonies in Central and Southwest Africa, and in the South Pacific Islands. The importance of this control of undeveloped territories by guardian states responsible to the League is not merely that these backward races will be protected from possible exploitation, but that a new principle of international responsibility is introduced in the conditions laid down for the administration of these territories. The conditions not only call for a just domestic government, but provide for equal opportunities for the trade and commerce of other members of the League, thus attempting to prevent the jealousy caused by exclusive control. Security for the fulfillment of these conditions is sought in the requirement that the guardian state is to render to the League an annual report in reference to the territory committed to its charge.

A number of constructive provisions in regard to international transportation are included in the Treaty, but unfortunately their application is limited to the grant of easements in favor of the Allied governments on German railways and waterways and in German ports, instead of being extended to

the mutual intercourse of all members of the League. Economic rights of way have long been a source of international rivalry, and while much was done during the nineteenth century to open up to commerce the great rivers of Europe and to facilitate the passage of through freight from harbors to inland towns across national lines, much yet remains to be done. No inland state can breathe freely, in a commercial sense, unless it is assured good service at reasonable rates over the railways of its maritime neighbor and adequate port facilities. The policy pursued by Austria of shutting Serbia off from the Adriatic, and thus making Serbia economically dependent upon her, was undoubtedly one of the chief sources of friction between the two countries, which gave inspiration and force to the Pan-Slavic movement. The third of the "fourteen points" called for the removal of all economic barriers and the establishment of an equality of trade conditions among the nations consenting to the peace settlement. We have already seen that the Treaty makes Dantzig a free port and thus meets one ground of competitive hostility between Poland and Germany. Provision is also made that Czecho-Slovakia shall have access to the sea by means of special transportation rights north and south. To the north Germany is to lease to Czecho-Slovakia spaces in the ports of Hamburg and Stettin, while to the south the new State is to have the right to run its own through trains to Fiume and Trieste. Belgium is to be permitted to build a deep-draft canal from the Rhine to the Meuse within twenty-five years if she so desires. At the same time the German railway system is to be reorganized so as to secure through communication across its territory. And, as marking the progress of aërial navigation, provision is made that aircraft of the Allied and associated powers shall have full liberty of passage over and landing on German territory, and equal treatment with the most favored nation planes as to internal commercial traffic in Germany.

The internationalization of the Kiel Canal and of the navigable German rivers constitutes a constructive measure of great importance. The Kiel Canal, previously open only on the sufferance of Germany, is to remain open and free to the ships of war and of commerce of all nations on terms of absolute equality, and thus comes within the conditions already laid down for the use of the Suez and Panama Canals. The

Rhine and the Moselle had already been internationalized by the Congress of Vienna in 1815, and provision is merely made for a change in the Central Commission regulating the navigation of the two rivers. The European Danube Commission, created in 1856, is continued, and a new commission created for the Upper Danube. The Elbe, the Oder, the Ultava, and the Niemen are declared international and placed under special commissions composed of representatives of the riparian and other states. Czecho-Slovakia is thus insured a waterway to the North Sea and to the Baltic, and Poland a second outlet on the northeast; while Czecho-Slovakia, Serbia and Rumania are given special protection in the navigation of the Danube.

Section XIII. deals with the problem of international labor organization, and bears the least direct relation to the immediate issues raised by the War. It is in reality not an international problem, in the sense of involving the relations between nations, but a universal national problem, and it may be regarded as a sort of "rider" tacked on to the Peace Treaty to satisfy the demands of the labor groups in the several countries for an immediate statement of principles. Provision is made for a permanent organization to promote international adjustment of labor conditions by means of an annual international labor conference and an international labor office. Nine principles of labor conditions are set forth in the treaty, and they represent in general the standards of labor conditions advocated in recent years by the American Federation of Labor. Considering the fact that the burdens of taxation in Europe will fall with special weight upon the proletariat, no one will deny the vital importance of the principles laid down. What is equally important, however, is the implied recognition that a war to make the world safe for democracy cannot be successful unless democracy is rendered possible by the establishment of labor conditions in all countries which will give to labor the time and the opportunity for intelligent participation in public affairs. It would be interesting, but out of place here, to discuss the possible effect of these provisions upon the removal of the tariff barriers which have undoubtedly played a part in the creation of commercial rivalry and jealousy among the nations.

Such are the more important provisions of the Treaty of



Peace with Germany. While the text of the treaties with Austria, Turkey, and Bulgaria is not yet available, it is evident that they will follow the same general lines as the Treaty with Germany. Several difficult problems of territorial readjustment will be presented in these treaties, notably the adjustment of the conflicting claims of Italy and Jugo-Slavia to Fiume and the Dalmatian coast, the contest between Italy and Greece for control over the islands of the Ægean Sea released from Turkish sovereignty during the present War and the war between Turkey and Italy in 1911, the delimitation of the boundary between Rumania and Hungary, possibly by a series of plebiscites in Transylvania, the division of Galicia between Poland and Ukrainia, and the assignment of mandates over Albania, Syria, Mesopotamia and Armenia.

Can it be said that the present Treaty is consistent with the the principles of a just settlement as expressed in the various addresses of President Wilson which have been so generally quoted as the basis of a lasting peace? No one will contend that an ideal settlement has been reached. During the dark hours of the conflict states vowed their belief in abstract principles of justice which in the hour of triumph they are reluctant to apply to concrete facts. In some instances compromises have been made which puzzle the onlooker because he has not before him the facts upon which the Conference based its decision. In other cases the compromises appear to threaten the very ideals for which the War was fought. But if we look not to the weak spots in the Treaty, but to its constructive provisions, if we compare it with the settlement effected at Vienna in 1815 or at Berlin in 1878, we cannot but feel that great progress has been made. The plebiscite as a basis for the transfer of territory has been generally applied, new states are created to satisfy the desires of national groups, colonies are put under guardianship, commercial traffic in Europe is given greater freedom, and new international agencies have been created to superintend the administration of rights conferred.

Much has been done to secure a just peace, but much more remains to be done to secure a permanent peace. A heavy weight has been laid upon Germany, which she cannot be expected to bear patiently if any hope of release is offered. The duress under which she is laid will not of itself give legal

validity to the terms of peace. The experience of history shows that military securities have a way of proving elusive as years go by. The only lasting security appears to lie in the new League of Nations which is made, as it were, the sponsor and guardian of the Treaty. Unless the League can be looked to for the amendment of those parts of the Treaty which may come to work injustice, and for such further readjustments of territory as the future may show to be necessary, unless it can substitute common international rights for the rivalry of individual national claims and lay the basis of a coöperative commonwealth in place of a competitive armed camp, the present Treaty cannot survive a generation. With all its minor defects the League represents the passing of the old order of alliances and counter-alliances and of the unstable balance of power which grew out of them. The collective judgment of the united nations offers hope for a just solution of the problems yet awaiting to be settled. What the world needs even more than due satisfaction for wrong done is wise provision for the maintenance of justice in the future. No treaty of peace with its security and reparation clauses can accomplish this; only the concerted action of nations continuously dominated by high ideals is adequate.

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## New Books.

**MARSHAL FERDINAND FOCH.** By A. Hilliard Atteridge. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. \$2.50.

The life story of Marshal Foch up to the present is the slow and persistent evolution of certain forces of character—study, devotion to a cause, religious faith. The accomplishments of his life are the logical outcome of his manner of living. The past is continually being justified in the present. This is the feeling one has after he finishes Mr. Atteridge's account of the Marshal.

Thanks to the cunning of the author, Foch the personality is more expressed in his works than in his persons. He moves, like a force of destiny, behind the machinery of tremendous events. The book brings his biography up to 1905, and then turns aside to consider his two volumes of military tactics—*Principes de la Guerre* (1903) and *De la Conduite de la Guerre* (1905), which served as text-books at the Ecole de Guerre of which he was commander. Rather abstruse for the average reader, these books, and one not acquainted with military affairs might find them hard reading. His theory of "economy of force," of advance action and reserve mobility must be understood, to grasp entirely the principles which governed his manœuvres in the late War. To reduce his lectures to a phrase, "action is the first law of war"—and this law he followed from the Battle of Morhange to the last day before the armistice.

Oddly enough Foch did not receive his baptism of fire until this War. In the Battle of Morhange he showed his capacity as a leader in defeat; a few days later in the Battle of Trouée De Charmes—the first great victory for France—the leader in victory. At Morhange he paid the price of sacrifice—his only son and son-in-law were lost. De Charmes made his reputation secure; he rose to command of the Ninth Army, an army not yet assembled. Foch assembled it and under Joffre at the Marne proved the wisdom of his theory, written fourteen years before, of mobility in reserves. His work under Joffre led to a Chief of Staff position. At the first Battle of Ypres he coördinated with General French and helped stem the German drive for the Channel ports. From this point on, his rise to Generalissimo of the French forces, Commander-in-Chief of the Allied armies and Marshal of France was a steady, inevitable progress.

Foch never fights alone—he arms himself with the shield of

Faith. He has been known to spend hours in prayer before battle. Daily Communion is with him part of the day's living. And as he is devout, so is he simple—simple in his love of the country, his home, his gardens. He has never played politics and yet he has risen despite anti-clerical influences. It was from Clémenceau, arch anti-clerical, that he received his appointment of Director of the Ecole de Guerre! Steadily he drove forward. His life is an amazing evidence of logic in living, and in writing this account Mr. Atteridge gives us a new kind of hero legend.

**CAMBRIDGE ESSAYS ON EDUCATION.** Edited by A. C. Benson, LL.D. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$2.50.

The purpose of the contributors to this remarkable volume was to expound the underlying aims and principles of education. Viscount Bryce well remarks in the introduction that there is need, in view of the tendency to rush to schemes which seem promising because they are new, to restate and enforce by argument sound educational principles. The writers were in no way hampered by the views of their fellow contributors, with the result that a discrepancy of views crops out here and there. Thus, while Dean Inge maintains that we have sinned by undervaluing the life of reason, Mr. A. C. Benson contends that we have erred by directing so much attention to purely logical and reasoning faculties. In a charming essay the latter pleads for the cultivation of the imagination, pointing out that the greater part of a human being's unoccupied, and probably a considerable portion of his occupied, hours are spent in some exercise of that faculty. It would be strange did not the old feud between science and the humanities find some echo in these pages. While the Dean of St. Paul's bids us resist firmly those who wish to make education purely scientific, Mr. W. Bateson deplors the fact that the leadership of the country is in the hands of men whose gifts are of the "vocal" rather than the scientific order, and laments that young boys are not brought up on science. He goes out of his way to insist that agnosticism is the very life and mainspring of education, and that "the struggle between science and religion continues and must be perpetually renewed." In tone and temper this essay on the "Place of Science in Education" is singularly out of tune with the others, and illustrates the narrowness of view that so often characterizes the purely scientific outlook.

It is easy to light upon discrepancies among writers who have consciously eschewed "an educational conspiracy," but such differences of view are inherent in any discussion of the various aspects of education which is conducted independently. The

essays, with the exception noted, are marked by the sanity of thought, the spirit of reverence, and the distinction of style that we look for from such writers as Dean Inge, Mr. A. C. Benson, and the head masters of the great English secondary schools. They touch upon every aspect of school life. In the essay on "The Use of Leisure" Mr. J. H. Badley writes with insight and discernment on a theme which is altogether too rarely brought to the notice of educationalists. In various other essays truths are emphasized which, though trite enough, are lost to view in the mania for fads. We are reminded that it does not matter very much what is taught, the important question being what is learned. It is also too often overlooked "that no change in the curriculum can do much for education as long as the pupils imbibe no respect for intellectual values at home and find none among their school fellows." Too much trust must not be reposed in the virtue of examinations: "the examination system flourishes best where there is no genuine desire for mental cultivation." Neither must too much reliance be placed on the study of civics and political science as a direct training for citizenship: "The exercise of good citizenship follows naturally as the inevitable result of a highly developed life." The need of religion is not left in doubt: "How to spiritualize education is the real problem, for it is only by a spiritualized education that we can escape from the avalanche of materialism that is hanging over the European world just now." If the words of Mr. W. W. Vaughan were to be widely adopted many a problem in school and society would be solved: "We must see to it that the Ark of the Covenant is borne before our nation and our schools, along the way that is new and still full of stones of stumbling."

**CARVEN FROM THE LAUREL TREE.** By Theodore Maynard.  
New York: Robert M. McBride & Co. \$1.50.

An essay is a study in still life. Write of life in flux, and you write a novel. Write of life in crisis, and you write a play. But write of a thing as you deliberately pose it, and you write an essay. The distinction between the good and the ineffectual essayist is his vision—the light in which he views his study. One light will illumine more than another. Mr. Theodore Maynard's light is Catholic faith—and with it he manages to penetrate into the heart of his subjects. But his pen is light and he knows the meaning and purpose of laughter. In this lies his claim to distinction. For his laughter is as illuminating as his faith.

Consider such subjects as "The Mystical Note in Poetry"—the first essay in this volume. It could be made very heavy, but

Mr. Maynard chooses to make it light, and, in the short measure of twelve pages, he succeeds in setting down the fundamentals of mysticism, showing it as something more than symbolism, a gift that penetrates to the very heart of Divine reality. In the same fashion he criticizes the *Oxford Book of Mystical Verse*. His definitions are excellent—"a mere emotional exaltation before the outspread loveliness of the world, or an intellectual idealization of beauty, do not in any sense constitute mysticism . . . mysticism begins with the fierce, unconquerable passion of the soul to pierce to Reality and is consummated in the union of the soul with Reality."

"The Humor of the Saints" is quite the most delightful essay in the volume. It comprehends that baffling laughter of the sons of God which Puritan and Protestant minds can never understand. Laughter is the religion of little children—and we must come as little children. The Protestant has forgotten to laugh. If for once he learned how, he would cease being a Protestant! In much the same jocular vein is "On Drinking Songs"—but here we find the finger-prints of Chestertonian influence, and the trouble with the Chestertonian style is, that you eventually can guess what he is going to say—and he always does.

"The Art of Alice Meynell" is a delicate appreciation of a pen too little known. Her subtleties, however, are not for common consumption and after one reads Mr. Maynard's essay, he is apt to conclude that they never will be.

In "The Drama of the Dramatists" he tells the poignant tragedy of "Herbert and Michael Field," a page of devotion that shines like a candle in the dark and reflects its light in rare and choicely written books.

As a student of economic situations Mr. Maynard does not seem to be so successful, but when he touches such men as Thomas More and leads you down some English byway, he is a delightful and amusing companion. He has assembled a book worth while, one to read slowly and with appreciation. It has a bouquet like fine old wine—and over it you can smack your lips contentedly.

**THE CHRONICLES OF AMERICA.** Edited by Dr. Allen Johnson, Professor of American History in the Yale University. New Haven: Yale University Press. Fifty volumes at \$3.50 per volume by the set.

This series is intended to give a comprehensive survey of America, its origin, development, character, and traditions in such a simple, vivid, living, readable narrative, that it will appeal to the man unaccustomed to read history. With this purpose in

view the editor selected writers who *can* write, some from the professorial ranks, others from the class of novelists, journalists and publicists. While the editor has painstakingly supervised the whole work to its last detail, he has wisely left each writer unhampered to express his own individuality; sometimes even at the expense of critical accuracy. Therefore there is a marked unevenness in the volumes just as in the well-known American Nation Series, which at first thought the Chronicles might seem to supersede, but with which they do not even compete because of the totally different audience to which an appeal is made. These are not research volumes of the dry, scholarly, detached type; they add little to our knowledge, but re-tell the old story in a refreshing, interesting way. There is an attempt to emphasize the social as well as the political life, to tell how the people lived, and to revive the heroes of our past in personal character portraits. Each volume has a brief bibliography suggesting further material for the general reader who cares to delve deeper. No expense has been spared by the publisher on this so-called "Abraham Lincoln Edition." Printed on specially made all-rag, water-marked, hand-cut paper, bound in good boards, in Yale blue and gilt with the college heraldic emblem, each volume is amply provided with maps and hand printed illustrations in photogravure, which, some seven hundred in all, will form the finest published collection of American historical pictures.

*Elizabethan Sea-Dogs*, by William Wood. In this volume Mr. Wood deals with the English background of American history, describing England as she emerged from isolation to enter into fierce competition with Spain, Portugal and France. The Genoese Cabots, located at the thriving seaport of Bristol, embark on voyages of exploration under the patronage of the penurious, bourgeois King, Henry VII. Cape Breton and Newfoundland are discovered. Thus England in 1497 enters the New World despite Spanish protests. Henry VII., the greatest English monarch of the seas, builds ships out of his vast inheritance to safeguard his possessions and his very own church from the rival Catholic powers. Then follows the strictly Anglican interpretation, even to the phraseology, of the internal religious struggle under Edward, "Bloody Mary," and the "Good Elizabeth," between Protestants and the so-styled "Ultra-Papists" and "Catholics who were anti-Roman." The religious question settled, the writer considers the economic depression of Elizabethan times, the class struggle, the enclosures, the submerging of laborers, rising prices, monopolies, and speculation. No wonder English seafaring men and commer-

cial adventurers viewed with envious eyes the silver-laden Spanish galleons, homeward bound from the South American mainland and the West Indies. England unleashed her sea-dogs, half piratical marauders, half traders and negro-slavers, seamen of whose daring at least there could be no doubt. Peace there might be between England and Spain, but on the Spanish Main when Englishmen met Spaniards, there was war to the knife, with prizes, but no prisoners. Adventurous was the life of William and Sir John Hawkins of Plymouth, Drake of Devon, Grenville, Raleigh, and their mates. Quaint were their songs and mariners' slang, which are possibly quoted at too great pains. Great were their fights and their service to England, culminating in their destruction of the Armada; but not ingloriously did Santa Cruz and Parma fail. The writer indeed is a happy chronicler of those stirring times.

*Crusaders of New France*, by William Bennet Munro. To Father Henri Beauce, "this tribute to the men of his race and faith is affectionately inscribed." Thus Mr. Munro commences his fascinating narrative of Frenchmen in the New World, of intrepid seamen, of fiery seigneurs, of martyred Jesuits, of indomitable *coureurs-de-bois*, of hostile Indians, of irksome journeyings. It is written in a flowing style, with an intelligent sympathy and a keen realization of the French spirit. A living touch is given in the understanding interpretation of Cartier, Colbert, Richelieu, La Salle, Father Brébeuf, and Bishop Laval.

We sail with the hardy Cartier from the Breton port of St. Malo in 1534, across Northern seas into the gulf and river of St. Lawrence, only to suffer that terrible winter in Quebec, and then fail in the anticipated discovery of the Northwest passage. Sixty years elapse before Champlain, colonizer and explorer, arrives. Quebec is founded (1608); inland voyages are made along the Ottawa River and into the Huron country, where as early as 1615 the Récollet, Le Caron, served his missionary stations. Montreal is established in 1642, and the Jesuits appear. The iron-willed Frontenac is described as one who more than any other colonial governor commanded the respect and support of the Indians. Under his orders exploring parties break into the silent depths of the forests. No danger could deter such *coureurs* as La Salle, the Tontys, Du Lhut, Radisson, Groseilliers, Joliet, Nicolet, Le Sueur, and the Père Marquette. Forts spring up at Niagara, Detroit, Sault Ste. Marie, and St. Louis to mark the French advance along the Great Lakes, into the Ohio country, and along the Illinois and Mississippi Rivers. In part the hopes of Richelieu, of Colbert and of the Grand Monarch were being fulfilled.



The author gives a splendid appreciation of Bishop Laval, minimizing instead of magnifying his strife with governor and intendant over their respective privileges. His social and educational work are developed, as well as his support of the Jesuit policy in preventing liquor sales to the savages. The writer's regard for the Church is attested in the following: "Nearly all that was distinctive in the life of the Old Canada links itself in one way or another with the Catholic religion. From first to last in the history of New France the most pervading trait was the loyalty of its people to the Church of their fathers. Intendants might come and go; governors abode their destined hour and went their way; but the apostles of the ancient faith never for one moment released their grip upon the hearts and minds of the Canadians" (page 113). Of the Jesuits he speaks with the customary enthusiasm, "as the truest friends the Indian has ever had," and as an order true to Church and King, seeking neither ease nor caste privileges but always searching out new tasks. "The physical vigor, the moral heroism, and the unquenchable religious zeal of the missionaries were qualities exemplified in a measure and to a degree which are beyond the power of any pen to describe. Historians of all creeds have tendered homage to their self-sacrifice and zeal, and never has the work of human hand or spirit been more worthy of tribute" (page 117).

*The Conquest of New France*, by George M. Wrong. Professor Wrong's volume recounts the struggle of France and England for the mastery of the American continent, through that series of wars which the New World knows as the Wars of King William, Queen Anne, King George, and of the French and Indians. While the author's viewpoint is essentially Anglo-Saxon, even to the extent of grieving that our Revolution was inevitable, yet there is a determination to be fair. He has a real understanding of the basic greatness of the French and a recognition of the sanguine hopes and heroic efforts with which the numerically weak Canadians fought against the overpowering pressure of the English. It is a story of such colonials as Frontenac, Phips and his Puritans, Pepperell, Dinwiddie, Shirley, de Vaudreuil, Amherst, and of the author's heroes, Wolfe and Montcalm. It is a story of valiant deeds, treacherous attacks, Indian massacres, and of atrocities in which the redmen were often outdone by their white allies of either side. Yet it was an inevitable conflict between two civilizations, as is set forth in an especially good chapter, "Quebec and Boston," contrasting Canada with the English colonies. However, there is a pathos in the loss of an empire

which Frenchmen created with such supreme efforts, and whose ideals Lower Canada still clings unto with tenacity.

"The Great West" is the subject of an intensely gripping chapter of adventurous exploration. There pass before us the brothers d'Iberville and Bienville, who founded New Orleans in 1718, Cadillac, the Vérendryes, who toiled for a generation until they reached the Black Hills, if not the Rocky Mountains, the Jesuit Charlevoix who loved the Sioux so well, the unknown followers of St. Pierre who explored the Rockies (1751), and the British furriers Hendry and Mackenzie who in 1789 broke trails into British Columbia and along that frozen Arctic River.

The treatment of the Acadians is based too closely upon Parkman, and Atkins' defence of the English in his *Archives of Nova Scotia*, when there was available the authoritative work, *Acadie*, by Henry d'Arles. Cruelty like the heartless expulsion of the Acadians with its breach of contract, can hardly at this moment be justified on the grounds of military necessity. There is much in the volume to please a Catholic reader and little to annoy, save the assertion that Puritan and Frenchman might equally deride each other, the one because of the Catholic belief as to the efficacy of Indian baptism, the other because of witch-burning (page 40). "In zeal for education Quebec was therefore not behind Boston," the author observes with national pride, in pointing out that the year Harvard was founded, a college and school were established for French and native youth in Quebec, and during the following year an Ursuline Convent, "which throughout the intervening years has continued its important work of educating girls."

*Pioneers of the Old South*, by Mary Johnston. Treating the Old South as an economic, political unit, Miss Johnston weaves together her detailed description of the settlement of the antagonistic colonies of Virginia and Maryland, and her extremely brief survey of the Carolinas and the belated Georgia plantations. The volume is interestingly though hurriedly written, in a decidedly novelistic, imaginative style with numerous poetic allusions and quoted verses. The author will meet criticism from the writers of uninteresting but painfully accurate monographs, whom she regards with disdainful superiority. One is amused at the conscious effort to eulogize the occasional Scot who has been drawn into the story.

There is a vivid account of the Virginia Company's efforts, the obstacles in the way of the heroic services of the boastful Captain John Smith, the necessary tyranny of Dale, the Baconian

revolt, the beginnings of representative government, and the economic prosperity grounded on the tobacco crop with its negro and indentured labor. The narrow policy of Virginia is neither hidden nor enlarged upon, in, for instance, the expulsion of President Edward Maria Wingfield in the early years because he was of a Catholic family, or the usual tithing of Puritans and infidels for the support of the Anglican Establishment. The writer has a respectful regard for the able Baltimore family, the convert, George Calvert, who conceived a colony of refuge for persecuted British Catholics, his eldest son Cecil who carried out the plan, and his younger sons and grandson whose fostering care made Maryland a successful plantation. While persecution in England is minimized, and while there is a carping criticism that free-thinkers were not graciously harbored in Maryland, there is a wholehearted acceptance of Baltimore's toleration as natural rather than artful. "Cecil Calvert has a niche in the temple of human enlightenment" (page 191). This is her estimate of the founder of "a land—Mary's land—where all Christians might foregather, brothers and sisters in one home! Religious tolerance—practical separation of Church and State—that was a broad idea for his age, a generous idea for a Roman Catholic of a time not so far removed from the mediæval. Catholics, Anglicans, Puritans, Dissidents, and non-conformists of almost any physiognomy, might come and be at home, unpunished for variations in belief" (page 122). Baltimore's kindness and tact were evidenced by his conciliatory treatment of the Indians which won practical immunity from attack, and his appointment of William Stone, a Puritan, as Governor and a majority of Puritans in the Council when Cromwell had usurped control of England. With the accession of William and Mary, the Baltimore family lost hold, until the fourth baron regained his colonial barony by conforming with the Church of England. Then Maryland became, as other colonies, a land of persecution, where the Puritan was ill-treated, and the Catholic proscribed.

*The Eve of the Revolution*, by Carl Becker. Professor Becker of Cornell University offers an essay on the pre-Revolutionary epoch, in which he restates the time-worn thesis that England was not entirely in the wrong nor the colonies always in the right. It is written in a chatty, readable style, which at times becomes offensively sarcastic or flippant. In his preface, anticipating criticism, he shields himself by admitting that he has quoted and paraphrased to an unusual extent in this "enterprise of questionable orthodoxy." While his views, illusive as they often are,

would hardly pass current with the Daughters of the Revolution, it is well to realize the difficulties of the English administration, the Yankee disinclination to pay taxes, the easy public conscience toward smuggling, the outrageous rioting of Boston and New York mobs, the maliciousness of the Sons of Liberty toward the maligned loyalist, the self-interest of many a patriot, and the influence of local social and political rivalries upon the national movement. Some readers will see Virginia's first families in a new light, as well as Sam Adams the Boston "boss," who busied himself so much with the public business that his private affairs were in a precarious state and his family unclothed. The writer's knack at striking off men's character and work is given free play in dealing with the "heroes and villains" of the period. We are told that the constitutional interpretation of the Stamp Act as laid down by the eminent Catholic lawyer, Daniel Dulany, of Maryland, was preferred by Pitt and Camden to that of Grenville himself. Of Charles Carroll there is not a word in the text, although his engraved portrait appears.

*Washington and His Colleagues*, by Henry Jones Ford. This volume commences with an elaborate description of Washington's court, its formal etiquette and aristocratic leanings, which so annoyed democrats of the Senator Maclay order. Washington appears in his coach emblazoned with his arms, drawn by six cream-colored horses with their powdered and cockaded outriders. Mr. Ford differs from the serious historian by his close attention to the social life, and the personal touches with which he introduces in their reality Madison, Hamilton, Jefferson, and the lesser figures. In his chapter on "Great Decisions," Congress is seen busied with the establishment of the working government and its various departments. One is interested to learn that our Cabinet members do not have the privilege of the floor in either House, because of an apparently innocent amendment in the treasury bill in which it was ordered that the Secretary was "to prepare reports" rather than "to report." In a similarly simple way the President was made to understand that the Senate had coordinate powers in diplomatic affairs and in patronage gifts. Hamilton's financial policy, the fight over the assumption of state debts, the corrupt speculation in debt certificates, and the log-rolling over the capitol site, form another chapter. The author's treatment of diplomatic problems is especially noteworthy, his recognition of the success and skill with which Genêt intrigued, the unsatisfactory treaty with England, the abominable Algerine policy with its ransoming of American captives and pay-

ing tribute, and the entangled western dealings in which Spain, France, England, and McGilvray and his Creek Indians were equally mixed-up. The territorial results of the battle of Fallen Timbers and the opening of Indian lands for settlement would be clarified by an accompanying map. The chapter on party violence enables us to understand the problems and criticism which so sorely tried Washington. His Cabinet resignations because of the small compensation (\$3,500) strike a present-day note. The personal rule of John Adams is described in the concluding pages so as to prepare for the Revolution of 1800 and the substitution of democracy for the Federalist, aristocratic system.

*Forty-Niners*, by Stewart Edward White. Mr. White prefaces his volume with a description of the old Spanish days in California, but he has little appreciation either of the labors of the padres or sympathy for the Spaniards. His view is quite neutral: that life there was neither Arcadian nor stagnant, but picturesque in its happy mixture of idleness, decadence, gentility, and romance. The writer's attitude is quite apparent when he asserts that many an unconsidered New England farmhouse antedates the oldest Mission. His interest is only aroused when Captain Sutter locates his fur post near Sacramento, and Americans commence to arrive and intrigue against the old régime. The manœuvres of the over-rated Frémont, the Bear Flag revolution, and the seizure of California follow in rapid succession. The account of the gold strike, the opening of the diggings, the long overland trail through the hostile Indian, and still more dangerous Mormon country, the gold rush from the East via Panama, the hard, riotous life of the camps, the fabulous fortunes made and dissipated by the Forty-Niners are depicted with an imaginative touch that arouses the adventurous spirit of the reader. The Vigilante days are treated at such great length, about half the volume, that one is actually bored with the detailed statements of how law and order were maintained, and how the gamblers and corrupt politicians were suppressed by the illegal lynch law methods of the eulogized Vigilante commission. The dependence for material upon the monumental volumes of Bancroft is quite marked.

*The Passing of the Frontier*, by Emerson Hough. Those who have read the author's *Story of the Cowboy* and the *Story of the Outlaw* will enjoy this volume of adventure by one who knows the whole West, its every trail and camp site, and whose worship of its wild life is almost an obsession. He heartily believes that "to a genuine American the frontier is the dearest word in all the

world," and that "not statesmen but riflemen and riders made America." He is the friend of the frontiersman, the cow-puncher, the Spanish rider, the small cattle-man, the miner, stage-driver, and even of an occasional roadster. These are individualistic men, spirited, restless, impracticable, discontented, strong, full of courageous hardihood—virile men who failed in civilized life and lost the beaten trail. No man is better fitted to describe the cow country, the opening of the ranges, the long drives of Texas steers to the Fort Dodge market or to northern pastures, and the whole business of cattle raising, branding, and rounding-up. Nowhere can one find a better picture of the cowboy. The cattle kings he detests as men who, like the lumbermen, "made their fortunes out of their open contempt of the homestead law," by seizing springs, illegal fencing, and intimidating settlers. Of the packers he cannot say a good word. The mining camps of Montana, Utah and Idaho, opened during the Civil War, are described equally well. One finds California conditions intensified in wickedness, killings, Vigilante "executions," pathetic failures and phenomenal success. Other chapters tell of the Santa Fé pathway and the Overland trail via the Missouri and Platte to Oregon, of Frémont and Kit Carson, of the Indian wars, of Custer's last fight at Little Big Horn, and of the coming of the homesteader and the sheep-man.

Mr. Hough grieves as he traces the crawling frontier over the Rockies. He mourns: "The West has changed. The curtain has dropped between us and its wild and stirring scenes. The house dog sits on the hill where yesterday the coyote sang." With the frontier gone he sees discontent arise, for no longer have the younger sons of American civilization a haven of escape. There is a discordant complaint when he writes: "Hence we have the swift growth of American discontent with living conditions. There is no longer land for free homes in America. This is no longer a land of opportunity. It is no longer a poor man's country. We have arrived all too swiftly upon the ways of the Old World. And today, in spite of our love of peace, we are in an Old World's war!"

*Abraham Lincoln and the Union*, by Nathaniel W. Stephenson. Professor Stephenson of the University of Charleston writes as a Southerner, but as a reconstructed Southerner who sees the Civil War issues with a neutral eye. In the opening chapter he describes the Republic as made up of two opposing nations rather than two sections, so far had the slave-holding and free States swung apart. While the Whig and Democratic Parties had

marked time with one political evasion after another, he shows that in the South the young radicals who believed in Southern nationalism had defeated in every State the old conservative faction which believed in States rights, at the same time that it sentimentally revered the Constitution and Union. Then all was altered by the Dred Scott decision, the defeat of the Lecompton constitution by Douglas, the Lincoln and Douglas debates, the Harpers' Ferry attack, and the Northern unreasoning support of the fanatical John Brown. The war, he believes, was forced by the election of Lincoln, "the abolitionist," by a dominant, sectional Republican Party, which had allied itself with capital and the iron industry and hence had espoused high tariff doctrines. The war on the other hand was accepted by the radical South under the leadership of Tombs, Rhett, Cobb, Davis, Stephens, and Yancey, who had identified themselves with the slave and cotton capitalists. With capitalists he has little sympathy whether of the Southern type which Helper's *Impending Crisis* (with which he is impressed) condemns so heartily, or of the Northern class, whom he charges with looking at the whole issue from the point of view of profits and endangered Southern trade and investments. Cameron, Belmont, Frémont and the Cincinnati ironmongers, he castigates for their shameless profiteering and their contract frauds equally with the bankers who failed to float loans save at recklessly high interest and heavy discounts. There is something of the radical and a little of the iconoclast in the writer. This is seen in his treatment of Lincoln whom he appreciates in a very certain way, but without any of the hero worship which is fast weaving the Lincoln legend. One is made to realize the courage of Lincoln as he paced along the Potomac in the early days of the war, when the city of Washington, unprotected, was in danger of rebel capture in the absence of Northern forces. One sees the magnanimous tact of Lincoln who would brook any personal insult to win support for the war or to retain a man whom the country needed, whether it be the tortoise-like McClellan, or Secretary of State Seward, who would rule as the power behind the throne, or Chase, who meanly attacked and undermined Lincoln from his Cabinet seat. Mr. Stephenson correctly appreciates the great Democratic leader Douglas, whose biography has been so authoritatively written by the editor of this series. Douglas' declaration to the copperheads should be emblazoned: "There can be no neutrals in this war; only patriots or traitors." From the military side the essay is poor, emphasizing little save the unpreparedness, lack of supplies, failure of the financial system, breakdown of the volunteer method, the incompetence of leaders,

and the disgusting New York draft riots, which even dishonest draft practices could not justify. Foreign diplomacy, the Mexican fiasco of Emperor Napoleon, social life during the war, and the anti-Lincoln campaign of 1864 are chronicled interestingly.

*American Spirit in Literature*, by Bliss Perry. Professor Perry of Harvard has given us a brilliant survey of American literature, an historical development of American writing. He sees in our literature the history of the country and the peculiar American characteristics, due to the experimental exploration and development of the land by a people who, with Roger Williams, believed that: "We are but strangers in an inn, but passengers in a ship." "Venturesomeness, physical and moral daring, resourcefulness in emergencies, indifference to negligible details, wastefulness of materials, boundless hope and confidence in the morrow, are characteristics of the American," as Dr. Perry reads him. Commencing with John Smith's, *True Relation*, colonial writing is traced through the pages or sermons of Williams, Cotton, Mather, Hooker, Cotton Mather, Edwards, Bradford, Winthrop, and Sewall, of whom it is well said that "Calvinism bred athletes as well as maniacs." Of the Revolutionary epoch, Freneau, John and Sam Adams, Paine, Jefferson, and the writers of the *Federalist* are considered. Then follow the Knickerbocker group, the recognized Transcendentalists, and their associated friends such as Hawthorne, whose worth is rather exaggerated, Longfellow, Whittier, Lowell, Holmes, and the historians Prescott, Motley, and Parkman, Tichnor, and Sparks. A chapter is given to Poe and Whitman. The orators, Webster, Phillips, Everett, Sumner and Lincoln, are not overlooked any more than Garrison, Stowe, and Greeley, the journalists. Under the sub-title the "New Nation," Dr. Perry treats the humorists, Clemens, Billings, Nasby, Ward, and Nye, the short-story writers, London, Bret Harte, and Howells, and gives an appreciative criticism of Henry James and Whitcomb Riley.

**SUMMARIUM THEOLOGICÆ MORALIS.** *Ad Codicem Juris Canonice Accommodatum.* Editio Altera. Nicol. Sebastiani Sac. Romæ. New York: P. J. Kenedy & Sons. \$1.75 net.

The apology of the author for adding one more to the already long list of summaries and compendia of moral theology is that his is, in some respects, more serviceable than any of the others. Undoubtedly it has certain merits of its own. No serious minded or conscientious professor of moral theology would feel justified in producing a work of this kind were he not convinced that he



could improve upon those that had already appeared. One conspicuous merit of the volume in hand is its clearness, even in those parts where there is the greatest condensation. Another is the great number of theological opinions that it manages to set forth in a fairly adequate manner. This is apparent when the work is compared with the *Brevior Synopsis* of Tanquerey, for example. However, Father Sebastiani's volume is considerably the larger of the two. The order followed in the treatise is the order of the Decalogue, not that of the moral virtues. The inclusion of the pertinent sections of the New Code of Canon Law is obviously an advantage. All things considered, the volume is one of the very best of the existing compendia of moral theology.

**THE BEST SHORT STORIES OF 1918.** Selected and edited by Edward J. O'Brien. Boston: Small, Maynard & Co. \$1.60 net.

Mr. O'Brien's annual collection of the best short stories published during the year has rapidly become an institution. For a man to read the enormous number of short stories, good, bad, and chiefly indifferent, which are poured out by American periodicals is little short of heroic. If Mr. O'Brien has become notable for his industry and judgment, he has paid the price. Those of us who are content to read current fiction in retrospect, so to speak, must feel grateful to him for putting us *au courant* with the best present-day short stories. Put negatively, Mr. O'Brien's achievement has been to fling into the discard countless tales which would tax the reader's eyes and patience to peruse. Mr. O'Brien's judgment is good. To state that it is sometimes open to question, is merely to concede that he is human. The stories are not up to a uniform standard of excellence; for while *A Simple Act of Piety* is worthy of Kipling when he is worth while, and *The Visit of the Master* and *De Vilmarte's Luck* are worthy of Edith Wharton, *Cruelties* owes something to the Brown-Wilkins-Deland tradition while proving unworthy of it, because devoid of convincingness. Naturally war stories are conspicuous but most of those which Mr. O'Brien has chosen belong to the spiritual or psychological, rather than to the realistic side of it. All told, they are good but by no means the best of the collection. Great war stories, whether long or short, require a broader vision and a more profound conviction than such tales as *The Dark Hour*, *At Isham's*, or *Extra Men* possess.

What Mr. O'Brien obviously likes is a story which leaves an unmistakable impression upon the reader's mind and is told with distinction and skill. In this collection, he has creditably performed an important service to current American literature.

**BUSY, THE LIFE OF AN ANT.** By Walter Flavius McCaleb. Illustrations and Decorations by Arthur T. Merrick. New York: Harper & Brothers. 75 cents.

A statement on the wrapper of this book claims its story is "scientifically true to the facts of nature." But the mold in which the book is cast constitutes a heavy handicap against scientific, or even workaday, exactness. For the ant, or rather the antling, speaks throughout, and its autobiography is couched in terms that would do no discredit to a doctor of literature. We are irresistibly reminded of Goldsmith's gibe on Dr. Johnson, that the Sage of Bolt Court would make the little fishes talk like whales. Countless æons of the most progressive "evolution" must revolve before ants can converse as they are made to do in this volume. And further, is not the procedure of predicating our formulæ—and consequently to some extent our feelings and even our ideas—of any creatures and particularly of such inferior ones as ants, fundamentally false and absolutely unscientific? The book, nevertheless, may be of use to inspire children with a love of nature-study, though we think the style and wording somewhat above the capacity of the average child.

**A**N excellent small desk dictionary is *Webster's New Handy Dictionary* (New York: American Book Co. 32 cents). Its 278 pages contain much useful information in convenient form for the busy writers, secretaries and stenographers.

**I**N its publication for April, The American Association for International Conciliation, 407 117th Street, New York, treats *The German Revolution*. The May issue is on Eastern questions: *Palestine; The New Armenia; The Albanian Question*. (5 cents each.)

**B**ENZIGER BROTHERS are presenting a new edition of René Bazin's great novel *The Barrier*.

## Recent Events.

Germany.

No change has taken place in the personnel of the Government. Herr Ebert still remains at the head of the State while Philip Schiedemann presides over the Cabinet. So far as internal affairs are concerned the situation is less critical than it was a few weeks ago. A general strike which was threatened in Berlin, failed to take place, and the local disturbances of various kinds in other parts of the German Republic have been more or less satisfactorily appeased. In one instance, however, there has been something like a civil war. The attempt of the Bavarian Bolsheviki to establish their power in Munich and a few other cities, aroused the determination, not only of the peasants of Bavaria but also of the governing authorities in Berlin and Württemberg, to exert their utmost power to frustrate these efforts. The peasants refused to supply the cities which revolted with food, and the authorities of Berlin and Württemberg sent troops. Opposition was offered for a few weeks and for a time something like a state of civil war existed, but in the end the communist government was defeated and that of Herr Hoffmann was restored to power. The latter, while eliminating everything which savors of communism, has declared its intention to accept a coöperation of Workmen's Councils. To what extent this coöperation will be accepted, has not been disclosed nor what power these Councils will have. The energy with which the Berlin troops carried on the conflict with the rebels was largely due to the latter's intention to sever Bavaria from the German Republic, were they successful. Any attempt of this kind, involving the breaking up of the new Republic, Berlin felt itself bound to use its utmost efforts to defeat.

It is to be feared that the beautiful city of Munich will for a long time bear the marks of the conflict which has just taken place. Although it has been said that the Soviet movements of Hungary and Munich are of a much milder character than that of Russia, both of them have given a clear evidence of their willingness to shed the blood of all opponents, if such a course were necessary for the maintenance of power.

Some interest attaches to the fact that, by the death of his mother, Prince Rupert, once the heir to the Bavarian throne, has become the legitimate heir to that of England, if the descendants of James II. are to be looked upon as having that right.

The reception given the peace terms, which Germany is called upon to accept, is, of course, the most interesting of all recent events in Germany. At the time these lines are being written, no decision as to whether these terms are to be accepted or rejected has been reached. The general opinion in the Allied countries seems to be that, after making energetic protests, the terms will be accepted by the Government of Herr Schiedemann. This acceptance will not involve the relinquishment of office by the President of the German Republic. The course of Herr Schiedemann is not, however, so clear. The heads of two German democratic parties, and the parties of the Centre, have informed him that they will withdraw from the Cabinet in the event of the treaty being signed.

The President on receipt of the terms issued a proclamation in which he declared that the terms offered involved violation of promises made to the German people, and imposed a treaty of violence rather than one of right: that it was a departure from President Wilson's fourteen points. The German people, President Ebert declares, have been deceived by the Allies. The restoration of Alsace-Lorraine to France, the arrangement made with reference to the Saar district, the restitution of Schleswig to Denmark, and of what belonged to the Poland of old to the Poland of today, the President characterizes as "the dismemberment and mangling of the German people." The reparation required by the Allies, partial and incomplete though it is, of the wanton injury inflicted by Germany during the War, the President describes as "the delivering of German labor to foreign capitalism for the indignity of wage slavery." He assumes the rôle of the protectorate of democracy as against the Allies, who, he insinuates, are the promoters of imperialism. The President's proclamation contains no intimation that the German people will turn to Bolshevism; on the contrary, he declares that their safety depends upon themselves, and each and all must set themselves to labor for the preservation of the Fatherland.

Herr Ebert's proclamation was followed, a few days later, by a speech made before the National Assembly by the Prime Minister. He dwelt at length upon the unjust conditions imposed upon Germany and described the terms as "murderous," as making slaves of the German people, as terms impossible to accept, yet announced the intention of continuing negotiations in the hope of obtaining some modification. A week of mourning for the terms of peace was declared by the German people, and absolute unanimity, with few exceptions, has been manifested throughout Germany in favor of rejecting the Allied proposals. The exceptions

included the independent Socialists of whom Herr Haase is the leader. He issued a declaration that, hard as the terms were, there was no way of avoiding their acceptance. This position, however, has been abandoned on account of the general unanimity of feeling manifested.

As these pages already contain an article analyzing the terms of the Treaty, it is not necessary to attempt such an analysis in these notes.

### Russia.

When the last notes were being written there was every reason to fear that the much dreaded advance of the Bolsheviki towards the west was about to take place, and in great force. Their success in the Ukraine which led to the evacuation of Odessa by the French and Allied troops, was followed by the invasion of the Crimea and the occupation of Sebastopol. Furthermore, the junction of the troops which had succeeded in overrunning the Ukraine with the Hungarian troops was considered almost certain. As the Ukraine is the most productive of the wheat growing district of Russia, the success of the Bolsheviki over the French and Allied army put them in possession of large stores of food, to say nothing of the considerable amount of arms and munitions which the French were forced to leave behind at Odessa.

In addition to these successes it is said that the Bolsheviki in the regions further to the East occupied by the Don and Kuban Cossacks, had thwarted the efforts of General Denikin and his coadjutors to form a junction with the troops of the Omsk Government. In fact the reverses suffered by General Denikin were so serious, the Volunteer Army under his command was forced to abandon a considerable part of the territory it had occupied.

This statement, as also many others referring to Russia, must be taken with considerable reserve. The censorship is so strict and of so partisan a character that entire reliance cannot be placed upon the news which reaches this country. The breakdown of the means of communication has been so complete that, according to a recent statement made by the King of Rumania, telegrams sent by him to the Allies during the War, took more than three months to reach them, and since the armistice there has been little improvement.

So far, the successes of the Bolsheviki in the eastern and southwestern districts of Russia have not led to the expected junction with the promoters of the movement in Hungary. This Government is at present struggling for its own existence, with ap-

parently no prospect of its receiving assistance from the Bolsheviki who took possession of Odessa.

In fact the latter's occupation of Odessa has become endangered. The troops of General Petlura, whose whereabouts were so long unknown, have appeared again on the scene and have achieved considerable success in the neighborhood of Kief. This renders precarious that possession of the Ukraine which the Bolsheviki thought secure. In every part of Russia notable successes have been achieved by the various forces fighting against the Bolsheviki to the east, the north, and the west of the territory still occupied by the Soviet Government. Vilna, the capital of Lithuania, has been wrested from its hands by the Poles. Its possession, however, is not yet assured, as the Bolsheviki are said to be making strenuous efforts to recapture it.

Esthonia, also, has been cleared of these marauders. The most striking success, however, has been attained farther to the north, where Finnish and Karelian troops have succeeded in capturing Olonetz, a place one hundred and ten miles northeast of Petrograd. The capture of Olonetz involves the evacuation, by the Bolsheviki, of some fifty thousand square miles, and their retirement, so it was reported, from Petrograd. The latter report, however, still awaits verification.

Still farther north, on the Murman Coast, the disaster to the Allied forces operating in that region has been averted, and the Bolsheviki forced to retire some little distance. In the Archangel region the Bolsheviki have taken no steps toward the threatened drive upon the Allies which was to throw them into the sea. Within a short time the army being raised in England to reënforce the troops on the Murman Coast—and possibly also those in the Archangel district—will arrive and put an end to the fear which has been entertained of a Bolshevist victory in the North of Russia. It is said Helsingfors is being made ready for the reception of an Allied army of fifty thousand men, destined to seize Petrograd, if that city be still in the possession of the Bolsheviki, and afterwards march upon Moscow, the capital of the Soviet Government.

While these successes have been attained to the north, the troops of the Omsk Government have not been inactive. They, too, have met with notable successes. Marching in three columns, they are well on their way to Samara towards the south, to Kazan, and Moscow in the centre, and to Viatka farther north. Some of these columns are said to be progressing at the rate of seven miles a day into the territory controlled by the Bolsheviki. Within the last few weeks they have lost twice as much territory as the Germans seized and occupied in France and Belgium during the entire

War. The width of the Bolshevist area has decreased from about one thousand two hundred miles between Vilna and the Urals, to little more than nine hundred miles from the region of Minsk to a point between Oranburg and Samara.

The arrival in Poland of the forces, which during the War were associated with the Allies fighting in France, may be looked upon as having made safe the Eastern frontier from Bolshevist attack. The conflict which, for a long time, has been going on between the Poles and Ukrainians, in the district which stretches from the boundaries of Poland to those of Rumania, is said to have been terminated by agreement between the warring nationalities. If this be true, the door through which the Bolsheviki of Russia may most readily enter Western Europe has been closed. For, by the terms of the agreement just made, the Ukrainians are pledged to resist any such attempt made by Trotzky's troops, or by Ukrainians coöperating with these troops, and besides, are to direct their efforts towards the recovery of that part of the Ukraine now in Bolshevist hands. Moreover, there are in this district, or within easy reach of it, forces of the Allies, composed of Serbians, Greeks, and some French divisions, numbering in all about three hundred thousand men, formerly operating in the Balkan peninsula. A cordon, therefore, could easily be made to shut off any Bolshevist penetration to the west. It is said, the Allies have definitely decided to take this step. So we may safely consider that the line stretching from the Baltic to the Black Sea is on the point of being securely guarded; while the parts of Russia bordering on those seas are being watched by British and French warships. Thus egress from Russia of any Bolshevist force is rendered practically impossible.

In fact a circle has been drawn around the Bolsheviki—a circle which to all appearances is becoming smaller and smaller. Within that circle, it is true, there are no fewer than twelve armies. One of them (the Second), however, is said to have been destroyed a short time ago by Admiral Kolchak's forces.

To Trotzky's eloquence and administrative skill the raising of these armies is mainly attributed, but the chief means by which it was brought about is the deliberate plan, enforced by the Soviet Government, for the starvation of every class in Russia which does not support that Government. The population has been divided into four classes, and the entire supply taken under the absolute control of the Bolshevist administration. The first class consists of manual laborers and Government servants, mothers of families, and children; the second class of clerical workers, provided they employ no one; the third class of everybody who has

employed anyone, from the small householder employing one servant to the manufacturer employing a thousand hands; the fourth class, of all the former idle rich, including princes, aristocrats, landowners, courtiers, and proprietors of every description. To each of these classes definite rations are assigned on a diminishing scale, so that the fourth class does not receive enough food to maintain existence. As a consequence that class is practically disappearing either by death from starvation or by being absorbed into the other classes. The punishment meted out to opponents of the Bolshevik Government, by its myriad agents and spies, is to reduce the offender to one of the lower classes, and the method of recruiting the army is to insure to every man who joins it an ample supply of food for himself and his wife and family. Hence there has been little difficulty in raising the numerous aforementioned armies. These, while they mainly consist of Russians, also include Chinese and Letts. How many it is impossible to say. By such means and by the establishment of special courts to try every one who shows any sign of disaffection with the existing régime, the Soviet Government has established a power more absolute in character than any yet recorded in history.

The proposal recently made to relieve starvation in Russia by giving help to the starving on condition that hostilities should cease, was, as we have seen, in direct conflict with the methods adopted to maintain the power of the Soviet Government. No wonder that Government has refused to fulfill the condition imposed: to do so would have been equivalent to abdication. Time and again it has been said that its end is approaching, but time and again these prophecies have proved false. It is some satisfaction, however, that there is one power within Bolshevik territory to which Lenine has been constrained to show something like respect. The Soviet Government serves the good purpose of revealing to the world the logical results of making material well-being the be-all and end-all of life.

It is even more satisfactory to record that it is, itself, being forced to bow before the higher power of religious belief. Although the formerly Established Church has been dispoiled and thousands of its priests murdered, the very suffering they have endured has already accomplished what persecution has so often accomplished in the past. The Church, which was once a department of the State but without influence, has now attracted some of the best minds of Russia, and so strong is the movement that even Lenine has begun to treat it with respect, and something like submission.

Every day, too, sees the growth of the power of the All-Rus-



sian Government which has its seat at Omsk. The internal difficulties it has encountered, almost from the beginning, have been to a great extent overcome. The allegation that Admiral Kolchak favors the restoration of a monarchy, has been so completely disavowed by him, that most of the elements who were distrustful have rallied to the support of the Government. That he is working for the constituent assembly which is to decide Russia's future, is accepted by nearly all. Even General Seminoff is now collaborating with the Admiral, and the head of the Government of Northern Russia has acknowledged his leadership, on condition that the local rights of the Archangel Government should be respected. The Omsk Government is recognized throughout the whole of Siberia, East and West, with the possible exception of a few small districts in the neighborhood of Vladivostok. Its recent successes have even secured control of parts of European Russia. Something like seventy million people out of the one hundred and eighty millions who, it is estimated, form the population of Russia have accepted the authority of Admiral Kolchak. It is evident, therefore, how slight is the claim of the Soviet to be speaking for Russia, especially when we remember how much of the former empire has exercised the right of self-determination. Finland, Courland, Lithuania, Esthonia, Livonia, possibly White Russia, Russian Poland, the Ukraine, are all in this category, not to mention the republic in the Caucasus, and possibly others. To estimate their population would not be difficult, and would surely show that quite a minority of the Russian people still groan under the yoke of the Bolsheviki. It is no wonder, therefore, that the recognition of the Omsk Government by this country is said to be imminent, as it is the only Government entitled to speak for Russia.

#### **Poland.**

Reinstated Poland seems to be entering upon a period of stable government. President Paderewski's visit to Paris has been attended by such successful results that he was welcomed with ovation on his return, and his attempted assassination called forth such indignation on the part of his fellow citizens as to add considerably to his influence.

The capture of Vilna by Polish troops under command of General Pilsudski has given additional security to the State by driving farther from its borders the hostile forces of Trotzky.

The terms of the Peace Treaty, by which Dantzic is placed under the control of Poland by remaining a free city, although not quite satisfactory, are accepted with an equanimity which manifests a spirit of moderation, more likely to effect good results than

would be insistence upon extreme demands. The cession of a large part of Upper Silesia, a part of West Prussia, and of Posen, which will extend Polish territory some seventeen thousand square miles, and add something like three million people to its population, naturally gives complete satisfaction to the new State. This new State in extent of territory will be larger than the new German Republic after it is shorn of the regions it has stolen in the course of the last century. The cessation of hostilities with the Ukrainians contributes to the tranquillity now existing, a tranquillity which justified the recent joyful celebration in Warsaw of the anniversary of the constitution. The arrival in Poland of the fifty or sixty thousand soldiers who had been fighting in France under the command of General Haller, has further attended to stabilize the situation by giving the Government sufficient means to repel foreign invasion, and suppress internal disorder. It has been asserted that internal order was several times endangered by the large numbers who had become Bolshevist sympathizers. This was due to the want of food and employment, which resulted from the German policy during their period of occupation. This danger is diminished, if not altogether obviated, by the arrival of General Haller's army. The increase of food supplies, coming from this country especially, is contributing to the same result. The one dark spot is the treatment accorded to Jews at Pinsk. It is said, on authority which seems to be irrefutable, that a large number were murdered there in cold blood by Polish soldiers.

German Austria. The attempt made, soon after the establishment of the Communist Government in Hungary, to bring about a revolution in the Austro-German Republic on similar lines failed completely. This failure, however, is no indication that there were few sympathizers with Bolshevism, but is rather due to the fact that revolution would have entailed the loss of the food supplies, which alone could save a large number of the poorer classes from starvation. To be domiciled, as some of them are in the royal palaces abandoned by the archdukes who have fled to Switzerland, would be small consolation were the supplies of food cut off. It is worth remarking in this connection how secure a refuge the Republic of Switzerland is proving for the princes of fallen empires. It may be considered as an augury of the times to come.

At present the Austrian delegates are arriving in Paris, to learn there the terms by the acceptance of which peace may be secured. These are said to contain a provision that no union

shall be made between the Austro-German Republic and Republic of Germany. A strong desire for such a union formerly existed among Austro-Germans, but it is said to exist no longer in view of the conditions imposed by the Allies upon the Germany which is to be.

Czecho-Slovakia. Of the new States which have emerged from the ruins of the Austro-Hungarian Monarchy, the most steady course is being pursued by the Czecho-Slovak Republic—a course which gives promise of the establishment of a firm and stable government. Before the War the Socialist movement was so strong that it polled forty per cent of the votes for members of the Reichsrat. Their Socialism, however, was not of that Marxian character whose outcome is seen in the Soviet Russian Government. The Czech Socialists hoped and worked for a better organization of human society, but steadily set their faces against bringing about this better organization by violent means, such as have been adopted in Russia. They base their Socialism on humanity and democracy. Revolutionary Marxism, or Bolshevism, is foreign to the Czech mind. The revolution which has freed Czecho-Slovakia has brought the Bohemian Socialists into closer union with other parties. They are now coöperating with the bourgeoisie for the welfare of their country. While it cannot be said that there are no Bolsheviki to be found in the new Republic, their influence is so small as to be negligible. So far from being penetrated by them, the new Republic has sent its forces against the Bolshevik forces in Hungary, where they have made considerable progress towards Budapest.

The chief evidence of a socialistic tendency in the legislation of the new Republic is found in the expropriation of the estates of the large landowners. Under a law recently passed by the national assembly, the State will take over three million two hundred and fifty thousand acres of cultivated land and seven million five hundred thousand acres of wooded land which, it is estimated, will provide a livelihood for four hundred and thirty thousand families. No estates with less than three hundred and seventy-five acres under cultivation and two hundred and fifty acres of woodland will be expropriated, and no compensation will be given for the expropriation of land owned by the imperial family, for estates illegally acquired, and estates owned by persons guilty of treason during the War.

It may perhaps be said, without undue complacency, that the fair prospects for the new Republic are due in some degree to the

fact that the guiding spirits of the accomplished revolution have made profound studies of the long-established democracies of the West, including our own, and have deliberately modeled upon them their methods of government to deliver their country from the yoke of despotism, and to efface the evil results of this yoke.

### Hungary.

The Communist Government of Hungary maintains its existence, although more than once since the last notes were written it has been reported as on the point of collapsing. It is, indeed, surprising that its existence has been so prolonged since the commissaries of the people, as they call themselves, are eighty per cent Jews and the population whose destinies they control is ninety-five per cent Christian. That Christians submit to such a rule can only be attributed to their long habit of unreasoning acquiescence in the control exercised by the Magyar rulers, through which they have lost the habit of self-government. This Jewish Government has shown itself prudent enough not to interfere with the religious worship of the Christians. It has even caused to be read out in the churches the declaration that the Soviet Government guarantees full religious freedom to all, and promised that there will be no interference with the clergy or churches or other religious buildings. It has graciously conceded that it will not interfere with the present order of family life, nor communize the women.

Their respect for the rights of property has not been so great. The confiscation of the land has been followed by that of the houses of the rich, and any resistance to these measures has been followed by the arrest of the intellectual leaders of the country. Many have avoided this fate by taking refuge in countries where civilization continues to exist. The limits within which this tyranny is exercised are growing narrower day by day. Czecho-Slovaks from the North and Serbians from the South have been gradually approaching nearer to the capital. The noteworthy advance, however, is that of the Rumanians. A short time ago it was said that the King of Rumania was on the point of entering Budapest. This was premature, however, as by the latest reports, the Rumanians are something like eighty miles distant from that city, and at the request of the Allies, their advance has been stopped. The reason of this request is not evident, unless it may be taken as an indication that the plan to place a cordon around Russia, of which mention has already been made, has been positively adopted.

The Kingdom of the Serbs, Croats and Slovenes.

A definite incorporation of Montenegro into the new Kingdom of the Serbs, Croats and Slovenes has been accomplished, and this minute State thereby disappears as a separate entity. Montenegro is the only state which, except for a brief time, maintained its independence of Turkish rule.

But the new Kingdom is also a striking example of an undue desire to extend to the utmost limit its domination. On all sides it is pushing its claims; these claims have produced conflict not only with Italy about Fiume and Dalmatia, but also with Rumania. The latter State, while willing to concede a certain part of the banat of Temesvar, has not been able to satisfy the Serbians who claim parts of the banat where the population is distinctly Rumanian. With Hungary too, the Serbians have come into conflict, claiming a district which contains within its borders some two hundred and fifty thousand Magyars. So large are the claims made upon Bulgarian territory, that their concession involved the certainty of perpetual strife for generations to come, and, however little sympathy one may have for the Bulgars, no one can wish the perpetuation of perennial warfare between two States. The Slovenes, too, have aggressive designs for the extension of their borders, being anxious to deprive the Austro-German Republic of the towns of Villach and Klagenfurt. They have also designs upon Italy and would fain, if there were any chance of success, get possession of Trieste and Gorizia. As to the Jugo-Slavs' claim to Fiume, space forbids the discussion of a controversy which has caused so widespread an agitation, and which once threatened to destroy the harmony of the Allies. It is not yet settled, although it is hoped that an agreement is on the point of being reached. The Italian attitude is said to be conciliatory, yet, on the other hand, the fact—or the report—that Italy is sending troops across the Adriatic into the districts in dispute prevents a hopeful view of the situation being entertained.

It is no doubt on account of the extravagant claims made by the constituted Kingdom, that, so far, it has not received the recognition of any of the great powers or, in fact, of any State except Greece. It is to be regretted that so good a cause as that of Serbia should be prejudiced by the inability of its political guides to keep their ambition within bounds, and their willingness to endanger that peace which is the supreme necessity of the present moment.

*May 16, 1919.*

## With Our Readers.

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**T**HE Superior-General of the Paulist Fathers, the Very Reverend John J. Hughes, C.S.P., died on May 6, 1919, in the sixty-third year of his age. For almost ten years—his second term as Superior-General would have expired in June next—Father Hughes governed the Paulist Community. Elected to that office first in June, 1909, he was reelected in 1914.

Within those years new houses of the Community were founded in Toronto, Canada; in New York City; Portland, Oregon; and Minneapolis, Minn. The new grounds of the Paulist Novitiate near the Catholic University were purchased and the present St. Paul's College for novices was erected there.

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**F**ATHER HUGHES was born in New York City and from his earliest boyhood was under the guidance of the Paulist Fathers. He was educated at St. Charles' College, then situated at Ellicott City, Md., and later at St. Francis Xavier's, New York City. He was ordained priest on June 3, 1884, and held a responsible office in the Community a few years after his ordination. From that time to the day of his death he was not without the responsibility of some Community office. Under the late Superior-General Father George Deshon, he was Assistant Superior, and he held the same position under his predecessor the late Father George M. Scarle. These long years of service made him well versed in all matters of Community administration. They also necessitated his constant residence at the Mother House of the Community in New York City.

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**A** PART from his general administrative work, almost his entire life as a priest was spent in the parish of St. Paul the Apostle, New York City. To the care and interests of that parish he devoted himself with unstinted zeal. In his early years the welfare of the young man particularly appealed to him. He was director for years of the Spalding Literary Union, and he established for the men of the parish the Holy Name Society. At all local and national conferences, treating of the well-being of Catholic young men, he was in past years a notable figure. Twenty-five years ago he

established a Paulist Monthly Calendar which has been published ever since, and which now has numerous imitators in the parish monthlies and bulletins throughout the country. For many years also he was the head of the St. Vincent de Paul Council of the parish, and tireless in his service and devotion to the poor. He was one of the directors of the Apostolic Mission House.

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**B**ECAUSE of his long residence in New York he was known familiarly to all its priests, religious, and its Catholic people. In the priestly work of kindness to others, of sympathy for all, he excelled. The thousands that through the years received from him the Sacrament of Penance will ever remember his encouraging word, his hopeful message; the thousands who were aided by him in a temporal way to secure employment, to get a start in life, to overcome this or that seemingly insurmountable difficulty, do not forget his ready help, his patient heart.

To the sick he was devoted, visiting them constantly. Of the dead he was mindful. Through his zeal the St. Catherine Society was established; and there was not a funeral of priest or of lay friend that he did not attend. The affection in which the people held him may be gauged from the fact that he was always known as "Father John."

Surely the mercy and sympathy that he ever extended to others will be extended to him by our Blessed Lord Whom he served on earth.

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**I**T has come to our notice during the presence of the Philippine Commission in this country that certain enemies of the Catholic Church have diligently circulated the statement that the Catholics of the United States are opposed to the political freedom of the Philippine people.

Nothing could be further from the truth. Such a statement is born of the prejudice of those who utter it and has no other foundation:

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**T**HE Constitution of the Philippine Islands as passed by our Congress a few years ago, provided that independence should be granted to the Philippines as soon as a stable government was established in the Islands.

According to the information we have received, the Government of the Philippines is a stable one—the natives administer all the offices of the Administration with the exception of the Governor-General and some members of the Supreme Court. During

the recent War almost all the American soldiers were withdrawn from the country, and yet there was no disturbance or disorder.

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**W**E, as Americans, have proclaimed the policy of self-determination. We have, moreover, promised independence to the Philippine people. We believe the time has come when we may rightly redeem that promise. The great majority of the inhabitants of the Islands are Catholics, and as Catholic Americans we would resent any attempt to do them an injustice or to curtail their religious rights in any way. We firmly believe that a Constitutional guaranty fully safeguarding such rights should be exacted when independence is granted. That guaranty should protect the free exercise of the Catholic Faith by Catholics as it should protect a similar right in those of other denominations. The property of the Catholic churches, of the religious congregations, should in full measure be safeguarded.

The Catholic prelates of the Island have pledged themselves most solemnly to the cause of Philippine independence. And their support of the aspirations of the Philippine people is in turn cordially supported by the Catholics of the United States. Any propaganda of falsehood, to the contrary, will be unavailing.



**T**HE origin and growth of democracy is a subject that is claiming not a great deal of study—for not many give the time for that—but of attention. Claims are made concerning its origin which can never be historically substantiated, for example, that the Protestant Reformation brought democracy into the world. Following up this utterly erroneous claim it is frequently stated, as we wrote in last month's issue of *THE CATHOLIC WORLD*, that Protestantism alone can be the religion of the new democratic world.

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**A**N article which treats the subject in a scholarly way is published in the March issue of the Irish monthly, *Studies*. The author, Dr. Rahilly, speaks of the oft-repeated claim that "modern democracy is the child of the Reformation, not of the Reformers." This statement contains an unproved inference, namely, that while the Reformers themselves were despots, the principles they introduced curiously turned out to be democratic a century or so later. This is the gratuitous assumption upon which is built the volume by C. Borgeaud, entitled *The Rise of Modern Democracy in Old and New England*.

To prove such an inference, the author states, it would be



necessary to show (a) that the political principles of reformers, such as Luther, Calvin, Henry VIII. and Elizabeth, were really democratic, though they were meant to be the reverse, and (b) that the principles of Puritans and Whigs were logically and actually derived from the Reformation tenets and not adroitly purloined from Catholic thinkers.

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**T**O illustrate the impossibility of proving either point, Dr. Rahilly makes it clear that the Reformers were really without principle: that they varied their political principles to suit circumstances. He quotes from Luther, Calvin and John Knox. Furthermore, the greatest increase of royal power in Europe dates from the Reformation. As a political movement it added papal power to regal.

And having proved the utter worthlessness of the claim made for the Reformation, the author proceeds to prove that even in Protestant England, as well as in America, the true historical source of democracy lies in the institutions and doctrines of the Catholic Church. For example, political thinkers from Hooker, Buchanan and Milton to Locke and Algernon Sidney borrowed extensively from Catholic canonists and schoolmen. The seventeenth century witnessed a return from Protestant principles to Catholic teaching—from despotism *jure divino* to natural rights, popular sovereignty, liberties of municipal and corporate bodies.

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**D**EMOCRACY is the child of Catholicism. In the Middle Ages the only corporate entity analogous to our modern State was the Catholic Church. The only representative assemblies were councils of bishops; mixed councils of clergy and laity, including men and women, were common. The very word "commune" meant the diocesan or parochial council. To the Church we owe the communes, and the House of Commons, and the community.

The work done by the Friars in perfecting this democratic tradition of government is extensively treated. He shows that the statement of Nicholas of Cusa that "every constitution is rooted in natural law and cannot be valid if it contradicts it," was a commonplace of the Middle Ages. Upon such a truth is founded our own American declaration that governments derive "their just powers from the consent of the governed."

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**B**Y further examples and data which we cannot give here, the author in clear fashion shows our indebtedness to the Catholic Church for the blessing of democracy. Through her organiza-

tion, her great Church Councils; through diocesan and parochial representative conference; through the democracy of the Friars, she has sown the way in the political democracy of states. "And all the while there flowed that stream of deep, patient thinkers, who, from Thomas of Aquino, Nicholas d'Oresme, Antoninus of Florence, down to Almain, Major, Bellarmine and Suarez, upheld the ideal of popular rights and government by consent. It was the idea of these men to which the Catholics of the Ligue made their appeal; and notwithstanding their vehemence and passion, their ideals were sound. It was to this same treasure house of the past that the French Calvinists turned in their first and short-lived alliance with democracy. And it was back once more to the rock whence they were hewn that the Covenanters and Presbyterians turned when the day of reckoning came for the Stuarts. From the annals of the past, from Bracton and Fortescue, from forgotten canonists, legists and schoolmen, from the great conciliar controversialists, were dragged forth principles which shattered forever the Reformation tenet of Divine Right, and traversing the ocean founded the American Republic, principles whose dynamic possibilities and far-reaching consequences are not yet exhausted."

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TO THE EDITOR OF THE CATHOLIC WORLD,  
New York City.

Dear Sir:

A sense of justice prompts me to give answer in as few words as possible to the anonymous reviewer into whose hands my monograph, *The Holy Roman Empire in German Literature*, has fallen in the May number of THE CATHOLIC WORLD (p. 254). An equal sense of justice on your part, I am sure, will honor these words with publication in one of the next numbers of your esteemed periodical.

The review of which I speak is brief, very brief, contains in all fifteen lines. I honestly think that it does me and my work injustice. May I elucidate?

In the first place, (line three) the reviewer takes issue with me on my title: "Why the change (from 'Literary Satire' to the present title) was made is not clear." It was made after consultation with, and upon the urgent advice of, my professorial committee, a group of scholars of wide experience and learning. It was made because I include in my discussion not only literary satire, but also writers who treat the Empire from the unbiased historical point of view (*e. g.*, the Moser pair), and material that is decidedly pro-imperial (*cf.*, my note seven, on page twenty-four; the folksongs, *passim*; and most of the eighteenth-century poets, as Klopstock and Schiller).

Furthermore, the reviewer says (line six): that I present but lit-

tle "original data." A bold assertion! What does he mean by the term "original data?" My conception of the words is: data culled directly and independently from primary sources. I publicly maintain that three-fourths of my material in chapters two to six is of this nature, and I strongly suspect that the reviewer is not a professional Germanist and is hence incompetent to judge this material at all. He seems to restrict himself, tacitly, to be sure, to my opening chapter, "Some Historical Data." I frankly confess that this one chapter is *not* based on minute historical investigations of my own—my monograph is intended as a contribution to the field of literature, *not* to historical science. The reviewer has apparently overlooked my note four, on page two, in which I clearly state that my whole historical *résumé* in chapter one is based on Bryce, Giesebrecht, and Lamprecht, and I am shocked to read that he (or is it she ?) flippantly brushes aside the work of these celebrated authorities as "oft-refuted Protestant accounts."

Again, the reviewer chides me (line eight) because my historical treatment "does not grow out of my material." How could it? How could I be expected to derive anew the data of one thousand years of history from a study of German literary sources, especially when I was concerned primarily with so narrow a field as satire?

Finally, the reviewer says that I believe that the Popes "were the ones responsible for the weakness of the Empire." This is a vicious perversion of fact! I believe that the Empire was weak because of its centrifugal nature, its lack of firm and efficient executive, legislative, and judicial power, that it was weak because of its very construction, and that it bore the germs of this weakness in it at the very time of its incohesion. Just as specious, therefore, is the theory of the reviewer, namely, that the emperors were primarily at fault.

To sum up, I consider this review of my monograph unfair because it puts demands upon me which I never intended to fulfill and could not reasonably be expected to meet. I did not intend to deal independently with the momentous questions with which historical scholarship must grapple in its interpretation of the Holy Roman Empire. If the reviewer had realized this fact, I am certain that he would have treated my work more fairly, if not more favorably.

Very respectfully yours,

EDWIN H. ZEYDEL.

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#### THE REVIEWER'S ANSWER.

The sum of Mr. Zeydel's objections to my review of his monograph is that "it (the review) puts demands upon me which I never intended to fulfill and could not reasonably be expected to meet." My answer to this is that these demands, whether he intended to fulfill them or not, were, antecedently and in the nature of things, already imposed upon him, both by the title of the monograph and by the historic character of the subject with which he undertook to deal. His subject is the *Holy*

*Roman Empire in German Literature.* Had he confined himself to the Empire in its period of degeneration, as portrayed in post-Reformation German literature, there could have been very little to complain of, I am sure, if we may be allowed to judge from what he has actually accomplished in the latter half of the work under consideration. But this he has not done. He takes in both the old Holy Roman Empire and the later so-called empire when "practical disunion prevailed in the *Germanies* . . . albeit under the high-sounding title of 'Holy Roman Empire'" (cf. C. J. Hayes: *A Political and Social History of Modern Europe*, vol. i., p. 14. Italics ours). Nor, on the other hand, has he confined himself, in his avowed purpose, to any one period or to any one phase of German literature.

Such being the case, the ground for criticism is precisely this: in his choice of data he has not done justice to the older mediæval empire. *On the basis that this latter was an absurdity, foredoomed to failure from the start, he has chosen, regardless of the evidence he himself had, to consider the satirical literature of this period as, practically, the only form worthy of notice* in connection with his subject. Of the original data presented in his pages (to which alone my remark on this head had reference) by far the larger portion is taken from sixteenth century satirists. Now in this I again insist he has done an injustice to his subject and has failed to live up to the obligations imposed upon him by his choice of title. Writing of that very period of early German literature on which Mr. Zeydel lays so much emphasis, J. Janssen has this to say: "This terrible deterioration of German national literature in the course of a single century is chiefly responsible for the habit that obtained of regarding the close of the Middle Ages as a period of deep intellectual decay, and of tracing back to this period all the lamentable events of the sixteenth century; nay more, of making the ancient Church more or less answerable for the tremendous bankruptcy of German national life" (*Geschichte des deutschen Volkes seit dem Ausgang des Mittelalters*, vol. vii., p. 4).

Mr. Zeydel, it is quite true, is prepared to admit that in earlier times "there was an abundance of zeal for the imperial cause" (p. 22). But despite the fact that the literature in which this zeal was displayed was, as literature, far superior to that of the sixteenth century (cf. Emil Michael: *Geschichte des deutschen Volkes seit dem dreizehnten Jahrhundert bis zum Ausgang des Mittelalters*, vol. iv., also vol. i., p. 266 et seq), he dismisses it as unworthy of consideration because as he says: "the mediæval mind could see nothing reprehensible in the World-Empire and its machinery. The twelfth and thirteenth centuries witnessed the gradual weakening of the charm, yet not until the sixteenth century when men's intellects slowly began to be enlightened do we meet works of a genuinely satirical character" (p. 21).

Finally Mr. Zeydel repudiates the belief, with which I taxed him, that the Popes "were the ones responsible for the weakness of the Empire." But I would like to ask what he expects his readers to make of such statements as the following: "The hindering, obstructing,

ecclesiastical power of the Pope, which at best was incompatible with imperial projects of any kind" (p. 4); and: "History furnishes all too many examples of unscrupulous Popes who lured vainglorious Germanic Kings into their entangling meshes. As errors oft repeated are soon moulded into habits, the unnatural alliance between Pope and Emperor in time came to be considered both natural and necessary" (pp. 4, 5); and "The doctrine of the indivisibility of the Empire in its spiritual and temporal aspects, of the complete harmony of ecclesiastical and imperial powers, soon revealed its impracticability for it is doubtful if at any time after the death of Henry III. (1056) an instance of such unity can be found. In the sequel the Popes became haughtier and either demanded unconditional obedience on the part of the civil government or sought to arrogate to themselves the entire power" (p. 5).

That such statements are thoroughly unjustifiable from an historical point of view, will be clear to anyone at all acquainted with the more recent work of even non-Catholic historians, who happen to have touched upon these subjects. Should Mr. Zeydel, however, care for a fuller statement confirming the present writer's position in the matter he will find it, with references supporting it, in *THE CATHOLIC WORLD*, March, 1917, p. 768; April, 1918, p. 1; May, 1918, p. 190.

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### BOOKS RECEIVED.

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THE ANNUAL MEETINGS OF THE BISHOPS.

BY JOHN A. RYAN, D.D.



PROBABLY very few American Catholics realize that the first formal meeting in thirty-five years of the Bishops of the United States took place the twentieth of last February. The Third Plenary Council was held in 1884. Of the Bishops who composed it only one remains, His Eminence, the Cardinal Archbishop of Baltimore. The occasion which brought the Bishops together last February was the celebration (just four months overdue) of his golden jubilee as Bishop. Between sixty and seventy Bishops gathered that afternoon in Divinity Hall chapel at the Catholic University of America. The most important events of the meeting were an address to the assembled prelates by Archbishop Cerretti, the Special Delegate of His Holiness to the jubilee celebration, and the unanimous adoption by the Bishops of a resolution to meet annually thereafter.

In a letter, dated April 10th, to the Hierarchy of the United States, Pope Benedict XV. gave his warm approval to this action, and laid stress upon the great advantages to be derived from the proposed annual meetings. Through the mutual exchange of knowledge and experience, points out His Holiness, the Bishops will be enabled to take adequate measures to check the spread of error, to strengthen discipline among the clergy and laity, and to control and direct movements that affect faith

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IN THE STATE OF NEW YORK.

and morals; and they will return to their respective dioceses fortified and inspired by what they have learned concerning the best means and methods. Special attention is directed by the Pope to the necessity of mutual deliberations and united effort in the field of "economic-social activity" at this time, "when the whole structure of human society is in danger, and all civic charity, swept by storms of envious hate, seems likely to shrivel up and disappear."

An attempt to give a full description of the benefits to be expected from these annual conferences of the Bishops, is happily unnecessary in this article. Every intelligent reader can easily comprehend the essential elements of the situation. If the problems confronting the Church in America affected each diocese in a different way, or if no two dioceses had to deal with the same problems, there would be little need of meetings by the Bishops for common counsel and common action. Under the general direction and guidance of Rome, each diocese would be sufficient unto itself. As a matter of fact, all the dioceses of the country have to deal with a great number of common problems. They can no more handle them separately than a multitude of soldiers can successfully oppose a common enemy by fighting as individuals. Errors in religion and morals generally affect more than one diocese, and the same is true of evil practices and anti-Catholic movements. They can be effectively combated only through united and common action. When an authoritative statement is needed concerning the morality or advisability of a theory, a movement, or an institution, much greater heed will evidently be given to a pronouncement by the entire Hierarchy than to the declaration of a single bishop or a few bishops. When positive action is to be taken for the advancement of religion or the promotion of good morals, infinitely more can be accomplished through combined action and a common programme than through the most zealous efforts of all the Bishops acting individually and using diverse methods. As Pope Benedict points out, "the perfection of the harvest depends upon the method and the means." Each bishop is, indeed, competent to take care of his own diocese and to produce the harvest, but the "perfection of the harvest" is mainly a matter of methods, and the indispensable method of our time is organized action and a common plan of campaign.



The action taken by the Bishops at their February meeting included provision for a standing committee which will keep in constant touch with all the problems, will prepare programmes for the annual meetings, and will carry out the decisions made by the assembled Bishops. In a general way this committee will be the executive organ of the meetings and of the organized Hierarchy, and will be in practically continuous session. Without a committee of this kind, the Bishops could accomplish only a small part of the things that they desire to accomplish. When they met they would not have a sufficiently definite idea of the field to be covered, nor of the relative importance of the various subjects coming up for discussion; nor could the decisions reached in their meetings be carried out effectively and comprehensively. If the annual meetings lasted over a period of several months, like sessions of Congress, the standing committee might be dispensed with. Since they will cover but a few days, the subjects of discussion will need to be in such shape that the Bishops can take prompt action on the basis of information already gathered and digested.

The standing committee is to be known as the "General Committee on Catholic Affairs and Interests." Conformably to the action taken at the February meeting, its members have been appointed by Cardinal Gibbons. They are the same Bishops who have for more than two years constituted the Administrative Committee of the National Catholic War Council, with one addition and one substitution. The addition is Cardinal Gibbons, who is the chairman of the Committee; the substitution is Bishop Glass in the place of Archbishop Hayes, who resigned from the Administrative Committee in order to devote all his time to the duties of his new position as Archbishop of New York. The other three are Bishop Muldoon, who is vice-chairman, and Bishops Schrembs and Russell.

The principal matters that await action by the Bishops in their annual meetings have been stated at some length by Cardinal Gibbons in a letter addressed on May 5th to the General Committee. They are outlined under the following heads: 1. The Holy See. 2. Home Missions. 3. Foreign Missions. 4. Social and Charitable Work. 5. Catholic University. 6. Catholic Education in General. 7. Catholic Literature. 8. Catholic Press. 9. Legislation. 10. A Catholic Bureau. 11. Finances. Space is wanting here for even a summary of the various sub-

jects presented; only a few of the more important points can be noted. In his address to the Bishops, February 20th, Archbishop Cerretti declared that "Rome now looks to America to be the leader in all things Catholic, and to set an example to the other nations." For the fulfillment of this high mission organization and organized coöperation with the Holy See are indispensable. Both home and foreign missions present immense opportunities for good which the Church in America has not yet begun to utilize adequately, owing mainly to lack of organization and of a common programme. In the field of social and charitable work there is needed the clear presentation of Catholic social principles, a better knowledge of the best methods, and a "more general impulse to put our social principles and methods into operation." At this point in his letter, His Eminence calls attention to the great importance of providing society with right principles for the solution of the social question, and to the fact that our social principles have too long "lain hidden in our theologies, so much so that the recent pamphlet on Social Reconstruction appeared to many a complete novelty." More than ever before we need highly educated leaders, both cleric and lay, for the supplying of whom "our greatest single hope is in the Catholic University." If it is to produce the results of which it is easily capable, the University must receive greater financial and moral support from both the Hierarchy and the general Catholic population. In the field of education the question of centralization of the public system, and that of a better coördination of our own educational forces are of great and urgent importance. To supply the need of more and better Catholic literature we should have greater coöperation among the various Catholic Truth Societies, and perhaps a literary bureau under the patronage of the hierarchy. Such a bureau could develop and encourage Catholic writers, and obtain a prompt hearing for the Catholic side of disputed questions in the secular press. Through concerted action of the Hierarchy the immense possibilities that are latent in the Catholic press could be made actual. The indications of increasing hostility to the Church which our enemies seek to have expressed in legislation, demand alert and organized efforts in self-defence. In order to carry out its tasks effectively the General Committee will need a Catholic bureau equipped with adequate clerical

assistance. While the bureau and the activities of the Committee generally will necessitate a very large financial outlay, the generosity of our Catholic people in providing funds for war work shows that sufficient money can be obtained for large objects if only the methods are efficient. Here, as always, the fundamental question is one of methods and organization.

As His Eminence remarks in the closing paragraph of his letter, the programme above sketched is very comprehensive; parts of it might become realized in the near future, while other parts might require years of steady and intelligent effort. All these problems are national in scope, and can be adequately met only through national action. And adequate national action can come only through national organization of the Hierarchy, functioning through annual meetings and standing committees.

In a letter dated May 17th and addressed to all the Bishops of the country, Cardinal Gibbons made known the fact that the General Committee on Catholic Affairs and Interests had already held its first meeting, in New York, and had decided to take up for immediate consideration certain problems of urgent importance. The first of these is the legislation soon to be enacted by Congress for the enforcement of the federal amendment establishing national prohibition of the liquor traffic. The Church is vitally interested in the proposed enforcement measure because it involves the question of provision for the manufacture and distribution of sacramental wine. Happily there is good reason to hope that this need will be adequately safeguarded. The second matter to be considered by the General Committee is that of the bill now before Congress providing federal aid to and supervision of education throughout the country, and establishing a national department of education. The Committee expects to prepare a paper on this question for the consideration of the Hierarchy, in order to get a consensus of authoritative opinion, and official sanction for a definite course of action. In this situation we have an admirable illustration of one of the most important services to be performed by the General Committee: it must not only prepare programmes for and carry into effect the decisions of the Bishops at their annual meetings, but be in a position to elicit and execute their will concerning subjects that cannot wait for the date of the annual meetings.

The third subject for immediate consideration is the new *Codé of Canon Law*, in some of its particular relations to conditions in the United States. Before many months a paper dealing with this matter will be prepared and sent to all the Bishops. Finally, the question of financing the work of the General Committee is under advisement, and will be disposed of at the first meeting of the Hierarchy.

On May 24th His Eminence, Cardinal Gibbons, sent another letter to all the Bishops in which he informed them that the first annual meeting would be held the twenty-fourth of next September in Divinity Hall of the Catholic University. He invited specific and concrete proposals and suggestions from the Bishops' for the guidance of the General Committee in its work of preparing a programme for the September gathering.

Such in a general way are the facts, the needs, the opportunities, and the steps already taken concerning the annual meetings of the American Hierarchy. No one who considers them even cursorily can doubt the wisdom of the new departure, or the soundness of Cardinal Gibbons' statement that it opens "a new era for the Church in America." In his recent letter to the Bishops of the United States, Pope Benedict said: "It is, indeed, wonderful how greatly the progress of Catholicism is favored by the frequent assemblies of the Bishops, which Our predecessors have more than once approved." A particular instance that comes to mind at once is that of the Hierarchy of Ireland, who have long observed this practice to the great edification of the Irish people and progress of the Irish Church. On the other hand, the inconveniences and obstacles resulting from the want of such general meetings, are no less strikingly illustrated in the history of the Church in France. Effective organization and united effort through annual meetings of the Hierarchy would surely have minimized the evils from which the French Church has suffered in the last few decades. In our own country we have frequently felt the need of that uniform guidance, those uniform policies, and that united national effort which are attainable only through a national organization and regular meetings of the Hierarchy. The question is not one of general Catholic teaching, nor of organized diocesan activity. These we have, respectively, from the Pope and the Bishops. It is a question of the uniform and authoritative application of doctrines to

particular conditions, and of united and nation-wide policies and action.

Any account of the events which have led up to the institution of the annual meetings of the Hierarchy would be vitally defective that did not call specific attention to the supreme part taken by the illustrious Cardinal Archbishop of Baltimore. His golden jubilee brought the Bishops together on the day when they took the decision in favor of these meetings. His initiative and living grasp of the needs of the hour exercised a powerful influence in producing that decision. His letters to the General Committee and to the Bishops of the country have excellently described the general scope and problems of the new organization, as well as the particular subjects that are of immediate urgency. At every step of the proceedings, his clear vision, his mental elasticity, his unrivaled common sense, his optimism and his energetic leadership have been in demand and in action. At an age when most men who are so fortunate as to reach it have no longer the inclination or the power for active work, His Eminence of Baltimore retains the position and the faculty of leadership which has been his for so many fortunate years in the history of the Church in United States.

**T**HE full text of the Letters referred to in Dr. Ryan's article is as follows:

**POPE BENEDICT XV. TO THE AMERICAN EPISCOPATE.**

TO JAMES GIBBONS, CARDINAL OF THE HOLY ROMAN CHURCH, ARCHBISHOP OF BALTIMORE, WILLIAM O'CONNELL, CARDINAL OF THE HOLY ROMAN CHURCH, ARCHBISHOP OF BOSTON, AND TO THE OTHER ARCHBISHOPS AND BISHOPS OF THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.

*Beloved Sons, Venerable Brethren, Health and Apostolic Benediction.*

Your joint letter to Us from Washington, where you had gathered to celebrate the Fiftieth Anniversary of the Episcopate of Our beloved son James Gibbons, Cardinal Priest of the Holy Roman Church, was delivered to Us on his return by Our Venerable Brother Bonaventura, Titular Archbishop of Corinth, whom We had sent to represent Us and bear you Our message of joy on this very notable occasion. Your close union with Us was confirmed anew by the piety and affection which your letter breathed,

while your own intimate union was set forth in ever clearer light by the solemn celebration itself, so perfectly and successfully carried out, no less than by the great number and the cordiality of those present. For both reasons we congratulate you most heartily, Venerable Brethren, all the more, indeed, because you took the opportunity to discuss matters of the highest import for the welfare of both Church and country. We learn that you have unanimously resolved that a yearly meeting of all the Bishops shall be held at an appointed place, in order to adopt the most suitable means of promoting the interests and welfare of the Catholic Church, and that you have appointed from among the Bishops two commissions, one of which will deal with social questions, while the other will study educational problems, and both will report to their Episcopal brethren. This is truly a worthy resolve, and with the utmost satisfaction We bestow upon it Our approval.

It is, indeed, wonderful how greatly the progress of Catholicism is favored by those frequent assemblies of the Bishops, which Our predecessors have more than once approved. When the knowledge and the experience of each are communicated to all the Bishops, it will be easily seen what errors are secretly spreading, and how they can be extirpated; what threatens to weaken discipline among clergy and people and how best the remedy can be applied; what movements, if any, either local or nation-wide, are afoot for the control or the judicious restraint of which the wise direction of the Bishops may be most helpful. It is not enough, however, to cast out evil; good works must at once take its place, and to these men are incited by mutual example. Once admitted that the perfection of the harvest depends upon the method and the means, it follows easily that the assembled Bishops, returning to their respective dioceses, will rival one another in reproducing those works which they have seen elsewhere in operation, to the distinct advantage of the faithful. Indeed, so urgent is the call to zealous and persistent economico-social activity that we need not further exhort you in this matter. Be watchful, however, lest your flocks, carried away by vain opinions and noisy agitation, abandon to their detriment the Christian principles established by Our predecessor of happy memory, Leo XIII., in his Encyclical Letter *Rerum Novarum*. More perilous than ever would this be at the present moment, when the whole structure of human society is in danger, and all civic charity, swept by storms of envious hate, seems likely to shrivel up and disappear.

Nor is the Catholic education of children and youth a matter of less serious import, since it is the solid and secure foundation

on which rests the fullness of civil order, faith and morality. You are indeed well aware, Venerable Brethren, that the Church of God never failed on the one hand to encourage most earnestly Catholic education, and on the other vigorously to defend and protect it against all attacks; were other proof of this wanting, the very activities of the Old World enemies of Christianity would furnish conclusive evidence. Lest the Church should keep intact the faith in the hearts of little children, lest her own schools should compete successfully with public anti-religious schools, her adversaries declare that to them alone belongs the right of teaching, and trample under foot and violate the native rights of parents regarding education; while vaunting unlimited liberty, falsely so-called, they diminish, withhold, and in every way hamper the liberty of religious and Catholic parents as regards the education of their children. We are well aware that your freedom from these disadvantages has enabled you to establish and support with admirable generosity and zeal your Catholic schools, nor do we pay a lesser meed of praise to the superiors and members of the religious communities of men and women who, under your direction, have spared neither expense nor labor in developing throughout the United States the prosperity and the efficiency of their schools. But, as you well realize, we must not so far trust to present prosperity as to neglect provision for the time to come, since the weal of Church and State depends entirely on the good condition and discipline of the schools, and the Christians of the future will be those and those only whom you will have taught and trained.

Our thoughts at this point turn naturally to the Catholic University at Washington. We have followed with joy its marvelous progress so closely related to the highest hope of your churches, and for this Our good will and the public gratitude are owing principally to Our Beloved Son the Cardinal Archbishop of Baltimore and to the Rector of the University, Our Venerable Brother, the Titular Bishop of Germanicopolis. While praising them, however, we do not forget your own energetic and zealous labors, well knowing that you have all hitherto contributed in no small measure to the development of this seat of higher studies, both ecclesiastical and secular. Nor have we any doubt but that, henceforth, you will continue even more actively to support an institution of such great usefulness and promise as is the University.

We make known to you also how deeply we rejoice to hear that popular devotion to Mary Immaculate has greatly increased in view of the proposal to build on the grounds of the University the National Shrine of the Immaculate Conception. This most

holy purpose merited the approval and cordial praise of Our Predecessor of happy memory, Pius X. We, too, have always hoped that at the earliest possible date there would be built in the National Capital of the great Republic, a temple worthy of the Celestial Patroness of all America, and that all the sooner because, under the special patronage of Mary Immaculate, your University has already attained a high degree of prosperity. The University, We trust, will be the attractive centre about which will gather all who love the teachings of Catholicism; similarly, We hope that to this great church as to their own special sanctuary will come in ever greater numbers, moved by religion and piety, not only the students of the University, actual and prospective, but also the Catholic people of the whole United States. O may the day soon dawn when you, Venerable Brethren, will rejoice at the completion of so grand an undertaking! Let the good work be pushed rapidly to completion, and for that purpose let everyone who glories in the name of Catholic contribute more abundantly than usual to the collections for this church, and not individuals alone but also all your societies, those particularly which, by their rule, are bound to honor in a special way the Mother of God. Nor in this holy rivalry should your Catholic women be content with second place, since they are committed to the promotion of the glory of Mary Immaculate in proportion as it redounds to the glory of their own sex.

After thus exhorting you, it behooves Us now to set an example that will lead Our hearers to contribute with pious generosity to this great work of religion, and for this reason We have resolved to ornament the high altar of this church with a gift of peculiar value. In due time, We shall send to Washington an image of the Immaculate Conception made by Our command in the Vatican Mosaic Workshop, which shall be at once a proof of Our devotion towards Mary Immaculate and Our goodwill toward the Catholic University. Our human society, indeed, has reached that stage in which it stands in most urgent need of the aid of Mary Immaculate, no less than that of the joint endeavors of all mankind. It moves now along the narrow edge which separates security from ruin, unless it be firmly reëstablished on the basis of charity and justice.

In this respect, greater efforts are demanded of you than of all others, owing to the vast influence which you exercise among your people. Retaining, as they do, a most firm hold on the principles of reasonable liberty and of Christian civilization, they are destined to have the chief rôle in the restoration of peace and order, and in the reconstruction of human society on the basis



of these same principles, when the violence of these tempestuous days shall have passed. Meantime, We very lovingly in the Lord impart the Apostolic benediction, intermediary of divine graces and pledge of Our paternal goodwill, to you Our Beloved Sons, to Our Venerable Brethren and to the clergy and people of your flocks, but in a particular manner to all those who shall now or in the future contribute to the building of the National Shrine of the Immaculate Conception at Washington.

Given at St. Peter's, Rome, the tenth day of April, 1919, in the fifth year of Our pontificate.

BENEDICT PP. XV.

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HIS EMINENCE CARDINAL GIBBONS TO THE GENERAL  
COMMITTEE OF BISHOPS.

BALTIMORE, May 5, 1919.

RIGHT REVEREND P. J. MULDOON, D.D.

RIGHT REVEREND J. SCHREMBS, D.D.

RIGHT REVEREND J. S. GLASS, C.M., D.D.

RIGHT REVEREND W. T. RUSSELL, D.D.

*General Committee on Catholic Interests and Affairs.*

*Right Reverend and dear Bishops:*

As the Administrative Committee of the National Catholic War Council is to meet this week in New York, I ask its members to convene separately also as "The General Committee on Catholic Interests and Affairs." I cannot be present but I ask Bishop Muldoon to act as chairman in my place. Archbishop Hayes, on account of his pressing new duties, has resigned from the Administrative Committee. I requested Archbishop Hanna to suggest in his stead a bishop from the Far West. He proposed Bishop Glass of Salt Lake City, whom I very gladly appointed on the Administrative Committee and who will, consequently, serve with us on the General Committee on Catholic Interests and Affairs.

We all recognize, dear Bishops, the importance of the act now being accomplished, in pursuance of the suggestion of the Special Delegate of the Holy Father, Archbishop Cerretti. This suggestion I regard as a divine call to summon our best thought and maximum energy in order to organize and direct them for the kindling of religion in the hearts of the American people. Coming at this time it is providential; the formation of this Committee begins, I believe, a new era in our Church. A closely knit organization of the Hierarchy acting together in harmony promises, under God's guidance, the greatest extension and development of the influence of religion. No other Church in history,

probably, had so grand an opportunity challenging it as we have at this moment. On us, and particularly on your younger minds and stronger arms, devolves the duty of surveying the field and planning the great work.

As I cannot be present at the first meeting to discuss with you the scope of the work, I beg to submit to your consideration some of my own thoughts and some suggestions made to me by members of the Hierarchy. I am not yet prepared myself to endorse all these suggestions, but coming from such esteemed sources, I pass them on to you as topics to be considered in the formation of plans.

The ordinary work of the Committee, as I conceive it, is to prepare for the meetings of the Hierarchy and to serve as an executive to carry out their decisions and wishes. It will necessarily be a clearing house for the general interests of the Church.

In planning this work, one may make various division of general "Catholic Interests and Affairs." I suggest the following which is along practical rather than logical lines: 1. The Holy See. 2. Home Missions. 3. Foreign Missions. 4. Social and Charitable Work. 5. The Catholic University. 6. Catholic Education in General. 7. Catholic Literature. 8. Catholic Press. 9. Legislation. 10. A Catholic Bureau. 11. Finances.

1. *The Holy See.* Archbishop Cerretti explained to us on the occasion of my Jubilee the pressing needs of the Holy See. The countries of Europe impoverished by war will be able to contribute little to the Holy Father. Yet, greater demands than ever before are being made upon the Holy See in behalf of the destitute and suffering in devastated lands, and for the maintenance of poor missions. "Rome," said His Excellency, "now looks to America to be the leader in all things Catholic, and to set an example to other nations." The Catholics of the United States are in a position today to manifest in a way that will give edification to the whole Church their generous loyalty to the Father of Christendom. The sum of money we may hope to raise and the best way to raise it are points to be considered under Number 11.

2. *Home Missions.* The end of the War finds the Church in this country in a stronger position than ever before. It is recognized more widely and more clearly as the one Church that knows its own mind, that has a message for society in its troubled state, and that is obeyed and loved by its people. The decay of other Churches will turn the thoughts of many towards us. The fine record of our chaplains in the army and navy has taught millions the real character of the Catholic clergy. Every bishop in his

own diocese will try to reap the harvest which was sown during the War. But is it not possible for us to make larger plans? Cannot the mind of the American public be more effectively reached? Cannot the press spread Catholic truth, if the work be energetically undertaken under the direction of the Hierarchy? Some suggest a more active preaching campaign, of going out to the people since the vast millions fail to come to our churches. Many sections of our country have few Catholics and are almost absolutely ignorant of Catholicism. What can we do for them? On the vast negro population, rapidly increasing in numbers and growing in education and influence, we have made almost no impression. Are our methods at fault or our zeal lacking? What can be done for all these souls? We have organizations in the Home Mission Field, Catholic Church Extension, the Missionary Union, the Negro and Indian Commission, and several others, all more or less under the control of the Hierarchy. Is closer coöperation among them possible? Would it be well to reconsider the whole problem of our Home Missions, which is, of course, the chief field of our duty? Would a conference of those most intimately concerned be advisable? This is a very large subject, of course, and requires long study and much thought, but I am confident that our bishops, missionaries, and the clergy in general are doing much valuable thinking along these lines, of which the whole Church should have the benefit. I am hopeful that a beginning will have been made before the next meeting of the Hierarchy.

3. *Foreign Missions.* Our enormous needs at home in this progressive country have so absorbed our thought and our zeal that we hardly have been able, till very recently, to turn our attention to foreign missions. The new position of our nation as the great world power will surely enlarge our vision. All over the world, America will have tremendous influence. Up to the present moment, we may say, that influence has been entirely non-Catholic. To the world in general, even to the Catholic world, American is synonymous with Protestant. The wonderful strength of the Church in this country is almost unknown to foreign lands. The reason is that the Church abroad has profited little by our strength and our riches. Now we cannot doubt that vocations in this field, both of men and of women, will be found in abundance, and it is our confident hope and prayer that God will use American zeal, energy and organizing ability to give a great impulse to foreign missions. How can the Hierarchy aid in fostering the missionary spirit and in gathering the funds necessary for the work?

4. *Social and Charitable Work.* The Catholic War Council

and the National Catholic Charities Conference have done most valuable pioneer work in this field. We are deeply indebted to the Administrative Committee for its timely guidance in the problems of this reconstructive period. Three things, in my opinion, are needed. First, the presentation, definite, clear and forceful, of Catholic social principles. Second, more knowledge as to the best methods of Catholic social and charitable work. Third, a more general impulse to put our social principles and methods into operation. Society never had greater need for guidance. It is turning for light to the Catholic Church. Too often, we must admit, our principles, the principles of the Gospel, have lain hidden in our theologies, so much so that the recent pamphlet on Social Reconstruction appeared to many a complete novelty. The Church has a great work of social education and social welfare lying before it. Here, again, the Hierarchy must take the lead.

Hardly anything in recent years has reflected greater glory on the Church than the care of the moral welfare of our soldiers and sailors during the War—a work begun by the Knights of Columbus and perfected by the Hierarchy through its Committee of the National Catholic War Council. Buildings with their equipment are to be found in nearly all our Government forts and stations here and abroad. No one, I presume, would think that we should abandon this field of apostolic work. After the record we have made, it would be impossible for us to say to our men in the service: we leave you now to the care of the Y. M. C. A., the Jewish Welfare Board, and the Salvation Army. That these organizations propose to keep up the work begun during the War, there can be no doubt. Naturally, too, the Knights of Columbus do not wish to give up this work or to abandon the valuable property erected in Government stations and forts. This work can be best done by the Knights with the support of the Hierarchy, as a truly Catholic work. For the sake of our men in the service, for the spiritual welfare of the Knights of Columbus, and for the honor of the Church itself, this work then should continue to be under the direction of the Hierarchy.

The time will soon come, too, when we shall have to consider the best means of utilizing the zeal and good will of other Catholic societies, both of men and women, and of the laity in general. Our people long to be helpful and only need to have the way shown to them.

5. *The Catholic University.* The Great War has revealed to the world the all-penetrating influence of the highly trained intellect. The universal unrest of the day seems a prelude to very troubled times. Evil doctrines, propounded by clever minds, will

have more and more influence. Great need, then, will the Church have of leaders with sure knowledge and well trained and well balanced minds. Our greatest single hope is in The Catholic University which in its short existence has already been of the greatest service in many ways that even the Catholic public, perhaps, is not aware of. After its many vicissitudes, it stands today upon a solid foundation. We have reason to be proud of it and its achievements. It is the child of the Hierarchy and depends for its support on the Hierarchy. Continually in the past its development has been stunted for lack of funds. If it is to obtain and hold its place among the leading universities of the United States, a greater interest in its welfare and success must be aroused among our Catholic people. It ought not to be difficult to double or treble, at least, the annual contribution. Our Committee should consider ways and means of affecting this.

A report on higher education among Catholics, relative to the intellectual life of the country, is a great desideratum. It would reveal the need of greater efforts to raise our intellectual standards.

6. *Catholic Education.* Centralization in education is the trend of the day and seems due to the needs of the situation. What will be the outcome? How will Catholic interests be affected? There is no question at present on which light is more earnestly desired. It is, indeed, the most pressing of problems, the one on which we can least afford to delay. I beg you to have a careful treatment of this subject prepared and submitted to the judgment of the most expert.

A less pressing but even more important matter is the systematization of our own educational forces. There is great waste through lack of coördination. Do we not need more of system? Will not the very trend on our national life force us to study and overhaul our own educational structure?

7. *Catholic Literature.* We are not a literary Church, for our busy ministry has left little leisure for literary pursuits. Nevertheless our ministry would be greatly facilitated by the production and spread of good books and pamphlets. As a matter of fact it is greatly hampered now by lack of literature on the most common topics of the day, which would enlighten inquirers or strengthen the faith and deepen the piety of our own people. It has been suggested that a literary bureau, under the patronage of the Hierarchy, could easily secure writers to give us what is lacking. Is this feasible? Certainly there is a great deal of literary talent among us which a little stimulation would rouse to a very useful activity.

The various Catholic Truth Societies of the country might coöperate with greater effect, and be stirred to more productivity. It would be easy to suggest many useful pamphlets that should be written. A greater circulation of those already in existence is desirable. A Catholic literary bureau would greatly aid both these projects.

Such a bureau could also enlist the services of able writers in preparing articles on Catholic subjects for the secular papers and magazines. It frequently happens that an attack more or less open is made on the Church in the secular magazines or papers. An answer is immediately forthcoming in our Catholic press. But who reads it? It reaches a limited number of our own people, but is unheard of by the world of non-Catholics who have read the attack in the secular press. Moreover, I submit that we should not forever continue to place ourselves in a merely apologetic, excusing, or defensive attitude. While not being offensively aggressive, should we not endeavor occasionally to secure a sympathetic hearing from our separated brethren by articles calculated to inform the non-Catholic public on Catholic teaching, practices, and endeavors. The world outside the Church is not maliciously antagonistic to us. Its opposition is due to misconceptions of the Church and her ambitions. We need to reach the non-Catholic world, and the most effective means by which it can be reached is the secular press.

8. *The Catholic Press.* The children of the world are wiser in their day than the children of light. Certainly, there is no comparison between the secular and the religious press, as regards the interest of the reading matter which each provides. The Catholic press has begun to imitate the secular press with its central news associations and bureaus for syndicated articles. Such associations and bureaus could raise the tone and heighten the interest of our weeklies. Up to the present time, the Hierarchy has taken no concerted action on behalf of the Catholic press. In view of the immense influence for good which a popular press could have on our people, it is worthy of inquiry whether we cannot come to its aid.

9. *Legislation.* There are many signs of increasing hostility to the Church and of a desire to translate this hostility into legislation, whether national or state. We have hardly had any policy at all in regard to such matters and frequently have only realized the intentions of our enemies when the hostile laws were already enacted. The very success and growing strength of the Church will make our enemies double their hatred and their cunning. Most of the legislation hurtful to us, however, is passed

without any thought of injuring us. What means should we take to know proposed measures of legislation and to prevent, if possible, what is harmful? If we take any step in this direction, although all Protestant Churches have representatives in Washington as all interests have, except ourselves, the cry will be raised that the Church is in politics; but that cry has been heard all our lives and in all generations back to the Sanhedrin that condemned Christ. It is a matter, however, which we must carefully consider and upon which the Hierarchy will desire a report.

10. *Catholic Bureau.* It is evident, at any rate, that the General Committee on Catholic Interests and Affairs will need headquarters and clerical assistance; otherwise it would be unable to realize the purpose of its creation. Steps should be taken before long to establish such a bureau.

11. *Finances.* Evidently, too, the plan of action which I have outlined postulates a generous financial support. Our expenses, however, in the campaign for funds during the last two years should make us realize, as we have never done before, our possibilities. I am bound to say, however, that I have not yet attained the confidence of some members of the Hierarchy in our ability to raise millions. At our meeting one distinguished archbishop suggested raising a million dollars for the Holy Father. Another bishop suggests four millions annually for all Catholic purposes, and still another would set the mark at five millions. I am sure at any rate, dear Bishops, that the Hierarchy would welcome the judgment which your own experience in the United War Work Campaign would lead you to form.

The foregoing plan, I must admit, is a very comprehensive one and furnishes almost enough matter of thought for a Plenary Council. It is a plan that perhaps cannot soon be realized in all its scope, yet I have thought it worth while to sketch the outline in full. Some of the ideas may be realized soon and others may be seed sown now which will sprout and bear fruit only after many years. I rely on your excellent practical judgment to select for our programme the most urgent matters and the most promising ideas, and I trust that when the Hierarchy meets next, our General Committee on Catholic Interests and Affairs will be able to present a workable plan of important things that ought soon to be accomplished.

I remain, my dear Bishops,

Faithfully yours in Christ,

JAMES CARDINAL GIBBONS,

*Chairman General Committee on Catholic  
Interests and Affairs.*

## BOLSHEVISM AND PHILOSOPHY.

BY JAMES I. KING.



IT has been said that "Bolshevism is the outcome of drawing-room philosophy." The wealth of truth contained in this statement is not at first sight clear. It seems to come like a shaft from the heavens, as sudden and unexpected as does the flash of lightning in a clear sky. The storm grows, without warning, amidst the rumble of thunder, reminding man once again that nature has its Lord, greater and mightier than the leaders of men. If we had inquired more carefully, probably the weather man could have told us a storm was coming. Perhaps the same is true of Bolshevism. It had its harbingers in the leger-de-main realm of philosophy, who sang the swan-songs of dynasties, hoary with old age and respectability. Systems of philosophy have been and are now being propounded of which demagogues, unchecked even by the leash of conventionality, are the mouthpieces in the chambers of nations. Theories of morality, subversive of all authority, until recently confined for the most part to the class-room, are now being translated into practice. Morality and religion have been cast to the winds, and laws have received the sanction of self-styled liberators, which would bring the blush of shame even to the cheeks of a Don Juan or a Messalina.

It is a psychological law that the present can only be interpreted in terms of the past. An extension of the same law to society in general could perhaps be stated thus: present events are best interpreted in terms of the past. This is the psychological analogue of the time-honored dictum, "History repeats itself." The known contains the key to the unknown. To put it concretely, the French Revolution gives us a cue to the interpretation of Bolshevism. Then, too, unbridled vice received the sanction of misguided law, and violated nature was set up as the golden calf for humanity's worship. The way was blazed for this "Reign of Terror" by the religious and philosophical gunpowder of Voltaire, and the social dynamite of Rousseau. They were the sappers who laid the mines beneath



the trenches of an aristocracy over-confident in the strength of pompous but crumbling fortifications. Marat, Danton, and Robespierre, and a host of other demagogues applied the match. And lo! the social structure that had withstood the stormy seas for centuries, vanished as if by magic. A few years before, men of every rank and station in life drank in voraciously the philosophical vagaries of their idol Voltaire. Little did the proud aristocrats dream that these doctrines, which they sought to have him expound in their *salons*, would one day so intoxicate the frenzied masses, that their thirst would refuse to be satiated except by "blue blood."

Voltaire understood humanity. He realized that the columns supporting the social edifice must be removed one at a time. First, he set man's mind adrift in the tractless waste of skepticism. Little wonder that morality disappeared. Religion was the only power left to check unbridled passions and to support a fast decaying social structure. With serpentine ingenuity he advanced, apparently removing the poison from his fangs by still leaving room for God's existence as an aid to culture. Rousseau attacked existing social institutions. All men were at first naturally good and free, but they had yielded their rights by virtue of the "Social Contract." The "Social Contract" had been abused by a form of society which was the root-evil of man's unhappiness. Hence, he advocated its overthrow and a "back to nature" campaign. Then followed the Encyclopedists, anarchists in social and philosophical matters, and professed atheists in religion. These doctrines were the whetstones for the scythes and swords of the masses. In short, the Revolution was simply the external expression of a social state of mind created by a coterie of materialistic philosophers.

