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NO. 529.

G. K. CHESTERTON.

BY W. E. CAMPBELL.

II.—CATHOLIC APOLOGIST.



Come now to Mr. Chesterton as Catholic Apologist.* He is not singular in his defence of the Church, but in the manner and originality of his defence he is indeed singular. He has been much criticised, first for his use of paradox, and secondly for his use of humor. But in these two respects he is well in the wake of Catholic tradition. What first strikes us about Mr. Chesterton's method of controversy is that he attacks and defends things upon entirely different grounds from those upon which they are generally attacked and defended. Hence he is called, and rightly so, paradoxical. But surely this paradoxical habit of his is, after all, a purely judicial one. The modern mind has lost its power of seeing things *sub specie æternitatis*—of seeing them, that is to say, in that living relation in which it has pleased God to create and sustain them. Before Mr. Chesterton submits his case for judgment, he must first restore the minds of his jury to a proper state of equilibrium; and he does this by means of paradox. In doing so he is following, and we speak reverently, evangelical precedent. Where shall we find current fashions of thought attacked with so much paradox and emphasis as in the Gospels? Mr. Chesterton's paradoxes are startling; but, having once stated

* In the March CATHOLIC WORLD we considered Mr. G. K. Chesterton as "Inquisitor and Democrat."

them, he proceeds to enlarge and elucidate them in the homeliest manner by parables taken from the common experiences of everyday life. And here again he has authority for so doing. He is not afraid to appeal to the eye and to the heart and to the ear of the ordinary man—to be obvious, to be humorous, at times almost to be irreverent about the things of our holy Faith. We are suffering from the low spirits of the Reformation. We have not faith enough to believe that good spirits both come from and return to the spiritual world, that there too humor is more acceptable than the solemnities of pride; and the jokes of the humble man than the epigrams of the cruelly clever. Humor, after all, succeeds where many a more pretentious weapon fails; it disciplines sentiment and is the best birch for sentimentality. As distinguished from wit, which is purely intellectual, it comes from the heart; it is more excellent than satire, since it is founded on charity. In fine, it is in essence altogether spiritual, for it consists in so laying stress on material things as to show their real value.

To put the thesis in brief, Mr. Chesterton sets out to show that Christianity, as defined by the Apostles Creed, is the best root of human energy and sound ethics. He assumes that what the ordinary western man desires is an active and imaginative life, picturesque and full of poetical curiosity—in fact, a romantic life. We need so to view the world as to combine an idea of wonder and an idea of welcome. We need to be happy in this wonderland without once being merely comfortable. Many people in this very reasonable age are afraid of imagination, and especially of mystical imagination; they are afraid it is dangerous to a man's mental balance: "Imagination does not breed insanity. Exactly what does breed insanity is reason. Cowper was driven mad by the ugly and alien logic of predestination. He was damned by John Calvin; he was almost saved by John Gilpin. The general fact is simple. Poetry is sane because it floats easily in an infinite sea; reason seeks to cross the infinite sea, and so to make it finite. The poet only desires exaltation and expansion, a world to stretch himself in."

The mad man is the man who has lost everything else but his reason. His reason works perfectly within a contracted circle of ideas; but he is indifferent to and disconnected with everything outside this narrow circle. Now the materialist

scheme is just like this lucid scheme of the madman; it is characterized by just the same note of logical completeness combined with an utter unconsciousness of the alien energies and the large indifference of the earth. The materialist is confined to the clean and well-lit prison of one idea. His truth is a very limited one and consequently his belief is unhealthy. "The man who cannot believe his senses, and the man who cannot believe anything else, are both insane, but their insanity is not proved by any error in their argument, but by the manifest mistake of their whole lives. They have both locked themselves up in two boxes, painted inside with the sun and the stars; they are both unable to get out, the one into the health and happiness of heaven, the other even into the health and happiness of the earth."*

But while reason used without root, reason in the void, is the chief note of insanity, what is it that keeps men sane? Practically speaking it is *mysticism*. The ordinary man has always been a mystic. He has always been able to hold apparent contradictions in the grip of a healthy faith. If he saw two truths that seemed to contradict each other, he would take the two truths and the contradiction along with them; and it is exactly this balance of apparent contradictions that constitutes the whole buoyancy of the healthy man. Not only in spiritual things but also in the ordinary things of everyday life this has always been true of him.