Though dead, their doctrines are still scattered broadcast by printing-presses, belching forth their poison unchecked on the masses. How freighted with truth and meaning are the words of the bard of Avon:

We have scotch'd the snake, not kill'd it,  
She'll close and be herself, whilst our poor malice  
Remains in danger of her former tooth.<sup>1</sup>

Undoubtedly the same poison that caused the fearful excesses

<sup>1</sup> Macbeth, Act III., sc. 2.

of the French Revolution lingers still within society's bosom. Their works have been the text-books of radicals, and furnished arrows for their quivers ever since.

Plato in his Republic would place the destinies of nations in the hands of philosophers. This was set forth by him as an ideal. Little did he think it was one day to be realized. False doctrines, propounded under the guise of philosophy, are cancers in society, working slowly but surely until they reach its very vitals. They are all the more dangerous and deadly owing to the fact that they are an unsuspected enemy within the camp. Man is truly "the paragon of animals," when he follows the dictates of his higher nature. He is more, he is the "high-priest of nature." But once these God-given faculties are debased, he sinks to a level even below that of the animal. The animal cannot withstand the check of nature, but man is free to cast it aside and work untold havoc. It was by making intellect's noblest product, philosophy, a traitor to human nature, that Voltaire and his co-workers succeeded in this accomplishment.

Action that has far-reaching results demands antecedent thought. The masses do not think, and yet social upheavals are the result of thought. Society, just as the individual, is subject to the biological law of gradual progress. It cannot be transformed in a moment. Earthquakes "cast their shadows before," be they physical or social. Hence, social earthquakes that swallow up dynasties and revolutionize institutions of long standing, though they actually happen in the twinkling of an eye, have far-reaching antecedents. The false doctrines of philosophers are the earth-rumblings indicative of the approach of humanity's catastrophes. It is true mobs act rather than think. However, it is equally true that thinking has been done. If they do not think, then, it is because somebody else has done the thinking for them. Thus, Voltaire and his philosophic brethren were the manufacturers, Danton and his associates, the middle men, and the French people the consumers. May not the same be true of Bolshevism?

We fully realize, philosophy was only one of the factors helping to make possible the French Revolution. This argument only seeks to suggest that there was a like condition in the case of Bolshevism.

All roads in modern radical philosophy seem to return ulti-

mately to Kant. He acts "as a sign-post in philosophy, with many fingers pointing in different directions and the road taken depends largely on the personality and needs of the traveler."<sup>2</sup> He sought to save religion and morality from the corroding influence of materialism and skepticism by placing it in the realm of Practical Reason, inaccessible to the shafts of Pure Reason. In so doing, he rendered them non-rational, and the outcome of emotion and will, which are blind, if not guided by the light of the intellect. It was but a short step for Hegel to eliminate the supernatural altogether. Modernism sought to compromise the difficulty by bringing religion into conformity with its irreconcilable enemies, Rationalism and Pragmatism. But such an alliance could only be a subterfuge and culminate in the annihilation of religion. For the pragmatists, religion is a matter of purely individual concern. Humanity unfortunately carries with it much unnecessary excess baggage in the form of a "funded accumulation of beliefs." Religion pertains to this excess, and so in the enlightened struggle for scientific and democratic freedom, the decks must be cleared for action, and all that is not absolutely essential must be cast overboard. "The prince of darkness," writes Professor James, "may be a gentleman as we are told he is: but whatever the God of earth and heaven is, he surely can be no gentleman."<sup>3</sup> Perhaps, in consideration of the less scientific section of humanity, the pragmatists would permit a referendum! Why should not humanity have a voice in the election of its God? The respect given to such an elective God would, then, be likewise placed on a democratic basis, taking the form of a tribute to our wisdom in choosing Him. Caligula ought certainly to receive a pedestal in the pragmatic pantheon! Thus the pragmatists carry Bolshevism up to heaven.

Such is the time-spirit. We must have democracy likewise in intellectual matters. Dogmas and first principles are fetters binding us to the rock of absolute truth. Let us burst them asunder and cast off "the strait-jacket of consistent thinking!" In the new philosophic democracy, problems are to be settled by vote, or better still let them be voted out of existence. Pragmatism claims, "the open air and possibilities of nature, as against dogma, artificiality, and the pre-

<sup>2</sup> J. M. Sullivan, *Old Criticism and New Pragmatism*, p. 252.

<sup>3</sup> *Pragmatism*, p. 72.

tense of finality and truth." That a thing should be true whether we like it or not, is as hateful as the old Russian Autocracy. (May not their philosophers' stone be after all but Medusa's head petrifying all true intellection!) Disregarding problems is by no means solving them. Such a system debases intelligence, denying it the power to probe into depths of nature's mysteries, and instead enmeshing it in a spider-like creation. Such dilettanti philosophers are the spiders, their systems the webs, and the public the flies on which they live or inextricably entangle in their fatal webs.

Darwin startled the world with his dogmatic assurances of a haphazard evolution. Herbert Spencer wove the web. Huxley assured us that our ancestors were to be found within the bars of the zoo. The seductive cry, "Back to Nature," of Rousseau received a new impetus. Misguided philosophy ran wild, and accepted without hesitation the fundamental dictate of a radical evolutionism—truth is relative. The traditional tyrant of philosophy "absolute truth," has been vanquished from the lists. Evolution has taught us everything that exists is in an eternal flux. Truth as reality contains a personal fringe, it is "man-made." It changes with human nature. The distinction between the true and the false must of necessity be blurred and almost non-existent in a cosmos eternally flowing and unmolested by an antecedent finality. Our search must be not for the truth, but for the "more true," "the truth up-to-date." Truths change just like fashions, expediency being their determinant. Relativistic philosophy has proved itself to be the Perseus that would rescue a new Andromeda from the rock of authority to which the chains of tradition had bound humanity.

Nature itself must march foremost among the captives in philosophy's triumph. Mechanical invention has bent her proud neck to the yoke of human power. All things are possible, the only limit to man's power being laziness and pusillanimity. Humanity in the rôle of Prospero, has again reopened his magical books of science and democracy, and made nature his Caliban, and God his Ariel. Success, unchecked by the bridle of authority, is the sesame to the latent treasures of human nature. Cast aside "hard facts" and let expediency be the touchstone of success, and success itself the goal.

Yet, despite this regained freedom difficulties may impede

democracy's triumphant march. Dr. Schilier writes: "Delicate questions may arise out of the fact that not only does what works receive social recognition, but also that which receives social recognition for this very reason works."<sup>4</sup> Thus our "Ironclads" and "Berthas" will still have to remain in action as the ultimate arbiters of metaphysical problems. Prussianism may lurk in some hidden nook to disturb the freedom of our philosophic seas!

After all, a league of nations may be possible in the metaphysical realm. Democracy can in no wise worship the bellicose force of Nietzsche. But we must have some force, which will take the form of laws, national and international, propounded by an enlightened democracy. This does not mean that we shall have to recall the slain monster "authority," but rather that public opinion will have sufficient democratic force to cause a peaceful decision. Gradual enlightenment will evolve a brotherhood and an unanimity among humankind.

These doctrines have found their middlemen from time to time. Syndicalist philosophy, of which Bolshevism is the extreme expression, could not find more fertile soil than the thought of Bergson. It would seem as if he held a brief for it in the courts of reason. Strike for strike's sake, and anarchy unchecked by any form of restraining authority is surely its practical phase. Social institutions are the vanes, indicative of bifurcations, crystallized or deposited here and there by the *élan vital* in its everchanging progress, moved by the fickle winds of human passions. Movement is of the very essence of life<sup>5</sup> and reality.<sup>6</sup> "The essential thing," writes Bergson, "is the continual progress,<sup>7</sup> and "the rôle of life is to insert some *indetermination* into matter. Indeterminate, *i. e.*, unforeseeable are the forms it creates in the course of its evolution," it is "a veritable *reservoir of indetermination.*" Unforeseeableness is of the very essence of the evolution. Press on unhampered by any purpose or end, tear down and live in the flux, leaving the *élan vital* to look after the outcome: "To movement, then, everything will be resolved."<sup>8</sup> Nietzsche ought to be the ideal of Bergsonian Bolshevism: "I am no man, I am dynamite." Vitality and vagueness go hand in hand likewise in Bolshevism.

<sup>4</sup> *Humanism*, p. 59.

<sup>5</sup> Henri Bergson, *Creative Evolution*, pp. 128, 249, etc.

<sup>6</sup> *Idem.*, pp. 239, 250, etc.

<sup>7</sup> *Idem.*, p. 77.

<sup>8</sup> *Idem.*, p. 126.

<sup>9</sup> *Idem.*, p. 250.

The inevitable never comes to pass, and the unexpected always happens.

We of today, witnessing Bolshevism spreading over Europe like a forest fire, cannot see the connection between these false systems and this all-consuming cataclysm. Due perspective is lacking. To see it in all its harmonious proportions we would need to look through the spectacles of time. We do not say that either the pragmatists or Bergson formulated their philosophy for the Bolshevists, rather that Bolshevism is but the practical expression of their philosophy. They humanize truth and reality at the expense of dehumanizing human nature. But nature will have its revenge. Skepticism is the leprosy that insidiously attacks human certitude, and eventually destroys it.

Society without religion and morality is as a body without a soul. Add to this the destruction of all certitude in human belief, and even the external form of society must of necessity vanish. If put into practice such philosophy can only result in Bolshevism.

Human nature is not ordinarily radical. It needs some camouflage to hide at least its most glaring points of attack. Dilettante philosophy has invariably been its screen. Thus Marx intruded his system on society under cover of Hegelianism and Darwinism; Sorel and other "social dynamiters" found the road already blazed by the pragmatists and Bergson. Nietzsche told the world, "I have fulfilled Christ's work by destroying it." An army of sectarian pragmatic theologians rifled the Scriptures and the message of its value in men's lives. Dogmas were at first made to possess "a kernel of truth," and then to be the symbolic expression of man's emotional nature. In short, they were rendered useless. Morality without religion naturally could not persist for long to trouble men's minds. Philosophical pragmatists, if they condescend to consider morality any longer, regard it as a mere conventional agreement, necessary for society in the same way as etiquette. Thus, Professor James advocated "moral holidays;"<sup>10</sup> self-styled philosophers are now bolder setting forth as their ideal of life one long "moral holiday." Professor Dewey in an address in Chicago said: "There is a manifest increase of uncertainty. . . . Yet nothing is gained by moves which will increase confusion and obscurity, which tend to an

<sup>10</sup> *Pragmatism*, pp. 77-79.

emotional hypocrisy and to a phrasemongering of formulæ which seem to mean one thing and really import the opposite. . . . Till these ends are further along than we can honestly claim them to be at present, it is better that our schools should do nothing than that they should do wrong things. It is better for them to confine themselves to their obviously urgent tasks than that they should, under the name of spiritual culture, form habits of mind which are at war with the habits of mind congruous with democracy and science.”<sup>11</sup>

French syndicalists have abandoned the Marxian principle of the materialistic conception of history for Creative Evolution. Sorel is almost repeating Bergson's words, when he proclaims: “Man has only genius in the measure that he does not reflect.” Bergson writes: “The intellect is characterized by a natural inability to comprehend life.<sup>12</sup> . . . Keep your intelligence for the humdrum things of every-day life, but use your intuition to evolve new creations.” Instinct “pierces the darkness of the night which the intellect leaves.”<sup>13</sup> The *élan vital* is gradually perfecting itself and reaching its essence—the eternal flux. Sorel and Bergson are common enemies of intelligence, placing their reliance on an unforeseeable impetus. Commenting on Marx's capitalistic catastrophe Sorel writes: “This text need not be taken literally; we are in the presence of what I have called a social myth; we have a strongly colored sketch which gives a clear idea of change, but no detail of which can be discussed as a foreseeable historical fact. . . . It is not to be hoped that the revolutionary movement can ever follow a direction rightly determined in advance. . . . Everything in it is unpredictable. . . . It is just because of these novelties in the revolutionary movement that care must be taken not to use any formulæ except mythical formulæ; discouragement might result from disillusionment produced by the disproportion between reality and what is expected.” “The politic strike is made by people who plan out its consequences (and know what they want); it is the great value of the general strike that it overthrows society absolutely, and leads to an unknown future entirely different from the past.”

This implicit trust in the unknown, characteristic of Berg-

<sup>11</sup> *Hibbert Journal, Religion and Our Schools*, vol. vi., 1907, 1908.

<sup>12</sup> *Creative Evolution*, p. 165.

<sup>13</sup> *Idem.*, p. 263.

son and Sorel, is of the very essence of Bolshevism. One form of demagoguery succeeds another, and assumes control, only to find its place has been usurped by another. All is truly fleeting, and chance is of its very nature. In keeping with philosophical democracy religion is taboo, and morality is reversed.

What would be the result of such theories in practical life? If life is purposeless and unreasonable, the "will to live" is also unreasonable. The resultant creed could be only a pessimism worse than Schopenhauer's, "Life is a bed of red hot coals with a few cool places here and there." Life under Bolshevism would be a continual explosion.

Such theories as we have outlined were the philosophical and inevitable antecedents of the modern "Reign of Terror" in Russia. Thought leads to action, and sooner or later, if generally accepted, false philosophy will become the mold to shape the destinies of nations. Every one despises the enemy that stoops so low as to poison wells, but many look on approvingly while the wells of thought are being poisoned.

The past and the present, amidst the discord of growing social disharmony, contains one resounding dominant for the future, namely, caution. Stock should be taken of our philosophical currency. Counterfeits will not give the true ring of authority when tested at the bar of reason. They may misguide the unsuspecting public by their false copy, but like all false coinage, their only authority is that of their maker, and their value is misleading. Authority alone defines the worth of our coinage, whether it be philosophical or social.

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## HOW TO READ ST. JOHN'S GOSPEL.

BY C. C. MARTINDALE, S.J.

### INTRODUCTION.



WISH to make clear, first, what these short articles are not meant to be. They are not a commentary on St. John's Gospel, nor yet a "life" of Christ drawn from it; nor yet any complete exposition of the doctrine contained in it. Still less are they a critical examination of its authenticity, reliability, date or sources. Biblical handbooks supply that to students. They are not meant to be "scholarly" at all, nor to accumulate opinions, nor to display erudition. Nor yet are they meant to be merely pious meditations "based" upon St. John.

But I have wished to write these pages for three reasons, in the main: first, because I love St. John's Gospel beyond all other Christian literature (and Christian literature beyond all other in the world) and would experience a unique happiness were I to assist, in any least way, others too to love it better; second, because I value in a supreme degree that doctrine of the Supernatural Life which is his peculiar theme: and third, because I have very often found that St. John's Gospel, methodically read, somehow puts vitality into certain fundamental dogmatic notions concerning Grace, Faith, Communion and the like, which have been held with docility and, indeed, reverence, but which have not yet exerted their full power upon the soul, nor been actively identified with a man's conscious convictions. I have noticed again and again the positive exultation of spirit which those have experienced who have learned to construe St. John, and to realize their own supernatural possessions, in the light of the guiding notions I try to disengage. It is, then, certain *guiding notions*, directive ideas, organic doctrines—what you will—I will try below, to explain these phrases better—which I hope to set forth in order; thus striving to reach the mind of St. John himself, and through him the mind of Christ. St. John, in writing, had a purpose and plan, as well as a message: that is what we want to see, even to understand the message as he gives it. Thus, much which in any theological treatise, even upon St. John, would

have been included, is here omitted. But what is said, will not prove false to the bearing and intention of the whole.

These are half-way pages. We have all read St. John; we do not want to *end* with reading anything whatsoever *upon* him merely; but perhaps after studying even the humblest page upon him, we may be able to re-read himself almost as a new thing. *Dominus dirigat.*

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I.

ST. JOHN.

*Volat avis sine meta  
Quo nec vates nec propheta  
Evolavit altius.  
Tam implenda quam impleta  
Nunquam vidit tot secreta  
Purus homo purius.*

John was the son of a well-to-do Galilean fisherman and his wife Salome; his name means "Jehovah has been gracious." He and his brother James were called by Our Lord to follow Him, and they left their father and his hired men in the boat where they had been cleaning nets and joined Andrew and Peter, who had been called somewhat earlier. There is little to be known about his character in those earlier days; but what little there is points all one way. It was he and James who, hotly jealous for Our Lord's honor, cried out for permission to blast by thunderbolt the Samaritan village which had refused Him hospitality, and learned from Him that not yet they understood that Spirit of His which was to be also theirs. Themselves, He gently rebuked them, were like thunderbolts—"sons of the thunder," in His language, will have had that meaning—not such the ancestry of those "reborn" of whom John was himself, one day, to write. John too and James it was for whom their mother was to beg the two chief places in that destined kingdom which she, like them, still so much misunderstood; and John who, indignant because the privilege of the band of Apostles had been disregarded, complained to Jesus that he had seen a man performing miracles in His Name,

[EDITOR'S NOTE.—The very beautiful Latin verse is taken from a hymn for the Octave of St. John, found in the ancient Missals of the Churches of Germany. A running translation is as follows: "He is the eagle who soared on high; nor seer, nor prophet passed him in his flight. No pure mind ever saw more clearly mysteries past or yet to be."]

who did not "follow with" the Twelve. "We forbade *him*," said the angry young man, and was, here too, rebuked.

But Jesus had a special affection for the hot-headed and ambitious brothers, and kept them close to Himself, with Peter, the chief of His Church-to-be. And, indeed, it was to John alone that the name "beloved disciple" became attached. It was he who lay next to Jesus at the Last Supper, so that by leaning his head back he could whisper to Him and hear His answer, the others unaware; and to him Christ trusted Mary.

Specially loved, and therefore more than others lovable, or destined so to be; for Christ's generous heart, though it detects the good and right, assuredly, where meaner eyes than His can see but the unlovable, yet cannot love what neither is, nor shall nor can be fit for love.

And a strong brain too was his. Else he could never have understood, nor even wished or tried to understand, the ideas he *looks towards* in his Gospel. For, we shall see, not only are intuitions there, mystical and sublime, but a purposed attention to the thought that surrounded him. His was not a creative and imperial intellect like Paul's: but it was not shut to the problems, as we should call them, of his day. Nor was erudition destined to be his: he was never drilled, as Paul was, in the minutiae of current theologies; yet was he well aware of the tendencies of Palestinian and Egyptian and even of Greek thought. Still, all these things occasion no more than isolated details in his writings, or, at most, lend a pale added color to certain passages; his will be a personality of quite exceptional force, not a mere mind; and he will cry aloud, in many ways, his message, not as an argument, nor for the sake of critics, but as a declaration, and for its own sake.

But it was long before that personality could fully free and form itself, and act with all its energy. Not less steeped than the others, at the outset, in Jewish prejudice, even in the Acts (where he is seen at work), his place is beside Peter, not Paul. With Peter and James, he perceives Paul's special mission, and gives him leave to preach where he wills; but not yet does John follow him.

It was in old age that he wrote, not even then having fully conquered the Greek language. His native tongue and ways of thought show most clearly through the Greek of the

Apocalypse, which, it is not fanciful to argue, may well contain the meditations, as it were, or the "lights in prayer" belonging to a whole series of years, and cast (perhaps under the Emperor Domitian) into the extraordinarily complex form which that book displays. The Gospel, by all tradition, was the work of his extreme old age, written down, as tradition again suggests, by the intimate disciples of the aged Apostle, men conversant with his innermost thought, and schooled to listen to his preaching and dictation.

A Catholic can legitimately surmise, should he be so persuaded, that these disciples are responsible for the differences between the Greek of the Gospel and that of the Apocalypse. For though Hebraisms show plainly through the Greek of the Gospel, and though St. John's favorite words and turns of phrase are noticeable in both documents, and though, to my feeling, there is no necessary force whatever in the arguments which would show that the two could not have been written by one man, yet, equally to my feeling, the difference in the Greek is so enormous that it cannot possibly be explained by a mere *improvement* in St. John's knowledge of that tongue, however early you put the Apocalypse, and however late the Gospel. Perhaps St. John may have written two very different Greeks; but that is an odder hypothesis than that his secretaries improved, somewhat, his style. Thus, the Apocalypse would have come directly from his *pen*; the Gospel indirectly: yet not indirectly from his *mind*; not like the Second Gospel, which good tradition tells us, is practically the preaching of St. Peter, consigned to writing by his friend and secretary Mark, yet must definitely be called "according to Mark," and not "according to Peter;" while it would be wrong to call the Fourth "the Gospel according to John's disciples." It is altogether John's.

There is one other point only to which I should like to refer, closely connected with this hypothesis that the Gospel did not receive its style directly from St. John's pen nor even a finished shape from anyone's. Not only does it appear definitely to end with chapter twenty; only to resume in chapter twenty-one; while chapter twenty-one, verse twenty-four, appears with some probability to be added by a disciple's hand (though neither can this be proved); but the prologue itself seems to me to bear quite evident traces of having been written independently, and not quite successfully joined on to a docu-

ment beginning, like the Synoptists, with the ministry of the Baptist. Even, there are in it traces of a "double recension," to my mind quite obvious: the parentheses are awkward, and the thought far from consecutive. This is the theory, in part, of Father Calmes, O.P.,<sup>1</sup> a book in no way novel or untrustworthy in its method and principles. Father Calmes, too, shows well how by a slight rearrangement of the paragraphs relating to St. Peter's denial, a "harmony" of no artificial sort is at once effected between St. John and the Synoptists. The episode, finally, of the woman taken in adultery, which, though lacking in so many manuscripts, seems to be certainly St. John's, can thus be regarded as an authentic, but detached, narrative of his, inserted by his amanuenses where best they could. These suggestions cannot of course be *proved* any more than the supposition that John himself wrote the Gospel with his own hand exactly as it stands. But they are mentioned because, to our mind, they explain so much that is puzzling, and are not rash or disconcerting, but well in keeping alike with the evidence of the document itself, and with the decrees of the Biblical Commission concerning it: also they lend vitality to the actual document, and do not leave it hanging, inexplicable, in mid-air. We maintain that on critical grounds alone, there is no valid reason to suppose that Gospel and Apocalypse and Epistles are alike the work of John, son of Zebedee, the "beloved" of Our Lord.

John, when he set to work to write his Gospel, did so at a date when the Synoptists had long been in existence, and were so well known in the Christian community that he could rely upon being able to assume that knowledge in his own readers, and could take it for granted that his own allusions to the events they narrated would be recognized and understood. It was not to be expected that he would simply produce a fourth account just similar to theirs. Nor did he. It has been suggested that he did little more than collect, and make permanent, records of events and sayings omitted by them. This is no doubt true in certain instances. At the opposite extreme, it has been argued that while the Synoptists scarcely meant to do more than *narrate*, to give us facts and tell us things that happened, to write history, in short, in its most objective form, John, on the other hand, was "subjective," offers us ideas and ideals, beliefs but half disguised in narrative which may be

<sup>1</sup> *Evangile selon St. Jean*, 1906.

downright fiction, mere allegory; composes, in a word, a sublime but speculative theology, symbolized here and there by scenes from a highly idealized "life" of Christ. The solid information intended to be conveyed, and in fact conveyed, by the Synoptists, is easily to be discerned beneath the thinnest veil of beliefs and ideas; while for such ideas and beliefs, high aspirations and exquisite spiritual intuition, John's Gospel would be, indeed, a source unique in the world's religious history; but a historical record he neither means to be nor is.

The first of these two views, held by few if any, nowadays, is felt to be quite inadequate as an explanation of the divergence between the first three Gospels and St. John's; the second is worse, being (to our mind, and according to the Church's tradition and her recent decrees) positively false, and, indeed, fantastically so. But this is at least true, that the Synoptists intend, on the whole, to narrate; John, on the whole to preach a doctrine. But the Synoptists, too, are teaching, and John, too, is telling.

You may say that the Synoptists are servants of their material, strive to be impersonal, to move towards a goal they do not choose, within limits they do not designate: John elects his goal, defines his scope, and creates his method, and masterfully (though not tyrannically nor arbitrarily) disposes of his material to suit a dominant purpose. In other words, his Gospel is composed around, controlled and verified by, a governing or directive idea.

I wish first to define more exactly what I mean by such directive ideas; in order afterwards to seek to indicate what John's were, and in the light of these to re-read his Gospel.

Any literary work has some sort of shape; it is not a mere juxtaposition of phrases and paragraphs; it must have some principle which gives it unity and life. Thus the novel of incident and intrigue is knit into coherence by what we call the plot: or a historical treatise may at least be rounded off by the natural limits of a life or a reign, or a dynasty. Here ideas are but slightly involved. A period, however, may be indicated less by its dates than by its temperament or character, or some policy. Or a whole play may grow round a character, developing or degenerating. We lose everything if we read *Macbeth*, *Hamlet* or *Lear* for the *plot*. In what pur-

ports to be sheer history, you can often see the shaping power of an idea in the author's mind: thus Grote's *History of Greece* has often been called a panegyric of democracy; Tacitus is swayed, though less, by his belief in aristocracy; Herodotus, colored throughout by his fixed belief in the Grudge of God, laying the mighty low. Carlyle's *French Revolution* is a deceptive book, so do dominant ideas distort the facts: history in the *Old Testament* is superbly and fruitfully interpreted from the standpoint of God's direct activity in and for and through the chosen race.<sup>2</sup> In a cultured poem, like Virgil's *Æneid*, the verifying principle is far more nearly an idea—thus, Destiny and Eternal Rome—than a man or an event, as in Homer whom, in a sense, he imitates: while in many modern novels or plays, like Tolstoi's or Ibsen's, the idea triumphs till the action or plot is all but symbolical; *Ghosts* is little more than a visualized assertion of heredity: in *Peer Gynt*, the problem of self-realization by way of self-renunciation is whimsically and tragically treated. Zola changed as he went, from a sheer photography of facts to the downright argumentation of a thesis: the episodes and personages lost all value save as premises in a complex syllogism. Of course, with a Maeterlinck and the symbolists, everything—dialogue, characters, *mise-en-scène*—has ceased to have intrinsic value save as the artistic vehicle used by the directive idea.

Now, in a series of historical writers, John would have a different place from that of the Synoptists. Neither he nor they would coincide with out-and-out symbolists at the one end, nor with mere analysts at the other. But there is more affinity in the Synoptists with the latter; and in John with the former. He deals, indeed, with history; hands down reliable facts, does not distort nor falsify nor invent them; yet he does select, arrange and interpret them in accordance with his directive ideas. The virtues proper to the Synoptists are, chiefly, industry and fidelity. They collect, compare and combine documents but even when they edit them, scrupulously respect the written word. Oral tradition they hand on, scarcely

<sup>2</sup> I mean, its writers never intend to give a complete secular history of the Jews, still less (e. g., in Genesis) of the world, or even an account which, as *secular history*, could be regarded as in perspective. Thus, "secularly," the reign of Omri was of great importance: the chronicler dismisses it with a brief comment on that King's moral behavior. The action of foreign nations is regarded as that of rebels against, or instruments of, Yahweh, and what has no significance, from that viewpoint, is passed over.

interpreting and never re-casting it.<sup>3</sup> They are channels, not sources; they narrate, not inculcate; reproduce, not reflect.

Of course the Synoptists are not mere machines. They too have their separate purposes and methods. Luke's are not Mark's by any manner of means. Moreover, their personalities well survive, illuminating even their treatment of identical events. The Palestinian Matthew; the naïve and picturesque Mark; the careful, cultured yet devout Luke, are no mere stenographers. On the other side, John's historical touch is sure. Many are the details which he remembers accurately, and sets down for their own sake, without actually adding to, or being exacted by, the idea beneath whose spell he yet, at the time, is writing. His theology is well incarnate.

John uses the same facts, or other facts historically as true; yet sixty years at least of apostolic toil and meditative prayer separated him from those facts: his powerful personality conditioned his attitude to any fact and selected certain features in the landscape of his retrospect. For the aged author a perspective had been created, otiose details eliminated, hard edges softened, disparate elements fused, interconnections established and an atmosphere interposed. Incidents at first half-understood, even misunderstood, as he confesses, had become illuminated by the light of the *lived* Christian life; no fact could remain mere fact, but became charged with meaning, often with many meanings, and carried him beyond the unprofitable flesh into the realm of the vivifying Spirit.

Hence in studying this Gospel, we must cease to read its incidents as though St. John saw in them no spiritual meaning symbolized by the facts, indeed, we must expect and look for one: nor must we read the discourses he in such definite form sets down, as mere reminiscences of words spoken very long ago and included just for memory's sake. Father Lebreton, S.J., in *L'Histoire du Dogme de la Ste Trinité*, a book of incomparable value as an aid to study and to prayer alike, expresses this with his usual subtlety, force and insight.

“The personal stamp is so strongly impressed upon John's whole work that the book seems woven of one piece throughout, prologue, narrative, discourses. The facts are not related

<sup>3</sup> Thus they faithfully adhere to the expression *Son of Man*, abandoned as it already seems to have been by their immediate audience. John has his personal style as well as thought.



for their own sake . . . they are selected, few . . . developed at great length. Nor are they presented separately, but inserted into theological interpretations which illumine them. . . . Indeed, at times the interpretation and the discourse are so intimately united that it is hard to discern where Christ's speech ends, and the Apostle's own reflections begin. One has the impression that the words, like the acts, of Jesus have been long and lovingly meditated by the writer who records them; they are wholly penetrated by his life and thought, even as they would seem to have modeled John unto their own image. Such being the character of the Johannine Gospel, it were superfluous, we think, and perhaps impossible, to discriminate, in the theological analysis of the book, the discourses of Jesus and the reflections of the Evangelist.

“Distinct as the sources doubtless are, their waters are so intermingled that skillful, indeed, were the eye which would distinguish them. The revelation comes authentically from Jesus; but today it is across the soul of St. John that we behold it; John's Gospel is Christ's seamless robe; only in its entirety can it be grasped, else were its texture rent. Yet, though seen only across John's soul, it is Christ's self we see: He is not John's creation.”<sup>4</sup>

Acceptable tradition tells that John became Bishop of Ephesus, and very likely he exercised there the office, as it were, of metropolitan. This is suggested by the covering letter addressed to the “Seven Churches” of the province of Asia. Of the stories that soon begin to cluster round his name, one still suggests the fiery spirit of his youth: he rushed out of the building in which he had heard the heretic Cerinthus also was; he yielded to his horror of falsehood before his love for the perishing soul had time to triumph. But on the whole the legends are sweet and gentle: the pet partridge he kept and caressed: the robber whom his grave and unresisting courtesy converted: the refrain of his exhortations, that his little children should love one another. But we can see that for all his gentleness, his personality had not weakened; innocence of mind and habit does, indeed, thus preserve and even augment interior strength. Life is his theme, and an intense glow of life was his up to the end. He could pass easily from his earthly habitation into that Eternal Life which he had so long and so firmly watched, and

<sup>4</sup> Page 377.

which he knew himself, as we shall see, already to possess. Peace reigned within him, according to Christ's promise; fear had been well cast out by love grown perfect: "While Paul amazes and enflames, John uplifts, yet calms the soul: Paul cries aloud, dazzles and is dazzled: John's is the pure eye that steadily watches God; and his voice, though it has echoes of the thunder of 'many waters,' is peaceful and serene."

I print many of the quotations in a form nearer to verse than prose. This is done partly to bring out, by their position, certain leading words or phrases: partly because in the Greek itself a very marked rhythm is discernible; partly because the Hebrew method of rhythmic arrangement by parallel, contrast, assonance, etc., shows with sufficient clearness through the Greek.

## II.

### THE DOCTRINE OF THE GOSPEL.

"No one can grasp the meaning of John's Gospel if he have not leaned upon the breast of Jesus, nor received from Jesus, Mary to be his mother too."<sup>5</sup>

These things have been written that you may believe  
That Jesus is the Christ, the Son of God,  
And that believing  
You might have LIFE in His Name.<sup>6</sup>

LIFE is the keynote to John's Gospel. Eternal Life, existing and mysteriously circulating in a group of Three—God, the Father of All: His Eternal Son made man: and men made Sons of God.

In the Beginning  
Existed the Word;  
And the Word was with God  
And the Word *was* God.  
The Word was made flesh  
And dwelt amongst us:  
Of His fulness all we have received:  
As many as received Him  
To them gave He power to become  
Children of God.<sup>7</sup>  
Even as the Father hath  
Life in Himself,

<sup>5</sup> Origen, *In Joann.*, i. 6.

<sup>6</sup> Chap. xx. 31.

<sup>7</sup> Chap. i. 1, 14, 16, 12.

So to the Son hath He granted to have  
 Life in Himself.  
 Even as the Father  
 Raiseth the dead and maketh them alive,  
 Even so the Son,  
 Whom He wills, them maketh He alive.<sup>8</sup>  
 Lo what manner of Love  
 Hath the Father granted us,  
 That we be called  
 Children of God—  
 And so, indeed, we *are*:  
 Beloved, even now  
 Children of God are we,  
 And not yet hath it been revealed  
 What we shall be,<sup>9</sup>  
 (But) he who hath the Son  
 HATH ETERNAL LIFE.

Such, then, is the statement of the Mystery. Slowly, and in St. John's own words as far as may be, we shall try to study, and gradually evolve and put in order its rich contents.

“Perchance the mercy of God will be with us, that all may be satisfied, and that each may take what he can. For he too who speaks saith but what he can. For speak the thing as it is—who can do that? I dare to say, my brethren, perchance not even John spake *that*, but he too only what he could. For he spoke of God, being but man; inspired no doubt by God, yet still a man. Being inspired, he spoke somewhat; un-inspired, he had spoken naught: but being a man inspired, he spake, not all that is, but what a man can speak, that spake he.”<sup>10</sup>

The prologue to the Fourth Gospel is like the façade to a royal palace. Through its gate you pass to courts and vestibule, and only by degrees reach to the inmost dwelling-place. And on the façade is blazoned, in sumptuous and comprehensive symbolism, which the patient and instructed eye may gradually, if it will, decipher, the full estate and titles of the Lord and Master. Somewhat so, the prologue sets forth, in its mysterious fashion all that the Gospel will contain. Yet so mysterious is that setting-forth, that its reader may be bewildered, disheartened at the outset, half-convinced that not for him is intended an entry to the audience-chamber. Best,

<sup>8</sup> Chap. v. 26, 21.<sup>9</sup> 1 John iii. 1, 2.<sup>10</sup> St. Augustine, *Tr. in Joann.*, i. 1.

perhaps, first to grow accustomed to John's doctrine and to his style, and then, returning, re-read the prologue, and, without analysis, become straightway aware of what it tells.

This much of it, however, must be marked down from the outset. John speaks in it of a Declaration, an Utterance from God, God's *Word*, and with the nature and the rôle of this Word, the career and preaching of the Baptist are (in a rhythmic, interwoven style) accurately balanced.<sup>11</sup>

"In the Beginning, existed the Word." "There came into existence a man." "And the Word existed along with God." "Sent from God," "And the Word *was* God," "His name was John."

The Word revealed God, the Invisible, by expressing Him in and through Creation; in and into that Creation He came, a Light sufficient for every man, that they might know and come to the Father. Yet that very Light so fills men's eyes that they cease to be conscious of it; the endlessly ringing Word ceases to be audible in their ears. The Word and the Light, Eternal Witnesses, themselves need a witness, a herald, an interpreter. Even when the Word became incarnate, and was *man*, accessible to eye and ear and touch, not forthwith might He meet recognition. Therefore was John sent, John, the Lamp that might school men's weakened vision to tolerate the Light; the Voice that would enable them to listen to the Word. John led to Jesus; that is his whole function; by way of the outer court of John's preaching, we may pass inwards, but only so. Then shall remain "Jesus only," the Revelation of the Father; but till then, we must give ear to, and then transcend, the Baptist's witness.

From the account, therefore, of the Baptist's activities, everything which does not bear directly on this character of witness is, in this Gospel, eliminated—birth, death, manner of life, style of preaching, even the baptism itself of Christ. *That* the readers can be assumed as knowing well enough already.<sup>12</sup> The Evangelist presents accordingly a sort of series of tableaux; medallions, displaying John's witness to Jesus, and the progressive transference of the leading rôle, hitherto the Baptist's to Christ.

<sup>11</sup> In a technical discussion of the text, it would be easy to show that there is a likelihood of a *first draft* of this Gospel having begun, like the Synoptic gospels, with the statement of the Baptist's preaching.

<sup>12</sup> Notice, *e. g.*, chap. i. 19: "This the witness of John, on the occasion when . . ." The incident is regarded as known, and can be, thus, alluded to.

The official representatives of the Jewish Church come out to investigate the mysterious preacher. "Who art thou?" they ask, going straight to the point. "I am *not* the Christ." "Who then? We must carry back an answer. How do you define yourself?" "I am His herald; I am the one who cries in the wilderness, 'Make ready the road of the Lord.'" "Why, then, if you hold no personal authority, do you baptize? That implies more than heraldship." "Ah! baptize I do, indeed—with water . . ." and the Evangelist does not even trouble to finish the famous sentence, so well-known from the Synoptists: not the destined character of Christ's fiery, spirit-baptism is what he here wants to emphasize, but—once more—the witness to a Person; a Person unseen as yet; an invisible Presence; a Reality unrecognized, but destined shortly to be manifested, and so transcendent of all who had preceded Him that to Him he, the austere Baptist, was yet not worthy to pay the humblest service.

Therefore, in this first episode the Baptist has declared: "I am not *He*. But to Him I witness, and He is here. . . ."

In the next, he can point to Him, and say: He is *there*. That is He! That is the Prophesied. God's Lamb, Who lifts upon Himself, and carries away, the sin not of the People only, but of the world. I know Him now, not because of any personal, private conviction that the Jesus, Who was my boyhood's playmate, was Messiah; but because I have seen the authoritative sign, the heavenly Witness, God's Spirit, given to and remaining upon Him. That was the point of my coming to baptize, that I might afford the occasion for the giving of the Sign: now it is given, and I indicate to you, on God's testimony, the Son of God.<sup>13</sup>

Thereupon, the transference takes place. The Baptist sees Jesus walking to and fro, and repeats, to the two disciples who are with him at the moment, his witness: "Look! God's Lamb!" At once the two disciples, and with them the whole

<sup>13</sup>Notice always how, exactly in proportion as the Evangelist's force of inspiration, as it were, increases, his language becomes more and more personal, phrased as his personal instinct prefers. Chap. i. 26 already is Johannine, rather than Baptist diction: Chap. i. 29-34 is utterly Johannine in style; it is hard to say whether 34 is even meant to be in the mouth of the Baptist, and not rather an ecstatic summing up of the Evangelist himself. In fact, here is a good example of the two streams intermingling: both Baptist and Evangelist are making, in substance, an identical affirmation. Evangelist wishes to say the *thing* Baptist said; Baptist can be shown saying it in the *way* Evangelist would speak.

religious movement, begin to pass to Jesus. The converts summon others; finally, in the case of Nathanael, Jesus takes the initiative, acts in His own person, and calls the Israelite to His side.

For a while (for we will here say all that need be said about the Baptist) John's personal work goes on. He still baptizes,<sup>14</sup> at Ænnon near Salem, "because there were many springs of water there." Although, till he shall have been imprisoned and at last put to death, the career of Jesus will not, as it were, reach its full liberty of expansion, yet Jesus, too, is baptizing, and "everyone," they say, "is going to Him." John's remaining disciples are zealous for their master's honor, and complain. Gladly the Baptist marks his own eclipse. "No one," he says, "can arrogate to himself a position in the world's spiritual progress—and fill it (he implies) aright, unless it be *given* to him by God. Such is what Jesus holds." "I always declared," he reminds them, "that I was not the Christ. He who possesses the Bride"—the old image of the Jewish people or the Elect—"is one only, the Bridegroom. I am not he. But," continues this noble and loyal and most generously unselfish of allies, "there exists too the office of the Bridegroom's friend. That position I can and do claim. Enough that he can stand, even silent, at his friend's side, and hear the beloved voice. . . . *That* is his joy, and that is mine; yes, and my joy is full to overflowing. He must increase; but I diminish."

And the Evangelist, filled with a sympathetic ecstasy of joy, spreads here his wings, and rises to behold the Supreme Witness, Who "leaving not the Father's side," and being above all, yet is descending from that Highest; speaks of what He has ever seen, and ever heard, unlike that noblest yet human witness, who being born of earth, at best speaks words of earth. What if the Heavenly Witness win no hearing? Some hearing at least He wins, and he who hears, knows unerringly and, in turn, affirms and seals his affirmation that the words of God are true. For God's words are spoken by God's Witness; in its entirety and not by dole and meanness of measure, God has placed in Him His Spirit. The Father *loves* the Son, and all things has He to Him made over.

Twice more, the Evangelist makes mention of the Baptist. "You sent to John," Christ says,<sup>15</sup> "and he indeed bore

<sup>14</sup> Chap. iii. 22-30.

<sup>15</sup> Chap. v. 33-35.

witness to the Truth. John was the lamp that flames and shines, and for a while you were content to exult in his rays." Yet even so, John but *carried* his light; and a Light there was more brilliant still, the World's Light, which Christ not only bore but was.

And later still,<sup>16</sup> when Christ went back to where He started, to where John first baptized, the Baptist's witness recurred to the people's memory, and they avowed that though never a "sign" worked John, all that he had said of Jesus had been verified. And thus the Baptist's life of unbroken renunciation achieves its consistent end: Jesus is glorified in and for Himself, and the Voice can vanish into silence. The True Light could never be imprisoned by the Darkness;<sup>17</sup> but the witness to the Light, his function fulfilled, found for human destiny the dungeon only and the axe.<sup>18</sup>

We have passed the great Gate and the outer Court; a double porch, as it were, still is left to us, before we enter fully.

By two brief scenes John prepares us, in a wide and general way, for the detailed doctrine that Christ is come to work a transformation, and put a new Life into the world. The two events he tells are treated only in their universal bearing as symbolical: indeed, it is only by an already believing mind, already equipped with Christian faith and standards of interpretation and the understanding of St. John's method that the rich meaning of the historical incidents can be grasped, and then, if you choose, devoutly elaborated. So the witnesses of those scenes were themselves to realize.

A marriage is taking place;<sup>19</sup> the guests make merry, but the wine they drink is poor, and once Jesus and His disciples add themselves to the company, insufficient. His mother calls to Him for help. He orders six great water-jars to be filled with water, jars that stood there for the "purification," that is, the ritual ablutions of the Jews. Jesus changes the water into a generous wine. Even so, the best that men had had where-with to slake their spiritual thirst, stood revealed as but thin wine, or insipid water, once Christ had entered; but *His* coming

<sup>16</sup> Chap. x. 41.

<sup>17</sup> Chap. i. 5.

<sup>18</sup> Notice the generous *equity* of the Evangelist. He is clearly looking towards a certain contemporary tendency unduly to exalt the person and mission of the Baptist. Firmly he puts him into his proper rank. Yet no more royal panegyric of John the Baptist ever can be written than this by John Evangelist.

<sup>19</sup> Chap. iv. 4.

brought about a transformation, and provided a mysterious rich drink, that none but He could offer.<sup>20</sup>

The Making of the Water into Wine is followed, and supplemented by the Cleansing of the Temple.<sup>21</sup> Christ found it desecrated, and become a house of traffic. He scourged the sacrilegists out of it, and declared that should it be destroyed, He would raise it "in three days." Long afterwards, the disciples realized He had been speaking, in the Truth of things, of Himself. The religion of the Jews, the Jewish Church, all that the Temple stood for, did apostatize, did destroy itself. For that, Christ substituted Himself; *He* was to be the Centre, the Shrine, of the Life that He was bringing. No purification of the old faith would have been adequate, and anyhow, the Jews rejected both cleansing and Cleanser. The prophet Jeremiah, in his vision of the triumphant future, had seen there was no Ark, any more, in the House of God. In the Apocalypse, John's vision of the City is more rich and true;

And a temple saw I not in her:  
For God the All-Governor is her Temple,  
And the Lamb.<sup>22</sup>

Himself is the Temple into which organically are built those columns who are His elect, a living Temple, Christ and His Christians, incorporate.

But not yet has John reached thus far in his doctrine. Henceforward, however, it is into the full secret of that doctrine that he advances.

<sup>20</sup> As an example of an *over-materialist* refinement on the history of this miracle, I suggest the comment that Christ's wedding-gift was on a generous scale, indeed. So vast a supply of wine must have stocked the bridegroom's cellar for many a long day. . . . And as an over-refinement of symbolical interpretation, I quote the notion that Our Lady here represents the Synagogue, or Jewish Church, in which Our Lord was, strictly speaking, born. Conscious of the spiritual destitution of her friends, she begs help from Him Whom she, in her heart, recognizes as her Saviour. But no such minute application of the narrative to the thing symbolized is in place in St. John's Gospel, though it would be hard to outdo St. Augustine, and not dwell on the Alexandrian theologians, in this department. The worst indignity the story has suffered is at the hands of Protestant commentators of the olden school, who use it as a weapon against the devotion to Our Lady.

<sup>21</sup> Chap. ii. 13-22.

<sup>22</sup> Chap. xxi. 22.



## DARK ROSALEEN'S LAST CHAPLET.

BY ANNA GRIFFIN.<sup>1</sup>

Forty feet deep they dug his grave—  
Toll, bells of Ireland, toll!  
They buried the man who would Ireland save,  
But none could bury his soul.

With forty feet of Irish earth  
The brave heart of Pearse they covered,  
But over the city that gave him birth  
The wind of his spirit hovered.

His soul sailing under the morning star  
Heard the desecrate city sigh,  
And, bearing his brother's soul afar,  
The red wind of death rushed by.

The winds of Ireland met up there,  
At dawn they met and at dark;  
O'Hanrahan's soul on their wings they bare  
And the soul of Thomas Clarke.

The watchers down in the city heard  
MacDonagh's soul go by.  
But hardly his sleeping children stirred  
So gently he passed them nigh.

The souls of Daly and John MacBride  
In the mist with Mallin went;  
And the Lord bade the soul of Eamonn ride  
On His wind with Thomas Kent.

And Christ was for Joseph Plunkett grieved,  
And said: "I have care for thee,  
Since many a crown was for Ireland weaved  
Like the one was weaved for Me.

"Men knew that I brake not the bruised reed,  
Yet they would not let Me live;  
My way was hard for My sons indeed,  
And My mind is to forgive.

<sup>1</sup> The author is a niece of the famous Irish novelist Gerald Griffin.

" I saw Colbert tread the felon's path;  
 He was scorned, even as I;  
 And I have sorrow for one that hath  
 Been made by men to die."

The twelve winds of Ireland flew to find  
 The scattered souls of the rest;  
 And Heuston was found by the grey-green wind,  
 The wind wild birds love best.

The purple wind swept up Liffey's tide  
 For Connolly's soul unseen,  
 And Seán MacDermott's, the last who died—  
 God counted in all fifteen.

The lights of Ireland gleamed below  
 In the ring of her leaden sea,  
 And the voice of Ireland chanted slow:  
 " Only my dead are free."

" Dear Lord, of a thornbush my wreath is made,"  
 So mourned dark Rosaleen;  
 " My chaplet tonight at Thy feet is laid,  
 I give Thee my beads fifteen."

He heard, Who dwelt in the highest place  
 And His angels silent led  
 The waiting souls to His holy Face,  
 And He spake unto the Dead:

" There never yet drooped a feeble wing  
 Too small for Mine eyes to see,  
 Nor ever was sought by a hunted thing  
 A refuge in vain with Me.

" I would the black story of England's way  
 Were blotted from My sight;  
 I will show you the dawning of Ireland's day,  
 The passing of her night."

Then God on the steps of His high throne  
 Went down for many a mile  
 And He saw great England, hard as stone,  
 And He bent in thought awhile:

" Too long hath Ireland her winepress trod:  
 I will turn My face away:  
 Vengeance is Mine," said the mighty God:  
 " Is Mine: I will repay."

## ETHNA CARBERY: AN IRISH SINGER.

BY KATHARINE TYNAN.



O think of Ethna Carbery carries me back a long, long time. I think I came to know her in this way. When Mr. William O'Brien was Editor of *United Ireland*—it must have been in the eighties—I competed for a prize for the best Irish poem in a Christmas issue of the paper. I got third prize and was very well content with it. The first prize fell to a young Belfast man, John Kane, who, I think, must have died long ago. I somehow got into correspondence with him and from him I heard first of Ethna Carbery.

It was the pen-name of Anna Johnston, the daughter of a Belfast man who had been a Fenian in '67. I remember to have heard John O'Leary speak of him with high approval. Her brother came to see me with John Kane, about April, 1886, but my first meeting with his sister was yet some years ahead. It was, I believe, when I was staying at the Methodist College, Belfast, in 1890, that she came to see me there.

The Methodist College, Belfast, as a link between two Catholic Nationalists like Anna Johnston and myself, seems odd enough. I was visiting the then Headmaster, Henry MacIntosh, and his wife. Henry MacIntosh was a convinced Home Ruler: he had many sympathies which were not particularly Methodistical nor Ulsterian: he was the kindest and best of good fellows, hardly suited any more than his gay and pretty young wife, to the narrow atmosphere of Belfast Methodism, to which their innocent Bohemianism made as little appeal as their liberality of sentiment.

I can remember, as though it were yesterday, Sophie MacIntosh coming to tell me one day that a visitor awaited me in the drawing-room. "I caught a glimpse of her," she said, in the pretty boyish way she had learned from the constant companionship of her husband and his friends, "and she was no end of a toff." It was Anna Johnston, tall and slender, in a pale gray frock and gray hat, which excellently became her beautiful fine-grained skin with the underlying brownness in it,

the masses of waving brown hair with hints of copper in its abundant coils, the large passionate brown eyes.

Those were halcyon days, packed full with all manner of interests and delights for the group of which she and I were units. I had the most indulgent of fathers. He gave me a beautiful room to receive my special guests apart from the family and my sisters' friends. He had it painted and papered in the manner of the eighties when we were yet in the backwash of the æsthetic Movement. It had a delicate blue paper with a dado of lilies in tall jars. I had my furniture covered with Liberty cretonnes. I had the big portrait of myself, by John Butler Yeats, which hangs now in the Municipal Art Gallery, Dublin. I had the Hollyer photographs of Rossetti's pictures given me by William Rossetti. My father had taken me to the best Dublin shop and allowed me to select my own curtains and carpet. We had gone to Bennett's Auction Rooms, where so many famous "collections" have been dispersed, and he had paid for the old Crown Derby tea-set from which my friends were to drink their tea. He refused me nothing in those days, with the result that I had a delicious sanctum to which my friends, after the Irish manner, added their gifts. On the blue door with gilt panels I had a verse from George Herbert, writ in letters of gold, as it deserved to be:

A servant with this clause  
 Makes drudgerie divine  
 Who sweeps a room as for Thy laws  
 Makes that and th' action fine.

To this dear room, in the low, thatched rose-covered farmhouse under the Dublin mountains, where Curran the great orator had lived according to local tradition, came Ethna Carbery with many another interesting visitor. Her husband says in the Memoir prefixed to the latest edition of her poems that her visits to Dublin, to my old home usually, were a literary stimulus to her; and I am sure they were. I think she came first in the late summer of that year, 1890, for I remember many summer expeditions. There was a delightful picnic from Killiney to the Glen of the Downs, given by the Edmund Leamys, when there was lunch and tea in the open air at Mrs. Leamy's father's house in the Glen of the Downs, and we drove

home in the summer twilight, long, long ago. John and Willie Redmond were of the guests, and I remember talking to John Redmond as Willie, like John O'Leary when he made the same mistake, but without the old Fenian chief's unabashed cheerfulness when he became aware of it.

The story of John O'Leary's interview with John Redmond is worth telling, though I have already told it in my *Twenty-five Years*.

"You're all right," said the downright old chief, "but can you tell me why in heaven's name that brother of yours is making such a fool of himself?"

"Mr. O'Leary, are you not mistaking me for my brother, Willie?"

"Oh, so I was. What the devil do you mean by being so like each other?"

To my pretty room came, Sunday after Sunday, such stimulating visitors as A. E., Douglas Hyde, Dr. Sigerson and his daughters, Dora and Hester, Willie Yeats, when he came over from London on his frequent visits; many another, with English and American and Colonial visitors. Anna Johnston enjoyed it all. I can see her quite well with her graceful figure and dear pleasant brownness of hair and eyes and face.

We used to take long walks by the winding roads under the mountains and talk long talks. She was very ardent. She certainly had the capacity for friendship very strongly: and she believed in her friends implicitly. She was one of those for whom affection irradiated persons and places. Her father and mother, her sister, of whom she used to say: "Little Maggie has a heart of gold;" her girl friends, of whom she had many, were all the best possible of their kind. She had a singularly blameless and kindly nature. I imagine that she was as innocent as a lamb or a daisy. All kinds of tender illusions of girlhood hung about her and were very alluring.

She had, I think, a slight deafness, which gave her a dreamy and somewhat abstracted air. I imagine she never lost anything that was worth hearing, while trivial and unnecessary things passed her by. She often had the look of listening to some inward voice. She was very simply religious, as most of us were, I hope and believe. Those early songs of ours were never without a thought of God in them.

She loved to be with us, and all the simple pleasures de-

lighted her. She would have quite enjoyed talking into the small hours in the way girls have. I believe, indeed, we talked a great deal, of books, of politics, of patriotism, of our own kind. She was very feminine in her love of needlework, and while I sat with idle hands, talking and listening, her hands were busily employed on one or another gift of needlework for her friends.

Her next visit came in more strenuous times. Between the first and second visits Parnell had fought his last fight and proved his own greatness. We were together on top of a Dublin tram when we heard the news of Parnell's death, and through the days when the dead chief lay in state in the City Hall; of his funeral; through the weeks that followed Anna Johnston and I were together heart and soul and body.

A year and a half later I married and went to live in London. I don't think London had much attraction for her. After my marriage I only saw her when I came back to Ireland, and found her a welcome and beloved visitor at my old home.

She, like all of us, had begun writing in the *Irish Monthly* under the ægis of dear Father Matthew Russell. In the days before Parnellism our great interests had been literary. We were a little group of poets and prose writers, working busily together, immensely interested in our own and our friends' productions. Perhaps we were never so undilutedly literary from the time Willie Yeats had pulled up his tent-pegs most unwillingly, and gone off to London. Ethna Carbery did not belong at all, I think, to the Yeats days. I think she would never have been undilutedly literary. From her father she had inherited a gift for politics. My associations with her were as much political as literary. My memories of her at Whitehall, my old home, are concerned at least as much with politics as with literature.

Before the Parnell "Split," political life in Ireland had suffered a period of stagnancy. The "Split" troubled the waters. It brought back a soul into Ireland. During that last decade of the nineteenth century the soul was very much in evidence. There was the Gaelic League, a wonderful new awakening. There was the Irish Literary Revival, which was purely Irish and purely literary, with not one smirch of self-seeking or materialism. Literature in England in the nineties—I speak from knowledge—was to a great extent decadent and

corrupt. What was not of those things, was Catholic or Irish or both. The nineties saw the two essential poets, Victorian, indeed, but as yet unchallenged by Edwardian or Georgian—Yeats and Thompson. The corrupt plays and poems and novels and pictures and music were raking in the shekels of the corrupt patrons of corruption for the corruption makers. In Ireland there was springing up, or had sprung up, poets, playwrights, artists, musicians, story-tellers, who only cared to make what God had given them to make, as beautifully as possible. The little Irish Renaissance lapped over into the twentieth century. It had produced Yeats and A. E., Alice Milligan, Dora Sigerson, Ethna Carbery: it went on to produce Padraic Colum, James Stephens, Seumas O'Sullivan and others, besides the whole group of Abbey playwrights. We had Jane Barlow, Frank Mathew, Hubert Trench, Lord Dunsany, Edith Somerville and Martin Ross, Emily Lawless and Standish O'Grady, Douglas Hyde and Dr. Sigerson, and many others coincident with the Revival though hardly of it.

In the general rising and making ready to go of the dead things, the new Nationalism came into being. The ideals of the Gaelic League could hardly be finer. It spread a net wide enough to gather in all the children of the Gael. It set out to keep alive the things, the precious things which were perishing, that lay about the very roots of the national life. The language, the music, the sports, the customs of a people, the old kindness, the chivalry, the truth-telling, the fearlessness and cleanliness of ancient Ireland.

In this revival Ethna Carbery and her friend, Alice Milligan, played a great part. After Parnell's death politics in Ireland were dead. It is always the swing of the pendulum in Ireland, towards a movement and away from it. There were twenty years of political stagnation between the death of Parnell and the rise of the Volunteer Movement. Ireland is so extraordinarily vital that even in those dead years great things were happening. But the Gaelic League had not yet arrived, nor the peaceful revolution by which George Wyndham, the great-grandson of Lord Edward Fitzgerald and the heir to his passionate love of Ireland, freed the Irish farmers. They were quite dark days, or almost quite dark, when Anna Johnston and Alice Milligan founded the little magazine—a candle in the darkness—the *Shan Van Vocht*. They kept it alive, man-

aged it, edited it, paid for it, wrote a great part of it, for three and a half years. It must have meant a deal of devotion, of putting aside the gaieties and softnesses of life, of hard work, of courage under discouragement; and it was well worth while. The magazine went all over the world, wherever the kindly Irish were to be found. These two girls did everything short of printing the paper, even to addressing the copies sent out. They were their own clerks and manager, and, side by side with their work on the paper, they had an immense correspondence. By the time they laid down their work the great Revival, the Gaelic League, was in full working order.

It was in 1898 the centenary year of the Irish Rebellion, that Ethna Carbery first found herself in Donegal, the O'Donnell country, which has such an irresistible appeal to the hearts of the Irish. It was her mother's country, and it was the country of her future husband, Seumas MacManus. A year or two later they were married—after he had been to America and been received with open arms by American editors and publishers. It was an ideally happy union. Their home was on the banks of the Eske, just opposite the ruined Abbey of Donegal, that stands lonesome and lovely, its graves crowding up to it, overlooking Donegal Bay from which the Princes sailed away to their last exile.

I never visited Ethna Carbery in her father's house or her own: my marriage and going to live in England prevented it. But I can picture her in her perfect happiness. She did not leave a child, unfortunately for Ireland, for a child might have inherited her gifts and her passionate patriotism. She died in the full flush of wedded happiness with the joy of motherhood on its way to her. At her coming to Donegal she had written:

*Hills o' my heart!*

I have come to you at calling of my one love and only,  
 I have left behind the cruel scarlet wind of the east,  
 The hearth of my fathers wanting me is lonely,  
 And empty is the place I filled at gathering of the feast.

*Hills o' my heart!*

You have cradled him I love in your green quiet hollows,  
 Your wavering winds have hushed him to soft forgetful sleep,  
 Below dusk boughs where bird-voice after bird-voice follows  
 In shafts of silver melody that split the hearkening deep.



*Hills o' my heart!*

Let the Herdsman who walks in your high haunted places  
 Give him strength and courage, and weave his dreams away;  
 Let your cairn-heaped hero-dead reveal their grand exultant faces  
 And the Gentle Folk be good to him betwixt the dark and day.

*Hills o' my heart!*

And I would the Green Harper might wake his soul to singing,  
 With music of the golden wires heard when the world was new;  
 That from his lips an echo of its sweetness may come ringing,  
 A song of pure and noble hopes—a song of all things true.

*Hills o' my heart!*

For the sake of the yellow head that drew me wandering over,  
 Your misty crests from my own home where sorrow bided then,  
 I set my seven blessings on your kindly heather cover,  
 On every starry moorland loch, and every shadowy glen

*Hills o' my heart!*

There is a good deal of death in her poetry—death the friend and not the enemy. The strings of the Irish harp were hers to play on—the strings of youth and strength and delight in battle and love: the string of sorrow: the string of slumber that lulls the weary one into rest. Her poems are less sorrowful than her prose stories. Like Fiona Macleod, whom she admired and from whom she received admiration, there was little laughter in her work, though one remembers her as gently smiling and ready to break into laughter. Her husband says that she had the second sight. Perhaps the premonition of her own early death in the midst of joy was upon her. One of her poems is strangely prophetic of her own death at Easter-tide, 1902.

## THE COLD SLEEP OF BRIGHIDÍN.

There's a sweet sleep for my love by yon glimmering blue wave,  
 But alas! it is a cold sleep in a green-happed narrow grave.

O shadowy Finn, move slowly,

Break not her peace so holy,

Stir not her slumber in the grass your restless ripples lave.

My Heart's Desire, my Treasure, our wooing time was brief,  
 From the misty dawns of April till the fading of the leaf,

From the first clear cuckoo calling

Till the harvest gold was falling,

And my store of joy was garnered at the binding of the sheaf.

There came another lover, more swift than I, more strong,  
 He bore away my little love in the middle of her song;  
     Silent, ah me! his wooing,  
     And silent his pursuing,  
 Silent he stretched his arms to her who did not tarry long.

So in his House of Quiet she keeps her troth for aye  
 With him, the stronger lover, until the Judgment Day:  
     And I go lonely, lonely,  
     Bereft of my one only  
 Bright star, Rose-blossom, Singing-bird that held the year at May.

The purple mountains guard her, the valley folds her in,  
 In dreams I see her walking with angels, cleansed of sin.  
     Is heaven too high and saintly,  
     For her to hear, though faintly,  
 One word of all my grieving on her grave beside Loch Finn?

She was, indeed, a natural Christian soul, and a most unspotted creature, whom it is easy to picture in heaven:

Thy Delight and my Delight,  
 Walking in the fields of light,  
 In God's garden, all in white.

Her poetry was singularly musical. She had much of the ballad gift and she hardly ever wrote a poem that one could not sing. It fulfilled the requirements of poetry, it was simple, sensuous and passionate. Both her prose and poetry were, I think, somewhat influenced by Fiona Macleod, the prose more than the poetry. It was an influence which, perhaps, was responsible for the melancholy in the beauty of *The Passionate Hearts*, for Ethna Carbery herself had a very cheerful and bright personality. I do not in the least intend to convey that Ethna Carbery derived from Fiona Macleod, but her admiration is, I think, apparent in some of the later work, not in essence but in manner. Much of her best work was done before Fiona was heard of, and much later had no trace of the influence, such as it was.

Apart from her literary position, which is a high one, so sweet, so noble, so gracious a personality must have its influence on the time and people among whom she lived. She said that there was not one day of her life she would not have

lived over again. That was a great thing to say and have justification for saying. She went away with the freshness and simplicity of her youth still upon her. Perhaps age would have found her still un-disillusioned. It is the reward of real goodness and gentleness that it sets old age at defiance. For such as her there was no death, but only as the old poet wrote:

A grene pathway to Lyfe.

Love of country made up so great a part of her that I must give one of her poems for Ireland as assurance of her qualities to those who may not know them.

SHIELA NÍ GARA.

Shiela Ní Gara, it is lonesome where you bide,  
With the plover circling over and the sagans spreading wide,  
With an empty sea before you, and behind a wailing world,  
Where the sword lieth rusty and the Banner Blue is furled.

Is it a sail ye wait, Shiela? "Yes, from the westering sun."  
Shall it bring joy or sorrow? "Oh, joy sadly won."  
Shall it bring peace or conflict? "The pibroch in the glen  
And the flash and crash of battle where my banner shines again."

Green spears of Hope rise round you like grass-blades after drouth  
And there blows a red wind from the East, a white wind from  
the South,  
A brown wind from the West, a *grádh*, a brown wind from the  
West—  
But the black, black wind from Northern hills, now can you love  
it best?

Said Shiela Ní Gara, "'Tis a kind wind and a true,  
For it rustled soft through Aileach's halls and stirred the hair of  
Hugh;  
Then blow, wind! and snow, wind! What matters storm to me,  
Now I know the fairy sleep must break and let the sleepers free."

But, Shiela Ní Gara, why rouse the stony dead,  
Since at your call a living host will circle you instead?  
Long is our hunger for your voice, the hour is drawing near—  
*Oh, Dark Rose of our Passion—call, and our hearts shall hear!*

"Shiela Ní Gara" is of course one of the names, beautiful and mystical—"Dark Rosaleen," "The Silk of the Kine," "Kath-

leen Ní Houlihen," "The Black Rose," "The Little Old Woman"—for Ireland, used by her lovers when she was under a ban.

Many people wrote laments for Ethna Carbery when she died untimely. Her husband's is surely the best of all.

THE HOUSE WITH THE GREEN DOOR.

Lone is the house of my Love,  
The house with the green door  
That opened to let my Love in,  
And opened never before.

It shut behind her that day;  
In my face blew the bitter rain;  
I cried aloud at the door,  
Calling her name—in vain.

Oft I went back through the storm.  
Strong the impulse that bore me,  
Stinging the sleet in my face,  
And chill the welcome before me.

It opened but once before,  
Once it will open again,  
The house with the green door,  
And noiseless bolt and chain.

Many my fruitless journeys;  
Yet, sometime the light will burn,  
And friends watch late in my house,  
And I shall not return.

I shall have found my welcome,  
And a wide-thrown green door:  
And I will tarry, in my Love's house  
Shut close for evermore.

# RATTAN RODS VERSUS PSYCHIC STUFF.

## A STUDY IN SPIRITISM.

BY JOHAN LILJENCRANTS, A.M., S.T.D.



NOT very long since the phenomena generally associated with Spiritism emerged from the realm of the disreputable occult and became part of the things which may openly elicit the interest of honest and rational men. There was no sudden transition, nor has it yet been complete. But thanks to such champions of knowledge as Sir William Crookes and many other learned members of the Societies for Psychical Research, Spiritistic phenomena are no longer contemptuously sneered at, but have been given a place among the mysteries for which science seeks a solution.

This fact alone has had a tremendous effect on the popular mind. Not only has it furnished a new and powerful assurance of the reality of Spiritistic phenomena, but it has lent to the *séance* a cloak of respectability which has brought the discussion of the phenomena to the best popular forum, the fortune teller to the professional register, and Spiritism to the status of a recognized religious rite.

The popular mind, so ably represented by Sir Arthur Conan Doyle, makes light of the transition from premises to conclusion. It takes evidence broadly, without sifting—if it bothers at all with evidence. And when it wishes to reach conclusions, it puts the leap frog helplessly in the background. This happy faculty is largely responsible for the widespread acceptance of the Spiritistic interpretation of spiritoidal and similar phenomena.<sup>1</sup>

But there is another, far more deplorable, reason for this state of affairs. Many well-known savants who have been or actually are engaged in the investigation of spiritoidal and sim-

<sup>1</sup> Dr. Boirac employs the term *parapsychic* to denote the phenomena which, produced in animate beings or as an effect of their action, do not seem to be entirely explicable by the laws and forces of nature already known. They are divided into three classes, the *hypnotical*, the *magnetoidal*, and the *spiritoidal* phenomena. The latter class embraces all the phenomena of Spiritism or mediumism.

ilar phenomena have accepted the basic claim of Spiritism, if not always as a proven fact, at least as their private opinion. F. W. H. Myers leaned in this direction; Sir Oliver Lodge has made himself an out-and-out sponsor of Spiritism.

In the meantime, and as a result of this condition, Psychological Research has lately undergone a very one-sided development. The Societies for Psychological Research were founded for the purpose of investigating various "occult" phenomena, and this, no doubt, they have done in a very admirable manner. In late years, however, their efforts have been almost exclusively concentrated upon finding support for the Spiritistic theory, much to the detriment of a branch of science which had made such fair promises for the future.

To the orthodox Christian, Spiritism presents a very ugly spectre. The traditional view looms high in his mind that the Spiritistic phenomena are nothing short of diabolic manifestations. On the other hand, if he has followed the progress of experimental psychology, he will admit that a number of allied or similar phenomena, as for instance those of hypnotism and magnetism, gradually have been proven to have their causes entirely within the realm of nature. And hardly a year passes without new discoveries being made which bring the two orders of phenomena into closer convergence. What, then, is to be his attitude toward the phenomena which occur at Spiritistic *séances*?

First of all, he can take but one attitude toward the *practice* of Spiritism, and it will hardly be necessary to set forth the reasons for its condemnation without reserve. Apart from the fact that certain phenomena cannot be referred positively to known natural causes, and that preternatural intervention should never be considered excluded where it is invited, the practices as a whole involve an execrable superstition. The attitude of the Church toward Spiritistic practices is unmistakably expressed in the decree of the Holy Office of April 24, 1917, strictly forbidding Christians to participate in them.

But there is a difference between superstitious and dangerous practices and the *normal, objective nature* of the phenomena which enter in as part of these practices. Consequently, when confronted with the question of the actual, objective nature of individual phenomena, quite apart from the practice of

Spiritism, our attitude must also be different. Here we have to deal with phenomena which at least *may* have a natural causation, and many of which show a very great probability of natural causation. To endeavor to solve the mysteries they present on the strength of opinion—a procedure common to Spiritists and Catholic writers alike—will unfailingly leave them unsolved. Nor is it very easy to see how knowledge possibly can be advanced by pressing theory far beyond the warrant of evidence. In order to reach the objective truth the phenomena must be submitted to an unprejudiced study of their objective nature, and therefore quite apart from preconceived opinions and beliefs. The objective truth regarding them alone will serve to free us from the spiritual wreckage which the excesses of Spiritism are working in the world today.

Spiritistic phenomena are usually classified as psychical and physical. For some time past the former have been given prominence in the investigations of the Societies for Psychical Research, and are more and more becoming identified with telepathy, clairvoyance, and other parapsychic phenomena certainly of a natural order. Even at the peril of contradicting a distinguished Catholic writer on the subject, we must state that of all the communications obtained by means of automatic speaking and writing, and published in the Proceedings and Journals of the Societies, not one necessitates an appeal beyond the sources and proven possibilities of the subconscious mind.

The physical phenomena present a far greater difficulty. The various, more prominent investigations of the past have led to no other result than to show that, almost without exception, every physical medium has been caught in fraud, and that all the phenomena exhibited could have been produced by mechanical means. Home's case in favor of genuine phenomena has been successfully exploded by Podmore; Eusapia Palladino met with singular defeat both in Cambridge and in New York. But the fact that the phenomena may be, and actually have been, produced by fraud does not necessarily argue that there are not instances of genuine phenomena. Only through continued investigation may we hope to obtain more conclusive results, and in the meantime it will be but fair to confront the problem of the physical phenomena with an open mind.

The latest investigations which have come to our notice

were conducted by Doctor Crawford of Belfast with the medium, Miss Goligher, and an account thereof was published last year in a book entitled *The Reality of Psychic Phenomena*.<sup>2</sup> The investigator, a lecturer on mechanical engineering, sees in the results of his labors conclusive evidence of the reality and genuineness of the phenomena which, according to his theory, are produced by psychic force emanating from the medium, and directed and applied by "invisible operators," whom he looks upon as discarnate spirits. It is our intention to make a short review of the evidence which the book is claimed to present.

Let it, then, first be said that we propose to examine the evidence as presented in Doctor Crawford's account. The evidential value of this account, in itself, depends entirely upon the accuracy of Doctor Crawford's own observation and method of recording. And if we take into reckoning the difficulty of accurately observing Spiritistic phenomena, and the many fallacies to which the most careful observation in the past has been subject, so clearly brought to light during the investigations of Eusapia Palladino, we must deplore the absence of several independent accounts of the present phenomena. This lack in itself is sufficient to rob Doctor Crawford's investigations of much of the value they otherwise might possess. But we shall touch upon this point again.

The experiments were usually conducted in an attic of the house occupied by the medium's family, the members of which formed the ring of sitters at the *séances*. Occasionally visitors were admitted. The attic, a small room, contained no other furniture than the *séance* table and the chairs used by the medium and the sitters. At the beginning of a *séance* the medium and the sitters, seven persons in all, grouped themselves in an approximate circle about five feet in diameter, and clasped each other's hands in chain order. The *séance* table, usually one of twenty-four by seventeen inches surface and weighing about ten pounds, was then placed in the middle of the circle. After a lapse of half an hour the sitters were allowed to unclasp their hands and place them on their knees. This seems to have been the usual position of the medium's hands when phenomena were taking place. At times two ob-

<sup>2</sup> *The Reality of Psychic Phenomena, Raps, Levitations, etc.*, by W. J. Crawford, D.S.C. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co., 1918.



servers seem to have been placed outside the circle, directly opposite the medium.

The room was dimly lighted by means of a gas jet inclosed in a red glass lantern. When the eye had become accustomed to the red light, Doctor Crawford states, most objects in the room could be plainly seen, but it was impossible to make readings on a weighing machine without the aid of a flashlight. The lantern was placed on a mantelpiece about four feet high, and in a position a little outside the circle, at an angle of ninety degrees to the right of the medium.

The phenomena were of the simplest type, consisting of levitations and movements of the table, pressure on a spring balance, raps, thuds, sundry sounds, and impressions in putty. Doctor Crawford asserts that all were telekinetic: effected without contact between medium and object.

The levitation phenomena are of greatest interest as offering the best opportunity for observation. Complete levitations of the *séance* table several feet from the floor were rather frequent. For experimental purposes the medium in her chair had been placed upon a weighing machine, the surface of the platform of which had been extended by means of a drawing-board. When levitations occurred, it could be ascertained that additional weight was put on the weighing machine, and careful readings gave at hand that the registered increase in weight corresponded, within a few ounces, to the weight of the table. Other movements of the table, whether partial levitations or movements along the floor, would be registered in the same manner. It was also observed that with the space between the medium and the table obstructed, no levitations or other phenomena would occur.

The results of the experiments with levitations and other movements of the table obviously lead to the inference that the phenomena depend upon the medium. Moreover, the results registered upon the weighing machine point to a leverage connection between the medium and the table. In other words, if a lever, fixed on the person of the medium and extending under the table, were used for lifting and moving the latter, these results would be obtained.

The most obvious hypothesis, then, upon which the phenomena may be explained is that they were effected by the medium herself. Doctor Crawford most naturally has taken

this hypothesis into consideration, but throws against it three main objections, which he deems sufficient completely to disprove it. First, that such action on the part of the medium would have to be ascribed to deliberate fraud which in the case is repugnant. Second, that observation has failed to discover physical connection of any kind between the medium and the table. Third, that continued experiments, bringing in new circumstances, clearly show that the medium could not have produced the phenomena with her body. We shall consider the objections one by one.

Doctor Crawford makes the statement that "the medium was quite conscious during all the experimental investigations, and any fraud presented would therefore be in the nature of deliberate action." This is far from accurate. A person may have all the appearances of being fully awake in the normal state, and yet closer examination may reveal that, in reality, he is in a "secondary state," in which his actions are not morally imputable to him. Time and time again "subjects" have been placed in a hypnotic state, to all appearances manifesting the characteristics of the normal waking state. The similarity has been even more pronounced in some well-known spontaneous cases of "secondary states," such as that of "Sally Beauchamp," observed by Doctor Prince. And there are, to say the least, strong analogies between the trance state of mediums and hypnotic states clinically or spontaneously induced.

There is nothing in Doctor Crawford's book to suggest that a psychical examination of the medium was ever undertaken, nor even that experienced psychologists were present at the *séances*. Consequently, in so far as his written testimony is concerned, the possibility of Miss Goligher being in trance during the progress of the phenomena must still be taken into consideration. If fraud were practised in such a state, it certainly would not reflect upon Miss Goligher's character.

There are circumstances which support the supposition that the medium was in a "secondary state." First of all, the phenomena began to occur only after a period of expectancy and preparation which, on our supposition, would be the time required for the medium to enter into trance. The atmosphere of the room during this period, it need not be said, was favorable for auto-suggestion. Again, Doctor Crawford men-

tions that during the progress of the phenomena the medium's arms were rigidly stiff. This in itself is not a natural symptom, but is known to occur in hypnotic states. Moreover, parapsychic phenomena generally occur in a state other than the normal waking, and the hypothesis of a "secondary state" would, therefore, best harmonize with Doctor Crawford's own theory of emission of psychic force from the medium. It is much to be deplored that this particular point was not made an object of special investigation by psychologists.

The second objection, we think, will not be difficult to meet. Doctor Crawford, it is true, is satisfied that his observations were correct. Before we approach Miss Goligher's case, however, it must be made perfectly clear that, under the conditions usually prevailing at *séances*, observation of Spiritistic phenomena is extremely difficult, and open to fallacies which are entirely eliminated in ordinary physical experimentation. If for a moment we stop to consider the performances of ordinary stage jugglers, we will admit that they bring before us very puzzling problems. There is, for instance, the case of the gentleman who enters the brightly illuminated stage in dinner coat and top hat. In a flood of light, and before a gazing audience he takes off his hat, and from its depths he produces living rabbits, geese, flowers, eggs, and other objects, with which he well-nigh fills the whole stage. The audience knows that a trick explains the seeming marvel, but does not discover the trick.

There is a considerable difference between the conditions of the stage performance and those surrounding the medium, greatly in favor of the latter. The *séance* room is comparatively dark, and the space between the medium and the *séance* table is additionally shaded. The Spiritistic phenomena are simple in comparison with stage wonders. The medium can choose the proper time for the proper phenomenon, can refuse phenomena when conditions are unfavorable, and can fail as many times as convenient—things which the juggler cannot do, since he has no spirits on whom to put the blame. It is true that the stage performer will not allow observers everywhere, but this is equally true of the medium.

With the medium in a trance or in a "secondary state" the difficulties of observation increase owing to the increased acuteness of the senses, and to the dexterity, precision, and swiftness

of movement characteristic of certain "secondary states." These facts have been plainly demonstrated in experiments with hypnotized subjects.

If we look back over past investigations of physical mediums we shall find our assertion amply verified. Eusapia Palladino had for years mystified distinguished investigators both in Italy and in France, producing phenomena far more remarkable than those of Miss Goligher, and it was not until she came under observation of Dr. Hodgson in Cambridge, who was familiar with methods of mediumistic fraud, that her tricks were discovered. Later she was sitting with Messrs. Carrington, Baggally, and Feilding in Naples who were fully acquainted with Dr. Hodgson's discoveries. At these sittings she was controlled on each side by specially detailed experts, whose sole function it was to observe and feel her hands and feet during the progress of phenomena. In spite of the minutest observations, including the exact position of her hands and feet each time a phenomenon appeared, which observations immediately were dictated to a recorder, trickery was not discovered. But at later sittings in the same city it was found that she was able to release one of her hands from the hold of its controller, perform the phenomena with her freed hand, and again restore it under control, all the while leaving the controller under the impression that her hand had continuously been grasped.<sup>3</sup> A double control was required to detect her trick. At her *séances* in New York she kept her sitters quite puzzled for two days, and it was only when a young man without her notice had succeeded in crawling across the floor into the cabinet behind her that it was found that she produced her phenomena with her left foot, surreptitiously withdrawn from its control. Yet Professor Hugo Münsterberg who at the time was in control of the foot, with which she operated, had been continuously under the impression of feeling it against his right foot.

With these facts before us, what are we to say of the control to which Miss Goligher was submitted? In so far as can be gathered from Doctor Crawford's account, apart from two observers standing opposite the medium, outside the circle, and thus at least five feet away from her with the table directly between themselves and her, there was no one in control ex-

<sup>3</sup> See *Proceedings of the Society for Psychological Research*, vol. xxv., pp. 57-69.

cept Doctor Crawford. And when we realize that the Doctor, besides controlling the medium, had to observe the phenomena and arrange the apparatus, it becomes clear that his control could not possibly have been effective. Occasionally he felt her arms and knees, for the most part he was content with intermittent visual control from her right side only. A position in the region between the medium and the table was never allowed. It need not be pointed out that such control is greatly inferior to that under which Eusapia Palladino was able to deceive her investigators.

Now to the third objection. Various tests were used which to the mind of Doctor Crawford served to show that the phenomena could not have been produced by the medium herself. A spring balance was placed under the table, and was found to register a certain weight before the table began to rise, and to maintain this registration during the levitation. The distance between the medium and the table—two and one-half to three feet—would have prevented her from reaching it except with her feet, and Doctor Crawford argues that it would have been impossible for her to press the balance with her one foot, and then, while raising the table with her other foot, maintain the balance at constant registration. Moreover, the experiment was repeated several times, and the same reading was always obtained. It would not have been possible for the medium to gauge the pressure on the balance so accurately.

This is very true if we suppose that the medium did not employ apparatus. But what could have prevented her from concealing suitable apparatus in her clothing, and from installing it during the period before phenomena were due to appear, and while the eyes of those present were still unaccustomed to the dim light? It does not appear that she was ever subjected to search before the sittings.

The experiments with the spring balance which showed pressure on it during the levitations, at times corresponding to three or four times the weight of the table, and increasing with its proximity to the scale of the balance, have led Doctor Crawford to the following theory regarding the production of the phenomena. He conceives a cantilever of "psychic stuff"—and perhaps consisting of several rods—projecting from the medium under the table. The cantilever is elastic,

and levitations are occasioned by the projecting end being bent upward. The consequent downward curve of the cantilever is responsible for the pressure on the spring balance.

The theory is admirably elaborated and covers the results of the experiments, but another theory would cover them equally well. We might suppose that the cantilever, instead of consisting of "psychic stuff," were made of a few rattan rods tied together and covered with soft, dark material. A strong, black cord tied to the projecting end of the rods would complete the apparatus. By resting the other end against her knees or left foot and pulling the cord with her left hand the medium could produce an upward turn of the free end of the rods, and also the curve causing the registration on the spring balance. One does not have to go into further details to show that the one theory would answer just as well as the other. The rattan cantilever would discharge the electroscope as readily as the "psychic" one, curving, it would press the spring balance away from the medium—as took place during experiments with a spring balance on rollers attached to a tension spring balance—and perhaps, when touched, its covering would supply the clammy, cold sensation of "psychic stuff."

If the rattan rods were supplied with a suitable head at the free end, the apparatus could be used for making raps and other noises. Its elasticity would prove of great value for the production of "tremendous thuds." Moreover, if the surface of the head were rifled, it would be easy to produce noises like those of sawing wood and rubbing the floor with sandpaper, not to mention the impression of the giant thumb in putty.

Doctor Crawford states that in order to obtain levitations it was necessary that the table should be at a certain, exact distance from the medium. This would be the case if our proposed apparatus were used. We also learn that when on occasions the table was turned over, it always turned to the right, that is, toward the light. This is quite in harmony with the method which would be followed by a medium operating an apparatus, for her left hand and side, and the corresponding side of the table, were less visible than the right, and also removed from the place from which Doctor Crawford usually made his observations. The rigidity of the medium's arms

during levitations would, no doubt, have something to do with her pulling the black cord. And, finally, certain conditions connected with light and visibility were admirably adapted to the employment of a dark object for the performance of the phenomena. We have mentioned the general conditions of illumination insuring a minimum of visibility. It is very difficult to distinguish dark objects in red light. And Doctor Crawford tells us not only that the additional light from a flash light with red cover over the lens, and placed so as to illuminate the medium or the space between her and the table, was an absolute obstacle to phenomena, but also that the force was unable to affect surfaces of light color. As a consequence the flash light had to be removed, and light surfaces covered with dark cloth before phenomena would appear. A dark apparatus would show against a light, but hardly against a dark surface.

There is, however, one difficulty. On occasions, Doctor Crawford states, the force affecting the table was such that a strong man hardly could lift it from the floor or press it back to the floor from its levitated position. Now, up to experiment number fifty-two, the table had bars across the legs, near the floor. The rattan rods placed over the cross bars, and held down by the medium with her feet, would easily explain the one alternative, while her foot placed under the curved end of the rods would make the other possible. As a fact, the rattan rod theory covers the various details of the experiments.

Here, then, we have theory against theory, rattan rods versus "psychic stuff."

Of course, the contingency of employment of apparatus would militate against the assumption that the fraud was *entirely* unconscious. The rods must have been prepared and kept from *séance* to *séance*. On the other hand, this does not rule out the possibility of the medium *operating* in a "secondary state." We in no way wish to impute the integrity of Miss Goligher; but it must be admitted that the question of the existence of genuine physical phenomena is sufficiently important to warrant the presumption of fraud as a *working hypothesis*, quite apart from reflections on the medium's character.

To disprove any theory involving employment of apparatus or, on the whole, of fraudulent production of any

kind, it is not sufficient to rely merely upon visual and tactile control. The Palladino investigations have shown this to be true beyond dispute. When devices were employed which prevented Eusapia Palladino from touching objects with her limbs, or which unfaillingly would tell tales if she endeavored to do so, one of two things happened—either no phenomenon was produced or unmistakable records of fraud were left.

First of all, the *séance* room and the medium should be thoroughly searched immediately before the commencement of sittings, in such a manner as to exclude positively the presence of apparatus, and this fact should be recorded in detail. Secondly, whenever possible, objects to form part of the exhibition of phenomena should be covered with lamp black or otherwise provided with means for detecting fraud. If in the Goligher case the bottom of the table had been covered with lamp black, this arrangement could have been hidden from all but Doctor Crawford, and would have confirmed or definitely disproved a theory such as the one we have put forth. If “psychic stuff” could pass through the clothing of the medium, certainly it could also pass through a screen of cheese cloth placed between the medium and the table; and the presence of the cheese cloth would do away with every possibility of the medium employing her limbs or simple apparatus. On the side of devices of this kind the most rigorous visual and tactile observation should be maintained, and the results thereof, as well as whatever may occur in the nature of phenomena, immediately reported to a special recorder. It is thoroughly useless to experiment with the physical phenomena of Spiritism—worse than useless, it is misleading—unless the precautions are taken which previous experimentation has shown necessary.

All theories so far advanced in explanation of the physical phenomena as *natural* occurrences, except the theory of fraud, suffer from the disadvantage of seeming very unlikely. Doctor Crawford’s theory involves a process invoking the natural and the preternatural alike. The psychic rod or psychic cantilever theory is both ingenious and interesting, but it is far from being illuminative. “Psychic stuff” in itself can hardly be said to be even a conception. Whatever is psychical is non-material, and, consequently, the term amounts to nothing short of non-material matter. “Nerve substance” is something far



more tangible, for it brings us to the realm of things which we can place in a retort and reduce to their chemical components. But nerve substance differs little from skin substance, and eye substance, and bone substance—it is all molecular matter, the laws of which have been fairly well established. Whether or not there be atoms, molecules, and elektrons that make up various kinds of material substances, one thing is certain, that rigid things are found exclusively among solids. And were we to conceive substance beyond the three established classes, they would be of an order characterized by greater thinness than that of gasses, and consequently by less rigidity. The psychic cantilever is neither gas, nor fluid, nor solid, yet it possesses the rigidity of a solid and the evasiveness of a gas. When touched, it gives a clammy, cold sensation. It would take an immense amount of proof to make Doctor Crawford's psychic cantilever theory convincing.

The Doctor also makes an excursion into the preternatural. The cantilever does not simply emerge from the medium and start its activity upon the table—to do so it needs the aid of invisible operators. Now, if for the sake of argument we accept the possibility of a psychic cantilever as described by Doctor Crawford, what need is there for calling upon the invisible world for its operation? Doctor Crawford reasons from the fact that the levitations and other phenomena were intelligently directed, and reaches the conclusion that invisible intelligences must have been actively involved. But there is not a scrap of evidence to show that anything took place that exceeded the capacity of the visible intelligences present. Rather, the intelligence in operation seems to have been quite below the ordinary, for the simplest instruments had to be explained before they could be operated. The directing intelligence expressed itself quite well by rapping, and seems quite familiar with the English language—which we presume was employed by Doctor Crawford—yet, when it came to manipulating a typewriter the same intelligence, having had the mechanism of the machine explained, did not succeed in giving a more impressive message than “mbx:gsq.” Greater things might be expected of intelligences capable of producing and manipulating the psychic cantilever.

That being the case, why not first hypothetically ascribe the intelligent direction of the phenomena to the intelligences

present in the flesh? If the phenomena are produced by means of psychic or nerve-force emanating from the medium, it is certainly nearest at hand to refer their intelligent direction to her own brain. We may even go so far as to assume that the function of her brain in this regard is subconscious—subliminal, Myers would say—and suggested to her by Doctor Crawford, who almost invariably asked for the precise phenomena he wished exhibited. Again, we repeat, there is not the slightest necessity in any single phenomenon to appeal from the human intelligence present to those of another world.

In fine, it is high time that something definite should be known regarding the physical phenomena of Spiritism. Let the mediums be investigated. But, above all, let cease this infernal mystification of haphazard and incomplete investigation, unripe theories, and all sweeping conclusions, which can serve no other purpose than to feed a ruinous and debasing superstition which in its turn is spreading unmorality and insanity in wider and wider circles.

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### EPITAPH.

BY FRANCIS X. DOYLE, S.J.

OH winds of France, blow sweetly on their graves!  
Oh sullen wintry rains, be kind, be kind!  
Their hearts were clothed with summer when they died—  
Warm be the bed of death their hearts shall find.

Their country waits with mother arms outstretched—  
Their dust lies on another mother's breast;  
Oh warm their ashes in the fire of love—  
Oh God, oh God of battles give them rest!

## GERARD HOPKINS AND HIS POETRY.

BY HENRY A. LAPPIN.



THE publication of a book of poems<sup>1</sup> from the pen of the late Gerard Manley Hopkins, priest of the Society of Jesus, is unchallengeably the rarest and most delightful gift of poetry which the year 1919 has so far bestowed upon us. The Poet Laureate has brought to his work of collector and editor not only the tender *pietas* of an intimate friend, but also the learning and taste of a scholarship as profound as it is exquisite and the wise understanding and delicate sympathy of a fellow-artist who has himself scorned the foothills and made the difficult ascent. With what is, on the whole, the successful execution of a far from easy editorial task, it may seem ungracious to find even the slightest fault; indeed, had it not been for Mr. Bridges' conscientious care and unremitting purpose, in all probability these poems would never have been assembled and made thus beautifully accessible.

The truth is, nevertheless, that the editor's sympathies and culture, wide though they be in so many respects, are not wide enough to enable him adequately to assess the wonderful enrichment of Gerard Hopkins' life and art which resulted from the poet's conversion to Catholicism and his subsequent entrance into religious life and the priesthood. More than once in the notes at the end of this volume the Poet Laureate is betrayed into a remark which convicts him of an amazing provincialism of outlook. He deprecates, for instance, certain ardent expressions of the poet as "mostly efforts to force emotion into theological or *sectarian* channels," and he arraigns some pieces for their "*exaggerated Marianism*." (The italics are the present writer's.) One may readily agree with Mr. Bridges that Father Hopkins was occasionally guilty of faults of taste, of disturbing mannerisms, of distressing sudden lapses from the highest auctorial virtue; but it is most gravely to be regretted that the religious inspiration of a distinguished artist's endeavors, the central core of his humility and devout-

<sup>1</sup> Poems of Gerard Manley Hopkins now first published. Edited with notes by Robert Bridges, Poet Laureate. London: Humphrey Milford.

ness, the source and goal of his illumination, should have met with a response so imperfect from an editor who is otherwise signally deserving of our thanks and praise.

For it cannot be too insistently affirmed that Father Hopkins was a Catholic poet of extremely high distinction, indeed. He was as Catholic as those other singing sons of Ignatius, English Robert Southwell and German Fredrich Spe: the author of *The Hound of Heaven* himself was not more pervasively Catholic. It is surely natural that those whom Mr. Bridges somewhat oddly calls "his co-religionists" should like to think of Gerard Hopkins mainly as a poet of the Faith, and should look with especially grateful eyes upon the numbers in which enthusiasm for his new-found Catholic heritage finds clearest utterance. Not all of those numbers are of equal merit, nor, indeed, are all of them included in this collection. Mr. Bridges quotes from a letter written by Father Hopkins to his Anglican friend, Richard Watson Dixon, in which there is a reference to his almost complete abstention from poetical composition for seven years after his reception into the Society of Jesus. During this time he wrote "nothing but two or three little presentation pieces which occasion called for." One of these pieces has been definitely identified, the verses to the Blessed Virgin entitled *Rosa Mystica*, first published in *The Irish Monthly* for May, 1898, and subsequently reprinted in Orby Shipley's anthology, *Carmina Mariana*.

Of such "presentation pieces" it is evident that the editor's opinion is not high. He implicitly contrasts them unfavorably with what he calls the "severer Marian poems"—*The May Magnificat* and *The Blessed Virgin Compared to the Air We Breathe*—and suspects, rightly or wrongly, that the author himself set no great value upon them. "I do not find," he observes, "that in either class of these attempts he met with any appreciation at the time; it was after the publication of Miles' book in 1894 that his co-religionists began to recognize his possible merits, and their enthusiasm has not perhaps been always wise. It is natural that they should, as some of them openly state they do, prefer the poems I am rejecting to those which I print; but this edition was undertaken in response to a demand that, both in England and America, has gradually grown up from the genuinely poetic interest felt in the poems which I have gradually introduced to the public: that interest has been

no doubt welcomed and accompanied by the applause of his particular religious associates, but since their purpose is alien to mine I regret that I am unable to indulge it; nor can I put aside the over-ruling objection that G. M. H. would not have wished these 'little presentation pieces' to be set among his more serious artist work. I do not think that they would please anyone who is likely to be pleased with this book."

There are, of course, several great names, Anglican and Catholic, in the field of distinctively religious English verse: among the former, Herbert, Traherne, Vaughan, and Christina Rossetti occur at once to the mind; and the Catholic note is splendidly resonant in the work of Coventry Patmore, Francis Thompson, and Aubrey de Vere—to mention only three poets of comparatively recent times. To these latter Gerard Hopkins is assuredly in the true succession. Unfortunately by far the greater number of "religious" poems are not merely loose in thought and lax in sentiment but—worse still—slovenly in execution. In a volume wherein he has thought fit to include so many tantalizing *fragments* of poems, Mr. Bridges might very reasonably have refused to hold back from us even the least of these despised presentation pieces. It may well be that were such verses added to the collection under review, they would not noticeably strengthen the author's poetical reputation, but they certainly would not detract from it; and it is hardly likely that in the long run even the unsophisticated applause of "his particular religious associates" could hinder the poems of Gerard Hopkins from finding their appointed niche upon the most genuinely exclusive shelf. And this is perhaps the best place to set down Coventry Patmore's fine words—quoted by Miss Brégy in the most discriminating study<sup>2</sup> that has yet been made of Father Hopkins' poetry—"Gerard Hopkins was the only orthodox and, as far as I could see, saintly man in whom religion had absolutely no narrowing effect upon his general opinions and sympathies. A Catholic of the most scrupulous strictness, he could nevertheless see the Holy Spirit in all goodness, truth, and beauty. . . ." Nor did a pietistic line ever come from that fastidious pen.

In a passage quoted above Mr. Bridges mentions "the publication of Miles' book in 1894." His reference is to *The Poets*

<sup>2</sup> See THE CATHOLIC WORLD, January, 1909, or *The Poet's Chantry*, page 70. St. Louis: B. Herder, 1912.

and *Poetry of the Century* edited by Alfred Miles, the eighth volume of which comprehensive anthology dealt with "Robert Bridges and Contemporary Poets." Gerard Hopkins was one of the contemporary poets from whom chosen poems and extracts were quoted, and Mr. Bridges prefixed a brief biographical and critical introduction to the selections from his friend's poetry. That was nearly a quarter of a century ago, and Father Hopkins had then been dead five years. No biography or extended memoir of him has appeared since that time, and it is scarcely likely now that one will be written. The Miles introduction gave the main dates and facts of the poet's life. Born at Stratford, Essex, not far from London, on July 28, 1844, he died of fever in Dublin on June 8, 1899. From Chomondely School, Highgate—where one of his teachers was Richard Watson Dixon, in after years to become justly famous as poet and ecclesiastical historian—he passed to Balliol College, Oxford, where with Walter Pater for tutor, he won a First Class in the school of *Literæ Humaniores* in 1867. He was received into the Church by John Henry Newman before he left Oxford, and having remained with Newman in Birmingham for some months, joined the Jesuits in 1868.

In his later years in the Society he did parish work among the Liverpool Irish, taught in Stoneyhurst, preached in Farm Street, and in 1884 crossed to the Irish Province and worked in Dublin until his lamented death, examining in "ancient classics" as an elected Fellow of the now defunct Royal University of Ireland. In his Miles introduction Mr. Bridges painted the gloomiest of pictures of the poet's life as a Jesuit. "The vice and horrors" of parish work in the Irish colony at Liverpool "nearly killed him;" "in the several posts which he held in turn . . . he served without distinction." It was Dublin, Mr. Bridges mournfully implies, that proved the culminating stroke. Not merely had "the material contagions of the city" their way with him, but "the drudgery" of his examiner-ship, and "the political dishonesty which he was there forced to witness, so tortured his sensitive spirit that he fell into a melancholy state." Irish slum-dwellers, Irish examinees, Irish politicians—a veritable embarrassment of misery!

One can readily enough appreciate something of the poignancy of this Englishman's exile in Ireland (he has given touching expression to it in his poetry); and it is surely pos-

sible to sympathize, too, with the deeper feeling of an introspective mind in difficulties. The black dog not infrequently sat upon Gerard Hopkins' back in those days; the poet knew his hours of intolerable brooding melancholy, and felt the irk of restraints and disabilities more grinding to him than any mere physical fetters could have been. But on the other hand it is much to be feared that Gerard Hopkins was unduly, pitifully sensitive, and that—like nearly all Englishmen, past and present—he failed utterly to understand the Irish. In Dublin, one learns, they looked upon him as “odd,” and his actions occasionally gave a color of appropriateness to that not unkindly epithet. (The late Professor Edward Dowden used to tell how poor Gerard left at his front door in Temple Road a couple of volumes of verse by Robert Bridges, requesting that the biographer of Shelley should not attempt to acknowledge the somewhat furtive gift.) Had the exile only known how to deal with Dubliners, how to laugh with and at them, Ireland might have given him a new lease of life instead of bringing his days sadly to an end. It was absurd of Mr. Bridges to speak of the classical examiner's work as drudgery; it was nothing of the kind: there could hardly have been found for him in all the Irish Province a less exhausting work. And as for the political dishonesty he is alleged to have witnessed in the Irish capital, most of it was the creation, direct or indirect, of his own fellow-countrymen. It is sometimes necessary to be candid.

To turn now to the *Poems*. An interesting and curiously learned *prolegomenon* on his metrical theories by the author, and a series of helpful notes with a preface by the editor—these, with about eighty pages devoted to the poems themselves, make up the contents of the volume. The poems are derived from the following sources: a manuscript book into which Mr. Bridges had pasted copies in Hopkins' autograph as they were received from the poet: a collection of the poet's letters to R. W. Dixon containing autograph poems with a few late corrections: a bundle of posthumous papers to which Mr. Bridges' had access after Father Hopkins' death. One may speak first of the defects of the poems. They have, succinctly observes the editor, “definite faults of style which a reader must have courage to face, and must in some measure condone before he can discover the great beauties . . . they may be

called Oddity and Obscurity." Of the former of these faults the poet himself seems to have been clearly conscious. In one of his letters (February, 1879) he wrote: "No doubt my poetry errs on the side of oddness. I hope in time to have a more balanced and Miltonic style. But as air, melody, is what strikes me most of all in music and design in painting, so design, pattern, or what I am in the habit of calling *inscape* is what I above all aim at in poetry. Now it is the virtue of design, pattern, or inscape to be distinctive and it is the vice of distinctiveness to become queer. This vice I cannot have escaped. . . ."

Of his obscurity, however, Mr. Bridges believes that the poet was "not sufficiently aware . . . and he could not understand why his friends found his sentences so difficult." A large measure of the difficulty likely to be experienced by the readers of these poems is attributable to the elliptical liberties taken by the poet in his unceasing efforts to omit from his verses all "the purely constructional syllables," to crowd out every merely "grammatical, colorless, or toneless element." An extreme example of this is mentioned by the editor: in *The Loss of the Eurydice* Father Hopkins wrote:

Holiest, loveliest, bravest  
Save my hero, O Hero savest,

which is well-nigh unintelligible unless one supply the necessary relative pronoun before "savest." Nor did the author keep careful enough ward over the position of words in his lines to guard against the dangers of grammatical ambiguity. Mr. Bridges remarks with truth that "English swarms with words that have one identical form for substantive, adjective, and verb; and such a word should never be so placed as to allow of any doubt as to what part of speech it is used for; because such ambiguity or momentary uncertainty destroys the force of the sentence." By ambiguities and momentary uncertainties the reader of these poems is likely occasionally to be perplexed. Nor is our poet without a certain perverse fondness for freaky rhymes: "boon he on" is made to rhyme with "Communion" in *The Bugler's First Communion*—but it is only fair to add that it is his worst offence in this kind. "Some of my rhymes I regret," he wrote in 1883, "but they are past changing, grubs in amber: there are only a few of them; others are unassailable, some others again there are," he ends de-



fiantly, "which malignity may munch at but the Muses love." Obviously this is not a poetry to be read as one may read Crabbe or William Morris—straight ahead, with one's feet on the fender, as Macauley read Thucydides. In some of the more teasingly intricate of these poems one's rhythmical and grammatical instincts seem ever on the point of sustaining an assault; the progress of Gerard Hopkins' Muse is no mellifluous "golden pomp." In spite of this it may be truthfully declared that very few, indeed, are the lines which leave unguerdoned the industriously attentive eye and ear; very few are the verses that are not built up with the anxious subtlety of a most curiously and exquisitely wrought art.

Perhaps it is also true to say that in what pertains to the sheer command of the science of his art, Gerard Hopkins is surpassed by no poet in English, save only John Milton himself. Fully to enjoy his superb virtuosity is, one suspects, the last reward of consummate metrical scholarship. On some of these pages there are harmonies the rare inner splendors of which only a most carefully tutored ear and spirit may apprehend; one may overhear echoes of such music as that which ravished the senses of the Pamphylian Er hearkening unto the harmony of the celestial sirens who sat upon the nine unfolded spheres. And there is throughout a passionate ardor that beats like a pulse, but it is an ardor "not of Eros' lips." Love is here, but it is no earthly love. The fiery glow at the heart of the finest of these poems is that of the Living Flame of Love. It can scarcely be that verses such as these will ever companion the wayfaring man; he needs must be gladdened and healed by some plainer song—*Qui potest capere capiat*. In his austere work Gerard Hopkins is none but a poet's poet, and by every true poet he will henceforth be loved with a fine and just impatience.

But though, in his most sublime and intricate reaches, the singer is lost to our feebler eyes in a storm of light, and his song becomes inaudible to our dull and untrained ear, he has left us a small handful of poems which we may all read and understand and rejoice to possess: poems full of a tender and luminous beauty, poems of imagination and melody all compact. The first three numbers of this collection—the "Early Poems"—are lucid and very lovely; these blossoms of his hesitating spring have a fragrance exquisitely their own. In his

Miles essay Mr. Bridges drew attention to what he happily called the Keatsian sweetness of those early lines, and Miss Brégy—whose wise and beautiful essay everyone should read—found in his *Vision of Mermaids* an abiding affinity to the poet of *Endymion*. To indicate this kinship in song some rapturously sensuous lines from this early poem may be quoted:

Soon—as when Summer of his sister Spring  
Crushes and tears the rare enjewelling,  
And boasting “I have fairer things than these”  
Plashes amidst the billowy apple-trees  
His lusty hands, in gusts of scented wind  
Swirling out bloom till all the air is blind  
With rosy foam and pelting blossom and mists  
Of driving vermeil-rain; and, as he lists,  
The dainty onyx-coronals deflowers,  
A glorious wanton; all the wrecks in showers  
Crowd down upon a stream, and jostling thick  
With bubbles bugle-eyed, struggle and stick  
On tangled shoals that bar the brook—a crowd  
Of filmy globes and rosy floating cloud:—  
So those Mermaidens crowded to my rock.

The poem from which this extract has been taken was written when the author was no more than eighteen years old. It demonstrates quite plainly the point made by Mr. Bridges, “that his difficult later style was not due to inability to excel in established forms.”

*Heaven Haven—A Nun Takes the Veil* and *The Habit of Perfection* both belong to the Oxford days and to the year of his conversion to the Faith, 1866. Not merely are they among the most perfect and profound things he ever wrote, but they show how deeply even then he had penetrated to the Truth, how unfalteringly his youthful feet were set upon the Way. Some of the lines in *God's Grandeur*—that nobly reverent *elevatio mentis in Deum*—take soul and ear with their wonderful charm of thought and melody. The poem deserves to be reproduced in its entirety.

The world is charged with the grandeur of God.  
It will flame out, like shining from shook foil;  
It gathers to a greatness, like the ooze of oil  
Crushed. Why do men then now not reck His rod?

Generations have trod, have trod, have trod;  
 And all is seared with trade; bleared, smeared with toil;  
 And wears man's smudge and shares man's smell: the soil  
 Is bare now, nor can foot feel, being shod.  
 And for all this, nature is never spent:  
 There lives the dearest freshness deep down things;  
 And though the last lights off the black West went,  
 Oh, morning, at the brown brink eastward, springs—  
 Because the Holy Ghost over the bent  
 World broods with warm breast and with ah! bright wings.

It was the tenderly imaginative conception of the closing lines of this poem that Mr. Bridges cited as "a perversion of human feeling," and as one of Father Hopkins' "efforts to force emotion into theological or sectarian channels." One may well exclaim: *O felix culpa!*

Of spring's simple Chaucerian gladness there is hardly a more ecstatic evocation in modern English poetry than in these lines full of the burgeoning joy of that season:

. . . When weeds, in wheels, shoot long and lovely and lush;  
 Thrush's eggs look little low heavens, and thrush  
 Through the echoing timbers does so rinse and wring  
 The ear, it strikes like lightnings to hear him sing;  
 The glassy peartree leaves and blooms, they brush  
 The descending blue; that blue is all in a rush  
 With richness; the racing lambs too have fair their fling.

In *The Sea and The Skylark* with what lovingly minute observation does he arrange the delicate touches descriptive of the wavering silver chain of song dropped by the lark in its ascent!

Left hand, off land, I hear the lark ascend,  
 His rash-fresh re-winded new-skeinèd score  
 In crisps of curl off wild winch whirl, and pour  
 And pelt music, till none's to spill nor spend.

Suspecting that these splendid lines might need elucidation for some of his readers, Father Hopkins in the following characteristic passage (from a letter in 1882) thus places his meaning beyond doubt: "*Rash fresh more* (it is dreadful to explain these things in cold blood) means a headlong and exciting new snatch of singing, resumption by the lark of his song, which by turns he gives over and takes up again all day

long, and this goes on, the sonnet says, through all time, without ever losing its first freshness, being a thing both new and old. *Repair* means the same thing, renewal, resumption. The *skein* and *coil* are the lark's song, which from his height gives the impression of something falling to the earth and not vertically quite but tricklingly or wavingly, something as a skein of silk ribbed by having been tightly wound on a narrow card or a notched holder or as twine or fishing-tackle unwinding from a *reel* or *winch* or as pearls strung on a horsehair: the laps or folds are the notes or short measures and bars of them. The same is called a *score* in the musical sense of score, and this score is "writ upon a liquid sky trembling to welcome it," only not horizontally. The lark in wild glee *races the reel round*, paying or dealing out and down the turns of the skein or *coil* right to the earth *floor*, the ground, where it lies in a heap, as it were, or rather is all wound off on to another winch, reel, bobbin or spool in Fancy's eye, by the moment the bird touches earth and so is ready for a fresh unwinding at the next flight. *Crisp* means almost *crisped*, namely, with notes." This charmingly exact explanation recalls somewhat Walter Headlam's illustration of the use of ἴψος ἐξ ἴψευς in his perfect version of Shelley's *Skylark*, and how he could not keep from mentioning in this connection one of his favorite lyrics, Katharine Tynan's, "All day long in exquisite air the song clomb an invisible stair."

Perhaps one may take the space to add that to Headlam the lark's song also suggested Schubert's octet: "It is the most lovely thing in all music," he would say, "and exactly right for heaven, as there is no reason why the last movement should ever stop; it goes on and on and on, and just when the subject is coming to an end it turns round and catches its own tail, and there you are at the beginning and start all over again. Larks too went on for ever, and had you ever noticed how they mount? They go up a staircase, climbing up step by step into the sky. George Meredith had noticed it, and Katharine Tynan — 'round by round in exquisite air the song went up the stair.' That was a real lyric, as beautiful a lyric as you might find, and in the same volume was the poem about the daffodil, the golden trumpeter."

The rich quiet and golden beauty of the English countryside have never been rendered with a more intimate and ap-

pealing freshness or with more delightful *naïveté* than in such poems as *Pied Beauty* and *Hurrahing in Harvest*. *Pied Beauty* in particular, has an eager Franciscan joyousness, simplicity, and devotion:

Glory be God for dappled things—

For skies of couple-color as a brinded cow;

For rose-moles all in stipple upon trout that swim;

Fresh-firecoal chestnut-falls; finches' wings;

Landscape plotted and pieced—fold, fallow, and plough;

And all trades, their gear and tackle and trim.

All things counter, original, spare, strange;

Whatever if fickle, freckled (who knows how?)

With swift, slow; sweet, sour; adazzle, dim;

He fathers-forth whose beauty is past change:

Praise Him.

One may well believe that in artistic directness and in simplicity of language, there are in the whole range of English nature-poetry few lines more complete in suggestion than some of these. "For rose-moles all in stipple upon trout that swim"—that is a memorably beautiful line.

Among these poems there is a delightful Oxford sonnet of which Mr. Mackail surely cannot have known, or he would have set it shining in place beside those other jewels of Oxford song with which he has adorned his fine lecture on the poetry of that place of enchantment:

Towery city and branchy between towers

Cuckoo-echoing, bell-swarmed, lark-charmed, rook-racked,

The dapple-eared lily below thee. . . .

Every epithet here is a poem in itself.

But one must draw to an end. We have here the record and proof of an extraordinarily high achievement in the most difficult of the arts. If profundity of thought, ardor of emotion, and power and charm of expression are the notes of great poetry, there can be no uncertainty concerning the fate of this poet's fame: it will go on and increase. Archbishop Trench once said of Shakespeare's sonnets that they were "double-shotted with thought." His phrase is accurately and admirably applicable to nearly all the poems written by Father Hopkins. One looks in vain among the poets of the present hour for ardor of emotion comparable to that which throbs with such

passionate exaltation in the best pages of these *Collected Poems*; few, indeed, are even the major artists in English song who have attained to a deeper intensity of feeling. In power and charm of expression it is less obviously easy to demonstrate his very real distinction. Some of his metres are woven with such tortuous subtlety, with such tremulous ingenuity, that the endurance of most readers will faint and fail before the task of penetrating through them to what lies beyond; one must tear oneself through thorns and briars, as it were, and not many suffer willingly so stern a trial of onset. Sometimes so opulently obscure is his imagery that only the most painstaking lovers of poetry can hope to win their difficult way to his thought. But these things, too, had their purpose and their justification. "There will always be those"—Joyce Kilmer some years ago aptly wrote—"who dislike the wealth of imagery which characterizes Gerard Hopkins' poetry, because they do not understand his mental and spiritual attitude. Perhaps for some critics an altar cloth may be too richly embroidered and a chalice too golden. Ointment of spikenard is 'very costly.'" Yet from the pen of this poet there also came poems and lyrics as crystal-clear as the globèd dew, as musical and unlabored as the song of a thrush among the leaves.

There are two portraits of the Jesuit poet in this edition of his *Poems*. One of them represents him as an Oxford undergraduate looking out upon life with the eager undisillusioned eyes of youth; the other portrait is of the priest of later years, a face of tranquil firmness, full of a singular gravity and sad sweetness of character, full also of a delicate spiritual perception. It speaks of a love chastened and changed, of a surrendered heart and a transfigured life, of a girding girt round by the strong hand of Christ, of a soul that has emerged *ex umbris et imaginibus in veritatem*.

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## AN UNCANONIZED SAINT.

BY MARY FOSTER.

### I.



HE sacristan of Santa Caterina was a little old man whose black hair was fast turning white. His chin, which he got shaved every week, was grizzled and dirty, his small brown eyes were growing dim. He shuffled his feet as he walked across his little church, rattling his keys, that strangers might know to whom to apply for a guide.

Sometimes, his young daughter assisted him in his task. Occasionally, indeed, he told off a party of sightseers to her, for she knew as much as he about their sanctuary and its treasures, and the adjoining house of Santa Caterina.

Caterina Spacchi had been born in the shadow of the chapel in a small room where, doubtless, in days gone by, the Saint herself had passed on her errands of mercy to her neighbors. There, too, Caterina's mother had gently breathed her last, shortly after the birth of her baby.

As a little child, Caterina used to join her companions in running down the steep Via Benincasa. They waylaid the passing foreigners, pestering them with bold, yet graceful, impudence to come and see what they, in their soft Tuscan dialect, called the *Hasa di Santa Haterina*, provoking smiling mimicry from those familiar with the Italian tongue.

Children soon learn to discriminate, and Caterina and her merry companions could well distinguish those of the tourists likely to follow the pointing of their eager brown fingers and to visit their sanctuary. Still, they did not confine their attentions to this class of visitor only. Often their little bare legs chased the uncompromising British spinster, with Baedaker firmly under her arm, just for the mischievous delight of arousing an indignant protest in very bad Italian from the tormented sightseer.

The children ran freely in and out of each other's houses sure of a welcome at all times, for when does an Italian woman

turn from a child? Sometimes Caterina looked round her neighbors' rooms with wistful eyes, regretting in her childish way that there was no mother and no little brothers and sisters in her home. She could not ask her companions to her house, for her father kept it locked while he sat in his church, and his child was left to the care of a neighbor.

So this young thing grew up in the street made holy by the footsteps of Siena's Saint. The simple church was more homely to her than her own little bedroom. She grew accustomed to spend many odd moments there, to run in and tell the Listener Who never grew tired of all the little joys and griefs that others would laugh at.

From the sunny street the chapel was always dark and cool, and a minute snatched from the chatter of the outside world and spent in this peaceful place was very precious to her. The great Santa Caterina had prayed there, and there was a very beautiful picture of her on the wall, and her little disciple learned to love the shrine. After all, didn't her Father dwell here and were not the sweet Madonna and the saintly Caterina watching her? Her own mother must be near also, nearer than in the noisy street, thought the child, as she stood in her dark corner praying in her artless way.

As Caterina grew older, she began to forsake her young companions. She felt envious of them when they clustered together in large happy families, or discussed amongst themselves whose mother was the fairest. At such moments she would run from them to the chapel, where she would whisper softly:

"Oh mother, you are by far the fairest, for you are an angel now."

So many hours spent in the dimly lighted sanctuary with her best Friend, seemed to give a purity and refinement to the young girl's face, as she passed from childhood to early womanhood. She grew rapidly into a tall young thing, long limbed and graceful, as are her countrywomen. Her back was as straight as the cypresses which grew outside the city gates, and the small, shapely head was set nobly upon her erect shoulders.

Often she climbed the steep street to watch the passers-by, a slender, lissom figure, as she stood gazing in silent wonder at the foreigners. They were a constant source of interest to



her, their hair especially puzzling her. Her own was straight and thick and neatly confined in two braids, but theirs seemed to stand out everywhere in marvelous waves and curls.

She wondered, too, at the frequent glances they directed to her, and why they smiled when her dark, dreaming eyes met theirs. She did not know how her fresh young beauty attracted and how musical her soft Tuscan accent sounded. So she often regretted that these strangers did not see her in the lovely Sunday dress her father had once bought for her. It was a tight fitting, gray cashmere with a yoke of crimson velvet, and ranked amongst the girl's most treasured possessions. She could not tell that the simple peasant bodice and full skirt that she wore every day became her far better.

Caterina loved her home. She loved the glimpses of the broad, unknown country that she could see from the top of the Via Benincasa. She loved the brown tiled roofs, clustering at the feet of the marble cathedral, which sheltered the Sienese homes. She loved the cypresses at the city gate far below. But most of all she loved her little church with its pictured walls, and her patron saint's house where the frescoed figures were all her intimate friends.

She would often laugh with very joy at the loveliness around her, and little ejaculations of praise and thanksgiving escaped from her lips as some new beauty of ever changing nature sent a throb through her being. Sometimes the distant mountains were clad with snow which sparkled in the sunlight, or a gray mist hung over the vineyards, making the silver olive trees one with it. But the great dark cypresses stood aloof from the spells of the atmosphere.

Caterina vaguely fancied that the seductive mist was like the great attractive world, and had lured the trembling olive trees, as the world lured timorous souls, into its embrace. But the cypresses were as the pillars of God's Church, firm and straight, ever pointing upwards.

The girl was happy and contented in her simple life. Her father was poor, and could not afford her treats, but she was a good daughter to him and cared for him more and more as he aged, relieving him of his work and sparing his enfeebling steps the duties her young feet undertook so willingly. Then, in the evenings when the church was locked upon the tourist, Caterina could have it all to herself, and talk to the great

Friend so close to her. And as girlhood trembled on the threshold of womanhood, she falteringly spoke of her future, and prayed God to send her a good husband.

“A Christian, dear God, and a good kind man.” She prayed aloud in her soft voice, “Ah, Madonna, you had the best of husbands, can you not find one for me, to love and help me to be good? And I would like some dear little babies to care for. I would be very good to them and teach them to love you. And if they grew up good and pious, you would be pleased with me and let me come to you in heaven when I am old enough to die and see my own dear mother there. I wonder if once she prayed for a baby, and I wonder if she is pleased with her baby now.”

## II.

Mark Standish raised the heavy leathern curtain of the church door, letting it fall with a dull thud against the framework of the entrance. His sun-dazzled eyes beheld nothing for a moment, and he looked around with that vague sensation of blindness that we all experience on coming from dazzling brightness into a dim, unknown space. As his vision grew accustomed to the sombre light a tall erect form caught his eye, and he glanced with some curiosity at the standing figure, then he glanced again.

Caterina's pure profile showed out against the dark wood behind her, and was lit up by the fitful flickering of a lamp burning close at hand. One or two worshippers knelt here and there praying devoutly, and Caterina's lips moved as she too prayed, while her soft whispers were audible to the stranger at the door.

“Ah, Madonna, I am growing old, quite soon I shall be a woman. Send me a good husband.”

A faint smile crept into the listener's face, and he waited for more, but it was only the—to him unfamiliar—sound of the *Ave Maria* which met his ear.

He drew near to the girl, and accosted her politely:

“I beg your pardon, can you tell me who these frescoes are by?”

The question was unnecessary, as he know well, and he was conscious that it was hardly a question to put to a peasant

girl. But he was attracted by the face, and the deep eyes, now turned to him, moved him strangely.

"I will tell you all about them," Caterina responded to his surprise. "I am the sacristan's daughter, so I know them all very well. This is my favorite, it is by Pacchia. See our great Santa Caterina bending to kiss the feet of the dead Santa Agnese di Montepulciano. See, the feet themselves are rising to meet her holy lips. Her figure is noble, isn't it? I am fond of looking at that young man who stands in the front of the painting, he is so handsome and graceful. Don't you think it is a very beautiful picture?"

"Very, very beautiful," the stranger replied gazing at the girl instead of at the fresco.

"You should come and look at them by yourself," she said turning her eyes from the picture to her companion. "And now, shall I show you the Casa?"

He assented with alacrity. "You know all about these beautiful works of art," he added with some surprise.

"Oh, yes, *signore*," she answered, "I have lived here all my life, and have learned to love them."

"Do we always love our surroundings?" the man questioned idly as he followed her through the side door.

But Caterina looked at him in silence, not understanding his question. Standish watched her with much interest as she conducted him through her beloved Saint's rooms, watched the flush deepen in her dark cheek, as, finding him so sympathetic a listener, she poured forth the poetical history which the walls depicted. Through her recital the very air they breathed seemed so impregnated with the spirit of the Saint, that Mark almost expected to see the gentle virgin before him in her humble cell wrapt in prayer. He lingered long, strongly attracted by the poetry and charm of his young guide.

"I will come again," he said, when at length he withdrew. "I am an artist, you know, and I would like to study these frescoes. And perhaps when I return you will take me through the rooms again, and repeat what you have told me today."

Caterina smiled, she felt she had found a kindred spirit. Most people hurried past Franchi's frescoes. "Very nice, but modern," they said, and they had come to Italy to see ancient art.

And then how nice this gentleman was! How polite he had been to her. He had treated her as a grown-up lady, calling her *signorina*, and opening the doors for her. And he spoke such excellent Italian. Also he was an artist. Caterina did not quite know what an artist was, but it was evidently one who loved beautiful things and who would let her talk about her treasures.

After he had gone, Caterina slipped back to the chapel to thank God for sending so kind a gentleman to her.

Standish came back the next day, and returned again and yet again. Almost daily he and his young guide stood before the frescoes. Caterina, now that her duty of *cicerone* was done, waiting silently behind the gentleman till he should want her. As she stood in readiness her eyes would stray to her beloved pictures and the artist, unperceived, could watch her wrapt, dreaming face.

Standish had a craving for the beautiful, but art alone had stirred his heart. A man of thirty-three, he had never known love, and no atmosphere of religion had ever breathed upon his soul. He led a somewhat solitary existence, a spoilt child of fortune who had scarcely had a cross in his life, a man of strong ideas and deeply-rooted prejudices. In person scrupulously neat and tidy, he heartily despised and held in abhorrence the ill-kempt type of "artist," for ugly surroundings and ugly people jarred upon him as much as crudity of color offended his artist's eye.

For the rest, he was entirely careless and self-indulgent. Free from home ties, and enjoying a comfortable and assured income, life slipped by smoothly, without care or trouble. He had set up a studio in Siena for some months. The delicate spring of the surrounding country, which would soon give place to the richer glories of summer, he looked forward to reproducing upon his canvas, and the city itself would furnish him models from amongst its inhabitants.

Now he had found a face which his fingers were aching to set down. That the girl herself attracted him was a happy coincidence. He had studied her appearance while presumably studying Franchi's frescoes, and he knew that he could make a beautiful picture of her. But he did not quite know how to ask this girl to stand as his model. She was so dignified he felt he must make his request delicately, and it irritated him

to think that he could not seize his brushes and paint her then and there.

"*Signorina*," he began diffidently, at length, "I have told you that I am an artist. I am painting a picture of your lovely country. But I want you to let me put you in it. You would be helping me greatly if you would permit it."

"But the *signore* is welcome," she said gently in some surprise.

"You would have to come to my studio then," he continued, relieved that she had acceded to his request so simply. "And sit or stand for me. Of course, as I would be taking up your valuable time, I should not let you be the loser. You have the face I want, and I would pay you well to let me reproduce it."

She looked at him with a puzzled frown upon her brow.

"I have the face you want?" she repeated slowly. "But then the good God gave it to me as a free gift, and I could not sell it for money, could I?"

"Then what would you?" Standish asked half impatiently.

Caterina drew herself up proudly.

"I will take no money," she said firmly, "but the *signore* may paint me certainly. I will come with him now, at once, if he will only wait till I put on my best frock."

"No, no," he interrupted laughing. "Come as you are. Twist your red scarf over your dark hair the way you often wear it. I will paint you so. Come."

Caterina followed him slowly, disappointed that he would not let her wear her gray and crimson dress. But he was such a nice gentleman, and it was very good of him to choose to paint her. As they passed through the little chapel and she made her devout genuflection, she whispered eagerly:

"Oh, Madonna, he is going to paint me in a real picture. Oh, let me look nice in it and please him."

### III.

"Now Caterina," began Standish briskly, and with his brushes in his hands he was a different man. "You must stand here—so—not stiffly, naturally. Try and fancy you are gazing at one of your frescoes at home. See, I will hang this picture for you to look at."

Caterina glanced around in bewilderment. The studio seemed very rich and luxurious to her, and she would have liked to have feasted her eyes upon the treasures that lay about. But she obediently turned her eyes to the direction desired, to find that the picture put before her was a very beautiful head of her dear Santa Caterina.

Standish sketched her rapidly. He wanted to catch the dreamy expression her eyes always wore when she was in repose, so he did not speak to her. As he worked the beauty of her face grew upon him, and he resolved to draw her in many positions and to catch some of the many expressions which flitted across her countenance.

He did not keep her long the first day, but sent her home before she was tired, making her promise to return the following morning. Then he sat down, lit a pipe, and fell to thinking of her. Next day he let her sit before him in any pose she wished, and talked to her that she might be quite natural and at her ease. He drew her on to speak of her home and daily life, noting with satisfaction the swift changes which passed over her face as she responded confidently to his tactful questions.

"Alas! *signore*, I never knew my mother," she said, "she died when I was a baby. And though she is a happy saint with the good God it seems hard that while she can see me, I cannot see her, doesn't it?"

"Yes," replied the artist beginning to sketch rapidly, "it doesn't seem quite fair."

Caterina looked at him inquiringly, but presently he added: "What have you done without a mother all these years?"

He wanted to catch the wistful expression that had stolen into her eyes as she mentioned her dead mother, and he drew her roughly as she told him about her childhood, and the neighbors and her merry young companions who had mothers and brothers and sisters to love them. Then, when he had satisfied himself that he had caught the fleeting sadness of her face, he lay back in his chair and lit his pipe.

"You have a very beautiful home," he observed presently, after a little silence had fallen between them.

"Ah, so lovely, *signore*," she cried clasping her hands. "Sometimes when I gaze at the country outside the city gates,

I want to laugh aloud with the beauty of it all. Do you think the good God can have made a country more beautiful than Italy?"

Mark took the pipe from his mouth and laughed lightly. "If He made Italy, perhaps He went one better somewhere else," he said.

"But of course He made Italy," Caterina replied, looking up with a puzzled air. "And He made heaven, we know, which is far fairer than this. Oh I am sure it will give us a great, great surprise when we get there to see how lovely it is."

Mark smiled.

"Do you think I will ever get there?" he asked idly. "Can you fancy me in such a place?"

Caterina's face grew troubled.

"You say such strange things, *signore*, and I am only a poor girl and cannot understand."

Standish took a piece of charcoal and touched up his sketch, but he did not answer. It would not do to perplex this child: she might not come back if he shocked her. But she was very amusing, indeed something more than amusing.

"Well, the country," he suggested presently. "Tell me what you see outside the city walls."

"Have you not seen it, *signore*? It is so beautiful. I do not know when I like it best. Perhaps in the early spring, I love the red brown earth when it is freshly turned up by the plough. I could look at it forever."

"And your eyes are something the same color as the earth from gazing at it so much," Mark observed. He was putting some color into his sketch and at the moment he was mixing a red brown for her eyes.

"Is that really true?" she asked, opening them wide. "Then it is strange that they have not become blue from looking at the blue, blue sky. The brown earth, *signore*, is the sun's child. When the light falls upon it, it is golden red like the sun, and at night it lies dark and silent when the sun has gone. But the olive trees are the moon's children. They are silver, as she is, and as she sends her beams down to the world, they send them back, that she may shine more brightly. That is why the moon is so brilliant in Italy, *signore*."

"Why, you are quite a poet, little one," exclaimed Mark. "How do you notice such things?"

“The good God gave us this beautiful world, *signore*, that we might love it. And I think He knew that we should love Him better the lovelier He made it. So He made it very, very beautiful so that we should love Him very dearly for giving it to us.”

Mark smiled again. He felt that he was being pleasantly entertained. He had worked earnestly while she had been speaking. Now he threw down his brushes, and stood up, surveying his work critically.

“I shall begin my picture next time you come,” he said.

“Oh, *signore*, I thought it was finished. Do you want me again?”

“Why I have only made sketches so far!” Mark replied. “I have to paint the picture. You will have to come many, many times more. Don’t you like coming?” he asked quickly.

“But, *signore*, so much,” she said earnestly, “you are so kind, and you let me talk.”

He smiled upon her as she withdrew.

When Anthony Bland came in a few moments later, he found his friend alone before his easel.

“Got a find?” he inquired, glancing over the painter’s shoulder. “By jingo! you have. Is that the little girl I met on the stairs? Stunning young woman, and a rattling beauty.”

“That you, Tony? Yes, I suppose you will be wanting her next. She is a quaint little thing, and so original. See, I have caught her various expressions in these rough sketches, and I made her talk so that she should be quite unconscious. They’re good, aren’t they? I shall touch them up and make some little studies out of them.”

“Don’t touch them up much,” said the other. “I like them as they are, they are so vigorous and clear.”

“Yes,” Mark agreed slowly, standing back a little. “She is very good, Tony, so patient. I think she said her rosary last time she was here.”

“A bit religious?” Tony laughed.

“Oh, quite, ripping ideas, some quite pretty. You should hear her. But I suppose she wouldn’t talk if you were here. I’ve got round her and she is entirely at her ease with me now.”

“I wonder who you have not got round when you wanted to,” remarked Tony thoughtfully. “You’re a lucky fellow, Mark, and I’m sure I don’t know why. Now you have got hold



of a saint you'll be wanting to turn saint, too, and what's more you'll get your wish, as usual." He wound up with a yawn.

"Ah, don't laugh at her," Standish said rather regretfully. "She's a very good little soul. And if she believes in fairy tales, why let her, its very pretty and it refines her face."

Bland laughed. "You'll have to imbibe some of her belief if you want to paint her as a Madonna," he returned, and he took up one of the sketches. "You tried there, but that face has nothing divine in it, my dear chap, its only mawkish and rather sentimental."

Standish drew it away impatiently.

"I have to study her more," he said hastily. "But she has got the face I want, and I shall certainly paint her as the Virgin."

#### IV.

Mark worked silently next day, and Caterina stood very patiently. Sometimes he saw her lips move, and he smiled quietly to himself.

"Sit down now," he said at length, "and rest. It is tiring standing still and it cannot be interesting for you to pose for me without saying a word. What can I do to make it less tedious for you?"

He looked at her thoughtfully. "I have it!" he cried suddenly. "How would you like me to teach you to speak English while you are resting?"

"Oh, *signore!*" she exclaimed, clasping her hands in delight, and fixing her great eyes upon his face. "You are so good. How God must love you! I would do my very best to please you, *signore*, and to learn quickly."

"Very well," he answered, smiling at her pleasure. "After you have stood for me, you shall come and sit beside me and we will talk and read together. Would you like that?"

"Oh, *signore!*" She looked at him in respectful admiration.

"You see," he explained, "my picture will take a long time, and after it is done, I shall paint you again. By that time you will be able to speak a little English, perhaps."

"I will tell the Madonna how good you are, *signore*, and I will ask the blessed God to give you many blessings."

Caterina proved to be a very quick pupil, and Mark thought as he listened to her first faltering efforts, that she made the English tongue very soft and sweet. The picture progressed slowly. Mark was by no means anxious to hurry. Truth to tell, he found his young companion very attractive, and as the present was pleasing, he lingered over his work.

The neighbors in the Via Benincasa did not quite approve of Caterina's new occupation.

"Eh, but she'll get spoilt," they asserted, as they discussed her round their doorsteps. "She'll think she's a beauty because she is having her picture painted."

"And she'll be too good for us soon," said a gray-haired woman, wistfully.

"Now she's learning English, she'll forget her mother tongue," another added with a shrug, "and perhaps the *signore* will take her back to England with him."

The gray-haired woman sighed gently. "Caterina is a good girl," she said softly.

"But perhaps the *signore* is not," put in a sharp featured young woman. "They say he does not go to church."

Old Pica raised her eyes, which were growing dim with work and saddened by hard cares and troubles.

"Nevertheless Caterina is a good girl," she repeated quietly.

But Caterina was apparently unchanged by her lot. She prayed as frequently in her chapel, and spoke to her great Friend of the joy that had come into her life, and she begged God to make her very clever in learning English that the kind *signore* should not be disappointed in her.

And Standish? He dawdled over his picture more and more, and avoided his friends, telling them that he was very busy. When Caterina was not standing for him or learning English at his feet, he was hanging over her picture touching it here and there, delighted with the work he had done. More than that, he was beginning to love the painting not only for its artistic merits and skill but for the sake of the lovely face it portrayed.

But at length it was finished, and Mark and Caterina stood before the canvas, she, awe-struck to feel that by her side stood he who had painted this wonderful picture. Presently, however her eyes grew sad.

"Ah, now it is finished," she said sorrowfully.

"Yes, it is finished," he echoed, drawing a deep breath.

Then he smiled as he turned to her. "But I haven't finished with you," he added, and he laughed to see the flush of delight which rose in her cheeks. "I am going to paint the Madonna, now."

"Ah, the dear God will help you to paint His Blessed Mother," she murmured.

"But I am going to ask *you* to help me," he returned gaily. "I shall paint you as the Virgin."

"Paint me as the dear Mother of God!" she exclaimed in an awed whisper. "Oh, no, I am not worthy."

"Why, little one, of course you are," he argued. "How do you think your frescoes were painted? You should be glad that you have the face which will help me to paint the Virgin."

Caterina looked at him for a moment.

"You know best," she then replied meekly. "I thought it was too great an honor for me. But it must be right if you say so. I will ask the good God to make me fit to help you."

She gazed at him with shy admiration, and he laid his hand on hers with a soft pressure.

"That's a good girl," he said quickly.

She flushed deeply at the unwonted gesture, and at some tone in the hasty words, that she had never heard before.

And so the sittings went on.

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## MY LITTLE SHIP.

BY MAY DONEY.

I WEARY for my Little Ship

That is so long in coming home;  
Dim month by month, the long years slip  
Into the past, 'neath Hope's blue dome;  
I dream of it in vision rare;  
I plead for it in daily prayer.

So many boons it has aboard,

To given it steady draught and deep,  
So firmly freighted is its hoard—  
So fast its darling treasures keep—  
That surely never storm could wreck  
The shining keel beneath its deck!

I look for it; I long; I wait;

I count the Goods it holds afar—  
Four happy walls; a golden gate;  
A garden where GOD'S roses are:  
The open wind-way of the sun;  
Heaven's Dawn in two sweet eyes begun.

Eager or work-worn, quick or numb,

I stand forever at the Place  
Into whose harbor-reach shall come  
The Little Ship that seeks my face—  
The Little Ship my longings fill  
With Shining Shadows of LOVE'S Will.

I weary for my Ship deferred:

And yet—across the waters wide,  
Tonight, an Angel-Truth I heard;—

*My Ship comes in on every tide!*  
*My Little Ship—O Mystery!—*  
*Brings CHRIST in day by day to me!*

## A PHASE OF CURRENT ANGLICAN CONTROVERSY.

BY J. F. SCHOLFIELD.



IN two distinct, though closely connected, lines of suggested "reconstruction" (the term is almost inevitable in these days) there is much ferment at the present moment among our separated brethren of the Church of England. The first is the "Life and Liberty" movement, which seeks to deliver the Anglican Establishment in the Old Country from the Parliamentary bondage which, for several generations, has taken the place of the royal tyranny inaugurated by Henry Tudor of unhappy memory. That something must be done is said to be the conviction of the large majority of the professed members of the Established Church; that anything of importance will be done, except at the price of disestablishment *and* disendowment (the far more dreaded evil of the two) is very dubious to impartial outsiders who read history and who know something of the theological (save the mark!) atmosphere of the British Parliament. There is, also, said to be a strong minority against the "Life and Liberty" programme, composed curiously enough of the extremists of each principal section of Anglicanism. The comparatively few representatives of a decadent and intolerant Puritanism know quite well that there would be little opportunity for them in an ecclesiastical body able to speak and act for itself; the advanced modernists hug the fetters of establishment, because they effectually hinder any real Church authority and discipline; and the "Ultramarines" (as Ronald Knox happily terms the extreme wing of the High Church section) are not anxious for any amelioration of present difficulties and abuses until the whole bad record of nearly four centuries can be wiped out by the corporate submission (as they fondly dream) of the Anglican Church to the Apostolic See.

Along with this movement for self-management on the part of the Church of England there is another which shows considerable activity, and aims at the reform in some degree, in the direction, at least, of liturgical precedent, of the Anglican

Book of Common Prayer. That remarkable *mélange* of Catholic prayers (some of them translated with extraordinary success), Protestant verbiage, and general liturgical wreckage, forms a schedule to an Act of Parliament, *i. e.*, the Act of Uniformity of 1549, and as such cannot be modified, except by the same secular authority which originally imposed it. A few trifling alterations, aiming chiefly at greater brevity in the recitation of "Morning and Evening Prayer," required, in 1872, an "Act of Uniformity Amendment Act." There are few Anglicans, naturally, who would care to have the celebration of their services discussed by an assembly like the House of Commons, composed of men of all religions and of none, and therefore what the Anglican authorities aim at is for all ecclesiastical legislation, disciplinary and liturgical, to be in the hands of the Church herself, as represented by the Houses of Convocation, and the canons or other directions thus set forth to be "laid on the table" of the House of Commons for a certain period—it being understood there shall be no discussion—and thus to pass into State as well as Church enactments. Here again it is to most people incredible that such a concordat will ever be achieved between the two powers concerned.

However, this may be, it is not uninteresting to consider briefly the chief liturgical proposal now under consideration, which has been accepted by three out of the four Houses of Convocation—the Upper House of the Northern Province alone rejecting the scheme. The suggestion is to restore as an alternative use the first Protestant Communion service, imposed by Act of Parliament in 1549. With the consent of the ordinary, either this or the form of 1662 may be used in any church—such is the wish of, apparently, a large majority of those clergy and laymen of the Church of England who care anything about such questions; and many of the rest, being indifferent, would place no obstacle in the way of such a restoration.

On the other hand, a storm, raised and vigorously exploited by the extreme Protestant party in the Church of England, is successfully obscuring—*more Protestantico*—the issues involved, and generally causing bitterness over a question that surely demands the calm of historical and scholarly consideration. A few bishops, chiefly of the Province of York, aided by a number of clergymen scarcely distinguished for their learn-

ing or influence, have been organizing a monster petition against the proposed alternative use, on the ground that the Communion service of 1549 is "Popish" both in its doctrine and its ceremonial. Now the opposition of these well-meaning but very ill-instructed people is founded on profound historical and liturgical ignorance. Without being a specialist (an honorable title to which the present writer has no shadow of a claim) a very little research is sufficient to show the absurdity of their position. It is quite true that a large and influential section of High Churchmen, including the widely venerated Lord Halifax, have for many years desired the Communion service of 1549 to be recognized as, at least, a permissible rite; and in the private chapel at Hickelton (Lord Halifax's place in Yorkshire) we believe that the late Archbishop of York, Dr. W. E. Maclagan, sanctioned its use. It is equally true that the most advanced wing of the "Anglo-Catholic" section desires nothing less than its restoration for reasons that will appear presently.

The Prayer Book of 1549, commonly known as Edward VI.'s First Book, was the initial attempt of the apostate Archbishop Cranmer to despoil the people of England of the rites by which they had worshipped for well-nigh a thousand years. In the previous year, indeed, an "Order of Communion" in English had been published, and ordered to be used at Mass when any desired to receive Holy Communion. It was incorporated into the new Service Book and has survived in the various succeeding books of 1552, 1559, and 1662. But, unliturgical and heavy as is its literary style, and revolutionary as were the intentions of its framers, it did not essentially interfere with the Sacred Liturgy of the Mass. In the "Book of Common Prayer," all this was changed. Cranmer had at first sufficient scholarly instinct to retain, so to speak, the skeleton of the ancient rite; the sequence of the Missal was to a large extent maintained in the new service. Much of the dignity and beauty of both Ordinary and Canon were gone, and, of course, the vernacular had taken the place of the language that St. Augustine had brought from Rome, and in which the *Ecclesia Anglicana* had ever offered up the adorable Sacrifice.

[ERRATA.—A typographical error occurs on page 528, line 5, where 1549 should read 1559.—THE EDITOR.]

But there was far worse than this: from end to end of the new service every explicit reference to the offering up of the Divine Victim under the sacramental veils was with the utmost diligence abolished. The priest was certainly to wear an alb and chasuble—so was the Lutheran minister by Luther's direction, and so he does today. But it was not without significance that he was no longer to begin his ministry at the altar with the Psalmist's words which had for so many centuries struck the keynote at the opening of the divine harmonies of the Mass—*Introibo ad altare Dei*. The prayers at the Offertory, with their wonderful anticipation of the mighty Mystery, were struck out; so too was the *Orate, fratres* and the response *Suscipiat*. The Canon was replaced by two long prayers, the first, "For the whole state of Christ's Church," the second being what afterwards was known as the "Prayer of Consecration." In this latter every single clear assertion of the reality of the Divine Sacrifice is obliterated. Cranmer and his associates had no place in their new rite for *supplices rogamus ac petimus, uti accepta habeas et benedicas hæc dona, hæc munera, hæc sancta sacrificia illibata; for pro quibus Tibi offerimus, vel qui Tibi offerunt hoc sacrificium laudis, pro se, suisque omnibus, pro redemptione animarum suarum, pro spe salutis, et incolumnitatis suæ; for hanc igitur oblationem servitutis nostræ . . . quæsumus, Domine, ut placatus accipias; for the Quam oblationem and Supra quæ propitio ac sereno vultu prayers; or for the priest's last prayer before the Blessing Placeat Tibi, Sancta Trinitas. There certainly was left a shadow of the *Unde et memores*, but a comparison of the prayer in the Missal and that in the new service will show how careful the "reformers" were to expunge any expressions that might imply that the Oblation of the Cross is mystically offered under the accidents of bread and wine.*

#### THE MISSAL.

*Unde et memores, Domine, nos servi Tui, sed et plebs Tua sancta, ejusdem Christi Filii Tui Domini nostri tam beatæ passionis, nec non et ab inferis resurrectionis, sed et in cælos gloriosæ ascensionis: offerimus*

#### PRAYER BOOK OF 1549.

Wherefore, O Lord and heavenly Father, according to the institution of Thy dearly beloved Son Our Saviour Jesus Christ, we Thy humble servants do celebrate and make here before Thy divine majesty, with these Thy holy gifts, the memorial Thy Son



*præclaræ majestati Tuæ de Tuis donis ac datis, Hostiam puram, Hostiam sanctam, Hostiam immaculatam, Panem sanctum vitæ æternæ, et Calicem salutis perpetuæ.*<sup>1</sup>

hath willed us to make: having in remembrance His blessed Passion, mighty Resurrection, and glorious Ascension, rendering unto Thee most hearty thanks for the innumerable benefits procured unto us by the same: desiring Thy fatherly goodness mercifully to accept this our sacrifice of praise and thanksgiving.

The Protestant form, if it stood by itself, and was found in some primitive rite, is undoubtedly patient of a Catholic interpretation, and would, indeed, demand such if the whole intention of the liturgy was evidently to do what the Church does in offering the Sacrifice of the Mass. But the history of the service-book of 1549, and the notorious heresy of its compilers, quite forbid such an interpretation.

After the *Pax Domini sit semper vobiscum*, which was retained, of course translated, in the new book, follows a short exhortation which is also capable of quite an orthodox meaning, but, as inserted by Cranmer, can scarcely be other than a definite denial of the mystical Sacrifice of Our Lord renewed in Holy Mass, and an assertion that the whole rite is a feast of thanksgiving rather than a Divine Offering which, when offered, becomes the Food of all the faithful:

Christ our Paschal Lamb is offered up for us once for all, when He bore our sins on His Body upon the Cross; for He is the very Lamb of God that taketh away the sins of the world: wherefore let us keep a joyful and holy feast to the Lord.

The language is, it need hardly be pointed out, reminiscent of the Paschal Preface.

Three years after the publication of this book, another, commonly known as the "Second Prayer Book of Edward VI.," was put forth, and in this Cranmer's utter abandonment of the Catholic doctrine of the Holy Eucharist was expressed even

<sup>1</sup> "Wherefore, O Lord, we Thy servants, as also Thy holy people, calling to mind the blessed passion of the same Christ, Thy Son Our Lord, His resurrection from the dead and admirable ascension into heaven, offer unto Thy most excellent Majesty of Thy gifts bestowed upon us, a pure Host, a holy Host, an unspotted Host, the holy Bread of eternal life and Chalice of everlasting salvation."

more unmistakably. If the compilers of the first Anglican communion service had left something of the skeleton—albeit stripped of flesh and deprived of life—of the ancient Liturgy, this time they had, with a hatred that is almost incomprehensible, reduced that skeleton to a shapeless heap of bones. Many of the changes had no doctrinal significance, and were simply the result of a determination to shatter the very framework of the Liturgy. As might have been expected, almost every word that could bear a Catholic interpretation in reference to the Eucharistic Sacrifice was expunged. “In the First Prayer Book there occur no less than sixteen places where whatever words or phrases indicated one doctrine of sacrifice and of a real and objective presence were carefully expunged. And in the Second Prayer Book nine further alterations were made in passages inadvertently retained which were found to bear a shadow of resemblance to Catholic teaching.”<sup>2</sup>

Passing over the omission of all directions for such outward reverence to the Most Holy Sacrament as found expression in the rubrics of the Missal, *e. g.*, the directions for genuflection, joining of the thumb and forefinger after the Consecration until the ablutions, and even the ablutions themselves—there is one rubric which disposes forever of the fiction that the First Prayer Book, and especially the communion service it contains, was in the least degree a Catholic rite. I refer, of course, to the order which forbids “any elevation or showing of the Sacrament to the people.”

It is a perpetual puzzle to students of the change of religion in England why this direction was subsequently dropped and never re-inserted in later revisions. It can scarcely have been mere inadvertence; it certainly was not that, in three years, faith in the Blessed Eucharist had been rooted out so completely that there was no likelihood of unwillingly conforming clergy retaining as much as they could (as we know they actually did) of the Catholic ceremonial. Possibly it was a deliberate sop to the men of the “Old Learning,” with the hope of including as many as possible in the new State Church; this would have been more than likely under Elizabeth, but seems improbable in 1552.

But the disappearance of the prohibition to elevate the

<sup>2</sup> *The Line of Cleavage under Elizabeth.* By Dom Norbert Birt, O.S.B. London: Catholic Truth Society, p. 65.

Sacrament explains in part why the greater number of the "extreme" men in the Church of England would much prefer to keep even the present communion service (in substance that of 1552, with two or three modifications owing to High Church influence) than see the earlier "reformed" rite restored. Another reason is that the service now in use can be embedded, in an extraordinary manner, in the Missal, which would be an entire impossibility with the rite of 1549. A few judicious additions, omissions, and transpositions in the "Ordinary" of the present form can produce a strange external likeness to the Catholic Mass; while for the Canon all that is needed is to begin boldly (*secrete* of course) at the *Te igitur*, to interpolate the Anglican "Prayer of Consecration" after the *Quam oblationem*, and after the second Elevation to proceed with the *Unde et memores* and so to the end.<sup>3</sup> To Catholics this will sound incredible, but it is done at scores, if not hundreds, of Anglican altars every day.

Besides the internal evidence of the service itself, it is only necessary to refer to the notorious opinions, clearly expressed in their writings, of the men who framed it, to show that there was no intention on their part to provide an "Englished" Mass, with some few simplifications in ceremonial. They were set on abolishing, root and branch, what Cranmer called the "abominable and detestable" Sacrifice of the Mass, and of which he wrote that Christ "is not in it (the Blessed Sacrament), neither spiritually, as He is in man, nor corporally, as He is in heaven, but only sacramentally, as a thing may be said to be in the figure, whereby it is signified." "The greatest blasphemy and injury that can be against Christ, and yet universally used throughout the popish kingdom, is this, that

<sup>3</sup> The controversy regarding the Prayer of Consecration in the English Prayer Book does not trouble the clergy of the Episcopal Church in America, for the reason that the American Rite appends to the short English Prayer of Consecration, an "Oblation," and "Invocation" and a further intercessory form, which is regarded as an equivalent to the *Unde et memores* and which contains, according to the teaching of the "advanced clergy," a true oblation of the consecrated elements, and a true *epiclesis* and which gives, moreover, an opportunity for the "little elevation" (*omnis honor et gloria*). The Commemoration of the Dead is quite generally interpolated, secretly, in the concluding portion of the Prayer of Consecration, giving the words "And although we are unworthy" a resemblance to *Nobis quoque peccatoribus*.

The American Book of Common Prayer follows the English Rite quite closely except in this detail, the presence of which is accounted for by the promise of Bishop Seabury (the first American Bishop who was consecrated by Scottish non-jurors) to incorporate as much as possible of the Scottish Rite in the American Book.

the priests make their Mass a sacrifice propitiatory, to remit the sins as well of themselves as of other, both quick and dead, to whom they list to apply the same." <sup>4</sup> To Cranmer's evidence as to the intention of the reformers in the publication of the Prayer Book of 1549 may be added that of Ridley, Bishop of London, the Archbishop's chief collaborator in the work. "They (the Catholics) pluck away the honor from the only sacrifice of Christ whilst this sacramental and Mass-sacrifice is believed to be propitiatory, and such a one as purgeth the souls, both of the quick and the dead." Coverdale, intruded by the Edwardine government into the see of Exeter, whom Dom Norbert Birt calls "one of the most famous promoters of the Edwardine Liturgy," styles the adorable Sacrifice the "heinous and stinking abomination" of the Catholics, and uses blasphemous and abominable language unfit for repetition in a Catholic review.<sup>5</sup>

These, and others like-minded, were the framers and the sponsors of the First Prayer Book of Edward VI. That there should be a heated controversy going on amongst our Anglican friends in its warm defence on the one hand, and its no less emphatic condemnation on the other, shows the small grasp of either historical or liturgical criticism possessed by most of these well-meaning people. The subject cannot fail to be an interesting one to Catholic scholars; it has, indeed, furnished our libraries with a monumental work from the learned and eloquent pen of Cardinal Gasquet. And the present phase of Anglican domestic controversy is almost certain to bring it into a prominence which it has not had for many years.

As compared with the communion service used in the Church of England since 1559—when the form imposed in 1552 was restored almost unchanged—that in the First Prayer Book is obviously superior in both construction and language. No scholar, whatever his belief, would defend the extraordinary wreckage which two or three generations ago Anglicans used fondly to term "our incomparable liturgy." As a Protestant service-book there is a dignity and a coherence about the earlier rite which are hopelessly lacking in the latter. But from the Catholic standpoint the "first step which costs" was taken, with all its deplorable consequences, in 1549. It was

<sup>4</sup> These quotations, which might be multiplied, are from the Works of Archbishop Cranmer, Parker Society edition, quoted by Dom Birt, *op. cit.*, pp. 26-28.

<sup>5</sup> Cf. Dom Birt, *op. cit.*, pp. 33, 34, 49, *et seq.*

then that a rite which by implication denied the Real Presence and the Divine Sacrifice in the Holy Eucharist, was deliberately substituted for the Church's sacred Liturgy. It is only by courtesy that we speak of this new service as a "liturgy." As Doctor Adrian Fortescue remarks in his treatise on *The Mass*, Protestants have compiled "quite nice prayer books"<sup>6</sup> for the use of their people, but it would be historically as well as doctrinally absurd to rank them with the great Liturgies of the East and West. It was against the imposition of the book of 1549, be it remembered, that the men of Devon rose in their thousands, demanding the restoration of the ancient rites, and declaring that the new observances were "no better than a Christmas game."

If then, as seems most probable, the Anglicans in the old country, who care at all one way or the other, succeed in restoring the first Edwardine rite, such as use it will undoubtedly have rid themselves of a liturgical monstrosity, and secured greater solemnity and dignity in the supreme exercise of their worship. The extreme men on either side will be displeased, but will settle down to the accomplished fact.

But let no one seriously think that anything like a definite step back in the direction of the Ancient Faith will have been taken by the Church of England. There is this encouragement, however, for those who wish the best to our Anglican friends—that all such discussion as they are now involved in leads men to think. And when they *think* with a good will, and the determination to follow wherever the Light of Life may lead them, they at least have their faces set towards the Faith and the Church of their fathers.

<sup>6</sup> Doctor Fortescue considers that Bugenhagen's Lutheran service-book, composed for the Protestants of Wittenberg, is about the best of these.

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## New Books.

**HOW FRANCE IS GOVERNED.** By Raymond Poincaré. New York: Robert M. McBride & Co. \$2.00 net.

This text-book written by the President of the French Republic is intended for use in French schools. Though written before the War, the present reëditing of the English translation is most timely. Many changes may be expected before long in the constitution of the French Government. The book will then be found valuable as a clear and authoritative exposition of what will be the *terminus a quo* of any new departures. The unsatisfactory character of the present form and workings of the Constitution has been the object of much comment on the part not only of leading publicists outside of France but of French politicians themselves. Some of M. Poincaré's criticisms, moreover, on this very head deserve to be especially noted by those in this country who are sincerely interested in providing for our own future welfare. Speaking for instance of the prefect of the department he says: "In the first place he represents the Government and in this quality he causes orders received from Paris to be executed throughout the department. . . . It is he again who appoints the teaching staff of the primary public schools, and this is to be regretted, for the prefect is by habit, if not by legal intention, an official who busies himself considerably with politics, and it is to be deplored that anyone should suspect political motives as entering into the selection of schoolmasters."

In those few words, we have a summary of what is perhaps the saddest and undoubtedly the most important chapter in the history of modern France.

Another point made by the author to be carefully kept in mind when reading this book is that "the French are almost invariably tempted to regard the State as a kind of Providence which ought to provide a remedy for every evil." This is due in large measure to their past history. France had at one time, as M. Poincaré shows, the beginnings of a tradition of liberty which, but for Gallicanism, the shortsightedness of a lawyer Parliament and the selfish caste spirit of the nobility, might easily have developed into something superior even to the forms of liberty possessed in our country and in England. But this tradition was lost. In this connection Albert Sorel provides the key to almost the whole problem of government in modern France. At the Revolution, says he,

"there were no precedents for liberty while the precedents for despotism were innumerable. Thus one notes the gradual insinuation into the Revolution, on the ground of expediency, of all the governmental methods of procedure of the *ancien régime*. Once these had been reintroduced they held the mastery, and since then the whole art of theorists has been to hide and disguise them."

**POLAND IN THE WORLD OF DEMOCRACY.** By Anthony J. Zielinski. St. Louis: Privately printed.

This comprehensive war book, introduced by Archbishop J. J. Glennon and Senator John W. Weeks, consists of seventeen chapters on Poland, past and present, all but four of which were written by Mr. Zielinski in essay form for the Free Poland review. Despite its heart-felt appeal and unveiled partisanship, it differs from the ordinary run of such books because of its conservative, judicial tone, grasp of the subject, and historical accuracy. One wishes that it was better organized, and that it contained a brief bibliography. However, a number of authorities are noted in the text, and quotations never lack a careful citation.

The glorious days of Poland from Casimir the Great to Sobieski, the bulwark of Vienna (1333-1696), are well portrayed. The heroic campaigns of Polish knighthood against Tartars and Turks and against the hardly less cruel Teutonic Knights, prove how Poland safeguarded Christianity and European civilization. There follows a discussion of the Polish governmental system, with its figure-head sovereign and democratic guarantees, happy toleration of the Jews, kindly patronage of arts and letters, and encouragement of secondary and higher education. The student of the English constitution would hardly agree that the decree of 1430, *Neminem captivabimus nisi jure victum*, antedated the habeas corpus by two centuries (p. 23). Among the reasons assigned for the thrice partitioning of Poland, the author stresses the hatred and fear of Polish democracy on the part of the neighboring, predatory autocracies. Truly, Poland felt the heel of Prussia and experienced the Kultur of Frederick the Great long before the world-at-large understood. As evidence of Polish culture there is listed a number of renowned scholars, such as, Martinus Polonus, the thirteenth century chronicler, Copernicus, the counter-Reformation Jesuit, Father Skarga, and such present day leaders as Ignace Paderewski and Curie-Sklodowska. One looks in vain for a good chapter, instead of a couple of pages upon the knight-errant Poles of the Revolution, and the contribution to America of the four million hard-working, thrifty, law-abiding, and indisputably loyal Polish immigrants who have settled among

us during the past generation. The last chapter parallels the sufferings of Ireland with those of martyred Poland, extending sanguine hopes for self-determination for both nationalities.

**PIONEERS OF THE RUSSIAN REVOLUTION.** By Doctor Angelo S. Rappoport. New York: Brentano's. \$2.25 net.

The great difficulty with most books on Russian subjects—a weakness evident in Dr. Rappoport's new volume—is that they defeat their own ends by over-enthusiasm or over-hate. The author, long an enemy of Tsardom, makes the error of judging every popular expression of displeasure as a revolt against vested authority, and every effort at control from above as injustice. With this as his theory, he attempts to show that a Tsar and his satellites was an evil institution from the first, whereas the growth and stability of the Russian Empire in the past was due greatly to the authority which held together a conglomerate of peoples. Again, the ecclesiastical revolt of Nikkon which split the old Orthodox Church he claims to be a revolutionary movement. All of which is quite absurd. The revolutionary movement in Russia dates back no farther than the Decembrists, a body of aristocratic officers who revolted at the choice of the Tsar.

In his *résumé* of the development of the revolutionary principles in Russia and France, M. Rappoport is at his best. In this he is content to be the historian, showing the rise of certain forces in each country and the difference between them.

Socialism today has resolved itself into a fight between capital and labor, but can one say that Russia is wholly Socialistic when less than thirty per cent of her one hundred million dwell in cities and are affected by capitalistic control? No, the roots of the revolutionary spirit—a fact he touches on but slightly—are embedded in the *genus* of the Russian people. Eventually this ardor burns itself out, and they become docile once more. That is precisely what has happened again and again in the past and will happen after the Bolshevist has run his gamut.

A very interesting and enlightening part of this volume is the history of the Jew in revolutionary Russia. It is not pleasant reading, for their persecution was more terrible than words can depict. The desire for justice, innate in the Orthodox Jew, has not substituted Socialism for religion, at least Doctor Rappoport says not, but later reports from Russia and a study of our own Jewish colonies would make us doubt his assertion. The orthodoxies of Socialism and religion cannot go hand in hand. Of the three hundred and eighty-four "Peoples' Commissaries" in the Bolshevist Government more than three hundred are Jews, of



which two hundred and sixty-four came to Russia from the United States during the revolution, few of them having ever suffered one hour's imprisonment for the freedom of Russia from bureaucracy! These facts rather support M. Rappoport's statement that "the loyalty of the Jews to their respective countries is only conditional," and that therefore the Zionist movement is supported by those Jews who are always on the side of the highest bidder.

On the whole M. Rappoport's book is to be read carefully. It has the weakness of violent prejudice against all authority, civil or ecclesiastical, its sophistry is patent and its deductions sometimes faulty. As a record of events it is just and readable. He was at his best in his *History of Russia*, at his worst in his violent volume on the Romanoffs—and in this, midway between those two extremes.

**THE BRITISH NAVY IN BATTLE.** By Arthur H. Pollen. Garden City, New York: Doubleday, Page & Co. \$2.50 net.

In a volume that teems with interest Arthur Pollen tells the story of the victorious vigil kept by the British in the waters of the North Sea. The War just ended will always be looked upon as a "land" war—a struggle preëminent in the movement and attrition of armies. Because of this fact, that during the four years of conflict the eyes of the civilized world were anxiously turned at all times to the lines running from Belgium to Metz, the work of the Allies' naval forces was lost sight of. Yet of all factors, this was the most dominant in determining the issue of the War.

In fact, as the author points out in his chapter "Action that was never Fought," had Germany had the foresight and audacity, by one master stroke she might have destroyed the British Grand Fleet as it lay unprotected in the fairway of the Solent in 1914. If the British Fleet had then been destroyed, there would now be no Council of Paris dictating peace terms to the Central Powers.

The author presents this tremendously important phase of the War in a highly technical but interesting manner. He is not slow to criticize adversely where censure is due. He makes pointed comment of the divergence in the tactical principles employed by Sir David Beatty and Admiral Jellicoe, the Commander-in-Chief of the Grand Fleet, at the battle of Jutland—a skirmish that has been the source of great comment in all naval circles. Mr. Pollen considers it amazing that this conflict was allowed to jeopardize the existence of the Fleet, and from his comment it is clear that he feels that immediate success might have come to the British ships seeking the destruction of the German units, had not

Jellicoe drawn off his forces from active pursuit of the fleeing enemy.

*The British Navy in Battle* is a critical study of the few but important naval encounters of the War. It is a war book with a permanent value, and will receive a well deserved place alongside the volumes by Admiral Mahan.

**HOW THE BIBLE GREW.** By Frank Grant Lewis, Ph.D. Chicago: The University of Chicago Press. \$1.50 net.

The purpose of this work is to furnish the readers "a history of the Bible which permits the book itself, and its keepers, to tell the story of its origin." The author traces the history of books, sources, collections, versions of the Old and the New Testament writings. In consecutive chapters he deals with the books of the Old Testament in the time of Jesus, Son of Sirach; the sources of the Prophets and of the Law; the growth of the Law and the Prophets; the Books of the Writings. The origin of the various versions of the Bible is explained. A valuable summary is added in the form of a chronology of the Bible writings and versions.

The work contains a considerable amount of useful and valuable information. The position taken by the author on Biblical questions is that now generally accepted by the school of higher Biblical criticism, as opposed to traditional views.

The Catholic scholar will inevitably disagree with the author's views on many points; such as: The authorship and the date of the Pentateuch; his treatment of the deuterocanonical books; the date and authorship of the Epistle to the Hebrews.

The "worth and power" of the Bible will be enhanced, not by a treatment which "has taken away a certain kind of reverence which, after all, was merely a sort of superstition," the method employed by Dr. Lewis, but by insisting upon its sacred character, by making inspiration an integral and organic constituent of the Sacred Writings.

**THE CITIZEN AND THE REPUBLIC.** A text-book in government.

By James A. Woodburn and Thomas F. Moran. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. \$1.50.

The announced aim of this text-book for the upper grades of the high school is to "answer the demand for that which is needful and important in the new civics, sometimes called 'community civics,' and at the same time to hold fast to that which is good in the old."

The book wisely suggests that the field of civics is the world, and encourages universal instruction for social efficiency. It contains all of the facts regarding the organization of government,

and deals with the important economic and social questions which confront citizenship. The attempt is made to make these problems the basis for the connection between the old and the new civics. Nevertheless, there is a strong preponderance of the old civics. There is an excess of analysis of forms and a minimum of practice: plenty of the anatomy of government, but very little of the physiology. The proportions are not very well kept. For instance, there are forty-two descriptive pages of the Senate and House of Representatives, which tell the forms of organization as they appear in the Constitution and in the rules, but practically none of these pages are given to the actual way in which legislation is enacted.

The same criticism applies to other portions of the book. Undue space is given to the analysis of the Federal Government, while State Government is passed over in twenty-three pages—practically all devoted to analysis of forms.

The book, however, contains excellent reference material and good topics for study. It includes a copy of the Constitution of the United States and of the Articles of Confederation, but omits the Declaration of Independence. While it brings much of the information of the old and the new civics within the covers of a single book, it scarcely attained its aim of combining them organically.

**THE FOUR HORSEMEN OF THE APOCALYPSE.** By Vicente Blasco Ibañez. Translated by Charlotte Brewster Jordan. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. \$1.90 net.

The immediate and extraordinary success of this novel is not attributable to originality of theme or point of view. The War's reactions, individual and general; the complications of European family life, where international marriages are so common, when nationalism struck the deep, dividing blow that makes a man's foes those of his own household; the enveloping web of intrigue against which, for a time, struggle seemed to be in vain; the unprecedented horrors that raged in the dreadful wake of the "four horsemen;" all these subjects had already been treated by novelists, effectively and even memorably, previous to this publication. Here these are handled, and upon a scale so large that the reader finds no unsuitability in the sonorous title that revives memories of awe-inspiring imagery, yet focusses attention upon personal and intimate interests which typify, in a way, the whole tremendous drama.

It is possible that the book will long retain a high rank among the War novels; and it is equally possible that mention of it will first arouse in its readers' recollection the earlier por-

tion of the story, antedating considerably the outbreak of the conflict. An enduring imprint is made by the delineation of the character and picturesque surroundings of the old South American ranchman, the grandfather Desnoyers, head of the family whose fortunes we follow through the first stages of the War. In this connection, it must be stated that in this history things are said and told which, while they do not actually lower its tone, render it unsuitable for immature readers. Again, though the author does not use this occasion to display his animosity to the Church, the religious spirit is ignored. Yet his work is saved from godlessness inasmuch as it is an epic of the love of country which the Church has ever placed second only to love of God. In this lies its greatest appeal and from this it receives the crown of a fine achievement.

A word of appreciation is due to the translator whose skill causes us to forget that the book was not written in the clear, fluent, forceful English in which she presents it.

**IN THE HEART OF A FOOL.** By William Allen White. New York: The Macmillan Co. \$1.60.

To say of any piece of literary work that it has failed to measure up to its author's purpose, is to utter a banality, so widely applicable is this verdict; yet it is a criticism that Mr. White here invites insistently by his repeated statements as to his intentions. There is a somewhat indiscreet challenge in his assertion that the novel will have been written in vain unless the reader sees in the "triumphant failure" of the high-minded, martyred labor leader a parable of America's entrance into the War. It is improbable that the average reader will either discover this for himself or be particularly impressed when it is pointed out to him; on the other hand, it is equally unlikely that the book will have been written in vain, for him. For Mr. White has definitely accomplished certain things, though he has been unduly long about it. He has given us the biography of a Kansas town from its first settlement to its attainment to the rank of an industrial centre; and with this, the story of a group of its residents, of whom one, Thomas Van Dorn, is the fool who "hath said in his heart there is no God." The growth of the town in wealth and importance and the corresponding diminution of kindly community spirit, is well pictured, as are the furious labor disturbances which the passion for money-getting precipitates, the cold inhumanity where once neighborliness prevailed, the undermining by sordid politics of a once high standard. Upon the personal side the author has been no less successful; his characters grow up with the town, and their youth

is really young; moreover, their maturity is in each case consonant with the character as already sketched. This is especially true in the case of Van Dorn, whose early manhood has a gayety that partly condoned his lack of principle, yet is entirely consistent with the deliberate choice of evil by which he develops into a cold-hearted libertine who, at the last, faces a self-ruined life.

The novel is too long and moves too slowly, the action being encumbered with unnecessary details; and there is far too much spoken propaganda of the higher democracy, good as some of the ideas are. It is also to be regretted that Mr. White should not have employed more reserve in handling certain scenes and in using expressions that we should not be obliged to encounter in ordinary reading. Restraint could have been exercised without in the least detracting from the strength that may be conceded to the book, notwithstanding its deficiencies.

**SELF AND SELF-MANAGEMENT.** By Arnold Bennett. New York: George H. Doran Co. \$1.00.

In this the latest addition to Arnold Bennett's series of "Pocket-Philosophies" there are ninety-six pages, most of them readable, on such topics as "The Diary Habit," "The Complete Fusser," "Running Away from Life." Mr. Bennett however does not enhance by such work as this his deservedly high reputation as the narrator of Edwin Clayhanger's fortunes and the biographer of the Baines sisters. And a dollar is far too high a price for this meagre volume.

**THE EMBLEMS OF FIDELITY.** By James Lane Allen. Garden City, New York: Doubleday, Page & Co. \$1.25 net.

This volume is entitled "A Comedy in Letters" presumably for the reason that no class-word derived from "irony" exists to be applied to a story or a play. The conflicts and cross-purposes of life appeal to certain ironically endowed intellects as comedies in this sense, even if their result upon happiness more nearly deserves the opposite appellation. The nucleus of the plot is the request from a distinguished English author that a rising young American author obtain for him some of the ferns described in one of the latter's stories. Fantastic developments result, ultimately anything but comic in the broad and popular sense of that word. The Englishman's letter obtrudes upon a very curious situation existing between young Sands, the American, and his fiancée, occasioning finally not merely their separation but that likewise of Sands' best friend and *his* fiancée. Yet this end is inherent in the initial situation—one does not carry away the "puppets of fate" idea from the story. Some excellent studies of

human nature are developed in the progress of the novel, and Mr. Allen's sense of humor, as always when it goes questing, comes back with rich spoils.

**THE PARABLES OF JESUS.** By Philip Coghlan, C.P. New York: P. J. Kenedy & Sons. \$1.00.

A very excellent piece of advice is given by the author of this little volume, viz., that we should read the Parables in the words of the Gospels, and in the version given by each Evangelist, so as to compare the details, for it is very desirable that we become familiar with Our Lord in the simplicity and directness of personal knowledge, rather than through other mediums however excellent. Here, the Parables are presented in a threefold class: those which are related by three, those related by two, and those related by only one Evangelist, for St. John does not record any of them. After distinguishing between those that are rather allegories, and those that are parables proper, the author gives a short explanation of the lesson inculcated in each. The book imparts an amount of knowledge useful for a clearer grasp of the groups to whom they were addressed, the prejudices, the viewpoints of the listeners, and the circumstances which led up to each.

**THE LOVER'S ROSARY.** By Brookes More. Boston: The Cornhill Co. \$1.25.

This little volume by Brookes More (a brother of Paul Elmer More, the celebrated essayist) brings us a modern sonnet sequence—a story told after the fanciful Elizabethan manner, by a group of sonnets, fifty-nine in number, and therefore ingeniously christened *The Lover's Rosary*. The first part, sub-titled "pearls," tells of what might be called the "joyful" mysteries of young and happy romance. The second section gathers together the "sorrowful" mysteries of love defeated by death and doubt.

Many of Mr. More's friends would gladly welcome a final series of "glorious" mysteries, in which the note of love resurgent and transfigured by faith might bring back into a story told with sincerity, quick and realistic fancy and the grace of a scholarly equipment in literature.

**OUR NAVY IN THE WAR.** By Lawrence Perry. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. \$1.50.

This book, which is dedicated to Mr. Daniels, contains a tribute to his work and that of his department in the War. Necessarily, facts of the sort which this volume contains are limited as to the number which may be obtained for popular publication.

However, Mr. Perry has collected his material with such care that he has a great deal of evidence with which to support his patriotic thesis as to the growth in effectiveness and importance of our navy under the fostering care of the Secretary of the Navy and the men whom he has picked as his assistants. The scope of the book is not limited to bare statistics, and the reader will often thrill over the descriptions of marine warfare and the accounts of the heroism of our sailors.

**OCTAVIA AND NEW POEMS.** By Charles V. H. Roberts.

**THE GREAT CONSPIRACY.** By Charles V. H. Roberts. New York: The Torch Press. \$1.50 net each.

Two more volumes of verse come to us from the pen of the indefatigable Mr. Roberts. *Octavia*, following its author's predilection for tragic themes, portrays the last scene in the life of Nero's repudiated empress, stressing the tradition of the Christian faith with which she met this murder by imperial command. The single act of the play, while not managed with any particular dramatic skill, is full of inherently dramatic material. The book contains also a poem-drama entitled, *Kamerad*, and verses on varying subjects, of which the best is perhaps a colorful reverie upon Venice.

*The Great Conspiracy* is a revision of Mr. Roberts' drama built about the story of Edith Cavell, *The Sublime Sacrifice*. The symbolic introduction taking place in hell, and the romantic scenes between the great nurse and her (imaginative) lover have been considerably expanded.

**THE GENTLEMAN RANKER AND OTHER PLAYS.** By Leon Gordon. Boston: The Four Seas Co. \$1.60 net.

This little volume contains three playlets. The first, *The Gentleman Ranker*, in four scenes, tells the story of "Private Smith" who seeks as a common soldier in the English army stationed in South Africa, to wipe out the disgrace which he incurred, in England, by forging his father's name to a check. Smith's father is Colonel-in-command, who, fatherlike, cannot quite forget that the lad, despite his wrongdoing, is his own flesh and blood. Smith uncovers a German plot and then risks his life to get news to the English Relief Force. The former exploit wins him back his father's respect; the second wins him a hero's death. The play reads well but has no particular distinction either in dramatic action or in plot. We have the girl who loves the disgraced soldier and who becomes a nurse at the front; the rival suitor who is an officer in the British army but who proves to be a German spy;

and finally, soldiers in the manner of Mr. Kipling, all of which leaves the reader unconvinced.

The second playlet is *As a Pal*, a miniature cross-section of lower life in London suburbia. Two callow youths, 'Erib and Ted, who wish to make an impression upon the rather coy Cynthia, affect the heroic rôle only to grow pallid with fear on learning that Cynthia has another admirer (creature of her fertile fancy) who has the strength of an ox and a consuming jealousy. Though the situation is one of the stocks-in-trade of comedy, it is well handled.

The third playlet, *Leave the Woman Out*, is reminiscent of William Gillette in *Sherlock Holmes*. The single scene presents a duel of resourcefulness between the gentleman Raffles and the great detective, named, perhaps as a delicately ironic compliment, Doyle. The playlet is crowded with action and proves that Mr. Gordon possesses the instinct of the dramatist.

**POEMS OF NEW ENGLAND AND OLD SPAIN.** By Frederick E. Pierce. Boston: The Four Seas Co. \$1.25 net.

Before Robert Frost was, there was Frederick E. Pierce, author of *The World That God Destroyed and Jordan Farms*, in which a forceful utterance, retarded somewhat by the rocks of fact, contrasted sharply with the rather liquid and rhetorical naturalism flowing from the author of *North of Boston*. For Mr. Pierce's style has all the excellence and all the defect of the simple historical method: he has lived so close to the nature and life with which he concerns himself that there is some loss of atmosphere, some lack of illusion which we seem to require in poetical writing. His feet are bare against the ground in a sense that cannot be said of Mr. Frost in spite of all his attempts to reproduce the local vernacular, a task which the author of *Poems of New England and Old Spain* disavows.

*The Story of a Self-Made Man* is a document in sociology as well as poetry; it can have few admirers in a world where clever tricks are held to be sincerity and nature itself becomes almost abhorrent from the grimaces of its simulators. We might also say of the poem *Father and Son*—a very fine piece of poetical work that it seems almost excessively matter of fact.

When Mr. Pierce writes of *The Night Before the Auto-da-Fé* he fares somewhat afield from his native New England glades. The old Puritan rigor of his surroundings, however, prepares him in a way for the logical severity of the old Spanish Inquisitors. His poem is very finely conceived and written with great inspiration, even if we must notice that the human motives which he



gathers about the subject are hardly balanced by the considerations he awards to the feelings of the Inquisitors, many of whom were men of as fine hearts and tender sympathies as the persons they were called upon to condemn.

Altogether Yale should be proud of Mr. Pierce who can write such a poem as *The Night Before the Auto-da-Fé* without the prevalent Hebrew fanaticism.

**CHRISTOPHER AND COLUMBUS.** By the author of "Elizabeth and her German Garden." Garden City, New York: Doubleday, Page & Co. \$1.60 net.

The merry and witty Anglo-German maidens, twin sisters, Anna Rose and Anna Felicitas, are orphaned and left to the care of their uncle in war-time England. He passes the responsibility of his nieces to their relatives in America. The irrepressible twins call themselves Christopher and Columbus because they feel that they are as discoverers when they venture to find the New World for themselves. Their amusing adventures on the boat, at the wharf, and during their first months in the new country are cleverly told by the author. The story is well written and well balanced, and will add considerably to the artistic reputation that its author has won. The hypocrisy of not a few Americans is neatly touched off, but there could have been a better story told had the teller observed a little more reticence. Sometimes irreverence and commonness have been admitted, and they only serve to mar the excellence of this very amusing book.

**PASTOR HALLOFT.** *A Story of Clerical Life.* New York: Longmans, Green & Co. \$1.50 net.

This is a most disappointing book. In place of an absorbing story of clerical life in America, modeled on the plan of Canon Sheehan's stories of clerical life in Ireland, we find a book commonplace and utterly lacking in distinction of style. The anonymous author pictures indeed a most zealous priest, who preaches good practical sermons, attends carefully to his sick calls, provides an excellent school for the parish children, and looks after their future. Some of his principles are worthy of praise, for he was averse to distinctions based solely on the capacity of individual purses, and refused to take money from any parishioner who failed to make his Easter duty.

On the other hand some of his actions are far from commendable. For example, he manages to obtain a substantial sum of money from a non-Catholic coal baron of the neighborhood, and then denounces him to his face for his publicly scandalous con-

duct in the community. His words are: "I had his money in my pocket, and didn't care what he might do." Again he helps a Trappist Brother collect money for his convent, but un-ethically insists on his posing as a priest in order to make a more effective appeal upon the pockets of his contributors.

Too much of the book is devoted to the author's grievances against bishops who do not provide adequately for their foreign population, against diocesan priests who dare attempt the direction of a seminary, against young, smooth-looking religious who give indiscreet retreats to nuns, against Sisters who spend too much of their energy educating young ladies in academies to the neglect of the poorer children who are driven into the State schools, against the Roman authorities for distributing with too lavish a hand the merely decorative titles of count, marquis and monsignor.

**THE ELSTONES.** By Isabel C. Clarke. New York: Benziger Brothers. \$1.35 net.

Isabel Clarke's latest novel opens with a most dramatic setting of the deathbed conversion of Lord Elstone. Despite the bitter antagonism of an ultra Protestant mother, the three Elstone children are won to the Church by a deep abiding sense of the joy and spiritual happiness that transfigured their father's dying face. Both boys to their mother's deep chagrin fall in love with the same Catholic girl, a delightful heroine endowed with every possible charm, physical, intellectual and spiritual. The problem is solved by the elder brother becoming a priest. The mother's persecution of the young Irene only intensifies her love of things Catholic, and her conversion at the end is a fitting reward for her many years' struggle.

The characters of the story are very vividly drawn, the hills and downs of Sussex are beautifully pictured, and the Catholicism of the story, as one critic has well said, "is a happy compromise between the apologetic Catholicism of Marion Crawford and the aggressive Catholicism of Father Benson."

**MEDITATIONS WITHOUT METHOD.** By Rev. Walter D. Strapini, S.J. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. \$1.80 net.

We are glad to welcome the second edition of Father Strapini's well known retreat manual. The writer has in mind a three-days' retreat based on the character and teaching of Our Saviour. There are nine meditations in all which show how Christ's teaching emerges from His actions, and how teaching by action supports and amplifies His teaching by word of mouth. As a book of

meditation, it is not intended to be merely read through, but to be thought over. The topics therefore are but lightly indicated, so that the user of the book may be induced to develop them according to his own private devotion. It is a pity that this volume is so high priced.

**SPIRITUAL EXERCISES FOR MONTHLY AND ANNUAL RETREATS FOR THE USE OF SOULS CONSECRATED TO GOD.** Translated from the French of the Rev. P. Dunoyer by Edith Staniforth. New York: P. J. Kenedy & Sons. \$2.25.

This volume will prove helpful to many of those for whom it has been prepared. It contains very varied detail in the matter of meditation, spiritual reading, and examen for each month of the year, based on the teaching of St. Alphonsus Liguori in his *Spouse of Christ*. To this is added prayers suitable to the subjects of the meditations by the same Saint, prayers for Communion, and finally the Ordinary of the Mass and Vespers for Sunday in Latin and English.

**HIS ONLY SON.** By Rev. William F. Robison, S.J. St. Louis: B. Herder. \$1.25 net.

The six lectures of this volume on the divinity of Christ were delivered as a Lenten course in St. Francis Xavier's Church, St. Louis. After a brief proof of the authenticity of the Gospels, Father Robison proves Our Lord's divinity from His own character, His sublime doctrine and its effects upon the world, the prophecies, and lastly the miracles of Christ, especially the Resurrection.

The lecturer disclaims all originality of thought or treatment, and acknowledges his debt to the article on Jesus Christ by Father Grandmaison in the *Dictionnaire Apologétique*. Still he says the old things in a bright, interesting fashion, and puts forth his arguments in forcible and clear language.

**WHAT WE EAT AND WHAT HAPPENS TO IT.** By Philip B. Hawk. New York: Harper & Brothers. \$1.35 net.

It might be thought that we knew pretty well, by this time, all that was to be known with regard to digestion. Perhaps nothing illustrates so well how comparatively little we know as the findings of Professor Hawk, of the Chair of Physiological Chemistry of the Jefferson Medical College, Philadelphia, as to the effect of abundant fluid drinking on digestion. Dr. Hawk's book is written as the result of a series of recent investigations with specially devised apparatus and new methods of analysis. These new investigations have confirmed the idea that instinct is the

most precious guide with regard to food and drink. They contradict a number of commonly accepted notions, supposedly scientific, and lay low a number of prejudices.

This volume is worth while reading in order to remove a number of misconceptions that have unfortunately found their way into the popular mind, and are not to be eradicated except by definite scientific authority. Of the high scientific quality and thorough conservatism of this book there can be no doubt at all.

**THE SECOND BULLET.** By Robert Orr Chipperfield. New York: Robert M. McBride & Co. \$1.50 net.

*The Second Bullet* is a story of crime and its detection: of a lady crook, if a crook can be a lady, and a lady a crook; of her checkered career until her career is checked; and there is a Red Cross dance, and a jazz band. For the benefit of those who will not read the book, we hasten to say that the first bullet missed, but that the second did its work only too effectively. The author of the book worked effectively, too, for it is rather a readable story, with plot enough for any writer or reader of "detective" fiction. Mr. Orr handles his scenes better than he does his characters and their conversation. A writer can make his characters move where he pleases, but he cannot always make them talk well. But the lady crook, dead and alive, is interesting; and the detective is clever enough to hold one for an hour or two, even without the help of the chief of police, who could not hold one five minutes without handcuffs.

**AMALIA.** By José Marmal. Translated from the Spanish by Mary J. Serrano. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. \$2.00 net.

There does not seem to be any warrant for this translation into English of a novel written half a century ago and now out of date, other than the fact that the hero represents "the spirit incarnate of the best elements of the Argentine people struggling for democracy and freedom, in opposition to militarism and autocracy." The romance might well have been left in the abridged English version of it, previously made for school purposes, as it does not evidence sufficient genius to justify publication for popular use in its complete form. The tedious stereotyped descriptions and lumbering movement of the story are likely to hold the attention only of those readers who are specially interested in the history of the Argentine under the rule of Rosas the Dictator. Besides the translation lacks distinction, and what might have been racy in the original Spanish is strangely jejune in this English rendering.

**SIMPLE SOULS.** By John Hastings Turner. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. \$1.35 net.

This novel is a trifle for entertainment only, which fulfils its mission very successfully. Its theme, the marriage of an Englishman of rank to a girl of station far beneath his, is neither new nor probable, but originality of treatment gives it plausibility and makes its principals living people. There is also the attraction of amiable sentiment conveyed humorously and with frequent wit. It is an ephemeral contribution, but repays attention better than the average of its kind.

**IRELAND: ITS SAINTS AND SCHOLARS.** By John Flood. New York: P. J. Kenedy & Sons. 75 cents.

This volume is intended as a companion work, and in some sense a sequel of the author's *Ireland: Its Myths and Legends*. In popular fashion Mr. Flood treats of the life and labors of St. Patrick, St. Columcille, St. Columbanus and the other principal saints, scholars and missionaries of Ireland. Special chapters deal with the Irish schools at home and on the continent, and with early Christian art, as evidenced in the writing and ornamentation of manuscripts, metal work, stone carving and building.

The work is based on the best authorities in Irish, English, French and German, the author citing frequently the writings of Dr. P. W. Joyce, Dr. Healy, Professor Zimmer, Miss Margaret Stokes, the Abbé Gougoud.

**YOUR NEIGHBOR AND YOU.** By Edward F. Garesché, S.J. New York: Benziger Brothers. 75 cents.

This little book provides suggestive and practical talks on spiritual themes, written specifically for the laity.

Father Garesché writes on the striving after perfection, the true motive of life, mortification, the power of good example, the duty of encouragement and praise, the apostleship of the spoken and written word, the good accomplished by laymen's retreats, the placing of books in public libraries, and such like practical matters.

**THE TRUTH ABOUT BULGARIA.** By A. T. Christoff, Kansas City. 25 cents.

The writer of this pamphlet, an ardent Bulgarian patriot, sums up the wrongs inflicted on his country either by nearby Balkan States or by the great powers of Europe. For centuries the Greek Church, or rather the Patriarchate of Constantinople, worked hand in hand with Turkey to erase all traces of

Bulgarian nationality. The Turks strove to suffocate the awakening of Bulgarian nationalism in an ocean of blood. The treaty of Berlin cut to pieces the Bulgarian territory and enslaved the Bulgarians of the Dobrudja to Rumania. In 1912 and 1913 Bulgaria bore the brunt of the war against Turkey, and received only ninety-six thousand and sixty square miles of territory against eighteen thousand granted to Greece and fifteen thousand to the Serbians. No wonder, then, that she took the side of the Central powers in the World War.

She did not fight against England, France, Russia and Italy. She fought for "the liberties of mankind," for the liberation of her own people who suffered more under Serbians and Greeks than under the Turks. "Christian Europe had unmercifully crucified Bulgaria for selfish ends."

This being the main thesis of the writer, it is easily understood that *The Truth About Bulgaria* is the accommodation and, at times, the distortion of historical facts to the "white washing" of the Bulgarian name. This pamphlet proves once more how difficult is the task of the Peace Conference.

**A** HIDDEN PHASE OF AMERICAN HISTORY, by Michael J. O'Brien (New York: The Devin-Adair Co. \$5.00 net). This special study of "Ireland's Part in America's Struggle for Liberty," has already received extended notice in our pages. Those who read Mr. Michael William's article on *Ireland At Last* in the May issue of THE CATHOLIC WORLD, will not fail to possess themselves of Mr. O'Brien's attractive and valuable work. We heartily recommend it to our readers.

**T**HE MOST BELOVED WOMAN, by Rev. Edward F. Garesché, S.J. (New York: Benziger Brothers. 90 cents.) A sub-title describes this book as depicting the "Prerogatives and Glories of the Blessed Mother of God." The various chapters have already appeared in *The Queen's Work*. Gathered here, they evince a great and tender affection for Mary and an enlightened comprehension of how much the Mother can, and will do, for those who lean upon her.

**M**ODERN PUNCTUATION: ITS UTILITIES AND CONVENTIONS, by George Summey, Jr. (Oxford University Press, 35 West Thirty-second Street, New York. \$1.50), sets forth the best up-to-date usage in the production of work in the printer's office. It is an effort to meet individual circumstances, the growth of a living language; not to provide hard and fast rules for the ever

changing needs of so widespread a language as the English tongue. This treatise will be read, discussed, agreed with, differed from—by those whose interests are touched. It is sure to arouse live discussion, and will, we think, prove beneficial to the cause of good and choice workmanship. It bears the mark of a conservative taste, informed by familiarity with modern requirements.

**F**IRST LESSONS IN BUSINESS, by J. A. Bexell (68 cents), is one of the J. B. Lippincott Co., Philadelphia, Thrift Series. A good definition of its aims may be found in the inscription on the cover—"Thrift earns, manages, plans, saves." The forty short pithy chapters treat such subjects as: "Business Qualifications," "Private Personal Accounts," "Household Accounts," "Business Terms," "Business Forms" and "Savings Banks," and dwell insistently upon the idea that success or failure most frequently depend on the possession or lack of a few elementary virtues, such as unquestioning obedience, courtesy, exactness in performance of tasks. These virtues, however, are the fruit of early training, and will prove difficult of attainment to young people of an age to enter the business world. The book aims to teach a self-respecting pride, the right kind of independence.

**T**HE Benedictine Nuns of Stanbrook Abbey, Worcester, England, are again about to place in their debt all who love spiritual reading, especially of a deep and basic character. A new translation of the *Letters of St. Teresa* has been sent to the press. Volume I. will appear in the autumn, orders for which may now be placed with Messrs. Benziger Brothers, New York.

This translation offers an entirely new version of the *Letters* by those who have already given us the fine English translation of the Saint's *Way of Perfection* and the metrical translation of the *Poems*. As indicating the editorial policy, the following letter is of interest: "I thought it well to give in our translation more explanatory along with the text of the *Letters* than has been done by previous translators, as not many readers know the Saint's works well enough to place the letters respectively at their proper times and places, thus forming out of them a connected narrative. A few letters of other persons to her are given, such as St. Peter of Alcantara and St. Luis Bertrand, these being needed for a complete understanding of St. Teresa's own letters."

**A**T the request of P. J. Kenedy & Sons, we wish to state that there was an error in the price given for the *Summarium Theologiæ Moralis* of Father Sebastiani in the last issue. The work sells at retail for \$2.50.

## FOREIGN PUBLICATIONS.

The Librairie Gabriel Beauchesne presents:

*L'Œuvre de Paul Claudel*, by Joseph de Tonquedec, a work destined to please neither the friends nor the enemies of Paul Claudel. It manifests the most frank admiration for the poet's talent, while it does not hesitate to criticize him in the most decided manner. Yet, when it appeared in serial form, it received from all sides unexpected praise. This surprising accord is perhaps a sign that the critic has said just what was necessary and has known how to free the delicious substance, the strong marrow of this unique work, from an exterior sometimes rough or bizarre.

*Frederic Mistral*, by Jose Vincent, is the first complete work on Mistral that has appeared in France. The author reveals to us, first of all, the harmonious beauty of the poet's life. Then he studies his influence and his doctrine, for it is important today to know that Mistral was not simply a genial poet. He was also a true leader of the people. No professional politician in the course of these last sixty years has exercised an influence comparable to his.

M. Jose Vincent next reveals the epic talent of Mistral, after having given a rapid analysis of his four wonderful poems: *Mireille*, *Calendal*, *Nerte* and the *Rhone* for the benefit of the readers not yet initiated. In the fourth place comes an examination of the lyric talent of Mistral and the last chapter before the conclusion, which is largely synthetic, underlines the greatness and the ingenuity of the infallible versification of the master.

Lucien Gennari's *Fogazzaro* is the best and most complete biography of the most distinguished Italian author of the nineteenth century. The first part of the work is devoted to a very careful study of Fogazzaro, the man, and the second part to Fogazzaro, the artist. The volume offers a strong defence of Fogazzaro's orthodoxy.

*The Correspondence du Siècle Dernier*, by L. de Laborie, made up of hitherto unpublished letters of the House of Orleans and of letters of Leopold I. of Belgium to Thiers, is of interest for specialists.

*Le Mervilleux Spirite*, by Lucien Roure, deals with all kinds of Spiritism, with a final chapter on the mind of the Church on Spiritualism. In its clear and comprehensive account of the phenomena and practices of Spiritism, its concise presentation of the opinions of authorities in this field, and its keen analysis and criticism of both phenomena and authorities, it is, in every way, excellent. It reads almost like a novel.

*Méditations du Prisonnier*, by Dom Hebrard, was originally written to console those who were prisoners of the Germans. Although, in some respects a war book, it possesses permanent value for the suffering and afflicted, and almost bears comparison with the *Imitation of Christ*.

Bloud and Gay publish:

*Une Campagne Française*, by Monseigneur A. Baudrillart, one of the the latest contributions to the *Propagande Catholique Française à*



*l'Etranger*. This work is made up of newspaper articles, prefaces, letters and interviews dealing with the following subjects: French Propaganda; Response to the Germans; A few words to those who hold that the Holy Father has condemned our work.

*Le Petit Français*, by Hubert de Larmandie, the authentic organ of French officer-prisoners at Brandebourg and Halle, is a very interesting and amusing work with wonderful illustrations, and should appeal to everyone, even to those not familiar with the French language.

*Silhouettes Italiennes*, by Domenico Russo, gives seven sketches of some of the leading Italians of the day, such as General Cadorna, the Duke of Abruzzi, the Duke and Duchess of Aosta and Tommaso Tintoni.

*Lettres aux Neutres Sur L'Union Sacrée*, by Georges Hoog, gives a straightforward statement of many facts that have been more or less obscure and inaccessible to American readers. Although M. Hoog has made use of a great number of French books and articles, the most convincing part of his work is based on German sources.

*Quand ils étaient à Saint Quentin*, by Henriette de Celarié; *Drama de Senlis*, by Baron de Maricourt; *Sous le Poing de Fer*, by Albert Droulers; *Souvenirs D'Un Otage*, by G. Desson; *Blessé, Captif, Délivré*, by Hubert de Larmandie; *Les Françaises et la Grande Guerre, L'Espagne et la Guerre*, by Berthem-Bontoux, are all war books or books dealing with war problems. They belong to the historian and possess little interest for the average American reader of the day.

In *L'Avenir Français*, by Henri Joly, the well-known author treats of reconstruction work in France: problems that must be faced and solved. Among the subjects he treats at great length are: "Shall we have a new art and a new literature;" "The position of woman in the France of today;" "Political regeneration and public morality." This book is well worthy of careful perusal.

*Entre l'Espagne et la France*, by Azorin, is a very interesting work by one of the young lights of Spain, who calls himself a Francophile. It deals with the influence of France upon Spain and of Spain upon France, chiefly in the departments of art and literature. Not to be out of harmony with the actual political situation, the author has a final chapter on militarism.

*La Guerre Injuste*. This is another translation from the Spanish of one of the best known novelists of the peninsula, A. Palacio-Valdes. The book comprises a number of letters dealing chiefly with war problems. It also touches upon Socialism, literature and religion in France. The final chapter is devoted to a prospect of what may come after the War.

*En Esclavage*, a journal of two women prisoners published by Henriette Celarié, deals with the adventures of Deux Déportées during the first two years of the War. It reads like a novel and holds the interest even now when the public is surfeited with war literature. The work is marred alone by an appendix on German atrocities which seems somewhat overdrawn.

Adolphe Retté's *Ceux qui Saignent* are the war notes of an eye-witness during the stirring events in the years 1914 and 1915. The author spent most of his time dealing with the sick and wounded in ambulances and hospitals. The work rings true and is free from all overdrawn statements about the Germans. It makes very interesting reading.

From the Librairie Perrin we have:

*Portraits de la Belle France*, by Maurice Talmeyr, a work of intense interest dealing with the heroism shown by different classes of society during the Great War. In it each class of society—from the peasant to the prince—finds its own hero represented and faithfully portrayed.

*Le Cardinal Mercier*, by Georges Goyau. This brief sketch of about one hundred pages, which originally appeared in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, throws much light on Mercier, the priest and the scholar. The most interesting part of the work is devoted to him as the philosopher and founder of the Neo-Scholastic College at Louvain where he spent the greater part of his life before becoming Archbishop of Malines.

*La Fayette aux Etats-Unis*, by Louis Pons. In these two hundred pages, the author stirringly portrays this soul boiling with juvenile ardor, battling in the midst of incredible obstacles to realize his adventurous purposes. In the course of a rapid and orderly study, we see live, we hear speak the intrepid soldier of Barren Hill and of Monmouth, the conqueror of Yorktown, the generous friend of Washington and Rochambeau—finally the diplomat, crafty as well as daring, heard by all at Madrid as well as at Versailles and Philadelphia. An epilogue treats of the manner in which the United States has paid her debt of gratitude toward France during the period of neutrality and since our entrance into the world conflict.

Other publications chiefly of interest to the student of French affairs in the world conflict are Max Turmann's *La Suisse Pendant La Guerre*, and La Montagne's *La Vie Agonisante*.

Pierre Téqui publishes:

*Kantisme et Modernisme*, by Abbé Van Loo, a scientific analysis of the general principles of the philosopher of Koenigsberg, in which the author traces all our woes in Church and in State to Fichte and Kant.

From Payot & Cie comes:

*Pas D'Ilusions Sur L'Allemagne*, by Maurice Muret. This relentless analysis of German "Kultur" was written during the heat of the conflict, and its expressions are not in every instance remarkable for restraint. Nevertheless, it is the fruit of sincere conviction and based upon records more fully attested than nine-tenths of those used in writing history.

## Recent Events.

On May 7th, the anniversary of the sinking of the *Lusitania*, the Peace Conference brought to an end the first stage of its labors by presenting to the Germans the terms on which peace would be granted to them. A fortnight's time was given in which to make their answer, and to send in such criticisms in writing as they might think fit. No oral discussion of the terms was allowed. The Germans accordingly spent the interval in study of the terms, and in writing a series of letters, giving their views. These letters covered nearly all the articles of the Treaty. The time allotted having proved too short, it was extended until the twenty-ninth of May, on which date the German reply was handed in to the Allies. These, in turn, took into consideration the German objections, devoting to the task a period of more than two weeks, and making so many alterations in the Treaty that a complete revision was necessary. Most of the changes were rather of phraseology than of substance, although there was some mitigation of the terms.

The Germans protested that the peace terms were imperialistic; that they violated the Allies' own definitions of justice and right, especially the fourteen points of President Wilson. The Allies replied that "they would be false to those who had given their all to save the freedom of the world, if they consented to treat the War on any other basis than as a crime against humanity and right." To the German request that they be admitted to the League of Nations at once, the Allies answered that admission might be granted possibly at an early date, on condition that the terms of the Peace Treaty are properly carried out. The increase of the German army from one hundred thousand to two hundred thousand men during the period of transition, asked for by the Germans, was granted. The demand for a plebiscite in Alsace-Lorraine is refused, while the protection of German minorities in all ceded territory was promised. The German demand for an alteration in the Treaty's stipulations with regard to the Saar district, was refused. To the demand that no obstacle should be placed to the union of Germany with German Austria, the Allies make no reply, merely stating that they have noted it. The most noteworthy concession made by the Allies is in allowing a plebiscite to be held in Upper Silesia, on the grounds that its

population is said to be indisputably German, not Polish. On the other hand, to the German demand for that part of Posen which is indisputably German, the Allies replied that they had taken note of the demand, but reserve to themselves the right to decide the question. Some rectification of the West Prussian boundary is conceded to the Germans, Dantzig, however, is to be a free city, and the terms of the Treaty as to East Prussia are to remain unaltered. The demand of the Germans that they should retain their colonies on condition that they become mandatories for them, was categorically refused by the Allies. With reference to reparation, the German reply expressed the willingness of the Republic to repay the damage done to the civilian population in the occupied parts of Belgium and France, but refused to make such a payment for the damage done elsewhere. On this point the Allies made no concession, but insisted that the Treaty should stand. In reply to the German offer to pay five billion dollars before May 1, 1926, and to make annual payments beginning May 1, 1927, up to a total not exceeding twenty-five billion dollars, the Allies state their willingness to respect the German desire to have a definite sum fixed as soon as possible, and to give Germany every facility for a survey of the damage done, and for an agreement with her creditors, as to its amount. In default of an agreement being reached within a specified period, the terms of the Treaty will be executed. To the demand that Germany should be allowed to take her place in international trade, the Allies replied in the affirmative, on condition that she abides by the Treaty of Peace and abandons her aggressive and exclusive traditions. To the German protest against the control of inland waterways, the Allies reply by granting certain modifications, while maintaining in substance the stipulations of the Treaty. The abolition of the commission, to control the Kiel Canal is one of the modifications made.

Such is a brief summary of the Allies' reply. It was handed to the German Government with an intimation that it must be accepted within five days, which period has been extended to seven. On June 23d, therefore, the question will be settled. In the event of a refusal, all preparations have been made by the Allies for a further advance into Germany.

Although the Peace Conference by definitely fixing the terms of the Treaty with Germany, has accomplished the most important part of the work it has to do, there remains an immense task before it, and a long list of questions to be settled. To the delegates of the Republic of Austria only a part of the Treaty has been handed, the most difficult parts being still under consideration. Negotiations with Turkey and Bulgaria, have not yet begun.

Almost innumerable questions will be raised before settlement is arrived at, one of which will be the destiny of Constantinople. The question of Fiume still remains unsolved and would seem to be almost insoluble, on account of the determination of the Italians and the Jugo-Slavs not to abandon their respective claims. The prospect of the solution of the Russian problem, although somewhat brighter, is not clear. Questions too, will arise as to the relations between Italy and Greece, both of which have occupied districts in Asia Minor. The disposition of Armenia, Syria, Mesopotamia, and of Palestine has not yet been settled. And, perhaps most important of all, whether or not the League of Nations is to be incorporated into the Peace Treaty is still a question which may jeopardize the whole of the settlement already arrived at.

#### Russia.

The cordon being drawn around that part of Russia, which is still subject to the despotic rule of Lenine and Trotzky, has been made generally more secure and tightened, except in one or two districts. So far from having driven into the sea the Allied forces at Archangel and on the Murman Coast, as the Bolsheviki so confidently predicted that they would do a few months ago, the territory occupied by the troops of the northern Government has, with the help of the British, French, and Finnish forces, been considerably increased. The British reënforcements recently raised in England by voluntary enlistment have reached the Murman Coast, and replaced the troops from this country, who are returning home, having abandoned the tardy attempt to assist in driving back the Bolshevik forces.

The large region lying between the northern territory and Petrograd, recently cleared of the Red Army, still retains its freedom, although an attempt to recover it has been made recently. The expected advance of Finnish troops toward Petrograd has not yet taken place. However, the Finnish Government, as now constituted under General Mannerheim, seems to have arrived at a decision to coöperate with the Allies in taking military action against the Bolsheviki. Whether this be true or not, it is certain that this Government's approval has been given to the voluntary enlistment of the Finns, who are now coöperating with the Esthonians, and with the Russians under General Yudenitch. These forces, operating from the south of Petrograd, have been so successful that report had it the city had fallen into their hands. These reports proved to be untrue, but it seems certain that they have advanced to within a short distance of the former Russian capital.

While still retaining their possession of Riga, the attempts of the Bolsheviki to recapture Vilna have failed. To the south the Poles have been successful in rescuing the town of Grodno from the enemy, thereby advancing their frontiers to the east. Further south, however, if recent reports are true, the Bolsheviki have succeeded in breaking through, or at least denting the cordon, having, it is said, captured Tarnopol in East Galicia. The invasion of Bessarabia, by the Bolsheviki, reported some time ago, has not led to any notable result. Odessa and the Crimea are still in their possession. What extent of the Ukraine is held by them, or is controlled by General Petlura, it is quite impossible to say. To the east Admiral Kolchak's forces are still striving to reach the goals they have in view: Viatka, Samara and Moscow. The latter city, it is confidently predicted, will fall into the hands of the forces of the Omsk Government by August. It is to be hoped that this prediction will be fulfilled, although it is unwise to place much reliance upon such anticipation. If the recent news be true, that the Bolsheviki have recaptured Ufa, Admiral Kolchak's troops may have to take again the defensive. A short time ago they were so sanguine of success that it was proposed to transfer the seat of the Government of Admiral Kolchak from Omsk to Ekaterinburg.

Great as have been Admiral Kolchak's military successes, of still greater importance is the recognition given to him and his Government by the Allied Powers, bringing with it, as it does, a large measure of assistance. The recognition thus accorded at Paris is not, indeed, the formal recognition of a fully established government such as has just been given to Finland by Great Britain and this country. But its effect is to assure the All-Russian Government of the sympathy of the Allies, and to promise to it, in the event of its success in reuniting Russia, full recognition. The most practical effect of this qualified recognition is, of course, the supplies, ammunition, and military equipment which have been given, the lack of which had hampered the operations of the forces opposed to the Bolsheviki. The policy of helping Russia has been definitely adopted now by the Western Powers. By bombarding Kronstadt, it would seem that the British are inclined to go farther, and cooperate actively with the Russians who are striving to free their country.

Before obtaining the recognition of the Allied Powers, Admiral Kolchak was called upon to make it clear to them not only that he was supported by a considerable number of the Russian people, but also that he was in full sympathy and agreement with the principles of the revolution. This condition was especially requisite because the Admiral at the present time is in reality a

dictator, and obtained the dictatorship by a *coup d'etat* which deprived a nominally representative government of its powers. In answer to an application from the Allies, he declared his intention of relinquishing to the Constituent Assembly, to be elected by universal suffrage, all the powers now in his possession as soon as he had destroyed the power of the Bolsheviki. The independence of Poland, granted by the Provisional Government which followed upon the overthrow of the Tsar, is fully recognized by the Admiral, but reservations are made as to the boundaries of Russia and the status of the Baltic States, trans-Caspian and Caucasian countries, as also of Finland. He is "disposed to recognize at once the *de facto* Government of Finland, but the final solution of the Finnish institution must be left to the Constituent Assembly." The Admiral renews his acceptance, first made by him last year, of the burden of paying the public debt of Russia repudiated by the Bolsheviki Government. He declares that there can be no return in internal affairs to that *régime* which existed before February, 1917. The peasants are to be secured in the possession of the land, as this is the only way in which the future prosperity of Russia can be maintained.

This declaration of policy has satisfied the Allies, and opened the way for a definite policy toward Russia. This policy is, and always has been, not to interfere in the internal affairs of Russia, but to help the Russians to settle their own affairs for themselves. It would seem that among the Allies there is one Power, who had hoped this might be done through the Soviet Government of Moscow. The refusal of that Government to fulfill the conditions required has banished that hope. The Powers now turn to Admiral Kolchak, with whom the definite settlement has been made. How large a part of Russia, Admiral Kolchak can be considered to represent, is not quite certain, but there is little doubt that the larger part of what was once the Russian Empire is under his control, or is willing to coöperate with him.

Within the borders of what has long been the All-Russian Government, the dissensions which have so much hampered the Government have been brought to an end. In particular General Seminoff is now in full coöperation with the Admiral. The prospect, therefore, of Russia's future is much brighter at present than at any time since Lenine and Trotzky seized the reins of power. In the new States formed out of Russia, the situation is somewhat obscure. The armistice provided that the German troops should remain in occupation of the Baltic States in order to defend them from the inroads of the Bolsheviki. This occupation is still maintained, forming an army which, according to vari-

ous statements, numbers from fifty thousand to a hundred and fifty thousand men. The internal situation remains unsettled. A union of Courland, Lithuania, Esthonia, and Livonia so as to form one federated republic has been proposed. This does not seem to have been put into effect. Both Lithuania, and Esthonia have, however, organized themselves into independent republics. Nothing has come to our knowledge as to Courland and Livonia, but a fifth Baltic State has appeared upon the scene, which goes by the name of Letvia. Of this State all that can be said is that its inhabitants seem to have become devoted supporters of the Bolsheviki. Of the three republics, into which the region of the Caucasus has been divided, the Georgian, the Caucasian and the Azerbiejan, equally little is known, and still less of those on the other side of the Caspian. All of them, however, are very earnest in asserting what they regard as their rights, and it is to be feared that they will cause some little trouble in the formation of the hoped-for federated Russia. But, as has been said, the way now seems to lie open, although many difficulties have yet to be surmounted.

Conditions remain unchanged in the part of Russia over which the Lenine and Trotzky Government still maintains its power. The population both in the city and the country exists in various degrees of famine, all obtainable food having been devoted by the Government to those who are willing to serve in its army. The hopes entertained by Trotzky to overwhelm Europe by this means, seem to be vanishing, and the only purpose they now have in view is to gain time for propagating throughout Europe, and even in this country, the doctrines which will cause a universal upheaval of the working classes, and incite them to overthrow every other class except their own. Lenine having abandoned hope in a Coxey Army plan, pins his faith on effecting a Bolshevik revolution. He relies for his success on a propagandist army; this army is marvelously organized and is supplied with an abundance of funds. It has agents in all the Allied countries with the chief centre at Stockholm. Recent events in New York have brought to light the fact, that an active agency exists in that city: tons of literature having been found in a recent raid. The only reason why the Lenine Government still maintains its existence is the general apathy of the population both in the country and in the towns. This apathy, characteristic of Russia from its long submission to a detested authority, has become more pronounced owing to the semi-starvation which now exists. No one is energetic enough to take active steps to overthrow the Red Army, which is at the service of this Government.



Lenine has changed, not only in his abandonment of the propagation of Bolshevist principles by means of the Red Army, but also in that he seems to have recognized the sterility of those principles, and their inability to maintain a state's existence. This is shown by the fact that he has already broken away from the principle of state ownership of all wealth, and has granted railway and forest concessions to a group of American financiers. That he has done so is an indubitable fact. There are those, however, who think that he is not acting sincerely, and that his object is to gain credit among foreign financiers, and that should he retain power, these concessions will not be carried into effect.

### Poland.

M. Paderewski retains his position as head of the Cabinet in Poland, although, on his return from Paris, he found it necessary to send in his resignation. His reason for taking this step—a step, which, apparently, might prove disastrous to the organization of the Polish Government, which he had been conducting—was that the Diet refused to grant the armistice to the Ukrainians which he had promised to the Allied Powers at Paris. In some way, however, he has found himself able to retain office, although the Diet refused to carry out his pledged policy, and pushed on the military operations against the Ukrainians until they had driven them out of East Galicia. In these districts, so far as is known, the hostilities between the Poles and the Ukrainians have ceased, but towards the north the fight against the Red Army is still being pursued with considerable success. The relations with Germany on the Western borders of Poland have remained undisturbed. Although the full possession of Dantzic has not been accorded to Poland as desired, this disappointment has been accepted with some degree of equanimity. But a new cause of conflict has arisen.

A number of Poles advocate enlarging the borders of their country to the full extent of the territory it once possessed, and, therefore, to include within the new Poland, Lithuania, part of White Russia, as well as a part of Volhynia. This, if carried out, would give the new Poland a population of something like forty-two millions. This over-ambitious project is bringing the Republic into conflict with the inhabitants of the regions which would be annexed. The Lithuanians have sent to Paris a petition to the Allied powers to save them from an annexation repugnant to them. It is a pity that such ambitious projects should be entertained and that the new Republic is not willing to gather strength slowly, especially as it has so many internal dif-

difficulties to contend with. A people that has been so long subjected to a foreign tyrannical rule has, almost necessarily, lost the habit of self government. Its first task should be to settle the innumerable questions arising out of the misgovernment to which it has been subjected, and to right the wrongs which it suffered during the recent War. Among these questions is the relations of landowners and peasants. The former are said to be, in a very marked degree, indifferent to the well-being of those who till the land. The greatest difficulty, however, calling for settlement is the relations between the Jews and the rest of the nation. These relations are about the worst possible. That any organized attempt has been made by the Government to extirpate the Jews by what are called pogroms, is very doubtful, but according to circumstantial reports which have reached this country, there seems no reason to doubt that many outrages have been perpetrated. Our Government has sent a commission to Poland, to examine into the truth of the statements that have been made, and because of the effect produced by these statements, the Allied Powers in Paris have been moved to call upon the Polish Government to guarantee by a treaty the rights of minorities. This is felt to be so derogatory to the good name of Poland, that M. Paderewski has returned to Paris for the purpose of inducing the Powers not to persist in their demands.

M. Paderewski's return to Paris was not, however, exclusively for this purpose. The danger to Poland arising from its geographical situation, between Russia on one side and Germany on the other, with frontiers destitute of any natural barrier to invasion on either side, has made it clear that the restored State will stand in need of assistance from outside, if it is to become what the Allies hope for: an obstacle to any future attempt of Germany to invade Russia or, *vice versa*, of any Bolshevist attempt to overrun Western Europe. If France feels the necessity of guarantees of assistance against the future German onslaught, Poland, and for that matter Czecho-Slovakia, stand in even greater need.

**Hungary.** A few weeks ago the existence of the Soviet Government of Hungary was placed in such great peril by the progress of the Rumanian troops that its complete surrender was looked upon as imminent. In fact its surrender was announced. This may have been an unsubstantiated rumor or some change may have occurred in the situation. At all events the looked-for resignation of the Red Cabinet did not take place. Probably its retention of

power is due to the fact that the advance of the Rumanian forces was halted by the Allies. They called upon the Rumanian authorities to stop their march in Budapest. The Budapest Government, no longer fearing the Rumanians, sent its army to the north, to repel the advance of the Czecho-Slovak troops. In the conflict that ensued, the Hungarian army met, for a time, with a series of successes. The latest reports indicate that the Czecho-Slovaks have been able to check the drive.

Mr. Balfour's fear that central Europe might become "Balkanized" seems already to be fully realized, not only in the continuous series of conflicts which have taken place in central Europe since the conclusion of the armistice, but also through the ferocious character of these conflicts. In the last encounter between Hungarian and Czecho-Slovak forces, it is reported that the fighting was so sanguinary that no quarter was given on either side. In some cases there were only twenty survivors in each company.

An ultimatum is said to have been sent from Paris calling upon the Hungarian Soviet Government to cease hostilities, under penalty of the occupation of Hungary by the Allied forces. That such occupation did not take place weeks ago is to be regretted. The action towards Hungary of the Four Powers has been marked by the same vacillation which characterized their conduct towards Russia. At one time it looked as if they were on the point of occupying Hungary; at another, the recognition of the Soviet Government seemed to have been decided upon. An invitation to that Government to send representatives to the Peace Conference, recently reported, is construed by it as a virtual recognition, and has led Bela Kun, the foreign minister, to renounce all principles of Bolshevism in dealings with foreign States. "The Hungarian Government," Bela Kun declares, "has not the slightest hostile intention against any people on earth. It desires to live in peace and friendship with all." With these declarations Bela Kun seeks to win the confidence of the Allied Powers, and to prevent that intervention which seems to be the only method by which the progress of the revolution can be stayed. How little reliance can be placed in the declarations of the spokesman of the Hungarian Government may be learned by an avowal made at a public meeting a few weeks ago: "I know only one thing—namely, what helps the proletariat and what injures the proletariat. I am ready to lie to the Imperialist so that perhaps I even blush at what I do, for I declare it a dishonorable act to tell the truth to the bourgeoisie, if this truth hurts the proletariat." It would be hard to parallel such a cynical avowal.

Although up to the present time, the results of government by the working classes have not been so disastrous in Hungary as in Russia, the likelihood is that, given a sufficient time, Hungary will suffer as much by the rule of its proletariat. Already many executions have taken place at the arbitrary will of the Government. Hostages have been imprisoned, taken from the ranks of former political leaders. While there is said to be abundance of food, the peasants are hiding it in order to secure it from confiscation. Food prices having, in consequence, risen, famine is imminent. Thousands of the bourgeoisie are absolutely destitute and many of the nobility are in the same plight. The palaces of the aristocracy in Budapest have been seized and looted on the pretext of the socialization of dwelling houses, an instance of which is the mansion of Count Apponyi who was turned in to the street with an indemnity of three hundred and forty dollars.

The nominally working-class Government not only deprives the aristocracy and the bourgeoisie of all freedom, these classes being denied by the very constitution all right to vote, but has so taken all power into its own hands that even criticism of its proceedings by any member of the working classes, of which they are supposed to be the representative, is ruthlessly suppressed. An example of the treatment accorded to those who actively resist the Soviet rule is given in what took place a week or two ago in the district of Oedenburg in West Hungary. The peasants in this district having risen up in revolt, three thousand, including women and children, were shot or hanged by the Red Army. No freedom of speech or of the press any longer exists. A Catholic bishop has been thrown into prison, while the Primate of Hungary has been placed under surveillance, as have all the other bishops.

Sisters have been put out of the hospitals, but their services have proved to be so necessary that the doctors demanded their return. The Government complied with this demand, but only on the condition that they should not say a word on religious subjects. All the treasure of the churches has been seized on the plea that it will be placed in museums. Any article that is said to possess artistic interest has been carried off, including many chalices and sacred vessels. While the Jews in Poland are said to be suffering grievous injustice at the hands of the Government, the Catholics of Hungary are experiencing similar treatment, in kind but not in degree, at the hands of the Hungarian Socialist Government, which is composed, as has been said already, of Jews in a proportion of eighty per cent.

## Germany.

Notwithstanding repeated predictions of its fall, the cabinet of Herr Schiedemann is still in control of the destinies of the new German Republic, nor has there been any change of its members with one exception. Dr. Dernburg has been admitted to the seat vacated by the former Minister of Finance. Being a Coalition Cabinet it represents the various parties in the National Assembly, and consequently has not met, from its inception, with the full approbation of either the Socialistic or the Conservative Parties. The latter criticize it on account of its measures for the nationalization of industry, the former, because those measures are not radical enough. It has unanimously refused to sign the Peace Treaty, Herr Schiedemann pronouncing it a brutally dictated peace, the signing of which would involve the destruction of Germany. This Cabinet, however, on the presentation of the peace terms, decided to remain in office in the hope of obtaining a mitigation. It did this, because, in the words of Herr Schiedemann, his Government was the only one possible. The Independent Socialists, he said, stated in their manifesto that they would sign the Peace Treaty. "A reactionary government is out of all question, and a Communist and Independent Government would be acting for a people of whom they represented only a small minority." It remains problematical what course will be taken when the time comes to give a definite answer. There are those who think that the present Cabinet will resign and that a new one made up of the two Socialist parties will take its place. It is more probable, however, that it will be left to the Independent Socialists to incur the odium of signing. The revolution which for a time threatened to separate Bavaria from the German Republic failed completely in this attempt. Herr Hoffmann's Government was, indeed, restored to power but this restoration does not seem to have brought with it the much needed peace and tranquillity. Affairs became so confused that the Prime Minister gave in his resignation.

An attempt was made to form a new Cabinet on a broader basis. This is understood to mean that the bourgeoisie had been called to collaborate with the Socialist parties, which have, since the revolution, been in control of the former Kingdom. By the establishment of a republic embracing Old Nassau, Rhenish Hesse and the Palatinate, another state will, if it succeeds, be added to the large number now existing. The new republic has taken the name of the Rhenish Republic, with Coblenz for its capital, although the Provisional Government is sitting for the time being at Wiesbaden. It will form a new Catholic state, and as

such is meeting with violent opposition from French Socialists. What these have to do with the matter is hard to say, but that the German Government should be opposed is easily explained. This Government has attempted to arrest its President, Dr. Dordan, without attempting to suppress the movement altogether. In the event of Germany's refusal to sign the Peace Treaty, in the final form in which it has been just submitted, it is understood that the armistice will, after a few days notice, be terminated, and that the war will be resumed. The blockade will be reëstablished in full strength, and the Allied armies on the Rhine will advance according to plans made by Marshal Foch. In view of this eventuality the Germans are said to have removed their military forces and ammunition to a line further inland, whether with a view to avoid conflict or to take up positions suited to defence is not known. It is estimated that in place of the old army, which has been completely demobilized, a new force has been formed by voluntary enlistment, which goes by the name of *Freiwilligers*, and which number one hundred and eighty-five thousand. Besides these volunteers, the National Assembly of Weimer has officially established the new army, or *Reichswehr*, until May 1, 1920, and permitted the administration to arrange all details. The War Ministry has accordingly ordered the army of approximately two hundred and fifty thousand men, the quota of which has not yet been reached. Carefully prepared estimates made by American officers fix the present strength of the German army at three hundred and twenty-five thousand men, many of whom are trained soldiers. The same authorities declare that within six months Germany could raise a million and a half fully trained men.

*June 18, 1919.*

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## With Our Readers.

ON June 6th the Senate of the United States, by a vote of sixty to one, passed a resolution expressing that body's sympathy with the efforts of the Irish people to secure their political freedom. The *Manchester Guardian*, in denying the charge, of those who were not in sympathy with the resolution, that it was an unwarranted interference with Great Britain's affairs, stated: "It is nothing of the kind. It has a very direct bearing on the fundamental principles accepted as the basis of peace, and it should be regarded not as gratuitous intervention in our domestic affairs, but as a friendly and by no means unnecessary warning."

This resolution passed by the Senate was similar to one passed by the House last March. Both resolutions have been forwarded by Secretary of State, Mr. Lansing, to the Peace Conference.

Meanwhile the representatives of the Irish-American Societies presented to President Wilson a bill of charges against the present English administration in Ireland, requesting that it be laid before the Peace Conference for action. The charges include a catalogue of atrocities against political prisoners in Ireland, and are in line with the statements made by the Archbishop of Tipperary some time ago.

"We have recently seen," he said, "the British Government take little Tipperary boys away from their homes without a charge against them; we saw twelve months ago how a great many of our magnificent Irishmen were taken away and imprisoned in England without a charge having been brought against them, or without being given an opportunity of clearing themselves before their peers."

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THE same protest is made by the *Catholic Times* of Liverpool in its issue of May 24th.

"The determination of the English Government to persist in its present policy towards Ireland—a policy of pure Prussianism and nothing else—will make Irishmen more resolute in keeping up the struggle for their liberty, however long it may last. But it will have another important effect. The Prussianism exhibited by the Government in Ireland has produced a feeling of strong indignation in the breasts of all genuine Irishmen, and they are ready to form a league for the purpose of appealing to all nations and asking whether a system of coercion, unparalleled on the face of





and the Republicans, shall also by a majority vote select three members. The Commission shall select its own chairman who shall be a resident and citizen of the United States, France or Japan.

"We sincerely urge," said the proposal, "that if the Peace Conference refuses a hearing to the people of Ireland in these circumstances the guilt for the commission of these monstrous crimes and atrocities, as well as the bloody revolution which may shortly come, must from this time forward be shared with Great Britain by members of the Peace Conference, if not by the peoples they represent."

These charges were followed by a supplementary statement to President Wilson by Mr. Dunne and Mr. Walsh, that the very persons who gave them information were being persecuted by the British Government.

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THE representatives of the Protestant Commission on Faith and Order were received recently in audience by the Holy Father. In answer to their request that the Catholic Church participate in a world-wide conference on Christian Unity, the Holy Father kindly but very firmly declined, stating that the Catholic Church was the one visible Church of Christ upon earth: and adding his prayer that all outside the true Church might by God's grace see the light and reunite themselves with the visible head of the Church by whom they would be received with open arms.