No, the ordinary man cannot live by reasoning alone, and in fact never does. "The mystic allows one thing to be mysterious, and everything else becomes lucid. The determinist makes the theory of causation quite clear, and then finds he cannot say 'if you please' to the housemaid. The Christian permits free will to remain a sacred mystery; but because of this his relations with the housemaid become of a sparkling and crystal clearness. *He puts the seed of dogma in a central darkness; but it branches forth in all directions with abounding health.* The one created thing which we cannot look at is the one thing in the light of which we look at everything else. . . . Detached intellectualism is (in the exact sense of the popular phrase) all moonshine; for it is light without heat, and it is secondary light reflected from a dead world. But the Greeks were right when they made Apollo the god both of imagination and sanity; for he was both the patron of poetry

* *Orthodoxy.*

and the patron of healing. Of necessary dogmas and a special creed I shall speak later. But that transcendentalism by which all men live has primarily much the same position as the sun in the sky. We are conscious of it as of a kind of splendid confusion; it is something both shining and shapeless, at once a blaze and a blur. But the circle of the moon is as clear and unmistakable as recurrent and inevitable, as the circle of Euclid on a blackboard. For the moon is utterly reasonable; and the moon is the mother of lunatics and has given them all her name."*

Continuing this same parable of mental disorder, our author proceeds to show the practical outcome of that revolt from authority which occurred at the so-called Reformation.

The Reformers who tried to destroy, and the critics who always denounce, religious authority are like the men who should attack the police without ever having heard of burglars. For there is a great and possible peril to the human mind—a peril as practical as burglary. That peril is that the human intellect is free to destroy itself, and it is against that peril that religious authority was reared as a barrier. One of the consequences of the Reformation, at any rate for the non-Catholic world, has been to destroy, by entirely unfettered intellectual analysis, that authoritative, dogmatic, mystical, and popular science which treats of the right relations of the powers of the human soul with the passions of the human body. And furthermore, these powers and passions have been let loose upon the world without order, relation, or restraint. "The vices are indeed let loose; and they wander and do damage. But the virtues are let loose also; and the virtues wander more wildly and do more terrible damage. The modern world is full of the old Christian virtues gone mad. The virtues have gone mad because they have been isolated from each other and are wandering alone." Many of them, indeed, have taken refuge with the specialists. The scientists have pursued truth alone, and truth has become pitiless; the humanitarians have followed pity, and she has become untruthful. Charity was once a mystical virtue, but now she has become rationalized and excuses even sin. Humility has changed its place, and instead of being a spur to prevent a man from stopping, has become a nail in his boot to prevent him from going on. "For the old humility made a man doubtful about his efforts, which

* *Ibid.*, p. 49.

might make him work harder. But the new humility makes a man doubtful about his aims, which will make him stop working altogether." But it is time to leave this land of mental disorder "where the mere questioner can but knock his head against the limits of human thought—and crack it."

In a pleasant chapter on the ethics of Elfland, Mr. Chesterton tells us that he learnt from the fairy tales of the nursery a certain way of looking at life which, from that time, he has never given up: "In our fairy tales," he says, "we keep a sharp distinction between the science of mental relations, in which there are really laws, and the science of physical facts, in which there are no laws, but only weird repetitions. We believe that a beanstalk climbed to heaven; but that does not at all confuse our convictions on the philosophical question of how many beans make five. Men of science talk as if the connection of two things physically connected them philosophically." The only words which ever satisfy Mr. Chesterton when speaking of nature are the words used in fairy tales, "charm," "spell," "enchantment," and the like. The world we live in does not explain itself. It is full of magic, but its magic must have a meaning, and some one to mean it. It is full of beauty and horror and startling surprise: of fairy princesses and wicked ogres; of gorgeous palaces and castles frowning with dreadful mystery. Among all this the ordinary human being moves, and moves *conditionally*. Certain delightful things are to happen to him, but only when he fulfills a certain condition and one that so often seems merely quaint and arbitrary. But in order to get his good he need not see the necessary connection between the high promise and the humble condition. Reasoning will not bridge the gap, but other mysterious things will fill it. Life is so largely a matter of mystery, but mystery if properly approached is life-enhancing. The gestures of faith, wonder, praise, and humility are as characteristically human as they are childlike—the feeling that life is so precious because saved from some primordial ruin, and so beset with heroic danger that obedience is dignified, being a matter of personal loyalty; that suffering, though so often unexplainable in any other than a physical sense, is but the condition of some great and joyous climax; that humility is the resting of our puny individual effort upon the moving platform of some great personal ability that will never fail us—these and the like feelings are what give color and energy and integration to indi-

vidual lives. "All this I felt," says Mr. Chesterton, "and the age gave me no encouragement to feel it. All the time I had not even thought of Christian theology."