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THE Holy Father's position is, even to those who differ from him, logical and hopeful. It declares that there is a united Christianity in the world: that Christianity of its very essence ought to be united, and that the *de facto* united Christianity in the world stands ready to receive and welcome all who will accept it.

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THE Baptists of the United States had to face the question of Christian Unity not long ago. They rejected the invitation of the Commission on Faith and Order. The Baptist Church declined to federate—but it declined not because the Baptist Church is the one true Christian Church—but because it does not believe even in Baptist unity, much less Christian unity. "The Baptist denomination is a collection of independent democratic churches. None of these churches recognizes any ecclesiastical authority superior to itself. The denomination (the Baptists) in so far as it has unity is a federation of independent democracies. If Baptist churches do not have organic unity among themselves, they obviously cannot have organic unity with other denominations.

“We do not believe in any form of sacerdotalism or sacramentalism among Christians who are all equally priests of the Most High.

“We reject ecclesiastical orders and hold that all believers are on a spiritual equality.

“With us ordination is only a formal recognition, on the part of some local church, that one of its members is judged worthy to serve as a pastor. The fact that such appointment is generally recognized in all our churches is simply a testimony to denominational good faith.”

Such declarations as these show that the very concept of the Church of Christ is lost to sight, and that the Christian faith is being delivered to ruinous chaos.

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**E**ACH one of us must ask pardon for our inconsistencies. But if our life be not redeemed by the consistent whole, wherein shall we have hope? To the poet, who must employ his fancy nor be too tightly trammelled by the bonds of cold reason, we are all willing to extend the law of mercy to its fullness. Yet mercy has a limit: it is truth's handmaiden.

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**T**HE literary journals of the month have been flooded with estimates of Walt Whitman as a poet. The variety of the estimates is perhaps the best index to the place occupied by Whitman as a poet. Altogether they make of him anything and everything.

Whatever theory or absence of theory a particular writer personally professes, it is evident from his criticism that he can and does find himself in Walt Whitman's poetry. Whitman is an impressionable, unformed mass, a protoplasm of thought, of emotion, of aspiration. A reader brings himself to Whitman, impresses his own thought or image thereon, and looking again beholds his own image.

Stevenson could find in Whitman another Robert Louis, and Emerson could find therein himself, and Whitman acknowledged it. Thoreau read in his writings the divinest sermons, as the modern anarchist finds in him the strongest apologetic: the feminist her best defence: the scoffer and the blasphemer their strongest quotations: the lover of democracy his most inspiring lines.

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**T**HE unity of God's universe, because of its very simplicity, subjects it to every kind of interpretation, orderly or perverted. We cannot extend the hand without touching nobility: we cannot begin to think without reaching some portion of truth—even

though the inadequacy of the grasp make it more false than true. God has subjected Himself to us because He placed creation in our hands. Yet we can never get outside of His creation. If it is our servant, it is our master also.

We cannot touch it without touching God. Yet if we touch it without the consciousness that it is God's, our knowledge will be misleading: so out of proportion as to be false: a guide not to God but from Him. The abiding remembrance of the unity of the whole, alone can keep us safe. We may all speak of those primary emotions, longings, aspirations of the soul that God has placed in every one of us, love and loyalty, freedom, success and happiness, but the Truth, the Way, that secures their possession is God's Wisdom—not ours. And our wisdom is not wise until it include both the thought and the knowledge of God. Democracy is a word lightly used: the world is beginning to understand that if it is to be possessed, the deepest springs of human action must be touched and guided by a wisdom that is beyond this world.

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**W**HITMAN, like many another poet, touched upon many a great truth, but the very inadequacy of his thought and of his expression frequently make the great truth a great falsehood. He is as much a champion of the false as of the true.

He praises chastity, yet there is no more libidinous poet in English. He exalts the soul, yet states that the soul is no more than the body. He acclaims religion, yet he debases God and writes a blasphemous poem about the Crucified One. He sings of the spiritual: yet the material, the visible, the fleshly are the horizon of his hopes: a prater of the divine, he yet exalts the human above it: a preacher of democracy, he is a consummate egoist: a contemner of the past, he confesses that to the past America owes her best traditions: a champion of law, he is yet laudatory of the lawless hours and the lawless deeds, "no law less than ourselves owning:" a denier of reason, yet asking men to be reasonable: speaking of immortality, yet doubting all things: and—in no Pauline sense—Whitman shows himself all things to all men. He is an unshaped mass of every imaginable vanity of incipient thought and theory.

A recent admiring critic of Whitman has approached this truth about him and his place in literature, when she says that Whitman "dislikes to be definite about what is to be done next." He was probably conscious that such an attitude was his only protection: an answer would have betrayed his mental poverty. When charged, for example, with destroying institutions, he weakly answered: "I am neither for nor against institutions."

“He would establish without edifices, or rules, or trustees, the institution of the dear love of comrades.”

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WHITMAN would not—Whitman who prated so loudly of nakedness—reveal himself. He is the poet not of nudity, for that may be chaste, but of nakedness which is always indecent. Explain it as they will, modern sympathetic critics of Whitman cannot free him from gross sexual indecency without stultifying themselves. Indeed, it is difficult to free some of his poetry from the charge of perversion. He has built his poetry, say his friendly critics, on the truth of sex to its exaltation: as a matter of fact he has built it on a lower libidinous view of sex to its degradation. Clothes for the body are necessary if we are to retain both our self-respect and the respect of others. Whitman exalts the body naked: he delights in the phrases “to lie naked,” “to undress,” “to unbare.” It is his meat and drink. And the physical delight reflects his soul. He dares the irresponsibility and the abandon of emotion: the whole world, God and our Blessed Lord and the eternal relation of man to God and of man to man are his playthings. He will be restrained by no law, not even the law of rhythm. He will philosophize about everything, caring nothing for philosophy. He disdained art and yet if he is to be accepted at all it can only be on the ground of his art. Philosophy he had none: he disowns and repudiates it utterly. Truth comes to him only through experience. His statement and exposition of it, therefore, must be a matter not of philosophy but of art. In repudiating art he repudiated the only vehicle of communication which was his: and in repudiating philosophy he repudiated the value of experience. He will dogmatize about the great writers of the entire past and make sport of the greatest of English authors. If modern democracy is to accept this man as its serious prophet, it will have a playboy for its guide.

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THE best test of the truth of what is said here is to be found in the fact that when a serious experience faces Whitman, when he is sobered and made to feel like a man, he does put clothes upon both his body and his soul: he forgets sex and uses the very form, the dress that poets have ever used when they really sang. The Civil War called to his idle soul just as it called to many another. The suffering and the sacrifice made him look more deeply into life. It brought to him a sense of evil, and forced him to abdicate his immoral transcendentalism. The common presence of death made him borrow from St. Francis and when men suffered in anguish and Lincoln was martyred, Whit-

man found the formless catalogues inadequate for those ever ancient, yet ever new, emotions of the human heart, grief and mourning. His soul asked for music and his soul brought it forth. But it had to clothe itself because it undertook a sacred thing, and it is when so clothed and in his right mind that Whitman deserves a place among the poets.

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UNDER the heading of "Home Missions," His Eminence Cardinal Gibbons draws the attention of the General Committee of Bishops to the need for greater missionary activity among the negro population of our country. "On the vast negro population," he says, "rapidly increasing in numbers and growing in education and influence, we have made almost no impression."

In line with this suggestion comes the news of the proposed "Catholic Medical Mission for the Colored" which Bishop Allen is endeavoring to establish at Tuscaloosa, Alabama, in the centre of what is known as the "Black Belt."

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THIS new and progressive departure in the field of Catholic missionary activity at home, is the direct answer of the charity of Christ to a great need felt among the colored people of this section. Where there is no hospital to take in their sick, and doctors' fees are beyond their means, and nursing is poor and scarce, it is surprising how many of these people pass away for want of medical aid and proper care in time of sickness. A Medical Mission, therefore, in connection with the Catholic school would be, as the appeal states, of "immense value, not only because it brings within reach of the missionary a large number of people, perhaps at the very end of their lives, but also because the odor of charity spreads about like a sweet perfume, attracting powerfully those whose minds have been affected by heretical influences. Comparatively little is required to run, on a simple basis, a medical mission, and our Divine Lord will surely inspire some apostolic souls to send their little share towards this cause so dear to the Most Sacred Heart of Jesus."

There is every reason to believe that this means for relieving the bodies and touching the souls which has proved so successful in foreign missions, will reap an equally rich harvest here and bring upon all those who further it blessings a thousandfold.

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## BOOKS RECEIVED.

GEORGE H. DORAN Co., New York:

*Military Servitude and Grandeur.* By A. de Vigny. \$1.50 net. *Small Craft.* By C. F. Smith. \$1.25 net. *Sailor Town.* By C. F. Smith. \$1.25 net. *The Born Fool.* By J. M. Boyd. \$1.50 net. *The Way of Wonder.* By M. Doney. \$1.25 net. *Across the Stream.* By E. F. Benson. \$1.50 net. *Black Sheep Chapel.* By M. Baillie-Saunders. \$1.50 net. *The Life of the Party.* By I. S. Cobb. 60 cents net. *The Life of John Redmond.* By W. B. Wells. \$2.00 net. *The Journal of a Disappointed Man.* By W. N. P. Barbellion. \$2.00 net.

LONGMANS, GREEN & Co., New York:

*The Principles of Christian Apologetics.* By Rev. T. J. Walshe. \$2.25 net. *Completed Tales of My Knights and Ladies.* By B. Chase. \$1.75 net.

BENZIGER BROTHERS, New York:

*Our Own St. Rita.* By Rev. M. J. Corcoran, O.S.A. \$1.00 net. *Pocket Prayer Book with the Epistles and Gospels.*

BONI & LIVERIGHT, New York:

*The Great Modern English Stories.* Edited by E. J. O'Brien. \$1.75 net. *Sketches and Reviews.* By W. Pater. \$1.25 net. *The Curious Republic of Gondour.* By S. L. Clemens. \$1.25 net.

ALLYN & BACON, New York:

*Solid Geometry with Problems and Applications.* By H. E. Slaught, Ph.D., Sc.D., and N. J. Lennes, Ph.D.

ROBERT M. MCBRIDE & Co., New York:

*Catholic Tales and Christian Songs.* By Dorothy L. Sayers. \$1.00 net.

E. P. DUTTON & Co., New York:

*The White Island.* By Michael Wood. \$1.90 net.

JOHN LANE Co., New York:

*The Pursuit of Happiness and Other Poems.* By B. R. C. Low. \$1.50 net.

JAMES T. WHITE & Co., New York:

*The Harvest Home.* Collected Poems of James B. Kenyon. \$2.00.

THE MACMILLAN Co., New York:

*The Soul in Suffering.* By R. S. Carroll, M.D. \$2.00.

THE UNITED STATES CATHOLIC HISTORICAL SOCIETY, New York:

*Historical Records and Studies.* Vol. XIII.

THOMAS J. FLYNN & Co., Boston:

*Ireland's Fairy Lore.* By Rev. Michael P. Mahon. \$2.00 net.

THE FOUR SEAS Co., Boston:

*War and Love.* By R. Aldington. \$1.25 net. *The Mountain Singer.* By S. MacCathinhaoil. \$1.50 net.

J. B. LIPPINCOTT Co., Philadelphia:

*Hidden Treasure.* By John T. Simpson. \$1.50 net.

DIEDERICH-SCHAEFER Co., Milwaukee:

*The Theistic Social Ideal or The Distributive State.* By Rev. P. Casey, M.A. 60 cents.

CATHOLIC TRUTH SOCIETY, London:

*The Miraculous Birth of Our Lord.* By H. E. Hall, M.A. *Missionary Hymns.* By E. L. Thomas and A. D. Scott. Pamphlets.

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*Redmond's Vindication.* By Rev. Robert O'Loughran. \$1.35 net.

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*A Wife's Story.* Translated from the French by V. M.

PIERRE TÉQUI, Paris:

*Pour La Vie Intérieure.* Par Lieut. M. *Paroles de la Guerre.* Par Monseigneur Gibier. 3 fr. 50. *Le Séminaire N. D. de la Merci à Munster et Limbourg.* Par R. P. Rochereau. *Verdun! 1914-1918.* Par Monsignor Ginisty. 3 fr. 50. *Apparitions d'une âme du Purgatoire en Bretagne.* Par H. le Gouvello. 0.50. *Vie de Sainte Zite.* Par Monsignor A. Saint-Clair. 1 fr. *La Vie Religieuse.* Par J. Millot. 3 fr. 50. *Patrie.* Par Monseigneur Gibier. 3 fr. 50. *Le Fait divin du Christ.* Par Monseigneur Tissier. 3 fr. 50.

EMILE NOURRY, Paris:

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CATHOLIC SOCIAL STUDY.

BY FATHER CUTHBERT, O.S.F.C.



HERE are times when ideas are more potent than statecraft and a clear knowledge of principles of more value than ready-made solutions. To some extent this is true under all circumstances, but it is especially true at a moment like the present when the social world is in the throes of a rebirth. It is no exaggeration to say that we stand at the beginning of a new order of things, politically, socially and intellectually. Not since the break-up of the mediæval system has the civilized world been faced with such a radical change as is taking place today.

Whether the result will be for the world's betterment it is as yet impossible to predict: so much depends upon the will of man and upon the spirit in which the emancipated human forces will use the power which has come to them. Will the new States created by the Congress of Paris justify in practice the principle of self-determination? And will the League of Nations subserve the peace of the world any better than did the theory of Balance of Power? How will the working-class use the industrial and political powers they have gained? And will democracy in the day of its triumph prove more beneficial to mankind than the beaten autocracies? To all

such questions the answer lies hidden in the future. It were sheer foolishness to dogmatize, and even yet greater foolishness to close our eyes to the possibilities for evil which lie in the lap of this new thing which has come to the world. It is not inconceivable that the League of Nations might become an unbearable tyranny destructive of all national liberties, notwithstanding the safeguards meant to avert that eventuality; and it is quite possible for democratic rule, whether in politics or in industry, to strangle individual freedom. History is full of the tragedies which overtake the noblest ideals once they are launched into the practical life of the world. That is, of course, no sufficient reason why men should shirk the great adventure of seeking to realize the ideal of a nobler life for men and human society: and there are times when the adventure must be made if the world is not to sink into moral chaos. Whatever may yet come of the League of Nations and of democratic rule, it is at least an effort to save the world's civilization from the moral bankruptcy into which it was being led by the godless political and social systems of the immediate past.

Civilization is once again in the throes of a new beginning. Any attempt at a hasty solution of the inevitable difficulties it must face in the process of reconstruction, will but prove illusory and disappointing. The world must necessarily feel its way with a patience as courageous, as its faith in its ideals must be venturesome: and for that reason its salvation lies in the ideals and moral principles by which its course will be guided.

At such a moment in history the Catholic people have need to be awake and actively to exert themselves to influence the trend of events: for upon their action depends not only the welfare of the Church but to a large extent the molding of the new systems which will replace the old. If Catholics were to stand apart idly or to fail to exercise the influence which they undoubtedly can exercise in the reconstruction of the world's political and industrial life, then there would be nothing to look forward to but a world society based upon anti-Christian ideals and animated by a spirit antagonistic to the Church. Either Catholicism or secularism, it has been said, will shape the destiny of the new democracy. Catholic social teaching alone can challenge with any hope of success, the secularist So-



cialism which is actively working to dominate the new forces in political and industrial society.

Properly regarded, the very gravity of the situation should be to Catholics an inspiration, a joyous call to a strenuous endeavor. For once again the opportunity is offered to remold the social life of the world upon Christian principles after long centuries, during which the polity of the nations has been in more or less open antagonism to the teachings of the Church and social life was a negation of Catholic social ideals. There are still people who speak of the present upheaval as a revolt against mediævalism: whereas in fact the political and industrial systems which today are in the melting-pot, are themselves the great denial of mediævalism and of the Christian principles upon which it was based. What we are witnessing now is not the break-up of the mediæval system, but of a system which supplanted the mediæval and was ushered into power under the *ægis* of those two great apostasies—the pagan Renaissance and Protestantism. No serious thinker would propose to reestablish the mediæval system, at least without large modifications: for mediævalism on its secular side belongs to a world-phase which is past. Still it is well to bear in mind that the present revolt against aggressive rationalism and the immoral development of the Capitalist system is largely a vindication of the principles upon which the Church strove to guide mediæval civilization: and that fact is becoming apparent to many non-Catholic students of political and economic history.

Catholics, then, have little reason to cling to the discredited political and industrial systems whose death knell has been sounded on the battlefields of Europe. For them the one thought at this moment should be to do their part in the up-building of a new social order more consonant with their Catholic ideals and principles. And this they may do with the greater assurance of success, since so many of the ideals which are struggling for expression in the world today are fundamentally akin to Catholic teaching. Thus the League of Nations as at present planned, may or may not achieve its purpose: yet undoubtedly in its attempt to curb aggressive nationalism and to establish a universal law of justice to regulate national ambitions, it voices an ideal to which Catholicism, by its nature, responds. So, too, not a few of the claims set forth

by organized labor—claims which many regard as revolutionary—what are they but restatements of Catholic teaching, revolutionary only in a world which long ago revolted against Catholicism? As Cardinal Bourne declared in his pastoral letter, *The Nation's Crisis*: "If we review the main principles of Catholic social teaching, we shall observe how many of the utterances of 'modern unrest' are merely exaggerated or confused statements of those very principles."

Here then Catholics have a definite point of contact and a ground of sympathetic coöperation with the new spirit which is challenging the systems of the immediate past. In a widespread knowledge of Catholic social teaching we have the surest defence against the danger of an anti-Christian democracy.

Experience has already shown that amongst those who are working to reconstruct the world's social life, the social teaching of the Church is sure of an attentive and respectful hearing. That perhaps is one of the most hopeful auguries for the future. The old attitude of suspicion towards Catholic teaching which has been prevalent amongst non-Catholics, is beginning to give way to an attitude of expectancy. Non-Catholics are beginning to feel that Catholicism has something to say in regard to the questions of the hour, which is worth listening to. To many the clear definite principles of Catholic teaching have come as a surprising illumination at a time when men are groping their way amidst vague generalities and confusing prejudices. And to some the surprise is greater that doctrines which they have regarded as a new revelation from the spirit of unrest, are but restatements of the historic teaching of the Catholic Church. Thus an opportunity is given today for the spread of Catholic teaching amongst all sections of society such as has not come to the Church for many centuries. Today it may be said that the world at large will listen if Catholic teaching is put before it. That could hardly be said of the great masses of men during the past four centuries.

The urgent need is that Catholics should realize the responsibility which this opportunity imposes upon them; and especially that the Catholic laity should rise to a sense of their duty in this matter. The clergy have their responsibility too: upon them it falls to instruct, encourage and guide the people in the fulfillment of their duty. But in the matter of political, in-

dustrial and social reconstruction, it is the laity whose influence will be most directly felt in the work-a-day world. At no time has there been a more urgent need that the Catholic laity should recognize the duties of citizenship and be animated by a keen sense of the duties which the Catholic citizen owes to the State and to society: for the voice and vote of the Catholic layman may yet determine the world's moral and religious destiny. To educate the Catholic laity in their duties as members of the State and of the social body at large, is therefore at this moment of paramount importance: since no Catholic can do his duty as a citizen if he lacks a proper knowledge of Catholic social teaching in its bearing upon the questions of the time. Without such knowledge he will be powerless either to direct his own action or to influence the action of others.

Yet it is just in this matter of Catholic social teaching that Catholics as a body are deficient. How many Catholic Trade-Unionists, for instance, have any clear notion of the teaching of the Church in regard to the labor claims put forth by organized Labor? How many Catholics can enter into a political debate with any definite knowledge of what the Church teaches as to the rights and duties of the State?

To some extent this ignorance is due to the position in which Catholics found themselves during the long period when Catholics were shut out from public life, and when to speak as a Catholic was to court derision or contempt. The tradition of those days left its mark upon us, even after we began to enter once more into the general life of the State. But in part, too, we have suffered from that universal divorce of public life from moral and religious principles which has debased state-craft since the sixteenth century. But whatever legitimate excuse may be urged to account for the prevalent ignorance amongst Catholics of the social teaching of the Church, the need and opportunity of the present make it a duty that the Catholic laity no longer remain ignorant, but be fitted to do their part as witnesses to Catholic teaching in the building up of the new social order.

Happily in many countries the Catholic body is already alert, and some effort is being made to train the laity in Catholic social teaching. In England we have the Catholic Social Guild, which has already done some effective work not only in making known Catholic teaching to the non-Catholic body, but in

inducing Catholics, not only of the educated class but of the working class, to undertake a systematic study of social problems in the light of Catholic principles. What it has done is but a promise of what it hopes to do. It began by drawing together for common action a number of educated Catholics actually engaged in social studies or in social work; it next proceeded to organize study clubs, mainly amongst Catholic workers in the north of England: it is now engaged in promoting social study in our schools, both elementary and secondary. The idea is that the elder boys and girls in our schools should receive some elementary knowledge of Catholic social teaching, and on leaving school be brought within some study club to pursue a more advanced course of study. It is a brave attempt to meet a grave need, and if the Catholic body in England responds as it should, the effect must be to create a strong Catholic influence in our national life. The real merit of the Catholic Social Guild lies in its attempt to educate in social knowledge all classes from the university student to the worker in a coal mine, and to bring all classes into some relation with each other on the basis of a common social endeavor. That is as it should be if Catholic social action is to be of any avail. And in taking its stand upon the principle that Catholic social action, to be effective, must be based upon an educated Catholic opinion, the Guild has shown a wise insight into the psychology of the situation. The Catholic citizen, of whatever class or position, will have influence for good, just in so far as he knows what is going on around him, and is able to judge the situation from the clear and definite knowledge of Catholic teaching. But such knowledge does not come from instinct: it requires education.

Some may object that so far as Catholic teaching is concerned, every Catholic who has received ordinary religious instruction is well aware of the fundamental principles of right and wrong which apply to social life. That is so, so far as elementary principles are concerned: but the Catholic of today needs more than a knowledge of mere elementary moral principles, if he is to fulfill the duties of a citizen: he requires to know these principles in their relation to the frequently complicated problems of present-day social life. He may be quite well aware that he must deal justly with his neighbor, and yet hopelessly at sea when called upon to decide what is just in a

given circumstance. That difficulty is not unknown to the trained thinker and moral casuist. How then can we expect the ordinary man to take an intelligent part in the solution of the political or industrial problems which come constantly in his way, unless he has had some training in political and social thinking? The objection in fact can come only from those who themselves have given no serious thought to the questions which are agitating the social mind of today. One thing is certain, it is the people who are being taught to think politically and socially who will have the deciding voice in the reconstruction of the future: and mainly from their grasp of this truth have the Socialists gained their power.

If then the democracy—the great force of the immediate future—is to be made safe for Catholicism and for Christian morality, the education of the Catholic citizen in social thinking and Catholic principles must be taken up and urged forward. The need is the more apparent when we remember that under democratic rule every man is in some measure a legislator, and has a voice in the shaping of the political and social institutions under which he lives. But without the knowledge which enables him to form an intelligent judgment, the very powers which democracy gives the citizen are a snare. He becomes the mere puppet of whoever can appeal to his emotions or prejudices: even if his moral sense rebels against a measure, he is unable to declare his own view intelligently and give a convincing reason against it: and so, even though he himself is uninfluenced, he is unable to influence others or take any share in forming public opinion. And it is the men who create public opinion who hold the power where democracy rules.

We need, then, some organized endeavor to give the whole body of Catholic citizens a working knowledge of Catholic social teaching in its relation to the problems of the time: for it is only as the Catholic body at large can bring its Faith to bear on social reconstruction, that Catholic ideals can have their full influence. Yet if this education is to be in any way effective, it is clear that behind this general education there must be a body of expert knowledge which will give both guidance and motive power to Catholic social study. We shall need teachers to impart or direct the elementary social education of our people; we need men and women who shall be sufficiently expert to expound Catholic social teaching on the platform and

in the press; we need expert critics "from the legal, moral and religious to scrutinize existing organizations, and see how far they correspond with Catholic social justice."<sup>1</sup>

Some means must necessarily be found to provide this higher education. If we are unable at present to establish colleges and schools for social study, such as are already established by non-Catholics, we can at least organize social study centres with a systematic higher course of social study for Catholic students. Such centres, I am told, already exist in the United States: they are certainly a necessary adjunct to Catholic organization in these days.

But beyond these there is the yet more difficult necessity of that higher expert knowledge which is the product of trained scientific study such as belongs only to the best scholarship; such expert knowledge as can meet and influence the highly developed social science of the present day.

Against it is a happy augury that the need has already produced Catholic scholars whose contributions to social science are of the first quality in scholarship. The late Charles Devas in England and Dr. John Ryan in America—not to mention others well known to English readers—are scholars of whom Catholics may well be proud. Of Dr. Ryan's scholarly treatment of industrial problems from the standpoint of Catholic principles, it may be said that he has set a standard for future Catholic students which, if maintained, will undoubtedly have far-reaching results in molding economic science in the future. Such scholarship is the very salt of an educational movement: without it our efforts will be in vain. We must aim at producing students and scholars of the first rank if Catholic social teaching is to have any real influence on the social thought of the world: and to produce such scholarship we must give to Catholic students the opportunities of developing their knowledge, and the encouragement to pursue their studies. It is mainly to the universities and colleges where our Catholic youth is educated, that we must look for this encouragement and promotion of the highest social scholarship. In these centres of the highest education Catholic social study should surely have its place as one of the cardinal subjects of the educational syllabus, and be treated with the dignity due to a

<sup>1</sup> On this point Professor Hewins, late Under-Secretary of the British Home Office, made a strong appeal at the Catholic Social Guild Conference in October, 1918.

science so deeply affecting the world's future and the welfare of the Church.

It would, indeed, be to the advantage of the Church and of the world—in view of the universality and urgency of the need—if Catholic scholarship were to deal with social science in the widest significance of the term, in the same spirit and with the same thoroughness which the mediæval Schoolmen brought to the reconstruction of metaphysical thought in the golden days of Scholasticism; for social thinking is as much a universal form of thought today as were the Aristotelian categories in the thirteenth century. Men are thinking today in social terms and values: these terms and values are, as it were, the logic of their thought; and it is by the elucidation of social difficulties and problems that the Church will largely gain the submission and respect of the thinking world. In the days of the early Schoolmen thinkers were athirst to know how life and Faith could be squared with “the new logic” which seemed to them the formula of intellectual freedom: today the world is asking how Christian morality and Christian faith can bear the scrutiny of those ideals of social justice and political reconstruction by which the imagination of so many is fired. Social science has thus become one of the key-positions from which Catholicism must approach the world of today, if the world is to be saved to Christianity and brought into relations with the Church.

That being so, the need is manifest for a thorough and systematic study in the light of Catholic teaching of the world's social thought and of the actual problems which give rise to that thought. Like the Schoolmen in the thirteenth century, Catholic social students of today have behind them a long consistent tradition of Catholic teaching. They have not to invent a new social morality nor a new religious faith to give substance to a new morality. In the explicit teaching of the Fathers of the Church and in the Catholic masters who have succeeded the Fathers, they will find constant witness to the Catholic mind. Very frequently too they will come upon restatements of Catholic principles which might well have been formulated to meet the very difficulties with which the present-day world is newly confronted. There is in truth a long history of Catholic political and social teaching awaiting to be thoroughly investigated and brought into use by the student of

today. But precisely as the mediæval Schoolmen had to bring traditional Catholic teaching to bear upon the actual intellectual problems of their day and to formulate that teaching in the terms of the thought of their day, so it is the task of present Catholic social science to bring Catholic truth, as already elucidated in the past, to bear upon the social problems of the present and to formulate that truth in terms intelligible to the habit of mind of the present day.

The task before the Catholic social student is therefore twofold: he must on the one hand make himself intimately acquainted with the actual social problems and thought of the actual world: he must know the field in which he has to work; and to know that he must know not only what the problems actually are and what men are actually thinking, but the historic process by which such problems have come about and by which men have come to think as they are thinking. He must know the world of today and how the world has arrived at the position in which it finds itself today. Only by such wide knowledge will he be fitted to anticipate, as every scholar should, the probabilities of developments in the immediate future. On the other hand he must have a wide knowledge of Catholic teaching not only in the way of abstract principles, but as that teaching has developed in history, since it is only in the light of this development that he can adequately understand Catholic teaching itself in its bearing upon the problems which the actual world presents to him. Then only when the student has acquired this twofold knowledge, can he hope to deal constructively with the work before him and contribute a scholarly presentment of Catholic social teaching which will at once compel the intellectual respect of the world and at the same time convey a living message to the world's practical workers. It was in that patient and thorough way that the Scholastic theologians of the thirteenth century built up their masterly exposition of Catholic truth to meet the awakened philosophical thinking of their time: nor can it be beyond the ability of Catholic scholarship today to construct a scientific exposition of Catholic social teaching to meet the scientific social thinking of the present.

That such an extensive and intensive study of the social problem from a Catholic point of view is a primary need in the world of today is the conviction of all serious observers



of the situation before us: and if it be a need, then it is at the same time a duty for the Catholic body to fulfill. Upon our activity at this time it depends largely whether the new social order is to be Christian or secularist: for, as even many non-Catholics instinctively feel, the Catholic Church alone has the power to combat with any success the secularist propaganda. That propaganda is energetic and tireless: it is seeking by every human means to capture and mold the world of the future. If it is not to succeed, the Catholic body must set itself with equal resolution and energy to convey the Church's message to the thinking and active world. Both Catholic scholarship and practical Catholic citizenship must be pressed into the work of reconstructing the social life of the world on the basis of Christian principles.

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### AN ANSWER.

BY T. J. S.

THE crossroads cross through Christ, Himself the Cross,  
Only in Him our paths of love may meet,  
The hungering heart must rest its hope complete  
On Christ, or know the bitterness of loss.

Sunk deep in common earth, yet raised to heaven,  
Embracing North and South and East and West  
His arms have gathered in, received and blessed  
Whatever love from heart to heart is given.

Standing at roads where meet our hearts forlorn  
His priest, of souls a lover great shall be:  
A cross himself raised high on Calvary  
That shadows forth Love's Resurrection Morn.

## THE PASSING OF KIPLING.

BY JOSEPH J. REILLY, PH.D.



KIPLING arrived at the psychological moment. The English reading public was weary of introspection and preciosity and the hectic atmosphere of decadence. It viewed at first with distrust and then with impatience those novels which possessed a maximum of psychological refinement and a minimum of human interest; which gave more thought to the niceties of soul analyses than to the soul itself; which forgot, in telling what men and women *felt*, to tell what they *did*. That same public was surfeited with men who had no business in life except to dance attendance upon clever—and soulless—women, to wear, like a carnation in their coat lapels, a title which some huge-limbed forebear had seized by virtue of a bloody mace and a mailed fist. It felt stifled among the perfumes and the hot-house flowers of fashionable drawing-rooms, where there was no bloom but that of cosmeticism, no humor of the heart but only that of the intellect, where “wan” women with “red mouths” and “dainty” youths and blasé men foregathered in quest of new sensations for their jaded nerves. English literature was surcharged with foreign influences. The flavor of Flaubert and Huysmans and Baudelaire and Verlaine was unmistakable. It all smacked of the hectic, the overdone, the maudlin, the unnatural; it was a deadly round of strong passions, weak wills, sick souls, “weary unto death,” of which a people that ate roast beef and drank ale and played cricket became equally—and honestly—w weary. They wanted to discover again women with hearts and men with red blood who spent so much energy in the world’s work that they quite forgot to dabble in æsthetics and delicate sins, who took more kindly to wearing cartridge belts than chrysanthemums and preferred a battle to a paradox. They wanted to rediscover Englishmen who did things—real things, new things, somewhat with their brains and very much with their hands. And then came Mr. Kipling.

Almost from the moment when his work made its first

appearance in England he won a hearing and achieved a widespread notoriety. And no wonder. Here were tales that tingled with action and passion and life, of the kind which is lived in the open, among men and women whose emotions are strong and affections normal, who may on occasion disregard the Decalogue but have not yet learned to refine it away. Here were things the reading public could understand and enjoy without pretence; for besides being vital and human they were English, of the beef and ale variety. Their women were at home in the saddle and could win an archery prize or combat cholera. Their men were horsey and at times vulgar, with a turn for calling a spade a spade and for chortling with glee when summoned to face black giants in a fight to the death. "Mr. Kipling *était Anglais d'une façon simple, violente et, de plus, très nouvelle,*" says M. Chevrillon, and the mass of Englishmen took him to their arms accordingly. For the most part their swift and boisterous acceptance was uncritical—which does not mean that Kipling escaped criticism. The *élite* sneered at him and accused the general public of setting up a false god for worship. For answer the general public heaped the incense higher, and Kipling clubs and adulation became the order of the day. The author of *Plain Tales from the Hills* and *Soldiers Three* found himself a literary storm centre while yet in his early twenties, alternately stoned and worshipped, a clay idol to the few, a divinity to the many.

Despite attacks, the popularity of Kipling persisted. Many critics appeared who praised his work, as well they might, while pointing out its author's weaknesses and limitations. Whatever could be said either for or against, one thing was unmistakable: Kipling, for millions of English-speaking peoples, put India upon the map. He discovered it for them as veritably as Columbus discovered America.

Born in India in 1865 of English parents, Kipling acquired a first-hand knowledge of that great empire swarming with its myriad children, split into castes and factions, with a past which is lost in the weird distance, and a future which remains a riddle. His is the India of English domination, with universities and standing armies and native police; India the prey to sudden uprisings and famines and plagues and barbaric superstition, the Mussulmans despising the Hindus and the Hindus hating the Mussulmans; where English rulers make

voluminous reports regarding things of which they know little, and who take the credit for victories which have been won by other Englishmen who toil in heartbreaking isolation in forgotten corners of the country, hungering for recognition which never comes, and at last wearing themselves out before their time. And over all the blazing stars of the Indian nights look down upon the strange romance of the civilization of today struggling with the civilization of dead yesterdays.

In such a situation as this Kipling, gifted with an imagination, beheld many things. There were the sordidness of selfish officials and the splendid generosity of unselfish ones like Scott and Hawkins in *William the Conqueror*. There were adventurers who coveted kingdoms like Dravot and Carnehan. There were fatherly colonels and jejune subalterns and soldiers from far away Britain whose lives were a round of petty adventures and carouses and drills and the guardhouse, but who never ceased to be human and consequently interesting. There were women who played the part of *dea ex machina* like Mrs. Herriek; and others who were saints like Billy Martyn; and still others who were beautiful and fascinating and wreckers of other women's lives like Mrs. Reiver. But that was not all. There were giant natives with bristling hair who hated the English Government and who, armed with knives as long as ramrods, fought like incarnate devils; there were native priests and naked worshippers and hideous idols and temples which it were death for a white man to invade. There were natives educated in England who sneered at things in heaven and on earth, like Wali Dad, but in whose hearts lurked deathless devotion to the gods of their fathers. There were native women, like Lalun, with black hair and eyes like the stars of a summer night, and tiny feet that trod upon men's hearts; and other native women, like Ameera, whom Englishmen loved and whose joy challenged the envy of the gods.

Small wonder that this India with its obscenities, its superstitions, its savagery, its romance, its poetry, the splendor of its wealth, the violence of its contrasts, where five miles from the white man's railroad track one stumbled upon such scenes as some Haroun-al-Raschid might have beheld, appealed mightily to English and American readers.

The atmosphere of this unexplored land of magic was caught with the mastery of the born artist in words. In *The*

*City of Dreadful Night* one can feel the heat reeking up from the low-lying dwellings as if from a thousand furnaces, see the stars dimly through a fiery haze and realize almost with a feeling of suffocation what a very flaming pit India can become in the height of the dry season. In *At the End of the Passage* Kipling describes the men trying to sleep in the hot darkness: "The men flung themselves down, ordering the punkah-coolies by all the powers of hell to pull. Every door and window was shut, for the outside air was that of an oven. The atmosphere within was only one hundred and four degrees, as the thermometer bore witness, and heavy with the foul smell of badly trimmed kerosene lamps, and this stench, combined with that of native tobacco, baked brick, and dried earth, sends the heart of many a strong man down to his boots, for it is the smell of the Great Indian Empire when she turns herself for six months into a house of torment."

With a similar realism he depicts Kafiristan in the north with its giant mountains covered with snow, its wind-swept passes and its valleys over which "the man who would be king" made his dizzy journey to death. How well he has realized his setting in *The Man Who Was*: the great beam-roofed mess-room of the White Hussars with its round table, its battered standards facing the entrance door, the vases of roses between the silver candlesticks, and the troopers sitting about festive and joyous, to whom there came in rags the tremulous wreck whimpering with terror, who had once been an officer of the Queen. The power of contrast has seldom been more effectively used. Here is the awesome, like the serpent among the flowers or the death's head at the feast, tragedy amid the revelry of life, the agony of decay among men whose minds had never been dethroned nor their souls tortured as upon the rack. Sometimes Kipling's descriptions are almost brutal in their realism, a realism which owes much of its power to his skill in the use of specific words.

England and America felt that in this man's tales they had come to *realize* India. Here was the atmosphere, here the "local color" which existed nowhere else in the world. This Anglo-Indian youth had unlocked the door of a land of wonder and the world was no longer left waiting with unsated curiosity, like Fatima at the threshold of Bluebeard's chamber; it was permitted to enter and revel in undreamed delights. The

astounding vagaries of the Indian conscience, debauched through long centuries, were evident in *The Recrudescence of Imray*; the mad frolics of pestilence which can turn a world into a charnel house over night knocked at your heart in *Without Benefit of Clergy*; the ironic revenge of sin upon an isolated community of English folk was the theme of *A Wayside Comedy*; the nervous strain of inaction upon soldiers suffocating in barracks, startled you in *The Madness of Ortheris* and *In the Matter of a Private*; the daring of vagabonds who snatch at a crown gave us the amazing adventure of his masterpiece, *The Man Who Would Be King*. And what tales those were! Crisp and fresh, told without a wasted word, vivid and vigorous, with humor and pathos, tragedy and comedy, occasional tenderness and frequent vulgarity! The English-speaking world devoured them all, the bad as well as the good, quite without discrimination, then smacked its lips and called for more. And more were forthcoming until the vein ran out and since then—but that is to anticipate.

What did India herself think of these tales? Professor Phelps quotes an editorial in the *Calcutta Times* for September 14, 1895, which accuses Kipling of having traduced Anglo-Indian society and concludes by declaring: "Whether Kipling is treating of Indian subjects pure and simple, of Anglo-Indian subjects, or is attempting a Western theme, the personality of the writer is pervasive and intrusive everywhere, with all its limitations of vision and information, as well as with its eternal panoply of cheap smartness and spiced vulgarity. . . . Smartness is always first with him, and Truth may shift for herself." This sounds harsh, but even the most unquestioning devotee must concede it more than a grain of truth.

If Kipling, as the *Calcutta Times* maintained, had limitations of information, he did his best to conceal them. He had a way of imparting information *en passant* which one would have to ransack an encyclopedia to find. He knew all about coal mining, the proper manœuvres to be executed by an attacking army, the comparative effects of opium on the white and the yellow races, the deadliness of Armstrongs and Nordenfeldts, how a woman's sobs differ from a man's, and a thousand other things. He scattered them through his stories with a premeditated air of unpremeditation like the *richard* who flings handfuls of coin to the street gamins below his window, as if he had

been accustomed to princely giving all his days. It was Huxley who defined a cultured man as one who knew something about everything and everything about something. But here was a man who knew everything about everything—and that at twenty-three!

Even more surprising than Kipling's omniscience were his sophistication and his cynicism. Stevenson is not cynical, because dowered with psychological insight to a high degree; O. Henry's cynicism is rare and he saves it with a laugh; Kipling's cynicism is that of one to whom the Ten Commandments have no place east of Suez, whose men don't grow up to plaster saints, and whose women are only women after all. But on careful scrutiny the sophistication is only a pretence and the cynicism that of the callow youth whose virgin lips have not yet tasted the goblet of life. "Mr. Kipling," said the *Saturday Review*, "is so clever, so fresh, and so cynical that he must be young." Which, with explanations, is an interesting story.

The Kipling of the Indian tales (only in his twenties) doubtless knew much about guns and army tents and drunkenness in barracks and other things agreeable and disagreeable, but he knew little of men and women. To him the human creature was without complexity; it was as morally jointless as a wooden doll. The interplay of motives, the struggle of emotions, those moments when, as Stevenson puts it, "duty and inclination come nobly to the grapple," were quite beyond his ken.

His characters, indeed, were even more simple than Conrad's, while his conception of the complexity of life can bear no comparison to the Slav's. Conrad can draw men—and this gift belongs to genius—who live an existence distinct from their creator. This is not true of Kipling's people with the exception of Mulvaney, who, despite his stage brogue, has a tear and a laugh and a dash of Irish irrepressibility which refuses to be overshadowed. Learoyd is almost a real person; Ortheris is unconvincing; he was manufactured as an artistic necessity to complete the trio. One has little realization of Dravot or Carnehan, of Bisera or Ameera, of Trejago or John Holden. His powers that prey were cut upon one pattern—Mrs. Hawksbee, Mrs. Reiver, Venus Annodomini and the rest. Perhaps Kipling might have dowered some of his women and all of his men with

a less imperfect illusion of distinctive existence were it not that he was himself eternally in the way. At the best you glimpsed them as through a glass, darkly, not as they were, but as he chose to let you see them. He touched them off in a word, a phrase, at most a sentence, and left you gasping at his cleverness in reducing a human soul with its myriad complexities to the compass of a brace of brilliant adjectives.

But one must not ask too much. With Kipling, as a matter of fact, it was action and not character which counted. The question was always "What happened then?" and never "To whom did it happen?" His powers were concentrated upon the story which he packed with action, vivid, swift, instinct with the vigor of life, and set out in high relief. He painted in primary colors; there were no intermediate tints. Journalist as he essentially was, he felt the need of compelling the attention of jaded readers, and he succeeded though at the price of maintaining a high (and in the end fatiguing) tension. On reading several of these brilliant tales in succession one is reminded of the fierce glare of the noon-day sun upon the beach, of the click and hum of a locomotive at sixty miles an hour, of the modern-day jazz band, whose music crashes with dizzying insistence.

This tension, this glare, was at once an artistic blemish, and an indication of the chief characteristic of Kipling's Indian stories—*force*. O. Henry has force but it differs from Kipling's. With the American it comes from directness, brevity, a genius for the strictly essential and a mastery of technique. With Kipling it is this and more; for it is essentially a reflex of his worship of strength, physical dominance, power of the kind which laughs in riotous joy while it crushes its adversary without mercy or remorse. His abiding theme in his Indian tales was the glorification of power, not the power of intellect matched against intellect, but the power which belongs to brawn and muscle, to machine guns, to iron and steel and steam, to armies and navies, when all these things, rejoicing in unchallenged success, crush their puny adversaries like the thunderbolts of a god. In *The Man Who Was* the pathos of the whimpering wreck, Limmason, is lost sight of in the veiled threat that the British lion will one day bury its fangs in the throat of the Russian bear. In *The Drums of the Fore and Aft* we behold the British soldier in a rage that a naked black man



should dare to revolt and rejoicing to meet him body to body and steel to steel. In *The Jungle Book* Mowgli does not best the lame tiger or the hostile wolves by superiority of intellect but by threatening them and brandishing his flaming fagots before their terrified eyes. Morrowbie Jukes in the valley of the dead who do not die, has no treatment for Gunga Dass, the half-naked skeleton who jeers at him, but threats and blows.<sup>1</sup> In *Bimi*, Bertram is not content to shoot the jealous ape which has slain his wife; he makes him drunk and kills him with his hands. Everywhere it is the same. The gross Cyclops of the Greeks had but one eye and yet Kipling, like Carlyle, burns incense at his feet.

It was the easiest thing in the world for Kipling's worship of power to descend to a glorification of brutality. And it did. In his Indian tales he has no interest in plaster saints; fighting and drunkenness and coarse jokes please him mightily. In *The Solid Muldoon*, we are regaled with the details of a fistic duel to the point of disgust. In *The Incarnation of Krishna Mulvaney*, the hero and his two pals do not get possession of Dearsley's palanquin by a clever ruse; Learoyd, the big Learoyd, fights Dearsley with his fists until both are reeling and bloodied, with Ortheris and Mulvaney applauding nearby. It never occurs to Kipling that the contest is one-sided; Learoyd is his man and, sympathizing openly with his characters as he always does, we hear him chuckle as he records every blow which the huge fists of the Yorkshireman strike home upon his adversary. From his British blood one would expect to find him an advocate of fair play, but with Kipling fair play is a thing which one Englishman may show to another—always excepting his "soldiers three"—but of which he owes nothing to the natives. To slaughter them is a righteous and a joyous business. In his *Greenhow Hill* he tells us how his soldiers three lie in wait for a native marauder who has been pilfering in the camp at night. Their object is not to arrest him and turn him over to the military authorities, but to shoot him down, all unknowing, like a dog. The pleasant pastime of murder falls to Ortheris. All of a sudden:

"A speck of white crawled up the watercourse.

"'See that beggar? . . . Got 'im!'

<sup>1</sup> *The Strange Ride of Morrowbie Jukes* is quite obviously a *tour de force* whose indebtedness to Poe's *Arthur Gordon Pym* is unmistakable.

“Seven hundred yards away, and a full two hundred down the hillside, the deserter of the Aurangabadis pitched forward, rolled down a red rock, and lay very still, with his face in a clump of blue gentians, while a big raven flapped out of the pine wood to make investigation.

“‘That’s a clean shot, little man,’ said Mulvaney.

“Learoyd thoughtfully watched the smoke clear away.

“‘Happen there was a lass tewed up wi’ him, too,’ said he.

“Ortheris did not reply. He was staring across the valley, with the smile of the artist who looks on the completed work.” Dick Helder in *The Light That Failed* cries: “‘Give ’em hell! Oh, give ’em hell!’” in an ecstasy of joy as the armored train meets a night attack of a handful of Sudanese on its way through the desert.

Kipling has not stopped there. He has glorified force as a thing worthy of admiration because it is efficient and not because it is righteous. The anguished ages through which the world has struggled to a recognition of its obligations towards the weak, of sympathy for the oppressed and of the glory of righteousness even when unsupported by men and ships and guns, are quite beyond his ken. War to him is not a gigantic evil into which a nation should plunge only when her rights or her honor are assailed, but as a business—and a glorious business—in which the beast that is in all men may find joy and renown. The ways of peace are for women and outworn men. In *A Conference of the Powers*, he pictures a distinguished novelist talking with three young officers home from India and realizing bit by bit the meaning of their profession.

“‘You! Have you shot a man? . . . And have *you*, too?’

“‘Think so!’ said Nevin sweetly.

“‘Good heavens! And how did you feel afterwards?’

“‘Thirsty. I wanted a smoke, too!’”

We have thrilled so frequently to Mr. Kipling’s tales that we have forgotten Le Gallienne’s keen remark: “For the most part his work (*i. e.*, his Indian tales) is an appeal to, and a vindication of, the Englishman as a brute.” This is a hard saying against which it may be objected that Kipling in these early stories was dealing with the elemental passions of men. The same is true of Bret Harte and of Joseph Conrad. But though Bret Harte’s work influenced Kipling, the portrayer of California in ’49 no less than the chronicler of dramas upon

strange coasts, has at bottom a saner attitude toward life than the author of *Soldiers Three*.

The explanation is not far to seek. Kipling in his worship of force became blinded to moral values. Let us go a step further: his worship of force of whatever kind is too insistent, too intense to characterize a man who is himself strong. Rather it is a hall-mark of effeminacy, common enough in those who, by a kind of inverted egotism, pay tribute to the very qualities in which they themselves are lacking. Thus the dandy of Juvenal haunted the resorts of the gladiators and stroked their brawny arms with his lily fingers, dumb with admiration of their prowess. As a phase of Kipling's effeminacy we may consider his sentimentalism which, despite his efforts to conceal it, constantly betrays him. Only a sentimentalist would have sent Dick Helder, blind and despairing, across half the world to be shot in a Sudanese raid. In *At the End of the Passage*, Lowndes "whimpered" as he gazed upon the staring eyes of the dead Hummil, while Mottram "bent over and touched the forehead lightly with his lips. 'Oh, you lucky, lucky devil,' he whispered." In *The Drums of the Fore and Aft* when the regiment was retreating in disorder, Charteris and Devlin, subalterns of the last company, faced their death alone in the belief that their men would follow.

"'You've killed me, you cowards,' sobbed Devlin, and dropped, cut from the shoulder strap to the centre of the chest."

But whatever the weaknesses of Kipling in these early Indian tales, we must remember, as the *Saturday Review* said, that he was young. And that is the wonder of it. For at twenty-three he gave the world such stories as *Beyond the Pale*, *In the Matter of a Private*, *The Phantom Rickshaw*, *The Man Who Would Be King*, and *The Strange Ride of Morrowbie Jukes*. At twenty-five he had published *The Man Who Was*, *The Courting of Dinah Shadd*, *Without Benefit of Clergy*, and *At the End of the Passage*, an output of such amazing excellence as no writer of short-stories in English had ever equaled at his years. Here were grim violence, murder, adventure, the bizarre, the weird, humor, pathos, and, in one tale at least, exquisite tenderness. The reading public rejoiced to find in these masterly stories "that illusion, that enlargement of experience, that miracle of living at the expense of others" which to the mind of Henry James measures the success of a work of art.

Without stirring from their cushioned chairs they could live through vivid days at Simla, flirt with pretty women, drive through desert wildernesses, share in wild border fights, invade forbidden temples, and join the gross frolics of the barrack-room. No wonder they hailed this lad Kipling as a genius; he was. They waited breathlessly for more stories, thrilling and graphic, and they got them up to the year 1892. What happened then is clear; why it happened is not so clear.

Kipling continued to write stories, but not great stories. He became somewhat less sophomoric, less furiously energetic, while abating no jot of deliberate and conscious effort in his work. But the magic was gone; the trick was lost; the vein of gold so seemingly rich suddenly petered out. It is a startling commentary that in this year of grace 1919, one can add nothing in his praise to Edmund Gosse's appreciation written twenty-eight years ago, while Kipling, on the other hand, has supplied plentiful ammunition to the devil's advocate in the meantime. *Love o' Women*, with its one great moment, *The Brushwood Boy*, *Mrs. Bathurst*, and possibly *They* and *William the Conqueror*, the best of his subsequent tales, have been but momentary flashes of his erstwhile genius to brighten the eclipse of over a quarter of a century. His verve, his color, his buoyancy, his swift plunge into the very heart of a story are gone. His later product is important as proof that the sentimentality which lies at his heart has mellowed him in the years since he wrote his Indian tales and that, though he has felt the appeal of other than elementary passions in their more gross expression, his gift is the portrayal of action rather than of character. And for the finest expression of that gift we must return again to his youthful days, to those incomparable twenties.

In those golden years he had the wisdom to write a story for its own sake and subordinate those things which might be gleaned from encyclopedias and text-books of science; in his later tales he committed the deadly error of reversing the process and sinking the literary artist in the mechanical engineer. He should have known better, for *At the End of the Passage*, written in 1891, had just missed taking rank with Maupassant's *Horla*. The artist struggled with the mechanic who would attempt a snapshot of the world beyond our ken. The mechanic won and a great story was ruined.

With the march of the years, Kipling's early interest in mechanical contrivances and the minutiae of detail has expanded until he has set himself to become the celebrator of modern-day commerce, and in place of brilliant stories has given us masses of cold facts woven into unconvincing personifications of animals, railroad trains, and ships. Lacking the gift of self-criticism, his wanderings in the desert were long. And the end is not yet.

Kipling was not content to cleave to the short-story. He attempted three novels, all of which prove, among other things, that the novel is not his gift. In 1891 he published *The Light That Failed*, giving it, by a stroke of irony, a title which bears a striking and pathetic significance in his literary career. Read in the light of his subsequent accomplishment, it has the mournful ring of a prophecy. *The Light That Failed* possessed no merits which were not more brilliantly illustrated in the best of his already published tales, and it suffered from the process of expansion and inflation to which it was subjected. As a matter of fact, it is a short-story made to do duty as a novel and it pays the inevitable artistic penalty.

*Captains Courageous* appeared six years later and is a good boys' story with a conclusion of the Oliver Optic type. Now whatever disagreement one may have with Kipling's conception of boys (witness the impossible Stalky), they undeniably have occupied his mind and his pen to a notable degree throughout his literary career. The potent influence of older men in molding the character of youth and in making possible a career, are the respective themes of *Captains Courageous* and of *Kim*. In the latter, published in 1901, Kipling reverted once more to India and presented anew those types and scenes which he had made familiar to the English-speaking world in his early tales. The merits of *Kim* have been variously estimated, but it is significant that in one of the most recent and ablest *critiques* of Kipling, that of Professor Phelps, it is not even mentioned. The truth is that *Kim*, heralded in many quarters as a great story, is less indebted to its inherent merits than to the tremendous prestige of its author and to its setting. Here is Kipling, but not the wonder-worker of the earlier tales; here is India, but without its first fresh fascination. Weighed in the balance against *The Man Who Would Be King*, *Kim* is as dust to gold, and it will be forgotten when

*Without Benefit of Clergy* is conceded a place among the short-story masterpieces of the language.

Kipling wrote his early and brilliant tales because he had interesting things to tell, and not because he had any deliberate intention of celebrating the romance of English rule in India. He was, however, credited by many Englishmen with that achievement. The soft impeachment had harrowing results, for it led him to take himself with fatal seriousness and in consequence to play up to the part assigned him by the jingoes among his countrymen until he grew to regard himself as the glorifier of imperial England throughout the world. No one, whether peasant or potentate, has since been permitted to entertain an opinion at variance with his. Such temerity were *lèse majesté*.

The future, like death, is a great leveler. The sanctity of reputations, often left inviolable out of deference to the past, means nothing to her. She dethrones Cowley for Milton and Willis for Poe without even a "by your leave" to the usurper, and with a divine serenity casts into the darkness of oblivion the reputations of men and books, permitting many a writer of bulky tomes to be borne to immortality on the wings of a single perfect line. Contemporary adulation, no matter how profuse, can make no claim upon her final judgment. What that final judgment may be on the largest part of Kipling's work, criticism, though unendowed with the gift of prophecy, has a right to hazard a suspicion. Kipling has given us a few of the greatest short stories in English. They are great despite his narrowness, his effeminacy, his pseudo-omniscience, his irritating personality, and his fallacious views, and they were written, by a miracle, when their author was scarcely more than a boy. It was Dean Swift who cried, on reading *The Tale of a Tub* in his decline, "Good God! What genius I had when I wrote that book!" So too might the Kipling of the last quarter century lament as he read anew the masterpieces of his twenties, had not the gods denied him the grace of self-criticism.

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## ARMISTICE DAYS.

BY FRANCIS AVELING, S.T.D.



NOVEMBER eleventh in the year of grace nineteen hundred and eighteen came as a shock even to those who had been looking forward to the stroke of eleven on that day. The last shot of the War had been fired on the Western Front; the cannon had belched forth their death-dealing volleys for the last time; the aëroplanes glided quietly through a peaceful sky unbroken by bursts of shrapnel and high explosive; and the men, facing each other across the plashed and sodden fields of the low-lying valleys of Northern France, laid aside their rifles with a sigh of relief as they realized that the nightmare of four years and a quarter was over. The hour had struck, weighted with the fate of the world and the destinies of nations and peoples. The incredible forces which had been wrested to the destruction of human life and years of patient human labor were leashed once more at a word. The War was over; the unaccustomed passions had no further reason to pulse through the hearts and minds of those who had been striving to kill. Nature was free to reassert her supremacy over the wreck that man had made of her handiwork. And yet, though the day above all others for which men were longing had come at last—though the hour towards which they had been yearning had struck—the War passed as a dream passes when one is but half awake; passed suddenly to the realization that it was as a dream, and then reverberated, as a dream, interweaving and intermingling with the first half appreciated sensations of waking life.

Perhaps the best of all words to describe the War that has gone, now that it has gone, is "Dream." It all seems so utterly unreal, and yet with a curious, haunting vividness that colors the present, even, in its fullness and actuality. It shares with the dream consciousness, too, in its curious "condensation." What was peculiarly horrible and loathsome has vanished to a point, an indescribable memory from which the color of personality has vanished. The torn and writhing emotions

are forgotten, save as something one can describe in impersonal, objective terms. Incidents are remembered, of course, vividly and clearly enough; but it is as if someone else than oneself had been the chief actor in them; as if it were a story that were being recounted by a third person. The hardships and beastliness of the daily life have faded out of sight; the friends one learned to know, and love, before they made the last great sacrifice are not, indeed, forgotten, but have become etherealized into dream-wraiths, as comrades with whom one lived and moved in some life other than this. Years have dwindled into days and days to moments; and yet it is all there somehow, packed into an experience which will never die, though it will become still more and more remote from reality.

This is true now, some months after the signing of the armistice terms. It was just as true when those terms were signed and the great catastrophe abruptly ended. It was impossible to shift and change all the values that so many months of abnormal life had brought to being in the souls of the actors in that awful drama. It was just as impossible suddenly to change the outlook; to pretend that one's soul was calm, or that one had obtained command again of the over strained feelings due to years of excited tenseness. Yet the knowledge was there that all things had changed; that the cause for the unusual values was no longer there; that there was no further reason for harrowed feelings or unruly emotions.

So the hour of armistice came to find men curiously alike and unlike their normal selves; groping towards a reconstruction of their own mentality while as yet they were under the influence of that semi-impersonal and fate-driven self which the War had made of them.

From the point of view of the army the individual is—can be—nothing. These men were parts of a great machine, which had to be kept going. Demobilization had to be commenced; and at the same time a comparatively great army had to be found to take over, and guard, the occupied territory on the Rhine. Further than this, there were the battlefields to be cleared up, and order of a sort brought into the wastes that the enemy had made of the territory he had evacuated. It is as tremendous a business to bring a war to a close, and scatter the men who formed an army, as to begin it or to gather them together.



And so the Second Army advanced to the Rhine, and made its headquarters in the city of Cologne, with the Belgians to the left and the Americans in Coblenz on the right, while the others advanced into Belgium or took up their position echeloned back towards the place where they had been when the armistice was concluded. It took time for the heavy machinery to begin to move, and for men who would be permanent to replace the temporary soldiers in the Army of the Rhine; time, too, for the wheels of demobilization to begin to revolve, and releasable men to be sent home. With the weeks, however, all was going smoothly. The Rhine Army was made up to strength with its new material. Men were drafted, in ever-increasing numbers, back to England; and the areas between Germany and the bases began to take on the appearance which they show today. It is of these, principally, and of the men, soldiers and civilians, who are in them, that I would write; of the areas which, a few months ago, were packed with men and now are almost desolate; of the fields that were the scenes of great battles, and now only bear the scars and gaping wounds of combats that have been fought and are over. The War was the epic; and the armies of the Rhine its grand conclusion. The back areas have little of the heroic in them now, though they have much of sadness and of dumb pathos.

It is a depressing sight to look upon a land that once was fair and beautiful, dotted over with prosperous towns and villages, tidy, prosperous and thriving, and to see them scarred and devastated and overthrown. It is bad enough to see the human wrecks that war casts out upon the shores of peace; worse to witness the sufferings and see the broken bodies of the men as they come back from their stern work upon the actual battlefield. The graveyards and the scattered mounds with their little white crosses make one pause and think scarcely less than the scenes witnessed in the Field Ambulances and Clearing Stations. Suffering humanity is a terrible thing to look upon; blood and wounds and death, sudden, or lingering on in pain, wring one's heart, as they set the stage of war in all the awfulness of its true colors. But it is almost more terrible to see the gaunt wrecks of human habitations; to realize that these heaps of broken brick and fallen rubble were once *homes*, in which men and women, with all their human love and feelings, their hopes and aspirations, were born and lived and died. These

places have been consecrated by years of indwelling humanity. They have grown up with the centuries and seen the slow climb of civilization. They were the records of the hopes and struggles, the effort and progress of a people. And what is even more than that, they bore the impress of, and were the silent witnesses to, each individual soul who sojourned in their midst. Right across France, in a desolate broad track, lies this abomination. Gashes and rents are torn into the earth, where once the green meadows smiled. Concrete fortresses are dug into the fields here, and snaky bands of rusty wire, barbed and jagged, cut through the prospect. The coarse, rank vegetation of four years of fallow, the rutted and displaced sets of the paved roads, the gaunt, stripped branches that are left upon the yet standing trees—pitiful witnesses of the martyrdom of nature—the refuse and rubbish of war, make the scene indescribably melancholy and depressing. But the ruins of the villages, poor relics of former happiness, crumbling to dust and mud about the higher mound that once was the House of God: these tear silently at the heart-strings as few things, out of all this disorder and horror, can. Their very pathos is intensified by the poor, homely things lying upon their rubbish heaps—a bird cage, the wheel of a bicycle, a child's broken perambulator. The few potherbs that still grow in what was once the garden, the stray flower that pushes its head up through the scattered bricks, the sad-faced peasants "coming back" with their indomitable hope: these are but the foils that make the whole more sad.

It is a wonderful thing, none the less, to see through the sadness that look of hope unconquered upon the faces of those who have so suffered. Their endurance and fortitude were amazing during the time of War. Their pluck and resolution are no less amazing now. They have come back to their ruined farms and homesteads, drawn by that extraordinary attachment to the soil which so characterizes them, to live in some improvised lean-to, pitched wily against the support of a few yards of standing wall; to burrow in a cellar that is not wholly destroyed; or, if fortunate, to dwell in the princely habitation of one of the huts which were used by the troops during the War. And, little by little, they are bringing some small order out of the chaos of what was their patch of land. They are gathering the bricks together and clearing the encumbered

ground. They are working in the little gardens that they have been able to rescue from the débris. They are ploughing the fields as well as they can with the instruments and beasts at their disposal. And while they are doing this—these oldish men and women and boys, with what soldiers are already demobilized from the armies—the Labor Corps are clearing the battlefields and shelled areas. They are rebuilding the bridges that were blown up; and repairing the roads that were destroyed, and gathering the miles of barbed wire entanglements from off the fields. They are filling in the gashes and scars of the earth and removing the dangerous, unexploded shells and grenades. They are salvaging whatever is, or can be made to be, of use from the abandoned battle areas.

The country over which the fighting took place, and the areas in which the troops of both sides were billeted, are full of material of all sorts which was left by the enemy when he retired, and by us when we advanced pursuing him. There are dumps of various kinds—ammunition, engineers' stores, railway material. There are old gun pits with roof shelters supported by steel bars; and much timber, both rough and cut, in the trenches and dug-outs. There are, or were, coal and hospital stores and broken war material of all sorts. To salvage all this, and to make a beginning of clearing the ground for its rightful owners, the whole country has been divided into areas; and what were the armies in the time of war are now administrations for dealing with this work. There is labor of all kinds employed: Labor Companies of our own men; Chinese Labor Companies; and Companies of Prisoners of War. The French soldiers, too, are busy upon the same task; and it is little short of marvelous to see the change that has been wrought in the months since the day of the armistice. Railway bridges which had been blown up are replaced, and the permanent way—often for miles at a stretch left by the enemy as little more than a shapeless mass of twisted and bent metals—relaid. Roads have been at least tolerably repaired, and dangerous engines of war discovered and removed. Engineers are busy putting up bridges to replace the temporary structures that were hastily thrown across rivers and canals to facilitate the passage of troops; and lock-gates and sluices are all in the process of reconstruction. Public works come first in the rebuilding of the land: roads and means of communication, for there are

many mouths to feed still in the depopulated area, and provisions must come from a distance. Further, ways of transport are necessary even for the clearing of the land. Then agriculture. The thousands of acres that have lain untilled for so long must be planted as soon as they have been roughly cleared, for food is scarce and no ground must be wasted now. Consequently, in little bands scattered all over the area, work is busily going on, patching, repairing, renewing, creating. And all these little bands of people must be fed and looked after. They are housed in towns and villages, wooden huts and canvas, and go to and from their labor sometimes on foot, sometimes in lorries. Though nothing more of the great armies that occupied these areas a few months ago remains, except the *cadre*, or skeleton of headquarters formations, there is a vast army of laborers. There must be ration dumps and forage dumps—for the Royal Army Service Corps has still to maintain a great part of its horse transport; there must be medical inspection rooms for the sick, and stationary hospitals. As long as there are troops at all, there must also be the organization of billeting—a network of Town Major's and Sub-Area Commandants to maintain order and regularity in the districts committed to their charge.

The scattered locations of the units make the work of the Chaplains difficult. There were difficulties enough to contend with during the hostilities. Men were often enough prevented from having "Church Parades" by the very nature of the case. It was not easy, often, to gather together a congregation in a church, even when the battalions were "resting" in villages and bivouacs behind the firing-line. The priest had to go from billet to billet to search his boys out if he wished to be successful in his ministry. He had to give them the sacraments where and when he could—give Communion in a dug-out or a gun-pit, absolve his penitents in crowded places or while on the march. He had extraordinary faculties which made it possible to do much that would otherwise have been impossible. He was allowed to pronounce general absolution over men who had not been able to make auricular confession. Fasting before Communion was not obligatory. The Blessed Sacrament was the constant Companion of the priest during the War. And the men, fine, sterling, stanch Catholics, for the most part, with the

shadow of death constantly hanging over them, made ready response to whatever their Chaplain could do for them.

Now, however, things are different. The necessity for general absolution and non-fasting Communion has passed away with the passing of the War. Holy Mass need no longer be read in caverns of the earth and shelters ruder, even, than the Stable of the Nativity. But the armistice has brought its difficulties, none the less. In the first place, a considerable number of our priests—never really up to the strength of “establishment” at best—have been demobilized; the Rhine Army, rightly, has been made up to strength; and there are not so many left available for the back areas. Such priests as we have are placed so as to be somewhere near the centre of each of the sub-areas; but their work is scattered over a large district and through a large number of camps. Transport is indifferent and uncertain; and, in any case, the Chaplain only has a right to a bicycle to take him about. So his work is itinerant. He goes from place to place, visiting his units in turn, gathering his Catholics together as he can, confessing them wherever possible and either arranging to offer Holy Mass for them himself, or telling them of the nearest French church, or makeshift for a church, and making the hours of the Masses known to them. This he can do for the British troops under his charge, but not for prisoners of war, for whom he must take the services personally.

The parish churches of France and Flanders have been a veritable godsend to the Catholic Chaplains throughout the War. Where it was impossible for a priest to reach the whole of his charge on a Sunday—and it must be remembered that most of them had four battalions, to say nothing of other troops, for whom he was responsible—he could have it put in “Orders” that the Sunday Mass would be held “in the parish church of——.” Thus, while he made himself personally the officiant for one or two battalions, having given all an opportunity for confession, he could satisfy himself that all his men had a Mass to go to. This has been the great and unique privilege of the Catholic body in the army throughout the War; and its significant lesson has not failed to strike home in the minds of many who were not of the household of the Faith. In more than one instance its realization has won souls to the Church: souls of those who, though they knew that the Catholic Church

was what it claimed to be—universal—had never had that knowledge brought close home to them in actual life. And well have the parish priests of Belgium and France served our Catholic men. There are many debts of gratitude which we Allies owe to one another; but surely there is no debt so great as that our Catholic men owe to the priests of the countries in which they were fighting. They had every right to their ministrations, true; for there was no distinction of creed or practice. A priest is a priest, and a Catholic is a Catholic the wide world over. But none the less, rather even the more because of that common bond of reciprocal right and duty, the debt of gratitude exists. And it is bountifully paid in the reverence and affection of our boys for the clergy of these other lands, in the prayers that rise, not only from their lips and hearts, but from those lips and hearts in the far-off homelands, too: from Australia and Canada and the Cape as well as from the nearer Isles that murmured prayers and holy thoughts to God for the safety of those they loved.

They were wonderful men, those priests of the stricken countries, in the parishes they worked so pitifully understaffed. Many of their brethren had been called to arms. The older, and the weaker were left to "carry on." In not a few cases parishes had to be amalgamated, owing to the dearth of clergy. Often the priest would have to trudge from one village church to the next, a distance sometimes of four or five kilometres, carrying his hosts and wine—and breakfast in a string-bag in his hand. They toiled and labored for their flocks, and for the soldiers who happened to be in their villages, with all the devotion of their calling. When their villages were shelled, and the people had to leave, the priest was generally the last to go. In one case at least—the hamlet is now no more than a name upon a map—the presbytery was almost a ruin and the church pierced by the yawning gaps of shell holes, but the *Curé* refused to leave before his people had gone. They might need him, he explained, and it was his place to be there. He was evacuated at last by order of the British; but there was no one to need him then, and nothing for him to do.

Such were the priests, the *Curés* and *Vicaires*, in the War. They are hardly less devoted and self-sacrificing now in armistice times. They have gone back to their parishes, these grave-faced shepherds in black soutanes, generally on foot, and car-

rying their most necessary belongings in ridiculous little valises of cardboard or canvas, or in those same little string-bags, to set about the herculean task of building all up afresh. The edifice they have to rebuild, the garden in which they have to plant—and look for harvest—is far less promising than the rubble heap of the peasant or the little patch of land where he plants out his stock of kitchen herbs and vegetables. For his church is gone, destroyed beyond repair, or wanting so many—he hardly dares to think how many—francs to put it in a serviceable state again. His congregation is scattered to the four quarters of the compass. Will it ever come together afresh and be as it was before? Will he see again the faces of the children he baptized, to whom he taught the catechism, whom he prepared for their First Communion; the husbands and wives he married—and saw torn from each others' arms when the call came to the men to rally to the succour of their country? He traces out the ruined streets and demolished houses, and waits for his people to come back. And they come: one or two at first, then a few more, a little handful. They build their tiny shacks and erect their huts and make their shelters, while he provides some makeshift for a place of prayer; and calls his children together to worship once again in their ruined village, in the same old way, with the self-same words of praise and thanksgiving, the same clean Oblation offered upon the altar for the living—and the dead.

So now, in the tiny centres of reconstruction scattered throughout the wastes that the War has made, our Catholic men find humble churches to visit, where they can assist at the Great Sacrifice and bow their heads for the blessing of Benediction whenever they find that they are isolated from their own British Chaplains. There are so many units in the Labor Groups, and, as has been said, they are so scattered that the Chaplain can only go from group to group and from company to company for the more intimate and personal intercourse with the men, say his two Masses in such central places as provide for as many as is possible, and send the others to the nearest local "church."

Sometimes, indeed, it is the other way about. Most, if not all, of our priests have obtained faculties from the bishops in whose dioceses they are working to hear the confessions of the civilians who come to them. Most of them, too, have found

themselves temporary parish priests as well as temporary Chaplains at one time or another during their service abroad. And now there are places in the desert zones where there is as yet no local priest, where the people are returning, where their church is the Garrison Chapel of the Military Chaplain. One location in particular—it is what remains of a large city in West Flanders; a few standing ramparts and propped up walls, the only relics of a long and proud history, provides a congregation for the Chaplain which boasts of at least four languages; and his visits to the prisoners' camps bring him to at least two more tongues. There on a Sunday, in that vast, empty ruin of a town, with miles of absolute desolation stretching around it, the worshippers come together, British and French and Belgian and Chinese, with perhaps a Portuguese or so, to kneel and pray in common in what is, and will be as long as memory lasts, one of the most historic spots in the world.

Prisoners of war, Germans and Poles for the most part, have their religious services in their own camps. These are scattered over the area, also, so that the labor shall be near the work required to be done. Barring the fact that they are prisoners, the lot of these men is not so hard. They are well fed—better, by far, than many of the disbanded soldiers in Germany—and well housed and warmly clothed—as well, at any rate, as our own men. Among them are artisans and skilled labor of many kinds; and the officers who have charge of them have employed their craft and knowledge to advantage. Their camps are scrupulously clean and neat. They have their little flower gardens and playing grounds. Their carpenters and painters have made many of their wooden buildings look comfortable and even picturesque. Painting, indeed, seems always to have been a great hobby with the Germans; of which they have left many evidences in most of the offices and billets we have recaptured from them. Their working hours are not unduly long, nor the work unduly hard. On the whole, they seem to be contented enough; and some of them have even announced their wish never to be repatriated.

Among these prisoners there is a very large proportion of Catholics. And they are excellent, practising Catholics, too; welcoming the priest when he comes to say Mass for them, and approaching the sacraments with fervor and real edification. Fortunately there is no language difficulty with regard to the



service, since not many of our Chaplains speak German. Still, for the sacraments, German speaking priests are really necessary; and the two or three left in the area are kept pretty busy. Sunday is a holiday for the prisoners; and on Sundays, at least, the Chaplain proceeds to one camp or another with his portable altar. He hears confessions—generally a large proportion of his congregation wish to communicate—and reads the Mass, while the assistants sing, as Germans are taught to sing, the hymns that they were used to sing at home.

Everywhere in the back areas of the empty battlefields, as doubtless, too, everywhere throughout the world, in these armistice days, the people, men and women, soldiers and civilians alike, are waiting anxiously for peace. What is it going to bring? The prisoner dreams of his home, and the better days to come now that the back of the accursed militarism is broken, and the hideous system that made Europe like tinder awaiting the spark, done away with forever. The British soldier is looking forward to the day, now measurably in sight, when he can consider his task done; when, having bled and suffered for the liberties of his fellows, he can return to his accustomed life of peace and quiet. The French peasant and workman wonders in how far his little proportions will be restored and when, at last, he will find himself in a home again; when the flooded mines will be ready again for him to work in them, and the great manufactories whirring once more with machines that have replaced the *débris* left in them by the wanton destruction wrought by the invader. The fifty-seven months of the War have passed so swiftly, so much has happened in them; men have moved so far in thought and feeling and outlook during those pregnant times; the relations of states and empires have so changed and altered; and world policies have undergone such reshaping that it is impossible to say what new world will arise out of the reconstruction of the old. But hearts are full of hope, despite the long trial of the War; and arms, tired with the carrying of rifles, are strong to guide the plough and drive the mine shaft and tend the loom once more. The dawn shows over the green battlefields, rosy with the promise of the coming day; and though as yet mists of uncertainty hang low, the sun will rise at last. In the optimism and patient cheerfulness of soldier and civilian alike lies the promise of the future. Countries that have produced the

fighting men who have conquered, need not fear if only they are true to themselves. Countries like France and Belgium have shown too virile a strain, too heroic a fortitude, in the hardest and most cruel of all tests, to be apprehensive of the fruit of their reconstruction.

To thoughtless people the War appeared merely a monstrous and insensate calamity, blindly fateful and impersonally cruel. They forgot that there was, somewhere behind it all, a Divine Providence which nothing could overrule. There was a reason for the War, and a reason for every incident in it, whether we were able to see it or not. To many, too, these days of armistice seem to be big with the impelling of the same blind fate: a fate behind the plenipotentiaries and diplomats who are engaged in settling the terms of peace. The matter seems too huge, too complicated, for any one human brain: and, where one fails, how hope for else than babel from the many? They forget, too, that even here Providence rules and guides.

That right and justice triumphed in the end was not due to fertility of invention and force of arms alone, though these were doubtless the instruments through which Divine Providence worked, as were the patience, the courage and the tenacity of the Allied peoples. That, having triumphed, that Cause should not be prospered is as incredible as that it should have been defeated in the War. It is in the souls of those behind the Army of Occupation on the Rhine, the souls of those in the War-swept deserts of the land that one discerns the instruments of a glorious reconstruction.

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## VOCATIONAL EDUCATION IN A DEMOCRATIC SOCIETY.

BY JOHN A. RYAN, D.D.



TO meet the needs of the vocation and the needs of the child in the most satisfactory way possible, means practically a complete revision in our evaluation and selection of subject matter for the whole school curriculum. It means working over the materials and methods of education and training on the basis of the most vital needs of the present time.”<sup>1</sup>

The “complete revision” here called for in the subject matter and methods of the schools, may mean a revolutionary change, or it may be understood as only a thorough modification. Whatever may be the precise degree of modification that Professor Bonser has in mind, the general thought that he expresses is pretty widely held today and the number of its adherents is steadily increasing. Although the outcome to which it points seems to be inevitable, we Catholics who believe in the freedom of the will, are not constrained to assume an attitude of hopeless acquiescence. We know that the most inevitable-appearing social outcome can be controlled and directed by deliberate human action. Therefore, the first question that we ask ourselves is whether this contemplated “complete revision” of our educational system is necessary or desirable. And the tests by which this question should be answered may be summed up in the one phrase, human welfare. How is the change likely to affect the child, the adult, the State, the Church?

The primary objection to the inclusion of vocational training courses in the school curriculum is that these are not education at all but a method of trade apprenticeship. Yet this is only a partial view. The ultimate purpose of all education is to fit a person for life. Now the basic elements of the educational process are found in what is variously called liberal, or cultural, or general education. Its aim is to increase the capacity of the individual to grasp and to utilize those facts

<sup>1</sup> *Fundamental Values in Industrial Education*, by Frederick G. Bonser, Assistant Professor of Industrial Education, Teachers' College, Columbia University.

and principles which underlie right and reasonable life, and to exercise his mind effectively upon many subjects and interests. It lays emphasis upon general intellectual and moral capacity. For the vast majority of persons, however, this general education, this general capacity, this general fitness is not sufficient. Almost all persons need, moreover, that specialized knowledge and training which enable them to become productive. They must be fitted to increase the sum total of useful things in the world. The product in view may be a book, a sermon, a surgical operation, a building, a hat, or a bushel of wheat. Whatever may be its specific nature, the product has the capacity of satisfying some reasonable human want. If it is to be as large and as good as possible, it will imply some degree of special training in the producer. As distinguished from general education, therefore, special education develops more than an average degree of skill in some particular form of productive activity.

From the viewpoint of general human welfare, special education is desirable because it makes for an increase of the goods that minister to human needs. From the viewpoint of the great majority of the persons who acquire it, or who desire to acquire it, special education for productive effort is of fundamental importance because it is directly related to their livelihood. They need the special training in order to obtain a larger measure of food, clothing, shelter, and all the other requisites of right and reasonable life. If the training did not yield these things, they would not regard it as worth seeking. This kind of training is now generally called vocational education. It has been defined as, "any form of education, whether given in a school or elsewhere, the purpose of which is to fit an individual to pursue effectively a recognized profitable employment, whether pursued for wages or otherwise." In the words of Professor Gillette, vocational education is that which "enables men to function efficiently for their own good and that of society, in some of its essential callings."

The principal callings in our present society are industry, commerce, agriculture, household economy and the professions. All these are essential callings because they are necessary for human welfare. Those who are engaged in them are at once performing a social service and earning an individual livelihood. Obviously the greater the skill and capacity pos-

essed by the men and women in these callings, the larger will be their service to their fellows, the greater will be their product, and the more abundant will be their own share of the good things produced. In a word, the maximum of training will mean the maximum of individual and social benefit.

Special training for the essential callings must be obtained either within or without the school. In one of them, namely, the professions, the training is now almost entirely provided in scholastic institutions: the lawyer, the physician, the engineer, the clergyman are prepared for their life work in schools specially designed for these purposes. School training for commercial pursuits is today more nearly adequate than is the case with the other three essential callings, agriculture, industry, and household economics. The bookkeeper, the accountant, the clerk, the stenographer, and the salesman get a larger proportion of their training in school than does the farmer, the machinist or the housekeeper. The reasons why the professions and commerce have been better provided for in the schools than the other three vocations are fairly obvious. Professional education has made such progress that it can no longer be given through the device of apprenticeship; and the number of persons requiring such an education is comparatively so small that the maintenance of professional schools is not an extraordinarily heavy burden. Although the special training for commercial activities that is provided in the schools is utilized by a vastly greater number of persons than those who seek professional education, it does not require a very costly equipment, nor do the courses extend over a very long time. Indeed, if the general education given in the primary and secondary schools can be said to have any special value for a vocation, it is for the activities that we call commercial. At any rate, the graduate of a city grammar school or high school can begin to function in a commercial pursuit with a smaller amount of additional training than in any other calling. Hence there is a considerable amount of truth in the statement that our common schools at present tend to fit persons mainly for commercial vocations. School training for agriculture, industry, and housekeeping has made less progress than has training for the other two callings partly because of the large expense involved, but mainly because, until recently, we have all assumed that adequate training could be obtained

through apprenticeship and direct practice in the occupations themselves. Today, however, it is pretty generally realized that these methods are no longer sufficient. Hence we have agricultural colleges and high schools, while "domestic science" is taught in the grade schools as well as in the high schools and colleges.

Inasmuch as training in household economy and agriculture present fewer difficulties than industrial training, and inasmuch as the latter is what most persons have in mind when they think of vocational education, the remainder of this article will be restricted to the subject of school training for industrial occupations.

For many years both employers and educators have seen that apprenticeship is no longer an adequate means of supplying industry with skilled workers. The reasons for this condition are many, and do not need to be stated at length in this place. Let it suffice to point out that employers are disinclined to take the time and undergo the expense of maintaining a comprehensive system of shop training, and that the dominant position of the machine in industry has lessened very greatly the importance of the all-round man, the thoroughly skilled artisan. Nevertheless machinery has not yet taken, and never can take, completely the place of human skill in industry. The best proof of this assertion is that for many years manufacturers have been compelled to import a considerable part of their supply of skilled workers from Germany and other European countries.

On the other hand, a large proportion of children leave school in the upper grades and after the first year of high school, not because they are too poor to remain longer, but because they do not find that the school is giving them that particular training which will enable them to function effectively in industry. Hence they become wage earners in conditions that deprive the vast majority of the opportunity of more than a slight degree of advancement in their chosen occupation. For the majority of industrial occupations do not provide an adequate system of apprenticeship or training.

The social question, we are frequently told, is mainly a question of distribution. We are assured that sufficient goods are produced to provide all persons with such satisfactory conditions of living that industrial unrest would disappear if only

the product were more equitably distributed. This is a great exaggeration. According to the estimates of Professor King, in his *The Wealth and Income of the People of the United States*, an equal division of the national income in 1910 would have given each family only one thousand four hundred and ninety-four dollars, and each individual only three hundred and thirty-two dollars. That would not have been affluence. We need a better distribution, indeed, but we also need a larger production. If the responsible agencies of society fail to ensure this larger product, and neglect to provide millions of persons with that kind of training which will enable them to earn a decent living, these social agencies will fail in one of their primary functions. There is not a single argument on behalf of general elementary education which does not apply with substantially equal force in favor of vocational education.

Now the only social agency that is able to make adequate provision for industrial training is the State. The Church can do much for its own children, and private persons and organizations can do something, but the State is called upon to perform the far greater part of the task. The danger of paternalism that some profess to see in such an extension of the State's educational functions is not real. Some social agency must provide industrial training for the masses; the State is the only competent agency; therefore, the State is obliged to do it. This conclusion is merely a particular application of the great general principle laid down by Pope Leo XIII., in his Encyclical on the *Condition of Labor*: "Whenever the general interest or any particular class suffers, or is threatened with mischief which can in no other way be met or prevented, the public authority must step in and deal with it." In the matter of vocational education, both the general interest of larger production and the particular class of those who must follow industrial pursuits, are confronted by evils which cannot be adequately met except by the State.

So much for general principles and conditions. The particular problems underlying a system of industrial training are numerous and very difficult. In this article we are, happily, not called upon to solve them, nor even to state them fully. However, two or three of them are of such pressing importance and involve such fundamental principles that they may not be entirely ignored. The first of these is the question whether

industrial training should be imparted in a separate system of schools, or as a part of the curriculum of the regular and existing system. We can answer at once that the former arrangement must be rejected. In the first place, it would involve a considerable increase in the cost of administration. In the second place, it would divide the school attendants into two sharply defined classes: those compelled to become industrial workers, and those aspiring to fill the so-called higher positions. This was the outcome of the German system, and it ought to be quite as unacceptable to us as any of the other undemocratic products and institutions of that unhappy country. "The sorting out of individuals begins at the early age of ten in the elementary schools, when each child's social and economic position is practically determined. It is decided then whether he shall be one of the great army of wage-workers, or whether he shall fall into some one of the several social classes and vocations which stand apart from the common mass of wage-earners."<sup>2</sup>

Undoubtedly this system has promoted a very high degree of industrial efficiency, but there are some things in life more important than industrial efficiency. Among them are democracy and opportunity for the masses. Finally, industrial training should be given in the regular schools because it ought not to be divorced from cultural education. If the ordinary branches of general education are good and useful for the young person who will be occupied otherwise than in industry, they are likewise of value for the person who intends to pursue an industrial calling; for they give general intellectual power. To compel the person who is learning a trade in a school to part company with general education, is to deprive him of opportunities that he ought to have, and to lower the genuine social efficiency of a large proportion of the population.

All the authorities seem to be agreed that no specific vocational training can with advantage be given in the grade schools. All children, even those who intend to fill an industrial occupation, should receive the benefit of this much general education. Inasmuch, however, as there seems to be a good deal of dissatisfaction with the subjects and methods that occupy the seventh and eighth grades, it would be worth while to examine whether these subjects and methods could

<sup>2</sup> *The Creative Impulse in Industry*, by Helen Marot, p. 74.



not be modified in such a way as to have some value as a preparation for industrial training. Emphasis might be placed upon the industrial aspects and relations of the regular studies of the curriculum; a certain amount of the right kind of manual training might be given; and some such forms of productive activity might be carried on as those which have distinguished the schools of Gary. While these studies and activities would enable the student to learn something about his aptitudes and inclinations for his future occupation, their main value would be of a general character. That is, they would be helpful to all the pupils, to those who did not, as well as to those who did, intend to enter industry; and they would not have the tendency to separate the young into classes on the basis of their future avocations.

In very general terms the normal, or ideal, system of vocational training would seem to be along the following lines. The curriculum of the high school should be so arranged that the students who wished to follow the course in vocational education could select from the regular cultural courses those branches which would have most value for them. The students who did not wish to obtain industrial training would naturally make a different selection. The important point is that the students of industrial education would be in the same school and participate in the same curriculum as all other students. There would be no unnecessary class separation. It is obvious that the "industrial" students could not follow as many of the general courses as the others; for they would have to give the greater part of their time to the vocational branches and activities. The industrial training is necessarily of two kinds, theoretical and practical, the former given in the school, the latter in the shop. The practical work must be carried on either in a shop set up and maintained in conjunction with the school, or in an industrial concern located in the same city. Obvious limitations beset both arrangements. Shops or factories sufficient to provide practical instruction in a great variety of crafts, cannot be provided as a part of the school equipment except at a cost that will frequently be prohibitive. On the other hand, many cities and towns have no industrial establishments, or have so few that actual shop facilities for the industrial training of pupils would be available for only a small number of crafts. Moreover, it is not always possible to

obtain the coöperation of employers in the use of their plants for purposes of instruction.

The "day vocational school," as the kind just considered is technically called, seems to many authorities to be less suitable and practicable than the "continuation school." Between the two the essential difference is that the former has the dominant control of the pupil both in the school and the shop, even when the shop is an independent industrial establishment; while the "continuation school" merely provides the theoretical part of the industrial training to a person who is primarily an employee of an industrial concern, and who attends a vocational school for a certain number of hours each week. It is contended that most pupils take a far greater interest in both the theoretical and the practical parts of the instruction when they go from the shop to the school than when the order of precedence is reversed. Whenever pupils do take this attitude, the advantage will probably be with the "continuation school." Nevertheless the latter is subject to certain definite limitations. It can extend only to those crafts and occupations that are actually carried on in local industrial concerns. So long as the industrial motive and the practical demands of the employment are the determining factors in the mind of the employer and the employee, there will be a strong temptation in the school so to adjust the theoretical instruction as to omit or weaken the studies in general culture, and to include only such courses as have a more or less direct bearing on the trade which the pupil is endeavoring to learn. The gain in interest and concreteness is liable to be offset by the loss of a broader culture.

How will the demand for and the provision of vocational training affect our already overburdened Catholic schools? The question does not seem to present difficulties that are insuperable. The modifications suggested in the courses of the seventh and eighth grades should not prove very inconvenient or expensive, inasmuch as they do not call for any considerable increase either in material equipment or teaching qualifications. In the high school the elective courses in general culture and the theoretical part of the industrial instruction should be comparatively easy of establishment and operation. The practical training in the local industrial concerns should be as accessible to Catholic as to public school pupils. In those cities

that are without sufficient industries for the practical training, there will be greater difficulty, since the cost of setting up shops in connection with the schools will be prohibitive in most cases. However, there seems to be no good reason why the pupils of the Catholic schools could not be enabled to use the shops of the neighboring public schools for the practical part of their training. Their theoretical instruction would, of course, be received in their own schools. It is said that this arrangement is even now in operation.

The great majority of children require specific training for their vocations or occupations, as well as general education for the general purposes of life. This special training cannot, particularly for industrial callings, be sufficiently provided outside the school. Therefore, it must be provided in the school, and the duty of making such provision falls upon society and the State. Vocational training in the schools is necessary both for the common welfare and for the special welfare of that large section of the community that must obtain its livelihood from industrial pursuits. But the training must be established on a democratic basis and given in a democratic spirit, so that the recipients shall neither be marked off as a separate and lower class in separate schools, nor deprived of that amount of general education which should be available for all the elements of the population. The problems of methods and of ways and means are, indeed, difficult, but they must somehow be solved because an adequate system of industrial training will, in the long run, pay for itself in the increased national product. Finally, our Catholic schools must be adjusted to the requirements of vocational education, so that no Catholic will be industrially handicapped merely because he attends a Catholic school.

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## HOW TO READ ST. JOHN'S GOSPEL.

BY C. C. MARTINDALE, S.J.

### THE DOCTRINE OF THE GOSPEL (*Continued*).



It was night; and to Our Lord came Nicodemus, a religious authority among the Jews, and a wealthy and cultured man (his name is Greek). "Sir," he began, "we know that you are come from God as a teacher. . . ."

It was a modest and honorable introduction, but Jesus breaks off the human courtesies and the discussion so pleasantly suggested. He *proclaims*, and forthwith the atmosphere of the scene is altered: the dark house turns definitely into a House of God.

In solemn truth I tell thee . . .  
Unless a man be *re-born*,  
He cannot see the Kingdom of God.

Nicodemus smiles. "Be born again? How can that happen?" And his thought travels back over his many years. "An old man . . . become a child once more?"

Our Lord reiterates His doctrine.

Unless a man be born  
Of water and of spirit,  
He cannot enter into the Kingdom of Heaven.  
That which has come into being from the flesh,  
Is flesh.  
That which has come into being from the Spirit  
Is spirit.  
So do not be astonished that I have said to thee  
"You must be re-born."

Until we are accustomed to the method of these discourses, we must of necessity break their thread with comments else to be regretted.

Notice, then, that these conversations of Our Lord lasted a long time. Yet they may fill not more than a page in our New Testaments. John gives Christ's *doctrine*. Moreover, he "schematizes" it; he gives to it, quite regularly, a form. Our

Lord begins with a phrase that is half-commonplace and yet a challenge; a sentence which you might well look for and find in the Synoptists. In it, He habitually makes use of a certain ambiguity; His expression is susceptible of an obvious, and of a more spiritual, interpretation. So here, He uses a phrase which can mean: "be born a second time," or: "be born from above." (In fact, twice already has He so spoken; for the word which can mean spirit, can also mean the "wind.") His hearers invariably fasten on that interpretation for which they are by temperament prepared; the grosser, that is, the more materialist alternative. Then Christ explains, moves forward, deserts the lower plane for the supernatural, leading up to the enunciation of some "Heavenly Thing" which is precisely that to which the whole discourse tends. But, as the glory of the doctrine grows, John's interior ecstasy gathers proportionate: the conversations rarely *finish*; seldom are we told "what happened then;" nor even, Christ's last words. Insensibly the Divine speech melts into the Evangelist's. For a few sentences the one shines through the other, like a sapphire through a diamond. Then you can see distinctly that it is John who thinks and writes.

Yet even so, John's own thought is not single. Indeed, whose is? Assuredly, not any poet's nor any mystic's. Assuredly, not this supreme among mystics has one level in his consciousness only. Thus, take the phrase "to be born of water and spirit." Does that refer to baptism? Most certainly. After a lifetime of baptizing, and believing the doctrine he did, John could not possibly have used that phrase without the idea of baptism being well to the forefront of his mind. But does it allude to baptism *only*? A new birth composed of water poured and Spirit given? Or, would Nicodemus, at any rate, accustomed to the water-baptisms of the Jews, and of the Baptist in particular, have realized that to those water-baptisms, which at best were purificatory, must be added a spirit-baptism, vivificatory? Good though they were, those old religious rites remained in the sphere of things "natural," things of earth and flesh; to them must be added a new thing, a thing from above, of fire and spirit. And that is, indeed, the doctrine of this Gospel and definitely of this discourse in particular.

Nor can we for a moment doubt that to both these elements in his consciousness, John links the memory of that

Spirit which in Genesis is seen brooding over the primeval waste of waters, that unregenerate nature, that formless chaos into which God's Breath puts life and order.<sup>1</sup>

This is no mere reading of all possible meanings into the text, nor "accommodating" it to notions true enough in themselves, yet in fact alien to the written word. It at once adheres to the traditional, authoritative and doctrinal interpretation of John's words, and also illustrates what we believe to be John's usual psychic process, abundantly attested by the whole of his Gospel, and normal, as I said, for a poet or mystic and even, in due measure, for any ordinary mind.

Often, in this Gospel, the comparison round which the discourse is built is drawn from something within the immediate range of the hearer's senses. So, in the Synoptists, the parables are quite likely based, as a rule, on something which the listeners could at the moment see and hear. So now, when Our Lord continues:

The wind blows where it wills;  
Its voice thou hearest;  
But thou knowest not  
Whence it cometh, nor whither it goeth;  
Even so is every one who is born of the Spirit;

you may hear, if you will, the night-wind whispering round the two as they talk. Even so invisible, so mysterious in origin and in destination, but as recognizable in its power and effects, is the New Life to be inbreathed into the natural man.

Nicodemus, disheartened, sighs: "How can these things happen?" Jesus, too, sighs as he reproaches him: "*Thou art 'the Master in Israel,' and thou knowest not these things?*"

In solemn truth I tell thee:  
What we know, we speak;  
What we have seen, to that bear we witness;  
And our witness accept ye not.  
If things of earth I have told you,  
And ye believe not,  
How, if I tell you Heavenly Things,  
Shall ye believe?

The Law had enjoined; the Prophets had proclaimed; the Baptist had prepared Christ's way; Nicodemus was "the Mas-

<sup>1</sup> In the prologue, John deliberately models himself on Genesis.

ter in Israel:" yet Christ's ordinary teaching had failed to win acceptance. How then should this supreme and central mystery of the new Faith find a hearing? That the witness of Christ was rejected, or at least misunderstood, by His "own," His elect people, was the tragedy which haunted John. Throughout the Gospel the horror of this rejection gathers in gloom and density like a thundercloud, until the Evangelist has, as it were, to incarnate the whole idea of resistance to God's Light in the Jews, the nation who should themselves have been a light and guiding star to the heathen. Perhaps the rousing of this emotion in his mind, or the masterful psychic effect of his declaration of this Heavenly Thing, an Eternal Life in-breathed into man's soul, causes his own personality to expand here and dominate, and absorb the discourse. At any rate, in "What we know we speak . . ." the Evangelist's habitual thought, and therefore style, begin to pierce upwards through the narrative. In "if things of earth . . ." his mind is re-focussed, for a moment, on the person of Christ; but very soon the Saint spreads his own eagle's wings; Nicodemus is forgotten; John soars to the place where the Word lives contemplating God, and follows the love-sped message of that Word leaping down from the Father among men, a flash of Light which the world could not tolerate nor live by, for it was in love with darkness.

What has been taught, then, so far, is this. Man, by his natural birth from his parents, is born into his natural kingdom of the earth with its natural duties, moral and religious, its natural ideals, and its proportionate natural reward. But that is not all. Henceforward, he is to be, should he so will, re-born, supernaturally, into the supernatural kingdom too: this birth is spiritual, a grace-birth, and in baptism it is given. Here then is the first Heavenly Thing. A new Life has to be in-breathed into the old. Man, to fulfill Christ's aim, must be born anew, and from above.

The revelation moves a pace forward.

Jesus is passing through Samaria, that unfriendly land where even the Hebrew worship was diluted by pagan infiltration. Exhausted by His journey, He sits down "as He was," beside an ancient well. The disciples go on into the town to buy food. A woman came to draw water.

Jesus said: "Give Me something to drink."

“ You—a Jew—ask for drink from me—a Samaritan? ”

If thou didst know  
The gift of God,  
And Who it is that saith to thee  
“ Give Me to drink,”  
Thou wouldst have asked of Him, and He would have  
given thee  
A Living Water.

Again, Jesus speaks ambiguously. His word can mean, both “ *living* water ” and “ *fresh*,” spring-water. She grasps at the material alternative. Spring-water? But the well is deep. He has no pitcher. Yet whence, save from the well, obtain it? Jacob made that well! Was He greater than Jacob? Whence had He His spring-water? Jesus said:

Whosoever drinks of this water  
Shall thirst again.  
But whosoever shall drink of the water *I* will give him  
Shall thirst no more for ever;  
But the water that *I* will give him  
Shall become within him a fountain of living water,  
Leaping up into Eternal Life.

The woman, stupid merely, or fancying at best some magic elixir, cries: “ Sir, give me this water, that I be no more thirsty, nor come here to draw! ”

Jesus, to startle her (like Nathanael) into astonishment at least, shows that He reads the secrets of her life. She perceives that He is a seer, and propounds to Him a religious problem that has intrigued her: Was worship acceptable to Yahweh as the Samaritans taught, only on their Mount Gerizim, or, as the Jews taught, only in Jerusalem? Jesus answers her:

Woman, believe Me that the hour is coming,  
When neither on this Mount (alone) nor in Jerusalem (alone)  
Ye shall worship the Father. . . .  
Nay, the hour cometh, and, indeed, even now is come  
When the true worshippers shall worship the Father  
In Spirit and in Truth.  
Yea, for such are they whom the Father seeks to worship Him.  
God is Spirit,  
And they that worship must worship  
In Spirit and in Truth.



Like Nicodemus, the woman gives up. Ah well, Messiah is on His way: when *He* is come, *He* will explain everything.

I am He, I, Who am speaking to you.

Here then a step forward has been taken. To Nicodemus, the New Life had been revealed at its insertion; its inbreathing; here it is seen as a Fountain; that is, a springing force, no mere inert thing, like a jewel in a casket; no mere passing gift, like a draught of water that refreshes, but needs renewal. It leaps and bubbles upward into "Eternal Life." So, too,<sup>2</sup> Jesus calls all who thirst to come and drink, no water that is dead and perishable, but what shall be a Source that flows and brims and overflows, rivers of living water for the making glad God's city. And John says, this is the Spirit, destined to indwell Christians.<sup>3</sup>

Thus, for all time, the keen air of morning, the storm, the breeze among the branches, and now, sources, brooks and rivers, for all time air and water may be for us more than their mere selves, sacramentals, great elements in God's creation, explained and consecrated and chosen as symbols of the Spirit.

But there is a sequel to the tale, too beautiful to be omitted here, though not strictly carrying on the same lesson. The disciples return, with food.

"Master, eat."

"I have food to eat of which you do not know."

"Can someone have brought Him food?"

My food is to do the Will of Him Who sent Me,  
And to accomplish His work.

Have you not a saying:

"Four months yet, and then the harvest comes?"

Nay! I say to you,

Lift up your eyes and see the country-side,  
Golden is it for harvesting!

Already the harvester is winning wage,  
And gathering grain  
Unto Eternal Life,

That he who sows and he who reaps, together may rejoice.

Therefore the episode, unlike that with Nicodemus, ends

<sup>2</sup> Chap. vii. 37-39.

<sup>3</sup> And in Apoc. xxii. 1, the River flowing through the City from God's Throne, is probably the Spirit.

on the note of Christ's solemn exultation. Yet, an exultation penetrated by the pathos of His unspeakable unselfishness; not tragedy, yet assuredly half-sadness. As he looks forward to the glad harvests of the future, He knows that not till, and through, the death of Him Who sowed, and the deaths of so many whose blood too shall be the Seed, shall the divine granaries be filled.

Dare we say that with tears in His eyes, yet with the gentlest, happiest smile upon His lips, He pursues the proverb? <sup>4</sup>

Yes, for in *this* the saying is truthful—

“One man reaps where another man has sown.”

I have sent you to reap wherewith you have not labored;

Others have labored

And you have entered into their toil.

The second step in this mystery of the Supernatural Life is, that it is achieved by nothing less than a vital union with Our Lord Himself.

Not only does John proclaim: “He who believeth in the Son *hath Life*.<sup>5</sup> . . . He who believeth in Him Who sent Me *hath* life everlasting and hath passed from death into the Life,”<sup>6</sup> but “What has come to exist in Him, is Life.”<sup>7</sup>

(This is what God guarantees), that “He has given us Eternal Life, and this Life is in His Son: he who hath the Son, hath Life; he who hath not the Son, hath not Life.”<sup>8</sup> . . . We know that the Son of God is come; and (God) hath given us insight that we should acknowledge the True: and we *exist in* the True, in His Son Jesus Christ. He is the True God and Eternal Life.”<sup>9</sup>

First, Jesus has and gives the Life.

He restores the paralytic to—as we say—life, and then strives to raise the minds of the onlookers from this relatively earthly event of a miracle of physical life-giving to the diviner level. For, this physical life, however full and healthy, is but as death if it be regarded as *all*; as *excluding* that supernatural Life He means to impart.

<sup>4</sup> It would need a technical discussion to show that St. John means Our Lord, quite clearly, to be quoting two halves of a popular dictum.

<sup>5</sup> Chap. iii. 36.

<sup>6</sup> Chap. v. 24. Compare 1 John iii. 14: “We know that we have passed across out of death into the Life.”

<sup>7</sup> Chap. i. 4.    <sup>8</sup> 1 John v. 11.    <sup>9</sup> 1 John v. 20.

Greater things than *these* shall be shown, that then, indeed, ye may marvel!

For even as the Father raiseth the dead, and maketh alive,  
So the Son, too, when He wills, maketh He alive. . . .

In solemn truth I tell you:

He who heareth My word  
And believeth in Him Who sent Me,  
Hath Eternal Life;

And into judgment cometh he not,  
But is passed across out of the death into the Life.

In solemn truth I tell you,

The hour is coming, nay, is now come,  
When the dead shall hear the voice of the Son of God,  
And they who hear shall live.

For even as the Father hath Life in Himself,  
So to the Son too hath He given to have Life in Himself.<sup>10</sup>

But at the hour of the supreme miracle this declaration is complete. Lazarus dies. Jesus meets his sister.

"Hadst Thou been here, my brother had not died. Even now. . . . I know that whatever Thou shalt ask of God, He will give it Thee."

"Thy brother shall rise again."

And she, still dwelling in the realm of "earthly things," the current doctrines of an ultimate *revival* of the dead, answers that she knows he shall rise again at the resurrection at the Last Day.

Then one hears from His lips the tremendous identification:

I AM

The Resurrection and the Life.

He who believeth in Me, though he die,  
Shall live;

And all who live, and believe in Me,  
Shall not die for ever.<sup>11</sup>

The Life is no third thing merely, given by one to another; it is the communication of Himself. "I live, no longer I, but Christ lives in me."<sup>12</sup>

<sup>10</sup> Chap. v. 20-26.      <sup>11</sup> Chap. xi. 25, 26.

<sup>12</sup> The "New Name," in Apoc. ii. 17, "which no one knows" save the Risen Christ Who gives it and the victorious soul who receives it, again designates this amazing conjunction of the grace-deified self with the self of the God-made-Man. In many ancient faiths, the *name* follows and belongs to the *self*, the kernel of life: each man has a secret name, proper to his true inner self. Anyone who knows that, has absolute inner power over the owner. This new, incommunicable name implies, follows and recognizes the personal innermost communion of myself with Christ's self. Of that utterly personal fact and experience, only He and I are aware.

Of especial value for the illustration of this truth, the identification of what the Christian has, with what Christ is, is the powerful use, throughout the Gospel, of the metaphor of Light, partly because it so immediately provokes the idea of its opposite, of dark; to air and water it were hard to find an opposite, unless perhaps suffocation which John does not use; and mist, which is not strictly the opposite of water. But the "Life" is the Light of men: the Light shines in the dark, and the dark cannot imprison it.<sup>13</sup>

I am the Light of the World  
 He who followeth Me  
 Shall never walk in the Dark,  
 But shall have the Light of Life.<sup>14</sup>  
 He who works the Truth,  
 Comes to the Light,<sup>15</sup>  
 Walk while ye *have* the Light,  
 That the Dark imprison you not.  
 He who walks in the Dark  
 Knows not whither he fares;  
 As ye have the Light, put faith in the Light,  
 That ye be Sons of Light.<sup>16</sup>  
 I came a Light into the world,  
 That all who put faith in Me, remain not in the Dark.<sup>17</sup>  
 God is Light,  
 And Darkness in Him is none at all.  
 If then we say that we have Communion with Him, yet  
 walk in Dark,  
 We lie, and we do not work the Truth.  
 If in the Light we walk, as He is in the Light,  
 Then have we communion with one another.<sup>18</sup>

Herein is now the consecration, as of air and water, so of that light which men have always instinctively, and at times idolatrously, worshipped. And were its work no more than this, that it thus re-consecrates, re-interprets for us, re-vivifies the universe, John's Gospel would win our gratitude.

But here, before concluding our illustration of the doctrine of the Christian's unification with Christ, we must insert, as it were, a parenthesis. For, especially in this idea of light, and of its allied idea, sight, the mechanism of the appropriation of the life by the soul, the act of acceptance, is inevitably

<sup>13</sup> Chap. i. 4-9.    <sup>14</sup> Chap. viii. 12.    <sup>15</sup> Chap. iii. 21.    <sup>16</sup> Chap. xii. 35, 36.

<sup>17</sup> Chap. xii. 46.    <sup>18</sup> 1 John i. 5-7.

stressed; and again, as we said, light instantly evokes its antithesis, dark, in a way that air and water do not and cannot. Let us, then, think along the following line.

To live, is to be: untruth is unreality: hence to live fully, is to *be* truly, one's *real* self. Hence Life is Truth. Moreover, the material world but half-exists, if you view all the possibilities of existence. The full existence is the spiritual. Hence the full Life is full Truth, and is Spirit. Hence deviation from this true, destined self, is death and untruth. That is what sin is. Hence, spiritually, darkness is untruth, and that, chosen by the soul, is sin. Hence all these associated terms: Life, Death; Spirit, World or Flesh; Truth, Lie; Light, Dark; to Walk, to Wander; Love, and Sin.

The antithesis of a Divine Light, identified with Reality and Truth, and darkness and unreality and error, was so common in contemporary mystical philosophy, that quite apart from the massive, organic place filled by the same antithesis in John's Gospel itself, we are prepared to find that it is not exhaustively, nor even primarily, to be conceived as affecting the *intellect*. It does so; but its action is subtler, and also more comprehensive, than that. What it gives is not only Truth, *i. e.*, increase of information: new knowledge of facts; but Truth, *i. e.*, increase of reality, of vitality, a whole richer way of being. A strong dynamic element is inseparable from it; an *active* quality; to accept it is an affair of doing; of walking. Throughout the Epistle and the Apocalypse, the notions of *sin and falsehood* reciprocate. That is why the rich idea of Faith, the act by which we lay hold of the Heavenly Thing revealed, must not, in the Gospel, be taken as containing only an assent to a proposition, even on God's word (though it is also that), but a total laying hold, by the entirety of the soul's vital powers, on that vital fact, that living Truth, which is Christ.

We are far from proposing to set out the complete Catholic theological treatise on Faith, illustrating it by St. John's Gospel, or on anything else. But, remaining within the limits of that Gospel, we are endeavoring to reach, and in some measure to analyze, the splendid complex contents of some of those words which express his dominant ideas, to see how they all *work in function* of one another, and of his supreme covering idea, Eternal Life.

Return, then, for a moment, to that idea of light. Light (as we know it) is neither the thing seen, nor the eye that sees; yet the thing must be illuminated, and the eye responsive in itself, opened and gazing in the right direction, and unimpeded. In this mystery of Faith, Christ not only is the Thing to be seen by the soul, but is Himself the Light; so that He must first reach our soul's eye, and be admitted by it, before we can fully understand Himself or His Father. Yet our eye, after all, remains *ours*. We can refuse to open it; we can turn it aside; obstacles may be interposed. Even when the Light is ours, we can refuse to look at that which it illuminates. We can make ourselves, in practice, blind; and—ultimate horror! we can, it would seem, destroy as it were our optic nerve. Read now the miracle of sight restored to the man born blind, an “earthly thing” enough compared to the gift of Faith or spiritual Sight, granted to the soul.

The Pharisees had derided Jesus and His claims. “Dost thou believe,” Our Lord asks him, “in the Son of Man?”

“Why, Who is He, Sir, that I may believe in Him?”

“Not only hast thou seen Him, but He Who is talking with thee, is He.”

“I believe, Lord.” And he worshipped Him.

Unto a Division<sup>19</sup> came I into this world,  
That they who cannot see, should see,  
And that they who “see” should become blind.

“Are we, too, blind then?” ask the Pharisees who had cast out the man whom Jesus had sought and found.

If ye were blind, then had ye no sin:  
As it is, you say: We see.  
So your sin remains.<sup>20</sup>

There is, therefore, guilty unbelief. There is the man who sees nothing, because, though his eye be healthy, he has no light. But there is the man, too, who refuses to look, or even, shutting or averting his eyes, declares that there is nothing to be seen save what now he sees. There is the man who, by dint of tampering with his sight, may destroy the very power of vision. Short of a re-creative miracle, his doom is sealed. It is not true, then, that all sin is, as Socrates thought, blameless ignor-

<sup>19</sup> Cf. p. 634.    <sup>20</sup> Chap. ix. 36-41.

ance. If one but knew where the good was, he argued, one would do it. Explain the ultimate *how* and *why* of evil choice, we cannot. But John acknowledges what our consciences speak loudly, that there is willful error, culpable disbelief; in fact, that only such *willed* blindness deserves the name of disbelief and sin.

What mysteries are left! Why does one choose to see, another to stay sightless, though for both alike the Light is shining, and the Thing to be seen is there, and God is soliciting the gaze of each? Does He solicit them unequally? the one, insufficiently? Is the fault, somehow, with God? That were a blasphemy, not to be hinted at by John. Let us leave, for the moment, this problem. I shall, in an appendix dealing with John's preoccupation with the *evidence* for Christ's message, say what more may here be fitting. For the moment, leave it at this: God wishes all men to come to the knowledge of Himself, through Jesus Christ. For all men, a sufficient Light, of nature and of grace, is shining. But though it can never be extinguished, it does not conquer utterly the opposing dark. There is an obstacle: the wicked will of men; the chosen rejection, made by the flesh, and the world and Satan.

Herein, therefore, is the clue for the interpretation of John's use of the term *world* (and though less frequently used, its departmental equivalent, *flesh*). "In the beginning, God created heaven and earth" and He saw that they were good. The Word was God, and through Him that universe was made, and apart from Him was made nothing. Therefore, again and again, the world, the totality of created things, is *good*, and in it, that human nature which is termed, so often, "flesh." As such, these things are good. Yet almost always John uses these terms, "world," "flesh," as *opposed* to Spirit; as dark against light: as error against truth. That is, once more, because in the world, and in man, exists free will, and *as a fact*, that will has chosen the wrong: it has sinned: it has introduced the death. Therefore, you must regard John as considering the world and man's will precisely under that aspect, *as resisting*, as Satan's, Adversaries: not as they are in themselves, beautiful and immaculate creatures of the Father. Here then you have no pessimism nor scorn of God's creation: no Eastern condemnation of material things as such. That were a blasphemy and a sacrilege, to be charged to those Gnostics, truly enough,

against whose nascent schools John, historically, is encamped. But still less is there, in John, any facile optimism, the self-flattery which suggests that in the long run nothing matters, that evil is not ultimately distinguished from the good in itself or its results. There are "sons of perdition," men who "die in their sins," who do *not* "remain in Him." Such an one is "cast out," like the severed vine-shoot, and is straightway "withered," and "they gather him with the rest and cast him into the fire, and he burneth."<sup>21</sup> The gentle Saint can still speak in tones of thunder, and the Apostle of love can be as stern as the inexorable Christ.

Another very important word, often used by St. John in this connection, is the Greek *crisis* (κρίσις or κρίμα) translated in our New Testament, *judgment*. Here again is one of Our Lord's "ambiguities." It can, indeed, mean "judgment," in fact, "condemnation;" but the original meaning of the word is *division*, separation. We still so use it when speaking of the *crisis* of an illness, though I expect many people then treat it as if it were the same as *climax*, and mean that the man is then at his worst. That is not so, save as implied by the fact that he has then reached the *dividing line*, when he must improve or go under. Once or twice St. John alights plainly on one or the other meaning: usually he hovers in the vicinity of both: to realize this not only enriches for us the meaning of his words, but has a definite bearing on the way in which he has to speak of Eternal Life. Besides, it solves certain puzzles.

Thus, Our Lord twice definitely states that He was not sent, nor came, to judge, but to save.<sup>22</sup> Yet, in chapter five, verse twenty-two, He declares that the Father judges no man, but has handed over all judgment to the Son; and in chapter nine, verse thirty-nine, He says, "For a *crisis* came I into the world." The fact is, that the object of Christ's coming is not "wrath" nor condemnation, but love and salvation; yet automatically His coming creates a segregation, a grouping: those who, by their free-will helped by grace, accept Him, "hear," and "believe in" Him, and those who, as freely, and despite grace, reject Him. These are they who, if they fix themselves in their isolation, and do not even come to Him, cannot "go where He goes," but "die in their sins,"<sup>23</sup> and "rise," not to the resurrection of life, and union with God, but—John can scarcely strain

<sup>21</sup> Chap. xv. 6.    <sup>22</sup> Chap. iii. 17; xii. 47.    <sup>23</sup> Chap. vii. 34; viii. 21.



the paradox and say (as symmetrically he should) to the "resurrection of death"—to that of crisis or separation,<sup>24</sup> of self-pronounced condemnation. Each man sends himself to hell; nay, each man is his own hell. For a man "in hell" is a man self-chosenly separated, supernaturally, from God.

Read then the passages where Christ alludes to judgment, testing each, first, with the translation of *crisis* by that word, or by "condemnation;" then, with the translation "separation" or "division."

God sent not the Son into the world  
To judge (condemn) the world,  
But that the world should be saved  
Through Him.

He who believes in Him  
Is not being "judged,"<sup>25</sup>  
But he who does not believe  
Is forthwith in a state of "judgment"<sup>26</sup>

Because he does not believe.  
Now this is the "judgment"  
The Light has come into the World,  
And men preferred the Dark to the Light.<sup>27</sup>

Automatically, the ill-willed shrink from the Light: they separate themselves; they cower into the dark, which, as for Judas, who goes out into it, is their appropriate and chosen place.

The Father "judges" no man,  
But the whole "judgment" has He made over to the Son.  
He who hears my Word,  
And believes in Him who sent Me,  
HATH ETERNAL LIFE,  
And does not come towards "judgment"  
But is passed across from Death into Life.<sup>28</sup>

He has achieved that *Communion with the Living God* through *Christ* which is Life itself, and by very definition excludes the idea of separation, and of death, and of condemnation.

At the beginning and end of this problem is, assuredly, the inability of human language to cope with the very nature of what it here is striving to express. Eternal life partakes of the

<sup>24</sup> Chap. v. 29.

<sup>25</sup> Because by that very act of adhesion he is united to God. The whole idea of separation is excluded.

<sup>26</sup> Readers of Greek will value the change of tense: οὐ κρίνεται; ἤδη κέκριται.

<sup>27</sup> Chap. iii. 17-19.      <sup>28</sup> Chap. v. 22-24.

nature of eternity itself, that is, it is timeless, and exists *totum simul*, altogether and simultaneously. It knows neither before nor after. But man exists in time, and his life is measured by minutes, days and years. Therefore in the God-indwelt soul, eternity is—*how*, who shall say?—mysteriously mated with time. The timeless fact is on the rack of hours, and to our seeing, dislocated. How can that be? Well! No philosophy can tell us, even, how the eternal God creates the world of space and parts and successions, nor how it stands in necessary relation to Him, yet not He to it: *how*, in short, Eternal and temporal can even coëxist. Yet that they do, reason assures us, and Faith repeats. Therefore, while in the process of salvation there is for man a beginning, that is, the act of Faith, when, by my willed supernatural adhesion to God, my Eternal Life commences, and again, not an end, but at least a future manifestation, and a moment when the presence or absence in me of my Eternal Life declares itself, my judgment, my irrevocable finding of myself or *here*, or *there*, the fixing of my communion or of my separation—yet, in the truest sense, I have or have not my Eternal Life *wholly now*—He who believeth *hath*. . . . He who eateth *hath*. . . . my judgment is now, and is continuous: even now, substantially, I am in my heaven or my hell. It is no slight thing, then, to be a human creature. Eternity and Infinity are involved with us; and within our own soul John opens and reveals to us abysses above and below; the presence, or willed absence, of that Heavenly Thing; so that death brings little more than the *fixing*, and then the overflow into our total consciousness, of what is already ours.

Here then is this Peacemaker, in whose hand, inevitably, is a sword: here is He Who is set for the “rise, and for the fall, of many in Israel:” He, against Whom, if we be not *for* Him, we needs must stand. Henceforward, in this world of super-nature, there is no neutrality.

But since, please God, not thus set against Christ are our wills, we may in humble hope return to read what more John has to tell us of that Communion which is our true Eternal Life.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

## CARDINAL NEWMAN AND EDMUND BURKE.

BY ALFRED G. BRICKEL, S.J.



IT might easily be supposed that Cardinal Newman, the Catholic churchman and Edmund Burke, the Protestant statesman, have little in common except that they are among the permanent possessions of English literature and philosophy. But an accurate examination of their philosophies proves that in most important matters they are singularly unanimous. It is no paradox to say that England's greatest religious philosopher has more traits in common with her greatest political philosopher than with the Mills or Huxley or Spencer or Locke or Hume or Bentham or Berkeley.

It is clear, first of all, that Newman and Burke agree in a broad spirit of philosophic conservatism, a reverence for the wisdom of the past, whether embodied in the traditions or prejudices of the people or in the thinkers of the pre-Reformation period. From the following paragraph of a letter of Newman to his mother (March 13, 1829), it can be seen how he regarded the wisdom of the ages when enshrined in the uncritical traditions of the populace.

"Listen to my theory. As each individual has certain instincts of right and wrong antecedently to reasoning, on which he acts—and rightly so—which perverse reasoning may supplant, which then can hardly be regained, but, if regained, will be regained from a different source—from reasoning, not from nature—so, I think, has the world of men collectively. God gave them truths in His miraculous revelations, and other truths in the unsophisticated infancy of nations scarcely less necessary and divine. These are transmitted as 'the wisdom of our ancestors,' through men, many of whom cannot enter into them or receive them themselves, still on, on, from age to age, not the less truths because many of the generations through which they are transmitted are unable to prove them, but hold them, either from pious and honest feeling or from bigotry or from prejudice. That they are truths it is most difficult to prove, for great men alone can prove great ideas or grasp them.

Such a mind was Hooker's, such Butler's; and, as moral evil triumphs over good on a small field of action, so in the argument of an hour or the compass of a volume would men like Brougham or, again, Wesley, show to far greater advantage than Hooker or Butler. Moral truth is gained by patient study, by calm reflection, silently as the dew falls—unless miraculously given—and when gained it is transmitted by faith and 'prejudice.'

It would be easy to parallel this view of Newman by many passages from Burke's writings. The following from *Reflections on Revolution in France* may suffice: "You see, Sir, that in this enlightened age I am bold enough to confess that we are generally men of untaught feelings: that, instead of casting away all our old prejudices, we cherish them to a very considerable degree; and, to take more shame to ourselves, we cherish them because they are prejudices; and the longer they have lasted, and the more generally they have prevailed, the more we cherish them. We are afraid to put men to live and trade, each on his own private stock of reason; because we suspect that the stock in each man is small, and that the individuals would do better to avail themselves of the general bank and capital of nations and of ages. Many of our men of speculation, instead of exploding general prejudices, employ their sagacity to discover the latent wisdom which prevails in them."

It must be noted that by "prejudice" neither Newman nor Burke means an opinion formed without due examination of the facts needed for a just determination. Protestant prejudice of the sort castigated by Newman in the *Present Position* or anti-Irish prejudice of the sort Galsworthy is at present flinging broadcast was as foreign to Burke as to Newman. By "prejudice" Newman and Burke mean rather the mass of traditions, opinions or prescriptive wisdom which the people hold, which they cannot perhaps defend, but which is capable of defence. Neither of them claims that this prejudice is entirely free from error. They consider it rather as the crude ore of truth from which the men of speculation are to refine out the pure ore of truth by seeking "to discover the latent wisdom."

Similar to the respect for the prejudice of the people was the respect which Newman and Burke showed to the pre-Reformation thinkers. Following is a sentence from a draft

of a letter of Newman to Leo XIII. apropos of the encyclical on St. Thomas' philosophy. "All good Catholics must feel it a first necessity that the intellectual exercises without which the Church cannot fulfill her supernatural mission duly, should be founded upon broad as well as true principles, that the mental creations of her theologians and of her controversialists and pastors should be grafted on the Catholic tradition of philosophy, and should not start from a novel and simply original tradition, but should be substantially one with the teaching of St. Athanasius, St. Augustine, St. Anselm and St. Thomas, as those great Doctors in turn are one with each other."

Burke, like Newman, gives his full approval to the intellectual methods of mediævalism. Talking of English university education he says: "We found these old institutions, on the whole, favorable to morality and discipline; and we thought they were susceptible of amendment, without altering the ground. We thought that they were capable of receiving and meliorating, and above all of preserving, the accessions of science and literature, as the order of Providence should successively produce them. And, after all, with this Gothic and monkish education (for such it is in the groundwork) we may put in our claim to as ample and as early a share in all the improvements in science, in arts and in literature, which have illuminated and adorned the modern world, as any other nations in Europe: we think one main cause of this improvement was our not despising the patrimony of knowledge which was left us by our forefathers."<sup>1</sup>

Another trait in which Newman and Burke agree and in which they offer a striking contrast to post-Reformation philosophers in general is encyclopedic knowledge. To this trait their contemporaries bear witness as well as their volumes. Johnson says of Burke: "No man of sense could meet Burke under a gateway, to avoid a shower, without being convinced that he was the first man in England. His stream of talk is perpetual; and he does not talk from any desire of distinction, but because his mind is full. . . . Take up whatever topic you please, he is ready to meet you." Froude says of Newman: "Newman's mind was world-wide. He was interested in everything which was going on in science, in politics, in literature. Nothing was too large for him, nothing too trivial, if it threw light

<sup>1</sup> *Reflections on Revolution*, p. 363.

upon the central question, what man really was and what was his destiny." The most superficial manifestation of this vast knowledge is the employment by Burke and Newman of analogies and illustrations from natural science, Latin, Greek, French and English classics, philosophy, law, theology, history, politics, economics and education.

But the deeper manifestation of encyclopedic knowledge is observed in the variety of subjects which both Burke and Newman handled with ease and without the least trace of the diletante. Thus Newman's *Dream of Gerontius* is a classic in English poetry; his *Idea of a University* is an educational classic; his *Essay on the Development of Christian Doctrine* is a theological classic; his *Grammar of Assent* is a philosophical classic; his *Apologia pro Vita Sua* has but one or two rivals in the world's literature of self-revelation; his volumes of historical sketches are classics; his *Parochial and Plain Sermons* are pulpit classics. Burke, too, created classics in whatever field he entered. The speeches on Warren Hastings, on the Nabob of Arcot's debts and on conciliation with America are the oratorical classics of the English-speaking world; the various *Letters* of Burke, notably the *Letters on a Regicide Peace* and the *Letters to a Noble Lord* are perfect models of this species of composition; Burke's theories of political economy, which run through all his writings, are similar to those of Adam Smith and were thought out about the same time independently of the economist; Burke's *Reflections on Revolution in France* and his *Origin of Our Ideas on the Sublime and Beautiful* mark him as a philosopher of genius.

Another characteristic that Newman shares with Burke is hatred of *a priori* philosophy. All through the *Reflections on Revolution in France* Burke keeps his guns trained on the "metaphysical and alchemical legislators" who thought that to theorize and to innovate was to reform. The well-merited reproaches cast by Burke on the apriorism and unreality of Rousseau and his school, are typical of his life-long attitude toward theory that is out of contact with the facts of nature and history. Newman's hostility to apriorism is summarized in his criticism of Locke in the *Grammar of Assent*: "Abstract argument is always dangerous." And the entire purpose of the book is to prove that certitude in concrete matters is gained by informal reasoning rather than by formal reasoning or

metaphysics. Still neither Newman or Burke lacked a sane metaphysic. That metaphysic was the realism of Aristotle. What Newman and Burke deprecated was not metaphysics in general, but rather its intrusion into matters where moral or probable proofs were more in keeping. Newman desired to extinguish metaphysics as little as St. Ambrose did, from whom he adopted the motto for the *Grammar of Assent*, "*Non in dialectica complacuit Deo salvum facere populum suum.*" If it is possible to infer from this motto that St. Ambrose, the philosopher and jurist whose logic helped to reason St. Augustine into the Church, was not a philosopher, then it is possible to gather from the remarks of Newman and Burke on metaphysics that they are not philosophers.

A realization of the complexity of any extended scheme of thought or action is another trait exemplified in the works of Burke and Newman, and marks them off from such one-sided philosophers as Spinoza and Descartes who tried to reason out everything from the narrow standpoint of mathematics. The following paragraph from *Reflections on Revolution in France* illustrates Burke's idea of the complexity of a civil polity.

"These metaphysic rights entering into common life, like rays of light which pierce into a dense medium, are, by the laws of nature, refracted from their straight line. Indeed, in the gross and complicated mass of human passions and concerns, the primitive rights of men undergo such a variety of refractions and reflections that it becomes absurd to talk of them as if they continued in the simplicity of their original direction. The nature of man is intricate; the objects of society are of the greatest possible complexity: and therefore no simple disposition or direction of power can be suitable either to man's nature or to the quality of his affairs. When I hear the simplicity of contrivance aimed at and boasted of in any new political constitutions, I am at no loss to decide that the artificers are grossly ignorant of their trade or totally negligent of their duty. The simple governments are fundamentally defective, to say no worse of them. If you were to contemplate society in but one point of view, all these simple modes of polity are infinitely captivating. In effect each would answer its single end much more perfectly than the more complex is able to attain all its complex purposes. But it is better that the whole should be imperfectly and anomalously answered than

that while some parts are provided for with great exactness, others might be totally neglected, or perhaps materially injured, by the over-care of a favorite member.”

The same complexity which Burke recognizes in a civil polity is discovered by Newman in an ecclesiastical polity like the Catholic Church. In the *Via Media* first published in 1837, Newman took a very simple view of what he then called “Romanism.” Forty years afterwards he admitted, in a preface to the revised *Via Media*, that his Anglican view of the Church was untrue, that the Catholic Church was a very intricate ecclesiastical polity differing *toto cælo* from the simple abstraction called “Romanism.”

This is his account of the Catholic Church: “Her organization cannot be otherwise than complex, considering the many functions which she has to fulfill, the many aims to keep in view, the many interests to secure—functions, aims, and interests, which in their union and divergence remind us of the prophet’s vision of the Cherubim, in whom ‘the wings of one were joined to the wings of another,’ yet ‘they turned not when they went, but every one went straight forward.’ Or, to speak without figure, we know in matters of this world, how difficult it is for one and the same man to satisfy independent duties and incommensurable relations; to act at once as a parent and a judge, as a soldier and a minister of religion, as a philosopher and a statesman, as a courtier or a politician and a Catholic; the rules of conduct in these various positions being so distinct, and the obligations so contrary.”

Further on in the same preface Newman describes in detail the functions of the Catholic Church as follows: “Christianity, then, is at once a philosophy, a political power, and a religious rite: as a religion it is Holy; as a philosophy, it is Apostolic; as a political power, it is imperial, that is, One and Catholic. As a religion, its centre of action is pastor and flock; as a philosophy, the Schools; as a rule, the Papacy and its Curia.” The greater part of this remarkable preface is occupied in showing the complexities that arise in the interaction and collision of these different functions of the Catholic Church.

A highly qualified style, another point of contact between Burke and Newman, is the direct result of their realization of the complexity of life. They introduced so many delimitations,



distinctions and qualifications into their writings because they saw so clearly into the intricacy of the matters they dealt with. This fact has lessened their popularity just as it has lessened that of De Quincey and for the same reason. Francis Thompson thus presents it: "As a writer, De Quincey has been viewed with the complete partiality dear to the English mind, and hateful to his own. He was nothing if not distinguishing; the Englishman hates distinctions and qualifications. He loved to

divide

A hair 'twixt south and southwest side;

the Englishman yearns for his hair one and indivisible. The Englishman says, 'Black's black—*furieusement* black; and white's white, *furieusement* white.' De Quincey saw many blacks, many whites, multitudinous grays."

Concreteness in the use of images and instances is another feature common to Newman and Burke. Both of them are loath to discuss any subject in the abstract. Although their works abound with generalizations they are enforced with facts and concrete examples. This insistence on the concrete comes doubtless from the frequently expressed conviction of Newman and Burke that men are influenced chiefly by example. Thus Burke says: "Is example nothing? It is everything. Example is the school of mankind and they will learn at no other." Newman grows eloquent over the same idea: "The heart is commonly reached not through the reason, but through the imagination, by means of direct impressions, by the testimony of facts and events, by history, by description. Persons influence us, voices melt us, looks subdue, deeds inflame us."

Inductive reasoning into the origins of opinions and institutions is perhaps the most distinctive trait in the philosophical method of Burke and Newman. The category of becoming was more alluring to them than that of being. In the *Reflections on Revolution in France* Burke says: "We are but too apt to consider things in the state in which we find them, without sufficiently adverting to the causes by which they have been produced, and possibly may be upheld." But whatever other politicians did, Burke was never content unless he followed a question to its ethical or historical roots. The speech on conciliation with America, the speeches against Warren

Hastings, the speech on the Nabob of Arcot's debts, the *Letters of Burke*, the *Origin of Our Ideas of the Sublime and Beautiful* are full of genetic studies in law, morals and philosophy. Many of Newman's writings are inquiries into origins. The *History of the Arians* and the *Development of Christian Doctrine* are studies in Christian origins; the *Grammar of Assent* is an examination of certitude in the making; the *Apologia pro Vita Sua* is the genesis of Newman's conviction of the truth of Catholicism; the *Oxford University Sermons* are on the genesis of Faith; very many of the critical and historical essays are inquiries into origins.

There is finally one burning question of today, a question of politics or rather of ethics, on which Burke and Newman are singularly in accord. It is the question of Ireland. It is hard to quote from Newman or Burke on this question because they said so many emphatic things, and said them so often that a small volume could be made of quotations.

Let the following quotation stand as a representative one from Newman: "It is impossible, Gentlemen, to doubt that a future is in store for Ireland, for more reasons than can here be enumerated. First, there is the circumstance so highly suggestive, even if there was nothing else to be said, viz., *that the Irish have been so miserably ill-treated and misused hitherto*; for in the times now opening upon us, nationalities are waking into life, and the remotest people can make themselves heard into all the quarters of the earth. The lately invented methods of travel and of intelligence have destroyed geographical obstacles; and the wrongs of the oppressed in spite of oceans or of mountains, are brought under the public opinion of Europe, not before kings and governments alone, but before the tribunal of the European populations, who are becoming ever more powerful in the determination of political questions. And thus retribution is demanded and exacted for past crimes in proportion to their heinousness and their duration."<sup>2</sup>

A fitting parallel to this is the following from Burke's *Tract on the Popery Laws*: "It cannot, I confess, be denied that those miserable performances which go about under the name of Histories of Ireland do, indeed, represent those events after this manner; and they would persuade us, contrary to the known order of nature, that indulgence and moderation in

<sup>2</sup> *Idea of a University*, p. 483.

governors is the natural incitement in subjects to rebel. But there is an interior history of Ireland, genuine voice of its records and monuments, which speaks a very different language from these histories, from Temple and from Clarendon: these restore nature to its just rights and policy to its proper order. For they even now show to those who have been at the pains to examine them and they may show one day to all the world, that these rebellions were not produced by toleration but by persecution, that they arose not from just and mild government but from the most unparalleled oppression.”

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### THE SILENCES.

BY BRIAN PADRAIC O'SEASNAIN.

FROM the clamorous noise  
I depart  
Into the moonlit silences of my soul.  
Suddenly  
All is peace—  
The little fevers of ambition forgotten;  
This silent share in myself—  
I am often afraid—  
It seems a desert—  
And yet I know  
That the greater part in me  
Has never left these silences  
And is here  
Awaiting—forever—in peace.

## AN UNCANONIZED SAINT.

BY MARY FOSTER.

### V.



WELL certainly, Standish, you don't show much now," observed Tony entering his friend's studio one sunny morning. "Haven't seen you for ages. Hard at work? Yet I have heard nothing of a new picture. Haven't you anything to show this year?" Mark had not greeted his friend very cordially.

"No," he replied briefly. "I have been painting for my own pleasure," and he began putting his sketches into his portfolio.

"What a bear you are!" laughed Tony, taking up another collection. "You really might show a chap what you have been doing. Haven't seen a thing of yours for months," he rattled on, turning over the sheets. "That's a good head, and so is that, and there's a ripping form there. But, I say, the faces are all the same. Have you been making a study of one particular woman? Who is she? She's a beauty anyhow."

Standish drew the sketches away rather roughly. "I wish you wouldn't make your idle remarks on my studies," he said crossly. "They're only in the rough, not to be looked at. I am working very hard just now. Why should you disturb me?"

Tony laughed lightly and shrugged his shoulders. He was an easy-going young man.

"Well, work away," he said good-naturedly, "only don't stick to one face, and above all, don't fall in love with the owner."

"Bland, your jokes are in the worst possible taste," Mark said shortly, and he fell to work upon some draperies in a small picture.

Tony took a turn up and down the studio.

"You've got a very great gift, Mark," he observed thoughtfully, after a few moments, "and I expect you'll be pretty well tip-top before long. But we artists are nothing till we've lived and loved and suffered. You've had everything your own way so far."

Standish moved impatiently after Bland had taken himself off. Tony was a fool, of course, but even fools have a way of touching truth sometimes. Things could not go on as they were. Of course Mark had fallen in love with his sitter. At first he had struggled against his own will, a thing he had never done before. Family pride surged up in his heart, and he was angry with himself for being such a sentimental idiot, as he expressed it. Surely a man of his age ought to be able to control his affections. Never before had pride and inclination waged war within him. Now they pulled in opposite directions. Caterina had taken a very firm hold upon his susceptibilities. She appealed to all that was good and chivalrous in him, and unconsciously she flattered his pride by her innocent admiration of him.

Thus Mark had drifted along, living in the present, with no thought or care for the future. One day, however, he sat silently beside Caterina instead of giving her her English lesson. He was watching her pure face, thinking how refined were her features, and what a lady she looked in spite of her peasant's dress. On the impulse of the moment he bent forward and took her hand.

"Caterina," he said gently, "do you know, I think you love me." She turned aside in embarrassment, and tried to withdraw her hand.

"You are so very good," she murmured as he paused.

"But do you love me? Come, little one, don't be shy. You're old enough to know your own mind. Seventeen, aren't you? Quite a woman. Come and tell how you would like to be always with me, to live with me—to be my wife."

The words were out, but Mark could think of nothing but his love. Caterina gave a little gasp. She was too simple to discern his egotism, and she was a clinging, dependent little creature who gave love freely and asked for but little in return.

"For I love you, Caterina," he went on more gently, and he tried to draw her blushing face to his. "I really love you. Will you be my wife?"

Her eyes were bewildered, but joyous, and he watched her incredulity giving place to a look of rapture.

"Oh, you cannot mean it," she cried in trembling tones. "You a great *signore*, to make me—me your wife! Oh, no, you cannot think of doing such a thing!"

“But I do, Caterina, and I only want one little word from you. Say it, little one, say yes.”

“You mean it, you really want me?” she asked softly.

“I want you to be my little wife, to love me, to be always by me—”

She glanced up into his face with her open innocent eyes as if to read in his the confirmation of what he said. Then she gave a little sigh and put both her hands in his.

“I have always prayed for a good husband,” she said trustfully.

## VI.

Now the beautiful summer had come. Mark and Caterina strolled out in the evenings beyond the city walls to a favorite spot far from the passers-by. The mule bells sounded from the hidden road, their mellow clang wafted on the sweet air, and ever and anon arose the deep-throated note of the ox-drivers as they urged their patient beasts.

Close by a little stream gurgled as it hastened along its busy way to join its sister in the valley far below. Overhead the olives shimmered in the sunlight, and the cypresses sighed very softly as the light breezes came floating by.

Nature stirred with life, and with the great joy of living, as she watched her numerous children—she, the universal mother. She spread her curtain of mist over the scorching valley to protect it from the fierce rays of the sun. The little stream at her bidding caught each breeze and sent it flying along its banks, refreshing the hot air as it passed on its cool way. No doubt nature loved these two human children who rested on her bosom, gazing at her beauties with eyes that could never tire of beholding them. Perhaps she was drawn to shower her precious gifts the more generously upon them, because, being feminine, she would have them admire her still more.

Thus they sat through the hot evenings, drinking their fill of happiness in each other's presence. Thus day after day fluttered by, like the flight of a happy bird. All realities of life seemed far away from this wonderfully beautiful present.

With caring for someone else beside himself, Mark's nature improved. He became gentler and more patient, for he could

not be arrogant with this young creature who talked to him in the faltering English he had taught her to speak. She was a nature's artist, and a poet at heart. She held beautiful views and her religion was a poem. Mark admired her childlike belief, even while he laughed to himself at the pretty "fairy tale." Religion was very picturesque, he thought, but of course when Caterina and he took up their practical life together she must not remain in this lovely dreamland. He yearned to possess her for his own, and though loath to disturb their idyll, he constrained himself to speak to her in a more practical manner, and to broach the subject of their marriage.

"Married soon!" she repeated with lips that quivered tenderly as the soft flush mounted to her cheek. "You will let me have time to prepare my dress; and the neighbors—"

"Yes, Caterina, I want you very soon," he interrupted lovingly. "Let us begin our life together at once. Do not let us set forth in dreamland, let us be sensible. I don't want to have a fussy wedding. Why can't we just quietly pop around to the registry office one morning, and get married?"

"But Don Filippo must be told," Caterina replied, opening her eyes. "And wouldn't it be nice for us to marry in my own little church where we first met?"

Mark smiled. "Very nice, and very pretty," he said gently. "But, Caterina, we don't want to have any more nonsense now. We must wake up from our lovely dream. As for you, you have lived in a poem all your life long, and it does seem very unpoetical to break the spell. Still we must do it sometime, and the sooner the better."

Caterina looked at him with uncomprehending eyes.

"I don't think I understand," she said humbly. "What do you wish, Mark? If you would rather we did not ask the neighbors to the wedding, of course we shall have it quiet. But my own church is so near my home, would it not be as good as the cathedral?"

"Quite as good," he answered. "But don't you see, Caterina, we are going to start our lives together sensibly."

"Yes, and how I have prayed that the good God may bless us. He has been so good to me in sending you to be my husband. How I had prayed to the dear Madonna; she had such a good husband. And the dear God always hears His Mother's prayers."

"Yes, yes, my darling," Mark interrupted, "but oh, you do sadly want to learn sense, worldly sense, my little saint. It is very pretty saying that God sent me to you, but you must not live in a fairy tale any more. God may be a very great deal to you, I've no objection to that; but Caterina, after all you are going to marry me. Surely I must be first. But what—" he broke off suddenly as she shrank from him.

"What do you mean?" she breathed at last as she gazed at him, with eyes that burned in her slowly paling face. He replied with a touch of authority which he had not lately used.

"Simply this, Caterina. Religion is very nice and pretty for a young girl, but now that you are going to be my wife you really must not brood any more about this nonsense. You say you love me. Well I am quite willing to let you run into your chapel sometimes and look about you, but remember I come first in your heart."

"Before the good God—the dear Madonna?"

"Ah your God, your Madonna!" he cried impatiently. Then he added more gently, "What a baby you are, little one! Who are they, why do you believe in them? Simply because a parcel of old women told you some pretty stories about them, in their picturesque Italian way. No, no you are no longer a child, you are free now from all restraint. We shall be married quietly at the registry, and I will take you away, and make you forget your pretty bondage."

"But that would not be a marriage," exclaimed Caterina starting up, "we must go to church—"

He laid his hand on her arm.

"That is all superstition, my darling. You have been bound so long that you do not understand that you are free. Your chains have been unfastened, by me."

But she drew away from him.

"Don't you believe in God?" she gasped in a strange new voice.

"No," he replied coolly.

She put her hand to her heaving breast, confronting him silently with shining eyes. The sun had gone behind a cloud, no breeze stirred the solemn cypresses, the olive trees were cold and still under the shadow which had crept over the earth. All nature seemed silently waiting for Caterina's reply. God alone knew the struggle which bowed her spirit down in



those awful moments of desperate temptation. Then at length her breathing grew quieter, as her tense attitude relaxed and she spoke in a steady voice into the tones of which there had come a new strength:

“Then I cannot marry you.”

Mark looked up in sheer astonishment at first, then his blue eyes flamed with anger, which quickly died to a cold proud gleam, and his voice was very bitter as he remarked evenly:

“You love your God and your religion better than you love me?”

“Yes,” she replied, and her eyes never flickered nor did her speech falter.

He looked straight into her brave eyes, and just for a moment his own grew tender and yearning. But her face was resolute, and he could see no love light burning there. The haughty pride enveloped his countenance again, even as the shadows had crept over the vineyards.

“Very well,” he said indifferently, and he rose up and walked away.

## VII.

Mark left Siena next day. “I want to travel, and I hate being alone, so do come with me, Tony,” was all he said to his friend, and he gave no reason for his sudden change of plans.

Standish idly chose Assisi for their first halting place.

“At all events, it is not Tuscany,” he said to himself as he stood at his hotel window enjoying the view.

Before him stretched the great plain bounded by the blue mountains which were just now shrouded in the mysterious evening mist. Across the olive groves, which sloped down the hillside, a soft wind swept, making their pensive green shimmer, even as our home breezes play with a field of barley. But before his eyes there rose the image of a sweet childish face, with trusting brown eyes, and tremulous mouth. Standish felt very hard, however. There was a latent trait in his character which amounted nearly to cruelty. He almost desired evil to the girl who had set his wishes aside. And for what? Mark felt exceedingly bitter against the God for whom Caterina had given up so much.

He lounged about moodily for some days, wandering up

and down the tumble-down alleys of the town, scarcely glancing at their picturesqueness. His artist eye was sleeping, his brushes were idle. He scowled at those he met, the peasant children shrank from his frown. Yet Mark had never frightened children before. Passing travelers in the hotel shrugged their shoulders. He was an artist and therefore a boor, they said, better leave him alone. So Tony got all the attentions and the smiles.

Tony Bland, a dilettante in art himself, could be very amiable when he pleased. Just now, he left Mark to himself and went his own way, for he could see that his friend was suffering, though he knew nothing of the cause. He bore with Mark's impatience with a wonderful sweetness, until Standish grew ashamed of himself.

One day the two men strolled into the great church of San Francesco, where so many treasures adorn the walls. Tony hoped the artist in his friend would reawaken. But Mark scarcely glanced at the frescoes, he only had eyes for the kneeling figures before the altars. Then he turned away with an impatient exclamation.

"Come, let us go out," he said. "This place sickens me. How can one look at frescoes in the midst of chattering women kneeling all over the church rattling their beads?"

It was difficult for Mark to set up his easel in a strange scene with no gentle voice to talk to him as he worked. The past came back to him with a rush as he adjusted the stand. He remembered an obstinate screw which her fingers had always unfastened for him, and when he was seated he found he had provided himself with no water. She had always done so for him; he had forgotten that he was alone.

He had chosen a charming view of a few dilapidated houses seen through a vista of olive trees, where vines clustered over the steps and climbed up to the blistered window shutters. A restfulness stole over him as he worked. If only the old spell of art would charm him again, all would be well. He would forget.

But he could not forget. As he sketched, he remembered how a pair of soft eyes had watched every line he drew. Some quaintly ignorant remarks she had made recurred to him, but they did not draw a smile to his lips now. The sun was smiling over the landscape, cruelly, he fancied, for it was too gay

and bright for his thoughts. He put up his easel and stool wearily, for there was no one to help him in the many little intricacies, and he had never before realized how clumsily his paintbox fitted. However, next day he continued his sketch, and persevered doggedly until it was finished.

When he returned to the hotel that day, he found Tony over a solitary cigar. It suddenly struck him that his friend looked lonely, and that the eyes he raised from the paper he was not reading were wistful.

"Old fellow," exclaimed Standish, with compunction, "I've been an awful beast leaving you so much to yourself. Have your friends gone?"

Tony smiled. "All of them," he replied. "Went off by the early train to Perugia. There are only some second-hand German *fraus* and a lot of impossible Americans left."

"Poor Bland! have you been reduced to conversing with them?"

"Tried it with the *fraus*; but my German and theirs did not agree." Tony laughed, and after a moment Standish joined in. It seemed long since he had laughed, and it did him good.

"I've made a little sketch," he said uncovering his block. "What do you think of it?"

He had a wonderful reliance on the younger man's judgments, for Tony was never known to err in his art criticisms.

"You couldn't have chosen a more picturesque group of cottages," Bland remarked, "and your olive trees are exquisite. But my dear fellow, what's going in the foreground? Surely you are not going to leave that great space empty?"

"What should go there?" Mark questioned half irritably. "It is as I saw it."

"Too much foreground. Your old fault. How often have I not told you so? Stick in a peasant or something. That road is simple screaming for someone to stand in its dusty expanse."

Mark took the picture to his own room, and gazed at it earnestly. Tony was right, the foreground was overpowering.

"I am going to look for a pretty model," he announced next morning, and though the very idea of anyone taking Caterina's place sent a little stab through his heart, he smiled and begged his friend to accompany him.

Bland yawned. "It's so awfully warm," he said, "don't let's go far."

They strolled out through one of the town gates, the sun beating down pitilessly upon them; and Tony leading the way into an olive grove, soon sank down under one of the silver trees.

"Don't let's go any further," he implored. "We'll sit here and wait for pretty girls, or you can sketch that heavenly glimpse of the plain through the trees."

Mark made his preparations, and looked round. The sky was of that deep blue which Fra Angelico has coaxed into his pictures, and soft white clouds floated idly about. Far below, over the brown tiled roof of a tiny shrine, the vast plain stretched in all its summer luxuriance, dotted about with small white homesteads and marked by an occasional dark line of cypresses. Mark sighed. It was all very beautiful, and he was an artist, yet he felt he could not paint today. Tony, lying his full length on the long grass, his cap tilted over one eye, kept a lookout for pretty girls.

Two small boys were playing in the *podere*, jumping and skipping with their lithe, graceful bodies, regardless of the burning sun beating upon their closely cropped heads. An ox-cart rumbled by, its driver invisibly asleep amongst the sacks it contained. Another small boy joined his companions, and a party of young women went laughing and chatting up the lane. Tony lazily stirred his friend with his foot.

"One of those girls ought to do you," he murmured.

Mark awoke from his reverie, and glanced at the group.

"I'll try," he said without much enthusiasm.

The girl he chose was so unlike Sieneese Caterina he felt it would be easy to paint such a contrast. She laughed at his request, but assented willingly enough, and the others stood round to watch.

But when Mark commenced his sketch, another face arose between him and this peasant girl. He painted the yellow hair before him, dark—the blue handkerchief red—and the features that appeared upon the paper were Caterina's. The painter uttered an impatient exclamation. He was scarcely aware that it was Caterina's face that his brushes were painting, he only knew that he was failing to depict what was before him. He dismissed the girl with some money. She took it with

pretty thanks; but he remembered how Caterina had refused to be paid for the beauty which the good God had given her. Then he stirred the prostrate Tony and showed him what he had done.

"Why!" Bland exclaimed in surprise, "that's not the girl who was standing for you just now. I know that face, that's—" He stopped suddenly, for Mark, muttering angrily, was packing his box fiercely. But presently the painter said quietly:

"I don't think I'll paint any more at present. I don't seem to be able to—"

"Well a holiday's a good thing," rejoined Tony cheerfully, "I could lie in these olive groves for hours, and feel that I'd done a jolly good day's work in such weather as this!"

Standish spent a long time at his window before going to bed that night. His sketch lay in pieces on the floor, his paint-box reposed in the depths of his portmanteau. The balmy air rushed through his open window, the moon sailed through some fleecy clouds, illuminating stern Monte Subasio with her fitful light, and glimmering over the sleeping town on the hillside. Only a nightingale lifted his voice from time to time in the garden below. And though peace reigned over all, and nature hushed her tired children to rest, no peace reigned in the soul of the painter. His eyes gazed at the dreaming plain but saw, not its shrouded beauties, only the face of a Sienese girl.

Next day the little town was *en fête*. The Assisian maidens donned their fairest attire, and peasants flocked into the city in their noisy mulecarts, rousing the sleeping streets to reëcho their songs and laughter.

"We are lucky to be here today," Tony observed at breakfast. "It will interest you to see Assisi in this new aspect. Today it is a very different place to what we have become acquainted with so far—a sleeping city, sunk in dreams of the past."

"What is on today?" inquired Mark indifferently. "The King's birthday, I suppose, judging from the flags one sees everywhere."

"Oh, no. Today is a *fiesta*. Don't you hear the church bells ringing? They are keeping some feast or other of the Virgin."

"Such superstition," growled Standish.

"Well its very poetical," returned his friend, "and these good people believe it all."

"Do they?"

"Why of course they do. I was thinking of looking into that church below us into which such streams of peasants are flowing. Come with me?"

Mark assented, because he could think of nothing better to do. When they passed through the heavy leathern curtain, into the dark interior of the church, he paused at the entrance with no feeling of pleasure. Many wax candles on the high altar illuminated the twilight of the nave and aisles, and lit up the kneeling worshippers. Sometimes a child's pattering feet broke the stillness, or a couple of women exchanged remarks upon the beauty of the altar lights.

A woman knelt close by the young men, praying in an earnest whisper. As the beads slipped through her fingers and *Ave Marias* fell from her lips, she stopped occasionally to address the good God and His holy Mother in simple language of her own, begging that her litter of little pigs might all grow into fine sows, that little Maria might not soil or tear her holiday frock, that Beppa might find a good husband.

"Don't they believe?" Tony could not help whispering to his friend. "See how they pray."

"Let us come out," returned Standish. "The atmosphere is something awful. The Catholic church suffocates me," he added, as they stood for a moment blinking their eyes in the fierce sunshine without. "I hate the sight of such simple people acting in such a farce."

"Yet it is no farce to them. They have their God, whereas we, poor creatures, have no one. We ought to envy them."

"Envy them!" echoed Mark in contempt. "As readily envy a child's ignorant trust in the future."

"Have you ever regretted your childish trustfulness?" asked Tony, as they moved across the grassy piazza under the spreading mulberry trees.

"But now I see it was all a dream," Mark murmured slowly after a moment's silent. "There is no foundation for trust in the future. Hope only brings disappointment. It is better not to anticipate what will never happen. A child thinks that all must some right in the end. We know better."

"Yet they say anticipation is the keenest pleasure," argued

Tony. "I anticipate hugely, myself. I can dream of all sorts of jolly things happening in the future, and if they never come off—what then? I have had my dream."

"I too, have had mine," Mark rejoined drearily. "Let us leave Assisi," he added suddenly. "Let us go to some place where life does not centre merely round the church. Everyone here is in a state of coma, until a church festival occurs. Nothing outside in the big world matters to them so long as they can have their feasts and fasts in honor of this mysterious and invisible Virgin and her Son. Let us leave the place."

Bland shrugged his shoulders. "By all means," he agreed, "let us travel about, and then we can go to Florence, and if that is too hot, we can stay up at Fiesole."

### VIII.

After a summer of idle wandering in Italy, Standish set to work once more in his old London studio, and through the short winter days he painted busily.

Friends admired his work and praised his industry. They said he was altogether a different man since his Italian tour, and encouraged him to plunge into gayety and enjoyment. And if he was peevish and morose at times when he was not in his highest, most reckless spirits, what was that to them? He was an artist, so he must be allowed to have his moods, and be made much of. These artists were so amusing.

It is quite certain that during these months, Mark was not unhappy. It was only rarely that the adulation of his friends jarred, and that he tired of their gay company. In his new life, he had rather lost sight of Tony Bland, who was at this time devoting himself to his father, an old gentleman in poor health. The neighborhood of the Bland's home was as dreary as could be, no houses within miles. Tony was the only son of his lonely father. Yet it never occurred to him that he was sacrificing himself in doing his duty to a sickly and exacting old man, by devoting months of monotonous days at his beck and call. It was all in the day's work, thought Tony.

Although Bland had not seen Mark for many months, the paper brought him frequent news of his friends. The artist's name figured in the big receptions, small personal paragraphs appeared about him, little witticisms he had given utterance to were carefully retailed by the press. Even the few county

neighbors who called at the Bland's house, were full of the new star which had arisen: Some deplored his rather reckless life, most people laughed at him as the London star-gazers did. So time went by, and the winter days lengthened gradually and the sun opened his eyes earlier each morning to awake the sleeping world with his light.

Mark painted rapidly, finishing picture after picture and selling them as quickly to one of the hungry crowd who were so anxious to possess a work by the new fashionable artist.

Tony was shown one of his friend's productions at a house in his neighborhood. His first impression as he looked upon it was one of keenest disappointment. But he looked closer. It was painted carelessly and the faces wore insipid expressions of complacency or cunning. Yet there was something vaguely familiar in their looks. Tony gazed in silence for some minutes and before he had finished his scrutiny, he could trace his friend's hand, and through the careless execution, the chum of old days seemed to call to him. Something else was there besides what caught the eye—the soul of the painter which he could not conceal—the soul of a suffering man.

Bland turned away, making the commonplace remarks that were expected of him. But the picture haunted him for many a day.

"You are such a wonderful painter," gushed one of the many ladies who surrounded Mark's easel one spring afternoon, "I wonder if there is anything you could not paint." She gazed, as she spoke, at the picture before her—a wonderful stretch of the tractless steppes of Russia.

"I cannot believe that you could paint that without having been to the country," said another admiringly.

"Wonderful, wonderful," was murmured round the room.

"I don't think anyone present has been there," replied the artist, "therefore no one can detect the many glaring faults I must have made."

"But do tell us how you did it," cried a fervent admirer clasping her hands, and turning languishing eyes to the painter. The plumes in her enormous hat ruffled his hair, as she laid one small hand upon his sleeve.

"I don't know how many descriptive books upon that country I read before painting that picture," replied Mark genially.



"Oh, it is so very lovely!" the lady said ecstatically. "Such tone and such body color! I can quite fancy now what Russia must look like. Dear me! how I should love to go there."

"What a wonderful thing it must be to paint!" sighed another. "What a very busy life you must lead! Fancy reading all these huge books!" she added, laying her hand on a large vellum bound volume which lay on top of a series.

"Oh, I don't read those," Mark returned with a smile. "I bought those for their beautiful illuminations. They're only the Bible."

"I wonder if there is a subject upon which you could not paint," continued the lady with the big hat, turning round abruptly and nearly sweeping a delicate piece of china from off a shelf with her heavy plume. "I think I have seen a specimen of every country, every type of humanity from your hand. What is there left?"

Mark smiled with much satisfaction. "I do pride myself upon being an all-round sort of artist," he said with complacent modesty.

"Yet there is one subject we have never seen treated by you," remarked a facetious young gentleman in the background.

"What can it be?" chorused a dozen soft voices. The young man laughed. "We have never seen a religious subject painted by our good friend," he said with a sly look at Mark.

A little silence fell upon the party. Religion was not discussed amongst them, it was not considered quite good form to mention such a thing. Mark threw his head back.

"I don't think it's beyond my power to paint virgins and children," he returned rather scornfully.

"Why, he has painted some lovely children!" cried one lady warmly. "Look at the portrait he made of my little son! Why Dicky looks quite a cherub!" There was another short silence, for everyone felt that the mother of the cherubic son had spoken beside the mark.

"Yes, but that is not quite the same," continued young White presently. "Standish says he can touch any subject. Well I say he can't paint a holy picture. I hold that a man requires to have religion before he can paint one."

"Utter nonsense, my dear White," put in an elderly man with eyeglasses, "one needn't be a fool to paint a fool."

“And of course Mr. Standish could paint a religious picture if he wished,” cried the lady with the hat. “Doubtless he has abstained hitherto from motives of delicacy, but now—” She glanced inquiringly at the artist.

“Well paint one,” said White. “Paint a Madonna and Child and we’ll see if you can make them divine. I don’t think any of us could judge,” he added with a grin, “but I’ll get hold of a devout Roman Catholic artist I know to give the verdict, and I bet anyone £50 that he won’t be satisfied with the result.”

“Done with you!” cried the elderly man.

“I only wish ladies could bet,” whispered a female admirer aside to her companion. Mark had frowned angrily at first, but he was surrounded by a circle of flattering women, and he forced a smile to his lips. “I shall quite long to see the picture for I know it will be a masterpiece.”

“You are so clever, dear Mr. Standish, in catching expressions,” and: “You will have to present it to some Roman Catholic convent or church,” they exclaimed around him.

“Well?” asked White, as the comments subsided.

Mark flung back his head again. “Of course I’ll do it,” he said, “and when it’s finished I’ll invite you all to see it. And now will you come to tea?”

“When will you have it finished?” inquired White, as he was taking his leave.

“Oh, any time,” Mark responded indifferently. “I’ll dash it off one of these days. I’ll let you know when it’s finished.”

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

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## SISTER TERESA.<sup>1</sup>

(*In Memoriam.*)

BY MARTHA ELVIRA PETTUS.

WHEN, in her arms she took the little child  
    (The angels might have envied her her part)  
Doubt not, the Gentle Shepherd near her smiled!  
    Doubt not the babe was dear to His great heart.

Forsaken by your mother? Ah, poor waif!  
    But who is this, bends down with tender grace?  
Well may you smile—stretch forth your little hands,  
    Seeing the light in our sweet Sister's face!

The first child in that cradle laid, she held;  
    And to Teresa, faith was given, to see  
The children throngs: and hear the Voice that said:  
    “Suffer the little ones to come to Me.”

And, like her Lord, she took them in her arms,  
    Yes, every baby, robbed of mother-care:  
Sister Teresa nursed them—loved them all,  
    Taught them sweet ministries—and taught them prayer.

Sister Teresa! in the Blessed Home  
    Now, with the angels, you His glory sing:  
Some day you'll answer, when He calls your name,  
    “ The children Thou didst give me, Lord, I bring.”

O happy mothers, clasp your children close,  
    While your dear arms their shelter still may be;  
Your joy—Teresa's guerdon sweet—His words,  
    “ Love shown a little child is shown to Me.”

<sup>1</sup> Sister Teresa Vincent received the first child left in the cradle at the Foundling Asylum, New York City, and afterwards cared for sixty-six thousand four hundred and thirty children there. She passed from earth May 23, 1917.

## THOMAS DONGAN.

FIRST CATHOLIC GOVERNOR OF NEW YORK.

BY EUPHEMIA VAN RENSSELAER WYATT.



HE hardy traveler of the thirteenth century who entered the harbor of New York after six or eight painful weeks of the salt pork, rank butter, fetid water and lively upheavals of the regular sailing packets, was refreshed by the view of a peaceful sylvan retreat. The town with its Dutch windmills and brick houses, gabled and steep-roofed, ended a little above Wall Street; the soft green hills of Manhattan rising unbroken behind. Broad Street was still a canal, under whose arched bridges the Indians' canoes glided, laden with sweet smelling baskets and country produce, while a short walk outside the city the pellucid waters of the Kalch pond sparkled fresh and clear. But of this natural reservoir, our ancestors, far less dependent on their baths than the Romans, made no effort to avail themselves. Their water supply was derived from six town wells, all brackish, and "tea water" was vended as a luxury.

In those days when one thousand pounds constituted a rich man, Frederic Phillipse, adjudged the foremost financier, measured his capital by the hogsheads of wampum stored in his cellar; and this primeval currency circulated in the Province until the Revolution. So primitive, indeed, were the customs of the metropolis that Major Andros, Seigneur of Saumaurez, an intimate of royalty and Governor of the Province, disdained not to be the proprietor of a little shop where a ha'pennyworth of pins might be purchased.

Besides New York, with its two hundred houses, Beverwyck (Albany), and Kingston, called the Esopus, were the only towns of any size, and between them and beyond stretched the wilderness, mysterious and savage.

As the Dutch, from whom James, Duke of York, had piratically wrested the Province eighteen years before, had exploited the fur trade to the point of diminishing returns, and as it became increasingly difficult to wring from the New York mer-

chants the custom duties, the Duke, in 1681, began to regret his acquisitiveness. His real estate venture faced a deficit and, it is said, he was on the point of selling the Province when William Penn suggested the panacea of a charter. While York availed himself of this advice, he remained true to his family's canny reliance on a bargain. New York procured for herself popular government only by assuring the Duke that his revenues would be paid. But despite James' later reputation, we must acknowledge that, although he had ruled the Province as an autocrat, tolerance had always been the keynote of his rule. This was a blessed contrast to the fanaticism of New England, where Mrs. Dyer had been hanged, in 1659, on Boston Common, notwithstanding her virtue and her sex, for the sole crime of being a Quaker.

The man whom the Duke now empowered to convene New York's first Assembly was the newly-appointed Governor of the Province, Thomas Dongan. Son of an Irish baronet and nephew of the Earl of Tyrconnel, Dongan came of a stock whose loyalty to the Stuarts had been unflinching, and, what was stranger, not unrewarded. His brother, appointed Lord Lieutenant of Kildare and Governor of Munster, was later created Earl of Limerick. Dongan had been forced to fly to France during the Commonwealth, when he was only a boy. He entered the French army, and he and York, but one year his senior, saw service together under the great Turenne. But, in 1678, the young Irishman was forced to resign his colonelcy by an edict of Charles II. summoning all Englishmen to leave the French service within two days. This scant interval gave him no time to collect from Louis XIV. his heavy arrears of pay—a debt to a humble servant which the great King wholly repudiated. As a consolation prize, however, Charles II. appointed him Lieutenant-Governor of Tangier, a Portuguese plum that had formed part of the Queen's dowry.

It was at the close of September, 1682, in the crisp glory of the American autumn that Dongan arrived at Manhattan. Maples were beginning to flaunt their crimsons in the woods and the peach trees, that made the island a spot of such fragrant beauty in the spring, still bore their yellow fruit which the farmers, sated with such blessings, were wont to throw to the pigs. These forerunners of Waring's "White Wings" were the licensed municipal street-cleaners. But while performing

this necessary function, they proved such a menace to the earthworks of the fort, to say nothing of the citizen's gardens, that one of the nine bills passed by the first Assembly was directed against their unlawful depredations.

The eighteen members of this first popular Assembly convened by Dongan came from as far away as Pemaquid, Maine, and Nantucket and Martha's Vineyard, which were all included in the Duke of York's grant. To their honor be it said that in the Charter of Rights and Privileges which they sent to the King, the theory of no taxation without representation is first definitely formulated. However the opening phrase of this Charter—"The *People* met in General Assembly"—had so flagrantly democratic a ring that James as King forswore his word as Duke and vetoed it. But its principles were observed so long as Dongan was Governor, and after 1697 when William III.'s veto of a new Bill of Rights left the King's instructions to the Governors as New York's only constitution, the right of *habeas corpus*, trial by jury and the four courts of justice, instituted by Dongan, were continued as well as the great principle of religious liberty embodied in the Charter. "That no person or persons professing faith in God by Jesus Christ shall at any time be in any ways molested, or punished or disquieted or called in question for any difference of opinion on matter of religious concernment who do not actually disturb the peace of the Province."

Dongan also tried to secure for the Province freedom from martial law and the billeting of troops; his sagacity in the latter matter proving itself later on. For the constant and bitter bickering that ensued between the royal governors and the Assembly over the hated Mutiny Act—which provided billets for the King's troops—did much to precipitate the Revolution. It should be noted that the check placed on the Governor by his Council and the confinement of the suffrage to freeholders by Dongan's Assembly, were both followed by Jay, in 1777, when drafting a constitution for the State of New York.

Dongan divided New York into twelve counties, ten of which still exist: New York, Richmond, Kings, Queens, Suffolk, Westchester, Ulster, Albany, Orange and Dutchess; the latter named in honor of Mary of Modena.

Dongan also succeeded in preserving intact for the Province the Susquehanna and Hudson valleys despite the in-

creasing encroachments of the Quakers and of Connecticut. Though restrained by the Duke's parsimony from establishing a mint, he restored the Boston post and was the first to conceive the idea of an intercolonial postal system. He perceived the value to the Province of Van Rensselaer's prosperous settlement at the head of the Hudson and having persuaded the Patroon to sell out his feudal rights over Beverwyck, he chartered and incorporated the city of Albany. To Dongan the city of New York also owes her first Charter, although the city was sixty-one years old at the time. Dongan secured to the city all the privileges, property and public works she had enjoyed under the "Nether Dutch Nation," and gave the little municipality title to all vacant and waste land on Manhattan down to low watermark. The only property reserved for James was the fort, the Governor's garden and King's farm—now the estate of Trinity Church—with which Dongan wanted to endow a Jesuit college. The city was divided into wards and the election of aldermen was ordained to take place on the feast of St. Michael the Archangel. But the Mayor was appointed by the Governor, a custom which continued until 1834. Besides surveying and laying out Wall Street along the site of the old Dutch palisade, Dongan gave New York her new seal, whose beaver, windmills and flour barrels commemorated her chief sources of wealth, *i. e.*, the fur trade and the flour bolting monopoly just granted her by Andros.

For all this Dongan deserves remembrance today, but even more so for his diplomacy which laid the foundation for the dominance of the English race on the continent—a dominance which Chatham and Wolfe were later to confirm.

The security of the present is always a poor microscope for the perils of the past, and few now appreciate on how delicate a balance French or English predominance in North America once hung. At a crucial moment in the struggle Dongan arrived in New York, whose importance geographically cannot be minimized. In New York occur the two great breaks in the Appalachian Chain. The valley of the Mohawk, and more especially the Hudson, must always play an important part in any military scheme of invasion of the Atlantic seaboard.

Washington, writing to Trumbull on May 16, 1777, spoke of the "important and fatal consequences" that would follow

should the enemy gain possession of the passes of the Highlands and, after mature deliberation, Arnold, with his military prescience, chose West Point for the object of his treachery. The majestic line of the Hudson severs New England from her sister States as with a knife, and had André not been captured it is probable that the infant Republic would have found herself cut in twain. Though New England bore the brunt of the horrors of the century of struggle between the French and English, the organized warfare of the period took place chiefly along the waterways of New York, which thus became the colonial gatekeeper. Across the Great Carry from the Hudson to Lake George and thence up through the beauties of Lake Champlain and the Richelieu River to the mighty St. Lawrence, ran the shortest route to Montreal and Quebec; while along the Mohawk River wound the Iroquois Trail, now marked by great iron rails, but once a narrow path, beaten hard by the feet of myriad primeval runners whence, by the Oneida Portage Path and the gloomy headwaters of Lake Oneida, lay the most direct passage, down the swift Onondaga, to Lake Ontario and the great Northwest.

The gateway of the Mohawk as well as all western and northern New York, however, was controlled by the Indian Confederacy of the Five Nations, known to the French as the Iroquois. They had brought all the neighboring tribes into subjection; and as kings of the wilderness the Mohawks, Oneidas, Onondagas, Cayugas and Senecas roamed the forests from the St. Lawrence to the Carolinas. An old man in New England once told Colden, the historian, that the appearance of but one Mohawk warrior was enough to send all the native savages scurrying, like frightened rabbits, to the white men. In any encounter in the open, the Iroquois were the only Indians who could be relied upon to fight side by side with their white allies. Living by clans in long wooden houses in stockaded villages, which enclosed well cultivated gardens and orchards, the Five Nations possessed a political organization so far in advance of the other American aborigines that the industrious post-revolutionary traveler, Dwight, hazards a belief that, with equal advantages, they might have developed a culture not far behind the Romans! We must add, however, that the Romans had left cannibalism far behind when they first appear in history, which the Iroquois unfortunately had not.



A hillside on the shore of Lake Onondaga was the seat of the Great Council of the Five Tribes, and there the council fire, burning bright through the winter or smoking lazily under the summer sun, was kept jealously alight. Its flames were the symbol of the Confederacy's power. When this was broken, in 1778, the sacred fire smouldered out, never to be rekindled.

The physical development of the Mohawks particularly impressed the English. Dunlap writes that when Benjamin West first saw the Apollo Belvidere, he exclaimed: "A Mohawk!" Even the erratic Charles Lee, the General, who preferred dogs to men, lost some of his misanthropy during a visit to the Mohawks in 1754. In a letter to his sister he declares:

The Mohawks are a much better sort than is commonly represented. They are hospitable, friendly and civil to an immense degree. In good breeding they infinitely surpass the French or any other people I ever saw, if you will admit good breeding to consist in a constant desire to do anything that will please. . . . I assure you if you were to see a young warrior dressed out and armed you would never allow there was such a thing as gentility among our fine gentlemen at St. James. You may think I am joking but I give you my word and honor I am serious. . . . They have an ease and gracefulness in walk and air that is not to be met elsewhere.

The first encounter between the French and the Iroquois had occurred in the same year that Hudson sailed by Manhattan, when Champlain defeated the Mohawks near the lake that now bears his name. This victory proved the ultimate defeat of the French, for the proud Confederacy never forgave them, and the alliance of the Iroquois with the English gave the latter a decisive advantage—an advantage which Dongan was the first to grasp.

On his arrival in the Province, the Irish Governor had been quick to realize that the most valuable heritage his master had acquired from the Dutch was their friendship with the Five Nations. Only once in the early days had the Dutch attempted to interfere with them. The fate of Commander Kriekbebeck of Fort Orange, who then fell beneath their arrows, and was served together with the most succulent of his men as *pièce de résistance* at the victor's feast, proved a lesson which the pru-

dent Dutch never forgot. It remained for the Patroon's Commissary, Arendt Van Corlaer, the founder of Schenectady and heroic rescuer of Father Jogues, to make the first treaty with the Confederacy. So dearly was the memory of this Dutchman prized by his Indian friends that from then on "Corlaer" was the Indian's name for the Governor of New York. Schenectady and Lake Champlain were also often called by his name, for it was in the latter that he met his death when on his way to Quebec to be rewarded for his many kindnesses to French prisoners.

"The Five Nations," wrote Dongan to York, "are the most warlike people in America, and a bulwark between us and the French. New England had been ruined in her last Indian Wars (King Philip's) had not Sir Edmond Andros sent some of these Nations to her assistance. I suffer no Christians to converse with them anywhere but at Albany and that not without a license." Under strict instructions to give no cause of offence to the French, Dongan bided his time and was soon rewarded for his patience.

The French colonization of Canada was anything but intensive. The average French peasant family did not want to emigrate and Louis XIV. kept out the Huguenots who would in all probability have supplied the Province with industrial communities that were the rock bottom of the English colonies. Cleverer than France, England, though she drove her dissenters from home, made full use of them abroad. On the other hand, Canada's population was largely composed of the independent trader, who had nothing at stake in the Province but his own pack of furs and who was more apt to choose himself an Indian mate than to import a wife from France. As the eastern fur trade diminished, Canada stretched out her arms towards the illimitable possibilities of the West, but the Iroquois, greedy for the skins which supplied them with the means to purchase the white man's rum and guns, had already turned their eyes in the same direction and the western trade belonged only to him who had either conquered the Iroquois or had made them friends.

The French Governor at this period was La Barre, a selfish and unscrupulous man, who was not alone anxious to keep the western furs from the Confederacy but from other Frenchmen as well. Fearful lest the great La Salle would share in the

coveted riches, La Barre gave permission to the Senecas to attack La Salle's canoes. This low treachery, however, proved a boomerang. For the Senecas, hastily availing themselves of the tempting invitation, made the not unnatural mistake of attacking La Barre's own men, and the Governor, highly incensed, wrote to Dongan that he meant to punish their stupidity. But nothing, however, could have been more stupid than this letter, for not only did it give Dongan the desired opportunity to assert that the Five Nations dwelt on English soil and were under his authority but, by using the letter as a lever against the French, he was able to persuade the Confederacy to commit themselves to the protection of the English Crown.

On August 24, 1684, the little town of Albany teemed with excitement. Down the wide, grassy street (still its main thoroughfare), lined with quaint Dutch cottages, nestling behind trim hedgerows and gardens, where *Mynheer* was wont to smoke his long pipe of an evening on the hospitable "stoep" and where *Mevrouw* was pleased to flaunt her outstanding petticoats and starched cap with bobbing earrings, stalked the proudest warriors of the Five Nations. Rich in paint and feathers and gaudy beads, they had traveled over countless miles of wilderness to meet "Corlaer," whose sloop had just anchored below the Fort.

Accompanying "Corlaer" was the great gentleman, Lord Howard of Effingham, Governor of Virginia, whose grandsire had sailed his fleet against the Armada and whose grandson, together with young Pitt, was to resign his commission in the British army rather than fight against the Americans. With impressive courtesy, the two Governors in rich array, with the drooping feathered hats and costly embroidered coats of the period, received the salutations of the aboriginal princes. In later days the native dignity of the Iroquois must have been at times undone by the incongruities of "the fashionable laced coats and hats, buckled shoes and other presents suitable (?) to their service," which the Governors, lacking the money for more substantial gifts, were wont to lavish on them, but in Dongan's day it is probable that, except for an occasional blanket, the Five Nations were as little concerned as to the cut of their garments as was Adam in Eden.

Lord Howard opened the ceremonies by casting a hatchet

into a hole, together with three sachems from the Oneidas, Onondagas and Senecas, and by his joining this trio in the guttural cacophony that constituted a song of peace. Having thus procured immunity for Virginia from further Indian raids, Dongan proceeded to warn the Confederacy of La Barre's anger and sinister intentions.

The wrath of the Iroquois was instantly inflamed. "Onontio<sup>1</sup> calls us children," they growled, "and then tries to knock us on the head." They swore to "Corlaer" that they would let no more Frenchmen into their country, not even the Jesuits, who, they added, "are good men and quiet," and it took little persuasion to make them declare themselves subjects of the "Great Sachem Charles that lives across the Great Lake."

"Two White Drest Dear Skins" were sent to the King that he might write and put thereon his "Great Redd Seale." With the belts of Wampum Peeg that were sent to Charles and York, a beaver was given to the Indian's friend "Corlaer." Then after the interminable harangues and flights of rhetoric, without which no Indian council was complete, the pipes were smoked about the fire, the gifts which Dongan had brought were distributed and after the sachems had been regaled at a feast, the Governors gravely retired to their sloop for their fortnight's sail down the river, and the Indians swung with their long dog trot into the forest's dark trails, of which the Senecas had nearly three hundred miles to compass.

Before he left Albany, however, Dongan took care to confirm the victory he had won, and a Dutch messenger was dispatched to nail the arms of the Duke of York upon all the Iroquois castles or villages as far as Onondaga. Speeding through the sunny open reaches and sombre woodlands of New York, Dongan's courier first introduced the devices of heraldry to her wilderness; and these escutcheons, though seemingly so out of place, were symbolic of an alliance that was to preserve New York's frontiers from the terrors of the raids and massacres New England suffered, and which endured until the Revolution sounded the death knell of English rule in the Colonies.

La Barre, true to his threats, now set out for the Seneca country, but finding them fully prepared, thanks to his own and

<sup>1</sup> Onontio—Indian name for Governor of Canada.

Dongan's warning, he was forced to make an ignominious peace, and shortly after, Louis XIV., saying he feared the fatigues of office were too much for La Barre, sent relief in the person of a new Governor. This proved to be M. le Marquis de Denonville, who soon perceived the danger of Dongan's winning over the Iroquois, and at once set out to counterbalance his influence. The Irishman and Frenchman were singularly well matched and their correspondence, preserved in New York's *Colonial Documents*, is a model of diplomatic astuteness and politely tempered acrimony. Both Governors were Catholics; men of culture and breeding; and both were untiring servants for the cause of their respective royal masters. But here the Marquis had the advantage. For Dongan's patron, the former Duke of York, now become James II., was no match for Louis, the craftiest king in Christendom.

James, despite the laxity of his private life, was an idealist who was ready to sacrifice all worldly gains—and even his kingdom—to his principle. His rather obtuse sincerity left him at the mercy of Louis XIV., who knew how to bait his hook, and who tried to take the same advantage of James' honest religious zeal as he had of Charles' dishonest cupidity.

For *Le Grand Monarque* used his religion, as he used all else, to suit his own ends, and never allowed it for one instant to come before his politics. That Louis' intrigue and his barbarities should have represented the Catholic party in Europe at the period, can never be too deeply deplored. Though an ardent son of Rome himself, Dongan, the statesman, appreciated, as James could not, the menace to English domination of the French missionaries among the Iroquois. These devoted priests and martyrs were the prop of the French rule in Canada, and such was the success of their preaching and example, even among the warriors of the Five Nations, that a large number of the Confederacy were converted and returned with the missionaries to Canada, where, known as the Caunawaughas or Praying Indians, they often accompanied the French on their raids and, sad to say, were the perpetrators of many outrages. No one else could equal the tact or influence of the French Jesuits with the savages, and so mortally afraid were the English of them that, in 1700, a bill was passed in New York ordaining that a Catholic priest could enter the Province only on pain of death, under which ferocious act an Englishman was

hanged during the Negro Riots of 1741, although his priestly quality was more suspected than proved.

In 1687, Dongan wrote to Denonville that he was expecting some English Jesuits, and could therefore dispense with the ministrations of the French missionaries among the Five Nations. Furthermore that he particularly requested that M. de Lamber-ville, S.J., meanwhile, would only attend to the affairs of his office, and not attempt to lure away the Iroquois; concluding these amenities with a postscript:

Sir, I take great pleasure in sending you some oranges, hearing that they are a rarity in your parts.

To which letter Denonville replied bitterly that though New York had been a haven for the Jesuits under the piratical Dutch, it had devolved upon a Catholic Governor to be scandalized at their presence; adding curtly:

Sir, I thank you for the oranges, it is a great pity that they were all rotten.

Dongan kept his word and brought over to New York the first three Jesuits who ever officiated here. The epitaph of the Latin college he attempted to found is preserved in one of Leisler's letters, who says: "Dongan erected a Jesuit College for Latin. Mr. Grahame, Judge Palmer & Mr. Tudor contributed their sons for some time but nobody imitating them the College vanished." Which was a pity for, after Dongan's abortive attempt, no boy could study Latin in New York for over forty years.

Enraged at Dongan's hardihood, Louis XIV. complained to his henchman, James, of the Irishman's interference with his work of Christian propaganda. But fortunately Louis did not act upon Denonville's suggestion of buying up New York, which with James' domestic difficulties and his chronic lack of funds, might have proved too tempting an offer. The French King, however, touched the fruitful chord of James' religious enthusiasm and persuaded the harassed Stuart to sign a treaty of neutrality by which their respective Governors were restrained from all overt acts of hostility for a year. Under cover of this convenient sheet, Denonville and his King quickly established a fort on English soil at Niagara, a post Louis had

long coveted as it commanded all the fur trade of the West. Luring the Senecas to a conference at Fort Frontenac—now Kingston—on Lake Ontario, Denonville treacherously captured one hundred and fifty women and children and fifty-one warriors. These latter unfortunates, after the sacrilegious farce of an enforced baptism, Denonville shipped as galley slaves to France and then, following La Barre in the mistake of applying force instead of diplomacy, the French Governor invaded the country of the Senecas, defeated them in battle, destroyed their villages and tortured the few old men left behind.

Just before the treaty of neutrality, Dongan had persuaded James to acknowledge publicly the Five Nations as English subjects. Assembled by the Governor at Albany, the Confederacy promised "Corlaer" "to wage war with the French as long as they have a man left." And Dongan knew that when an Indian swears vengeance, he is apt to keep his word.

While maintaining a body of troops at Albany at his own expense, Dongan hammered so persistently at James that the King consented to insist that Louis release the Senecas, as Englishmen, from their chains, and that he surrender Niagara. The Iroquois, meanwhile, did not disappoint their ally. Their prowling war parties gave the French no respite. The garrison at Niagara, unable to venture out from their stockades for fear of the scalping knives that lurked behind each tree, were reduced by scurvy from one hundred and twenty to seven. Denonville and his people, completely exhausted by the strain of the unremitting warfare, were finally driven to consent to Dongan's terms for peace.

The French withdrew from Niagara, and the Seneca warriors, with the scars of manacles upon their bronze skin, weak from the cruel and unaccustomed captivity, returned as free Britons. But not all the gifts and flattery with which Louis loaded them at the last moment, could remove from their wild hearts their bitterness towards the French. Their tribe, indeed, had given the Christians a noble example, for instead of wreaking vengeance for Denonville's treachery on the Jesuit, De Lamberville, who happened just then to be their guest, they spared his life, but sent him home, saying they knew all they wished of the white man's religion.

Dongan, however, was not to enjoy the victory he had gained without the loss of English blood. He had seriously an-

gered both Louis XIV. and William Penn by keeping them off his master's demesne, and these powerful enemies now procured his removal from office. James offered him a commission as Major General in weak reward, but Dongan preferred to remain in America, where he owned a manor of two thousand five hundred acres on Staten Island, called Castletowne in memory of his Irish birthplace, and an estate of four hundred acres at Hempstead. But like most servants of the Stuarts, he had had to make such serious inroads on his private fortune to make up for the absence of public funds, that he found himself financially much crippled, his manor being mortgaged for two thousand one hundred and seventy-two pounds to Robert Livingston. Dongan invested in a brigantine and contemplated becoming a merchant, but sailing as supercargo, the Colonel became so lugubriously ill that he hastily put back to port. He preferred, he said, "to die on a bedde," and delightedly sold the vessel to his friends.

When Leisler's Rebellion occurred in New York, on James' deposition from the throne, Dongan was forced for a time to take refuge in neighboring Colonies and during this same upheaval, his brother was attainted for treason in Ireland and the Earldom of Limerick was given by William III. to Godart de Ginkel, Earl of Athlone. This grant was, however, later reversed, and when William Dongan, the deposed Earl, died at St. Germain, in 1698, the Colonel asked leave to resume the title and repurchase the estates. With unusual magnanimity, William granted this request.

Harris says in his *Voyages*:<sup>2</sup> "Dongan's remarkable services when James was blinded by his Catholicity and Louis XIV. was not, were recognized by William, who offered him a very considerable command in the Spanish service, but Dongan chose to follow the fortunes of the Stuarts." William also made up for Dongan's arrears of pay by allowing him two thousand five hundred pounds of tallies.

The fruits of Dongan's statesmanship were soon garnered in the Colonies. The very year after he was retired (1689) Frontenac was sent out by the French King with instructions to conquer the Province of New York, and to transport into exile every English speaking person. The only thing that hindered the indomitable old soldier from executing this ruthless

<sup>2</sup> Vol. II., p. 301.



command, which would have made Acadia seem child's play, was the condition of utter collapse in which Frontenac found Canada, thanks to the mental and physical anguish caused by the Iroquois raids. In fairness to Dongan, however, it must be emphasized that until Denonville's treachery, he never incited the Indians to make war on the French, and Father de Lamberville, S.J., has given his testimony that Dongan would only sell powder to the Mohawks on the condition that it would not be used against Christians.

Though Frontenac at once perceived the folly of his predecessor in antagonizing the Confederacy and spent every effort on regaining their confidence, not all his magnetic influence could uproot the good seeds planted by the English Governor. The Five Nations were recognized as British subjects at the Treaty of Utrecht; New York's borders were protected; and fur trading which, with piracy, laid the foundation for the future wealth of the Empire State, was preserved for New York long after it had ceased to be a factor of commerce elsewhere. Canada, on the other hand, with her population depleted by guerrilla warfare and her riches waning with the loss of the monopoly of the western trade, was to end her romantic and heroic career as a French Province on the Plains of Abraham.

Dongan died in London, in 1715, and with him the title of Limerick became extinct. His American estates he left to three nephews, who were forced to sell much of the land to pay off their debt and who, in no wise, lived up to the standard set by their distinguished relative.

Dongan, a loyal servant of Church and King, gave to each the just proportion of his labors. Had his master, James, exhibited the same tact and breadth of vision, the House of Stuart might still be on the throne. The Irish Governor, who little realized the important rôle his countrymen were to play in the politics of New York, has left an example that all Catholic officials should be proud to follow. Painful as it was for him to have to interfere with the devoted labors of the French missionaries, Dongan stepped straight along the narrow path of duty between Church and State, and his English Jesuits, had they been permitted to remain, would not have let the salvation of the Indians be neglected. In this connection, however, it is curious to note that no Englishman ever quite equaled the French in dealing with the savages, and that the British alliance

with the Five Nations was due to the work of two Dutchmen, Arendt Van Corlaer and Peter Schuyler, and to two Irishmen, Dongan and Sir William Johnson.

It is Dongan's honor to have been responsible for the first Mass that was solemnized in the city of New York by his chaplain, the Rev. Thomas Harvey, S.J. But, though Catholics then were anything but popular here, the people at large realized that their interests were in unprejudiced hands. Even the Dutch dominie, Selyns, wrote home to his classis: "Lord Dongan informs us we will have liberty of conscience. His Excellency is a man of information, politeness and affability. I had the pleasure to receive a call from him."

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## New Books.

**JAMES MADISON'S NOTES OF DEBATES IN THE FEDERAL CONVENTION OF 1787 AND THEIR RELATION TO A MORE PERFECT SOCIETY OF NATIONS.** By James Brown Scott. New York: Oxford University Press. \$2.00.

The Convention which framed the Constitution of the United States, says Mr. Scott, was "in fact as well as in form an international conference." The delegates were from "free, sovereign and independent States." The document which they drew up is an international document. In its organization the convention pursued the methods which are followed in international conferences, for each State had one vote without regard to the number of its delegates. The reservation to the people and to all the States of all powers not granted to the general Government was a reservation to each State as a separate, independent political entity. It was such a reservation as a society of nations would make for each nation. The Supreme Court treats the question of what are justiciable causes just as an international court should treat it. In a long line of cases it has decided what are judicial cases and what are political cases, and it would be perfectly competent for an international court to declare what international controversies are justiciable and what are not. The States allied themselves with each other under the Articles of Confederation, but when they formed the Constitution they surrendered to the Congress and the Supreme Court the right of settling controversies between themselves. The formation of a society of nations would not be a leap in the dark; the Philadelphia Convention of 1787 is the tried example which a society of nations can safely follow. All that the nations need to do is what the States agreed to do—namely, to submit their disputes to a court which they shall themselves create. The problem which faced the States in 1787 faces the nations now: "How can each of them divest itself of certain sovereign powers to be used for the common good of all, not in the interest of any one, without merging the nations in a union in which they shall become as provinces?"

In the reviewer's opinion, the answer is that it cannot be done and ought not to be attempted. Every nation should retain its sovereign powers; if it loses them it ceases to be a nation. Nationalism and patriotism are synonymous terms; the loss of one would be followed by the loss of the other. They are the highest of the political virtues and should never be discouraged.

There is no real resemblance between the American Convention of 1787 and the projected or hoped-for international conference of a society of nations. There was as little difference in 1787 between an American from Georgia and an American from New Hampshire, as there was between an Englishman from Yorkshire and an Englishman from Surrey. All Americans spoke the same language, had the same form of government, had been held together by the same allegiance for nearly two centuries; had been held together by the same enemy for eight years of war. They were in a state of limbo after the Revolution, and nobody supposed their flimsy confederation would be permanent. Any one who thinks the convention which formed the more perfect union was an international gathering can amuse his imagination by picturing what such a gathering would be if we put foreign delegates in the place of the delegates from the States—Englishmen for the men from Massachusetts, Frenchmen for the Pennsylvanians, Ukrainians for the Jerseymen, Poles for the Carolinians, Hungarians for the Virginians, Germans for the Georgians, for instance. Every rule, motion and report to be of any use in the convention would have to be put into six different languages. Debate would be impossible. The members could not talk to each other. Not only would their language be different, but their history, their traditions, their aspirations, their natures would be different and antagonistic. Mr. Scott's argument will not stand examination. It is presumed that he means it to be a contribution to the defence of the League of Nations. In reality it furnishes an argument against it.

**RISE OF THE SPANISH-AMERICAN REPUBLICS.** By William Robertson, Ph.D. New York: D. Appleton & Co. \$3.00 net.

This volume gives English readers an outline of the movement which culminated in the establishment of independent States in the Spanish Indies, as traced in the biographies of notable leaders like Augustin de Iturbide, José de San Martín, Simon de Bolívar, and Antonio José de Sucre. While not ignoring the campaigns and battles for freedom, the writer lays special stress upon the political ideals of the Spanish-American leaders, as set forth in their declarations of independence, important constitutions, and speeches. The book deals entirely with the transitional epoch, 1808-1831, a time between the colonial period proper and the distinctly national period. The writer has based his work upon original sources as far as possible, and moreover spent a year in South America consulting a veritable legion of books, pamphlets and studies by South American writers of

note. He acknowledges his debt to three eminent writers, who have linked their names forever with the literary history of the revolution, José María Restrepo, of Columbia, Diego Barros Arana, of Chili and Bartolomé Mitre, of Argentina.

The chief cause of the revolution was the detested oppressive fiscal system of Spain, and the tyranny of the Spanish officials she sent to govern the colonies. The example set by the United States in breaking away from England, strongly influenced our Southern neighbors, and the usurpation of Napoleon in the Iberian peninsula precipitated the movements which developed into the final revolution. Unlike the United States, the South Americans received no aid, material or moral, through an alliance with a foreign State, although men like Francisco de Miranda did their best to interest England and the United States.

The book is well written, and remarkably free from the prejudice which frequently spoils books dealing with South America and her history. Many of the author's estimates of men may be questioned by readers who live in Buenos Aires or Caracas, Bogota or Santiago. But he has done his utmost to be fair.

**OUR FIRST TEN THOUSAND.** By Sergeant Chester Jenks. Boston: The Four Seas Co. \$1.00 net.

This is a little war book that merits reading, not because of its narration of action at the front, but rather because of its intimate pictures of life in Paris and at Chaumont, where General Pershing's Headquarters were situated. The author was Sergeant in the Quartermaster's Department of the Army. He begins his recital with his departure from Hoboken and carries it up to the time he was disabled before the Americans went into battle. There is no attempt at the heroic in the book. It deals with the hopes of the day, the experiences of travel and the fresh viewpoint of a young American who looks for the first time into the lives of people not his own. The book is written in a plain, simple style and is of value in that it supplements the more tragic tales of actual fighting and the technical recitals of the military experts. It is a fine little memento of the work done by those who labored valiantly to assist the fighters.

**CHIMNEY-POT PAPERS.** By Charles S. Brooks. New Haven: Yale University Press. \$2.00.

The author of *There's Pippins and Cheese to Come* and *Journeys to Bagdad*, those deliciously quaint essay-books, has now published a third collection entitled—no less felicitously—*Chimney-Pot Papers*. Mr. Brooks is as charming as ever. With a

wealth of fancy, much quiet humor, and an unfailing whimsicality of phrase, he discourses upon such all-important topics as "Chimney Pots," "Leather Suspenders," "Livelihoods," "A Rainy Morning," "1917," "The Difference Between Wit and Humor." There is no page without its special joy: a genial quip, a mellow memory of the leisured past, some little touch of acute and intimate observation. Of the essayists writing today there is none so clearly in the true Elian succession as Mr. Brooks. The wood-cuts, by Fritz Endell, add greatly to the reader's joy in this fragrant and treasurable book.

**VOLLEYS FROM A NON-COMBATANT.** By William Roscoe Thayer. Garden City, New York: Doubleday, Page & Co. \$2.00 net.

Professor Thayer is very courageous in putting forward this volume. It contains reprints of fourteen essays and poems published during 1917 and 1918—a period of great transition in action. The articles were then timely and served a purpose. Republished, they achieve little except to show the trend of thought of a single individual. The book shows no great inspirational value, no extraordinary merit of content or positive shaping of doctrine as to give it permanent value. For instance, Professor Thayer states in his essay delivered on January 7, 1917, that the United States was so lacking in the ability to enforce anything as to be a laughing stock. And this in the face of subsequent events which showed us with over two million men in France when the armistice was signed!

It is easy to conclude that an essay which fervently pleads for a permanent Anglo-American union and is unsufferable because of its fawning upon the British, would contain a bitter and unwarranted attack upon the Irish. And Professor Thayer, like all his kind, does not disappoint. From a man who concludes his essay by saying that John Hay "did his utmost to promote the cause of Christ," because his efforts as Secretary of State were spent in bringing England and the United States into closer union, it is natural to expect slander and libel upon the Irish.

If Professor Thayer will preface his book by admitting that he is a British propagandist, we will evaluate it honestly and give him credit at least for its frankness of statement. But when he cloaks his real aim in the ringing words of American patriotism, it merely takes us a little longer to give him his real place, and proper credit for bigotry.

In his essay on "John Hay's Policy" he says of the Irish: "That that rule had been harsh and unsympathetic, if not act-

ually cruel, no one can doubt; and oppressed Ireland would have had the same general sympathy which the Americans gave to Italy, Hungary, and the other downtrodden European countries, if the leaders of the Irish Cause here had been men of different character. Displaying a remarkable talent for the lower sort of politics, the Irish got control of our large cities, and, in spite of their temperamental passion for cracking each other's heads, they kept together as a political body—partly because only by keeping together could they capture and divide the rich spoils, partly by their Roman Catholic affiliations, and partly by the desire to help their friends at home.”

Such remarks brand the author for what he is. Nothing more need be said as to the value of his writings.

**COLLECTED POEMS AND PLAYS.** Two volumes. John Masefield. New York: The Macmillan Co. \$5.00 net.

Mr. Masefield has at length collected his poetical and dramatic writings in two handsome volumes, and his publishers have issued them on this side the Atlantic at a price that is, on the whole, reasonable in these days of inflated charges. Mr. Masefield probably commands a larger audience than any other living poet. (One excludes, of course, such stentorian voices as Walt Mason and Ella Wheeler Wilcox.) In respect of popularity it is perhaps not wide of the mark to call him the Tennyson of our day. Like so many contemporary artists he has, without undue delay, progressed—if that be the word—from an individual to a social phase. Beginning with *Salt Water Ballads* which contained such purely personal lyrics as *Vision* and *Sea Fever*, he has gone on to the realistic narrative of *The Everlasting Mercy* and *The Widow in the Bye Street*. This first collection of ballads betrayed the widely different influences of Kipling and Arthur Symons, but was almost worthy of the high praise Gilbert Chesterton gave it. Certainly the poet had no difficulty in transferring to his pages the savor of the sea and of the lives of seafaring men; but there is nothing here of the Masefield who, in Max's brilliant cartoon, leans over the roofs of houses in a mean street gazing mournfully at the lurid truculence of the dwellers upon their obscure thresholds. Only once amid the buoyant music of these ballads is there any hint of that note which the poet was to sound with such persistent iteration in the long poems of his later years.

Of those long poems, *The Daffodil Fields* and *The Dauber* are unquestionably the best. Were it not for the magically perfect *Ancient Mariner*, *The Dauber* might fairly be described as the finest of all English poems of the sea. What Conrad has called “the ever-

lasting sombre stress of a voyage round the Horn," has never so superbly been evoked as in certain passages of this poem; the desolate bleakness of that ultimate waste of waters is conveyed in a manner that is beyond praise. It is upon his sea poems that Mr. Masefield's fame will surely rest.

In *The Everlasting Mercy*, *The Widow in the Bye Street* and *The Daffodil Fields* while there is much to commend, there is much also to censure; the pleasure to be derived from them is never unalloyed. There are in these poems passages of very real and moving beauty: there are single lines and phrases that are simply unforgettable, but as a sound critic remarked many years ago—"a few good lines do not make a good poem," and "passion, color, and originality cannot atone for serious imperfections in clearness, unity, or truth." "There is too much rhyme for rhyme's sake only, too much pedantic moralizing, a deal too much sheer melodramatic religiosity. The truth is that this poet, richly-dowered though he be, has never taken the pains to learn his art down to its roots, to become "perfect master of his perfect tool." Pages might be excised from all the longer poems without injury, indeed with very considerable benefit, to the whole. It is only along the path of such beneficent ruthlessness that the artist may advance to greatness. The plays suffer from the same tendency of their writer to confuse violence and crudity with strength and power. Incomparably the best of them, however, *The Tragedy of Nan*, is a sombre tragedy in which the author is unfalteringly realistic; but there is the stuff of splendid poetry in it, and readers of contemporary drama will find it difficult to forget this play, as they have found it impossible to forget *Riders to the Sea*.

**THE YEARS BETWEEN.** By Rudyard Kipling. Garden City, New York: Doubleday, Page & Co. \$1.50 net.

The devotees of Kipling may find in this new volume fresh proof of their author's poetical powers, but dispassionate criticism can discover here new proof of Mr. Kipling's want of self criticism, reckless cacophonies, and jejune impatience of that large section of humanity which fails to agree with him on many points. The volume includes *Ulster* which "knows the hells declared for such as serve not Rome," and the now notorious *Holy War* in which Mr. Kipling shakes his fist in schoolboy rage at the Pope and other "swithering neutrals." Seriously, there is but meagre wheat amid all these tares. For most of the poems owe it to the magic (still extant) of Mr. Kipling's name that they have ever seen the light.



Mr. Kipling makes frequent reference to the Deity to Whom he assigns some part in the conduct of the business of the universe, but it is always a part which He performs strictly upon the advice of Mr. Kipling. Again we have frequent evidence of that obscurity into which his unquestioned skill in implication has degenerated these many years.

Like Walt Whitman, Mr. Kipling frequently gives us the rough material of poetry, which is, alas, as far from the real thing as a piece of quartz from the coin of the realm. *The Female of the Species* by which Mr. Kipling scored heavily with the proletariat eighteen years ago, is accorded a place in the midst of many poems evoked by the War. Among these latter one looks in vain to find a fellow to *Flanders Fields*, *I Have a Rendezvous With Death*, or Rupert Brooke's *Soldier*. So much for the tares. Almost at the end of the volume, in the collection of *Epitaphs*, one comes upon the wheat. In this group Mr. Kipling has tried his hand at those poetic forms of meaning all compact, in which Father Tabb and William Watson had unquestioned genius. While Mr. Kipling rarely equals their perfect finish, he achieved in these brief pieces most of the authentic poetry in the volume. His success is due in no slight degree to the precision of thought and expression which restricted limits impose. *An Only Son*, *The Coward*, *Pelicans in the Wilderness*, make us regret that poetry such as this is the exception rather than the rule in *The Years Between*.

**MILITARY SERVITUDE AND GRANDEUR.** By Alfred De Vigny.

Translation and Note by Frances Wilson Huard. New York: George H. Doran Co. \$1.50 net.

Faguet in *Dix-Neuvième Siècle*, p. 127 *et seq.*, and Brunetière in *Dix-Neuvième Siècle*, p. 211 *et seq.*, have left critical appreciations of De Vigny, which it would be impertinent for a foreigner to revise. Both, but more especially the former, state that as a lyric poet he has exquisite outbursts with stagnant reaches of flat insipidity. They scarcely consider his prose works at all. The present volume is a collection of sketches dealing with military life. They all exhibit that quality, which the French call *tendancieux*, that is, they have a thesis in view, and seem designed expressly to bolster it up. As literary productions they cannot be compared with the wonderful intaglios carved by later French experts in the difficult art of the short story. They do not unveil a palpitating heart, much less do they reveal a living soul. The translation, however, is excellent.

Reflecting on this publication, for which there does not seem to be any crying need, we cannot help regretting that some of the

admirable Catholic works, which have appeared since the War in French, have not been translated into English, for instance, *Quelques Prones de Guerre*, by Monseigneur Landrieux, Bishop of Dijon; *Impressions de Guerre de Prêtres-Soldats*, by L. De Grandmaison; *La Vie Héroïque*, by A. Sertillanges, and *Le Témoignage des Apostats*, by Th. Mainage.

**THE WORLD WAR AND ITS CONSEQUENCES.** By William Herbert Hobbs. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$2.50 net.

This volume contains the lectures delivered by Professor Hobbs in his course on Patriotism at the University of Pittsburgh during the summer session of 1918. The book is a full summary of the events that lead up to the War including the historical background of Germany's ambitions and preparations for world aggrandizement, the attitude of the people of the United States prior to their entry into the War, and in particular the policies and acts of President Wilson. The author also discusses with great frankness, what he considers the fallacies of internationalism, the League of Nations and the peace terms. His attitude toward these questions is a reflection of the views of Theodore Roosevelt, Leonard Wood and James M. Beck. Like them he is most liberal, and almost bitter, in his criticism of President Wilson. So strong is this spirit of disapproval that the reader gains the impression that the author's judgment is greatly warped and out of balance. This is particularly true when Professor Hobbs paints President Wilson as the protector of Germany. He also errs in condemning as Prussian the efforts of the Pope to bring about peace in the latter months of the War.

However, Professor Hobbs does strike a true note in his denunciations of those pacifists and intellectuals who exerted a strong influence to prevent our entry into the War, and who have sought to tone down the terms to be imposed upon the Central Powers. He has the foresight of General Wood to see that the future of our nation depends upon the training of our youth, and cries out against the undisciplined bringing up of our American boys. But when the reader turns to his chapter on "Patriotism," the teaching of which was the purpose of the course of lectures, instead of finding an exposition of principles which might guide in these troubled times, he is confronted with a silly attempt to make Wilson appear as playing the rôle of Louis XIV. in his *L'état c'est moi*. The charge may or may not be true, but it can never be substantiated on the evidence brought forward by the writer.

There is much that is valuable in Professor Hobbs' book. His remarks are substantiated with a wealth of references, a collec-

tion which will be of greater benefit as the years pass. But while the good in it is great enough to win high praise from Colonel Roosevelt, who has written an introduction to the volume, it is greatly to be regretted that when the professor of geology entered the field of history, he did not bring with him a more unbiased viewpoint and a broader sense of values. The professor shows more heat than wisdom and his work suffers accordingly.

**IN FLANDERS FIELDS AND OTHER POEMS.** By Lieutenant-Colonel John McCrae, M.D. Illustrated. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$1.50 net.

The Great War has left us no better known poem than *In Flanders Fields*, and it is but worthy that it should become the title-giver of this slim volume which brings together the other poetic work of the heroic Canadian surgeon. There is perhaps no lyric in the collection which will seriously rival the poem which first brought Lieutenant-Colonel McCrae into celebrity: but there are many worth knowing for their nobility of thought and grave beauty of phrasing, for the reverence and sanity and devotion to duty which are inevitable reflections of the author's unshakably high soul. It is for these reflections that they, and also the friendly "Essay in Character" contributed by Sir Andrew Macphail, will be chiefly prized and remembered.

**THE FORGOTTEN MAN, AND OTHER ESSAYS.** By William Graham Sumner. Edited by Albert Galloway Keller. New Haven: Yale University Press. \$2.50.

The first half of this book is given over to essays by Professor Sumner on the tariff and currency. The reviewer sees "pauper labor," "plunder," "robbery," "sixteen to one," "legal tender," "bimetallism" and other familiar words scattered over the pages. These essays were written for a particular purpose, at a time when the subjects to which they relate were uppermost in the public mind. They served their purpose and have a permanent interest only to a few specialists; their general interest is gone. Professor Sumner was absolutely certain that he was right on every subject which he discussed and especially on the subject of the tariff. Perhaps he was right on that subject, but most men have made up their minds about it and will not be influenced by arguments which were addressed to a past generation.

The other essays pertain to history, economics and education. So far as history goes, however, Sumner always treated it from the economist's point of view. Andrew Jackson, for example, was primarily the antagonist of the Bank of the United States; Sumner could hardly get beyond that. Much the best of the essays is

the one on "The Forgotten Man." "The Forgotten Man" is the unobtrusive worker who pays because some other men can't work or won't work, who supports the paternalism of government, cares for the paupers and criminals, the sick and the unfortunate. The essay follows the familiar lines of orthodox political economy of the last generation. It is a pity that the father of this school, whose sons were pigmies beside him, the great Adam Smith, never lived to complete his essay on "Sympathy" for the enlightenment of those who have so joyfully propagated his doctrine of selfishness.

On the paper cover of this handsome volume is quoted a remark of Yves Guyot, that Sumner was "the greatest of modern thinkers in the field of economics and political science," but there is nothing in the book which will cause a reader to agree with Guyot.

**THE SWALLOW.** By Ruth Dunbar. New York: Boni & Liveright. \$1.50 net.

Freshness and individuality are qualities the reader of war fiction has virtually ceased to look for: therefore it is an unexpected pleasure to find a touch of both in this novel, which is, we are told, "based upon the actual experiences of one of the survivors of the famous Lafayette Escadrille." Midway in the narrative the young aviator, "the Swallow," is severely wounded while fighting over Hill No. 304. Despite his agony he brings his machine back into France. For this feat he receives both the *Médaille Militaire* and the *Croix de Guerre*; but his career is ended, and life itself has to be fought for during many months of pain in a French hospital. This latter portion of the content has a deeper appeal than what precedes it, which does not at all result from the fact that it treats of circumstances that might naturally be supposed to give more ease and assurance to a woman's pen. No such discrimination obtains here. From beginning to end the book is written in a manner surprisingly virile and realistic. The intensifying of interest is due to the development of character and the spiritual awakening that are "the Swallow's" guerdon for long torture bravely borne; moreover, here romance is allowed to play an alleviating part in the shape of a most attractive Red Cross nurse, who aids his recovery and lets him win her love. With charm, there is humor, which is especially welcome by contrast with the distressingly graphic recital of his sufferings.

The general tone is so high and worthy we regret the more that non-Catholic misapprehension should have permitted the sharp, censorious remark about the "narrow-minded priest."

**JIMMIE HIGGINS.** By Upton Sinclair. New York: Boni & Liveright. \$1.60 net.

Jimmie Higgins is not a novel, but a Socialist tract under the guise of the life history of an unlettered machinist, who gives himself up body and soul to the propaganda of Socialism. Mr. Sinclair sneers at "the idealist Commander-in-Chief of the American army and navy and its pacifist Secretary of War," and shows how effectively army men trimmed all the nonsense out of every soldier who dared sympathize with the Socialists of the world, or their Bolshevik friends in Russia. Jimmie is a type of the underfed, underpaid, uneducated worker of today, who hopes to solve the problems of modern industrialism by anarchy and revolution. The new age, and especially the great democracy of the West, will have to reckon in the near future with men and women "animated by a fierce and blazing bitterness"—such is the prophecy with which the book ends. The book is dull and drab in the extreme, and is calculated to make any decent man despise the extremists who identify social reform with class hatred, irreligion and immorality.

**CIVILIZATION.** Tales of the Orient. By Ellen La Motte. New York: George H. Doran Co. \$1.50.

This book and its companion-piece, *Peking Dust*, cover Miss La Motte's experiences during a year spent "from Peking to the Equator." *Civilization* is an arraignment, in a series of terse, cruel little stories, of Western culture as it manifests itself in the Far East. The author has the power of branding the imagination with the repellent and the horrible. In this regard, *Civilization* so strongly suggests the work of James Joyce, or Thomas Burke's *Limehouse Nights*, that the publisher's note to the effect that Miss La Motte is of French descent hardly comes as a surprise. Her pictures, like those of Burke, have the abruptness of an etching, and impinge just as unforgettably upon the memory.

It is her identity with these other realists of the extreme school that enables one, after paying tribute to Miss La Motte's artistic power, to criticize the content of *Civilization* though one may never have spent a year "from Peking to the Equator." The weakness of a purely destructive criticism of life, Oriental or Occidental, is that it finally ceases to be believed. One instinctively discounts complete pessimism, as much as one discounts any other obsession—perhaps more so, since an unconscious but very obvious motive for pessimism appears in its high literary value. The pessimistic method, when most effective, consists almost entirely of omissions. Thus one may not impugn a single fact in the

whole of Miss La Motte's condemnation, and yet be haunted by the conviction that her pictures are unjust. This will be because familiarity with other performances of this same school teaches the reader how adept such writers are in "selecting"—how much on the other side they unconsciously leave out. It may be true—it probably *is* true—that men of slack moral fibre, unjust and greedy men, men who deliberately corrupt what is decent in Oriental civilization for the sake of their own pockets, are sent out to rule in the East. But it seems unfair to give them exclusive possession of the centre of the stage. Decent and brave men are to be found everywhere, even, presumably, representing the West in the East. Superficially, they are a less picturesque type, perhaps, but the writer concerned with presenting life as a whole will track them down and force them to yield up their romance, also.

**MATER CHRISTI.** By Mother St. Paul. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. \$1.25 net.

Mother St. Paul of the House of Retreats, Birmingham, England, has written two excellent books of meditation—*Sponsa Christi* and *Passio Christi*, which we have already commended to the readers of THE CATHOLIC WORLD. Her third volume is a manual of devotion for the month of May, consisting of thirty-one meditations on Our Lady. They are composed on the Ignatian plan of visualizing what Our Lord did, said and suffered, and indicate clearly Mary's real place in the Divine plan.

**MORAL PHILOSOPHY.** By Rev. Joseph Rickaby, S.J. Longmans, Green & Co. \$2.60 net.

Father Rickaby has just published the fourth edition of his *Moral Philosophy*, one of the best and most popular of the Stonyhurst series of philosophical text-books. He has made comparatively few changes in the text, although he has added a new table of *addenda* and *corrigena*, and a new index.

**A GRAY DREAM.** By Laura Wolcott. New Haven: Yale University Press.

The stories and sketches in this volume picture New England in the thirties, with its stern, old-fashioned Puritanism of Bible reading, and dull, drab Sabbath church-going. The writer knows the country not as an onlooker, but as a participant in its life, which she shared for more than eighty years. The book is well written, although a bit wearisome at times, for it is hard for us to sympathize with the narrow outlook of these uninteresting country folks. The child stories are the best in the volume.

**SERMONS ON OUR BLESSED LADY.** By Rev. Thomas Flynn, C.C. New York: Benziger Brothers. \$2.00 net.

Father Flynn has written a manual of devotion to Our Blessed Lady in the form of simple talks on the many feasts wherewith the Church has honored her. He rightly holds that the feasts of Our Lady provide us with something concrete in the way of historical fact, dogmatic teaching, and approved ideal, set in circumstances so sufficiently detailed and positive that we can in some way, at least, grasp the significance of the event or even dimly realize the nature of the mystery. As the preacher's aim is edification primarily, he ignores all critical discussions regarding controversial questions such as the vision of St. Simon Stock, the translation of the Holy House of Loreto and the like.

**DOCTRINAL DISCOURSES.** For the Sundays and the Chief Festivals of the Year. By Rev. A. M. Skelly, O.P. Tacoma, Washington: Aquinas Academy. \$1.50.

The second volume of Father Skelly's *Doctrinal Discourses* covers the Lenten Season and ends with the second Sunday after Easter. The volume comprises panegyrics on St. Thomas of Aquinas, St. Patrick, St. Joseph and St. Catherine of Siena. These sermons are well written, state clearly and interestingly the teaching of the Church, and are full of practical suggestions for souls in the world aiming at perfection. Every sermon is preceded by a good synopsis, which gives a busy priest a brief but accurate indication of the subject matter.

**THE VALLEY OF VISION: A BOOK OF ROMANCE AND SOME HALF-TOLD TALES.** By Henry Van Dyke. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. \$1.50.

In this collection of short sketches from the pen of an author of undisputed place in American literature, one tale stands out above the rest. For a sympathetic study of the strength and the weakness of a French *poilu*, "The Broken Soldier and the Maid of France" deserves the highest praise. We read how a wise priest's faith in Jeanne D'Arc kept a war-torn soldier from losing wife, country, and honor, healed his shattered nerves, and sent him back to the front to fight and die for *la gloire*, and to find at the end the full measure of that peace which had shone deep into his heart from the eyes of the Maid of France. It is beautifully told, and convincing in its utter sincerity of tone.

The other essays and tales are likewise in the main concerned with phases of the War as seen both before and after the armistice. In the "Sketches of Quebec" Dr. Van Dyke speaks a word in

honor of the whole-hearted patriotism and simple honesty of "the plain people of Quebec—the *voyageurs*, the *habitants*, my old friends in the back districts." Well put and timely is the plea in "A Classic Instance" for a large view of education, one that will again come to regard religion and *literæ humaniores* in their true light as training for citizenship. "The Hearing Ear," a rather improbable account of a lucky knowledge of German, a stray telephone receiver, and an intercepted message from the enemy lines, is distinctly below the average. One wishes that civilians would leave technical details to the pen of the soldier. The concluding tale, "The Boy of Nazareth Dreams," is a charming narration of the Pilgrimage to Jerusalem, culminating with the scene in the Temple. It is written in a style dignified yet fanciful, without a trace of the flippancy of tone one occasionally finds elsewhere in a book of decidedly uneven excellence.

**MAGGIE OF VIRGINSBURG.** By Helen R. Martin. New York: The Century Co. \$1.40.

Ever since Helen R. Martin wrote *Tillie: A Mennonite Maid*, she has been delighting an ever-growing audience with tales of the Pennsylvania Dutch. The stories may lead far afield from their habitat, but always behind them lurks the instincts and characteristics of those strange, phlegmatic people. Such a book is *Maggie*, an interesting tale with surprising developments.

Maggie Wentzler is brought up against the background of hard work, a lazy father, an unsympathetic aunt and a mother too cowed to protest. Her life history in the book begins with her sympathy in a schoolroom for a Henry Butz, an illegitimate child of another cowed mother. These two grow up together. As Maggie's mother dies, she reveals the strange origin of the child, and as this girl goes on her way to college she really sets forth in search of her true parents. Between Henry and Maggie there is constant companionship, vague now and then, but true to the end. Maggie serves as secretary for an Anglican bishop—a very thinly veiled portrait of one still living—and then as teacher in an Anglican school. The school is supported by a steel magnate, a widower, a hard-fisted capitalist with a heart of gold. Into that heart Maggie creeps. At the crisis of her life the magnate marries her. Socialistic dreams that haunted her fade away. So fades the vision of Henry Butz who, from his first year at college, has been getting in hot water for his Socialistic views and teachings. When Maggie's husband dies, the paths of the two lovers cross again—with the inevitable happy marriage and the revelation of her origin.



No one could desire a more interesting novel plot, nor, for the type of story, better character drawing. Very vital human aspirations throb through the pages. Each character in turn reaches its crisis and surmounts its pinnacle. So much for the story. But Miss Martin ceases being a good story teller when she becomes the schoolmistress and lectures her readers on Socialism, poor education and the unprotesting respectability of the Protestant Episcopal Church. It is the fault many novelists are showing. Wells, for example, has long since stopped writing novels and is composing lengthy pamphlets. This may be part of the novelist's function in life, but it in no wise excuses the Socialistic rantings of the author of this book, nor does it condone her scorn for Anglicanism. That body may have its weaknesses and some of its bishops may be aristocratic fools, but in justice one cannot condemn the entire range of its leaders, because of the silliness of one man.

Therein lies the weakness of a good story. For in her endeavor to teach and condemn, Miss Martin hides the action of the story. And yet, how futile this is! when you finish the book its memory remains with you as a tale of noble womanhood developing against a difficult background. Socialism is entirely forgotten.

**THE CHARMED AMERICAN.** Translated by George Lewys. New York: John Lane Co. \$1.50 net.

François Xavier lived in San Francisco, a Frenchman in America. When his country called back her reservists, he left wife and child and sailed for his first home. A marked man because he had been to the United States, François was placed as a private in the Iron Division of France. He saw battle, almost constantly, for thirty-two months, and fought at La Targette, Beausejour, Maison de Champagne, Douaumont; Hautremont, in the Champagne, at Verdun, on the Somme, at the Chemin des Dames, at Ypres, in the Vosges and in Lorraine.

Any man who participated in such momentous events must have a tremendously interesting story to tell—if he lived through them to tell it. François was the sole survivor of his company of two hundred and fifty, and as wonderful as are his escapes, so in proportion does this story take on the incredulous and the unreal. Yet it is essentially a story of fact, facts so startling in their vividness, so nauseating in their brutal truth, so heart-gripping in their portrayal of the horrors of war that their telling leaves the reader wondering and dismayed. The publishers withheld *The Charmed American* from publication during the early months of our

entry into the War, because they feared the impression it would make upon the minds and hearts of the parents whose boys were marching to war. When one reads the book he can readily understand the reason for this.

*The Charmed American* is a great human document begotten of pain and dripping with blood. French in its phrasing, and humor, it is an epic of the wonderful *poilu* who throughout the terrible war was a child at play, a philosopher in thought, a fierce warrior at combat and a hero in sacrifice.

**CASTING OUT FEAR.** By Bigelow Guest. New York: John Lane Co. 75 cents.

This is an addition to an already extensive literature, of a vogue unaccountable on any theory save that of the preference of a considerable number of people to have their thinking done for them. Whatever the cause of the demand, at all events there proceeds from the publishing houses a surprisingly large number of small books of advice and instruction, moral and philosophical, presumably for the guidance of those to whom it would not occur to look for assistance to any but the most modern sources. In the present instance, our author informs us, in effect, and with positiveness, that most of life's ills may be traced to fear in one form or another, and would have us rid ourselves of it. Some of her suggestions are excellent; but in striving to prove her point she strains others or ignores them. The highest virtue cannot be separated from a healthy fear. The great lover of Christ whose love has driven out all fear, loves the more intensely because he would fear ever to offend his Beloved. Failing to reach a true balance, the author's work is, as a consequence, essentially inadequate.

**WHOSE NAME IS LEGION.** By Isabel C. Clarke. New York: Benziger Brothers. \$1.35 net.

All the qualities that characterize Miss Clarke's best work are to be found in her latest novel. She knows how to tell a story, she can draw men and women to the life, she can picture a country vividly whether it be England, Italy or Egypt, she can talk of things Catholic without being goody-goody or a bore.

This story tells of the conflict between modern Spiritism and the Catholic Church, its most determined enemy. The heroine is married to a very mysterious hero, who takes away his bride to the wilds of Algeria, where she learns to love him enough to win him finally to the Faith. Spiritism is unveiled in all its nastiness and diabolism, and the power of the Church to combat it, clearly brought before the mind of the reader.

**CANTICA SACRA IN HON. SS. SACRAMENTI AC B.M.V. Op. 112.**

By Eduardo Bottiglieri, for First and Second Tenor and Bass.  
New York: J. Fischer & Brother. Score, 60 cents; Voice Parts,  
40 cents each.

This ideal collection consists of eleven hymns in honor of the Blessed Sacrament, and three in honor of the Blessed Virgin Mary, all of real musical worth, and conforming strictly to the provisions of the *Motu Proprio*. It will be especially welcome in those dioceses of the country where the legislation permits men alone to sing in choirs. All of the hymns are of medium difficulty and are very tuneful and melodious, while the harmonies are especially rich and pleasing. Written for three male voices, it attains much pleasant variety, and is interesting and acceptable. It will meet the urgent need of Catholic organists not only in our large churches, but in the many small churches and chapels which cannot boast of a well trained chorus of men. Religious communities of men will find this collection one which will admirably answer their needs.

**SOLEMN VESPERS FOR QUARTETTE AND CHORUS. Complete with Antiphons. By F. W. Goodrich.**

**SELECT CHANTS.** Harmonized by F. W. Goodrich, according to Vatican Version. New York: J. Fischer & Brother. 60 cents each.

Since the epoch-making *Motu Proprio* of November 22, 1903, composers are gradually applying the more severe norms, therein inculcated to such compositions as give musical expression to the liturgical text. The author of the two works mentioned above, has certainly enriched the literature of liturgical music in the two selections named. The harmonizations to the Vesper Chants and the Select Chants are simple but very effective, recommending themselves highly to good choirs, even for festive occasions. Aside from their utility as a liturgical collection, these harmonized Chants possess unquestionable value from a purely musical standpoint, which all who are zealous for the reform of church music will not be backward in appreciating.

**WE OTHERS.** By Henri Barbusse. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. \$1.50 net.

Disappointment is in store for those who open this volume hoping to experience again the emotional tension produced by *Under Fire*. These "stories of Fate, Love and Pity" are singularly lacking in appeal such as is seemingly promised in their portentous title. They have neither the interest of imaginativeness nor

the vital force of realism; nor do they afford the intelligent pleasure that inheres in a thing that is well done, even if not well worth doing. The book instances once more the unwisdom of launching inferior work upon the strength of an author's name.

**LADY LARKSPUR.** By Meredith Nicholson. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. \$1.00.

This is a tale, slight and not too excitingly told, about the adventures of an American aviator, honorably discharged, and a beautiful young Englishwoman who masquerades, up to the last five pages of the romance, as his recently acquired aunt-by-marriage. The dialogue is dull and the characterization negligible. The old uncle's *ménage* of domestics who once serve the public in the capacity of head-waiters or bell-hops, promises fun, but the vein is not worked carefully enough to fulfill anticipation.

**TALES OF SECRET EGYPT.** By Sax Rohner. New York: Robert M. McBride & Co. \$1.50 net.

Whether it be that Oriental mystery has become somewhat of a drug on the market, or that these stories suffer merely from the haste with which they were constructed, they make rather flat reading. In most cases, the mystery turns out to be no mystery at all, and the art is so careless that the very illusion of mystery is lacking. The best story in the book is the last one, in which the author frankly abandons his attitude of compromise between unconvincing realism and thin romance, and spins a yarn in the manner of the best tales of the Arabian Nights.

**GARLINGTON.** By Frank Prentice Rand. Boston: The Cornhill Co. \$1.25.

Less than fifty pages make up this little book—verses of provincial and rural life, celebrating the joys and perplexities of children and the aged, of flocks and herds and what Katharine Tynan lovingly called the "quiet country things" of life. A note, not without pleasing originality, is conjured up by the dripping of maple-syrup in the cold springtime—and when the lad of Garlington marches out to join the innumerable army of his freedom-loving brothers in khaki, the song-maker has climbed to that universal ground where all the songs of our latter-day world seem certain to end, or to begin.

**L**OVERS of Francis Thompson will be glad to know that The Four Seas Company of Boston has brought out a limited edition, printed on hand-made paper, of his *Hound of Heaven*. This attractive booklet sells for 35 cents.

**N**OWADAYS, by Lord Dunsany, and *Painting*, by W. A. Sinclair, are two booklets published by The Four Seas Company, Boston. The former publication is the latest defence of poesy. And although poetry, like the State from which the booklet comes, needs no defence, Lord Dunsany has essayed a very good one. Perhaps no one better than he could be found for such a task, if a man who thinks in poetic vein be allowed to make his apology. For through his plays, and his stories, flows the stream of poetry, as it probably also did through his years of adventure in the battles in France. "What is it," asks the author, "to hate poetry? It is to have no little dreams and fancies, no holy memories of golden days, to be unmoved by serene midsummer evenings or dawn over wild lands. . . . It is to be cut off forever from the fellowship of great men that are gone; to see men and women without their haloes and the world without its glory; to miss the meaning lurking behind common things, like elves hidden in flowers." He has little sympathy for those who toil merely to amass fortunes, who fail "to see that that very happiness that they hope their money may buy is often thrown away for the sake of making that money."

*Painting* endeavors to present the philosophy of the art. In many respects it is delightfully simple, and certainly very reassuring to those who really love pictures for what they embody of beauty. A great picture requires no explanation, if the idea transmitted to canvas falls within the range of one's own experience. No exposition is needed, no argumentative balancing of studio jargon, but, says the writer, "a picture should be as surprising as a child, as convincing as a flower." He expresses reverence for the great masters of the past, but hopes that it will not prevent us from forming wholeheartedly and independently correct judgments about works of genius of the present time. (75 cents each.)

**J**ULIUS CÆSAR, by Samuel Thurber, Jr. (New York: Allyn & Bacon), belongs to the series called "Academy Classics" and is a revision of an older classic by the author's father. It contains some new features, including fuller notes, a study of the structural elements of the play, a discussion of the sources of the tragedy, etc., as well as a list of practical topics for oral and written composition. (50 cents.)

**R**ETREATS FOR SOLDIERS, by Plater and Martindale, a little brochure, treats of the necessity of retreats for soldiers and officers in war-time and after, and also shows the excellent results derived therefrom. (Harding More, London.)

THE need of fostering vocations for the priesthood and the religious life, has been the inspiration of a little booklet entitled *A Month of Devotion to Mary, Patroness of Vocations*, by Rev. Edward F. Garesché, S.J. (The Queen's Work Press, St. Louis, Mo. 10 cents.) The booklet offers prayers for each day of the month which recall some event or mystery in the life of the Blessed Virgin inciting to devotion and self-sacrifice and end with a petition that souls may hear and respond to the Divine call to leave all and follow Christ.

THE Catholic Instruction League publishes in a small booklet (5 cents; 40 cents per dozen) the *Leading Features of the Practical Plan of the Catholic Instruction League*, by Rev. John M. Lyons, S.J. Beside showing the purpose of the League to extend the benefits of catechetical instruction to children not receiving it, the booklet contains some useful hints for catechists. It may be procured from the office of publication, 1080 West Twelfth Street, Chicago.

THE publications of the American Association for International Conciliation (407 West One Hundred and Seventeenth Street, Street, New York City) contain for June *Documents Regarding The Peace Conference*; and for July *The Report of the Commission on International Labor Legislation of the Peace Conference*, and *The British National Industrial Conference: Report of the Provisional Joint Commission*. (5 cents each.)

#### FOREIGN PUBLICATIONS.

Perrin et Cie. presents:

Emile Baumann's *La Paix du Septième Jour*, an interpretation of the War interesting to Catholics and non-Catholics alike. The author's purpose is to show us that with the Great War has begun the series of supreme events foretold in the Apocalypse. His book is a compendium of all that has been foretold of the *Parousia*, the Second Coming of Christ.

M. Baumann is a historian in the most modern sense of the word as well as a fervent champion of his faith, and he very clearly and strongly traces the story of the Church's long struggle with the forces of materialism that have developed so amazingly in the last century. He writes in a crusading spirit with the conviction that Christians everywhere must prepare for the new times, the age of organized unbelief, Socialism and Antichrist.

The first chapters, "The Pontiffs of a False Peace," and "Watchman What of the Night," present the various tendencies that have taken shape in our own times, the Utopism, pacifism, false humanitarianism that led to the twentieth century theory of the "super-state."

In the light of the prophecies, he carries the reader into the age at hand, and his word-pictures compare with Anatole France's grim forecasts. In the chapter "The Coming Signs," M. Baumann reminds his readers of the reality of certain warnings foretold: as the apostasy of the nations—the general acquiescence in unbelief—and the effort of the Jews to refound their nation. The War itself—an expiation for all—but begins the period of struggle that leads through an interval of peace and glory for the Church, to that last tragedy in "Jerusalem in the Year—" when the earth brought, seemingly, to serve man, supreme, will hold no place for the followers of the Cross.

Christians in ages of barbarism and persecution held as their ideal the peace that awaited the defenders of the Faith, in the phrase of St. Augustine, "the Peace of the Seventh Day," and the closing chapters—"When all Things Shall be Consummated"—revive that ideal and picture it as none would have dared to do before these days of Armageddon. M. Baumann writes as a militant Catholic, from the viewpoint of that Church which socializing fanatics point to as their strongest opponent.

From La Librairie Téqui we have:

Monseigneur Tissier's *Le Fait Divin du Christ*. The author ably demonstrates the Divinity of Jesus Christ without controversy or display of erudition. He is satisfied, he says, "with fingering the gospel and opening history." Although there is no parade of exegesis, his limpid and living exposition supposes a very precise knowledge of the actual state of Biblical sciences, and his doctrinal thought, although developed without constraint, yet does full justice to the theories or prejudices accredited by the most recent rationalism.

With persuasive logic he shows us a God in the Messiah, in the Thaumaturge, the Prophet and the Doctor, and with all his soul contemplates in Jesus, the Orator, the Saint, the Father and the Martyr. His eloquence, strong and clear, vibrates with love while evoking the admirable figure of the Divine Master, resurrected and ever-living.

*Paroles de la Guerre* (1914-1918), by Monseigneur Gibier, Bishop of Versailles, and *Verdun Paroles de Guerre* by the Bishop of Verdun, Monseigneur Ginisty, consist of letters, allocutions, pastorals and panegyrics pronounced during the period of the War. Their appeal is chiefly to those who are interested in the part French Catholics have played in the War.

*La Vie Religieuse*, a recently edited work which bears the name of the Vicar-General of Versailles, is not an original work of asceticism, but a very remarkable selection of discourses for the reception and profession of nuns gathered together and published by the distinguished Canon Millot.

*Le Seminaire Notre Dame de la Merci*, by Rev. H. J. Rochereau. The director of the Seminary of N. Pamplona, Colombia, gives a very interesting account of the seminary of French prisoners, which he and nine of his *confrères* conducted during the War at Münster and at Limbourg. (2 francs.)

*Vie de Sainte Zita*, the Patron of Servants, by Monseigneur André Saint-Clair, (1 franc) is the story of the thirteenth century saint identified with Lucca, where she lived for years in the service of the Fatinelli family.

*Apparitions d'une âme du Purgatoire en Bretagne*, by Vicomte Hippolyte Le Gouvello, is an account of the apparitions of a soul in Purgatory. The Church, however, has in no way pronounced upon their authenticity. (50 centimes.)

*Pour La Vie Intérieure*, by Lieutenant M—— (1 fr. 50), was written by a French priest officer for his fellow priests in the fighting line. It is an excellent manual of devotion, well calculated to keep a priest true to his vocation amid the trials and temptations of camp life.

The Librairie Bloud et Gay publishes:

*Discours de Reception de Monseigneur Baudrillart*. This eulogy of Count Albert de Mun, made according to custom by Monseigneur Baudrillart on his entrance into the French Academy on April 10, 1919, gives a good sketch of the life and apostolate of Count de Mun. (1 franc.)

Abbé Beaupin in *Les Catholiques Français et l'Après-Guerre*, treats briefly and with absolute honesty of religious reconstruction work in France. The War, he says, has done much for the rehabilitation of Catholicism in France, but it has not done all. There must be no more political or official Catholics, but Catholics that will live up to the faith that is in them. Education must be reformed—there must be more union amongst Catholics—greater activity, and, towards non-Catholics, greater charity.

From the Librairie Gabriel Beauchesne comes:

*La Conversion*, by Joseph Huby. It traces the history of narratives of conversion in the Church, studies the motives which may have led converts to write, and the manner in which the argument of conversion may be enshrined in the edifice of theoretic apologetics.

The Librairie Victor Lecoffre presents:

Monseigneur Batiffol's scholarly treatise on the Mass, *Léçons sur La Messe*. It throws light upon many historical problems concerning the Canon, the origin and development of various prayers such as the *Gloria* and the *Credo*, the use of leavened and unleavened bread, the *epiclesis*, the development of the Missal, and the various ceremonies of the Mass. (3 fr. 50.)



## Recent Events.

### France.

There were those who expected that upon the signing of the Peace Treaty with Germany, M. Clémenceau would look upon his work as finished, and retire to his well-earned rest. Up to the present, however, both he and the Cabinet of which he is the head continue in office, although meeting with an ever growing opposition. The last time the question of confidence was raised in the Chambers a larger number of Deputies voted in the negative.

The labor unrest, so prevalent throughout the world, has manifested itself quite unmistakably in France. By the strike of some three hundred and fifty thousand transport workers, Paris was tied up for nearly two weeks. It was only by M. Clémenceau's intervention that the strike was brought to an end. His intervention seemed to have a contrary effect, however, upon what threatened to be an even greater inconvenience—a strike of the mine workers throughout France. French Socialists seem willing to cause inconvenience not only to their fellow countrymen but to the whole world. By a large majority, they voted to refuse to ratify the Peace Treaty, when that Treaty was laid before the Chamber for ratification. These troubles have arisen notwithstanding the fact that the French Parliament was the first to grant the eight-hour day recommended in the provisions for the regulation of labor throughout the world, which are incorporated in the League of Nations. To obviate future troubles and to remove what is at the root of these troubles, the Cabinet has just taken further measures. In order to cope with the high cost of living, an Under Secretary for food has been appointed, and to him has been given special powers to prosecute unlawful speculation in food stuffs. The new law provides penalties against those convicted of speculation, including loss of political rights and the temporary closing of stores or establishments.

As time goes on fuller disclosures are being made of the efforts to bring about peace with Germany. During the course of the War the diary of an Italian, whom M. Caillaux had tried to secure as a coadjutor in his attempt to negotiate with Germany, brought to light the intrigues carried on behind the scenes, and has shown how nearly successful they were. These disclosures only go to show how much the true friends of France had to contend with. They had foes in front of them and foes behind, or at least weaklings, who were more dangerous perhaps than the

open enemy. The chief of these, M. Caillaux, still remains in prison, not having yet been brought to trial. It is thought he may escape altogether, so great is his influence.

The Peace Conference still sitting at Paris has much more work to do. It is probable, or at least possible, that it may be sitting this time next year. The Treaty with Austria, although the terms have been presented to the Austrian delegates, has not been signed, and the terms of the Treaties with Turkey and with Bulgaria have not yet been disclosed, and a great many other problems remain to be settled. No great change has taken place in the southeast of Europe since the last notes were written.

If proof were wanting of how little reliance  
can be placed on what is supposed to be the  
voice of the people, recent events in Italy

Italy. should suffice to banish all doubts. Warm as was the reception accorded President Wilson when he first arrived in France and on his visit to England, that given him in Italy, especially by the people, far surpassed it in enthusiastic cordiality. Popular opinion has so changed in the short time intervening that it was found necessary to protect the American Embassy at Rome from an expected attack by Roman citizens. Similar treatment has been given by Italians to their own Government. Because of his resistance to President Wilson and the solution of the Fiume question insisted upon by him, Signor Orlando and his Cabinet obtained the enthusiastic support of the people as well as of the Parliament. Despite this, within a few weeks Signor Orlando and his Cabinet were, owing to popular disapproval, driven from office. Although his resignation came as a surprise to the outside world, those familiar with the trend of events in Italy fully expected a speedy end of his Government. Signor Giolitti had again appeared on the scene, a sure sign that trouble was brewing.

The failure of the Italian representatives at Paris to secure the allocation of Fiume to Italy, incensed the country and caused a loss of confidence in its management of foreign affairs. A more urgent cause, however, for this loss of confidence was the suffering among the people from the high cost of living, and the failure of the Government to take any steps towards its amelioration. The labor unrest, so marked a feature of the present time in every country of the world, has pervaded also the ranks of a large part of the Italian workingmen, affecting most of all the extreme Socialists, who are numerous and powerful. Accordingly, when Signor Orlando appeared before the Italian Parliament and demanded a secret committee for the discussion of the various

points in which the Parliament was interested, the Premier's proposal was negatived by a vote of two hundred and fifty-nine to seventy-eight. In consequence of this vote the Government at once handed in its resignation. The King called upon Signor Nitti to form a new ministry, and in a few days he accomplished the task intrusted to him. The Cabinet he formed is what is called "composite," being made up of two Radicals, five members of the Left, four of the Right, and one who is described as a Catholic, Signor Cesare Nava, Signor Nitti himself being ranked as an Independent Radical. Other groups of the Assembly, such as the Extreme Left, Reformist and Independents, are not represented at all. This does not mean, necessarily, that they are definitely opposed to Signor Nitti's Government. The most noteworthy feature in the composition of the new Cabinet is the retirement from the foreign office of Baron Sonnino, so long considered Italy's strong man. His obstinate opposition, to the claims of the Jugoslavs, was largely responsible for Italy's want of success at the Peace Conference. He is succeeded by Signor Tittoni, who, with the new Premier, is supposed to hold less extreme views on this question. As a consequence, well-founded hopes are entertained that a settlement satisfactory to all parties will be reached.

Signor Nitti's Cabinet has not met with a very cordial reception. In fact, at present Italy is in the throes of an agitation for a reform of the franchise that will secure a better representation of the people than hitherto. The aim of the reformer is to introduce the *scrutin de liste* and proportional representation. By this means it is hoped no parliament can ever again be elected so entirely under the domination of a distrusted politician and so unmindful of the people's wishes. As these objects are not included in Signor Nitti's programme, a long life cannot be promised to it. The most that is expected of it is to secure for the Italian people a satisfactory settlement of the Italian claims regarding the eastern shore of the Adriatic, the islands in the Ægean Sea, the coast of Asia Minor and the foreign extension of the African Colonies, and, more surely, that it will relieve the economic situation in Italy.

Many well informed persons regard it as probable that Italy, disappointed at the way in which she has been treated at Paris, will throw herself again into the arms of Germany. Any such idea, however, is disclaimed by the Government whose avowed policy is to cherish the now established friendly relations with Great Britain and France. The conflicts between the French soldiers and the Italians, at Fiume and other places, are hard to explain, seeming, as they do, to indicate that an unfriendly feeling has grown up between the two countries. For an explanation of these occur-

rences, we must await the report of the Commission which has been appointed by the Council of Five at Paris. To draw the conclusion that it represents a serious alienation of the two countries would be premature.

The food riots at various places in Italy, are attributed to the neglect of Signor Orlando's Government to take measures for alleviating the internal situation. These riots occurred in many cities, especially in northern Italy. Furious mobs attacked the shops, especially those dealing in food, while they spared those in which clothing was sold. Chambers of Labor were established, and the only shops saved from pillage were those indorsed by these chambers. The people showed respect only to these chambers—for what reason is not explained. The situation appeared serious for some days, and seemed to indicate that at the root of the trouble lay political rather than economic reasons. But this supposition seems groundless. Within a short time, by recognizing the justice of the demands of the people, rather than by the use of force (although that was not wanting), an appeasement seemed to have been effected. But according to the latest news this was not so complete as was thought at first. Rioting has been resumed in several localities accompanied by a declaration in favor of a Soviet government and a general strike. It is asserted that, at the beginning, the Government unwisely allowed the riots to proceed as a lesson to the profiteers, who seem to be numerous. This mistake was soon realized and strong measures were taken to put down the riots. The Government has announced its intention to maintain order with firmness and without hesitation or weakness, but it has declared further that it will take suitable measures to alleviate the bitter condition of the people, and to secure lower prices of food. Without this social peace cannot be guaranteed.

#### Russia.

The hopes entertained when the last notes were written, that those regions of Russia, being devastated by the Bolsheviki, would soon be freed from their control have met so far with disappointment. Indeed, in certain directions considerable success has attended upon the efforts of the Bolsheviki. The fall of Petrograd, then looked upon as all but certain, has not taken place. In fact General Yudenitch, who is now Commander-in-Chief of the northern Russian forces, and also the Esthonians and the Finnish volunteers acting to the south of Petrograd, have met with reverses and have been pushed back a little by the reënforced Bolshevik army. The help extended by the British in this district, was confined to the bombardment of Kronstadt. No troops were landed, and even the

promised assistance, in the form of food and munitions, does not seem to have materialized. In the northern district, however, the reënforcements sent from England to Archangel have arrived to replace the soldiers worn out by many months of warfare in this desolate region. These fresh troops have made considerable advances, forcing the Bolshevik forces to retire. But according to the most recent news, the latter have made a successful stand, thereby arresting at least temporarily the northern army. This army, although helped by the British, is now mainly Russian, since they have been given to understand that it is for them to save their own country. The United States made this warning still clearer by withdrawing all the American forces from this district of Russia. Some American troops will remain, however, in the east of Siberia, but they do not appear to be taking an active part in the campaign against the Bolsheviks.

The most severe reverses met with by the opponents of the Bolsheviks, have been suffered by the armies of Admiral Kolchak. Three armies, numbering in all about five hundred thousand men, were marching in parallel routes towards Viatka, Moscow and Samara, expecting to reach their goal within a few weeks. Their aim was to effect a junction with the troops of northern Russia to the right, and with General Denikin's troops to the left, while Moscow was to be the prize of the army in the centre. It was rumored some time ago that the junction to the north had been effected, but even if true the success has been nullified by the fact that Admiral Kolchak's Right Army has been driven back one hundred and fifty miles. Instead of taking Viatka, it has lost the important city of Perm, which it had taken from the Bolsheviks some months ago. The Army of the Left, also, has suffered serious reverses. It has lost Ufa, and has been forced back a considerable distance to the east of that city. Of the Centre Army, which had hoped to capture Moscow, we have no news. This would seem to indicate that it remains in its old position.

So great, indeed, have been the reverses sustained by Admiral Kolchak's armies that it is scarcely to be expected that they will do more than delay the advance of the Bolshevik troops. Admiral Kolchak's failure is attributed, by some, to the strategical mistake of failing to concentrate his efforts on one main object. The capture of Moscow, had it been achieved, would have brought with it all the advantages sought for.

This want of success is compensated for in some measure by the progress of General Denikin's volunteer army operating in the southeast of Russia. Two months ago this army had advanced along a front reaching from the Caspian Sea to the Sea of Azov,

had wrested from the enemy more than ninety thousand square miles of territory, and had reached a point within twenty-four miles of Kharkoff, forcing the Bolsheviki to evacuate town after town. Since that time General Denikin's progress has been uninterrupted. It has also destroyed the Bolshevik régime in the Crimea by cutting off their communications. Tsaritsyn has been captured and the volunteer army is now within seventy-five miles of Saratov. But for Admiral Kolchak's reverses, the hoped-for junction of his troops with General Denikin's would have been accomplished. The Bolsheviki have also met with serious disaster in the southwest of Russia. They were forced to evacuate Odessa (so recently captured by them) by an army which has appeared upon the scene under the command of General Gregorieff. This new army was made up of Ukrainians. Its relation to the army commanded by General Petlura, of which so much has been heard hitherto, remains somewhat of a mystery. All that is known about it positively is that it is acting against the supporters of Lenine and Trotzky.

Notwithstanding his reverses Admiral Kolchak still remains the one hope of Russia, although he is meeting with serious opposition from some of the other factions opposed to the Bolshevik régime. Among these is M. Kerensky, who claims that the Admiral is at heart a reactionary, and will support the restoration, if not of the Tsar, at least of a monarchy. This claim is advanced in spite of the Admiral's declaration, that he is in favor of a Constituent Assembly, freely elected, to decide the future form of government for Russia, and has pledged himself to relinquish his present power to that Assembly. The opposition offered to him has not prevented the quasi-recognition of the Omsk Government by the Council of Four. Our own Government is taking steps to give the Admiral more formal recognition. Within the territory controlled by him, his authority seems now to be more completely recognized than ever, although there are sporadic outbreaks, here and there, of Bolsheviki. The Czecho-Slovak troops, to whose heroic efforts is due the release of Siberia, as a whole, from the Bolsheviki, are now expressing their desire to return to their native land. For some time they have ceased active service against the Bolsheviki, confining their efforts to guarding the Siberian railway. Indeed, they have become a source of anxiety to the Omsk Government, showing signs of opposition to it, and even of a Bolshevik tendency, so there is little doubt that their return home will be as welcome to the Government as to themselves.

The Russian question is so complicated that, even should Admiral Kolchak succeed in bringing the whole of Russia under

the control of the All-Russian Government, new questions which seem almost insoluble will arise. While he has expressed his willingness to recognize the independence of Poland, no settlement has been reached as to the eastern boundaries. To the independence of Finland, Esthonia, Lithuania, and the other Baltic border States, and to Bessarabia's union with Rumania, he has refused his assent. Now as the Esthonians and the Finns supremely desire freedom from Russian control, and are being supported in this to a certain extent by the Allies, a reconciliation between their aims and Admiral Kolchak's would seem to be impossible. This is one of the many questions yet to be solved by the Allies and the Associate Powers.

### Poland.

The establishment of the Republic of Poland is, of course, one of the most important events which has resulted from the Great War. The mere fact of its establishment, however, does not give complete assurance of permanence. In many ways, both internal and external, its stable existence is threatened. Without natural boundaries which would form a safeguard against invasion, it lies between Germany on the west, with something like sixty millions of people, and a possible reunited Russia on the east, with something like one hundred and eighty millions. The attitude of these powers is, therefore, of vital importance to Poland. It is generally believed that Germany would be glad to undo the Treaty which she has just signed. Russia's attitude is still, of course, problematical. It will depend upon her ability to establish unity again and not only unity, but independence of that German influence which has been so potent in the past, and which, even at this early period, promises to regain its strength. If Germany and Russia should prove hostile to Poland, that State would easily be crushed and deprived of its recently acquired independence. This danger has been enhanced by Poland's aggressive manner towards her smaller neighbors, the Lithuanians and the Ukrainians. She has unfortunately adopted so exasperating a policy as to make them her enemies.

The fighting between the Poles and Ukrainians, which caused M. Paderewski's resignation, was said to have ceased, but it has been resumed with equal fierceness. In this fighting the forces under General Haller's command have taken part. How M. Paderewski could remain Premier, after the pledge he gave at the Peace Conference—which pledge was violated through the influence of the Diet—has not been disclosed. A more conciliatory attitude has been adopted of late towards their neighbors, the

Czecho-Slovaks. M. Paderewski paid a visit to Dr. Mazaryk, the President, for the purpose of settling outstanding questions. The most important question between the two Republics, that of the Teschen coal fields, still awaits a solution.

Poland's position, therefore, surrounded, as she is by States which may prove hostile, can only be assured by a close alliance with the Western Powers, and by their willingness to give support in case of need. Poland seems ready to recognize this, and this necessity doubtless has made her willing to make a treaty involving no small interference in her internal affairs. It must be admitted that such interference, galling though it may be, has been rendered necessary by recent events in which the Jews have suffered. Reports have appeared, and have been formally denied, of pogroms on a large scale, and in many places. A commission is now inquiring into these alleged atrocities. Whatever the truth may be, the Western Powers have felt justified in calling upon Poland to make a treaty, by which she recognizes that the protection of minorities of the Polish population is a matter concerning not Poland alone, but the world at large. The preamble of this treaty recites that Poland desiring to promote the principles of liberty and justice, and to give some guarantee to all the inhabitants over whom she is assuming authority, recognizes that protection of minorities is an obligation of internal concern over which the League of Nations has jurisdiction. Poland, therefore, guarantees to all its inhabitants full protection of life and liberty without distinction of birth, race, nationality, language or religion. It guarantees that all racial, religious and linguistic minorities shall, if they so desire, establish and control their own schools, charitable institutions and the like, and freely practise their religion, and use their own language. Rights for the Jews are protected by stipulations that no elections shall take place on the Jewish Sabbath or any Jewish festival, and no gerrymandering of constituency shall take place for the purpose of nullifying the Jewish vote. A strict surveillance is to be exercised by the League of Nations. Poland is placed almost in the position of a State controlled by mandatories. Similar treaties, however, are to be made with Czecho-Slovakia, Jugo-Slavia and Rumania. It does not appear, however, that any special guarantee for help in case of need has been given by the Western Powers. In some respects, at least, Poland is advancing on democratic lines, proposing that all titles should be suppressed. In the future there will be no decorations except military orders, no titles except university degrees, and no one may wear a foreign decoration without the Diet's permission.



**Germany.**

On the twenty-eighth of June at 3:15 P.M., Paris time, the Peace Treaty was signed by Germany which brought the War to an end.

Reckoned from the declaration of war by the Kaiser at Berlin at 6 P.M., on August 1, 1914, and including the period of the armistice signed November 11, 1918, the War lasted four years, ten months and twenty-eight days, lacking two hours and forty-five minutes. Seven weeks and three days were devoted to the discussion of the terms imposed by the Allied and Associated Powers before the Germans could decide to sign the Treaty. On first learning the terms, they were almost universally pronounced to be impossible of acceptance, and an elaborate attempt was made by the German delegates sent to Paris to obtain a mitigation. This attempt was not without results. Some concessions were made, notably with reference to the cession of northern Silesia to the Poles. The Allies, after they had replied to the German criticisms, gave them a period of five days, subsequently extended to seven, to sign the amended terms or to suffer the penalty of an advance of the Allied armies into Germany. Such an advance would have resulted in the imposition at Berlin of more rigorous terms than those demanded at Paris. Accepting the inevitable and listening to what was clearly the voice of the German people, the National Assembly passed a vote of confidence in the Government when it laid before it the determination to sign the Treaty with the Allies, with reservations as to the responsibility for the War, and the punishment of those who have been guilty of gross violations of criminal and international law. This vote was passed by a majority of two hundred and thirty-six votes to eighty-nine with sixty-eight abstentions. The majority in favor of signing consisted of Majority Socialists, members of the Centre Party, Independent Socialists and a minority of the Democrats.

The Government, however, which submitted this resolution to the Assembly was not that of Herr Scheidemann, who had held the office of Premier from the time of the revolution. The members of Herr Scheidemann's Cabinet could not come to an agreement in the matter, and consequently resigned. Herr Ebert, the President, thereupon called upon Herr Hermann Müller to form a ministry. This proving impossible, Herr Bauer was called upon. He refused at first, but when the demand was repeated, he accomplished the task. The new Cabinet consists, almost exclusively, of the Majority Socialist Party. A notable exception, however, is Dr. Mathias Erzberger, one of the leaders of the Centre Party, who has become the Minister of Finance. The majority of the new ministers had seats in Herr Scheidemann's Cabinet. No member

of the Independent Socialist Party has found a seat in the new Cabinet, which is somewhat surprising as that party had for one of its avowed objects the concluding of peace with the Allies at any price. The conditional reservations of the Germans were not accepted by the Allies, and thereupon the German Government sent to Paris, almost at the last moment, its consent to sign without reservations. Some little difficulty was found in finding delegates to sign a Treaty which sets the seal to the Fall of the German Empire, which has had so recent a beginning.

Although some are to be found in Germany who have expressed their willingness to keep the pledges they have given, a greater number have expressed their intention to violate them on one pretext or another. The sinking at Scapa Flow of the men-of-war interned there and the burning at Berlin of the French flags captured during the Franco-German War of 1870, constituting, as they do, violations of the armistice, give clear warning that it is necessary to place no confidence in any promises which have been made, unless compelled to do so. Thus warned the Allies have formed a permanent commission to secure the observance of all conditions imposed by the Treaty. The treaties made by this country and Great Britain with France have for their object the assurance of help for France should she stand in need of it when, and if, Germany recovers from her present helplessness.

In the short time which has elapsed since the signing of the Treaty, things on the surface have been marked by no especial incident. Herr Bauer's ministry still remains in office, although when formed its sole object for being appeared to be the signing of the Treaty. It may survive, for its members belong for the most part to the Socialist Democratic Majority, and have announced their intention to continue the social reforms undertaken by the Scheidemann Government. The Minister of Finance, Dr. Mathias Erzberger, has undertaken the task of providing the additional taxation, which will be necessary to pay for the wrongdoings of Germany in foreign States as well as Germany's own expenses. What this involves may be judged from the statement made by the Minister, that for every hundred dollars Germany once asked of the taxpayer, a payment of nine hundred will now be necessary.

*July 17, 1919.*

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## With Our Readers.

THE Archbishop of Toulouse, France, has just issued a notable letter to his people on the subject of social reconstruction. It is of special interest in view of the pamphlet, entitled *Social Reconstruction*, issued some months ago by the Administrative Committee of our own National Catholic War Council.

Toulouse has been seriously affected as an industrial centre by reason of the War. The labor situation there is acute. Women and girls in far greater numbers than ever before have gone into shops and factories. The religious, moral, and social life of the community has been seriously and permanently affected. In view of these changed conditions and the need of laying down the principles that should guide Catholics in the work of reconstruction the Archbishop issued his pastoral. It follows closely the lines of the famous *Rerum Novarum* of Leo XIII.

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THE Archbishop states two reasons why he is justified in pronouncing upon social problems: first, the great extension of industrial activities in his diocese: such transformation affects the entire social life of the people. The very name "proletariat" arouses today innumerable vexatious problems. Secondly, these problems vitally affect the religious, moral and economic life of all.

Having gained the victory, shall we lose the fruit of it through class fratricidal war? The ideas prevalent among the working classes provoke discord; the Christian religion is the only foundation of true fraternity.

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THE Church cannot today abandon its children to radical Socialism, for, if it did, the world would return to paganism. The War has begotten among the working classes a reaction against the present system of industry. The Peace Conference has agreed upon the necessity of an international programme of reform. The modern workingman, even he who has denied Christianity, has borrowed from Christianity the consciousness of his dignity and his personal worth. He is unwilling to have his work considered as so much merchandise. He is unwilling to have his activity confounded with that of the animal or the machine. Created to the

image of God, does he not merit respect? And can his labor, ordained by God not only to support his material life, but to feed his life spiritual and to win his life eternal, can that be treated as a thing without a soul?

The fundamental error of viewing human labor as so much merchandise is a wretched legacy of the economic materialism of the eighteenth century and of the Revolution, an error which governed the industrial world of the nineteenth century. When industry asked for a law that would justify its tyranny, economic materialism could give it nothing but the law of supply and demand. This is a pagan law, defending the rule of physical force. As Leo XIII. said: "It left the workers at the mercy of inhuman masters and the cupidity of blind monopoly."

The morrow will be even worse than today if employers and employees continue to answer one another as they have done in the last century by opposing doctrines; in other words, if they continue to speak two different languages: or if, forbidden to invoke a moral law that the industrial world has denied, the worker should in his turn call upon the law of physical force, the law of the greater number.

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**T**HE Great Pope, Leo XIII., the Archbishop continues, was not willing to relegate religion to a closed sanctuary without vision and without action. He affirmed the right of the Church to intervene in the conflict between capital and labor, because the dispute is ultimately a moral and religious question.

For the whole social question resolves itself into a question of contract with regard to labor between the employer and the employee. Justice ought to rule the contract. Justice is a moral virtue and dependent upon God, the Author and Guardian of the whole moral law. History both past and very recent, teaches us that the morality which denies God, the so-called "independent morality," justifies the most grievous abuses of physical force.

Passing the examples given us by the recent War, the economic history of the nineteenth century has taught us to deplore the accepted exploitation of women and of children through the sweated labor system. And has not the same "independent morality" justified even to the present hour the robbery and oppression of the weak, the destruction of the family, and even slavery, reborn under the dictation of the mob in the great country that was once the Russian Empire? Only that moral teaching, promulgated and sanctioned by the authority of God, has set itself steadfastly against such evil. The Church, as the Voice of God

upon earth, has therefore the duty of giving to Catholics and to all men, counsels of guidance and direction on the social problems.

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**L**EO XIII. has expressed himself with great vigor and has no doubt frightened some weaker spirits. He has protested against the unjust usury practiced by certain capitalist enterprises, and against such a division of wealth as would permit a few rich to impose a servile yoke upon a great multitude.

Leo XIII. demanded measures that would heal such a condition, measures prompt and efficacious. Some measures have been taken in this direction and the situation is somewhat improved. The last few months have seen notable progress and a concerted effort between employers and employees to regulate more equitably the conditions that govern the labor contract. But there remains very much unmerited wretchedness.

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**T**HE weakening of the Christian sense which sustained the worker and helped him to discipline unruly desires and unholy appetites, the evil examples of the self-indulgent rich, the absence of Christian education, the spread of un-Christian teachings in the secular journals have kept open the wounds deplored by Leo XIII. Conscience, the voice of God within us, preaches duty. The Church asks every one of us to follow it. Many heed it not or deny it. Certainly the Church desires that every one of her children, should, as the English formula puts it, "elevate his level of life," better the conditions of living, be better housed, better nourished, better clothed, and have more time to give to the cultivation of his spirit, of his soul, and to the fulfillment of his duties towards God and his family.

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**S**T. THOMAS teaches, as Leo XIII. notes, that a minimum of physical well-being is necessary in order that men may practice virtue. The Archbishop states, that following Leo XIII., he affirms the principle of solidarity of capital and labor and, in consequence, the solidarity of the mutual interests of employers and employees. The fundamental error has been to believe that these two were inevitable enemies. The right view, long unrecognized, has, since the War, made unquestionable progress, and in the light of this new knowledge many, even of the Socialists, have revised their fundamental teachings.

The social question is a moral question. It is a question of duty, duty once scorned and forgotten, but which, through the War, has been reinstated with honor to its high place. If em-



which have meant little more than famine, because of the selfishness of the employers. Such is the result if we live under the pagan and universal law of supply and demand. From such injustice and social unrest and revolution a faithful following of the instructions of Leo XIII. would, and still will, save us. A labor union that insists upon a just wage, proper hours and conditions of labor will do as great a good to the employer as to the employed.

Modern capital, the Archbishop continues, has created the modern industrial organization where individual responsibility is apt to disappear into the corporate directing body. But such a body, the Archbishop points out, is governed just as strictly and just as directly by the moral law as is the individual employer.

For the stability and rule of social justice, organization is necessary both for the protection of the laborer and also for the capitalist.

Having outlined the power of the unions in bringing equal pressure to bear upon competitors in industry, the Archbishop says this force is used to maintain justice in the cause of labor. It is a force used in the service of right. There is nothing reprehensible of itself in such a procedure, but it certainly does not express the real relation that should exist between employers and employed. We go further and say that, in the Christian idea of such a coöperative organization, the fixing of salary and of other conditions of labor is not the uni-lateral work of the labor union, but is the result of a peaceable discussion between the heads of the labor union and the employers' association. Nor does it endanger any of the legitimate authority of the employer.

No one today wishes to suppress the individual right to labor. But it is certainly advantageous to modify that liberty, since because of economic conditions such absolute liberty would oftentimes subvert justice.

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**T**HE Archbishop expresses himself in favor, at least in the case of large industries, of keeping the labor union and the employers' union distinct. He repeats the words of Pius X. to the effect that the Christian labor union is not a religious conference. Its immediate ends are temporal. It deals at once with present interests, with business questions, with the needs of the body, and its means of support. It is Catholic by the spirit which animates it and by the truths which it accepts for its guidance.

The Archbishop does not approve of the "neutral" labor union. The so-called "neutral" labor unions in France claim to

be neither Socialist nor "confessional." The Catholic labor union which does not keep its name and its character would soon lose its devotion to Catholic principles. The Archbishop answers the objection of certain Protestants who charge the Catholic labor unions with not working for community interests. He repeats the words of Pius X. showing how these labor unions never refuse to coöperate on all labor questions where the welfare of the laboring man will be promoted by such coöperation. He again appeals to the employers to form Catholic employers' associations. It is their day of opportunity to stand as leaders in Christian justice. Leo XIII. condemned usury. But usury and its abuses have not disappeared, far from it. We have seen money grow in power until it recognizes no morality save that of the ticker. The subject is too immense and quite beyond us. We can scarce touch the surface. But it is permissible for us to say to capitalists and to Christian employers: "Unite to put morality into finance and to Christianize money: if you do not the world will return to paganism not without having passed through a frightful revolution where capitalism, utterly selfish and immoral, shall have been revenged by Socialism of which the former because of its excesses is the forerunner."

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**T**HE two unions—that of the employers and that of the workers—will beget a balance of forces—a just distribution of rights and of duties. A Joint Commission from both unions shall be the judge of just measures, wages, hours, etc. This Joint Commission shall be guided by a proper appreciation of the value of labor. From labor springs the wealth of nations. As Leo XIII. has said, without the coöperation of labor the hopes of the capitalist would be vain: capital itself would have no value. If perchance capital might spurn labor in the past: the present War has made such lack of esteem impossible.

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**I**T will be charged by some that "the laborer has his faults." "Who has not?" asks the Archbishop. If he has, is he alone fully responsible? Is not the capitalist equally culpable who, for the sake of the "almighty dollar," exposes him to the temptation of drunkenness, of a licentious press, of an indecent stage? Who could resist when surrounded by this cordon of temptation, as is the workingman?

Personal contact between employer and employed, coming as a result of the Joint Committee, will bring about a more human and sympathetic understanding between both. Such a committee does not endanger the authority of the employer.



The laborer is vitally interested in the nature and condition of his contract. That contract calls for his physical and mental activity: it affects his health, his time, his family life, and oftentimes his moral and religious life. He cannot be indifferent to salary: to remuneration: to method of payment: to hours of labor, daily and weekly, to day or night work, to Sunday rest, to all that relates to the hygiene, the safety, the morality of the shop or the factory.

For employers to refuse to discuss such questions with their employees is ridiculous. The Archbishop expresses the wish that the long disputed question of the "family salary"—a salary sufficient for the workingman to support his family, should be settled. At the present salary rate, the workers in the cities cannot support a large family. In the southeast of France the practice is common of giving a fixed salary to both unmarried and married. Above this fixed salary the heads of families receive an additional amount proportioned according to the number of children in the family.

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**T**HE Archbishop concludes with an earnest plea that Catholics awake to the gravity of the situation. We must use not alone the supernatural means of prayer; we must use the human means of organization and united effort.

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**I**N a paragraph in these pages of some months ago, it was stated that a man's esteem for the virtue of purity was a sure gauge of his entire character, and of the honesty of all his actions.

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**A** SINGULAR proof of this statement may be found in the conduct and the tactics of those who are, under one plea or another, fostering campaigns on questions of sex. Through the moving picture: the printed and spoken word: the book: the freely distributed pamphlet, they are jealously pushing their theories and their policies. With equal persistence they are asking state and national aid in the furtherance of their work. No one will for a moment deny the value and the necessity of proper education in matters of sex: nor will any one deny the necessity and the obligation resting upon us to do our part. But by very reason of this necessity and this obligation, we shall be the more scrupulous not to be agents promoting the very evils we claim to oppose. There can be no question but that the moving pictures such as "Fit to Win" or "The End of the Road" now being shown throughout the country violate the principles of pedagogy. They

will do much to excite morbid curiosity: to arouse the sensual passions: and even to show the means whereby the possible physically evil results of self-indulgence may be avoided.

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TO the money-making moving picture concern the occasion of presenting such pictures is too good to be lost. Such concerns will of course advertise the educational value of the film. Indeed, the public is led to believe that the producers undertake the work because of a conscience that is extremely worried over the lack of proper education. As a matter of fact the producers present the film because of the money return. But to see that they are backed up by reputable societies and even by government authorities: that their film publicly states they have the approval of the United States Public Health Board is, indeed, deplorable. When federal government officials come into a local community and fight for the production of a picture which the courts have declared indecent, it is time to ask if we who are about to bestow self government upon the nations of the world, have it for ourselves.

The Commissioner of Licenses of New York City forbade the exhibition of "Fit to Fight" as an indecent film. His action has been opposed in the courts by federal officials, and the government of the United States instead of upholding public decency, opposed it and attempted to defy the laws of the local commonwealth. In the State of Pennsylvania the Governor forbade the exhibition of "Fit to Fight."

In the matter of general public sentiment Catholic opinion does not stand alone against such films. A meeting of prominent public men held in New York, at which were present Catholic, Protestant and Jew, voiced its unanimous opinion that the film "Fit to Win" was unfit for public exhibition to any audience, either of men alone or women alone. This film is but a type, and if its exhibition is generally tolerated, it will be followed by a deluge of so-called "educational" films that will but pander to the prurient.

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THE dishonesty of these films is that they preach that knowledge is virtue: that ignorance is the cause of sin: that the greatest evil of sin is physical: that the question of sex should not be safeguarded by the reverences of modesty and of silence. It does not require trained education to know that all these preachments are dishonesties.

Yet the perverted notion of the place of sex in life, accepted by

the promoters of such propaganda, makes them blind to these dishonest pronouncements that really fundamentally pervert an onlooker's entire moral viewpoint. They not only give him a wrong angle of vision with regard to sex: they give him a wrong angle about the whole law of personal responsibility. If the estimate of the virtue that deals with the creative act be wrong or inadequate, the view of all creation and all the things of creation will be likewise.

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**A**ND here we may mention how far into fields of gross immorality another phase of this so-called sex instruction has advanced. One is curious to know where all the funds come from and what is the purpose that actuates their giving. For example, a "League" that has on its "national" council many names respected in the community, is not only preaching birth control, but distributing broadcast free pamphlets that buttress its propaganda by false argument and false illustration. It lies about the beginnings of human life: it lies about the teaching of the Catholic Church, stating that the Church has no *Rule* against birth control.

Against such propaganda as this the Catholic press and the Catholic individual ought to do all in his power.

The extremes towards which such a "League" tends may be seen from the following account published in the June *Month* of the operation of a similar propaganda in England:

"Not long ago the *Times* (London) correspondent in Manchester sent a report to his paper on 'Mother and Child Welfare,' which opened with these ominous words: 'The day does not seem very far off when the medical service of Manchester will have the organized oversight of the working-class population from the cradle to the grave (May 5th). And he went on with a tone of the utmost complacency, to show in detail how the beneficent State, with its welfare centres, its army of 'health visitors,' will usurp parental functions at almost every stage of life. There is no suspicion in the mind of this writer that he is describing an ideal abhorrent to the Christian sense, and that this monstrous intrusion of the State into the family would bring about precisely one of the worst effects of Socialism—the State-regulated family and the State-owned child. There is no suspicion, moreover, that the condition of things which seems to call for such interference is radically rotten, and should be abolished with all convenient speed, so dead is he to the right conception of human dignity and freedom. He knows, but the public are not allowed to know, that the official health-visitors are in many cases eugenists, engaged in the spread of filthy Malthusian teaching. Mrs. Pember Reeves, a Socialist deeply

implicated in this propaganda, frankly admitted before the National Birth-rate Commission (May 13th) that, as the result of an experiment in Motherhood Endowment carried out by the Fabian Society—'the practice of limitation of the family was now being carried on by all those parents who had forethought and common sense . . . and was no longer a practice confined to the well educated or well-to-do.' No wonder, in view of such immoral teaching that a prominent Glasgow Canon has issued a recommendation to his flock to bar their doors against the army of welfare workers which the municipality threatens to let loose upon them. May his example be widely followed, and may the whole influence of the Catholic body be concentrated to resist this league of paganism masquerading as hygiene, which is diametrically opposed to the Christian ideal of marriage and family life."

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IT would, indeed, be difficult to say what standards guide the book reviewers on some of our so-called great dailies. It may be that they are cursed with the modern habit of thinking that morality and religion are entirely separate from literature. If such is their thought they only reveal their ignorance of the subject they profess to treat. All the great and enduring literature of the world is religious, precisely because man with whom it deals is religious.

If we were to say that the age is godless we would be termed untruthful and pessimistic. And we believe the term would be justly applied. But if we are to assume that the principal literary journals of the country reflect the spirit of the age then we are amply justified in terming it godless. We will take as a proof the estimates given by certain prominent journals on John Galsworthy's latest production entitled *Saints' Progress*. This book is a subtle attack upon everything which the traditional Christian world has held sacred. It denies Christ and the value of His teaching: it denies God: it denies personal immortality: it denies personal responsibility: it denies morality, and it presents sex indulgence as the only real, true life that man knows.

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GALSWORTHY himself does not realize—or at least let us hope he does not—the fearful destruction that his book would spread broadcast. Yet the work is done with such sinister subtlety, such gratuitous iconoclasm, such pitiless sarcasm that to any one who has a heart that feels, the author must appear not brutally but satanically inhuman. The human person is stripped of every vestige of worth, of dignity, of respect.

The "Saint," an Anglican minister, is pictured as devout but intolerable and utterly sympathetic. He is the type of the Christian. His progress consists in abandoning his beliefs: leaving his church; and finally being routed by a dying boy who says: "I have no hope: no faith: but I am adventuring." He didn't altogether "give up the drug habit;" but he stopped "administering drugs to others." He did close the door on the past—his clerical life.

His daughter loses her faith through an unbelieving husband: the arguments *pro* and *con* are all made by Galsworthy so that he has no competent adversary. Not only does the unbeliever win every time: but he is the only one who knows life, which, as we have said, is a matter of sex indulgence. It was the only taste of life the other daughter of the "saint" had—Noel. The man was killed in the war: but Noel must have more of life so she marries Jimmy Fort: why her career should end on this note of respectability is a mystery except that Galsworthy is not altogether consistent. No bad man ever was or could be. Jimmy threw over Leila who had had a good deal of life, but then the true test of marriage is "love"—which is as near an approach to free love as Galsworthy cared to take. The ascetic is the fakir; the man who disciplines himself is dead. Continence is bad "physically and spiritually, fagging and perverting life."

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ONE might dwell on further matters in the book—the gross sensual suggestiveness: the atmosphere saturated with lewdness: the misrepresentation of Christian teaching: the self-sufficiency of the English prig—but it is unnecessary.

Sometime ago the *Atlantic Monthly* said "we must listen to Mr. Galsworthy." Humanity has sufficient desire for the better and nobler things than to give ear to a literary pander.

## BOOKS RECEIVED.

GEORGE H. DORAN Co., New York:

*A History of the Great War.* By Sir A. C. Doyle. Vol. IV. \$2.50 net. *Social Studies of the War.* By E. T. Clark, Litt.D. \$1.50 net. *Dangerous Days.* By M. R. Rinehart. \$1.60 net. *Canada at War.* By J. C. Hopkins. \$5.00 net. *The Religion of Old Glory.* By W. N. Guthrie. \$2.50 net. *Judith (Play).* By A. Bennett. \$1.00 net. *The Sword of Deborah.* By F. T. Jesse. \$1.00 net.

P. J. KENEDY & SONS, New York:

*Fernando.* By J. Ayscough. \$1.60. *Convent Life.* By M. J. Scott, S.J. \$1.50 net. *John Ayscough's Letters to His Mother, 1914-1916.* Edited by F. Bickerstaffe-Drew. \$2.50.

LONGMANS, GREEN & Co., New York:

*Memoir of Kenelm Henry Digby.* By B. Holland, C.B. \$5.00 net. *The Christian Monarchy.* By Rev. W. Crouch, B.A. \$1.00 net. *The Church and the Ministry.* By C. Gore, D.D. \$6.00 net.

AMERICAN BOOK Co., New York:

*Essentials of Spelling.* By H. C. Pearson and H. Suzzallo. *Plant Production.* By R. A. Moore and C. P. Halligan, B.S. *Hamilton's Essentials of Arithmetic. First and Second Books.* By S. Hamilton, Ph.D., LL.D. *New Modern Illustrative Bookkeeping.* By C. F. Rittenhouse, C.P.A. *Essentials of Modern Type-writing.* By R. L. Fritz and E. H. Eldridge, Ph.D.

E. P. DUTTON & Co., New York:

*Experiments in Psychological Science.* By W. J. Crawford, D.Sc. \$2.00 net.

THE HOME PRESS., New York:

*Requiem Mass and Burial Service from the Missal and Ritual.* By J. J. Wynne, S.J.

BUREAU OF NATIONAL LITERATURE, New York:

*A History of the Great War.* Vol. I. By B. Benedict, A.B.

HENRY HOLT & Co., New York:

*The Day of Glory.* By Dorothy Canfield. \$1.00 net.

ROBERT M. MCBRIDE & Co., New York:

*The Convictions of Christopher Sterling.* By Harold Begbie. \$1.50 net.

G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS, New York:

*Father Tom.* Life and Lectures of Rev. Thomas P. McLoughlin. By P. P. McLoughlin. \$2.50 net.

CATHOLIC FOREIGN MISSION SOCIETY OF AMERICA, Ossining, New York:

*Observations in the Orient.* By the Very Rev. J. A. Walsh. \$2.00.

INTERNATIONAL CATHOLIC TRUTH SOCIETY, Brooklyn, N. Y.:

*The Precious Blood.* By R. F. Clarke, S.J. *What is "Benediction."* By Rev. F. M. de Zulueta, S.J. *Socialist Bubbles Punctured.* By D. Goldstein. *St. Vincent de Paul.* By Rev. F. Goldie, S.J. *Science and Darwinism.* By Dr. J. J. Walsh. *Manhood.* By M. J. Dwyer. Pamphlets.

THE CORNHILL Co., Boston:

*Songs of My People.* By C. B. Johnson. \$1.00. *A Daughter of the Northwest.* By I. W. Grissom. \$1.50. *Man-O'-War Rhymes.* By B. F. Jenness. \$1.25. *Singing Places.* By M. B. Bower. *Simla.* By S. Cobb. \$1.25. *The Test.* (Play.) By P. Hagboldt. \$1.25.

THE FOUR SEAS Co., Boston:

*A Spinner of Webs.* By C. P. Bement. \$1.50 net.

GOVERNMENT PRINTING OFFICE, Washington:

*The Maya Indians of Southern Yucatan and Northern British Honduras.* By T. W. F. Gann.

B. HERDER BOOK Co., St. Louis:

*Life of Blessed Margaret Mary Alacoque.* By Sister Mary Philip. \$1.80 net.

AUSTRALIAN CATHOLIC TRUTH SOCIETY, Melbourne:

*Non-Historical History.* By Rev. D. G. Purton, M.A. *Drink and Democracy.* By W. J. Lockington, S.J. Pamphlet.

PIERRE TÉQUI, Paris:

*Famille.* Par Monseigneur Gibier. 3 fr. 50. *Tâches Idéals.* Par Monseigneur Tissier. 3 fr. 50. *L'Eglise Œuvre de l'Homme-Dieu.* Par Monsiignor Besson.

GABRIEL BEACHESNE, Paris:

*L'Anarchie dans le Monde Moderne.* Par G. de Lamarzelle. 7 fr.

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THE EDUCATIONAL REFORMS OF DE LA SALLE.

BY BROTHER CONSTANTIUS.



**T**O understand the mission of St. John Baptist de la Salle, it is well to emphasize some special facts of the history of education, and determine the position of the elementary schools, when the apostle of popular modern education appeared on the scene. This will enable us to note what the Church had done before his time and what yet remained to be accomplished, and thus to realize the facilities and the obstacles which the ancient institutions brought to the new foundations.

Christian education, in the beginning, was traditional. The neophytes received oral instruction in the Catacombs of Rome. In the shadow of the first churches erected in the West were sacred asylums destined by the bishops for the twofold object of fostering virtue and extending science in the future generations. Hence, the first bishops, who converted and civilized France, established schools in their episcopal palaces and districts. The Church and school were inseparable for the people. For Catholicism, says Cote: "Was the most efficient promoter of the popular development of the human intellect." The cloistral schools also did great work in the cause of education. In the sixth century, lay persons were admitted to these schools. Hence we find the monastery divided into two

schools: the cloistral, for children who afterward embraced the religious life; and the canonical, for the education of children who embraced neither the ecclesiastical nor the religious life.

The powerful influence exercised by Charlemagne over all the schools of his vast empire is too well known to need comment here. Unfortunately for France, his successors did not display the same enlightened zeal or manifest that keen appreciation for knowledge and virtue which made his reign remarkable in the annals of the history of true progress and science.

While admitting that the schools were somewhat neglected, we must beware of presuming that, during the seventh, eighth and ninth centuries they were entirely overlooked. When speaking of the "Dark Ages," writes de Beaupaire, it is very essential to distinguish carefully the epochs, and not to apply to every century comprised in this long period the unfavorable and severe criticism which is applicable only to some. We may say that the same distinction holds good in relation to the provinces. Some of them, less distracted than others, happily preserved the academic traditions of the first apostles of Gaul. Or, they were more favored by reason of the number of their schools and the great merit of their professors.

From the seventh to the fourteenth century three principal causes contributed to the revival of the interrupted work of Charlemagne: 1. The extraordinary renown of certain schools; 2. The Councils, and 3. The remarkable multiplication of religious communities.

In the fourteenth century the fearful ravages which punished or tried men in those remote days, like the plague of 1348, necessarily closed a number of schools. Indeed, few teachers could be found who were willing to teach the elements of grammar at home or in the village school. There were, however, at this period two men, Gerard Groot and John Gerson, who labored in behalf of the elementary schools. They endeavored to give the children attending such schools good, religious, and zealous teachers. So at this epoch throughout France primary education was by no means neglected. Schools were to be found almost everywhere, for Gerson advises bishops to inquire "if every parish has a school, and to open a school, if there be not one already established."

In all the ancient primary schools taught by ecclesiastics,



religious and clerics, Latin was found in the list of studies. The reading of Latin was taught by all teachers. Not infrequently children were not taught to read in any other language. Those who did not enter the religious life, returned to the world when they were competent to read and interpret the Psalter and the Gospel. "The schoolmasters of the Middle Ages," observes Brother Azarias, "were generally young ecclesiastics or clerics who dwelled with the pastor, helped him to sing the Divine Offices, aided him in many ways, and usually acted as sacristan."

The object sought in all the schools was essentially religious. Hence the reason why founders ordinarily attached them to the parish church.

In the primary schools Christian Doctrine was not taught in a formal manner; but the pupils were educated in a Christian way. The poor children, however, were often either neglected or ill-treated by teachers, who did not possess the requisite qualities of their profession. The complaints made by men of rank and position were truly lamentable. In 1669, Charles Démiá found that a great number of teachers of Lyons "were ignorant not only of the methods of teaching good reading and writing, but also of the principles of religion. Paris was no better off in this respect than Lyons. The Precentor, Claude Joly, was accused of having tolerated "junkshop men, keepers of low restaurants, tavern-keepers, stonemasons, wig-makers, fiddlers, puppet-showmen, and the like," as teachers in Paris. These complaints, however, were directed chiefly against the primary schools destined for the poor children.

Prior to the seventeenth century the government of France never interfered with the elementary schools, except to assure to a teacher the payment of his salary, or to erect new schools, or to sanction the efforts of the clergy in maintaining the morals of the schools. Such was the tenor of the Royal Decree of 1598, of the Letter of Louis XIII. to the Bishops of Poitiers, in 1640, and of the declarations of Louis XIV. in 1658 and 1689. The supervision of the morals of the schools and the instructions of the teachers was left to the bishops, who generally appointed an ecclesiastic eminently qualified for that office. It is, therefore, not surprising to find ecclesiastics of rare merit and ability devoted to the interests of primary schools and to read of many attempts made for the training of teachers. The

Council of Trent renovated the spirit of Christendom; and faith, purified and regulated by discipline, produced a superabundance of vocations.

Among the precursors of St. John Baptist de la Salle, the most zealous in the cause of Christian Schools was Adrian Bourdoise (1590-1655). M. Bourdoise opened a free school at Liancourt, which attracted considerable attention, and met with great success; nevertheless, he was baffled in his attempt to establish a seminary for teachers and to emulate the famous Seminary of St. Nicholas du Chardonnet for the education of the clergy.

Toward the close of the seventeenth century, the outlook was gloomy and discouraging. The schools were deserted and held in contempt. There was great need of teachers above reproach who would restore their good name and thus assure the success of the schools and eventually do away with the mixed schools. There were, moreover, at this period, children of every condition of life to whom the study of Latin and Greek would be practically useless. No great educator had as yet conceived of establishing a special course, with the vernacular as its basis and arranged to meet the new intellectual wants, attendant on the invention of printing and the progress of industry and commerce. The demarcation between elementary and secondary teaching was nowhere definitely settled. Consequently, a change of teachers not infrequently implied a change in the schedule of studies.

Hence, in studying the educational programmes of the period, we are not a little surprised at the lack of special schools, where the pupil could choose his studies or pursue his course with a view to his future career. Even the children of some noble and wealthy families were, at this time, condemned to take the most elementary course, because they refused to follow the classical course or because the father denied them the privilege to prevent them from embracing the ecclesiastical state or taking up the profession of law. In such cases, the profession of arms was deemed more favorable to the interests of the family. To establish such a course was one of the educational reforms introduced by de la Salle.

The Rev. Nicholas Barré was among the first to recognize in St. de la Salle the instrument destined by Providence to fill, in part, the great gap in elementary instruction.

While the general movement in favor of popular education was in progress, de la Salle founded the Institute of the Brothers of the Christian Schools at the opportune moment, of which the Church possesses the secret. The new Institute set out with this thought, that teaching is less a career or a means to fortune than a most elevated expression of the spirit of sacrifice. "Struck with the neglect in which children of the poor were left, with all the evil consequent thereupon," says Lamontey, "de la Salle conceived the bold idea of preparing these boys for society by opening free schools, where they would receive the first rudiments of secular and religious instruction. . . . He endeavored to accomplish the greatest possible good at the least possible expense, and we doubt very much whether his plagiarists and imitators in many States of the American Confederation have attained to a better solution of this difficult problem than did this pious priest."

In June, 1680, de la Salle took the first step toward forming an association by admitting the teachers whom he gathered about him to his own table; finally, a year later, he went to live with them. Touched by the admirable zeal and self-sacrifice of de la Salle, some university-bred men presented themselves for admission, in 1682 and 1683. "Among these," affirms Canon Blain, the intimate friend of de la Salle, "there were to be found men who had solid piety and excellent dispositions to become his true disciples." Those who had no aptitude for teaching, he dismissed; the others he trained in the art of teaching. He determined to organize and systematize his method of training, and, therefore, opened his Normal College, the first establishment of the kind mentioned in the history of education. Its purpose was to train young men in the principles and practices of the new method of teaching. It was favorably regarded by the clergy, who sent to it intelligent young men, and soon de la Salle had thirty under his direction.

The course of studies included simply the branches taught in elementary schools for which the teachers were preparing. It is a matter of interest to note that when, in 1851, the French Government established primary and normal schools throughout the country, it laid down practically the same course.

Here are the two courses:

1684.	1851.
Catechism.	Moral and religious instruction.
Reading of printed matter.	Reading.
Reading of manuscripts.	Penmanship.
Penmanship.	Elements of the French lan- guage.
Grammar and Orthography.	Arithmetic, including the legal system of weights and meas- ures.
Arithmetic, including the sys- tem of weights and meas- ures.	Religious Music.
Plain Chant.	

De la Salle felt insensibly drawn by Providence to choose between the Christian schools and ecclesiastical dignities. The crisis was at hand. The crucial test is the measure of heroic sacrifice. "What motives," he asks, "shall actuate me in this choice? Undoubtedly, my end and aim should be the greater honor and glory of God, the advancement of the Church, my own perfection, and the salvation of souls. But if these be my motives, then I should resign my canonry and devote myself exclusively to the schools and to the education and training of teachers, who are to manage these schools." In accordance with this decision, and indifferent to the opinions of men, de la Salle resolved to renounce all honors and distribute his fortune among the poor. The opportunity presented itself in the famine of 1684. Henceforth, the spirit of his Institute was to draw its strength from absolute disinterestedness, love of poverty, pure zeal for the salvation of souls, and perfect abandonment to Divine Providence. Those of his adversaries who had most violently censured him for his conduct in this regard, were overcome by this manifestation of virtue.

His analytical mind prepared him to investigate the laws and principles of education, his keen perception quickly seized the fallacies of prevailing systems, his sound judgment readily suggested better methods, and his genius inaugurated educational reforms that revolutionized the methods of primary, elementary, and secondary teaching. Evidently, he was years in advance of his age. No unbiased mind can approach this eminent educator and reformer, and not feel convinced of the debt the educational world owes him.

In February, 1688, de la Salle went to Paris to open a school in the parish of St. Sulpice. Having seriously studied the

situation and needs of the children, he drew up a schedule of study to meet their actual requirements and conditions. He found it essential to introduce a radical change in the system heretofore universally followed. This bold innovation was the substitution of the simultaneous for the individual method. The individual method, then in vogue, consisted in hearing and explaining the lesson of each child separately, while the others were studying. In the second or mutual method, the more advanced pupils of a class were employed in teaching the less advanced under the supervision of the teacher. This method was brought from India by Bell and was popularized in England by Lancaster. The simultaneous method, introduced by de la Salle in April, 1688, graded children according to their capacity, putting those of the same attainments in the same class, with the same book and following the same lesson under the same teacher. All teaching is done by one of these methods in some form. Today the method most in vogue, which has stood the test of time and experience, is the one the Brothers of the Christian Schools are identified with, the simultaneous method.

“Like all fruitful ideas,” observes Brother Azarias, “the simultaneous method is not the exclusive property of any one man. Others discerned its value, and men partially applied its principles, long before St. de la Salle made it live in his work. We do not find it in the university methods of the Middle Ages. The mere listening to a lecture, talking upon it, and holding disputations over it, is far from the simultaneous method. Nor does it seem to have been followed in the Grammar Schools.”

“At the very time when the cry for education is going up in Paris,” pertinently remarks a modern writer, “a saintly priest is quietly evolving the solution to all these problems. In 1681, St. John Baptist de la Salle had organized the Brothers of the Christian Schools, and had given them the simultaneous method of teaching. What Peter Fourier<sup>1</sup> touched, what Komensky<sup>2</sup> and Monsignor de Nesmond<sup>3</sup> and Charles Demia<sup>4</sup> had glimmerings of; what the anonymous memorialist could nowhere find yet thought to realize, had become a fact.”

<sup>1</sup> *Constitutions of the Sisters of Notre Dame*, cxi., art. 6, p. 54.

<sup>2</sup> *Didactica Magna*, by Komensky, better known as Comenius (1592-1671).

<sup>3</sup> *Plan of Instruction and Education for Primary Schools*, pp. 60, 64, 65 (1621-1715).

<sup>4</sup> *Founder of the Sisters of St. Charles* (1636-1689).

The pupils follow in the same lesson; they observe strict silence; the teacher in correcting one, is correcting all: here is the essence of the simultaneous method. Glancing over the pages of the *Manual of School Management*, which de la Salle prepared, we find scattered through them this same principle, inspiring all the rules of wisdom and prudence in which the book abounds. With truth Matthew Arnold has said, in speaking of this *Manual of School Management*: "Later works on the same subject have little improved the precepts, while they entirely lack the unction."<sup>5</sup>

We might quote pages from this handbook, applying the simultaneous method to all the details of school life with a precision and direction that bespeaks the master-mind. But it is needless. The method has not only been embedded in a book, it has also been embodied in a living organism, that has preserved its traditions with the greatest fidelity, and that applies them the world over. Because all of us have been trained according to this method and see it practised in nearly all our public and in many of our private schools throughout the land, and have ceased to find it a subject of wonder, we may be inclined to undervalue its importance.

All those conversant with the history of education are familiar with the long and animated struggle in France between the partisans of the simultaneous and mutual methods. Eminent educators, philosophers, and statesmen were arrayed on opposite sides, each claiming the superiority of the method they championed. The University of France maintained and practised the mutual method, and naturally insisted that that method prevail in all schools. The Brothers, however, adhered to the simultaneous method introduced and perfected by de la Salle. After almost a century of conflict, common sense prevailed and the simultaneous method of de la Salle was declared established, in 1882, to be henceforth the method adopted in all the public schools of France. M. Gréard, then Minister of Education, testified that "the experience of a century had taught the Government the superiority of the simultaneous method of teaching." In view of this pedagogical fact, Ferdinand Buisson, in his *Dictionnaire de Pédagogie*, proclaims "John Baptist de la Salle the glory of France as against any other foreign celebrity whom they would wish to thrust upon us. For when

<sup>5</sup> *Popular Education of France*, p. 15.

there is question of the origin of schools, it is not necessary for French erudition to make researches beyond the Rhine, because the reformer of popular teaching in Austria and Prussia, Ignatius von Felbiger, was born three years after the death of John Baptist de la Salle."

Another reason contributed to the popularity of the Brothers' school in Paris. De la Salle, with the keen vision of a great reformer, resolutely put aside all time-honored but illogical methods of teaching reading. With true scientific insight, he perceived the absurdity of retaining Latin texts to teach the art of reading.

The Bishop of Chartres, Godet des Marais, having been apprised of the new method introduced into his school by the Brothers, criticized it and insisted upon the traditional method of teaching reading by means of Latin texts.

In his reply, de la Salle strongly insisted upon the following points:

1. The art of reading, in primary and elementary schools, is of greater and wider utility when taught through the vernacular, than when taught by means of Latin texts.
2. The vernacular is more easily taught to children who already possess some knowledge of it, than the Latin, of which they were wholly ignorant.
3. It requires considerably less time to learn the art of reading through the vernacular, than through a dead language.
4. The boys and girls, attending elementary schools, can spend only a few years under instruction. Now, if they are taught reading from a Latin text, they generally leave school without being able to read the vernacular and with only an imperfect knowledge of Latin.

As a keen observer of human nature, de la Salle was fully cognizant of the fact that the genius for conceiving and planning, differs from the genius of executing and maintaining. One is speculative; the other practical. Happily for progressive modern education, de la Salle possessed both gifts. With remarkable readiness and adaptability, he began the work which succeeding educators applauded and approved: a series of text-books in the vernacular of reading, spelling, elementary grammar and composition, and arithmetic. To us nothing

seems more natural than such a procedure; but in his day prejudice had to be overcome and new methods invented to meet the new conditions that were hourly arising and demanding adjustment. Only a master-mind could plan and execute such a reform. To guard against varying moods or caprice and the introduction of impracticable novelties, de la Salle enacted wise, though stringent, regulations for his disciples. But regulations, being means to an end, cease to be operative when the end is attained. This truth should not be overlooked in estimating the meaning and scope of his prohibition of Latin. Its purpose was served when the vernacular became the basis of teaching.

The genius of de la Salle was prolific and far-reaching. He anticipated the progressive spirit of our own century. In his time as now many pupils were compelled to leave school at an early age, in order to add to the finances of the family. To aid such youths de la Salle became, in 1699, the promoter of adult teaching by establishing the Christian Academy or the *Sunday School*. The institution of this Academy preceded by eighty-four years the establishment of a public course in drawing in Florence, in 1783, by Duke Leopold.

It is true that prior to the seventeenth century, Sunday schools had been established elsewhere, but the sole aim was either to teach Christian Doctrine, or else to instruct pupils who, because they were occupied with manual labor during the week, found it impossible to attend the elementary schools. St. Charles Borromeo established a Sunday school at Bologna, with the coöperation of the Mayor of the city; and another was opened at Valencia toward 1584. Again, several Sunday schools had been instituted in Flanders. But all followed the same programme. The Christian Academy, or Sunday School, of de la Salle, for adults in the Parish of St. Sulpice, Paris, was of a different character and was *the first* of its kind in the history of education.

Having carefully studied the existing conditions of society, de la Salle determined upon a new and distinct creation. Accordingly, he announced that apart from reading, writing and arithmetic, special lessons would be given in geometry, architecture, drawing and bookkeeping. This was an advance toward modern methods. The Christian Academy proved a success from its inception, supplying a need of the time, and



had an attendance of over two hundred young men. De la Salle spared neither pains nor expense to maintain the Academy and assure its success. He attained his object. It would be impossible to credit, says a contemporary, the good results obtained from this remarkable innovation.

With the opening of the eighteenth century, de la Salle was confronted with singularly perplexing conditions. France had been devastated by war and famine, the people were oppressed, commerce and industry were paralyzed. Education, however, was gradually extending to a wider circle of the masses, and with the light of instruction came new ideas, new occupations, new ventures, a breaking away from the old civilization, and an innate desire to wrestle with the problems born of new conditions, and affected by intercourse with other nations. Even those educated in traditional methods, became aware of a mighty change in men and things. They felt an essential want in the actual educational system. The political horizon had changed, society became more degenerate as the masses continued to be shrouded in ignorance, the intellectual world was awakened and cast off its lethargy, assuming a bolder attitude and aspiring to greater freedom in the realm of thought and research, and class distinctions were becoming less marked. Merchants and tradesmen were regarded as important factors in civic life, essential to the prosperity and well-being of the nation. In the educational world there was no intermediary between the classical courses and elementary instruction. Now, if the sons of merchants and tradesmen were to meet the new conditions, what means were available to them? Evidently there was a chasm to be bridged.

De la Salle, perceiving that every grade of school, from the primary upward, laid undue stress on the Latin language, resolved to inaugurate a system better adapted to fit young men for business, professional, and scientific pursuits. Accordingly, he established a course, which, reversing the old order of things, gave undivided attention to the literature of the mother tongue, to the fine arts, and the sciences.

The "Bull of Canonization" promulgated by Leo XIII. puts the seal of the highest authority on the founder and apostle of modern education. "John Baptist de la Salle," says the Bull, "was so filled with the plenitude of the Spirit of God that, foreseeing by a divine insight, the needs of future centuries, he

created all kinds of establishments adapted to the instruction and education of youth. Therefore he was not satisfied with increasing the number of schools for the poor and with perfecting their methods, but he also was the first to found schools for teaching commerce and industry, institutions which today are known as professional schools. . . . He formulated laws and drew up excellent regulations to govern them, which still serve the many institutions that owe their existence to his initiative."

Evidently, de la Salle felt the pulse of his age and discovered its weakness. Therefore, he applied a heroic remedy. Even in the manner of conducting the studies, he anticipated our times. That method was elective. Each student applied himself to those studies which were best suited to his talents, the best adapted to further his pursuit in life. If we take up the catalogues of our great American universities and professional schools of today, we shall find that this method prevails in all of them, and is yearly obtaining wider recognition.

Among other creations of de la Salle, we find the Boarding College, established in Paris, in 1698. The history of its origin is not without interest. When James II. lost his throne, in 1688, he, with many Irish nobles, sought refuge in France. Among these were fifty nobles. Louis XIV. could not employ them advantageously, owing to their ignorance of the French language, literature and history; yet he grasped the situation. With a generosity which was equaled only by the delicacy displayed, he determined upon a plan of providing them with suitable instruction. But to whom could he safely intrust these noble exiles? Cardinal de Noailles was appealed to, and and he in turn consulted M. de la Chétardie. Providence was pointing directly to de la Salle. The rector of St. Sulpice, who was fully cognizant of this eminent educator's merit, at once named de la Salle as the only man who could successfully undertake their instruction and education. The choice was acceptable to the Cardinal, and the plan was proposed to the Founder of the Brothers, who immediately assented. By this action, de la Salle gave proof that the Brothers of the Christian Schools were to conduct colleges as well as elementary schools.

Again, while de la Salle was in Rouen, his reputation as an educator induced many wealthy and noble families to urge him to open a special Boarding College at St. Yon, a suburb of Rouen. The college was accordingly opened in October, 1705.

The course of study was even more varied and extended than that given in Paris. At St. Yon there were several distinct types of modern educational establishments, forming the most general group of institutions then existing in Europe. In one part was the Novitiate, in another the boarding college and in a third, the Manual Training School, with its workshops; while outside the walls was a free school for the children of the neighborhood. De la Salle also opened there, in 1716, the Christian Academy or Normal College, where the young Brothers completed their literary, scientific, and pedagogical training.

The laws governing all these distinct schools and the pedagogical principles laid down by de la Salle evince a grasp of human nature and of actual conditions truly remarkable. These laws have been carefully treasured in the Annals and Archives of the Institute, and will ever stand as a lasting monument to his genius, both as a reformer and as creator. Our public school system derives its best features from the plans and methods of de la Salle. The arrangement of classes, division of studies, and gradations are all modeled upon those of the great educator of the seventeenth century.

Before 1740, the Brothers of Cherbourg taught agriculture, theoretically and practically. Any one at all acquainted with the history of education in France is familiar with the famous professional agricultural college at Beauvais, an institution founded under the auspices of Alexis de Tocqueville. Its aim is to train intelligent farmers and fit them to cultivate the soil scientifically. Another school worthy of mention is the great *Manual Training School* at St. Nicholas, Paris. This school is the exemplar of such establishments as the New York Catholic Protectory, the Eddington Training School, the Catholic Protectory of Philadelphia, and the Manual Training School of Quito, Ecuador. In the School of St. Nicholas, Paris, more than three thousand pupils are receiving practical professional instruction. When the municipal council of Paris some years ago concluded to establish a professional school, they sent a committee to examine the institution in charge of the Brothers. So pleased were they with the methods, discipline, and progressive spirit of the institution that they declared "the work of St. Nicholas to be the first school of manual training in Paris, and the model for all such establishments."

Apart from agricultural, horticultural, naval and manual training schools, there are the strictly professional scientific institutions of France, Belgium, Spain, Italy, the Orient and the United States. The polytechnic schools of St. Etienne (France) and Carlsburg (Belgium) deserve special mention. Then we have superior secondary schools, of which Passy (Paris) was taken as the standard by the French Government in 1867. "France is indebted to de la Salle," declared M. Duruy, Minister of Education, "for establishing, developing, and popularizing this kind of teaching. If this special kind of teaching had been generalized, the organization of adult schools and even special teaching would have been a century in advance."

The rules and principles which de la Salle gave to his disciples all bespeak practical good sense. They reveal an intimate knowledge of boy nature. Written to cover the requirements of men engaged in elementary teaching, the rules laid down in the *Management of Christian Schools* stand for all time, and are equally applicable to the teaching of higher studies. They are the same rules by which St. de la Salle prepared the sons of the noblemen who followed James II. to France for positions of trust in the land of their exile. They are the principles by which, under his supervision, his disciples made the Boarding College of St. Yon the most successful and advanced *polytechnic school* of his day. They are the principles with which he indoctrinated the young teachers he sent forth from the Normal Schools he had established. They prevail in the class-rooms of all lay religious teaching orders of men and women, whose methods are now more or less modeled upon those of St. John Baptist de la Salle.

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## PROMOTION OF CITIZENSHIP.

BY ANTHONY BECK.



WE used to boast of our country being the "melting pot" in which men of all races speedily became imbued with a new spirit of liberty and loyalty. But the World War with its conflicting race issues has shaken us out of this rut of self-complacency. There has been a nation-wide awakening to the need of inculcating real Americanism among large classes of our people. The means most generally recommended is the banning of all foreign languages from schools, especially the grades. Other methods suggested are the barring of immigration until the foreign element has been absorbed, the deporting of radical agitators, classes in civics for foreigners, and courses in patriotism in the schools.

The problem is not merely one of language, regulation of immigration, night schools, and the curbing of alien propaganda. It is much more complex and fundamental. It is essentially a problem of the spirit. Some of the worst foes of Americanism are thoroughly conversant with the workings of our form of government and very proficient in the use of English. Six years ago William J. Sidis was graduated from one of our leading secular universities as a boy prodigy. Recently he began a six months' sentence in prison for utterances which a court pronounced un-American. According to Lieutenant Commander Amherst of the Naval Intelligence Bureau, a Jewess who graduated from Chicago University has been giving Bolshevik lectures in numerous cities. Not all the wild-eyed advocates of Soviet government in our country are foreign-born or even the sons and daughters of former immigrants. Some of these gentry trace their descent to old Yankee stock. To be an American requires much more than knowledge of the English language.

Unquestionably English should be the medium of instruction in our schools. Here and there it may be necessary to use some other language in the first few classes as a means of teaching English. In such cases a foreign language, if employed by

teachers with the true American spirit, facilitates acquisition of our country's tongue. This is especially true of adult immigrants. In the *Library Journal*,<sup>1</sup> the leading library publication, John Foster Carr, Director of the Immigrant Publication Society, submits the following on the topic of "Books in Foreign Languages and Americanization:" "The experience of librarians who are most active in this work among our former immigrants, is overwhelmingly in favor of the use of the books in foreign languages. . . . They are unanimous in reporting that the foreign department is the most practical and direct means of increasing the circulation of books in English among the foreign-born, particularly books on learning our language, books on American history, biography, books about citizenship and others of wholesome and useful sorts. . . . In New York the results have been so satisfactory that within a single year the library added twenty per cent to its foreign department." Another library "in one of our largest cities until a few years ago refused to circulate books in foreign languages that were not books of culture. But a change was made, and the director is enthusiastic over the results realized among the foreign element." "Of course," adds Mr. Carr, "the foreign books must be carefully chosen." Otherwise the shelves will be crowded with books of radicalism. Mr. Carr notes that properly selected books are a great assistance to the "heavy percentage of those who cannot gain a practical speaking knowledge of a new language, no matter how great their desire." This handicap is not peculiar to the foreigner. Comparatively few Americans residing in European countries, learn to speak well the language of the land of their residence.

However, a large percentage of the immigrants can acquire at least an elementary working knowledge of our country's language; and where even this little is impossible, they can and should become acquainted in their native tongue with American institutions and learn to appreciate the privilege of being an American citizen. All who do not apply for naturalization within a reasonable period should be sent back to their native country, exception being made for aliens sojourning here on official and other business of importance. Too long has our country been the stamping ground of alien agitators and propagandists from almost every land under the sun.

<sup>1</sup> April issue.

Still we cannot expect to dragoon the immigrant into being an American. He will become a good citizen only when he loves our country and its ideals; and love is not born of force. Affection is the outgrowth of admiration, appreciation, and understanding. When the average newcomer finds that our country is really a land of liberty and opportunity, demanding obedience to reasonable laws but respecting certain inalienable rights, he will give his fealty to the Stars and Stripes.

Real success in promoting citizenship depends in great measure on the proper regard for the religious and cultural ideals of immigrants. "The immigrants," said Rev. John O'Grady in his address to the recent Americanization Conference,<sup>2</sup> "have for centuries been struggling for religious and racial ideals in their own land. Autocratic European governments have been unable to deprive them of their ideals; and America cannot hope to do it." Nevertheless, Prussian methods are employed. "Four-fifths of the so-called 'Americanization' work now carried on," says *The Nation*,<sup>3</sup> "is an ignorant and narrow attempt to force our immigrants into the straight-jacket of the provincial, materialistic, and inurbane 'American' life." The New York *Evening Post*<sup>4</sup> also protests against "certain kinds of so-called 'Americanization.'" Under the caption, "At the Muzzle-End of 'Americanization,'" it quotes the *Washington Posten*,<sup>5</sup> a Norwegian-American journal of Seattle, as saying: "In the midst of all the wild howling which nowadays is heard against the foreign-born in this country every day, it is a pleasure to thumb through *Americanization*, a magazine published by the Bureau of Education of the Department of the Interior. This magazine breathes the spirit of a deep understanding of the fact that the Americanization of our foreign-born citizens cannot be furthered by the introduction of Prussian conditions in our free America. The department does not mention one word about prohibiting the immigrant the use of his mother tongue or by violence and force compel him to adopt the English language." The *Posten* goes on to point out that "the question of the Americanization of the foreign-born cannot be solved by people who heartlessly abuse and ridicule the country the immigrant has left." It cites instances of such abuse even by officials. The Seattle journal also emphasizes

<sup>2</sup> Held under the auspices of the Department of the Interior.

<sup>3</sup> May 17th.    <sup>4</sup> June 11th.    <sup>5</sup> May 9th.

the importance of coöperating with the schools, societies, newspapers, and churches of the immigrant.

Because of her insistence on loyalty to God which is the basis of loyalty to country in all lawful things, the Catholic Church has been the most efficient promoter of good citizenship. Her war record proves this contention. Because she is the Church Catholic, she speaks to men from every land a universal soul language; nor are their tongues and their racial ideas entirely foreign to her. For this reason the Catholic Church can, as a rule, adopt their best traits, blend them with American characteristics and thereby enrich our national culture. It is the combination of the best traits of the most enterprising people of many countries that has made the United States a nation unique in the world's history. The immigrant usually derives considerable advantage from coming to our shores; but he also generally contributes something to the culture of this most cosmopolitan among the nations.

"Our failure with the immigrant," observes Father O'Grady,<sup>6</sup> "has been due in no little measure to our traditional attitude towards him. A few years ago it was the despised Irish; now it is the 'Hunkie' and the 'Dago.' American industries and the American politician have to bear their share of the blame for the failure of the immigrant to understand the institutions of free America. It was difficult for them to appreciate the ideals of a country which permitted its great employers to work them for unreasonably long hours, for insufficient wages, and under conditions prejudicial to their health and welfare." Secretary Morrison of the American Federation of Labor, commenting on the bomb outrages of June 3d, pointed out that steamship companies and trusts stimulated immigration. This in itself might have had no injurious effect on national welfare, if the newcomers had been well treated and initiated into the spirit of our institutions. But "many of these immigrants were herded in large cities or other industrial centres." They constituted little miserable foreign colonies at the mercy of company stores and foremen. "At election time, in innumerable instances, they were voted *en bloc*, and, if they would organize a trade union or suspended work to stop exploitation, they were enjoined, clubbed, and jailed. This is an old story in West Virginia, Colorado,

<sup>6</sup> Address at the Americanization Conference.



Pennsylvania, and elsewhere. What can Americanism mean to those people? To them Americanism means a petty boss and low wages. They know nothing of our theory of government. . . . Americanism must be more than a shibboleth. It must mean education, opportunity, and social justice for all. We must vitalize our declarations and our beliefs that injustice has no place on American soil."

In other words, teaching of the American language and of civics is only part of the huge task in the promotion of citizenship confronting our country. Indeed, there are fully as many, if not more, native-born people who have lost the American spirit as there are immigrants who have never acquired it. We should strive to wipe out illiteracy and to teach the great majority of immigrants at least elementary English. But still more important is the inculcation of the true American spirit and of fundamental Christian principles among all, native-born as well as immigrants.

To be American means, in the first place, to be patriotic, to love our country, and to be loyal to its ideals. America's ideals are Christian. The widespread decay of morals, the numerous industrial and social ills of our day do not disprove this contention. Some of the founders of the Republic were infected with the anti-social ideas of Rousseau and other makers of the French Revolution. But most of them were God-fearing men who put fundamental Christian principles into the foundations of our government. Loyalty to our institutions, therefore, implies obedience to the laws of God. "No man," said Pope Leo XIII., "can be loyal to his country who is not loyal to his conscience and his God."

The good Christian, especially the practical Catholic, observes the divine and natural laws; and this is most conducive to national well-being. He gives to Cæsar the things that are Cæsar's, and to God the things that are God's. He is ever ready to defend his country against unjust attack. As a father, he does not make himself guilty of the outrage of throttling life at its source, but rears as God-fearing citizens the children Providence intrusts to him. He wages war against vicious diseases, divorce, and other evils playing havoc with family life and sapping the nation's man power. He does not patronize sex photoplays and novels, salacious newspapers, and prurient magazines which poison youth and vitiate public morality.

He reveres in his wife and daughters that high sense of modesty which refuses to parade styles of dress suggestive of the underworld. His sons do not believe that chastity is impossible and necessary in women only. If honored with a political office he performs his duty conscientiously, uses his position to promote his fellow-men's well-being, not to enrich himself with money stolen from the public treasury. As an employer he provides decent working conditions and reasonable hours, recognizes the right of labor to organize, and pays a living wage in accordance with the principles laid down by Pope Leo<sup>7</sup> nearly thirty years ago. If an employee, he gives a full day's work for a good wage, and does not turn Socialist or anarchist when he has a grievance but uses legitimate, constitutional means to obtain relief, meanwhile bearing his burden, mindful that the Saviour, too, was a worker and suffered unjustly. As a captain of industry, the good Christian citizen does not exploit his workmen nor charge exorbitant prices for his product. If a doctor, he uses his skill to save life and alleviate suffering, not to promote race suicide and to fleece the public. If a lawyer, he promotes respect for all laws based on justice. He seeks to allay strife and to conciliate, instead of nursing quarrels and enriching himself at the expense of clients. If intrusted with the education of youth, he inculcates above all faith in God, respect for His laws, and obedience to legitimate civil authority. As a clergyman, he devotes his life to the cultivation of all the Christian virtues and to the promotion of fealty to God without which there can be no true and consistent loyalty to country.

Any one conversant with the various phases of our national life must admit that large numbers of our people fail to measure up to the standard of the Christian citizen and, consequently, are not Americans in the true sense of the word. Tens of thousands of homes are annually broken up by the divorce demon, countless numbers of innocents are sacrificed to the god of lust, the social evil, as the draft revealed, is horribly prevalent, floods of salacious literature deluge the country, crowds flock to prurient photoplays, cases of "graft" and corruption in office are all too common, the revelations of the Federal Trade Commission show profiteering in necessities of life, workers are oppressed, or, in turn, make exorbitant demands and

<sup>7</sup> Encyclical on the Condition of Labor.

profiteer in certain trades. That many of these offences have become common and are not generally frowned upon as detrimental to the country's best interests, does not make them less unpatriotic. A man may display the flag on all possible occasions, make high-sounding patriotic speeches, and buy liberty bonds; but if he furthers any of these evils, he is far from being a real, a patriotic American. Nearly every larger community in the country was imposed upon by such "camouflage patriots" during the War.

There is no need to detail the sordid story now being told all too frequently in courts and newspapers. Let us rather dwell on the civic virtues, honesty, justice and decency, that lie at the basis of true national greatness and are indispensable to good citizenship. But Americanism means more than good citizenship in the ordinary sense. Throughout the world the word America is synonymous with independence, security for the rights of the individual, tolerance, opportunity and fair play.

But liberty does not mean license to break law or to ignore it. Liberty does not imply the right to drive any kind of a bargain, to corrupt youth, to preach class hatred, or to waste in self-indulgence and pernicious luxury wealth intrusted to us by Providence for the welfare of our fellow-man. America should be a great land of opportunity where the oppressed and needy of all nations can achieve independence and earn a decent livelihood. Industrial and financial autocrats have monopolized the country's opportunities and resources in many places, and made serfs of those for whom this natural wealth was intended. To be genuinely American implies the abolition of this economic autocracy and the granting of equal opportunity to all who strive earnestly to become good citizens. It means also security for the rights of the individual. America was the first country of modern times to write into its Constitution the Christian principle that certain personal, natural rights cannot be alienated by majorities or by civil authority. But the freedom of education, for instance, which was guaranteed by the Constitution, is now menaced by private and government monopolies. Philanthropic foundations with enormous wealth at their disposal have usurped control of the policies of many educational institutions. These foundations, a national organization of educators, labor unions, and other agencies are coöperating to set up a Federal Department

of Education which would virtually permit a few men, subject to political influence, to control all the schools of the country. One of the reasons they assign is that such a department would aid in making Americans. While it would assist some States in abolishing illiteracy, its underlying principle is un-American.

Let us teach English and civics to the immigrant and eliminate illiteracy among native-born citizens! But let us also try to lead those of us who have lost sight of the principles of Washington and his fellow-citizens back to the original American ideals! The National Catholic War Council is showing the way. It is encouraging Catholic societies everywhere to coöperate with the public authorities in promoting the study of English and civics among immigrants. It is organizing committees in Catholic parishes with a large immigrant population for the study of civic and industrial problems. It is conducting a nation-wide campaign for the promotion of industrial justice and a more equitable distribution of wealth. Some Catholic societies have for years worked along these lines. The Council is calling on all Catholics to take up the great work.

Love of our country and loyalty to the Church should prompt us to coöperate. With a great part of the world in the throes of famine and of misery; with radicalism rampant and rearing its monstrous head in our own land; with infant republics all over Europe looking to our country for aid and counsel in establishing their governments, it would be treason to refuse to do all in our power to assist the stricken, to curb the evils striking at the very foundation of our liberty and institutions, and to develop in this land, so bounteously blessed by God, the exemplar of a Christian democratic commonwealth.

The world's heart beats today with the pulsation of a new day of opportunity. Our great country has emerged from the conflict as a giant among nations. A grand vista of power and prosperity opens before us, provided we follow the road of sound Christian growth and development. In this vast land of boundless resources Providence has brought together the best from every race under the sun, but there are forces of dissolution at work within us. These forces are not born only of ignorance of our institutions and language. They spring from a deeper source. More than half of our people do not profess adherence to any creed. And yet, as George Washington said in his Farewell Address, religion and morality are

essential to national well-being. No legislation, however, wise; no appeals to patriotism, be they ever so stirring; no amount of teaching of civics will alone save the day. But the Church of Christ, which rescued the world when sunk in heathenism, will with her divine power stem the rising tide of neo-paganism and be the most efficient factor for the promotion of good citizenship—if we apply her precepts to the solution of every problem, industrial, social, educational and moral. Let us then proclaim her saving message to all our fellow-citizens by word and example! Let us bend all our energies to translating into practice her social principles.

By jealously guarding the sacred rights of Christian education; by developing our democracy along industrial lines and preserving it from the virus of Socialism and the domination of economic autocracy; by championing sound labor and social measures in the legislatures and in Congress; by warring on the licentious theatre and photoplay, the salacious journal, and the twin monsters of race suicide and divorce; by coöperating in carrying out a comprehensive plan of Christian Social Reform and reconstruction, we will build up Americans of the highest order and help to realize the poet's prediction concerning our great Republic:

Westward the course of empire takes its way.

The first four acts already past,

A fifth shall close the drama with the day;

Time's noblest offspring is the last.

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## CARDINAL NEWMAN AND GILBERT K. CHESTERTON.

BY ALFRED G. BRICKEL, S.J.



IT may seem a paradox perpetrated by Gilbert K. Chesterton himself to assert that he is, of all modern writers, nearest of kin intellectually to Cardinal Newman. Newman's sober statement and leisurely-marching sentences contrast strangely, I admit, with the keen-edged aphorism and rapid-fire utterance of Chesterton. But the paradox of their similarity will vanish if we remember that differences of style need not indicate differences in the ideas they help to reveal. Religion may be preached or taught scientifically or sung. For only yesterday Cardinal Mercier expressed in thrilling pastorals what St. Thomas encased in dry syllogisms or Prudentius sang in martial hexameters. Similarly Newman and Chesterton differ in style but agree in ideas and philosophic outlook.

Chesterton, like Newman, compelled the attention of his generation by writing a philosophical romance; a daring book, to be sure, but one that gave him, as the *Apologia* gave Newman, a permanent place in English literature. But it is not only in the similarity of their search as revealed in the *Apologia* and in *Orthodoxy* that Newman and Chesterton resemble each other. A closer intellectual kinship, unapparent, or, at least unemphasized in their autobiographies, becomes clearer as one reads their more objective writings. The likeness of their sympathies about the subjects they chose, the frequency with which they wrote on the same topics and the striking, even verbal, similarity of their conclusions are more than coincidences. They are the natural results of a harmony of mind and heart in these two philosophers which is all the more interesting because of the contrast of their style.

Mediævalism is the first all-pervading resemblance between Newman and Chesterton. Chesterton openly avows his allegiance to the Middle Ages: "I will venture to make even of these trivial fragments the high boast that I am a mediævalist and not a modern."<sup>1</sup> Then there is in the introduction to

<sup>1</sup> *Gargoyles.*

*Heretics* an impressive picture of "a gray-clad monk (in whom we see Chesterton), the spirit of the Middle Ages;" Chesterton evidently approves of the monk's advice to the mob that they should consider the philosophy of light before tearing down the lamp post. In the same introduction Chesterton says: "I revert to the doctrinal methods of the thirteenth century inspired by the general hope of getting something done." Mediæval, again, is the inspiration of his best poetry, *Lepanto*, *The Wild Knight*, *A Christmas Song for Three Guilds*, *The Crusader Returns from Captivity*, and the drinking songs in *The Flying Inn*; *The Architect of Spears* is typical of the mediævalism of many of his essays. His novels are full of mediæval touches and one of them, *The Napoleon of Notting Hill*, is reminiscent of the thirteenth century rather than the twentieth. But any lingering doubt about Chesterton's appreciation of the Middle Ages is dispelled by his *Short History of England*. In it everything mediæval is seen, not through the haze of Protestant prejudice, but through the eyes of one who is a Catholic at heart. Where Mr. Wells sees only "dirt and chickens" as distinctive features, Chesterton has riveted his gaze on the really distinctive features of mediævalism: the guilds, the crusades, the charters of liberty, the cathedrals, the song of Roland, St. Thomas à Becket, St. Louis and St. Dominic, philosophers, heraldry and jesters.

Newman owns his fealty to mediævalism as frankly as Chesterton. He glories in the fact that "Oxford has and ever has had what men of the world will call a Popish character, that in opinion and tone of thought its members are successors of the old monks."<sup>2</sup> Then there is Newman's love of Gothic. "I think that that style which is called Gothic, is endowed with a profound and a commanding beauty, such as no other style possesses with which we are acquainted, and which probably the Church will not see surpassed till it attain to the Celestial City. No other architecture now used for sacred purposes seems to be the growth of an idea, whereas the Gothic style is as harmonious and as intellectual as it is graceful."<sup>3</sup> Since Newman says in another place that "our architecture is an effect of our state of mind," it is easy to infer that he approved of the state of mind, the entire world of spiritual impulses that produced Gothic art. For Ralph Adams

<sup>2</sup> *Mediæval Oxford*.

<sup>3</sup> *Idea of a University*.

Cram has shown in his *Substance of Gothic* that all the philosophy, religion and literature of the Middle Ages is built into the gray cathedrals. The universities, as true a product of mediævalism as the cathedrals, Newman eulogized in some of his finest essays; the system of education advocated in the *Idea of a University* is mediæval to the core. Finally Newman recognized in Sir Walter Scott the precursor of the religious ideas of the Oxford Movement; and Sir Walter is nothing if he is not the reviver of mediævalism.

Newman and Chesterton resemble the men of the thirteenth century in their positive dogmatic attitude and in their contempt for skepticism. In a paragraph of *Heretics* Chesterton thus arraigns the modernists: "The vice of the modern notion of mental progress is that it is always something concerned with the breaking of bonds, the effacing of boundaries, the casting away of dogmas. But if there be such a thing as mental growth, it must mean the growth into more and more definite convictions, into more and more dogmas. The human brain is a machine for coming to conclusions; if it cannot come to conclusions it is rusty. When we hear of a man too clever to believe we are hearing of something having almost the character of a contradiction in terms. It is like hearing of a nail that was too good to hold down a carpet; or a bolt that was too strong to keep a door shut." Newman's theory of knowledge in the *Grammar of Assent* is so dogmatic that it assumes as certain what Neo-Scholastics have written books to prove, viz., that certitude exists, that an external world exists, that the mind can know the external world.

Skepticism is rejected by Newman and Chesterton as vigorously as dogmatism is asserted. Chesterton devotes a chapter in *Orthodoxy*, "The Suicide of Thought," to a criticism of skeptics, but his attitude towards them is best summarized perhaps in the following sentence from *Heretics*: "When a man drops one doctrine after another in a refined skepticism, when he declines to tie himself to a system, when he says that he has outgrown definitions, when he says that he disbelieves in finality, when, in his own imagination, he sits as God, holding no form of creed, but contemplating all, then he is by that very process sinking slowly backwards into the vagueness of the vagrant animals and the unconsciousness of the grass." Newman, too, looks upon skepti-



cism as the gradual subsidence and final submergence of the mind. "Resolve to believe nothing," he says, "and you must prove your proofs and analyze your elements, sinking farther and farther, and finding 'in the lowest depth a lower deep' till you come to the broad bosom of skepticism." <sup>4</sup>

Other favorite aversions of Newman and Chesterton are the popular catchwords like "Darwinism" or "Progress," or "Eugenics," which the supposedly educated mob snatches up and flings out as though the mere words were an indictment of orthodoxy. *What's Wrong With the World*, *Heretics*, *Orthodoxy* and *The Defendant* are full of proofs that the pet phrases of modernists have met no keener analyst than Gilbert K. Chesterton. That shibboleth-slaying was as agreeable to Newman as it is to Chesterton, is clear from the following sentence: "When, for instance, I hear speakers at public meetings declaiming about 'large and enlightened views' or about 'freedom of conscience' or about 'the Gospel,' or any other popular subject of the day, I am far from denying that some among them know what they are talking about; but it would be satisfactory, in a particular case, to be sure of the fact; for it seems to me that those household words may stand in a man's mind for a something or other, very glorious indeed, but very misty, like the idea of 'civilization' which floats before the mental vision of a Turk, that is, if when he interrupts his smoking to utter the word, he condescends to reflect whether it has any meaning at all." <sup>5</sup>

Respect for tradition and appreciation of the culture and religious life of the past is another common denominator of the philosophy of Chesterton and Newman. While Shaw, Wells, James, Tyrrel, Loisy, Sabatier, and Harnack were clamoring for the total destruction of Christian philosophy and theology, Chesterton affirmed in *The Defendant*: "It has appeared to me that progress should be something else besides a continual parricide; therefore I have investigated the dust-heaps of humanity and found a treasure in all of them." And in the introduction to *Orthodoxy* he comes out more explicitly in favor of tradition. "Tradition may be defined as an extension of the franchise. Tradition means giving votes to the most obscure of all classes, our ancestors. It is the democracy of the dead. Tradition refuses to submit to the small and

<sup>4</sup> *Grammar of Assent.*    <sup>5</sup> *Idea of a University.*

arrogant oligarchy of those who merely happen to be walking about. All democrats object to men being disqualified by the accident of birth; tradition objects to their being disqualified by the accident of death. Democracy tells us not to neglect a good man's opinion, even if he is our groom; tradition asks us not to neglect a good man's opinion even if he is our father. I, at any rate, cannot separate the two ideas of democracy and tradition; it seems evident to me that they are the same idea. We will have the dead at our councils. The ancient Greeks voted by stones; these shall vote by tombstones."

Newman's respect for tradition was greater than Chesterton's. The Fathers were the intellectual cause of Newman's conversion; their philosophy erected on a basis of Aristotelianism was the philosophy of Newman. This traditional philosophy he defended at the time when Carlyle, Arnold, Acton, Emerson, Lowell and others in the philosophical and literary world were seeking their intellectual salvation from Germany. The only references Newman makes to the modernists in philosophy are disparaging. Descartes, the founder of modern philosophy, is reproved by Newman for not respecting tradition: "He was too independent in his inquiries to be always correct in his conclusions." Kant, the finisher of modern philosophy, is mentioned as an exponent of pantheism, "whether we view it in the philosophy of Kant, in the open infidelity of Strauss, or in the religious professions of the new Evangelical Church of Prussia."\*

Logical acumen tempered by a distrust of the all-sufficiency of logic is another common characteristic of our philosophers. *Orthodoxy* remembers its Greek meaning on every page; it is filled with straight thinking; it scintillates with Abelardian dialectic. Still its author warns us not to put ourselves into the well-lighted prison of logic, because logic, untouched by mysticism, poetry and common sense leads to the madhouse. His reason is simple. The world which the logician seeks to imprison in a formula is not quite logical. "The real trouble with this world of ours is not that it is an unreasonable world, nor even that it is a reasonable one. The commonest kind of trouble is that it is nearly reasonable but not quite. Life is not an illogicality; yet it is a trap for logicians. It looks just a little more mathematical and regular than it is; its ex-

\* *Essay on Development.*

actitude is obvious, but its inexactitude is hidden; its wildness lies in wait." There is no need of proving that the man who carved Kingsley so delicately and dialectically was a logician. But it may be interesting to know that he, as well as Chesterton, knew the fallacy of measuring everything by the tape-line of logic. "While we talk logic, we are unanswerable; but then, on the other hand, this universal living scene of things is after all as little a logical world as it is a poetical; and, as it cannot without violence be exalted into poetical perfection, neither can it be attenuated into a logical formula."<sup>7</sup>

To attack an opponent's assumptions rather than his statements is a manœuvre common to Newman and Chesterton. Both are logical detectives; they do not fear the exact wording of their opponent's arguments; but they know that the surest way to settle a dispute is to reduce it to its simplest elements, the one or two propositions on which it rests. There are many subjects in which Newman and Chesterton have probed the assumptions of their adversaries, but their words are most quotable on the subject of miracles since they have there stated their conclusions most epigrammatically. The unbeliever does not reject miracles because he has examined the evidence for any miracle in particular; he rejects them because he has an *a priori* assumption against miracles in general. The believer tests the evidence for particular miracles and accepts some of them, because he too has an assumption, the assumption that there is a Power above phenomena capable of breaking in upon an arrangement which was created as contingent and not as necessary. Listen to Chesterton: "If a man believes in unalterable natural law, he cannot believe in any miracle in any age. If a man believe in a will behind law, he can believe in any miracle in any age."<sup>8</sup> Newman's words are much the same. "What (fact) is to alter the order of nature? I reply: That which willed it; that which willed it, can unwill it."<sup>9</sup> Newman is even more decisive against the main assumption of unbelievers. "They are saying, What has happened nine hundred and ninety-nine times one way cannot possibly happen on the one thousandth time another way, *because* what has happened nine hundred and ninety-nine times one way is likely to happen in the same way on the one thousandth. But unlikely things do happen sometimes. If, however, they mean



<sup>7</sup> *Grammar of Assent.*

<sup>8</sup> *Orthodoxy.*

<sup>9</sup> *Grammar of Assent.*

that the existing order of nature constitutes a physical necessity, and that a law is an unalterable fact, this is to assume the very point in debate and is much more than asserting its antecedent probability.”<sup>10</sup>

Newman and Chesterton have turned an apparent disadvantage in the argument for Christianity into a positive argument in its favor. Unbelievers often allege that instead of a single, clear and compelling argument that would force their assent to the truth of Christianity, there are a series of intricate, elaborately connected and long-drawn-out arguments. Newman and Chesterton show that this intricacy is just what is to be expected and that the adversaries' charge is a compliment rather than a reproach. Both writers stress the fact that the argument for Christianity is a unit, coalescing out of a series of independent and converging evidences. Chesterton says: “When once one believes in a creed, one is proud of its complexity, as scientists are proud of the complexity of science. It shows how rich it is in discoveries. If it is right at all, it is a compliment to say that it's elaborately right. . . . But this involved accuracy of the thing makes it very difficult to describe this accumulation of truth. It is very hard for a man to defend anything of which he is entirely convinced. It is comparatively easy when he is only partially convinced. He is partially convinced because he has found this or that proof of the thing, and he can expound it. But a man is not really convinced of a philosophic theory when he finds that something proves it. He is only really convinced when he finds that everything proves it. And the more converging reasons he finds pointing to this conviction, the more bewildered he is if asked suddenly to sum them up. Thus, if one asked an ordinary intelligent man, on the spur of the moment, ‘Why do you prefer civilization to savagery?’ he would look wildly round at object after object, and would only be able to answer vaguely, ‘Why, there is that bookcase . . . and the coals in the coal scuttle . . . and pianos . . . and policemen.’ The whole case for civilization (and we may add, for Christianity) is that the case for it is complex. It has done so many things. But the very multiplicity of proof which ought to make reply overwhelming makes reply impossible.”<sup>11</sup>

All through the *Grammar of Assent*, the *Oxford University*

<sup>10</sup> *Grammar of Assent*.

<sup>11</sup> *Orthodoxy*.

*Sermons* and the *Essay on Development*, Newman insists on the intricacy and converging character of the Christian evidences, but the following passage comes closest to the above paragraph from *Orthodoxy*: "As regards what are commonly called Evidences, that is, arguments *a posteriori*, conviction for the most part follows not upon any one great and decisive proof, but upon a number of very minute circumstances together, which the mind is quite unable to count up and methodize in an argumentative form. Let a person only call to mind the clear impression he has about matters of every day's occurrence, that this man is bent on a certain object, or that that man was displeased or another suspicious; or that one is happy and another unhappy; and how much depends in such impressions on manner, voice, accent, words uttered, silence instead of words, and all the many subtle symptoms which are felt by the mind but cannot be contemplated; and let him consider how very poor an account he is able to give of his impression, if he avows it, and is called upon to justify it."<sup>12</sup>

Versatility combined with depth of thought is another noticeable feature in the philosophy of Chesterton and Newman. It will hardly be denied that Newman's versatility is perfectly compatible with a thorough treatment of his subject. But that Chesterton is deep as well as versatile will require a brief statement. Chesterton is anything but a shallow historian; he has succeeded in his *Short History of England* in being as interesting as Macaulay, without sacrificing truth to cadences and antitheses. Chesterton is one of the most penetrating of critics as his *Robert Browning* and *Charles Dickens* and many of his essays prove. He is besides a good poet, journalist and novelist. Finally his *Orthodoxy*, *Heretics* and *What's Wrong With the World* proclaim him a great philosopher in an age which philosophizes in essays and prefaces. Chesterton's depth will appear even better if he is contrasted with some of his contemporaries who undoubtedly show genius. Mr. Wells is a genius in one subject-matter, in writing novels. When he strays into theology the result is, I admit, versatile; but it is a superficial versatility; critically considered, *God The Invisible King* is a *ridiculus mus*. When Mr. Wells would seem versatile by referring to history, he evinces an ignorance and shallowness which we should not like to attribute to a boy in high school.

<sup>12</sup> *Oxford University Sermons.*

Arnold Bennett and Galsworthy are novelists of genius but, like Wells, they are blind to the influence of Christianity not only as a spiritual force, but even as a philosophical phenomenon.

There are other notable resemblances between Newman and Chesterton. They are both realists; they abhor German philosophy, Calvinism and Puritanism; they like to prove their statements not by metaphysics, but by concrete historical instances; they believe in the pragmatic criterion as a preliminary criterion not as an ultimate one; they are convinced that English government in Ireland has been and is a withering curse; their philosophy is to a great extent occasional (the *Apologia* and *Orthodoxy* are the answer to a challenge), being imbedded in essays, poems, prefaces, novels and letters to newspapers rather than in formal treatises. For the informal character of Chesterton's philosophy we should be grateful, and we can say of him what Wilfrid Ward says of Newman: "We can be thankful that we have as the legacy of his life work not a few technical *magna opera* sealed with the approval of the savants, but the outpourings of a rich nature, rich in the gifts of spiritual insight and devotion to duty, rich in the imagination and knowledge of the historian, and the fancy of the poet, rich in the brilliancy of literary form as well as in philosophic meditation, riches not cast in scientific mold, but the free outpourings of his nature, given to the world, as occasion offered, bringing the man in close contact not with the learned few, but with the human many."<sup>13</sup>

<sup>13</sup> Last Lectures of Wilfrid Ward.

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FRANCIS THOMPSON, A POETS' POET.

BY MARGARET MUNSTERBERG.

LILIUM REGIS.

O Lily of the King! Low lies thy silver wing,  
And long has been the hour of thine unqueening;  
And thy scent of Paradise on the night-wind spills its sighs,  
Nor any take the secrets of its meaning.  
O Lily of the King! I speak a heavy thing,  
O patience, most sorrowful of daughters!  
Lo, the hour is at hand for the troubling of the land,  
And red shall be the breaking of the waters.

Sit fast upon thy stalk, when the blast shall with thee talk,  
With the mercies of the King for thine awning;  
And the just understand that thine hour is at hand,  
Thine hour at hand with power in the dawning.  
When the nations lie in blood, and their kings a broken brood,  
Look up, O most sorrowful of daughters!  
Lift up thy head and hark what sounds are in the dark,  
For His feet are coming to thee on the waters!

O Lily of the King! I shall not see, that sing,  
I shall not see the hour of thy queening!  
But my Song shall see, and wake like a flower that dawn-winds shake,  
And sigh with joy the odors of its meaning.  
O Lily of the King remember then the thing,  
That this dead mouth sang; and thy daughters,  
As they dance before His way, sing there on the Day  
What I sang when the Night was on the waters!



HIS apotheosis to the Catholic Church, which now seems a prophecy, is not an English rendering of a mediæval hymn, neither is it an ode from the devout lips of a seventeenth century singer as Vaughan or George Herbert—it is an “ecclesiastical ballad” sung by a singer of our own day, one whose death was mourned, by poets rather than the reading public, little more than ten years ago. Francis Thompson belongs to the “modern” poets by the calendar, although, for that matter, he might as well be and has been considered the last of the Victorians. His muse, however, except for the heritage of the

great poets before him, notably Shelley, Keats, Coleridge, might as well have sprung up in an earlier century. Not that he is, like Tennyson, in *The Idylls of the King*, a deliberate romancer of the past; the past concerned Francis Thompson not a whit more than the living present. To this great Catholic poet of modern times his Catholicism was as young, as modern, as vital to all lesser phases of life as it was to Dante or St. Augustine. Out of his poetry and his prose it shines as pure, as unaffected, as irresistible as the matchless Catholicism of Murillo shines forth from his Madonnas, or, let us say, his St. Francis, the patron saint of our poet.

In a life of suffering and asceticism, at times in the greatest squalor and degradation, the poet lived with his visions and, like the lotos flower which is the symbol of purity because it grows out of the mire, stainless and beautiful, he was ever in search of beauty—the beauty of the spirit which he sought behind “the veil of flesh.” In this power of the inner eye to behold a manifestation of divine love in the lowliest, in the most sordid creature, he resembles the Austrian poet, R. M. Rilke, who from the misery of Paris streets, as Thompson did from darkest London, raised the mystic white flowers of his devout inspiration.

The life of Francis Thompson has been chronicled for all time in a gem of biographies by Everard Meynell, the son of Thompson's great benefactors and discoverers, Wilfrid and Alice Meynell. The biographer who, from his childhood, knew the reserved, ascetic poet so little known to others, has read into every phase, down to the most trivial, of his strange, lustreless life, that inner meaning which the poet himself had enclosed in his splendid, refulgent verse.

In all his privation, his visions never left him. He was, indeed, like the little girl with the matches in Andersen's fairy-tale, who, barefoot and shivering, struck one match after the other, because in every flickering flame she saw a radiant dream which made her forget hunger and cold. A poem found among Thompson's papers after his death, testifies to the inner vision that brightened his London nights:

But (when so sad thou canst not sadder)  
Cry—and upon thy so sore loss  
Shall shine the traffic of Jacob's ladder  
Pitched betwixt Heaven and Charing Cross.



Yea, in the night, my Soul, my daughter,  
Cry,—clinging Heaven by the hems;  
And lo, Christ walking on the water  
Not of Gennesareth, but Thames!

When almost engulfed by the downward stream of misery, a miracle happened. After many failures, an essay of his, *Paganism Old and New*, together with some poems, attracted the more than passing notice of Mr. Wilfrid Meynell, the editor of the Catholic periodical *Merry England*, who took great pains to trace the unknown, elusive poet. At last he was found, ragged and perplexed, and from that first meeting on, Mr. Meynell was the poet's life-long friend. Indeed, to him the lovers of Thompson owe as much as to the poet himself who, but for the benefactor who recognized his powers and believed in him, might have drooped in the London streets, his genius withered before it was in bloom. Mr. Meynell sent Thompson to a private hospital, had him cared for in the quiet seclusion of Storrington, where he began his fruitful period of abstinence from opium. On Thompson's return to London, Mr. Meynell looked out for his welfare and made him a contributor to *Merry England*, so that the poet found himself a journalist and reviewer by profession. In the household of the Meynells, Francis found the sunshine of his life: in Wilfrid Meynell more than a benefactor—a father, a friend, a trusted guide; his wife, Alice Meynell, herself a poet and essayist of charm, and co-editor of *Merry England*, Thompson worshipped with a Dantesque adoration which he crystallized in the cycle of wrapt, spiritual love poems called *Love in Dian's Lap*. To the little daughters of the Meynells are dedicated the *Sister Songs*, another poem to the poet's godchild, Francis Meynell; and Everard Meynell became his inspired biographer.

*The Passion of Mary*, simpler than most of his opulent verse, was the first poem published in *Merry England*; this was followed by *Dream-Tryst*, a poetic visionary remembrance of a child he met when eleven years old, and by an essay: *Paganism Old and New*. In 1889 appeared the *Ode to the Setting Sun*, in 1891 *Sister Songs* and *The Hound of Heaven*, probably his best known poem. A volume called *Poems* was published in 1893, one *Sister Songs* in 1895 and *New Poems* in 1897.

For a while Thompson made his abode in Pantasaph, near the Franciscan monastery, where he found joy and spiritual kinship in discourse with Father Anselm. There also he won a friendship which he valued ardently and which had a profound influence on him and on his muse—that of the other Catholic poet in England of his time, Coventry Patmore. On him, or rather on his portrait painted by Sargent, Thompson wrote the poem *A Captain of Song* and to him he dedicated his *New Poems*: “. . . Under the banner of your spread renown!” From the peace of the friars, Francis felt drawn back to his beloved London. There he lived and wrote until tuberculosis preyed on his frail body, when he consented to be cared for in the country as the guest of Mr. Wilfrid Blunt, and finally was persuaded by Mr. Meynell to go to the hospital of St. John and St. Elizabeth, where on November 13, 1907, the strange, unearthly poet closed his mortal eyes.

The poems of Francis Thompson are esoteric. Their intellectual content is not difficult, but it is clothed in a wealth of imagery that bursts upon one with the mystical splendor and disarray of apocalyptic visions. To Thompson's critics his language seemed affected, to his lovers it is the fountain of an overcharged spirit that overflows before its waters can be caught in orderly cisterns. Where Thompson's diction is simple and lucid, he has achieved a rare, touching beauty; where it is opaque, the sympathetic reader will not find his time and effort wasted if he tries to dive into the turbid depth, for among strange tangles of sea-weed, he will be sure to grasp some precious pearls. Simple and tender are his short poems to children who always inspired his love and poetry. Simple, too, for the most part, are the powerful “ecclesiastical ballads” with their heroic faith in an age of skepticism. Mystical, like the love of Dante for Beatrice, are his love poems. Cherubim and seraphim hover through his pages; the music of harps and horns tremble through his rhythms; stars are to this poet the most familiar objects. Indeed, no earthly creature can hold his attention long, before he translates it into some heavenly symbol or sees the spirit shining through the glass of mortal form. In *The Hound of Heaven* is the poet's *Credo*. The Divine Hound is Christ, ever with His love pursuing the human fugitive who seeks bliss among “man or maid,” then

"within the little children's eyes," lastly with nature, but finds them all wanting:

Nature, poor stepdame, cannot slake my drouth;  
 Let her, if she would owe me,  
 Drop yon blue bosom-veil of sky, and show me  
 The breasts o' her tenderness:  
 Never did any milk of her once bless  
 My thirsting mouth.

At last the fugitive yields to the pursuing Hound, who says:

"Lo all things fly thee, for thou fliest Me!  
 Strange, piteous, futile thing!

\* \* \* \* \*

Alack, thou knowest not  
 How little worthy of any love thou art!  
 Whom wilt thou find to love ignoble thee,  
 Save Me, save only Me? . . ."

Those who do not believe with Thompson that "prose is clay, poetry the white, molten metal," should turn to his simple, lucid essays. His prose has the charm that belongs only to the prose of poets. He himself has said in the little essay on *Sydney's Prose*: "Among prose writers a peculiar interest attaches to the poets who have written prose, who can both soar and walk."

In Thompson's essays, we hear the voice of the Catholic first and of the poet only secondly—or perhaps one should say both at once, for to him true poetry was only a form of religion. Thus in the individual essay on *Paganism Old and New* he champions the joys and beauties of Christian inspiration as opposed to those of paganism; indeed, he maintains that what there is in the revival of paganism to delight us has been given its beauty through the medium of Christian vision. "To read Keats is to grow in love with Paganism; but it is the Paganism of Keats. Pagan Paganism was not poetical." And again: "The kiss of Dian was a frigid kiss till it glowed in the fancy of the barbarian Fletcher: there was little halo around Latmos' top, till it was thrown around it by the modern Keats. No pagan eye ever visioned the nymphs of Shelley. In truth there was around the Olympian heaven no such halo and native

air of poetry as, for Christian singers, clothed the Christian heaven."

In an essay on Shelley, Thompson ardently defends his admired poet from the distrust of the Church, and his defence is really a championing of all high poetry as the ally of the Church. "Beware how you misprise this potent ally, for hers is the art of Giotto and Dante; beware how you misprise this insidious foe, for hers is the art of modern France and of Byron. Her value, if you know it not, God knows, and know the enemies of God. If you have no room for her beneath the wings of the Holy One, there is place for her beneath the webs of the Evil One." Shelley's pantheism, for which he had no use as such, he defended as a transition from atheism to true belief: "Pantheism is a half-way house, and marks ascent or descent according to the direction from which it is approached. Now Shelley came to it from absolute Atheism; therefore in his case it meant rise. Again, his poetry alone would lead us to the same conclusion, for we do not believe that a truly corrupted spirit can write consistently ethereal poetry." The most practical of Thompson's essays is *In Darkest England*—that England of which he had the bitterest first-hand knowledge. This essay is a summons to the Franciscan Tertiaries to take up the work, then done only by the Salvation Army, in the slums of London, and to displace the clanging methods of the Salvationists by the gentle and hallowed instruments of the Church: "For the discipline of trumpets, the discipline of Sacraments." Particularly eloquent is his plea for the children of darkest London who from their birth have never known childhood.

The value of Thompson's gift to the world lies not only in its own beauty and that of its spiritual message; it lies also in the seed it has sown in the hearts of other poets. Francis Thompson was, indeed, like Keats, a poets' poet. Of Coleridge, who had such great influence upon him, Thompson wrote: "No other poet, perhaps, except Spenser, has been an initial influence, a generative influence, on so many poets. . . . It is natural that he also should be 'a poets' poet' in the rarer sense—the sense of fecundating other poets. . . . It is that he has incited the very sprouting in them of the laurel-bough, has been to them a fostering sun of song."

Such eloquent testimony cannot yet be given of Francis

Thompson's influence; but there is no doubt that he has entered deeply into poets' hearts. He won the approving notice of Tennyson and Browning, the interest and hospitality of Meredith, the earnest friendship and enthusiastic praise of Coventry Patmore. In 1897 Mr. Garvin said of Thompson in the *Bookman*: "After the publication of his second volume, when it became clear that *The Hound of Heaven* and *Sister Songs* should be read together as a strict lyrical sequence, there was no longer any comparison possible, except the highest, the inevitable comparison with even Shakespeare's *Sonnets*. The *Sonnets* are the greatest soliloquy in literature. *The Hound of Heaven* and *Sister Songs* together are the second greatest; and there is no third."

Thompson's voice was heard across the Channel. The Frenchman Delattre devoted an earnest chapter of a book on English poets since Byron, to Francis Thompson, the *poète Catholique*, in which he compares the poet to Chatterton and to Edgar A. Poe. He says: "*De tous ces poèmes s'élève non pas un Que sais-je? angoissé, nostalgique de l'absolu, comme celui de Pascal, no même le Que sais-je? romantique, alourdi de toute l'inquiétude moderne et qui s'afflige du silence éternel de la divinité—mais un Je sais ardent, énergique, véhément, convaincu.*"<sup>1</sup>

Praise from men of letters—not all praise, a good measure of blame, too, was his lot—is, after all, no fruit. But the singer woke songs in the breasts of other poets. To my regret, I have access to only two of these, though I am convinced that there are more. One is the lovely tribute from the American poet Charles Hanson Towne: *The Quiet Singer*, which has caught, by an inspired contagion, the quiet singer's very voice:

He had been singing—but I had not heard his voice;  
 He had been weaving lovely dreams of song,  
 O many a morning long.  
 But I, remote and far,  
 Under an alien star,  
 Listened to other singers, other birds,  
 And other lovely words.

<sup>1</sup> "From these poems there arises neither the anguished, What do I know? longing for the absolute, as with Pascal, nor even the, What do I know? of the romanticist, oppressed by modern unrest and tormented by the eternal silence of God—but a fiery, energetic, vehement, positive: I know."

But does the skylark, singing sweet and clear,  
 Beg the cold world to hear?  
 Rather he sings for very rapture of singing,  
 At dawn, or in the blue, mild Summer noon,  
 Knowing that, late or soon,  
 His wealth of beauty, and his high notes, ringing  
 Above the earth, will make some heart rejoice.  
 He sings, albeit alone,  
 Spendthrift of each pure tone,  
 Hoarding no single song,  
 No cadence wild and strong.  
 But one day, from a friend far overseas,  
 As if upon the breeze,  
 There came the teeming wonder of his words—  
 A golden troop of birds,  
 Caged in a little volume made to love;  
 Singing, singing,  
 Flinging, flinging  
 Their breaking hearts on mine, and swiftly bringing  
 Tears, and the peace thereof.  
 How the world woke anew!  
 How the days broke anew!  
 Before my tear-blind eyes a tapestry  
 I seemed to see,  
 Woven of all the dreams dead or to be.  
 Hills, hills of song, Springs of eternal bloom,  
 Autumns of golden pomp and purple gloom  
 Were hung upon his loom.  
 Winters of pain, roses with awful thorns,  
 Yet wondrous faith in God's dew-drenched morns—  
 These, all these I saw,  
 With that ecstatic awe  
 Wherewith one looks into Eternity.

And then I knew that, though I had not heard  
 His voice before,  
 His quiet singing, like some quiet bird  
 At some one's distant door,  
 Had made my own more sweet; had made it more  
 Lovely, in one of God's miraculous ways.  
 I knew then why the days  
 Had seemed to me more perfect when the Spring  
 Came with old bourgeoning;  
 For somewhere in the world his voice was raised,

And somewhere in the world his heart was breaking;  
 And never a flower but knew it, sweetly taking  
 Beauty more high and noble for his sake,  
 As a whole world grows lovelier for the wail  
 Of one sad nightingale.  
 Yet if the Springs long past  
 Seemed wonderful before I heard his voice;  
 I tremble at the beauty I shall see  
 In seasons still to be,  
 Now that his songs are mine while Life shall last.  
 O now for me  
 New floods of vision open suddenly . . .  
 Rejoice, my heart! Rejoice  
 That you have heard the Quiet Singer's voice!

Another song, *To Francis Thompson—Whither?* is also by an American, Lee Wilson Dodd; because it is too long to quote entire, I shall take out a few stanzas:

And yet I trust thy vision, feel thy prescience,  
 And know that thou art where  
 All spirits dwell who raptly dream and dare  
 To give the radiant lie to man's crude nescience.  
 —Shelley is with thee there.

\* \* \* \* \*

Thy flame yet warms and lightens and shall lighten,  
 For thou hast shared thy fire;  
 Thou addest fervor to the soul's desire,  
 And round thy luminous song new singers brighten,  
 Glow, coruscate—aspire!

\* \* \* \* \*

“The angels keep their ancient places” . . . Master,  
 Thou hast not failed to be  
 One at the timeless tryst, nor timelessly  
 To sing that Song which, for our joy's disaster,  
 Earth could not win from thee.

To this I add a humble offering of my own at the poet's shrine:

TO FRANCIS THOMPSON.

No passer-by upon the street  
 Who saw thee drooping in the heat,  
 A starving peddler in distress,  
 Could guess

That there a poet stood in beggar's dress,  
And what thus seemed a weed  
Blown from a tree in Paradise  
Had sprung from blessed seed  
Across the æons, through the skies  
To London!  
Amid the barter and the cry  
Of sullen men for bread and wages,  
Thou let'st the shouting throng sweep by,  
And brokest bread with angels, saints and sages.

Starved peddler of the London square,  
The precious ore  
From thy great store,  
The sacred gems and rare,  
In some serene and cloistered mind  
Abode should find,  
As if enshrined  
Beneath a high cathedral vault.  
Nay—  
On the broad highway  
Let some road-weary wanderer halt,  
And as upon a miracle divine  
Come unaware upon thy spendthrift mine  
Of bright celestial gold—  
Great mystic aureoled!

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## REMOTENESS.

BY H. E. G. ROPE, M.A.

"It is a very precious thing for the world that in the homes of Ireland there are still men and women who can shed tears for the sorrows of Mary and her Son." <sup>1</sup>



THE epoch that ended in 1914 was wont to inform us, volubly enough, of its enlightenment. History—if history survives—is likely to name it the age of superstition. No Simon Magus ever deluded multitudes so widely as the manufacturers of “public opinion.” Repeated suggestion, mechanically multiplied and instantly distributed, led tens of thousands to swear by propositions the most monstrous, false and contradictory. The linotype-owner and his leader-writer might be persons of whom none would seek counsel under their own names. No matter: “It’s in the paper.” (Did the readers of *graffiti* in old Pompeii say, “It’s on the walls?”) “A vision to dizzy and appall,” this, surely? For the press was in the main a mere commercial speculation; the new apostles sought a very earthly Jerusalem the golden as guerdon of their labors. To call this propaganda “education” is surely a surpassing cynicism! Its method is that of Monte Carlo.

Among the ideas thus propagated was the identity of bang and bustle with “life,” and quiet or remoteness with “stagnation.” Birmingham, Belfast were alive and above all Berlin; Brittany, Burgos were dead. The countryside was “slow,” unfit for a man of spirit, its only salvation lay in “development.” (Readers of Belloc’s immortal *Path to Rome* will remember how a quiet market-town thus expanded, “and was known in hell as Depot B.”). The difficult arts of ploughing and shepherding were thought a savage occupation. To serve a machine and attribute infallibility to printers’ ink was to be “wide-awake,” “up-to-date,” “go-ahead” and what not. When bidden to “go ahead” may one not fairly request *some* guarantee that one is not to be driven over a precipice or into a torrent? That Christians, even Catholics, should accept such prop-

<sup>1</sup> P. H. Pearse, *Songs of the Irish Rebels*, p. 95.

ositions as self-evident truths is a startling proof of the potency of atmosphere, especially when poisoned. They are not merely unsound, but positively opposed to the Faith that plainly asserts the higher excellence of the contemplative life, the peril and contagion of the world, and enjoins recollection, prayer, and watchful restraint of the senses—things which spell a measure of retirement, homely simplicity and even solitude. No one was more sociable than Charles Lamb, yet he complains in one of his letters of the monstrosity of never being alone.

There is a remarkable agreement among spiritual writers that, other things equal, silence and solitude are helpful, and the noise and excitement of the great world exceedingly unhelpful, to the attainment of man's last end. *Cum perversis perverteris*. I say "other things equal," being fully aware that many have a distinct vocation from God to spend their lives amid the horrors of great, modern cities, among them lovers of nature like Faber, lovers of retirement like Newman. St. Francis Xavier craved solitude, as St. Catherine of Siena had wept to leave it. What is commonly forgotten is the fact that the modern city was for them no lure, but the very contrary of that, a cross. The cross presses, must needs press, where the servants of God most feel the weight of it. Now since the industrial cities grew up, unguided, a generation of Catholics has grown up without experience of the normal surroundings of historic mankind, quite at home in, and nowise wishing escape from, abnormal conditions. Were they gifted with a love of the Creator's visible works, happiness would be difficult for them, and one may believe that it is providentially ordered they should be unconscious of their privation. Yet surely it is a privation, and a great one. A man born blind is happier than one who has lost his sight, and both can attain holiness. But no saint or theologian ever taught that blindness was desirable for mankind. In a special case it may well be an occasion of merit, of sanctity, but the proposition stands that sight is of the *bene esse* of man, a glorious gift of his Creator.

Then certain religious orders devote themselves to work in huge cities:

*montes Benedictus amabat,  
Oppida Franciscus, magnas Ignatius urbes—*

because *de facto* multitudes are found there. They do not,

however, declare huge cities a good, a proposition condemned by the wise of pagandom, and further, they fortify their sons against the spirit of those very cities by long retreats and daily meditations.

It should be needless to add that I am not attacking cities as such, but overgrown and particularly industrial, machine-made cities. Did not Plato limit the denizens of his ideal city to some hundred thousand? The late Charles Devas, if I remember rightly, suggested about fifty thousand.

Cities there must be in civilized life, but they need not be very many and ought not to be very large. Those provincial cities of France and Italy, as yet unsmirched by industrialism, Orvieto, Viterbo, Siena, Chartres, Nevers, Dinan, may serve as a norm of healthy limits. Papal Rome, before 1870, was far below the industrial standard of bigness, and Rome was the capital not only of the States of the Church but of Christendom.

Someone may bring against me the term *pagani* and all it connotes. I grant that our holy Faith spread from the cities, and the first churches, congregations and subsequent buildings, were city churches. It could not be otherwise. Luxury and imperialism, remember, had substituted slaves, as we now substitute hideous machines, for an owning peasantry. But when Holy Church was free to build up her own civilization she restored, uplifted and freed the peasant, and her cities, like all wholesome things, had fair limit and graceful form.

Ilion was cloist with a clene wall, clustrit with towres,  
Evyn round as a ryng richely wrought.<sup>2</sup>

Megalomania and shapeless brick swamps were not forthcoming in the Ages of Faith, which the humanists, in their renegade pride, identified with the reign of barbarism.

“But distance from industrial centres deprives men of much intercourse with the world.” Quite so, and very often it deprives them of much intercourse with the flesh and the devil. The three are apt to be found together and we have the highest authority for regarding them as our mortal enemies. Is the privation so grievous? Since when has the great world changed its character that we should desire to make straight its paths into the heart of the mountains or other remote regions where simple living and courteous traditions linger on?

<sup>2</sup> *Destruction of Troy* (E. E. T. S.), v. 1634, 1635.

“It is well to think that, in these years, while more and more about simple Brittany rises, the unholy tide of new and false teaching, there are yet men fired with the zeal of the *Bishop of Gwenn* to hold it back, to keep it from pressing forward from the frontier of France and inward from the coasts. They have the same love for the brave old province, the same realization of *the necessity of keeping it Breton if they would keep it Catholic, and Monsignor Graveran's opinion of the value of the native tongue has been confirmed by Pius IX. in one of his marvelously significant words spoken to the Abbé Lésécleuc—‘Guard’ he said, ‘as the apple of your eye, that language which preserves your Faith!’*”<sup>3</sup>

The whole monastic system is based on the principle of shutting out the world from particular communities. And it was under the shadow of the cloister that the English peasantry were happiest and most free. Local traditions of fervent piety and homely customs are a great, a marvelous counterpoise to the drag of original sin. To weaken this counterpoise and add to the lure of original sin the multifarious attractions of a world which the saintly Pius X. declared to be in a state of apostasy from God—this does not seem, from a Catholic standpoint, specially desirable!

“All epoch-making inventions—railway facilities, telegraphy, and the like—which have broken down the barriers of time and space, and served to bring alien races into contact, have by the same means tended to rob other nations of their salutary isolation. And thus it comes about that, when we turn to the most revolutionary development that has taken place since the Flood, we have to ask ourselves whether we are not paying some hidden price for the pleasure and instruction afforded us by the modern picture house. It has brought into our midst vivid representations of the manners and lives of other nations; it demonstrates their social customs and their mechanical devices; it shows us their mountains, their rivers and their waterfalls; it teaches us how they make money and how they spend it. Twenty years ago it was necessary to go abroad in order to enlarge one's mind by travel; today any urchin who can lay his hands on twopence is able to explore the world from ‘Greenland's icy mountains to Afric's coral strand.’ What shall we have to pay for all this? There is one price that

<sup>3</sup> *Dublin Review*, July, 1881, p. 136. Compare René Bazin's *Donatienne*.

we cannot afford to pay. We cannot afford to barter the Irish ideals of humor and virtue for those that obtain in the busy marts of England, of America, or upon the Continent of Europe. Better remain in our ignorance, better to be content with our own innocent mirth than to participate in the cosmopolitan gayety of sin." <sup>4</sup>

Indeed, Ireland is the battle ground of this debate, today.<sup>5</sup> The Ascendancy is wise in its generation in seeking to prevent the recovery of Ireland's own prayerful and Catholic language. For the same reason the enemies of the Faith detested Flemish.

"Love not the world, nor the things which are in the world. If any man love the world, the charity of the Father is not in him. For all that is in the world, is the concupiscence of the flesh, and the concupiscence of the eyes, and the pride of life, which is not of the Father, but is of the world." <sup>6</sup>

The world, it will be granted, has its dwelling and wields its power chiefly in cities, above all in opulent marts. And the world, according to the catechism, is not a very desirable neighbor! "The friendship of this world is the enemy of God," says St. James (iv. 4), and again we read, "the whole world is seated in wickedness."<sup>7</sup> Surely, then, it is permissible to rejoice if our lot be cast in remote places, which the world is pleased to call "backward," "God-forsaken," "stagnant" and what not?

Thin, thin the pleasant human voices grow,  
And faint the city gleams;  
Rare the lone pastoral huts; marvel not thou!  
The solemn peaks but to the stars are known,  
But to the stars and the cold lunar beams;  
Alone the sun arises, and alone  
Spring the great streams.

Thus the after-Christian poet echoes the prophet psalmist's: "The heavens show forth the glory of God . . . and night unto night showeth knowledge."

I am not defending Wordsworth, whose nature-worship

<sup>4</sup> John Ryan, M.A., LL.M., D.Sc., in *Studies*, March, 1918, p. 112.

<sup>5</sup> See *Stella Maris*, September, 1918.

<sup>6</sup> 1 John ii. 15, 16.

<sup>7</sup> 1 John ii. 19.

often trenched on pantheism. Rather did Ruskin read the true voice of the visible creation, Ruskin who has led more than one stray sheep towards the Fold, Ruskin whose own soul was steeped in psalm and prophecy, Ruskin who haply more than any other non-Catholic clothed in royal utterance eternal verities. "The strength of Rome was the eternal strength of the world—pure family life sustained by agriculture, and defended by simple and fearless manhood."<sup>8</sup>

If this be true, and few thoughtful persons would now deny it, industrialism is untrue, "a mockery, a delusion and a snare." Industrialism destroys home life and multiplies pitfalls for the chaste, lowers bodily and mental well-being. The home becomes a dormitory and meal-room; when the wearied parents return from the factory the children are leaving for the jigsaw "pictures," or the vacuous music-hall. Mechanically assimilating machine-made "public opinion," they despise the callings of the Apostles, fondly presuming that any fool can plough, reap and fish, and that the immemorial crafts and natural wholesome environments deaden the intelligence. This is the very contrary of the truth. They mistake "knowingness" for knowledge, and surface "smartness" for character. Grace builds on nature. Saints are quick to understand the things of God, the highest objects of understanding, and many and many a saint has come from humble calling and lowly cabin. The grace of God gives no preference to the merchant's palace or philosopher's study.

"Among our Celtic saints the shepherd's life was often the prelude to sanctity. So it was with St. Carthage, the younger, who, though of noble birth, tended his father's flocks on the banks of the Mang, but when one day the King of the territory offered him the sword and other insignia of knighthood, he replied that he desired rather the monk's cowl, and the insignia of the servants of God. So, too, it was with Cuthbert, who, leading a shepherd's life, began to cherish a love of solitude, whilst the spirit of prayer grew every day more perfect in his heart."<sup>9</sup>

What, then, shall be said of their folly who would introduce into every village the ravening home-destroying appetites of the streets? To awaken, to multiply cravings holds not of

<sup>8</sup> Ruskin, *Frondes Agrestes* (1906), p. 16, note.

<sup>9</sup> Cardinal Moran, *Irish Saints in Great Britain*, ch. xi., pp. 294, 295. (1903 Ed.)

Christian wisdom. "But it would be a dangerous error to deny that the inventive faculty is God-given." And no less dangerous to deny that it can be terribly abused. Poison-gas, for instance, and liquid fire will hardly be claimed as the blessings of heaven. It is permissible to have doubts as to the cinematograph. "But its educative influence?" I take leave to quote Professor Max Drennan who calls this "commercial humbug. The educational value of the cinema is minus zero. The diligent pupil in the average hall has to breathe bad, sometimes fetid air; his eyes are dazzled with a too rapid succession of a caricature of life lived breathlessly and incoherently in a geographic jumble of countries; his eyesight is injured and his power of forming orderly mental pictures or of fixing his attention on the realities of life is impaired, if not ruined; by the comic films his instinctive feelings of reverence for what is pure and holy are often sapped and an undesirable amative precocity stimulated. Any parent who encourages his child to go regularly to the cinema is an enemy both to the child and to the State."<sup>10</sup>

Often have I been asked: "Don't you find it lonely in the country? Isn't it very dull?" *Minime*. For loneliness commend me to the crowded street, for dullness to town-life. Alas! it would often be vain, and sometimes rude, to suggest the longing for *beata solitudo*, or hint the weariness of random calls, and random time-devouring converse (introduced by stale perjuries about the weather), the idleness and boredom of many social gatherings.

But in my helpless cradle I  
Was breathed on by the rural Pan.<sup>11</sup>

"But one wants to know what is going on." Doubtless that would be interesting if one could really know it, though the secrets of politics and profiteering might soon lose savor. Familiarity would be likely to breed no little contempt. Scandals are apt to be "staled by frequency, shrunk by usage into commonest commonplace." But who, outside the charmed circle, *does* know? I can find out what certain plutocrats would wish me to believe; but that, I confess, does not interest me. "To know what's going on"—does not that mean in practice

<sup>10</sup> *The Irish Monthly*, February, 1917, pp. 76, 77.

<sup>11</sup> Matthew Arnold, *Lines in Kensington Gardens*.

to gather and retail the guesses and gossip of the forum and the club (like the Horatian bore), the talked and printed prattle of the hour, commonly refuted by events? Meanwhile this life is flowing away. *Quid ad æternitatem?* Or, on lower grounds, are these, indeed, helpful or pleasurable recreations? Could not the spare hours be spent more healthily and prudently? Some have thought so. A walk in the woods, an afternoon's digging, a spell of *The Solitaries of the Sambuca* or *The Graves at Kilmorna* may fairly be pleaded in comparison, as giving a more faithful notion of "what is going on" in the campaign that shall cease not until Doomsday, and helping one to play one's destined part in the debate whose issues are eternal.

*Quidquid agunt homines, votum, timor, ira, voluptas.* Well, the countryside is no hindrance to *votum*, but rather helpful, and as for *timor, ira, voluptas*, I find their room better than their company, just at present.<sup>12</sup> "The money which thousands waste without anything to show for it would carry me through the length of this glorious world. They talk of knowledge of the world, meaning only knowledge of the human town mites that are on it, but of the true world they know nothing."<sup>13</sup>

Those who depend on newspapers lose all sense of proportion. "Never could notoriety exist as it does now, in any former age of the world; now that the news of the hour from all parts of the world, private news as well as public, is brought day by day to every individual, as I may say, of the community, to the poorest artisan and the most secluded peasant, by processes so uniform, so unvarying, so spontaneous, that they almost bear the semblance of a natural law. And hence notoriety, or the making a noise in the world, has come to be considered a great good in itself, and a ground of veneration. . . . Notoriety, or, as it may be called newspaper fame, is to the many what style and fashion, to us the language of the world, are to those who are within or belong to the higher circles; it becomes to them a sort of idol, worshipped for its own sake and without any reference to the shape in which it comes before them."<sup>14</sup>

<sup>12</sup> "One may pray best in solitude and silence, but one may also pray everywhere and all the time," said Pius IX., in *Villefranche*, ch. xxii.

<sup>13</sup> Sir W. Butler, *Notebook* (1885) in *Autobiography*, 1913, p. 76.

<sup>14</sup> Newman, *Saintliness the Standard of Christian Principle* (C.T.S.), p. 8.



If isolation from the world tends to isolation from the flesh and the devil, I conceive no great harm is done! "It is as difficult," says Serbian Father Velimirovic, "to find an atheist among pastoral or farming people as it is easy to find him among the coal-miners and iron-workers. Industry seems to be an inhospitable home for religion. Industry and big towns seclude a man from living and harmonious nature, from God's works, God's immediate witnesses, and keep him in a misty surrounding of men's works, the witnesses of men's cleverness. Rural life, with its wide and clear horizon, leads to humility before God. Industry with its narrow horizon, leads to pride."<sup>15</sup>

The real needs of man can be supplied in the country, for the most part better than in the towns. (Those who set so much store upon artificial appliances seem to proceed on the principle that, after all, a man's life *does* consist in the abundance of things he possesses. This is to outdo the "higher critics" themselves! Food, for instance, is to be had unsophisticated and home-grown, water from the well unimproved by iron pipes.<sup>16</sup> To some of us this seems no small advantage. The nearer to the source of things the better, one would think. The mysteries of commercial manipulation do not inspire confidence. The dupes of popular print fancy that country life induces mental dullness. That is a myth, or rather a fiction.<sup>17</sup> "Under natural conditions the degree of mental excitement necessary to bodily health is provided by the course of the seasons, and the various skill and fortune of agriculture. In the country, every morning of the year brings with it a new aspect of springing or fading nature; a new duty to be fulfilled upon earth, and a new promise or warning in heaven."<sup>18</sup> *Non viribus aut velocitatibus aut celeritate res magnæ geruntur, sed consilio, auctoritate, sententia.*<sup>19</sup>

If we listen to the Fathers, we shall not find them enthusiastic over the advantages of crowded cities, or nearness to the "hub of the Universe," a modest title for the navel of

<sup>15</sup> *Country Life*, December 9, 1916, p. 715.

<sup>16</sup> Until a man can truly enjoy a draught of clear water bubbling from a mountain side his taste is in an unwholesome state." Frederic Harrison, *The Choice of Books*, p. 25.

<sup>17</sup> *Jam undique silvæ et solitudo ipsumque illud silentium, quod venationi datur, magna cogitationis incitamenta sunt.* Pliny, *Ep.* 1., 6.

<sup>18</sup> Ruskin, *On the Old Road*, vol. iii., p. 10.

<sup>19</sup> Cicero, *Cato Major*, c. vi.

speculation! Nor do they encourage any more than a necessary knowledge of "what is going on," but rather deliverance from the tyranny of the transient. It is hard to understand what glamour can be found in the world after any considerable experience of that world. A poor exchange truly for the daily pageant of the Creation! Holy Church teaches surely that remoteness has many advantages, and poverty also.

Absolute solitude—I will not quote Aristotle—is, indeed, for the very few. (But read these wonderful Catholic books *The Solitaries of the Sambuca* and *San Celestino*, for the reality of such vocations, which it is not unlawful to envy.) Country life does not mean absolute solitude; far from it. It does reduce society to manageable proportions, to human limits. Now a street-mob under the dreary lamps of an industrial town is not a true society. In his sermon upon James Hope Scott, Newman dwells upon the horribly inhuman character of London, where men know not their next door neighbors. Another Catholic educator, Patrick Pearse, declared that he could not know as they should be known, and as he knew the Gaelic sagas, the characters of more than about one hundred and fifty boys.<sup>20</sup>

Again, is it not significant that remote districts have often remained faithful while the cities of the plain and their neighborhoods have made shipwreck of the Faith? Elizabeth failed to subdue the Fylde, Brittany withstood the triumphant Revolution, remote villages and hill-towns in Italy and Switzerland resist to this day the yet more devastating invasions of vulgarity, vice and shallow, ugly imposture which pass for "civilization." Ecuador alone protested against the crime of September 20, 1870.

Staying in an upland Valaisian parish in July, 1914, I asked the *Curé*, an experienced man in whose judgment all had confidence, whether the mountain railway of commercial dreams would not demoralize the devout, hard-working peasantry, and he replied there was no doubt of it. I fear to trust you, kind reader, with the name of that village, lest you should be tempted to take shares in its "development." Take another, a Celtic example. "The whole of Strathavon," writes Dom Odo Blundell, "was long known for its fidelity to the ancient Faith, the Laird of Ballindalloch in 1671 being prosecuted,

<sup>20</sup> *The Story of a Success* (1917), p. 37.

along with Gordon of Carmellie and Gordon of Littlemill, for harboring priests and being present at Mass. *By degrees, however, the lower portions of the glen gave way and conformed to the new religion, but the more remote have ever remained true to their former tenets*, and have, along with the sister glen, Glenlivet, been a secure shelter for the persecuted clergy and a constant source of supply from which to refill its ranks.”<sup>21</sup> They were terribly “behind the times,” as are most folk who regard the Ten Commandments! “Cries of unprogressive dotage,” if Belfast and Berlin are to be believed.

Patrick Pearse, says his pupil, “had given Irish readers a series of penetrating glimpses into the inner life of the remote and self-contained communities that compose the Gaelthacht of the Western seaboard.”<sup>22</sup> The author of *Losagan* himself tells us: “I am imagining nothing improbable, nothing outside the bounds of the everyday experience of innocent little children and reverent-minded old men and women. I know a priest who believes that he was summoned to the deathbed of a parishioner by Our Lord in person.” Introduce among them electric cars, cinematographs and “Progress” (the capital letter is vital). Will it better them? Can it fail to harm them? The answer to these questions, though often unwelcome, is not difficult.

<sup>21</sup> *Catholic Highlands of Scotland*, vol. 1. (1909), pp. 55, 56. Italics mine.

<sup>22</sup> *The Story of a Success*, preface by Desmond Ryan, p. xi.

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## RESEMBLANCE OF THE ANGLICAN COMMUNION SERVICE TO THE CATHOLIC MASS.

BY MICHAEL ANDREW CHAPMAN.<sup>1</sup>



THE claim of a not inconsiderable school of Anglicans, that their denomination is an ancient and integral part of the Holy Catholic Church, rests on three premises, each supported by arguments sufficiently specious to satisfy themselves and to form a basis of confidence which renders submission to the True Church extremely difficult. There can be no possible doubt of the *bona fides* and earnestness of this school, and their scholarship is of a solid sort which must, and does, command respect. But, as the Irishman said, "Tis no sin to be mistaken." And, for the purposes of this discussion, the point of view which we must take is simply that they are mistaken in their premises; from which point we may go on to an examination of the data presented by them.

The claim to have a Tactual Succession of Apostolic Order is the foundation upon which the whole Anglican theory rests. Allied to this is the claim that the Book of Common Prayer contains a series of sufficient forms for the administration of such sacraments as are officially recognized by the Episcopal Church. To this is added a third claim regarding the adequacy of local jurisdiction as opposed to the Catholic doctrine of the universal jurisdiction of the Roman Pontiff, a matter not pertinent to the present consideration. It is to the second of these claims that we direct attention at this time, and the serious student, not too strongly biased, must admit that the resemblance between the Anglican Communion Service (for it is with the form of the Eucharistic service that we shall specifically deal) and the Roman Mass is not merely fancied but historically and actually sufficiently close to constitute a very specious basis for the claim, other things being equal—which they are not!

It must be remembered that the Communion Service of the Church of England, from which the American Service is copied with slight but important additions, was compiled by the

<sup>1</sup> Formerly Liturgical Consultor to the (Anglican) Bishop of Quincy.

“Reformers” *before* the wave of Continental Protestantism had swamped the Establishment and made it the thoroughly and avowedly anti-Catholic body which it remained until very recent times. Whether or not the editors of the Edwardine Prayer Book *intended* to preserve a sufficiently valid form for the celebration of the Sacred Mysteries (“commonly called the Mass”) or, like their successors, set out to do away forever with what they presently called “the never-to-be-sufficiently-execrated Mass,” they seem to have produced a liturgical work which is strangely capable of being interpreted and used in widely different senses.

Modern “Anglo-Catholics,” aside from a few close historians and violent partisans, care little or nothing as to what the compilers of the rite intended, or in fact accomplished during the three centuries that followed. The contention is offered that whatever they intended, they actually, by the over-ruling Providence of God, preserved and handed down a form capable of a Catholic interpretation, in the use of which the Holy Sacrifice is pled validly and sufficiently, although the rite has been so stripped of “non-essentials” that some interpolations are, if not necessary, desirable to make its ancient and unaltered meaning quite plain. I need only point out in passing that the strength of this argument depends on the view that is taken as to the right of a “National Church” to alter the forms, a prerogative distinctly claimed in Article XX. of the “Articles of Religion.” Read in the light of the preceding Article, which declares that “the Church of Rome hath erred, not only in their living and manner of ceremonies, but also in matters of Faith,” it would seem clear that the Reformers made the attempt to purify the Liturgy from what they regarded as vain and superstitious forms and ceremonies. But this, as the Anglican commentator would be prompt to point out, is a very different thing from abrogating the form altogether.

The compilers of the Communion Service had only the Mass upon which to model their service, and, as we shall see, they kept fairly close to their model, so close, indeed, that after three hundred years of using the rite as a merely memorial Communion Service, a school could and did arise in the Establishment which interpreted the forms in a Catholic sense and clothed them with Catholic ceremonies without at all

changing the structure or exact wording of the service as they found it, and, for some time at least, without feeling the necessity of interpolations. The original leaders of the Oxford Movement did not question the sufficiency of their Liturgy, and it is interesting to note that though they were, some of them, profound Oriental scholars, they made no attempt to clothe the English rite with Greek ceremonies, but, as their advance continued, their services became more and more like those of the nearest Roman "chapel." They claimed to be Catholics (formulating the famous Branch Theory to cover the obvious defects in their historical argument) who had been unlawfully deprived for some three hundred years of their rights and privileges, and as Catholics they set about regaining what they were pleased to call their ancient heritage of faith and ceremonial practice, until today the usage of the vanguard differs only in the slightest details from that of the Catholic Church.

It is true that such extreme practice is the very marked exception, and that from this external identity the outward signs grade down by little and little till we find, also as marked exceptions, the old Hanoverian simplicity of usage. Between the two one finds every sort and shade of ceremonial (as might be said also of doctrinal coloring) more or less elaboration, more or less interpolation, more or less resemblance to the Catholic norm. Yet the clergy all use the forms of the Book of Common Prayer. I cite this strange fact as showing in a very practical way the wide range of legitimate interpretation which can be, and is, placed on the forms. Whatever the Reformers intended, whether to destroy or to perpetuate the Mass (in a "purified" form), they failed. What they did produce, as subsequent history shows, was a form capable of interpretations so widely variant as to be mutually exclusive, a form so equivocal as to be rendered, in perfect good faith, by clergymen who believe themselves to be Catholic priests offering the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass, and by clergymen who believe themselves to be good Protestant ministers and who indignantly repudiate all idea of carrying out anything more than a commemoration, a memorial, of the Passion, in which there is neither Sacrifice nor Real Presence, both of which they regard as blasphemous fables.

Indeed, it would seem that the question of what the Re-

formers intended in their compilation of Anglican rites is hardly pertinent except in the matter of the Ordinal which is, of course, the crux of the whole matter. For important as the form of the Liturgy is, it is not essential to the integrity of the Holy Sacrifice that it be offered according to a certain ritual, beyond the invariable utterance of the Words of Institution. I suppose that a Catholic theologian would admit (supposing the impossible) that if the Anglican Communion Service were rendered by a Catholic priest there would be a true consecration, and a valid Mass and Sacrament. I do not draw the parallel of the Anglican Ordinal in the hands of a Catholic Bishop, for the Holy See has answered that question. I merely submit that if Anglican clergymen were really priests they might use their rite, bare and mutilated as it stands in the Prayer Book, for the valid consecration of the Eucharist. And yet, the same rite serves for the Communion Service of Anglicans who believe in neither priesthood nor sacrifice, and whose idea of a sacrament is a constant grief to their more "advanced" brethren both clerical and lay.

Bearing in mind the *bona fides* of the "advanced" Anglican, his firm conviction that he possesses the priesthood of the Catholic Church, and that after a lapse of centuries he is in a way raised up and called of God to restore to the Anglican Branch of the One Holy Catholic and Apostolic Church the doctrine and practice which that Branch had for so long gotten on without, but which is now, by a portion of her children, felt to be desirable if not absolutely necessary to salvation; it is not strange that, in spite of a prejudice which has been an inconceivable time in dying, the leaders of the neo-Catholic Movement should turn to the Rock from which they were hewn. It is not strange that they should model their counter-reformation of doctrine and practice on that which the "magnificent rigidity of Rome" has preserved unchanged while their forefathers slumbered and slept, if, indeed, they did not wake to deny with cursing the very things their children seem so anxious to reinstate. It is an interesting, and to some inexplicable, phenomenon that a Church whose very existence is based on a repudiation of the claims of Rome, whose service book was compiled in a sincere effort after emancipation from the superstitious idolatries of Papistry, should, from the very first evidences of a recrudescence of upspringing life, tend more

and more to approximate the form, if not the ethos, of her ancient enemy. Upon the bare residuum, which the Reformation left, of liturgical form and ecclesiastical usage, there has been built up, by little and little, a very fair counterpart of the old splendor and richness of devotion both in the forms used and the ceremonies and vestments with which those forms are clothed.

In this process, or rather progress, the leaders of the Anglo-Catholic Movement have encountered certain obstacles, not least among them the bareness of the rite which they are bound to use. If the Service was, as they wholeheartedly believed it to be, a Catholic Mass, and not a mere Genevan Communion Office, it manifestly lacked certain passages which, while not perhaps essential to the integrity of the rite, were yet extremely desirable as serving to fix the Catholic interpretation, and eradicate the contrary Protestant sense. Saying the Service at a properly appointed altar, in vestments usually of an antique style (about which more might be said, but which at least served the purpose of the argument that such things were "Catholic but not Roman") was not enough. The clergy themselves felt most keenly the lack of certain forms and ceremonies to make the action, so to speak, pointed and unequivocal. And these forms and ceremonies were, as might have been expected, the very forms and ceremonies which the Reformers had deleted to produce their expurgated Liturgy. Little by little the banished forms were restored. Indeed, the restoration is still going on, and may be studied in all its stages in various Anglican Churches in (say) a large city like New York.

Taking the Service as it stands in the Prayer Book as a skeleton the desired passages are interpolated, usually *submissa voce*, into the service at what seem to be appropriate points. Anglican writers (myself formerly among that number) note that "there are, in the Prayer Book Mass, certain *lacunæ* which correspond in location to forms in the Latin Mass which would not necessarily form part of a Mass-book intended for the use of the congregation." For example: some form of preparation before the beginning of the Service is universal among Anglicans of all schools of churchmanship. The advanced clergy say the Psalm *Judica me* and the *Confiteor* before ascending to the altar. By rubrical permission the Ten Commandments may be omitted, and a short summary of the Law said, followed



by the nine-fold *Kyrie*. This rubric is lacking in the English rite, but is availed of by Americans to such an extent that the longer form is rarely heard in advanced parishes (in spite of the rubric requiring the recitation of the Commandments at least once each Sunday). In perhaps a dozen parishes in the United States, *Gloria in Excelsis* is quite frankly interpolated after the *Kyrie*, although there is absolutely no rubrical subterfuge for its removal from the concluding portion of the Service.

The interpolation of "The Lord be with you" and its response, is becoming, if not general, at least not uncommon. The Offertory forms from the Missal are recited in a low voice, and are printed on altar cards, the use of which is certainly growing. The introduction to the long prayer for the Church, "Let us pray for the whole state of Christ's Church militant," is regarded as equivalent to *Orate Fratres* and the Prayer itself is thought by some to be a misplaced version of the *Te igitur*.

Here the resemblance to the Latin Mass temporarily ceases with the "Communion Forms," *i. e.*, an Exhortation, a Confession (by those about to communicate) and Absolution (precatory in form), "The Comfortable Words," and (later) the "Prayer of Humble Access." These were the first portions of the Service to be recited in English, and were used for a short time before the Latin Mass was given up.

The *Sursum corda* is quite literally translated, though the following "Proper Prefaces" differ from those of the Mass in several details. It is quite general among High Churchmen to add *Benedictus qui venit* to the *Sanctus*, or to say or sing it after the "Prayer of Humble Access" and before the "Prayer of Consecration." Indeed, this custom serves as a distinguishing mark for those who have come to believe in some sort of Real Presence in the Sacrament.

The English Canon differs from the American in being shorter, ending in fact immediately after the Consecration of the Cup. The American Service (paterned on the Scotch at the insistence of Bishop Seabury, who had promised the Non-Jurors from whom he received consecration as the first Bishop of the Protestant Episcopal Church in the United States of America, that he would secure as much similarity to the Scottish rite as possible in the new American Book of Common Prayer) includes an Oblation of the Elements, and an Invoca-

tion of the Holy Spirit (*epiklesis*) which is regarded by some as an unanswerable argument for the possession of a valid Eucharistic Sacrifice, and a source of complaisant superiority to the Roman rite.

As noted before, the *Te igitur* is not usually interpolated by American clergymen, though its use has, I understand, become fairly widespread in England, where the controversy regarding the sufficiency of the Canon is rapidly becoming crucial. But advanced clergymen usually insert all of the prayers from *Libera nos to Corpus tuum* and at "High Mass" the *Agnus Dei* is sung during the reception of Communion. The prayer *Placeat* is also said at the end of the Service, though here a difficulty arises on account of the usual custom of taking the Ablutions after the Blessing instead of after the Communion of the people. A clever tract has recently been issued in England urging the further conformation of the English to the Roman rite by the reception of the Ablutions at the proper time, in defiance of the rubric at the end of the Service which requires any of the consecrated bread and wine to be consumed "immediately after the Blessing" and which, both historically and practically, makes no reference whatever to Ablutions.

Thus is built up, in practice, what amounts to a new Service, and a Service, be it noted, for which in its entirety the Prayer Book makes no provision: a Service, in fact, which the Prayer Book was compiled to supercede if not to eliminate. I know that Anglican clergymen justify these interpolations on the ground that their Church was wrongfully deprived of these desirable forms: that the omission of them from the Prayer Book (which was intended as a people's book even more than as an altar book) does not imply a prohibition of their use as private devotions for the officiant; and that the inclusion of these forms in books of devotion for the people is simply that they may not be mystified by the officiant doing and saying things at the altar for which there is no provision in the authorized Book of Common Prayer. But it seems to me now, and it seemed to me for some time before my conversion, that the obvious necessity, felt and acted upon, to supplement the official Anglican rite by forms borrowed from Roman (or, as Anglicans would say, "ancient Catholic") sources, is in itself an admission of the equivocal character of the rite, if not of its insufficiency as a Catholic Liturgy.

I know that there are many who entertain grave doubts as to the validity of the English Canon, lacking as it does the Invocation and Oblation after the Consecration. I know that there are some who frankly admit the defects of the rite they are forced in loyalty to use, and who are working and praying for its expansion and enrichment along Catholic lines. But I know also that there are many more, indeed, I would not hesitate to say a majority of the clergy of the Episcopal Church who are quite as unaware as any "Papist" could be, of *any* similarity between their beloved Communion Service and the Holy Mass of the Catholic Church, and who hold a view both of the Service itself and of the doctrinal principles that underlie it which is worlds apart from that held and taught by the High Church School. Lacking an authority which can settle the point one way or another, no Anglican can put forth his own interpretation of the Prayer Book Liturgy with anything more than the force of his own biased reading of the history of its genesis and development. And the appeal to history is worse than heresy in this case, it is confusion worse confounded. Judged by the documents of the Reformation Settlement, and by the practice of the Established Church of England ever since (to say nothing of the Episcopal Church in this country) the Low Church view is at least as tenable as the High Church contention. With such a division of opinion and teaching, not merely into the two schools usually known as High and Low Church, but into a multitude of schools and individual interpretations betwixt and between, it is impossible to know exactly what the Episcopal Church as a Church really does teach on this important point.

On priesthood, Sacrifice, the Real Presence—good men and true range from avowedly Catholic teaching to out and out Calvinism. And each goes to the Prayer Book to prove his claim. "If," it has been said, "the Communion Service of the Book of Common Prayer is not an attempt at a Catholic Mass, then it is the most inept and meaninglessly verbose Communion Office that any so-called Reformed Church has hitherto produced." "If," comes the reply from the low Churchman, "the Communion Service, our incomparable Liturgy, is a Catholic Mass, how have we been ignorant of that fact for three hundred years, and why are most of us not only ignorant of it now but quite content to be so?" The honest clergyman, who has

by the mercy of God assimilated some degree of Catholic Truth and desires Catholic practice, cannot use it as it stands, and will not make of its rendition a mere Zwinglian memorial of an absent Lord. Yet the resemblance is there, and even the mutilated and equivocal forms contained in the Service are, as Santa Clara and Newman said long ago of the Articles, capable of a Catholic interpretation, and lend themselves quite readily to interpolations along Catholic lines, and to the ceremonies of the Catholic Mass.

But, even leaving aside the question of Orders, which is, after all, the crux of the whole matter, as Leo XIII. and his advisers so plainly saw, the thing will not do. There never has been a real Catholic Mass-rite which could possibly be interpreted as anything but what it was, the meaning of which could possibly be misunderstood. No one, whether he believes in the Holy Sacrifice and the Real Presence or not, can possibly mistake the fact that the Roman Mass takes both for granted, just as no one whether he believes in priesthood or not, can possibly misunderstand the claims thereto made by the clergy of the Catholic and Roman Church. And the very fact that the Anglican Service is not regarded by the majority of Anglicans as a Mass-rite, must mean something more than just that for three hundred years the truth about the English Reformation was obscured. As Gladstone said, "It's the Mass that matters." And it is the Mass that is dear to Anglicans of the advanced school, and so long as they really believe that they have the Mass they will stop where they are. That is why I say again that it is the specious resemblance of the Communion Service, as amended and elaborated by High Churchmen, to the Catholic Mass, which is the chief obstacle to conversions from among these separated brethren.

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## HOW TO READ ST. JOHN'S GOSPEL.

BY C. C. MARTINDALE, S.J.

### THE DOCTRINE OF THE GOSPEL.—(Continued.)



HE incorporation of Christian with Christ is most fully stated, of course, in the two Eucharistic chapters, sixth and fifteenth, on the living Bread and the Mystic Vine.

Jesus multiplies the loaves: the crowds flock to Him—from the meanest of motives—less than mere miracle-lust; He rebukes them, because they had *fed* on the magic food, seeing in what He had done not even a sign of some spiritual truth, still less the symbol of the Heavenly Things He came to reveal.

“ Work not for the food which perishes,  
But for the Food which endures to Eternal Life,  
Which the Son of Man is offering you;  
For Him the Father hath sealed,  
Even God.”

“ What are we to do, that we may work  
Works of God? ”

“ This is the Work of God—  
To believe in Him Whom God hath sent.”

“ What sign workest Thou, that we may see  
And put faith in Thee?  
Our ancestors did eat  
The Manna in the Wilderness.  
' He gave them bread from Heaven to eat.'  
What workest *Thou?* ”

“ In solemn truth I tell you:  
Not Moses gave you the Bread from Heaven,  
But My Father is giving you the Bread from Heaven,  
The True Bread.  
For the Bread of God  
Is THAT which comes down out of Heaven,  
And gives Life to the World.”

Here Christ has used His favorite ambiguity. In the Greek the words can mean: The Bread of God is the Bread which comes down . . . or, is He Who comes down. Like the woman who asked for the "Water," they choose the easier alternative and petition: "Sir, give us this bread, always." He is forced into clearer speech.

*I am the Bread of Life.*  
 He who cometh unto Me  
     Shall never hunger:  
 And He who believeth in Me  
 Shall thirst no more at all. . . .  
 All that the Father giveth Me  
     Shall come to Me,  
 And him who cometh unto Me  
 I will in no wise cast out.  
 For I have come down from Heaven  
     Not to do My Will,  
 But the Will of Him Who sent Me.  
     Now this is the will of Him Who sent Me.  
 That of all that He has given Me, I should lose nothing  
     But I shall raise it up at the Last Day.  
 For this is the Will of the Father,  
 That all who see the Son and believe in Him  
     Should have Eternal Life,  
 And I should raise them up at the Last Day.

Remember, in the light of what we have already seen, that throughout this discourse the same doctrine of unification with Christ is being taught, the Source of True Life, with its true immortality (and not mere physical resuscitation) involved. "Coming to Him," "hearing Him," "believing in Him," all these terms are, in substance, identical in meaning; they imply that act of vital adhesion to Christ which begins, for the man in time, and, at the Last Day, will be "manifested" in the full meaning of its reality: the actual incorporation with Christ is the timeless fact of Eternal Life, possessed *wholly* and *now*. Inception, process and consequence, are mapped out by John's human thought and ours; but in itself, the fact is timeless: the moment of man's "coming" is the moment of his immortalization. In Eternity, first and last are one: Communion cancels "judgment."

The Jews resent those words: "I am the Bread which came

down from Heaven." They knew His parents. How then could He have come down from Heaven?

He rebukes their argument, even while reminding them, sadly enough, that only they whom God "draws" can come to Him, and perhaps not all of these, even, actually respond. But it remains that he who so comes, has the Life, and only he. Then He resumes:

I am the Bread of Life:

Your fathers ate the Manna in the Wilderness

And died.

This is the Bread which comes down out of Heaven

That a man may eat of *that*,

And may not die.

I am the Living Bread

Which comes down out of Heaven;

If a man eat of My Bread

He shall live forever.

And the Bread that I will give for the Life of the world

Is My Flesh.

The Eucharist here definitely dawns.

Notice the steps by which Jesus has, so far, moved: "Believe in Me." "What are your credentials? Your heavenly guarantee, equivalent to the Manna given by Moses?" "*That* bread from Heaven gave no real Life! My Father offers and sends a true Heaven-bread, which gives you *Life*. I am that Bread from Heaven, that Bread of Life. Come to Me: believe in Me; eat of *it*—of *Me*—and live forever! And that Bread is My Flesh."

Now even if John had not meant to write of the Eucharist, after his whole lifetime spent in *using* that Sacrament, it could not but have come into his mind once he found himself writing down the phrases we have quoted. And if he had positively meant (as the Reformers, say, have urged) *not* to write of the Eucharist, but only, for example, of Faith, he ought to have avoided expressions which were certain to mislead his readers. For into their minds the Eucharist would have come as infallibly as into his own. That the Eucharist is being thought of, by writer and reader of this chapter, is psychologically inevitable. But inadequate too is the idea, common in those modern non-Catholic critics who have suffered the violent reaction proper to their minds, that John *set out* to write primarily, or

even exclusively, of the Eucharist; or even, of Faith only, at the beginning, and of the Eucharist only, at the end.<sup>1</sup>

Once more, and I deliberately repeat myself (for the notion, though simple in itself, is hard to appropriate), the *global theme*, as of the Gospel, so of this chapter, is vital unification with Christ. In the individual case, this begins by what Our Lord calls "coming to" Him, seeing, hearing, believing on Him, words always including an active, vital element. The Jews "came," yet that was physical approximation merely. They "looked at" the signs and "listened to" the words; yet listening, "heard not," and looking, "saw" not. Why, they, like many an inquirer, may even have given in their *intellectual assent* to Christ's claims. But not yet is that faith. You will find would-be converts yielding freely to the force of an argument; owning that the "Catholic position" is by them irrefutable; still you may know clearly that not yet are they "believing;" not yet is the vital contact established. Only when *grace* "catches" the will, is Eternal Life begun. But even as a man, born into the world, requires for his growth and development a proportionate daily food; so too must his New Life, inaugurated at his second, spiritual birth, receive its suitable, constant food. But no food is proportionate to the Eternal Life which requires maintenance and increase, save Christ Himself; no food can be *like in character or quality* to that which is in essence unique; it must be a food *identical* in kind with it: but where the Life is Christ, the food too must be Christ; and the Eucharist is the chiefest *way* in which Christ feeds us with *Himself*; a way having its material coefficient, for we too are body as well as soul, and administered recurrently, for we still live in time, and forget and grow tired, and change, and must be succored in accordance with our state. When at the Last Day our soul breaks out of the limiting hours and years into its Eternal State, it will have no more need of fractional Communion, nor Sacraments given and re-given, and multiplied Masses and summoning altar-rails. Mystery unconquer-

<sup>1</sup> Maldonatus, as usual, is very good on this: and by his strong insistence on the inclusiveness of St. John's meaning, avoids, I think, the difficulties with which Patrizi and Wiseman, for example, have to contend, though they at least see this, that the Eucharist is not equally uppermost in John's mind throughout the chapter, and is in any case not to be regarded as an end in itself, an exhaustive climax, but in its place in a whole scheme: the supreme symbol and instrument, for the Christian, of his incorporation with Christ. Though doubtless in so far as Holy Communion is that incorporation, the Eucharist can be regarded even as an end. Still, our Eternal Life of Communion is to be distinguished from our recurrent Communion.



able by human reasoning! Eternal Life given to and nurtured in my fluctuant body and unstable mind! Not here is any more the duty of philosophizing; but we offer to God that "heart sincere" which faith makes strong; and to this our victory God gives not alone that New Name which marks our new and spiritual birth into a new reality, but that Secret Manna which shall nourish us into the perfection of the Sons of God.<sup>2</sup>

So do not impoverish the contents of John's consciousness. Only the most practised of Greek-natured wits, only the most ascetic-willed philosopher, can so concentrate upon one thought as to eliminate wholly the thoughts which are in vital association with it. That is a habit useful, at times, and in the process of inquiry: but *in vision*, you do not eliminate: you see the whole in its parts, and the parts not dissected nor scattered here and there, but as a living whole.

"How," the Jews struggle with the mystery, "can this Man give us His flesh to eat?" "How can these things be?"

Like a solemn music the theme develops itself, first negative, then positive and triumphant.

In solemn truth I tell you:  
 If ye eat not the Flesh of the Son of Man,  
 And do not drink His Blood,  
 You have no Life in you.  
 He who doth eat My Flesh  
 And drink My Blood,  
 Hath Eternal Life,  
 And I will raise Him up at the Last Day.  
 For My Flesh is a true Food,  
 And My Blood, true Drink.  
 He who eateth My Flesh  
 And drinketh My Blood,  
 Abideth in Me  
 And I in him.

Even as He sent Me—the Living Father—  
 So he who eateth Me  
 He too shall live by Me.

This is the Bread which came down out of Heaven.  
 Not as the fathers ate,  
 And died;  
 He who eateth *this* bread  
 Shall live for ever.

<sup>2</sup> Apoc. ii. 17.

It is the Spirit, He concludes, which *makes alive*: supernatural union with Christ does not destroy the world it conquers, nor slay the flesh it en-souls: without it, "world" and "flesh" are dead, indeed; but with it, true life indwells that flesh which the Word became, so that by that Presence, and by It alone, we find eternal "profit."

In the allegory of the Vine, Jesus, though more shortly, teaches the same doctrine of incorporation, and with more emphasis, as, indeed, the occasion suggested, upon the Love which that union implies. The act by which Christian is joined to Christ is fully human as well as divine; it is not *merely* a reasoned choice, no utilitarian decision only, by which the soul grows into and remains in Him. Even in our earthly histories, what unification is so strong and so transfiguring, as that which comes through love? In the Stem, therefore, the vineshoots dwell: separation from it is death to the shoot, and indeed, diminution, though not death, for the Stem: union means the glad springing-upwards of one sap through Stem and shoots and tendrils, bearing rich clusters of grapes whose wine makes glad not the heart of man alone, but of God.

Of this indwelling and embracing Love more will be said when the great discourse of the Supper Room is reached.

Jesus can only assure to us this unique relation to Himself because of His own unique relation to the Father. He can only give us this special Life because He has it; and He has it, because He *is* it; and He is it, because of that mysterious Identity which is coëxistent with that mysterious otherness to be asserted of Himself and the Father, Source of all existence. This is a third (yet organically connected) "directive idea" in John's Gospel. It is no doubt the object of his intuitions rather than of his reasonings; he exclaims, not argues; asserts, not proves; adores, not analyzes. He furnishes materials for theologians yet unborn; he supplies them with all, perhaps, that they will ever need; he gives them phrases which they will allot to that Divine Nature or that Human Nature to which they may be severally appropriate; no part, perhaps of the treatises on Trinity and Incarnation but may be built up, forthwith, by the aid of John's words.

But albeit the doctrine of the Godhead of Christ be in his pages at once astonishingly complete and clear, although unmarshaled into order, yet it remains that John's eyes are fixed

throughout upon a Person; Mystery is for him irrevocably Incarnate: "That which we have seen with our eyes—which our hands have handled. . . ." Doubtless this Person is That "which existed from the beginning, which was along with God, and Itself was 'God.'"<sup>3</sup> But this abstract, disincarnate view will not continue; the Word becomes Flesh and pitches His tent among us; and henceforward John keeps his eyes fixed on *Jesus*, and will not "divide" Christ, even in thought.

Though Nathanael, in a single sentence, will call Our Lord "Rabbi" and "Son of God," and as climax "King of Israel,"<sup>4</sup> yet John assuredly uses the title—Son of God—as a unique and unshared and, indeed, incommunicable predicate. True, we are all to be, by grace, God's children; yet Jesus is the Sole-Begotten. None has ascended into Heaven, to detect and reveal God's secret; but one, and one only, can proclaim it, for He knows it necessarily, His existence being in Heaven, whence He has descended.<sup>5</sup>

God no man has seen ever:  
The Sole-Begotten Son  
Who exists in the heart of the Father,  
*His* is the Revelation.<sup>6</sup>

And this descent is as voluntary as that further descent into physical death, which the Incarnate Word foresaw.

I came forth from God,  
And here am I;  
I came not from Myself,  
But He sent Me.<sup>7</sup>  
I came forth from the Father,  
And I came into the World:  
Now I am leaving the world,  
And I fare forth to the Father.<sup>8</sup>  
I lay down My life for the Sheep . . .  
I lay down My life  
That I may take it again. . . .

<sup>3</sup> It is impossible to render in English the nuance expressed by the presence, then absence of the article in the phrases ἦν παρὰ τοῦ Θεοῦ and ἦν Θεός. It goes beyond "He stood beside the King and Himself was royal." For this suggests a royalty diluted by participation; or again, "He stood beside the Emperor, and himself was Emperor;" for that implies that in this case there were at any rate two Emperors. ὁ Θεός "God," refers to God as the Ultimate, Undivided Source of all that is: Θεός without the article, to the Nature and Substance of God, identical in the Word, and in the Father who begets Him.

<sup>4</sup> John i. 49.

<sup>5</sup> John iii. 13, 16, 18.

<sup>6</sup> John i. 18.

<sup>7</sup> John viii. 42; cf. vi. 38-42; xvii. 8.

<sup>8</sup> John xvi. 20; cf. vi. 62.

No man snatcheth it from Me,  
 But I lay it down of Myself.  
 Freedom have I to lay it down,  
 And freedom to take it up once more.<sup>9</sup>

All this shows that the assertion that He is sent by the Father<sup>10</sup> marks no ultimate subordination of nature or of rôle, but that in *Him*, thus *sent*, the Father *comes*; and if He insists, that He came not to do His own Will, but His Father's,<sup>11</sup> this marks, in these contexts, not divergence or opposition of Wills, but their perfect concurrence. Indeed, we observe here a mysterious circle of causality and consequence. The Father loves the Son *because* that Son does ever what is pleasing to Him: again, it is because the Father loves the Son, that He reveals Himself to Him, so that the Son sees all that the Father does, and Himself can do it, and nothing else.<sup>12</sup> This mysterious reciprocity of knowledge, action and love recalls that "aërolite fallen from the skies of John" to be read in St. Matthew, chapter xi. verse 27. "No one fully knoweth the Son but the Father; and no one fully knoweth the Father but the Son, and he to whom the Son shall will to reveal Him."<sup>13</sup>

Already such a reciprocity leads up to the conviction of a certain unity of existence, co-natural and communicated.

Thus it is that the Father substitutes the Son for Himself—and recall how in the Apocalypse, chapters seven to fifteen, the Old Testament symbols proper to the vision of God as the "Ancient of Days" are transferred by the Seer to that of the Risen Jesus—an audacity incredible were it not due to the inspired knowledge of the truth. Thus, the Father has given over all things into the Son's hands.<sup>14</sup> The Father reveals Himself fully to the Son, and pours into Him that full power over life and death which flows from and implies essential, intrinsic identity

<sup>9</sup> John x. 15-18.

<sup>10</sup> John iii. 17-34; v. 36, 37; vi. 57; vii. 28; viii. 26-29; xii. 44, 49; xiii. 20; xvi. 5; xvii. 3-18.

<sup>11</sup> John vi. 38, 39; cf. vii. 17; and the doctrine of the Father's *command*, especially xii. 49, 50; xv. 20. There is too a Hebraism latent here. In Hebrew, a denial followed by an affirmation, "Not this (but) that," constantly implies, "Not *only* this, but that . . ." or, "Not this, *as opposed to* that."

<sup>12</sup> John v. 17-20. The argument here is: "Trust Me that what I do is right. The Father loves Me, and there are no secrets between Us. And I love Him; therefore My action reproduces His, for all my Contemplation is of His Activity, which is Himself." John viii. 29.

<sup>13</sup> Cf. John x. 15.

<sup>14</sup> John iii. 35.

of being with that which is the very Source of life and Life itself.<sup>15</sup> He who received the Christ receives the God Who sent Him.<sup>16</sup>

Hence it is that the Jews with horror, the disciples slowly, yet at the last with joy, realize that He is making Himself equal to God,<sup>17</sup> nay, *God*, and perceive that they who do not know the Son, dare not claim that they know the Father either.<sup>18</sup> And thus, although the Father, the Immortal Source of Life, be greater than That which is to "fall into the earth and die,"<sup>19</sup> yet are the Son and the Father ONE THING.<sup>20</sup> Before Abraham came into being, I AM;<sup>21</sup> "He who beholdeth Me, beholdeth Him Who sent Me;"<sup>22</sup> "Philip, he who hath seen Me, hath seen the Father."<sup>23</sup>

Happily, may we not think this vision of the supreme divine fact is most clearly set forth just when the human pathos of the Gospel gathers to its climax. Doubtless, the midnight dialogue with the Sanhedrist, the cool pause from the dusty roads by the ancient well, are moving and intimate scenes. Yet the noise and wrangling of the Temple courts, the grumbled objectors of Capharnaum, interrupting the mysterious and majestic promises, seem to take some of the tenderness from the Divine Voice, and to infuse an all-but bitterness into its inevitable grief. Sadness, indeed, is there in the quiet Supper-room, and none can enter it without feeling, even after the exit

<sup>15</sup> John v. 21, 23, 26.<sup>16</sup> John xiii. 20.<sup>17</sup> John v. 18; x. 33; xvi. 29.

<sup>18</sup> John viii. 19; xvi. 13. Cf. 1 John ii. 23, 24. "He who denies the Son, hath not the Father: he who acknowledgeth the Son, hath the Father too." Notice: Thus far it is only from the general swing of the argument that the nature of the identity between Father and Son must be inferred. "For He who heareth (and receiveth) you, heareth and receiveth Me, and he who receiveth Me, receiveth Him Who sent Me," was said to the Apostles, who were but Christ's representatives. But it is clear that Christ means more than that He is God's representative, to be received *as though He were God*. Similarly, to make one's self "equal to God" (v. 18), need not mean more in itself, than to claim equality of treatment with God, like Phil. ii. 6, τὸ εἶναι ἴσα Θεῷ. But of course equality of treatment with God can, in good metaphysic, be claimed rightly only by one who *is* equal to God. But there cannot be more than one Infinite. Therefore to be equal to God is to be God. John, however, was not even as much Hellenized as were the Jews of Alexandria; and such an argument as the above is quite un-Hebrew, and is Hellenic purely.

<sup>19</sup> John xiv. 20; xii. 24.<sup>20</sup> John x. 38.<sup>21</sup> John viii. 58.<sup>22</sup> John xii. 45.

<sup>23</sup> John xiv. 9. It is because Jesus never says anything of this sort about Christians even when He prays that they may be with Him and the Father *one thing* even as He and the Father are *One Thing*, and however intimate be the substantial union set up by grace, that there is no danger of any Pantheism or heterodox Monism being based upon His words. It would be the extreme of false psychology to imagine that Pantheism could have entered in any way into St. John's mental outlook. However closely united be the Christian, through Christ, to God, forever is he *not* God, and never shall creature be confused with, merged in, or a mode of, the Creator.

of the traitor, the immanence of the Cross; yet all the elements of human heartbreak, of desolation and of death, revolve on a secondary plane: the attention of Speaker and of hearer and of reader grows focussed on that supreme Love which knits into one whole the Most High God and these His "little ones," "His own," "His friends," "His chosen," and "called" and "children" and "His flock," because in that Highest, as in those lowest, lives the Christ; and again, in the Christ, Highest and lowest meet. Angels "ascend and descend" upon Him Who is above all the heavens, and yet has been made, for a little, lower than are they.

From the beginning of the Gospel, John has reminded us that some men will reject their salvation, and refuse to come to and hear their Saviour; but never once has the Saving Death itself been spoken of in accents of gloom and tragedy.

Even as Moses, in the desert, placed the bronze serpent high upon its pole, that the dying Israelites might look towards it and might live, so was the Son of Man to be uplifted, unto *life*;<sup>24</sup> what if His throne of exaltation were the Cross? "I, if I be lifted up, will draw all men to Myself." What though the hostility of priest and erudite and politician gather itself against Him, till the whole people seem to have become reprobate? "Look," they exclaim, "the world has gone after Him."<sup>25</sup> What though the cynical false patriot declare that it will *pay* if one man be murdered, but the nation saved? By the radiating power of that death, the destined race of the Children of God should be gathered from all distances of space and time.<sup>26</sup> Already to the Greek-named Philip come the Greeks. "Sir, we would see Jesus;" and He exults, seeing the hour of glorification at hand, precisely through that interval of death and dark. "Unless the Grain of Wheat fall into the earth and die, it remaineth alone by itself; but if it die, it beareth much fruit."<sup>27</sup> This Evangelist, who omits the picture of the Agony, and the "Angel strengthening Him," does not fear to set before us this scene of the troubling of Christ's soul, for the sake of the Heavenly Witness, the Voice of God, which attested the triumph, through death, of the Eternal Son.<sup>28</sup>

With chapter thirteen, then, begins the second half of St. John's Gospel, to which he sets as preface the short sentence

<sup>24</sup> John iii. 14.

<sup>25</sup> John xii. 19.

<sup>26</sup> John xi. 49-52.

<sup>27</sup> John xii. 24, 25.

<sup>28</sup> John xii. 27.

which includes a whole theology of Christ and God, and Christ and Man: "Jesus, knowing that His hour was come for passing over from this world unto the Father, having loved His own who were in the world, to the uttermost loved He them."

He rose, bowed Himself, washed their feet, made Himself servant of all, and taught that no disdain must check, no condescension disfigure, our duty of utmost service to our fellows. Seeing Him thus humbled, and enjoining humility, consider what He says:

He who receiveth him whom I send,  
 Receiveth Me:  
 And He who receiveth Me,  
 Receiveth Him Who sent Me.<sup>29</sup>

Already had He declared that His works were argument enough that "in Me, the Father is, and I in the Father,"<sup>30</sup> but "*Now*," He cries, speaking with exultant freedom once the only real enemy is gone forth—"Now is God glorified in His Son; and if, indeed, God be glorified in Him, Him too shall God glorify in Himself, and straightway shall He glorify Him."<sup>31</sup> Already the Father speaks in Him and works in Him, and to see the One is to see the Other also,<sup>32</sup> and thus these "little children," who have "kept" His words and so have received into them the new substantial Life—Thy Word is Truth, Thy Word is Life,<sup>33</sup> are knit up into the same unity.<sup>34</sup>

"In that day," He affirms, "you shall realize that I am in the Father, and you in Me, and I in you."<sup>35</sup> To His beloved He repeats that We will come to Him and make our abode with him.<sup>36</sup> "Trust in God! Trust too in Me."<sup>37</sup> Many are the tarrying-places in that world which has already become God's home; as many as are the hearts which, full of grace, are by that very fact God-indwelt. He has no need to go to prepare them any further "mansion." Each heart dwells in the other. "Sir, where abidest Thou?" "I, in thee; and thou, beloved, in Me."

For if Jesus is the Way, He is also Truth and Life, that is, the Goal. We need no more than Him. Once *in Him*, we *are* where we would reach. On the day when His glorification is

<sup>29</sup> John xiii. 20.<sup>30</sup> John x. 38; cf. xiv. 11.<sup>31</sup> John xiii. 31.<sup>32</sup> John xiv. 9-11.<sup>33</sup> John xvii. 17; vi. 63.<sup>34</sup> Compare 1 John ii. 24, 25, 27, 28; iii. 24; iv. 13-16.<sup>35</sup> John xiv. 20.<sup>36</sup> John xiv. 23.<sup>37</sup> John xiv. 1.

accomplished, and Christ be revealedly "all in all," ye shall recognize that I am in My Father, and you in Me, and I in you.<sup>38</sup> That Coming of which He speaks, when we shall know how They "abide" is us, is, once more, but the revelation of that Real Presence which is already here. Meanwhile, an interspace, during which the Spirit of Truth, inhabiting us, must teach us to appreciate more deeply and possess more chosely, that Fact which is ours, and which is He.<sup>39</sup>

But it were time ill-spent to analyze these chapters: they are the seamless robe in which are clothed these final hours of intercourse: in them is repeated every element in that wonderful theology which John has stated and re-stated in the first part of his Gospel, and each may be remembered here, but as one sees a well-loved countryside from a hill-top in the sunset, details fused in the glow, hard edges softened, crudities transfigured beneath the splendid rays. Love is the beginning and the cause of salvation's process; Love the explanation of each path taken, each halting-place; and triumphant, purified, unitive love, the end. Yet no soft love; no compromise, no complaisant indulgence: if the world hated Him, then too will it hate, them will it slay;<sup>40</sup> but for all that, is there one sentence here not all encouragement; not justifying His declaration that theirs is to be joy, and joy full-filled, a joy that none can take from them? <sup>41</sup> His very death means joy, and is His glory.

Father, the hour is come.

Glorify Thou the Son

That the Son may glorify Thee;

Thou hast given Him power over all flesh,

That all whom Thou hast given to Him, to them He may give  
Eternal Life.

(And this is the Eternal Life:

To know Thee,

The only True God,

And Him Whom Thou hast sent,

Jesus Christ.)

I did glorify Thee upon the earth

Having accomplished the work Thou hast given Me to do.

And now, glorify Thou Me, Father, at Thy side,

With the glory which I had, before the world began, with Thee.

<sup>38</sup> John xiv. 23.

<sup>40</sup> John xv. 18; xvi. 2.

<sup>39</sup> John xiv. 17-26; xvi. 13.

<sup>41</sup> John xvi. 22-24.



I did manifest Thy Name  
 Unto the men whom Thou gavest Me out of the world.  
 For Thee they were, and to Me Thou gavest them,  
 And Thy Word have they kept,  
 And now they have understood that all Thou hast given Me  
     Is from Thee . . .  
     I pray for them,  
     For they are Thine,  
 And all Mine are Thine, and Thine Mine  
 And I have been glorified in them . . .  
 Holy Father, keep them in Thy Name  
     Whom Thou gavest to Me  
     That they may be one thing,  
     As we are.  
 Not for them alone do I ask,  
 But also for them who shall believe through their word  
     On Me,  
 That all they may be One Thing,  
 Even as Thou, Father, art in Me,  
     And I in Thee,  
 That so they too may be in Us . . .  
 And I, the glory Thou hast given to Me  
     Have I given to them,  
     That they may be One Thing,  
     As We are One Thing.  
     I in them  
     And Thou in Me,  
 That they may be made perfect into One,  
 That the world may realize that it is Thou Who hast sent Me,  
 And hast loved them even as Thou hast loved Me.  
     Father, what Thou hast given Me,  
     (Even to be with Thee),  
     That *will* I, that where *I* am  
     They too may be with Me,  
     And they may contemplate My glory  
 That Thou hast given Me because Thou lovedst Me,  
     Before the world's foundation . . .  
 I have made known to them Thy Name,  
     And will make it known,  
 That the Love wherewith Thou lovedst Me  
     May be in them,  
     And I in them.<sup>42</sup>

<sup>42</sup> John xvii.

From the Supper-room Jesus passed to Gethsemane. John knows well enough that henceforward the Passion must be allowed to tell itself. Rarely enough will his turn of phrase or special choice of thought differentiate the narrative. Yet even so, how other are these pages, in some subtle way, from what the Synoptists had written.<sup>43</sup>

From the garden, Jesus goes before the representatives of the Jewish Church: they question Him; He reminds them that they have nothing new to hear from Him: He has no secret doctrine. Jerusalem rejects Him. He moves before Rome's tribunal. He declares that He came, and was sent, to bear witness to the Truth. "What is 'Truth?'" asks the tired, contemptuous official; Imperial Rome, like theocratic Sion, is not "of the Truth," and cannot "hear" Him. Yet, by the irreversible title of the Cross, Rome placards Jesus as the Hebrews' King.

Scourged, stripped, and nailed to the Cross, He waits in the darkness. To the soldiers His clothes are abandoned; to John, Mary is intrusted. Law is obeyed, Prophecy full-filled; the World's Mystery is consummated. He bows His Head, and gives His soul to God.

In the Apocalypse John had written of a Scroll, inscribed, so over-flowing were its contents, on front and back alike, and sealed with Seven Seals that none were wise or powerful enough to break, that so its secret should be read. All heaven and earth and hell are challenged, and in none of them was one found worthy. Only the Lamb that was slain, and though slain, stands and lives, was able to break the Seals and read the Scroll and interpret it. Upon the Cross, Christ had put the last word to that tremendous story; so was it "consummated," brought to its full perfection. And forthwith Christ unseals, and unrolls, and tells its meaning, for its meaning is Himself;

<sup>43</sup> Though, as I said, this is no critical commentary, it may interest readers, and help them in their comparison of St. John with the other Gospels, to follow Calmès' ordering of the verses of chap. xviii. to read them thus: 1-13, 24, 14, 15, 19-23, 16-18 (25 a), 25, b-27. So, almost, Cornely. Manuscript authority itself shows that a confusion of the text is here probable. Partly, no doubt, the difference between the spirit of passages almost identical in John and in the Synoptists, is felt by our knowing, by now, with what brooding wealth of meaning John changes certain words—like *seek, send, remain*. Hence what is not the irony, in St. John, of a dialogue like: "Whom *seek* ye?" "Jesus of Nazareth." "I *am* He." Remember the affirmations to which the Samaritaness or the man born blind gave occasion. Remember Christ's repeated declaration: I AM. Such an irony, too, is well-discernible when *e. g.*, Nicodemus says: "We know thou art come from God to be a Teacher. . . ." And you reflect, the while, on what John means when he says "we know," or *speaks of the Sending, or Coming, of the Son.*

Himself, *dux vitæ mortuus*, Life's Captain dead, and yet, alive and conqueror. For, from His dead side water and blood flow forth, water for cleansing, blood for giving Life, healing for the past, vital promise for the future; baptism, absolution, Eucharist; the Church, sprung from His very Heart.

They bury Him, and in the Easter dawn, He rises. John and Peter visit the sepulchre; to Mary, in the garden of Resurrection, He reveals Himself by the sole speaking of her name; Thomas doubts no more; the Holy Ghost is given. Christ hands over His Shepherdhood in its entirety to Peter; the Church's net sweeps in its happy multitudes. "If I will that he tarry till I come, what is that to thee?" says Jesus of His beloved; and the mistaken legend to which the words gave rise is gently corrected by the author. Not Mary, and not John had to wait anxiously for that destined apparition of Messiah; no, nor even, anxiously, for bodily death delayed or swift: in their hearts His Coming was accomplished, and they in Him and He in them lived, as He had willed, in perfect love and Presence.

Thus, as it were, by fragments stitched together; halting somewhat; unable to conclude by literary climax or artistic device such as might satisfy the worldlier spirits who might read it, the Fourth Gospel finishes, rather than ends. The Forty Days of Resurrection had nothing of an End about them. Christ was not gone and done with: in His undying Church He lives, and she in Him.

Thus it will be seen that John, by finishing after this fashion, has once more altered the atmosphere of his vision. When the Passion begins, the great theological presentments, rising into ecstasy, of the first part of his Gospel are over. The eagle is no more gazing into the very eye of the sun. The tingling air of heaven, dazzling and crystalline above earth's rocks and marshes, is no more what he breathes. In the Passion chapters, the eagle comes home, as it were, to rest; it too, after all, is a thing of feathers, and warm sleep, and brooding affection. In its home it heaps itself, forgetting nothing of the glories and the height, yet content with folded wing and hooded eye. Almost, John carries through, in his Gospel, the career of the great ecstasies, who, as the loyal years are lived, become calmer, as it were, and at home in their Heaven-on-earth; a glow follows the flashing intuitions; they watch steadily, in the golden light, what the recurrent lightning-flash had shown. So

in these Passion-chapters, the Saint rests his head upon the Heart of Christ; his eyes are closed; his thought is at rest; just the undying memory of those hours of love suffice him. The peace of Calvary is his; and Jesus, dying and risen, has become all Heaven and earth to him. Why, even in human love, one person can, at times, absorb the world and self. Yet not for that is world or self annihilated: the world is re-read, re-gained, re-prized, in the light of its relation to the loved one. Self is re-created, re-duplicated, at last made worthy and great, because identified with the only life worth loving. And if it be true that it is hard to love passionately without, in certain hours at least, some self-loss, or world-loss, or disregard of what is not the only true-beloved, not so is the love of soul and Christ. Source of the "more abundant life" is He; and though John became more wholly Christ's than ever I can be my friend's yet assuredly he lost nothing that was *John*; few personalities, after all these centuries make themselves more separately felt than his; we should be weaker friends with John, were John less wholly friends with Jesus.

Therefore, we need have no fear to pass from the history of Christ to that of the Church. One love links the two. The same spirit is alive in that pathetic First Epistle in which the old age of the Apostle is so discernible. Its repetitions, its lapses of continuous thought, its anxieties, its austerities, who would dare to criticize any of this, or to resent it? Who, sitting among the aged Saint's disciples, would be less than content to listen to his faltering phrases, and to rest, in our turn, in the warm encompassment of his love? And weak though his body be, and hesitating his sentences, who but will recognize, at once, the spiritual strength within them? Why, even this Epistle has been fruitful in words and expressions that no literature, since, has forgotten. There is here, interiorly, no *collapse* of thought and will; indeed, the sternness is, if anything, accentuated; the Church's enemies are held well in view, and are most terribly rebuked; the wickedness of the world is remorselessly denounced. Yet in all alike, yes, even in controversy, the soul of love is there, forbidding even that controversy to be limiting and deadening.

The Church is, in the beautiful phrase of an early writer, the Beloved: no invertebrate is she; no shifting wraith of a mood, or way of local life, or phase of thought. *Christ is in His*

Christians; and the full Christ is Christ and Christian too. Only sin, fixed and made permanent by will, can separate us. Sins! who has no sins? Were we to say we have none, "the truth were not in us;" nay, Himself we should make a liar; His "Word," His explanations of human history were, again, "not in us." But once we confess our sin, and come, and come back, to the Source of that Life which annuls death, not only the past is transformed, but the future is assured. Our death will die out of us, through His death which never could destroy His Life, but is our Life, our Intercession and Propitiation, and that of the whole universe.<sup>44</sup> By such men, and in them, His Word and Plan (which are Himself) are "kept," and in such the Love of God reaches its completion. Hereby we know that "in Him we exist."<sup>45</sup> No new thing, assuredly, is this Love, but existing, in part revealed and enjoined since the beginning; and yet, new; for the Triumph of the Light is gradual, and only by degrees the world's darkness dwindles.<sup>46</sup> By degrees the world ceases to be "world," founded upon evil, and source of lust of flesh and lust of eye and flaunting boast of "life," once the true love and life reveal to the new-born Christian what the Father is, and how the past is pardoned; and to the growing Christian, how to conquer what in him still is hostile to the divine life which now is his; and to the grown men among the faithful, prolific in their turn of Sons of God, to understand Him Who was from the Beginning and endures in Eternity.<sup>47</sup> *That* world is passing away, an unsubstantial mirage, in comparison to him who, identified by grace and choice with God, endures, he too, eternally.<sup>48</sup>

Still, once more, not yet is the consummation. The Eternal is mated with Time, but not yet are the two one perfect Sacrament. The world's history traces its upward course, but by the road of a spiral, and a *tilted* spiral, so that even as it progresses, a point in its progress may, at a given moment, be *lower* than what it had reached a while ago. Already, before the last Apostle died, not only was the whole world not conquered, but of those who seemed, indeed, to be Christ's Christians, some had fallen away, and some, from His friends, had become His open enemies. Heresies already were sprung up: and John

<sup>44</sup> 1 John i. 8-10; ii. 12.

<sup>45</sup> 1 John ii. 5.

<sup>46</sup> 1 John ii. 7; 8.

<sup>47</sup> 1 John ii. 12-16.

<sup>48</sup> 1 John ii. 13. When John speaks of the Eternal Life, he uses the word ζωή: when the transitory, human life of years and "natural" tendency, the word βίος.

never will admit but that at the root of the perverse new theories, was *ill will*. *Good faith* in error seemed to his mind unthinkable. To have tasted *Christ*, then to reject Him—how should that not be sin? Therefore he views with horror those who “divide” Christ, refusing to acknowledge the *one Person*, God and Man, but either assert that He is Man in seeming only, or God only by some adoption or as it were by courtesy, a divine spirit having settled on or enveloped the Son of Mary, a “Christ” merely inhabiting, or “using” Jesus. Such men, John cries, are anti-Christ: many such have already come into being. They went out of the Christian flock . . . had they, in truth, ever been of it? he asks, struggling with the fearful problem of *loss* of grace: how shall Divine Life *die*? Never called, no wonder if a man “come” not. But called, responsive, supernaturalized, and *then* a soul-suicide, how shall that happen?

More willingly John turns to contemplate the faithful, those on whom the Anointing of the Holy One remains; it remaining, they too remain. For that Anointing is the Spirit, and its Indwelling makes of Christians, in their mysterious measure, Christ. That grace of the Indwelling Spirit teaches them better than by argument—though to the obedient mind musing reason can do no harm—that Christ is true Son of God. He who denies that, *is* anti-Christ; is Satan-seed; is forthwith gone out into that Dark which swallowed up the traitor.

For, to the very end, the grave parallel seems firm. “I in them, and they in Me:” and, those in whom the “world” *abides*, and who have never fully, therefore, ceased to “abide” in this world. To the Christian’s mind are given “Heavenly Things” for knowledge: these the world cannot understand, and therefore neither can it understand the Christian.<sup>40</sup> Indeed, when a Christian lives by grace, what of that Mystery, that fourth-dimensional existence, *can* be given to the world’s un-graced vision? Not even to such a Christian is the manifestation of that grace-life given. Not yet we *see* God as He is, and not yet (we dare to say) can we *see* ourselves as we are, By *faith* we hold to the Eternal Life whose Tent we are. Indeed, what we do see, and what the world, alas, still sees, is the faultiness of our natural life, for do not our hearts still condemn us? The Spirit is with and in us, but not yet wholly obedient are we to

<sup>40</sup> 1 John III. 1.

Him. And if, indeed, our hearts condemn us, what then are we to do? How shall self chasten self? Trust to the initiative of grace! the spontaneous activity of the Spirit. Mean are our hearts and faulty; but "God is greater than our hearts." "Greater is He Who is in you than he who is in the world."

"Therefore, Beloved, let us love one another, for Love is from God, and every one who loves is born of God, and knows God. He who does not love, never knew God, for God *is* Love. Herein has the Love of God been revealed amongst us, that His Son, His Sole-Begotten, did God send forth into the world, that we might live, through Him. In *this* is the Love—not that we loved God, but that Himself loved us, and sent His Son, a Propitiation for our sins.

"Beloved, if so God loved us, we too *owe* to love one another. True, *God* no one hath ever seen; but if we love one another, God remains in us, and His Love is brought to completeness in us. . . .

"God is Love, and he who remains in the Love, remains in God, and God remains in him." <sup>50</sup>

<sup>50</sup> 1 John iv. 7-16.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

ERRATUM.—Through a compositor's error the word "not" was omitted in the last sentence of the first paragraph on page 463, in the July issue of *THE CATHOLIC WORLD*.

The sentence should have read: "We maintain that on critical grounds alone, there is no valid reason to suppose that Gospel and Apocalypse and Epistles are not alike the work of John, son of Zebedee, the 'beloved' of Our Lord."

## MARYKNOLL AND THE FAR EAST.

BY THE EDITOR.



CENTURIES ago Hudson, as he followed up the river which bears his name, thought he had discovered a passage through the Western to the Eastern world. The union of the two worlds was never thus to be won. And if so won, would it not be used for the material growth of the world—grown already too fat and indolent on its physical riches? It would bear the argosies of the nations from one to another: through it would pass the great battleships to their mission of death. The war of nations would be waged for its possession and its defences. It might make the world smaller: but surely, of itself, it would never make the world larger. Largeness in its true sense has nothing to do with physical size or physical possessions. Largeness is the work and the gift of the spirit. The world's real growth is measured by the increase in the individual man of the spirit of Christian charity, the spirit whereby he more and more loves his neighbor as he loves himself.

High on the hills that crown the Eastern bank of that same Hudson River, near Ossining, stands the institution of Maryknoll. It has found not what Hudson failed to find, but what he never sought—a true enduring passage through the Western world to that of the East. From its hills may be seen the silver sweep of the Hudson, backed by the stern immovable curtain of the Palisades. To the south it opens into the gateway of the New World. From the first day of its finding that gateway has been circled with the rainbow of hope for the Old World. In a new land the old might be reborn and know the vigor and the daring of youth.

Is that why she who was so young when she brought forth the Saviour of the world, was the favorite of its first missionaries and afterwards was named by Holy Church as its patron? Or is it because she has never known corruption, that her soul is immaculate, and her body never knew decay but was assumed all fresh and glorious into Heaven? She is the peren-



nial Mother of the sons of God and the brothers of Christ. She has kept all human affections and hopes very lovely and sweet. She has made every mother joyous, and given laughter to dance in the eyes of children, and raised up mighty sons who buckled on the hard armor of self-sacrifice and fought to death in the service of her Son. She is the queen of this institution of Maryknoll. It is the hill over which she rules and presides; from its crest she will send her children into the valley of the world's strife. Of her was born the gift of faith, for in answer to her plea her Son performed His first miracle and "from that moment the disciples began to believe in Him." They who have denied Him, have hated her and they who love Him, love her very dearly.

As the patron of America she will ask America with all its rich resources to serve the Church Universal. In America itself she will beget such faith as will not alone insure the well-being of the Church at home, but will send forth the zealous missionary to proclaim that faith to the Far East, to the millions who sit in darkness and the shadow of death. She who from Maryknoll looks upon the Hudson, looks with equally gracious eyes upon the Yang-tze-kiang.

Mary images perfectly the all-embracing love of Her divine Son. No creature is excluded from its searching warmth, and they who love her, the Mother of the sons of God, will, with a vision as wide as humankind, and with unsatisfied soul, seek to give His love to those who know it not.

Although this be the truth, does it not always demand that some person, some lesser saviour, incarnate it for us, that we may know and follow and serve in him and through him? What else are the saintly leaders of history? Someone must receive the inspiration—perhaps all unknown to himself. Someone must be harassed by the vision which gives him no rest till he has led himself and his followers into the promised land. The search for that passage which would connect the Western and the Eastern worlds was a far-off reflection of that oft-neglected, but never entirely forgotten, truth, that all men ought to be united in the love of one another through their common love of God.

To one man in America was given not only the vision but the courage to accomplish. For years he labored to arouse the Catholics of America to a sense of their obligation to the

spiritual needs of the East. By spoken and printed word he heralded the duty and the appeal: he made known its wants and our responsibilities. He gathered not only funds but personal disciples. And now, through the efforts of this pioneer, the passage to the East has been found: the passage has been effected, and the New World joins the Old in the bonds of Christ's love.

The Very Rev. James A. Walsh is this apostle: this pioneer: this missionary. He has told the story of fulfillment in a new volume entitled with becoming humility *Observations in the Orient*.<sup>1</sup>

It does not give the story of Maryknoll. It tells of the fields which will be made fruitful by the long years of patient labor and training upon that hill of Mary. She has certainly watched over it with gracious care. It is an institution the extent and solidity of which few realize. It has its own seminary with full teaching staff. It is the American National Seminary for Foreign Missions. A community of devout, consecrated women has been founded there, and these assist in the work of preparation for foreign missions. It has not only its monthly organ, *The Field Afar*, but a very worthy list of its own publications, telling the needs of the Missions and the heroic story of missionary martyrs.

The Catholics of America do not yet fully realize the far-reaching work which through this institution they will do for the world. *Observations in the Orient* will enlighten them. It is not a dry formal treatise on the need of missionary work. Maryknoll, while always staying close to God, never gets away from those good pleasantries that lighten the day and its work. It never speaks with that seriousness that forgets Christ. Its founder, therefore, has given us an entertaining personal narrative of his experiences from the day he left Maryknoll for the East till the day of his return.

His pen touches lightly the casual incident, and then in bold strokes outlines the broad vision and the immense task. What will strike the reader forcibly is: First, the surprising extent and variety of Catholic missionary work in China: its personnel: and its institutions. And, secondly, that practically all of this work has been done by the heroic priests and people of nations

<sup>1</sup> *Observations in the Orient*, by Very Rev. James A. Walsh. Catholic Foreign Mission Society of America, Ossining, N. Y. \$2.00.

other than America. France stands preëminent, both in the number of priests she has given and the funds she has contributed. America can but claim the honor of a beginner and an imitator. We have been but children while other nations have shouldered the burdens of men. Now, suddenly called to maturity, we may well ask ourselves in deep humility are we prepared to assume the responsibilities and to fulfill the great task? We may not even begin to boast till, for generations, we have given equal evidence of Catholic zeal and Catholic devotion as the nations who have written the imperishable and glorious record of the past. We should be willing to sit at their knees and learn. It is often characteristic of us Americans to boast that we can do a job better than anybody else. We must abandon the boast, if we are to do any work well. A sense of fairness and humility are basic conditions of success in any work for God or for man.

*Observations in the Orient* tells of the immense areas yet untouched, embracing immortal work for sacrificial hearts to do. The reader will learn that there are almost two millions of Catholics in China: that the increase in one year is two hundred thousand and that the churches and chapels number eight thousand six hundred and sixteen. But he will also learn that the entire population of China is three hundred and ninety-three million souls. In the province of Shan out of twelve million, only sixty-two thousand five hundred and four are Catholics: in Kansu, of twenty-one million five hundred thousand, only six thousand seven hundred and eighteen; in Sz-Chuan, out of sixty-eight million seven hundred and fifty thousand, only one hundred and forty thousand eight hundred and seventy-two; and in the province of Kwang Tung, a portion of which has been assigned to Maryknoll, there are but eighty-seven thousand five hundred and ninety-seven Catholics out of a total population of one million seven hundred and fifty thousand. He will also learn of the need and, indeed, the requests for American priests: of how it is being asked why America has not done more.

The increase in the number of native priests, and the growth of Catholic educational institutions—the Catholic college at Wuchang, for example, has one hundred and twenty pupils and is recognized by the Government; the religious community of native women named the Josephites: the Catholic hospitals

and the Catholic Sisters: the Government hospital at Peking in charge of Catholic Sisters, all these lead one to exclaim with the author: "If the strength of Christianity in this section of China could develop in proportion to the growth of European and American interests in Shanghai, the next generation would witness marvels. How often I think of Our Lord's words, 'The children of this world are wiser in their generation than the children of light.' All kinds of American and European enterprises are represented in Shanghai and every boat adds to its foreign population. Would that we could say the same of the Church's interests. Not that much has not already been accomplished, not that much is not being done; but vastly more could be done, and this is the hour, as everybody who is watching China knows full well."

It is the hour and Maryknoll has shown the way. We can, if we will, send missionaries there who, through the Spirit by Whom they work, will renew the face of the earth.

It would be impossible here to enumerate the unanswerable arguments presented in this book showing that the people of China are ripe for the harvest. The success of the Catholic Mission proves it. The work of the Protestant missionary, while it has often improved social conditions, has scandalized the Chinese by its evident disruption and self-contradictions. They seek the one Voice that will carry with it the sure accents of divine Truth. The standards of morality among them are high, and that is ever a sign that the ground is fit for Catholic planting. They suffer from gross injustice, from pitiable want, from the degrading conditions imposed by those who have no great concern for either their bodies or their souls. Father Walsh tells that recently a large number of lepers were put to death by fire in order to be rid of them.

The Catholic missionary who goes there consecrated to nothing but their service, with no wife nor children nor family ties, who has made himself a perfect sacrifice for them—cannot but succeed. We believe there is enough good in human nature to permit it to correspond to this proffered grace of God. The Catholic faith our missionaries will preach will lift them out of deadly paganism to the light and the life of Christian hope and Christian love. It will make them children of the eternal Kingdom of God, and their country one of the peaceful, progressive nations of the world.

We hear too often that they ought to be left undisturbed. That is the word of those who, at home, complacently look upon evil conditions and refuse to bear a brother's burden. We hear that there is missionary work enough to do at home and we should do that first. Those who so speak rarely make sacrifices for missions either at home or abroad. To love our brother abroad is no indication that we do not love our brother at home. The spirit of Christ is one and all embracing. And it is singularly true that foreign mission work does react on those at home. It strengthens and invigorates and extends the very spirit of which it is begotten.

Maryknoll will give increase to the strength of the Church abroad and to the strength of the Church at home. Her missionary will carry the truth of Jesus Christ, preserved in all its perfection by the Church, to those who sit in what is worse than darkness. Through him will they be redeemed. And the glory of that triumph will be reflected back not only upon the country of Maryknoll but upon all the countries of the world. It will cheer and inspire Catholic people everywhere to appreciate more fully and extend more zealously the priceless inheritance of the Faith confessed by the Saints of God.

Furthermore the missionary of Maryknoll will bear a message of political liberty which he will preach not as a matter of politics but of fundamental justice and right. Next door to China is Japan, persecuting the Church. That the missionary to China can help its people to found their new Republic on enduring principles, is due in part to the living example given by the country to which the soil of Maryknoll belongs. He can be free from the national prejudices that sometimes mark the missionaries to the Orient. He has no part in extending American prestige or American power. He comes with no new message from the ancient Faith. His standards, his preaching, his very accents are those of the saints who have preached the Faith from St. Paul to St. Francis Xavier. He knows it was that one unchangeable Faith that made nations and must remake them now if they are to live. He has seen America in her constitution grant liberty and justice to all: and manifest the meaning of democracy to the world. The new nations of the world are looking to her. Therefore does the Apostolic Delegate express the hope, in the preface to this book, "that thousands of American Catholics through these pages, will be

brought to a fuller realization of the share which the Catholic body in this great Republic is so evidently called by Divine Providence to take in the evangelization of the heathen world."

With love for every country and with invidious distinctions towards none, the missionary leaving his beloved Maryknoll for the Far East, may, even as did its founder, carry with him the picture of home—and let that tender spot of his native land have its share in sustaining him and guiding him in his supernatural labors. Maryknoll—its consecrated name, its sacred soil, its hills, its star-crowded sky, its chapel, we well know that these will dwell with the missionary afar who has gone out from her.

Dreams of these haunted his full heart;  
Their love inspired his songs and prayers  
Bidding him play his part.

American Catholics must realize that the soil and the work of Maryknoll is theirs: that the men who go out from it are theirs: that the inspiration, the glory and the responsibility of the work are theirs.

They must rouse their souls to a living, personal interest and sacrifice. The hour for increased Catholic opportunity has struck. The needy of the nations cry out to us. It is our work—not simply to read about, not simply to contribute a pittance towards—but a work that demands full generous sacrifice: the contribution of money: the offering of prayers, and, if we be so blessed, of our sons and our daughters. The old Faith is still the redemption of the world. No power can alter it. No power can bring achievement without cost nor victory without sacrifice. We may rejoice at our country's growth and her good fame and her prestige. We may rejoice and be grateful because of the increase and prosperity of the Catholic Church in our own land. But while we rejoice, the corresponding truth looms large, the sense of responsibility grows almost fearful. Are we prepared to fulfill the spiritual mission for which God had opened to us the opportunity? That question the present generation of Catholics must answer. It will need the sacrifice to God, to Christ, and to His Church, of all that we possess. China will tell us in part the answer; and she will know because of those who from Maryknoll have traversed the passage from the Western to the Eastern world.

## LOVE, MARRIAGE AND DIVORCE.

BY HENRY E. O'KEEFFE, C.S.P.



It was the glory of Salvini's Othello to interpret those finely modulated shades of Shakespeare's genius which are missed by mediocre performers. The revelation of Desdemona's seeming infidelity overwhelms the Moor of Venice with shattering despair. He is bent on her murder. He will not spill her blood, for that would leave a scar on her skin whiter than snow and smoother than monumental alabaster. The light of the candle shines on his victim sleeping in her bed-chamber in the castle. At the vision of her excelling beauty he cries out in a paroxysm of grief: "It is the cause, it is the cause, my soul."

This would mean that Othello, if he were to reason it out with a mind not crushed by his towering jealousy, would say to the chaste stars that he and Desdemona are as nothing in the light of the flaming fixity of the moral law. The constraining subtlety of his conscience compels him to reiterate the eternal character of the ordinance. The euphony of the Italian language and the richness of Salvini's voice, lent music to the melancholy of his cry: "It is the cause."

It is the cause then or the authentic law as strong as granite in the eternal hills, which is the subject of our story. Upon that law dependeth the constancy of love, the Sacramental aspect of marriage and the erotic viciousness of divorce.

When Othello asserts that he knows not where there is the Promethean heat to relume the light or to give the vital growth to the plucked rose, it is but another fashion of declaring that Desdemona, by the violation of her vow, has upset a fixed principle for the right ordering of a fierce and alluring instinct. The Greek fatalists, as evidenced in their tragedies, saw the iron rigidity of that law even when they had nothing to soften or coördinate the wayward impulses of the passion itself. Matthew Arnold wrote a metrical translation of a choral ode of Sophocles which depicts this established ordinance which is begot not of man but of the gods. The minute before Othello

smothers Desdemona to death, he kisses her on the lips, uttering with pathos the inexorable and everlasting nature of the covenant in the sublime verse:

Oh, balmy breath, that doth almost persuade  
Justice to break her sword.

When King David, in his outburst of affliction, prays God to blot out his iniquity, he seems to put in abeyance not only the horrors of the ravishment of the woman, and the consequent disgrace of her spouse but also the loss of Absalom's filial love, the revolt of his soldiers and the disruption of his kingdom. For the moment the dominance of his penitential spirit is centred in the sorrow, that his fall has struck at the divinity of the moral law, which is an adumbration of the substance of the Divine Being in history and in life. The interior genius of the Hebrew language makes such a translation impossible but the verse of the sacred psalm, even in English, reads: "To Thee only have I sinned and have done evil before Thee, that Thou mayest be justified in Thy words."

It is the cause then, it is the steel-clad impregnability of a divine convention. It is as hard as flint in its application when viewed only with the eyes of unaided nature, but it is soft and yielding as moss in golden and verdant valleys, when beheld under sacramental light. The supernatural interpretation of the Sacrament of Matrimony signifies that that which is lacking in nature, is by a gracious participation in the divine, supplied to lover and beloved. It is a moral strength which of themselves they could not possess.

Theories of moral conduct built on self-perfectionism, that is, that love can morally support itself, have proved ere now to be futile. This is the reason for the structure of the sacramental system, which secures the fidelity of the marital estate and makes of divorce a mode of action applicable only for a department of the Zoo. Is it not noticeable, that when the professor of free love falls in love he seals it with a personal, if not a public vow?

It was in a picturesque region of our country and in a not far distant time that there bloomed a fair woman, who was flattered to the top of her bent by the appreciation of an Australian merchant of ample wealth. Both beauty and beast were married personages, each with children. The poetic figure is



mixed because of confusion in locating, even in the final scene, which is the beauty and which the beast. Gradually there were endearing palliations termed elective affinity, soul-mates, psychical intuition and other things. But the attentions of our hero and heroine ripened and ripened to corruption like tainted fruit that falls from the tree. Their moral recklessness was compared to the crystalline ingenuousness of Dante's high and hopeless love. It was perilous imaginative adolescence in distinction to the rugged reality of fact. Reason fleet footed fled, and truth with winged flight flew over the hills and far away. Passion came out of the palace of the Furies and riotously ruled. In the lawlessness of such a moral tumult the State provided a livelihood for a corps of lawyers by legally interpreting the mad delirium of lechery as the exalted sentiment of love. The Court then became the fertile mother and polite patroness of a tragic horror which increased in volume with the process of the years. Who can measure the width of demoralization brought to women and children in the disrupted homes of divorced parents?

Our beautiful heroine was divorced from her husband and two children to marry her rich paramour, who in turn was divorced from his wife and two children, to marry her. Some relic of the parental instinct remained when each asked for one child. This made the moral dissolution for the children more complete, for there lived one child of each parent in each house. The abnormality of the relationship of each parent necessarily reacted on the character of each child. Moreover, the diversity of religious belief deepened the ill-adjustment, for among the four parents, one was Episcopalian, the second Baptist, the other Catholic and the last in a religious sense nothing at all. In the Greek tragedies and the bloody dramas of Shakespeare, the innocent often bear the stripes of the malefactors. The blameless live to wince under the keen edge of infamy, bequeathed to them by the divorced and guilty dead.

But illicit love cannot possess forever the serenity of the genial landscape. Hamlet in his sublime fury rushes at his incestuous mother, but the filial instinct holds him, when he realizes that she is already punished. She shall have no peace since her infatuation for the King is a passion which grows by what it feeds on. Shakespeare sees the canker in our nature. Hamlet cleaves his mother's heart in twain, with the state-

ment: "Rebellious hell can't mutine in a matron's bones."

To revert to our domestic tragedy enacted not in Denmark or Venice or Florence, but under our own eyes—a tragedy which is an expression of a moral laxity, that even Tolstoy thought was making for our national enfeeblement—it was consummated for all in profound woe. The wealthy lover shot his second wife, believing her to have shown favor to his chauffeur. The chauffeur eager to shield the woman in the scrimmage was also shot. They lay prostrate on the path of the rose garden. The assassin glared at them as did Lanciotto at Paolo and Francesca da Rimini. He reloaded his revolver, put its point to his head, fired and fell dead. The chauffeur lived to tender the ignominy of his ill-repute to his wife and children. The beautiful woman died in lingering agony. As the priest bent over her, for she was a Catholic, the surging tide of conscience came to the top and she openly confessed her remorse. Likewise the primal instinct of maternity asserted itself, like good blood in reaction, and she implored the sight of the one child she had not seen for some years.

The game was not worth the candle. The desolation consequent upon this inordinate emotion was the evidence that it was awry and out of joint with the purpose of the Divine Will. Its roots did not strike into the world of the invisible and the real. It was not that sacramental love which is paradoxically deepened by misfortune, perfected in restraint and crowned in death.

While Othello believes Desdemona to be inconstant in wedlock and false as water to him, by loving Cassio, all his frame shakes with his sobbing, yet he comforts himself with the creed that she must be destroyed to conserve the design and economy of the moral decree. Shakespeare's one line uttered by Salvini, with majestic grief, is simply this:

Yet she must die, else she'll betray more men.

This living law of morality, even in the splendor of heightened passion, is shown again in Browning's stupendous tragedy—*The Ring and the Book*. Caponsacchi's half earthly, half spiritual fervor for Pompilia is safeguarded not only by the conventional law of Florence but by the gentle though authoritative rebuke of Rome. Even with the highest mystics the

criminal conceits of passion must be balanced by the external norm of spiritual authority. The scamp Guido, the chaste Pompilia's husband, dragged her from under her bed, where she hid, and stabbed her twenty-two times. Yet when sentenced to death by Innocent XII. refers to the fact, though execrable as he is, that he has a wife and his appeal becomes:

Christ! Maria! God!

Pompilia, will you let them murder me?

Chesterton thinks this is a splendid acknowledgment of an ancestral tradition, an ineradicable bond, in spite of dire incompatibility between man and wife.

Some regard George Bernard Shaw, the satirist, as a moralist. How so elusive and iconoclastic a personality could be considered such, is beside the point of our discussion. If there is any sincere purpose in the play of *Candida* it would be something like this. Humanity is beguiled by the glamour of romance, which will make the lover behold Helen's beauty even in a brow of Egypt. To disabuse lovers of this lack of mental equilibrium, which the pure pagan Plato called *insania furor*, Shaw would turn an ancient ordinance upside down. So in his *Plays Pleasant and Unpleasant* the cart often comes in before the horse, the mousetrap runs after the mouse and some of the puppets stand on their heads and try to place their feet in the stars.

However, *Candida* recovers herself in time to observe the absurd kink in her love-affair, with the poet who temporarily gratifies her æsthetic and romantic sense. She returns to her uninteresting husband whom she needs and by the law who needs her. Alas! the amorous poet being a poet does not turn a summersault from his frenzied heights to land on the rock of propriety and common sense. Nevertheless, he leaves *Candida* trusting that his love, like Dante's and Petrarch's, will be consummated somewhere in the skies. Shaw's cynicism is patent, but we are not so much concerned about it as we are at the phenomenon of his presuming upon the existence of a law, as old as civilization, always consistent in its operation and independent of the individual lover and beloved. That Shaw should construct a play in keeping with the issue of this law is an astonishing situation for this apostle of moral confusion.

## AN UNCANONIZED SAINT.

BY MARY FOSTER.

### IX.



UT Standish did not dash off his picture at once. On the contrary, he put off beginning. It was a subject which repelled him, and he felt none of the eagerness which usually filled him when he began a new work. He stretched the canvas, and then, to avoid questions from his friends, he left town for a few days. When he returned he resolved to set to work at once. He spent some days and many hours of the night in thinking out his composition, and he concluded that he would paint both figures without models.

Once he had begun he worked diligently, enjoying his creation of a beautiful woman. He made the little one laugh up into his mother's face with his arms outstretched. One plump baby leg was free from the soft drapery which fell lightly over the small figure, and the blue child eyes laughed as much as the tender parted lips. The mother bent smilingly over the humble cradle, her dark unbound hair hanging down her back behind her be-ringed ears. Mark knew that it was good, and already he looked to the praise and admiration his picture would receive. Certainly, he thought, there was no subject he could not handle, and he felt a proud consciousness of his own powers as the picture grew under his skillful touch. And as his interest in his work grew, he shut himself entirely away from his friends, spending every available hour of the lengthening days at his easel, until he became pale and wan from the confinement.

Bland's father had died in March, and shortly after the young man had sold the property, feeling that, rather than be burdened with a place he did not care about, he would travel or perhaps have rooms in town where he might work more seriously at literature, in which he had dabbled from time to time.

In late May he found his way to London, uncertain about

his future, and uncertain even about his own wishes. He hunted up a favorite aunt who had a pleasant flat in Knightsbridge, and then bethought himself of Standish. Mark, in his halo of fame, had left his old friend behind him, and Tony felt a hesitation in seeking the fashionable studio. However, he chose an early hour one morning and betook himself to the artist's abode. He was shown into a small untidy room which still bore traces of some festive scene. Tony sighed, without knowing why. There was certainly nothing to deplore in the fact that Standish was enjoying the society of his friends. But Tony felt very out of it.

"How are you old chap?" cried the artist rather boisterously as he entered the room, and he laid his hand upon Bland's shoulder.

Tony greeted him warmly, and both struggled to get back to the old intimate footing, but the younger man noticed that his friend was changed. His manner was noisy rather than cordial, and he at once plunged into descriptions of his life and acquaintances, speaking with evident self-complacency.

When Tony asked to see the studio Mark assented rather unwillingly. "The fact is, I've not too much time," he added. "I'm due at a big lunch at 1:30 for which, of course, I have to change. After, we are all going to the Christian Science lecture at the Queen's Hall."

"A detestable science," Tony remarked.

"Oh, well"—Standish shrugged his shoulders—"I see no harm in it, though I dare say it is unmitigated humbug. Still, it always amuses me to see how much people will swallow."

He opened the studio door as he spoke. Bland looked round with interest at the laden easels. Certainly Mark was snugly perched at the top of the tree.

"Who is that lovely young woman with her baby?" Tony asked standing before the picture which first caught his eye. Then as he looked closer, he uttered an exclamation. "Why I know that face quite well! What a memory you have Standish, to be able to paint your little Sieneese model by heart after so long! Only you have not done her justice, there is a lack of purity there that the original possesses, and you have introduced a worldly hardness into that face, such as never appeared in that of little Caterina."

Mark frowned. Criticism had not dealt so harshly with him for months. "It is not the Sienese girl," he replied roughly, "nor do I see the least resemblance to her in that. Of course if you want to carp, you will find plenty of faults in all my paintings I daresay. But I've worked pretty hard since we last met, so you must be prepared to find a difference in my style. Naturally, I've developed in every way, and these paintings require far more study than the old daubs I did when we were in Italy."

"You have done a good deal," answered Tony, quietly looking round him, "and most of your pictures are sold, I suppose. A neighbor of ours at home bought one. I saw it some months ago. I—I liked it after I had looked at it for a bit. It grew upon me."

"Really, Tony, you've grown mighty particular," his friend retorted huffily, and he began to cover the large picture.

"Don't cover it yet," Bland begged. "I want to look at it again. Who is the mother?"

"You don't seem to admire it very much," the painter said in injured tones. "However," he relented, "as its history is rather interesting, I'll tell it to you." And he related the story of the wager between young White and the elderly man with eye-glasses.

"I have since discovered," he added with much satisfaction, "that the old chap was A. F. Triton, R.A. So my dear fellow, this means a good lot to me. Triton has promised to buy the picture if he wins his bet, and I'll have his interest. Also, it will naturally be talked about, as all my friends are interested in the affair."

Tony had been gazing steadily at the picture while his friend spoke. "There is some awfully good work in it," he said slowly. "Your draperies are lovely, and I can't think where you get your coloring. The attitude of the bending mother is beautiful, also the little baby limbs. But the faces—no, Mark. I don't think you will succeed. There is nothing of the divine there. White is perfectly right. One requires to have a sense of the religious to paint the divine."

"Well really, I never asked your opinion," cried Standish angrily. "What do you know about it? You seem to be able to do nothing but find fault."

"I don't want you to be disappointed," Tony replied

quietly. "I see you have set your heart on this being a success."

"Of course I have. And it shall be a success. I tell you it means a lot to my career. Besides, I should be a laughing-stock to my friends if I do not do what I said I could."

"Ah, that's just it." Tony nodded his head sagaciously. Mark covered up the picture.

"I must say I think you're rather a beast," he observed. "You always were a croaker, and now you haven't even got the decency to wish a fellow luck."

"I do, I do indeed," Bland replied earnestly. "Only you always let me speak my mind, and you used to think me a pretty good critic, you know."

"People seem to be rather pleased with my present style," Standish answered indifferently. "At all events, my pictures sell." He glanced at his watch, and Tony took the hint.

"Well I must be jogging off," he said good humoredly. "You might look me up. My old hotel, you know. I've sold the place now the poor old governor's departed. I've no ties, and dislike the neighborhood. I expect I shall be in town for a bit, until I make up my mind what to do."

"I envy you your free life," Standish said. "I am quite tired out after all these months of industry. However when my picture's done, I'll slack off a bit and take things easy."

"You ought to," Bland returned abruptly. "You are thin, and don't look well, and your hands are hot and jumpy."

The artist laughed as he closed the door upon his friend.

## X.

Tony lounged in his aunt's drawing-room. That lady sat opposite him, erect in her stiff-backed chair; her white hair, set off by the dark background of a curtain, threw into relief her handsome, strongly marked features. Her keen old eyes regarded her nephew searchingly, and when she spoke, her voice was gruff and rather hoarse, and her manner was abrupt and severe.

"Well," she began, "so you've sold that dreadful hole of a place my poor brother bought. Now what are you going to do?"

Tony raised his mild blue eyes. "I really don't know," he replied indolently.

"Tony, you're insufferable sometimes," Mrs. Langford retorted. "Because you have the curse of a comfortable income is no reason why you should lead the aimless life you do. What a veritable infliction money is when it brings no responsibility. Why don't you marry?" she added abruptly.

Bland smiled. "Would that give me something to do?" he inquired.

"It would give you an interest in someone else besides yourself," his aunt replied severely.

The young man flushed a little.

"That's quite true," he said frankly. "I don't suppose I do take interest in many people. I know I'm a lazy dog. Still, I haven't had much opportunity for doing anything lately, you must admit. We lived a very retired life, the poor old governor and I."

Mrs. Langford took her nephew's hand and spread out the long tapering fingers.

"And you always say that you have no talents to work, you with these artistic fingers! Why don't you paint?"

"Because I've enough artistic perception to know that I can't," he answered rather sadly. "And I'm too fond of beauty to produce the daubs which are all I am capable of."

"You could write."

"Perhaps," he admitted, "I have tried."

"Then continue," his aunt made answer, and she dropped his hand. "Goodness knows you do not come of a family of fools. You must have some brains. Where are you going to live?"

"I really don't know," Bland replied, idly.

"Tony, you're irritating," the old lady called out sharply. "You're utterly indolent and indifferent. What's the matter with you?"

Tony laughed. "I'm awfully sorry," he said, rousing himself, for he was very fond of his aunt. "The fact is," he continued more seriously, "I'm rather concerned just now over my old friend."

"Ah, the artist."

"Exactly. I have often spoken to you of him, and you must have heard his name scores of times about town."

"Who hasn't?" the old lady asked rather scornfully.

"Poor Standish!"



"Why poor?" inquired Mrs. Langford coldly. "He is not poor in friends, it seems. I have not met him, but I fancy I am only one of the unfashionable few who have not."

"I want to talk to you about him," the young man said rather eagerly, "I am not quite happy about him." His aunt snorted. "He is a poor unbeliever like myself," he added.

"Oh quite. Only he is worse than you, for I hear that he is one of those who scoffs at God and at religion." The old lady pursed up her lips. She herself was an intensely devout Catholic.

Tony paused a minute. Then he plunged into the story of the wager for which Standish had painted his sacred picture. Mrs. Langford listened in complete silence, apparently unsympathetically, but Tony knew that under her undemonstrative manner his aunt was the kindest of women.

"Now I hear that the picture is a failure," Tony finished up. "White won his bet, and Mark's acquaintances are laughing at him for his boasting."

"What else could you expect?" inquired Mrs. Langford. "I rather suspect your friend has the gift of faith, and is fighting it. He has, no doubt, had some story?" she added keenly.

Tony hesitated. "None that he has ever told me," he replied evasively.

"Still there is one," his aunt insisted.

They sat in silence for some minutes, Tony swinging his cap absently, between his knees, the old lady looking very formidable as she reflected. Bland got up to take his leave.

"I might bring him to call," he suggested. "Or you might like to see his pictures—some day?"

Mrs. Langford glanced at him sharply. "I might—some day," she replied ungraciously.

Tony went straight off to his friend's studio.

"I had rather you had not come," Standish said rather querulously as Tony appeared. "I don't feel particularly good company, and there are no new sketches to show you."

"Well I didn't come to see sketches," Tony replied genially. "I say, old fellow," he went on plunging at once into his subject, "I'm awfully sorry about your failure—"

Mark looked at him very keenly. "Well, you were right," he said slowly.

"You can't do it, Mark. You can't touch things divine any

more than those friends of yours could appreciate a truly sacred subject. Though they are laughing at you now, they are just as ignorant on such matters as you are."

"It's not ignorance," Standish retorted impatiently. "Because one is not swallowed up in the mire of superstition, is it impossible to depict God? Bah! it would be the same if I painted Buddha—the Buddhists wouldn't be satisfied."

"No, it is not the same." Tony shook his head. "White was perfectly right, free-thinker as he is. There's something in it, Mark, which we can't understand."

Standish did not reply. He walked over to his portfolio and from habit began turning over a few water colors, glancing at them carelessly.

"It's good of you to have come," he said presently. "Not many have been near me since—since I gave the tea and showed off the picture." He spoke bitterly and turned over the loose sheets more swiftly.

"Well old boy, you'll see plenty of me for I'm a fixture in town for the present," Tony responded, changing his plans that moment, and mentally postponing a long visit to Yorkshire which fell due the following week. "I'd like you to know my aunt, she's a good sort. You might come and call some day, and I know she wants to see your pictures," he added unblushingly.

Standish nodded without speaking. He felt very low. After one has been petted and flattered it is not pleasant to be laughed at nor is it agreeable to discover one's fair-weather friends.

"I haven't got much reputation now," he said ruefully after a moment. "People didn't really like my pictures. Now they are beginning to find fault with them and I have a lot on my hands and none at the exhibitions."

"A reputation's very difficult to keep up," Tony replied cheerfully. "You should be glad not to have one. It is so much easier when people don't expect anything of you. But I expect more from you than the productions of the past year or so."

## XI.

During the month he remained in London, Mark did no work. He felt he could not paint, and the idea distressed him.

As he knew that the pictures his fashionable friends had admired were not good, he refused to show them to any chance visitor who came to his studio. Only somehow Tony's aunt saw them all, saw also the sketches Mark had made in Italy, and the studies of Caterina. In a strange fashion she had taken a fancy to the artist, and just as strangely her peremptory and imperious manner pleased him. In short, they made great friends. There were points they discussed together upon which they would never agree, but Mark always felt after he had argued his very best, that he had never convinced her.

Often from habit, he gave utterance, in the course of conversation to scoffing remarks about religion, forgetting how dear it was to her. But she, in spite of her fiery temperament, never checked him, save by a glance. The fact that she practised her religion so carefully yet never alluded to it made him curious, and he wished that she would talk to him about this strange belief of hers. It might be interesting, he reflected idly, and he would like to know if she, a sensible woman of the world, really believed all that simple Caterina held to be such sacred articles of her Faith.

Tony was delighted at the friendship that arose between his aunt and his friend. The latter had not been so like his old self for many a month, and he noticed that the fashionable acquaintances were now but little regretted by the man whose work they had once professed to admire.

In the autumn the friends had some pleasant shooting and Mark seemed happier than before, though he was very quiet and appeared to be thinking deeply. Then too, and Tony greeted this as a hopeful sign, the easel came out once more and the gun was often exchanged for the brush.

"Tony, old boy," Standish said one day as they lay in the heather, their idle guns beside them, "why don't you marry?"

Bland tilted his cap more comfortably over his eyes to shield him from the sun, and laughed lazily.

"So my aunt asks me," he replied. "Why should I? Why don't you?" he asked suddenly, just peeping round the corner of his cap to see his friend's face. Then he shut both eyes and pulling his cap still further over his face prepared to listen, for he rather fancied that Mark was going to tell him something.

There was a short silence. The sun was reddening towards the west, sending forth its lengthening rays across the heather.

The grouse, if they mourned their slain comrades, did so in secret for a wonderful silence brooded over the moor.

"Why don't I marry?" Mark repeated. He paused again but Tony lay motionless, his face invisible in his tweed cap.

And then Mark told the story of his love from the very hour he had idly entered the little church of Santa Caterina to the day of the parting outside the city walls. He spoke quietly, but all the bitterness of the past eighteen months was in his voice.

"She loved her God and her religion better than she loved me," he finished up slowly.

There was another silence. A soft breeze played along the moor and a pink transparent haze had crept up as the sun grew lower.

"Poor Mark, poor old fellow!" Tony murmured and he rose slowly to a sitting position and reached for his gun, his broad back turned to his friend until he heard a stir behind him as Mark, too, rose to his feet.

"We're getting confoundedly lazy," the latter observed as he swung the game bag over his shoulder. "What a limp bag we've got to show for a day's work!"

During the rest of the autumn and the following winter, it was Bland who worked. He possessed an undoubted literary gift, and with an energy he had never before displayed he set to work to cultivate his talent, finally producing a drama which excited attention in high circles. The two friends had rooms close to each other, and generally worked together, Tony occupying a corner of the studio and littering a table with his untidy manuscripts. Occasionally he would read aloud a passage and call for a criticism, or Mark would bid him leave his writing and give an opinion on some study or sketch.

"Bland come and look at this," Standish called out one day rather eagerly. "Tell me what fancy it represents."

Tony finished the sentence he was writing and came over to the easel.

"It is pretty," he said presently, "and far more sympathetic than your things generally are. You have got the attitude of despondency in that woman's figure." He paused a moment then added dreamily: "It looks to me like a woman in great sorrow, in despair, one who has no hope either in this world or in the next."

The painter drew impatient fingers through his hair. "And I meant it to be the Mother of Dolors!" he groaned.

"Mark, old fellow, you can't do it," Tony said gravely, laying a hand upon his friend's shoulder. "You must believe to paint that."

"There is something strange in it," Mark muttered. "And I do not like to be defeated by anything."

"We can't understand it," added Tony.

"I can't see why we shouldn't as well as these churchgoers," Mark burst out suddenly, quite fiercely. He took a turn up and down the room.

"I must get away," he said presently. "I can't stand London any more. I feel confoundedly restless, I can't work and I seem to want to go abroad. Ever since Christmas I've had such queer sensations. I can't sleep at night for them. Have you ever felt that you were being dragged to go somewhere or do something against your will? These are my feelings at present, and they're not particularly agreeable, so I think I'd better have a change."

Bland looked thoughtful. "I expect you had," he answered. "You haven't been away for ages and working when one's soul isn't in it is an uphill task. Go for a jaunt abroad. You'll come back with no end of fresh ideas."

"Alone, Tony?"

"Oh, I'll come with you, if you like," Bland rejoined good-naturedly. "I daresay I'd have gone abroad anyhow this spring, to collect material. One's ideas get dried up in London."

"And yours are?" inquired Mark indicating the closely written sheets which lay before his friend.

"Not at present," laughed the writer, taking up a discarded sheet and pitching it on the floor. "But let us go abroad, it would be huge fun," he added with boyish excitement.

Mark smiled slightly.

"Oh, you fossil!" cried Tony with a gay laugh. "When shall we start; tomorrow?"

"Tony you're a baby, a real baby; but rather a jolly one. No, we won't start tomorrow, but let us get off early next week."

## New Books.

**THE LIFE OF JOHN REDMOND.** By Warre B. Wells. New York: George H. Doran Co. \$2.00 net.

It would seem somewhat early to attempt any permanent estimate of the efforts of John Redmond for Ireland. Changes there have been too great and radical to allow any thumb rule measurement of a life so intimately bound up with Irish affairs. Yet, in a great degree, Redmond's death was not merely personal. It marked the passing of a epoch in Irish history, the closing of a long and interesting chapter of English and Irish relations, and as such can serve to delineate, if not evaluate, the changes that occurred during that period.

In this respect, the present volume is helpful. It outlines clearly the big movements of a period dominated by the successor of Parnell, a clear knowledge of which is necessary for a comprehensive understanding of present conditions and tendencies in Ireland. With great restraint and fairness of judgment, the author brings forward the salient features of the Irish leader's life, and in doing so gives the reader an interesting and fruitful study of modern Irish politics. That this is possible is due to the fact that the life of Redmond was the embodiment of a great policy, with all his efforts spent in attempts at its fulfillment. That policy and its development spell out the political history of Ireland since 1878, and consequently a review of the one must include a résumé of the broad features of the other.

Redmond was strong in his conviction—an inheritance from Parnell, that Ireland's political, social, economic and religious grievances could be cured by reform and constitutional compromise, rather than by revolution and insurrection. This was the actuating principle of Redmond's life. It brought him what success he attained and was responsible largely for his ultimate failure.

The results that he achieved by the expansion and development of the principles of Parliamentaryism justified his leadership up to the time of the outbreak of the War. By political means he brought England to the point of granting national self-government to Ireland. At the very hour when success should have crowned his efforts, Redmond was confronted by the tremendous dilemma brought to the fore by the World War. When the choice had to be made, imperialist that he was, he preferred to remain

loyal to the British Empire, trusting to British honor to do justice to the people whose aid he pledged. England, as usual, knew no honor and at the end of a fulsome career, the great Parliamentary stood discredited in the eyes of a majority of his own people.

This is the great paradox of a life spent in unselfish service. Fruitful in many ways, yet ultimately barren, the efforts of Redmond were negated by the criminal duplicity of England. With Redmond as Prime Minister of Ireland, the greatest problem of modern times might have been successfully solved—in peace. Now no man knows what course events will take.

Could Redmond have done otherwise? That question is placed squarely before the reader in a volume that commends itself for its fine sympathy, its broad outlook and keen analysis. Mr. Wells has treated a great life in a large way.

**MEMOIR OF KENELM HENRY DIGBY.** By Bernard Holland, C.V. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. \$5.00 net.

Kenelm Digby is a name practically unknown to the present generation of Catholic readers. Mr. Holland's biography will, we trust, tempt many of them to study Digby's noble defence of the much maligned Middle Ages.

Kenelm Digby's great merit lies in the fact that he defended the Catholic Church at a time when Englishmen were most bitter and prejudiced in their denunciation of things Catholic and mediæval. After three centuries of calumny and misrepresentation, he was a pioneer in setting up "a strong defence of Catholic principles, and a record of innumerable and forgotten good fruits of them, supported by solid evidence and by a very good deal of it. This work was done with results in the way of modification of English opinion and correction of English ignorance upon the subject, which has rarely been credited to its almost forgotten author."

**MYSTICISM TRUE AND FALSE.** By Dom S. Louismet, O.S.B. New York: P. J. Kenedy & Sons. \$1.80 net.

This book is the author's third treatise in a series on mysticism. The first, a small volume entitled *The Mystical Knowledge of God*, served as prelude to the second on *The Mystical Life*. In these two volumes the reverend author outlined his idea of the traditional mysticism of the Christian and Catholic Church as held universally down to a few centuries ago. In the present work he continues his effort to put his readers in possession of the right concept of the mystical life. In order to this he has found it necessary briefly to differentiate the mystical life from what is non-

essential or exceptional to it, namely, the miraculous; then to contrast the genuine mystical life characterized by fervor with the state of tepidity; with the spurious forms of mysticism such as Jansenism and Quietism; and with its negation, the state of sin. He concludes with chapters on the mystical order of the universe, the "second death" in the light of mysticism, and the marriage of the Lamb. The whole is written in very attractive style, and should certainly extend to the present generation of Christians the correct idea of the mystical life so well understood in former ages of the Church, namely, that it is simply and solely a life with God through active love.

**THE PRINCIPLES OF CHRISTIAN APOLOGETICS.** An Exposition of the Intellectual Basis of the Christian Religion. By Rev. T. J. Walshe. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. \$2.25.

Father Walshe has reproduced in English form the classical arguments set forth in text-books of Apologetics written chiefly in Latin, French and German. He states in his preface that he has avoided, as far as possible, technical nomenclature, so that senior students in English Secondary schools could follow readily the trend of the discussion.

Logically the book is divided into two main divisions, Natural Religion (Chapters I.-XI.), which treats of the nature and existence of God, the origin, endowments and destiny of man, and the relations between God and man; and Supernatural Religion (Chapters XII.-XVIII.), which discusses the possibility and necessity of revelation, its criteria and phases, faith and reason, the divinity of Christ and the divinity of the Christian faith.

The best part of the volume beyond question is the author's defence of theism, and his clear-cut and comprehensive answers to the objections put forth today in the name of Natural Science. The chapters on comparative religion and eschatological apologetics are too meagre to be of much service. But a text-book cannot be expected to treat every question adequately.

**REDMOND'S VINDICATION.** By Rev. Robert O'Loughran. Dublin: The Talbot Press, Ltd. 5 shillings' net.

This is not so much a review of the great Irish leader's work as it is a series of essays on modern Irish conditions. While he is a strong champion of Redmond and Redmond's policy of constitutional compromise, the author does not confine his efforts to an intimate study of Redmond, but rather treats of many phases of Irish politics and history which collaterally aid toward an adequate appreciation of the Irish leader.



Father O'Loughran is most entertaining in his manner of presentation and rich in his knowledge of Ireland's past. He shows in a most telling way the transitions in the English-Irish relations and makes out a strong case for Irish freedom. Yet, his indictment of English policy in Ireland does much to weaken any vindication of Redmond, whose efforts for Irish independence were rendered futile by too great confidence in English promises.

The volume, however, despite its title, is not so much a vindication of Redmond as it is a vindication of Ireland's cause. The book will do much here in America to enlighten men's minds toward a better understanding of the Irish question and to quicken hearts long in sympathy with her ambitions.

**FERNANDO.** By John Ayscough. New York: P. J. Kenedy & Sons. \$1.60.

Monsignor Bickerstaffe-Drew gives us here a most charming sketch of his youth. He tells of his kinsfolk, his homes in Wales and England, his school life, and his journeying to the city of peace. His first love of the Church came from his Protestant mother who spoke so kindly of the monks of Valley Crucis: "How they served God day and night, and lived only for Him and His poor, out of sight of the selfish, greedy world." Of his mother he says again that "if she could not teach me Catholicity, she certainly never taught me Protestantism. Her own gentle and sincere, sweet and lovely religion was like a Catholic lamp, ready trimmed and only waiting to be lighted."

As a boy he loved to steal into Catholic churches to pray; he had a devotion to the souls in purgatory, and a tender love for the Mother of God; he read every Catholic book he could find, and his firm belief in the Real Presence at last won him to the true fold.

**WITH THE HELP OF GOD AND A FEW MARINES.** By Lieutenant-Colonel A. W. Catlin. Garden City, N. Y.: Doubleday, Page & Co. \$1.50 net.

When the Colonel of the marines who made such splendid history at Chateau Thierry narrates the history of their wonderful victory, he tells a tale so inspiring as to need no adornment.

The author first gives a brief summary of the marines' history previous to the present War. He then takes up the story of their recent achievements, describes their entry into the trenches and their experiences there under the command of General Harbord. With remarkable vividness he carries the reader through the action at Chateau Thierry when the marines left their rest camp near Montdidier, were packed in motor lorries, and after rid-

ing for thirty hours, were rushed up into the front lines to stay the fast approaching, victorious Germans. He shows how at Belleau the marines with wonderful intrepidity fought the Germans to a standstill, broke the backbone of the German resistance and hacked their way into Bouresches. He details how, after turning the tide that was running high against Paris, the marines won great credit in the Franco-American drive on Soissons, and upheld the tradition of the marines for personal intrepidity and bravery. Besides the story of the work done in France, Colonel Catlin, has included in his volume an appendix that contains a letter written by Major Evans to the Commandant of the Corps, wherein he reports officially on the splendid work done by the Corps itself and its individual members.

Colonel Catlin has rendered a distinct service by recording for future ages the testimony of an eyewitness to the wonderful work of the marines. In its modest statement of fact, it will always remain a tribute to those men who, in the darkest hour of the War, turned defeat into victory. The book is typical of its commander author and his corps—restrained in language and strong in action.

**THE CHRONICLES OF AMERICA.** Edited by Dr. Allen Johnson, Professor of American History in Yale University. New Haven: Yale University Press. Fifty volumes at \$3.50 per volume by the set.

*The Boss and the Machine*, by Samuel P. Orth. Mr. Orth has written an interesting, journalistic chronicle of American political organization, which may satisfy the cursory reader, who is not attracted by the less sumptuously bound books of Bryce, Ostrogorski, the radical Gustavus Meyers, or Professors Woodburn, Munroe and Merriam, from whence most of the material has been drawn. While not as detached or authoritatively historical in tone as one might wish, the volume offers a good survey of our political system. Introductory chapters outline the beginnings of party life from colonial times until the use of the post-Civil War third parties, and the development of the political machine from the caucus of Sam Adams until the creation of the national representative convention. McMaster is quoted to emphasize the political corruption in the period of the fathers. This it is well to enlarge upon, for too many superficial students see corruption only as a result of immigration, never realizing what adepts the early native politicians were in manipulating elections and in manœuvring for spoils. The writer accounts for the culmination of materialism and of corruption in the decade after the

Civil War by pointing out the increase in business, the establishment of trusts, railroad expansion, depreciated money, the growth of fortunes, swollen immigration, and the growth of cities. Business entered politics, for special interests sought legislative favors. Parties organized to win regardless of the means employed and corruption resulted. In conclusion hope is expressed that a political awakening is coming as indicated by corrupt practices acts, the initiative and referendum, civil service reform and extension, and experts in governmental affairs.

*The Anti-Slavery Crusade*, by Jesse Macy. Professor Macy writes in the very spirit of a lineal successor of the fiery anti-slavery crusaders. Slavery is not treated as an economic question, as a labor problem, but almost solely in its social, moral, and political aspects. There is no sympathy expressed for the South, nor is there a keen appreciation of its problem, for the writer is too intense a friend of freedom to gaze in both directions from the Mason and Dixon's line. The volume is charmingly written, replete with information, marked by refreshingly new viewpoints, and a sense of authority which Professor Macy always inspires.

An introductory chapter points out the non-sectional opposition to slavery as a necessary evil by the statesmen and thinkers of the period prior to 1800. Washington, Jefferson and Randolph are instanced as examples, as well as the Southern Congressmen who voted for the Northwest Ordinance and the abolition of the slave-trade. The writer, then, recounts the growth of anti-slavery sentiment in the North, the gradual abolition of slaves by Northern legislatures, the abolitionist activities of the Quakers, and the heroic work of such crusaders as Benjamin Lundy, Lloyd Garrison, James G. Birney, the Grimke sisters, and of the Oberlin College faculty. The thesis is advanced that the year 1831 marks the turning point in the slavery question, the North accepting the issue and the South commencing to defend rather than apologize for their "peculiar institution." That year saw the establishment of Garrison's *Liberator* in Boston, and also the Turner servile rebellion in Virginia. Cotton was becoming king, and slaves were rising in value. The new political philosophy of the South was made to accord with the industrial interest of the section. Henceforth no Southerner dared lift his voice in opposition. Slavery became the dominant political issue, the keynote of American polity in that series of events: the personal liberty laws, the attempted exclusion of abolitionist literature from the mails and abolitionist petitions from reception by Congress, the return of fugitive slaves and the "underground railroad" method of escape,

the annexation of Texas, the war with Mexico, the Wilmot *proviso*, and the Omnibus Bill. An interesting chapter is that dealing with Uncle Tom's Cabin, its immediate influence at home and abroad, and its effect in making its boy-readers Lincoln-voters a few years later. Rather little is said regarding the published travels of Olmstead or Helper's *Impending Crisis*, which demonstrated the oppressing influence of slave labor upon the non-slave owning, poor-whites. Nowhere will one find a better appreciation of Sumner, nor in so short a compass as good a consideration of the whole intricate affair of "Bleeding Kansas." The discussion of the Dred Scott case seems quite unsatisfactory, Judge Taney's decision being made to appear specious, if not time-saving. For John Brown, as one would expect, there is too obvious a sympathy. Mr. Macy in a very short space speaks of the disruption of the Baptist, Methodist, and Presbyterian denominations into slave and free sectional divisions, but gives no idea as to how the Episcopalian or Catholic churches stood on the issue. The reviewer believes that there is an opportunity for an historical monograph on the attitude of the Catholic Church in North and South toward the whole slavery question.

*Spanish Conquerors*, by Irving B. Cashman. Dr. Cashman has written well of the Spanish explorers and conquerors, so entering into the spirit of fifteenth century Spain, that he is able to faithfully appreciate Columbus, Pinzon, Vespucci, Balboa, Cortez, Pizarro, and their helping or hindering associates. The story is a fascinating one, filled with adventure, danger, romance, failure, and miraculous successes, whether it deals with the four voyages of Columbus, the exploits of Balboa, or the conquests of Cortez and Pizarro. Yet this is due to the skill of the writer as much as to his theme, for others more scientifically accurate have recounted in a lifeless way the discovery and conquest of a new world. The Genoese sailor is seen buffeted from court to court, until at length Ferdinand and Isabella of Spain furnish him with a reckless crew and three little caravels, with which to test his novel theory that by sailing westward from Palos into "the land where the sunsets go," he would find Cathay with its luring wealth of precious metals and Oriental products. A landing is made at Guanahani on October 12, 1492. Mass is said and a *Te Deum* recited, for Columbus was as fervently religious as he was avaricious for gold or bold in adventure. Cuba and Hayti are discovered, an outpost of Spanish civilization is established in the way of a colony at La Navidad. Indians, golden sands, tobacco, and parrots are brought back as gifts to the

astounded court at Barcelona, where appropriate honors are heaped upon the discoverer. A second voyage in 1495 results in the discovery of Porto Rico and Jamaica. A third voyage in 1498 found Columbus at Paria near the mouth of the Orinoco, where he confided to his journal: "I am convinced that this is the mainland, and very large, of which no knowledge has been had until now." Shipped home in fetters, the tired old mariner with his brother Bartholomew and his son Ferdinand undertook in 1502 a last voyage, skirting along Central America to Panama in a hopeless attempt to find a passage to the Indies. Columbus, whom everyone had derided save the two monks Marchena and Perez, had failed but in his failure lay success. Mr. Cashman rightly allots but a paragraph to Amerigo Vespucci, the alert Florentine clerk, who by publishing his letters under the title *Mundus Novus* gave his name to the new continent. Of Balboa, a lieutenant of Diego Columbus in the Antilles, it is related how he wandered with a little force from Darien, surmounting every obstacle until he arrived at the Pacific on the day of St. Michael in 1513. One grieves to learn that Balboa six years later was sent to the gallows a victim of intriguing rivals. Cortez next appears on the scene, starting from Cuba with a few hundred men to overthrow the Aztec empire of Montezuma, and win for his sovereign the land of Mexico. The account of his exploits and those of Andréas Nino and Gonzalez in Nicaragua rival in romantic adventure the legend of Amadis, only in turn to be surpassed by the successes of Francisco Pizarro over the Incas of Peru.

*The Old Merchant Marine*, by Ralph D. Paine. With Mr. Paine the reader will wonder in sorrow that, "A people with a native genius for seafaring won and held a brilliant supremacy through two centuries and then forsook this heritage of theirs." This volume, like that of Winthrop Marvin's, *The American Merchant Marine*, on which it is largely based, will aid in arousing an interest in American shipping, which, let us hope through the interest of the present Administration and the herculean efforts of the Shipping Board under Mr. Hurley, will again compete with foreign merchantmen on each of the seven seas. The colonials were vitally interested in their ships from the day that Governor Winthrop's *Blessing of the Bay* sailed along the coast to trade with the Dutch and the West Indies. They were famous ship builders, and there were no abler seamen than those early New Englanders. By 1700, a thousand ships were on their registry, sailing from Salem, or Newport, or Nantucket, or Bristol with fish, rum, whale-oil, and "niggers," to Africa or into the

Baltic or to Cadiz or London, wherever profit might award their venture, equally fearless of seas or pirates. Burke's oft-quoted eulogy best epitomizes their labors: "No sea but is vexed by their fisheries. No climate that is not a witness to their toils. Neither the perseverance of Holland nor the activity of France, not the dexterous and firm sagacity of England ever carried this most perilous mode of hardy industry to the extent to which it has been pushed by this recent people—a people who are still, as it were, but in the gristle and not yet hardened into the bone of manhood." Small wonder that in 1776, Yankee privateers sank English shipping (but never sank the crew) in the Channel and Irish Sea, and embargoed all trade with the English West Indies. Of their sea-fights the author writes glowingly. The period after the Revolution saw a wonderful development, with Elias Derby of Salem dispatching the first ships to Calcutta and Canton, and his rival Jonathan Carnes importing pepper from Sumatra in his own ships until he made Salem a world centre for that product, and the sailing of the New York *Empress of China* to engage in Oriental traffic and the cruising of Captain Robery Gray until he discovered the Columbia River. The first Congress encouraged domestic shipping by granting preferential duties and tonnage rebates, so that more than eighty-six per cent of our exports and imports were carried in American bottoms. Then came an impetus to American neutral shipping as a result of the French Revolution and Napoleonic wars, a growth which could be checked but not destroyed by Orders in Council, French Decrees, embargoes or non-intercourse acts. This was the era of shipping fortunes, headed by that of the eccentric French refugee, Stephen Girard. One is inspired by the thrilling tales of privateering in the War of 1812, how Yankee "sea-robbers" raided the channel until London paid fifty-eight dollars a barrel for flour, and the journals complained that: "A horde of American cruisers should be allowed, unresisted and unmolested, to take, burn, or sink our vessels in our own inlets and almost in sight of our harbors." It was then that Captain Thomas Boyle of the Baltimore *Chasseur* with a fine Irish sense of humor, sent ashore a proclamation to be posted at Lloyds to the effect that Great Britain and Ireland were in a state of blockade.

The epoch after the war was still more wonderful. The Black Ball, Red Star and Swallow Tail packet lines monopolized the trans-Atlantic business because of their matchless speed records. Well may Americans be proud of those clipper ships, and smilingly proud of the spread-eagleism of the roaring forties when a shipper like Sampson and Tappan of Salem would wager

\$50,000 that their clipper *Nightingale* could out-sail any boat afloat, English or even American. Then came the decline, the masters might be native-born, but the forecastles were filled with Irish, English and Scandinavian seamen, for Americans were looking toward the western plains rather than out to sea. Then came the Cunarders heavily subsidized by the English government. The Collins Line temporarily aided by Congress gamely fought for supremacy, but Congress failed in interest, and the sail was forced to lower before steam-powered mailships. The Civil War with its destruction of Northern shipping practically marked the end. America, with thousands of miles of coast, was no longer a maritime power; foreign flags floated in her ports. This is the story Mr. Paine relates.

#### THE THEISTIC SOCIAL IDEAL OR THE DISTRIBUTIVE STATE.

By Rev. Patrick Casey, M.A. Milwaukee: Diederich-Schaefer Co. 60 cents.

This little book bearing the imprimatur of Archbishop Messmer, attempts to set forth briefly an ideal of distribution which would offset the demands of Bolshevism and other forms of radicalism. This is to be brought about by the "distributive state," which is defined as follows: "When society is so economically adjusted that at least the majority of the citizens of any given community, possess individuality and exercise control severally, over a 'useful' and adequate amount of 'the means of production,' so that the whole community bears the stamp of the diffusion of wealth." By the term "useful" and adequate amount of "the means of production" is meant "such a sufficiency of the said means, as will, by reason of their productive capacity, guarantee an individual, his wife and family, a decent livelihood, plus a surplus to tide the family over financial panics and industrial crises."

The author bases his exposition of the distributive state principally upon the works of Dr. John A. Ryan and the encyclicals of Pope Leo XIII. He does not mince words in condemning the present distribution of wealth. The present concentration of wealth is condemned unsparingly, because it is concentrated in the hands of a few. The purpose is the "diffusion of ownership into many hands." To reform society into the distributive state the author suggests two ways: first, by purchase, and second, by legislation. The first he condemns. "This course," he says, "only makes the capitalist wealthier." By legislation it is proposed to accomplish the desired results by the following means:

"First, to intrench by legislation the man of small property in his property rights. Second, to put a premium on small sav-

ings. Third, to completely alter the methods governing the flotation of new companies. Fourth, to modify by legal restrictions the abuses in the now existing companies." The book is a stimulating, suggestive statement of well known evils.

**VICTORY OVER BLINDNESS.** By Sir Arthur Pearson. New York: George H. Doran Co. \$1.50 net.

It is, of course, matter of common knowledge that the blindness which overtook Sir Arthur Pearson, a few years since, checked his many activities only to inspire one nobler than any he relinquished—the founding of St. Dunstan's Hostel for Blinded Soldiers and Sailors that under his care they might "learn to be blind," as he had done. The history of the undertaking, and its fruits, is now told in this book, whose seemingly audacious title is in reality merely embodied fact—fact, however, of as absorbing interest as any romance ever penned. We are told that with almost no exceptions all the British soldiers and sailors who were blinded in the War came to St. Dunstan's; and we read with ever-increasing wonder and admiration of the wide scope of their education there, dormant abilities and instincts called into energetic life, providing the learners with not only a surprising variety of useful occupations, but with outdoor pleasures also, and vigorous recreations which they are enabled to pursue with fearless independence.

Idealism and practicality blend most engagingly in this triumphant revelation of what man can do for his fellow-man when ingenuity is spurred by sympathy. No one could read the book without being deeply impressed; some of us will be touched to awed thanksgiving for the tender mercy of Our Lord manifested in this marvelous answer to His own question: "Can the blind lead the blind?"

**CONVENT LIFE.** By Rev. J. Scott, S.J. New York: P. J. Kenedy & Sons. \$1.50.

Common sense dominates this volume, described by its subtitle as "The Meaning of a Religious Vocation." Father Scott is well acquainted with the real article, minus the sentimentality and glamour with which novelists have pictured it. The truth unadorned has beauty enough. After a general description of life in a convent; of those who enter therein; why and how; the vows; the requirements and the rewards thereof, the author gives an account of the main divisions of the life by the works undertaken by each community under these headings: Red Cross, Social Service, Reclaiming the Wayward and Unfortunate, Teaching and



Prayer and Atonement; completing the survey by a list of the Sisterhoods and Brotherhoods of the United States. Throughout he uses the words nun, sister, convent or monastery according to popular usage, while informing the reader that there is a strict ecclesiastical distinction. The first chapter destroys all illusions as to an idle life or an easy selfish one, while the succeeding ones proceed to show how the nun follows Christ by helping Him to save the souls He loves. The appeal of the book is wide. Those who are to follow the call as well as those who are not, will be benefited by this sane exposition of this glory of the One, Holy, Catholic and Apostolic Church.

**ENCYCLOPÆDIA OF RELIGION AND ETHICS.** Edited by James Hastings. Volume X. Picts-Sacraments. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. \$6.00 net.

The tenth volume of Hasting's *Encyclopædia of Religion and Ethics* contains a number of articles of interest to Catholics, but they are as usual so full of prejudiced misstatements as to be practically valueless. The article on the Reformation for example is written by the late Professor Gwatkin of Cambridge, a Low Churchman blinded by a fanatical hatred of all things Catholic. He falsely asserts that the Reformation can be traced to the beginnings of monasticism; that the principle of monasticism is ultimately subversive of the Catholic Church; that the Church that converted the barbarians was "not simply Christian, but Latin and sectarian; that the vow of chastity in practice implied an immoral priesthood; that auricular confession "made the priest's ear the sink of the parish;" that the Church like the Pharisees of old mistook the Gospel for a law, and again mistook the office of law; that the Church degraded marriage by forbidding it to the clergy; that the Church's sacramental system was involved in the primitive confusion of magic and religion; that the Church in its teaching of indulgences frankly accepted money instead of good works; the Church as a whole was a practical hindrance and not a help to devotion; that transubstantiation is a contradiction of reason; etc. To simulate fairness, Gwatkin quotes Grisar, Pastor and Denifle in his bibliography, but shows no sign of having read them.

Many other false assertions are to be found on the pagan origin of pilgrimages, the identification of the reverence for the martyrs with the pagan hero-cult, the ascribing of democracy to the disciples of Calvin, the Church's opposition to liberty of thought, the conditional nature of Old Testament prophecy, the ignorance of Our Saviour regarding the facts of demon possession and the like.

**CATHOLICITY.** A Treatise on the Unity of Religions. By R. Heber Newton, D.D. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$4.50.

The thesis of these addresses and sermons is that Christianity is by no means a transcendent religion—its teachings are all borrowed from pagan sources, and rebaptized by Christians in the process of a natural evolution. The book proves that the author was devoid of the slightest grasp of Christian origins, and totally ignorant of the science of comparative religion about which he talks so glibly and so inaccurately. How such a man could even claim to be a Christian is beyond us. The misstatements of fact are legion: that Blessed Thomas More was an indifferentist; that the early Christians were Socialists; that the Trinity and the Incarnation were pagan teachings; that Hindu and Catholic asceticism were on a par; that the confessional worketh iniquity; that all creeds are the swathing bands of the infant soul. The book is full of repetitions, poorly written, lacking in scholarship, and pagan to the core.

**FOR THE FAITH. LIFE OF JUST DE BRETENIERES.** Maryknoll, Ossining, New York: Catholic Foreign Missionary Society. \$1.00.

This book might well cause our Catholic youth to exclaim with St. Augustine: "If these why not I." Truly the days of the martyrs have not yet passed. And if the blood of martyrs is the seed of the Church the land of Korea should blossom as the rose.

The young hero whom this volume celebrates was a Frenchman of aristocratic family, and better still of good pious parents. His life exemplifies the work of perfect training when Church and school and home surroundings combine to cultivate the vineyard of the soul. The martyr's youthful days were passed among the traditions of sturdy Christianity in his ancestral home, for both of his grandfathers had been found faithful in the sifting days of the French Revolution. His vocation to the priesthood ripened into a call to the Foreign Missions. In July, 1864, he left France; in March, 1866, he won the martyr's palm.

Made perfect in a short space he fulfilled a long time, but the way, though short, was sharp; only by long fidelity to lesser graces could nature have been nerved for the fearful ordeal. The brave gayety of the young martyrs, the enthusiastic devotedness of the youthful apostles to spread the kingdom of Christ is truly inspiring, and should prove contagious in America's College for Foreign Missions.

Korea used to be known as the hermit kingdom, and a very good account of the introduction of Christianity closes the story

of this martyrdom. We note, however, a misprint. The date given for the advent of the first Chinese priest should be 1794 not 1784. The infant Church began its career of persecution and martyrdom in 1791. "For forty-five years it carried on its work without priests, without any Sacrament but baptism, without any preaching but that of catechists; it passed through the general persecutions of 1791, 1801, 1815 and 1827; and it gave to the Church more than a thousand martyrs, and uncounted examples of exalted virtues."

**A TREASURY OF WAR POETRY.** British and American Poems of the World War, 1914-1919. Second Series. Edited, with Introduction and Notes. By George Herbert Clarke. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. \$1.50.

Professor Clarke's *Treasury of War Poetry*, in its first series, proved perhaps the most useful and valuable anthology of war poems in English yet published. A second series was to be expected, and it comes now, endeavoring to include the best of the later verse inspired by the Great War, and armed with such "crested and prevailing names" as those of John Masefield, Lord Dunsany, Rupert Brooke, Joyce Kilmer, Henry Van Dyke, Katharine Tynan, Bliss Carman, Alfred Noyes, and others. It is regrettable that the collection should include some rather ineffectual work from names almost equally illustrious—and it is even more regrettable that it should sometimes miss the best work of the poet in question. A notable instance of this oversight is Joyce Kilmer, from whom *Kings* and *The New School* alone are quoted: charming poems both of them, but scarcely comparable, as war songs, to *Rouge Bouquet* or the *Prayer of a Soldier in France*. This omission of poems stressing the high spiritual note is serious enough to call for revision in a subsequent edition of so worthy a collection. Other omissions are of less importance, and may be charged to the inevitable differences of critical opinion when poetic matter is still close to the critic's eye—and pulse.

For all the noble things which this Treasury does include it may well be treasured—for its poems of "sympathetic reaction to the enkindling heroisms of war," and again of "antipathetic reaction to its sorrows." As Dr. Clarke points out, there is much less personal hatred in the work of the fighting poet than in that of his non-militant brother—or sister. But it is illuminating today, and will perhaps be even more illuminating tomorrow, to read side by side these war songs of the mature professional poets, and these brief, piercing lyrics from the men in the trenches, "the unreturning army that was youth."

**ACROSS THE STREAM.** By E. F. Benson. New York: George H. Doran Co. \$1.50 net.

Spiritism is the theme of Mr. Benson's latest novel. The hero, Archie, falls in love with a heartless girl, who jilts him to marry a wealthy English lord. Against all probability he unconsciously drifts into Spiritism, talking "across the stream" from time to time with someone he believes to be his dead brother, Martin. Day by day he degenerates, losing all sense of honor, truthfulness, kindness and purity. Devil possessed at the end, he is saved by the love and prayers of the sister of the girl whom he had hoped to marry. The story is well told, the evil effects of Spiritism well brought out, and the setting, both in Italy and England, perfectly drawn.

**THE HEART OF PEACE.** By Laurence Housman. Boston: Small, Maynard & Co. \$1.25.

Laurence Housman is a literary artist who, in whatever field he chooses to enter, may be counted on to produce work of beauty and power, if not always of convincing sincerity, and while the present volume is scarcely one of his best it is a notable addition to the year's poetic output. It contains his usual variety of love poems and religious poems—both more or less mystical in their imagery—dramatic lyrics and lyrics of that exquisite lightness and charm which, coupled with the prescience of death, Mr. Housman has made peculiarly his own. *Eheu, Fugaces*, the lines to the little short-lived seventeenth century Princess Mary, are an example of this very Housmanesque note, and at the other extreme, perhaps equally characteristic, is the colloquial reveries upon *Old Swanage*, huddled "like a gray cat under the hill."

It is amusing to see on the title-page of this book "by the author of *An Englishwoman's Love Letters*." It might equally well have read, "by the author of *Bethlehem*"—or of *Prunella*. For one of the most striking and persistent qualities of this poet-dramatist-novelist-publicist-and fairy-tale-teller is the quality of imaginative versatility. Truly, in his time he has played many parts—and played them well!

**SKETCHES AND REVIEWS.** By Walter Pater, New York: Boni & Liveright. \$1.25 net.

The publisher deserves a special word of thanks for having made it possible to procure within the covers of one pleasant little book the best of the hitherto scattered contributions of Pater to the library journalism of his day. This volume is the first collection in book form of nearly all the known fugitive writings of the

author since the posthumously published *Essays from The Guardian* appeared nearly a quarter of a century ago. The sketches and reviews here reprinted deal with the following subjects: the correspondence of Flaubert; Arthur Symons' poems, *Nights and Days*; Coleridge as a theologian; Wordsworth; George Moore as an Art Critic. There is an introductory paper on "Æsthetic Poetry" which contains much sound and admirable criticism of William Morris' poetry, and which in the beautiful lucidity of its prose recalls the best pages of the author's *Appreciations*.

**THE TALE OF MR. TUBBS.** J. E. Buckrose. New York: George H. Doran Co. \$1.50 net.

This is an agreeable and not very taxing English story, told in a vein of mild but sustained amusement. It relates how Mr. Thomas Tubbs, a blameless middle-aged celibate, decides to sell out the Tubbs' leather business and take a long holiday to see life at first hand. His misfortunes begin with his adventures. Fate marks him as an object of unjust suspicions, and as he passes from group to group he merely changes the onus of one suspicion for that of another. If he did not abduct the scullery-maid of the landlady from whose attentions he incontinently fled—the scullery-maid and her ginger-colored cat—then he stole the silver of Miss Harwood, the lady with whom the scullery-maid found a final haven. And so on. In spite of his sinister destiny—or rather, because of it—he attracts the romantic regard of a young lady who sympathizes with him in his predicament and believes in his innocence. A friendly duchess is invoked to clear his reputation with her family, and the tale of Mr. Tubbs ends where all romantic tales end—in marriage.

**THE LITTLE CRUSADERS.** By Katherine Brégy. Philadelphia: Peter Reilly. 35 cents.

In this "Drama of the Children's Crusade" arranged for presentation by children, Miss Brégy renders a notable service to Catholic educators and makes a charming contribution to juvenile Catholic literature. The marvelous and mysterious old story of the Children's Crusade is here re-vitalized for us, and its spiritual message and import developed by the seeing eye and the artistic hand. While the play will be especially appreciated by the Catholic school and club, it will appeal to all who are seeking good plays for children with literary and religious quality.

The two-act drama is preceded by a *Prologue* and followed by an *Epilogue* linking up the old story with latter-day children. The author rather advises against the use of the *Epilogue* as "in the

nature of an anti-climax." The critic ventures to suggest that the *Prologue* is likewise superfluous and rather mars the dramatic unity of the old-world atmosphere. While the value of the author's purpose is recognized, we feel that the little drama is perfect in itself and that its message cannot go astray.

Miss Brégy has already rendered valuable service to the Catholic Theatre Movement by her Juvenile Play Catalogue. Her present contribution to the list of juvenile plays adds to her titles of essayist, poet and critic that of the play-writer.

**ESSENTIALS OF ARITHMETIC.** By Samuel Hamilton, Ph.D., L.L.D., New York: American Book Co. Bk. I., 52 cents; Bk. II., 68 cents.

Dr. Hamilton's three volume course has been further simplified here into two volumes, covering the work from the second to the eighth grade and forming a series of vigorous and practical exercises. The many tests for accuracy and speed are very commendable, and the grouping of the weights and measures are most convenient for reference. The section on graphs is good but we are inclined to reckon it as somewhat difficult and unnecessary. Simplicity marks the directions and the rules and definitions. The exercises contain such matter as is within children's comprehension and knowledge.

**T**HOSE who appreciate the previous volumes of Slaughter and Lennes will welcome the revised edition of their *Solid Geometry*, conceived and prepared on a plan consistent with that previously explained and worked out in the *Plane Geometry*. The grouping of much that can be for many students relegated to an appendix, is a marked improvement. The sight exercises, too, are especially to be commended. The applications tend to show that solid geometry has its uses in practical science, quite apart from its mental cultivation for the mathematician.

**T**HE DOMINICAN COLLEGE YEAR BOOK—1918-1919, from far San Rafael, California, maintains its previous high standard of excellence, both literary and artistic. Love of the beautiful in nature and appreciation of the best in literature are stamped on these pages, where we are treated to glimpses of California's surfeit of beauty and to worthy estimates of the poetical wealth of Newman, Crashaw, Kilmer, Lanier and Coolbrith. This youthful work bears promise for the future in Catholic letters.

**E**L PAJARO VERDE, by Juan Valera, edited by M. A. de Vitis (65 cents); *Anecdotas Españolas*, by P. W. Harry (80 cents), and *El Reino de los Incas*, arranged from the text of Garcilaso de la

Vega; edited by James Bardin (\$1.00), are published (Allyn & Bacon, New York), in the hope that they will assist the student to attain proficiency in the use of the Spanish language. Our commercial relations with the countries of South America probably will be greatly extended in the period of reconstruction now initiated, and a knowledge of this tongue will be increasingly useful. The first, a fairy tale on the style of the *Arabian Nights*, is arranged for use in connection with Professor de Vitis' grammar. The vein of religion running through it is remarkable rather for romance than fidelity to fact, but the book will not serve its purpose the less for this.

The second lends itself to the plan proposed, of conversations on the subject matter of the anecdotes. It is edited for conversational work with appendix of familiar words, phrases, and idioms meant to supplement the grammar used. A few more notes would improve a new edition and bring out the point of the anecdote. We regret to say an occasional vein of irreverence mars some of its pages.

The third volume is the most interesting. It is from the text of *Los Comentarios Reales de los Incas*, of the Inca Garcilaso de la Vega, and is a summary of that warrior's diffusive commentaries. His father was one of Pizarro's companions; his mother, a princess of the Inca line. For a general idea of the civilization and culture of Peru the book is extremely interesting.

**B**ENZIGER BROTHERS, New York, publishes a neat little pocket prayer book containing the Epistles and Gospels for Sundays and Feasts, with prayers to be recited morning and evening, and at Mass. The price in cloth is 35 cents; in imitation leather, gold edges, 65 cents.

**A** USEFUL list of *One Thousand Technical Books*, compiled by Herbert L. Cowing, is published by the American Library Association, Washington, D. C. The purpose of the publication is to help the home libraries to keep abreast of the demand of the returning troops for technical books.

**W**E wish to call to the attention of our readers the *Catholic Mind* for July 22d, giving the full text of the report of the members of the American Commission of Irish Independence; Messrs. Walsh & Dunne's rejoinder to the Chief Secretary of Ireland and Mr. De Valera's "Appeal to America." New York: The America Press. Five cents a single copy, \$4.00 a hundred.

## FOREIGN PUBLICATIONS.

The Librarie Téqui presents:

*Les Tâches Idéales Religieuses, Educatrices, Patriotiques*, another jewel in Monseigneur Tissier's crown. Many have already turned their attention to religious reconstruction work and appointed the way to follow. Out of the eight chapters which Monseigneur Tissier devotes to this subject, one appears especially remarkable and is worthy of arresting our attention, *Les Déviations du sens moral et chrétien*.

The second part of the work—the most remarkable from our point of view—is addressed to educators and especially to the education of the woman of tomorrow. Monseigneur Tissier is a past master on this subject. In the third part, where victory soars radiantly, there is much to be read, meditated and above all put in practice.

Of Monsigneur Gibier's work, *Religion—Famille—Patrie*, the first volume, *Religion*, has already been reviewed in these pages. The second volume, *Famille*, should be particularly interesting to all well-minded Americans. This new volume is made up of two parts: First, to have a family. Second, to bring up a family well. The first is a subject of burning actuality, and we should be grateful to the Bishop of Versailles for having so courageously pointed out the scourge of depopulation and clearly indicated the remedies for the evil.

We may judge of its importance by the following topics: Education is a work of love, of authority, of wisdom. The ideal family. Religion and the mother of the family. Religion and the father of the family. Religion and youth. The family and the marriage of children—the vocation of children. The third volume, *Patrie*, is more interesting for Frenchmen than Americans.

*L'Eglise, Œuvre de l'Homme-Dieu*, by Monsignor Besson, is a new edition of an old work that made its author famous. We particularly recommend this work to members of the clergy. They will find in it delicious matter for their Sunday sermons, over and above the pleasure of very agreeable reading.

From Emile Nourry we have:

*L'Evolution Intellectuelle de Saint Augustin*. Volume I., *Du Manichéisme au Neoplatonisme*, by Prosper Alfaric. Prosper Alfaric proposes to write three volumes on the intellectual development of St. Augustine. We have here the first volume—from Manicheism to Neoplatonism. The spirit of the author is indicated by the dedication of his work to three unbelievers of the stamp of Reinach, Levy-Brühl, and Guignebert. Like most critics of his class he denounces all Christian writers on St. Augustine as biased and prejudiced. He does not hesitate to accuse St. Augustine of a poor memory which makes him forget the real happenings of his past, and of a dogmatic bias which makes him travesty them in order to prove a pet dogmatic thesis. We smile when the author tells us that St. Augustine was baptized without being a real Catholic, and accepted the Christian tradition, but considered it a popular adaptation of the Platonic wisdom.



## Recent Events.

### France.

During the Peace celebration in France and the celebration of the fourteenth of July, M. Clémenceau was acclaimed as the saviour of his country, and received such a tribute of the people's gratitude that his position as Premier might well have been thought secure, at least for the time being. Yet within five days his ministry suffered defeat. This defeat was brought about by several groups in the Chambers who sought the defeat of M. Clémenceau's Government, but as the coöperating groups had no such object in view, the vote was not considered decisive. In fact a few days later it was reversed and a vote of confidence in the Government was passed by a majority of two hundred and seventy-two to one hundred and eighty-one. The minority was by no means inconsiderable, and its leaders have announced their intention of continuing the fight. The result of the first vote brought about a change in the Ministry of Food, M. J. J. B. E. Noulens replacing M. Boret. The new Food Minister announces his intention of prosecuting the food speculators implacably and of taking measures to insure an increased supply of wheat and sugar. The introduction of an amnesty bill is another point upon which the Government has been criticized. It has yielded to this criticism by promising to bring one in immediately. No fewer than twenty thousand persons have benefited by it. The end of the Parliament which has served during the War is now at hand, and elections will take place for the House of Deputies in October and for the Senate in November.

The character of the new Parliament must be more or less a matter of conjecture, but the prospects seem favorable for the future stability of France, inasmuch as in all likelihood a coalition for more moderate parties will be formed which will prevent disturbances by the extremists on either side. The projected combination would include Radicals, Republican Socialists, Alliance Democratique, and Fédération des Gauches. The combined voting strength of these parties in the elections of 1914 was four million seven hundred and twenty-five thousand out of a total of eight million two hundred and fifty thousand, as against one million four hundred thousand for the Socialists, one million three hundred thousand for the Royalists and Conservatives and eight hundred thousand for the Progressives. The Peace Treaty has not yet been ratified by the existing Parliament, but has been sub-

mitted for examination to a committee of the House of Deputies. Their proceedings seem to be most leisurely, as the ratification is not expected to take place before October. The British Parliament ratified the Treaty almost at once.

The world-wide conflict now going on in various degrees of intensity between capital and labor has, of course, not left France unaffected, but at present seems to be in a state of quiescence there. The general strike which was to be called for the twenty-first of August in France, Italy and Great Britain could not take place because it met with so much opposition from the more sensible members of the various labor organizations.

M. Clémenceau's appeal seems to have been heeded. "An epoch," he said, "has finished, another epoch has begun with a new task, with a new series of duties. That task is no less great and no less splendid. It is ever France who, in order to hold her own in the world, needs all her children. It is another signal test, and one which, above all, needs the complete coöperation of all our energies. To work therefore. Let us devote all our energies to the fervent wish which will unite all wills to action. Only thus shall we bequeath intact to our sons the gifts of our ancestors' genius which makes history as it were a glorious epitome of the loftiest aspirations of humanity." The task before France is, indeed, stupendous, to say nothing of the rehabilitation of regions left desolate by the Germans. The financial position of France is so bad that, according to a leading financial authority, it would be brutal to expose it in all its details. It will require the united efforts of all the French people to place France again in a safe position.

#### Italy.

The fall of the Orlando Cabinet came none too soon. The revelations which have taken place of its proceedings at home and abroad are sufficient to discredit its actions and to render it almost impossible to place full confidence in the professions of any succeeding ministry, however divergent they may be from those of their predecessor. An adequate statement of these proceedings would require too much space, but it may be summed up in the words of a writer in *New Europe*: "Baron Sonnino and the Cammorist group behind him have, for four years, fostered patiently in troubled waters whenever they were to be found, and spared no pains in augmenting, instead of allaying, the causes of friction and difficulties of reconstruction in distracted Europe. Little, however, could be expected of a Government which made sacred selfishness its model, its ideal." The impression is widespread that it is not improbable that Italy may revert to the Germans in consequence of

the selfish aims which she has cherished having been thwarted at Paris. An insidious campaign has been carried on in the press against the Allies. The campaign was so serious that the new Premier, Signor Nitti, has thought it necessary to warn the press that the censorship would be reimposed. Of course the Government makes no avowals of friendship for those with whom Italy has been fighting, and the new Foreign Secretary, Signor Tittoni, has manifested a more conciliatory disposition, although apparently as unyielding as his predecessor as regards Fiume. Hope is still entertained that a compromise will be effected, with Greece especially. Indeed, a settlement is said to have been reached with Greece, between whom and Italy there were many questions in dispute which might have led to an endless controversy.

The sufferings of the Italian people during the War from lack of food and coal were well known to all the world, but were thought to be the inevitable consequence of the War. Now it appears that the sufferings were to a large extent due to the greediness for gain of the Italian trading classes, and to the supineness of the Government and even of the press. Not only did the Government fail to take measures for the relief of the people from many privations, but its officials acted in complicity with greedy private interests, accumulating ill-gotten fortunes at the cost of suffering to the community. These things were borne during the War for its sake. When peace came the hoped-for relief did not come, in fact the profiteers raised their prices to utilize further the brief period before them. The patience of the people was exhausted, and the various food riots throughout the country were the consequence. The new Government of Signor Nitti has taken the requisite steps for alleviating the situation. In Rome the Chamber of Labor was empowered by the Government to announce a fifty per cent reduction in the prices of all manufactured articles except gold and silverware, jewelry and objects of art, and antiquities. A detailed price list was given for food stuffs and other necessities. Here, too, roughly speaking, there is a fifty per cent reduction. A mixed committee, in which the Chamber of Labor was largely represented, was appointed to carry out the Government decrees. It is to be noted that the numerous riots and disturbances were purely of an economic character not political, though, undoubtedly, they might have developed into attempts at revolution if evils had not been remedied. Italy is not likely to prove a good soil for the development of Bolshevik germs unless things are pushed to an extreme. A sign of this may be found in the way in which a Bolshevik attempt to affect a rising in Trieste was put down. The police were assisted by the civil population in promptly suppressing the attempt, and seven hundred of the rioters were put in jail.

**Hungary.**

The most important of the recent events which have taken place in Europe is the expulsion of Bela Kun and his Jewish compatriots from the control of Hungarian affairs. When Count Karolyi turned over this control to the Socialists, disgusted because the Allies had so little considered Hungary as to deprive the ancient Kingdom of something like two-thirds of her territory, the fear that Bolshevism would spread was the greatest of Europe's many anxieties. Many Germans were threatening to turn over their country to Soviet rule, as a step in that direction. Various attempts were made by the Spartacides to accomplish this result. Good sense, however, was not wholly lacking. The strong hand of Herr Noske, backed by the majority of the German people, has, so far at least, made the prospect of Germany's subjection to Bolshevism very improbable, although not entirely impossible.

The seizure of power in Bavaria by Bolshevists, many of them imported from Russia, was brought to a speedy end by the military aid sent by Prussia. Their leaders suffered the same fate, although not on the same scale, as the Russian Bolshevists inflicted on their opponents. Bela Kun's accession to power, however, and the giving over of Hungary to a government avowedly Bolshevik, were largely responsible for the fear of the extension of that movement to the rest of Europe. What the rest of Europe feared, Lenine and his associates at Moscow rejoiced in. They at once sent, so it was reported, an army to effect a junction with the Red Army being formed in Hungary. Lenine's army, however, although it was said to have reached Tarnopol, never arrived at its destination. Bela Kun was left without military aid to change Hungary into a Soviet state, but was assisted by constant advices from Lenine. Bela Kun did his utmost and succeeded in making existence in Hungary quite intolerable for decent people. Liberty disappeared; the press was so censored that no criticism of the Government could be published, and arrests took place at its arbitrary will. The right of private property was disallowed. The unrest became so great that pogroms were feared and Budapest had to be put under martial law. Even more important, perhaps, was the failure of the fundamental principles of Bolshevism in industrial matters. This failure was openly admitted in debates in the Soviet congress shortly before the crisis. One of these principles, the payment to workingmen of a fixed wage irrespective of the skill or diligence of the employee, resulted in a falling off of the output, as the skilled worker refused to accept the same wage as his less skilled comrade. He either refused to work at all or failed to work to the extent of his capacity. Even more striking was the effect of Bolshevik principles upon agricultural production. For-

merly in Hungary the average harvest would amount to forty-one million hundredweight, whereas today it amounts only to eleven million. The food situation became so bad as to border upon starvation. Wheat became a luxury; butter and milk could not be obtained. Such were the results of the new era. When we add to this the fact that only worthless paper money was in circulation, it is not to be wondered at that Bela Kun's Government ceased to be, if ever it was, representative of the people. This fact was recognized by the Allies, who refused to treat with it as authorized to sign any terms of peace in the name of Hungary. For some time besides there had existed at Szegedin a Government of which very little has been heard, in opposition to that established at Budapest. An attempt made by this Government to overturn the one established at the capital failed, and led to the execution of nearly two score of students by Bela Kun to avenge the uprising. This bloody deed instead of cowering the people exasperated them. He then established what he called the reign of the Red Terror and sought a junction with the Russian Soviet Government. If Lenine could not come to him, he would make an effort to go to Lenine. In pursuance of this plan he sent his troops to attack the Rumanian army which was holding the line it had reached when its advance was stopped at the wish of the Supreme Council in Paris. Bela Kun's army was utterly defeated. The Rumanians crossed the Theiss and in a very short time reached Budapest, entered the city despite the protest of the Paris Council and took over the task of preserving order. Whether or not they acted in defiance of the Allies is not certain. The Rumanians allege that the Allies' command did not reach them until after the occupation.

Bela Kun's Government, however, had fallen before the Rumanians arrived. It was at once succeeded by a Socialistic Government made up of men whose names are not known outside of Hungarian circles. The new Cabinet, however, included a few members of the former Socialist Government. Hence it is probable that the new régime, had it lasted, would have been scarcely less Socialistic than its predecessor. The Cabinet immediately instituted strong measures to maintain order and endeavored to establish such relations with the Allies as would mitigate the blockade, maintained up to that time. But whatever the projects of the new Government they are of no great importance, for its tenure of office was very brief. Barely a week had elapsed when police presented themselves before the building in which its officials held their deliberations, and arrested the entire body by order of the Archduke Joseph. By what authority the Archduke had assumed the power no one says. He took the title of Governor of Hungary, although he styled himself dictator.

Either to limit his power or to serve as its instrument, he has appointed a cabinet whose members are widely known. Portfolios have been offered to members of the Agrarian Party, the Social Democrats, and also of the Government which has been established at Szegedin, so that while the Cabinet excludes, of course, all Soviet members, it contains representatives of the various political parties of Hungary. The *coup d'état* was accomplished without disorder, but has already met with protest from a large organization of the workingmen. It appears to them to involve a retrograde step toward the reestablishment of the Hapsburg monarchy. This the Archduke denies, and reminds his countrymen that he was one of the first to give in his adherence to the new Republic. He declares it to be his full purpose to watch over affairs only so long as is required for the assembling of a Constituent Assembly, to be elected by universal suffrage both of men and women. He has not waited, however, for the meeting of this Assembly to make certain changes, and to reverse the action of the Soviet Government. These changes include the restoration to the Church of the property seized by the Bela Kun Government, and to private owners their works of art. More important still is the restoration of the right of private property, a right abolished by the Soviet Government.

Of course it is a matter of much speculation whether the Archduke's accession to power marks a step towards a restoration of the Hapsburg monarchy, either with himself as its representative or the ex-Emperor Charles. When a number of students acclaimed him as king he refused, but whether the ex-Emperor will do likewise is questionable. There is evidence to the fact that, for some time, his residence has been the centre of considerable activity, which may indicate that recent events have been at his instigation or at least in his behalf. Anything may happen. Among the possibilities is the accession to the throne of Hungary of a Hohenzollern. King Ferdinand of Rumania has been suggested for king of Hungary, thus forming another dual monarchy in place of the one that has just disappeared. His armies are now in possession of Budapest, and although they have promised to evacuate the city the promise has not been fulfilled. Indeed, they seem to be strengthening their hold upon Hungary by sending their forces into the districts southwest of the capital. Rumania's success has led to very exorbitant claims made upon the conquered Hungarians as conditions for the armistice which the latter sought. The Supreme Council at Paris called upon the victors to withdraw these claims but apparently without success. Rumania's conduct, now that she is in a position to emulate the Germans and Austrians, shows a like spirit of self-aggrandizement. In fact

M. Bratiano a few weeks ago left Paris because he would not recognize the right of the Allied Powers to protect by a treaty, similar to that made with Poland, the minorities which have so long suffered injustice under Rumanian rule. At first it looked as though the difference between the Council at Paris and the Rumanians would lead to a clash between them, but better counsels prevailed: the Allies gave the Rumanian military authorities in Budapest a wider liberty of action and the Rumanians expressed willingness to coöperate with the Supreme Council. The Rumanians disclaim any sympathy with the Archduke Joseph; what attitude the Supreme Council at Paris will take towards him is not yet clear.

Reports of dissensions within the Kingdom of Serbs, Croats and Slovenes have been current of late, also that in Croatia a revolt has occurred to separate that State from the new Triune Kingdom and establish it as a republic. Among the Slovenes considerable uneasiness is said to exist, while in Montenegro many subjects of the deposed King are carrying on a guerrilla warfare against the troops of Serbia, who are trying to effect the union of Montenegro with Serbia, which was voted by the Parliament.

Recent events in Hungary, combined with what has happened in the Triune Kingdom, make it not impossible that the Croats and even the Slovenes may disassociate themselves from the Serbians, from whom they differ on so many points, especially religion.

The prospect of putting an end to the chaotic condition of Russia, so bright two or three months ago, now looks darker than ever, although there is reason to hope that a brighter day will soon dawn. The retirement of Admiral Kolchak's armies seems to continue along an eight hundred mile front, thus throwing large districts of Russia again into the hands of the Bolsheviki. Many of the population have secured their personal safety by flight. It has been reported, but so far without confirmation, that Omsk is on the point of being abandoned, and that the seat of the Kolchak Government will be transferred to Irkutsk. If this were done, it would give the Bolsheviki the whole of east Siberia. But another recent report has it that General Denikin has linked up with Admiral Kolchak's left wing, his cavalry having effected a junction with the Ural Cossacks. The full explanation of the defeat Admiral Kolchak has suffered, cannot be given at present. The most likely reason is the fact that his troops were without arms and munitions, being in the same state as the Russian troops who fought against Germany in ancient Galicia. This is largely due to the vacillating policy of the Allies, who recognized him and gave him their best wishes, yet failed to supply him with the

wherewithal to achieve victory. This country is as much, if not more to blame than any other of the Associated Powers for this defeat. It is satisfactory to note, however, that within the last few days large quantities of guns and ammunition have been rushed to his assistance, with the hope that even yet complete disaster may be averted. This does not mean that our Government has officially recognized Admiral Kolchak, although it has sent the American Ambassador, Mr. Morris, to Omsk to investigate the situation. His report has not been published.

While Admiral Kolchak has suffered many defeats, General Denikin has met with many successes. As already mentioned, his cavalry by effecting a junction with the Ural Cossacks, has linked up with Admiral Kolchak's left wing, so, at least, it is reported. General Denikin's right wing is within fifty miles of the Rumanians who are acting against the Bolsheviki in Bessarabia. To the northwest General Denikin has swept ahead and has captured Poltava, about seventy-five miles southwest of Kharkoff, which recently fell into his hands. In the course of these operations he is said to have annihilated four Bolshevik armies. The Bolsheviki are said to have been quite unsuccessful in the Ukraine. General Petlura was reported as besieging Kief and acting in coöperation with General Gregorieff, who had driven out the Bolsheviki from Odessa, but this last has been contradicted, and General Gregorieff reported as dead. The state of the country seems to be as confused as the news that comes from it. The peasants are said to be killing the Jews by the tens of thousands and to be devastating the whole country by guerrilla warfare. The Poles are asking permission of the Supreme Council to send an army into the country to restore order and good government. The one thing certain is that the attempts of the Russian Bolsheviki to advance westward have been foiled, although in Poland there is apprehension of an impending attack, so an appeal has been made for an army of two hundred and fifty thousand to deal with such an emergency. Farther north on the Esthonian border and up to Petrograd, hostilities seem to have ceased. Although the important town of Grodno has been freed from Bolshevik occupation, Petrograd still remains in the possession of the Bolsheviki. Had Admiral Kolchak shown better foresight it might have fallen by this time. When the Admiral was in the full tide of success, the then head of the Finnish Government offered to send his troops to capture the city, asking in return that a part of Karelia should be given to Finland. This Admiral Kolchak apparently refused, and Petrograd remained in the hands of the Bolsheviki, as General Mannerheim declined to take any further steps. Reports from the northern district of Russia where British and Russian troops are acting together are contradictory.



A Russian regiment, it is said, went over to the Bolsheviki. By so doing they caused the loss of an important city, and Archangel was reported taken. This is certainly untrue, for news has just come that the British defeated the Bolsheviki at a place a long distance south of that city. It is thought the British intend to evacuate the northern province, and strong efforts are being made to obtain a reconsideration of their purpose as it would be disastrous to the Russian cause if carried out. Admiral Kolchak's military reverses are not the sum total of his difficulties. Here and there throughout the territory controlled by him, there are nests of Bolsheviki who have to be watched, and within the ranks of his nominal supporters there are many who do not support him wholeheartedly. In fact there is some reason to attribute his recent military disasters largely to the disloyalty of his officers. General Seminoff's interference with the American engineers intrusted with the administration of the Siberian railways, has necessitated a protest to Admiral Kolchak from the Allies. The Czecho-Slovaks have offered a sullen opposition to his plan, and instead of being, as at first, an assistance to the Russian cause they have become an embarrassment.

Rumors are current, without foundation it is to be hoped, that the Japanese are working for their own interest rather than in the service of Russia and for the establishment of the All-Russian Government, the only objects which justified their intervention. A consoling feature of the situation is General Denikin's ample recognition of Admiral Kolchak as the legitimate leader, and the one entitled to the support of all those who are working for the restoration of Russia to unity and peace. In consequence of his recent successes General Denikin may perhaps be looked upon as the hope of Russia's future, and the question may be raised whether the leadership should be transferred to him. But such a desertion of a leader in his adversity would seem a disloyal suggestion and a cowardly act.

The world has been deluged with the accounts of the atrocities of the Bolsheviki. That their reign of terror should have lasted so long would have been thought inconceivable. The economic situation, however, seems to make it certain that Lenine's career is drawing to a close. In fact it has been stated (although too much reliance must not be placed on the report) that he was anxious to withdraw, at least for a time. Various causes are assigned for this wish, among them his inability to cope with the numerous strikes. The collapse of the Soviet Government of Hungary upon which Lenine had placed so much reliance as the first step for the spread of Bolshevism throughout the world, may perhaps have strengthened his purpose to retire for a time.

## Germany.

The Ministry of Herr Bauer, which succeeded that of Herr Scheidemann, was at first looked upon as merely a stop-gap ministry for the signing of the Peace Treaty. But it still remains in power, nor are there any signs that it is to be supplanted. The main cause for anxiety is that it rests for its support upon the Social Democrats and the Centre Party, and that, between those two parties, there is the probability that a divergence may arise upon the question of religious education, as the Social Democrats are its enemies while the Centre warmly supports it. In the event of a clash the Government will fall.

The general policy of the Government, as outlined by the Chancellor Herr Bauer, is to hold the mean between the two extremes, the supporters of the ex-Kaiser on the one hand and those of the Independent Socialists who are working for the dictatorship of the proletariat on the other hand. He warned the former that any attempt to restore the Kaiser would be met with war to the knife by the bulk of the nation; while to the latter he pointed out how necessary it was for the socialization of industry that it should be effected by gradual steps, and not by means which have caused such disastrous results in Russia. With socialization effected gradually, he was in full sympathy, and his Government would bring in legislation to accomplish that result. He entertained hopes that the Treaty of Versailles might be revised. The Foreign Minister declared that Germany would renounce all alliances and enter into the League of Nations and work in harmony with it. The Premier announced his intention of introducing a law to regulate the Workers' Councils and the Economic Councils and obtain coördination with the Government. He deprecated the many strikes which had taken place, but recognized that the condition of the people was so bad that strikes were in some degree justifiable. The first duty of the Government would be to ameliorate, so far as possible, these conditions. While announcing the policy of the socialization of industries as far as possible, he rejected the control of industries by the Government as no remedy for existing ills. The only remedy for the country was to set to work and thereby retrieve the economic situation. The most prominent of the members of the new Cabinet is Herr Mathias Erzberger, who occupies that most difficult position in the Ministry—Minister of Finance. He has presented to the National Assembly a first statement of what must be done to provide means to pay for the devastation wrought by Germany in foreign countries and for war expenses. According to this statement no less a sum than \$6,250,000,000 must be raised by annual taxation. Of this sum, \$4,250,000,000 must be raised from new sources. The first of these

new sources is a tax on business turnovers; the second source is called "the imperial sacrifice to needs." An income tax also is to be introduced called the imperial income tax, levied on the profits of invested capital, and will amount to as much as twenty-five or even thirty per cent of these profits. The first payment to the Allies will amount to five billion dollars and is to be made on the first of May next. This will be done the more easily as the credits already given by the Allies to Germany formed an important part of it.

It is dawning upon the Germans that not only have they lost the War, but that they, or some of them, were responsible for it, or at least for its continuance. The Premier, Herr Bauer, claims that the Right, which has made the restoration of the Hohenzollerns the first article of its programme, attributes to the whole nation that loss of the War which was due to the blind pursuit of power by the Kaiser. Herr Erzberger's speech on what he termed the Allied feelers for peace in 1917, has caused a long discussion in Germany, in which both the civil and military powers have taken part, bandying accusation one against the other as to who was responsible for turning a deaf ear.

The representatives of the Socialists who took part in the Conference held at Amsterdam for the reorganization of trade unions, tried to ingratiate themselves with the Socialistic workmen from other countries by blaming the militaristic leaders of Germany for beginning the War and for the way in which it was conducted. They affirmed that they had been misled and betrayed. Statements such as these, so contrary to the truth, had they not been qualified would have broken up the congress, for it is well known that the Social Democrats threw themselves into the War with an ardor equal to that of the rest of the German people, and vindicated every brutality which characterized it. It was only when Mr. Gompers informed them that, if they maintained their position of evading responsibility, it would be impossible for the workmen of other countries to associate themselves with them, that they expressed a moderate degree of sorrow for their share of the guilt. The assembled delegates, good naturedly recognizing this to be all that could be expected from them, allowed the German delegates to take part in their proceedings.

The German National Assembly did not delay the ratification of the Peace Treaty. The vote approving its ratification was cast on the ninth of July. On the thirtieth of the same month the Assembly took a further step for stabilizing the new order of things in Germany by giving its approbation to the new constitution, on which a committee has been at work since the opening of the Assembly. This approbation was not unanimous. Seventy-five

members voted against it. The opposition came from the German National Peoples, the German Peoples, and the Independent Socialist Parties. The trial of the Kaiser has of course been widely discussed in Germany and his brother, his sons, and the chiefs of the military and civil services have offered to stand trial in his stead. Marshal von Hindenburg has declared himself responsible for the military orders from the time he succeeded General von Falkenhayn, and the latter has assumed responsibility for the foregoing period, while Herr von Bethmann-Hollweg has declared his responsibility for the civil acts of his sovereign lord. The matter has also been the subject of lively discussion in England, where it was announced that the trial is to take place. Opposition both to the trial itself and to its taking place in London seems to be widespread. Many English writers of weight and authority think it would be a great mistake, and object to their country becoming the jail of Europe. As Herr Bauer has declared before the National Assembly that the ex-German Emperor would certainly be brought to trial, it may be that Great Britain and the Allied Powers will be relieved of the odious duty.

The Peace Treaty limited the German army to two hundred thousand men. The framers of the Treaty knowing, of course, how Prussia, in the early years of the nineteenth century, set at nought the limitations placed on her forces by Napoleon, have taken measures in the Versailles Treaty to prevent a similar attempt in the future. It would seem that active measures in that direction should be taken at once, for there are already three organizations of a military character in the new German Republic: the civil police which already exists, being capable of transformation into a military force, and also the home guards which Herr Noske has raised in large numbers to cope with the Spartacides. The third force is the two hundred thousand men which the Treaty allows. To these three more or less military organizations, Prussia seeks to have a fourth in the shape of a force made up of non-commissioned officers of the former German army, numbering from one hundred thousand to three hundred thousand trained soldiers. The Prussian authorities think it would be easy to obtain the consent of the Paris Council to this project.

*August 18, 1919.*

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## With Our Readers

A VERY notable and timely book to which we wish to call the special attention of our readers is *Ireland's Fight for Freedom*, by George Creel. It gives in small compass, but in an unusually thorough and masterful way, the story of Ireland's unceasing fight—a fight which we believe will soon be crowned with victory.

As we said in an editorial some few months ago, Ireland's case can never be considered as simply a domestic problem of England, and as week succeeds week, the world is realizing that it is the world's, not England's problem.

At the opening of his book Creel writes: "The world is asked to consider Ireland merely as 'England's domestic problem.' Certain circumstances unyielding as iron, preclude the acceptance of any such view. Not even by the utmost stretch of amiable intent can a question that strikes at the very heart of international agreement be set down and written off as 'domestic.' That magic formula, 'self-determination,' has marched armies and tumbled empires these last few years, playing too large a part in world-consciousness to be limited by any arbitrary discrimination in the hour of victory and adjustment. Even as Poles, Czechs, Jugoslavs, Ukrainians, Finns, and scores of other submerged nationalities are struggling to the upper air of independence, so does Ireland appeal to the solemn covenant of the Allies with its championship of the 'right of small peoples' and its sonorous assent to 'the reign of law, based upon the consent of the governed.'"

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CREEL reviews the recent history since 1870 of the fight for Home Rule, and now, since such was treacherously denied, the fight for national independence: he summarizes the more than five centuries of aspirations and battles for Irish freedom: he repeats this interesting sentence of Captain Craig, M.P., showing how valuable was the patriotism of the Ulsterites, uttered in 1911: "There is a spirit spreading abroad which I can testify to from my personal knowledge that Germany and the German Emperor would be preferred to the rule of John Redmond, Patrick Ford, and the Molly Maguires;" and the further word of the Irish Churchman in 1913: "If the King signs the Home Rule bill the Protestants of Ireland will welcome this continental deliverer as their forefathers under similar circumstances did once before."

AT the end he thus summarizes the right of England's title—and what is to be:

“Above all, more convincing than all, it is seen that England holds title in Ireland only by invasion and armed occupation, and that the Irish have never recognized conquest, never yielded the voluntary submission without which the sovereign independence of a nation does not and cannot pass. Crushed time and again by sheer weight of numbers, borne to the very edge of extermination in war after war, hunted like wild beasts from bog to glen, scourged by pestilence and famine, subjected to every known cruelty of persecution, perishing by thousands on wintry mountain sides, dying with starved lips stained by the green of grass and nettles, the soul of Ireland has never surrendered, the heart of Ireland has never ceased to beat a battle cry of rebellion.

“Stripped of lies, prejudices, and pretense, the so-called ‘Irish question’ shines forth as one of the world's most tremendous simplicities. Freedom is its answer and its end. Today, no less than in every wretched, blood-stained day for seven long, terrible centuries, Ireland wants to be free. And when the miracle of spring has not yet thrown a mantle of green over the graves of those thousands who died but yesterday in the name of liberty; when the world, like some great shell of the sea, still echoes to the inspiring battle-cries with which England, France, and America rallied their youth to the defence of ‘weak peoples’ and the ‘rights of small nations;’ when the heart of humanity was never so sick of blood and injustice, what excuse can be offered, what excuse received, for continuing the chains that keep Ireland in the pit while other peoples climb from darkness to the light?”

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ENOUGH thoughtless verbiage on the subject of religion is published today to fill large volumes. While one may grow impatient at the woeful lack of knowledge and of consecutive thought which it evidences, he should be optimistic enough to see this much of good—that it proves a growing interest and concern on the part of many who have heretofore been scornful or indifferent. Research and inquiry are bound to make plainer and clearer the truth.

*The Atlantic Monthly* for July published an article by Arthur Clutton-Brock, the art critic of the Literary Supplement of the *London Times*, entitled *Religion Now*. It is a survey of the principal Christian beliefs of the present day: all are examined, criticized and all are found wanting. We have no desire to question the author's conclusions—they are so vague that to do so would be no more satisfactory than aiming at a target, the bull's-eye of

which could not be seen. For example: "There are some who say that Christianity has failed, as if it were likely to succeed when men did not believe in it. Certainly it has failed to make men believe in it; and that failure is absolute, if we hold that Christianity is something revealed once for all two thousand years ago. But to hold that, is to misunderstand Christ Himself. He professed to be a visionary, that is to say, one who saw the truth, as other men see a cow in a field; and His aim was to make men see this truth."

If the comparison expressed in this sentence holds, then Christ saw not simply an abstract, indefinite truth, but truth concrete and definite. This concrete truth which He knew and saw was the same truth that through Him all men were to see. It is as definite now as when He saw it. It is as fixed now because it is truth. It cannot be altered or changed: if it be, it is not the truth that Christ saw. Because of this fact the Catholic Church has ever taught the oneness and unchangeableness of the revelation of Christ. From it the Church may not take away even the slightest portion; nor may she add the smallest increase. If Christianity be true, that is, if Christianity is the concrete definite truth which Christ saw as clearly as we see a cow in a field, then "Christianity is something revealed once for all two thousand years ago."

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**I**N criticizing the dogmas of Catholic faith, the author affirms that the "old dogmas say nothing of the kingdom of heaven." One might as well say that the old dogmas of Christianity say nothing of Christ.

His further objection to the Catholic Church is the oft-repeated one that it is only for the uneducated: that the intelligent man must injure or abdicate his reason when he joins the Church. The same objection has been made since the days of St. John the Evangelist. There is a difficulty in bringing the intellect into subjection to Christ—but it is not an intellectual one.

An almost unlimited list of men and women deservedly famous for their intellectual gifts, might be given in answer to this writer's objections. But it is quite unnecessary. What we do wish to point out here is that the Catholic faith does not only not hinder or lessen intellectual activity but stimulates and increases it.

In the same journal of which this writer is the art critic, there appeared recently an article which showed that Newman had done his best literary work after he entered the Catholic Church. The writer cites the doctrine of infallibility as a typical example of the abdication, so to speak, of the intellectual faculties. Of course infallibility does not make nearly so great a demand on the reason

as does the doctrine of the Real Presence: and rather than submit to authority, they who first heard the latter preached "walked no more with Him."

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NEWMAN in a notable passage of the *Apologia* shows that the doctrine of infallibility while it protects and guides also stirs and stimulates reason. The classical passage is well worth quoting: Newman makes his great profession of faith, his belief in the doctrine of infallibility and then he adds:

"All this being considered as the profession which I make *ex-animò* as for myself, so also on the part of the Catholic body, as far as I know it, it will at first sight be said that the restless intellect of our common humanity is utterly weighed down, to the repression of all independent effort and action whatever, so that, if this is to be made the mode of bringing it into order, it is brought into order only to be destroyed. But this is far from the result, far from what I conceive to be the intention of that high Providence Who has provided a great remedy for a great evil—far from borne out by the history of the conflict between Infallibility and Reason in the past, and the prospect of it in the future. The energy of the human intellect 'does from opposition grow;' it thrives and is joyous, with a tough elastic strength, under the terrible blows of the divinely fashioned weapon, and is never so much itself as when it has lately been overthrown. It is the custom with Protestant writers to consider that, whereas there are two great principles in action in the history of religion, Authority and Private Judgment, they have all the Private Judgment to themselves, and we have the full inheritance and the superincumbent oppression of Authority. But this is not so; it is the vast Catholic body itself, and it only, which affords an arena for both combatants in that awful, never-dying duel. It is necessary for the very life of religion, viewed in its large operations and its history, that the warfare should be incessantly carried on. Every exercise of Infallibility is brought out into act by an intense and varied operation of the Reason, both as its ally and as its opponent, and provokes again, when it has done its work, a reaction of Reason against it; and, as in a civil polity the State exists and endures by means of the rivalry and collision, the encroachments and defeats of its constituent parts, so in like manner Catholic Christendom is no simple exhibition of religious absolutism, but presents a continuous picture of Authority and Private Judgment alternately advancing and retreating as the ebb and flow of the tide; it is a vast assemblage of human beings with willful intellects and wild passions brought together into one by the beauty and the Majesty of a



Superhuman Power, into what may be called a large reformatory or training-school, not as if into a hospital or into a prison, not in order to be sent to bed, not to be buried alive, but (if I may change my metaphor) brought together as if into some moral factory, for the melting, refining, and moulding, by an incessant, noisy process, of the raw material of human nature, so excellent, so dangerous, so capable of divine purposes."

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THE writer in *The Atlantic Monthly* states that the defect of the Roman Catholic Church is that "it belies its name and is no longer Catholic." In a recent book by a Protestant army Chaplain of the British Expeditionary Force, the author, the Rev. Robert Keable, tells how a Catholic priest suddenly came upon his camp of two thousand men which included seventy Catholics—all South Africans. The priest offered Mass, the children of Basutoland assisted. The Chaplain writes:

"This morning's service was really an amazing illustration of Catholicity. There is no getting away from it. Consider what that priest did. Knowing nothing of natives whatever, and utterly unable to speak a word of their language, he walks in as cool as you please, and is able to provide them with a service which (as they testified and as I could hear) they enjoyed immensely, and which I have no doubt uplifted them. I imagine myself in a like situation. I should have begun by fussing about hymn-books, looking for an interpreter, and so on. I remember once in a camp being in just the same position, and I remember how utterly things failed. Nor is it any use to say that any use of a liturgy would obviate this. Our liturgical practice does not. Partly, no doubt, owing to our different uses, but partly because in our Holy Communion emphasis is laid on language, and the language of the Prayer Book at that, the vast majority of our boys would have been lost in such a situation. A strange priest and a foreign language would bewilder them. I have proved it and I know. Of course boys trained in very High Church circles are different, or should be; but there are few of our missions which teach as the Romans teach, and all but none who face the possibilities and the consequences of Catholicity, and educate for it, as they do. In consequence, these Kaffirs could attend the Mass of a foreign priest at a moment's notice, and understand what was done."

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ANOTHER evidence that the Roman Catholic Church does not "belie her name" is given by this Protestant Chaplain. A white officer attended this Sacrifice of the Mass:

“ I will not say that there are no white men who will go to our services with natives, for that would not be true; but our normal custom is to have two services, one English and one native, one white and one black, and their normal custom is to have but one. It never enters their heads to question it; it rarely enters ours to suggest it. Last Sunday I had fifty boys at five A.M. and thirty more at six, and five white men at eight-fifteen. I have seen the same thing all round Africa, at Zanzibar, Cape Town, Sierra Leone, and Port Said. One may talk around it, seek to pooh-pooh it, or object to it, but the fact is that that Catholic altar this morning transcended in a moment, without premeditation, and as a normal thing which I do not suppose even arrested the attention of priest or people, black or white, all bounds of distance, of color, and of caste. And this is a wonderful witness among us at this time. For the Cross alone does this. The Cross of the battlefield annihilates all barriers, as we have seen these days a hundred times, and so does the Cross of the Roman Catholic altar.”

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**A** GAIN, a third time, he bears witness to the fulfillment of the name Catholic by the Church because of its Oneness and Sameness of Truth for all times and places and peoples:

“ What strikes one is the magnificent testimony of the Church of Rome to the inviolability of Truth. Not even the shock of an unparalleled world-war can shake that witness. I have heard stories of concessions, but they have certainly been very much in part, and they give no more sign of generally breaking down this resolution than an occasional fall of chalk indicates the abolition of the cliffs of Dover. No truck with heretics because of the holiness and undividedness of Truth—that is the attitude. And whatever else we say, let us express our enormous obligation for such testimony. Looking back over the last three centuries, how, if it had not been for Rome, should we still have had a voice amongst us to say that Truth and Purity are sisters? That if a doctrine is a revelation of the mind of Christ, neither death, nor life, nor angels, nor principalities, nor things present, nor things to come, nor powers, nor height, nor depth, nor any other creature, must be allowed to separate from it—this is her agelong witness. It is magnificent. It is almost incredible. It is all but a final proof of her divine claim, for unquestionably it is a rock upon which one dashes oneself to pieces or by which one is ground to powder.”

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**B**OTH authors agree in the statement that the Established Church of England needs to re-make herself. The *Atlantic* writer says: “ It is both the glory and the shame of that Church

that it does not really exist: it is always in process of becoming." And Chaplain Keable: "It is no use talking of the Church of England, for you do not know with what you are dealing."

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**W**E in this country who have often asked anxious questions about the Church in France, will be much interested in the summary made by Chaplain Keable at the end of his chapter on the defects of Anglicanism. "The Church in France is all but penniless. It is not merely disestablished; it is—or has been till the heroism of its clergy in the War moved the secret soul of the nation—even persecuted. There are bishops in France with a curate's stipend and a Third-Floor-Back Palace. And the result? France is not strikingly religious; indeed, it is strikingly pagan, for broad is the way and wide is the gate that leadeth to destruction; and narrow is the way and strait is the gate that leadeth into life. But the churches are full. The poor have the gospel preached to them. The pure in heart see God. The lepers are often cleansed, and even the lame walk and the blind see. And no one says to a French priest: 'Don't talk to me of the Church in France. No one knows for what the Church in France stands. Let your Church live like Christ before it preaches Him.' For one knows for what the Church in France stands; one knows that its clergy are despised and rejected and poor as He; and if Christ be still crucified in France today there are centurions at the foot of His Cross who are moved to cry 'Truly this Man is the Son of God.'"



**A**N article of especial interest to Catholics, an article lightened with many a humorous sentence and entitled *A Famous Indian Dictionary*, is published in the July issue of the *Yale Review*. The author is Frederick S. Dickson, well known in legal and literary circles. The compiler of this Indian Dictionary was the famous Jesuit missionary, Father Sebastian Rale. This heroic priest abandoned his quiet life of study in France and gladly braved the dangers and the sacrifices of the Indian Missions in America.

When he arrived at Quebec in 1689 he immediately applied himself to the difficulties of the Indian tongue and two years later began to compile his Indian Dictionary for the Abenaki Indians. The Abenaki had a village on the banks of the Kennebec, called Narantsouak: now altered to Norridgewock. There in 1693 Father Rale took up residence and there found the field of his mission labors for the remainder of his life. He taught the Indians and

was in turn loved by them: he erected a church: he instructed them in secular learning and for them compiled his Dictionary.

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**B**UT "that a Jesuit should minister to the Indians so near to the English settlements was both a disgrace and a menace to the eyes of the Puritan. . . . In those days the Jesuit was looked upon by all as an unmixed evil. Jesuit and Polish priests were warned to depart from the Colonies." Father Rale ignored this mandate of the Massachusetts Court. Accordingly an expedition was sent to capture him. The first attempt failed. All the Puritans accomplished was "the destruction of the bark village and the burning of the church." A second attempt succeeded in capturing not Father Rale himself, but his strong box which contained the precious manuscript of his Indian Dictionary. After again burning the village and the church, the Puritans carried back this book to Boston.

In 1724 a third expedition was more successful. It surprised the Indian village, and "Father Rale himself fell dead at the foot of the Cross he had planted in the centre of the settlement. His body was mutilated, and his scalp torn off and carried in triumph to Boston, with similar mementoes from the heads of twenty-six Indians.

"The survivors straggled back to their ruined homes and reverently buried the torn body of their priest. Our historians deny to Rale the ascription of martyrdom, insisting that he was killed because he was an active agent of the French government, not as an apostle of the Faith. But after all, there never yet was a martyr who was not proclaimed an enemy to the state by those who slew him."

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**T**HE manuscript of Father Rale's Indian Dictionary is at present in the library of Harvard University. On its first page is the confession of its theft: "Taken after the fight at Norridgewalk among father Ralle's papers and given by the late Colonel Heath to Elisha Cooke, Esq.—Dictionary of the Norridgewalk Language."

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**B**ECAUSE of his unusual attainments in general scholarship, and his rare ingenuity in handling sounds, Father Rale was able to compile this great work. The Dictionary shows what incredible labor and difficult problems the early missionaries were subject to in conveying a knowledge of the Faith to the aborigines. "How the priest devised Abenaki equivalents for some of his phrases," writes Mr. Dickson, "passes one's comprehension."

Yet in some fundamental matters the Indian expressed himself quite like the European. Father Rale in a letter to his brother written in 1723 says: "If I should ask you, 'Why has God created you?' you would reply to me that 'it is to know Him, to love Him, and by this means to merit eternal glory.' But should I put the same question to a savage, he would reply to me thus, in the terms of his language: 'The Great Spirit has thought of us; let them know Me, let them love Me, let them honor Me, and let them obey Me; for then I shall make them enter into My glorious felicity.'"

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**T**HE *Princeton Theological Review*, published by the Princeton University Press here and the Oxford University Press abroad, claims to be a journal of serious and reliable discussion.

After publishing such a paper as *The Crises of Christianity and Their Significance* by William Brenton Greene, Jr., in the July issue, it is in a fair way to lose such a reputation. The charge that the Catholic Church ever taught that an indulgence granted the recipient permission to sin has long since been proved to be absolutely without foundation, save that which it found in the minds of malicious and lying enemies. Whatever abuses were attached to the preaching of indulgences have nothing to do with this charge, and are matters with which no scholar would con-found it. Yet in this supposedly scholarly quarterly we find the following sentence: "At first indulgences as they were called, were granted in remission of only part of the penance imposed by the Church for sin: afterwards they were issued as plenary remission for the whole of it, and finally it became the custom to give them in anticipation of the sin and the imposition of the penance."

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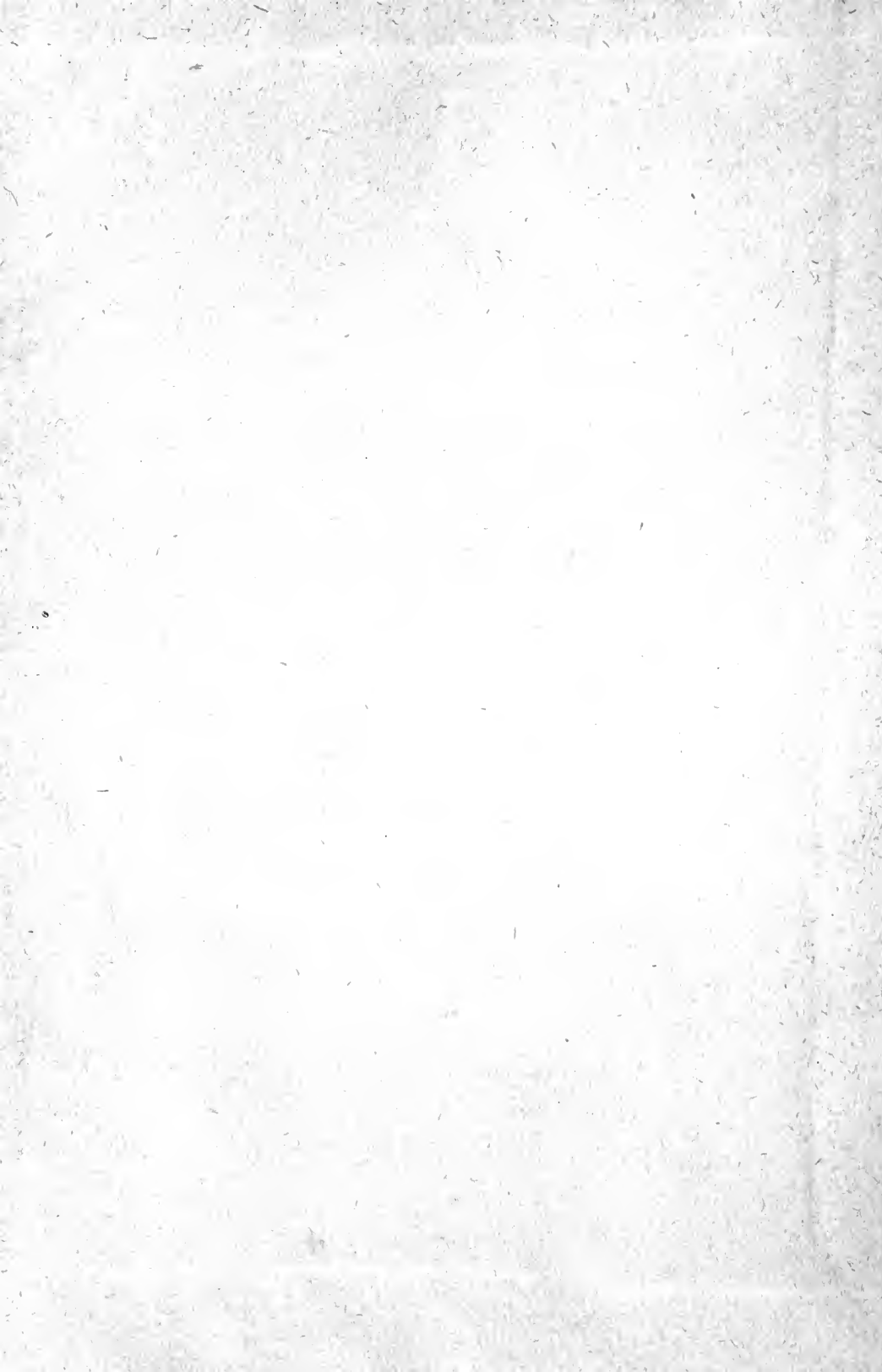
**S**UCH a statement was denied even in the time of Luther and by one who was most violent in his Protestantism. Carlstadt, after he left the Church, made an investigation of the whole question, and admitted he could find no trace of such immoral enormities in the preaching of indulgences.

It is furthermore well to remember that with regard to human conduct, Luther through his defence of justification by faith alone, taught the most immoral doctrine that the world has ever known.

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## BOOKS RECEIVED.

- E. P. DUTTON & Co., New York:  
*Standing By*. By R. Keable. \$2.00 net. *The Freedom of the Seas*. By L. F. Brown. \$2.00 net. *Blood and Sand*. By V. B. Ibañez. \$1.90 net. *The State and the Nation*. By E. Jenks, M.A. \$2.00 net. *Schools of Tomorrow*. By J. Dewey. *The Place of Agriculture in Reconstruction*. By J. B. Morman, M.A. \$2.00 net. *Cynthia*. By L. Merrick. \$1.75 net. *The Symbolist Movement in Literature*. By A. Symons.
- ALLYN & BACON, New York:  
*Aux États-Unis*. By A. de Mouvert. \$1.20. *Everyday Science*. By W. H. Snyder, Sc.D. \$1.40. *Model English*. Book II. By F. P. Donnelly, S.J. \$1.20.
- GEORGE H. DORAN Co., New York:  
*The Moon and Sappence*. By W. S. Maugham. \$1.50 net. *The Young Visitors*. By D. Ashford. \$1.00 net. *The Science of Eating*. By A. W. McCann. \$2.00 net. *The Lady of the Crossing*. By F. Niven. \$1.50 net. *Heritage*. By V. S. West. \$1.50 net. *The Prisoners of Mainz*. By A. Waugh. *Mummery*. By G. Cannan. \$1.50 net. *Mr. Standfast*. By J. Buchan. \$1.60 net.
- THE CENTURY Co., New York:  
*Self Government in the Philippines*. By Maximo M. Kalaw. \$1.50.
- BONI & LIVERIGHT, New York:  
*The Story of the Rainbow Division*. By R. S. Tompkins. \$1.60. *The Taker*. By D. C. Goodman. \$1.75. *The Groper*. By H. G. Alkman. \$1.60. *Rezanow*. By G. Atherton. 70 cents. *The Poems and Prose of Ernest Dowson*. 70 cents.
- CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS, New York.  
*Democracy*. By S. Desmond. \$1.60. *Mr. Dooley on Making a Will and Other Necessary Evils*. By the author of "Mr. Dooley Says." \$1.35 net. *Addresses in America, 1919*. By J. Galsworthy. \$1.25 net.
- HARPER & BROTHERS, New York:  
*Ireland's Fight for Freedom*. By G. Creel. \$2.00 net. *Bolshevism*. By J. Spargo. \$1.50 net.
- KRONE BROTHERS, New York:  
*Commonsense Drawing*. By Eleanor Lane.
- SCHWARTZ, KIRWIN & FAUSS, New York:  
*Bible Stories for Children*. By a Catholic Teacher. 50 cents.
- ROBERT M. MCBRIDE & Co., New York:  
*Women and World Federation*. By Florence G. Tuttle. \$1.60 net.
- DOUBLEDAY, PAGE & Co., Garden City, New York:  
*The Arrow of Gold*. By J. Conrad. \$1.75.
- THE ABINGDON PRESS, New York:  
*The Confessions of a Browning Lover*. By J. W. Powell. \$1.00. *The Tragedy of Labor*. By W. R. Halstead. 50 cents net.
- HENRY HOLT & Co., New York:  
*Bismarck*. By C. G. Robertson, M.A. \$2.25 net. *Fifty Years of Europe, 1870-1919*. By C. D. Hazen.
- P. J. KENEDY & SONS, New York:  
*The Government of Religious Communities*. By Hector Papi, S.J. \$1.00.
- FREDERICK A. STOKES Co., New York:  
*The New Morning*. By Alfred Noyes. \$1.35 net.
- GOVERNMENT PRINTING OFFICE, Washington:  
*Archeological Explorations in Northeastern Arizona*. By A. V. Kidder and S. J. Guertsey. *Life of Henry Barnard*. By B. C. Steiner. *An Educational Study of Alabama*.
- YALE UNIVERSITY PRESS, New Haven:  
*A Geographical Dictionary of Milton*. By A. H. Gilbert, Ph.D.
- HOUGHTON MIFFLIN Co., Boston:  
*Theodore Roosevelt*. By R. J. Wilbur. \$1.00.
- LOTHROP, LEE & SHEPARD Co., Boston:  
*Good Old Stories for Boys and Girls*. Selected by E. S. Smith. \$1.50 net.
- OUR SUNDAY VISITOR, Huntington, Ind.:  
*A Layman's Answer to Agnosticism*. By J. H. Holt. Pamphlet. 15 cents.
- THE CATHOLIC TRUTH SOCIETY OF CANADA, Toronto:  
*A Talk About Differences*. *The Conversion of the Anglican Monks of Caldey*. By Rev. C. Gagnon, D.D. Pamphlets.
- MARY'S MEADOW PRESS, Ludlow, England:  
*A Singer in Palestine*. By Armel O'Connor.
- BURNS & OATES, London:  
*The Mirror of Perfection*. By Brother Leo of Assisi.
- BLOND & GAY, Paris:  
*Messages et Discours*. Par R. Poincaré.







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