Our attitude, then, towards life can be better expressed in terms of a kind of military loyalty than in the one-sided view of either optimist or pessimist. "Let us suppose that we are confronted with a desperate case—say Pimlico. It is not enough for a man to disapprove of Pimlico; in that case he will merely cut his throat or move to Chelsea. Nor, certainly, is it enough for the man to approve of Pimlico; for then it would remain Pimlico, which would be awful. The only way out of it seems to be for somebody to love Pimlico, to love it with a transcendental tie and without any earthly reason. If there arose a man who loved Pimlico, then Pimlico would rise into ivory towers and golden pinnacles; Pimlico would attire herself as a woman does when she is loved. For decoration is not given to hide horrible things, but to decorate things already adorable. A mother does not give her child a blue bow because she is ugly without it. A lover does not give a girl a necklace to hide her neck. If men loved Pimlico as mothers loved children, arbitrarily, because it is *theirs*, Pimlico in a year or two might be fairer than Florence. This, as a fact, is how cities did grow great. Go to the darkest roots of civilization and you will find them knotted round some sacred stone or encircling some sacred well. People first paid honor to a spot and afterwards gained glory for it."*

Now the modern conception of life which has grown up under the lengthening shadow of Ibsen is utterly opposed to this attitude of loyalty towards life. Consider the question of suicide. The Ibsenites believe that suicide is rather a fine thing, and go so far as to hope that there will soon be penny-in-the-slot machines, by which a man can kill himself for a penny. But not only is suicide a sin. "It is the sin. It is the ultimate and absolute evil, the refusal to take an interest in existence; the refusal to take the oath of loyalty to life. . . . About the same time I read a solemn flippancy by some free-thinker. He said that a suicide was only the same as a martyr. Obviously the suicide is the opposite of a martyr. A martyr is a man who cares so much for something outside him, that he forgets his own personal life. A suicide is a man who cares so little for anything outside, that he wants to see the last of

* *Ibid.*, p. 120.

everything. In other words, the martyr is noble because he confesses this ultimate tie with life; he sets his heart outside himself, he dies that something may live. The suicide is ignoble because he has not this link with being; he is a mere destroyer; spiritually he destroys the universe. And then I remembered the stake and the cross-roads, and the queer fact that Christianity had this weird harshness to the suicide. For Christianity had shown a wild encouragement of the martyr. The early Christian martyrs talked of death with a horrible happiness. They blasphemed the beautiful duties of the body, they smelt the grave afar off like a field of flowers. All this has seemed to many the very poetry of pessimism. Yet there is the stake at the cross-roads to show what Christianity thought of the pessimist."*

"This was the first of a long train of enigmas with which Christianity entered the discussion. And there went with it a peculiarity of which I shall have to speak more markedly as the note of all Christian notions, but which distinctly began in this one. The Christian attitude to the martyr and the suicide was not what is so often affirmed in modern morals. It was not a matter of degree. The Christian feeling was furiously for one and furiously against the other; these things that looked so much alike were at opposite ends of heaven and hell. I am not saying that fierceness was right; but why was it so fierce?

"Here it was that I first found that my wandering feet were in some beaten track. Christianity had felt this opposition of the martyr to the suicide; had it perhaps felt it for the same reason? Had Christianity felt what I had felt? *This need for a first loyalty to things, and then for a ruinous reform of things?* Then I remembered that it was actually the charge against Christianity that it combined these two things that I was trying to combine. Christianity was accused, at one and the same time, of being too optimistic about the universe and of being too pessimistic about the world. The coincidence made me suddenly stand still.

"But the important matter was this, that it entirely reversed the reason for optimism. The Christian optimism is based on the fact that we do *not* fit into the world."† That this is only the wrong place because there is a better.

The trouble, then, with this world of ours is not that it is an unreasonable world, or even that it is a reasonable one;

* *Ibid.*, p. 132.

† *Ibid.*, p. 145.

but that it is nearly reasonable, but not quite. There is something about it that baffles, eludes, and destroys exact expectation. A being from another star, endowed with mathematical tastes, might argue from the general duality of the external human body that a man had two hearts, or at least that his one heart was in a symmetrical position with regard to the rest of his members—but it is not; and if he discovered that it was not, he would be something more honorable than a mere mathematician. Now this is exactly the claim that Mr. Chesterton makes for Christianity: "Not merely that it deduces logical truths, but that when it suddenly becomes illogical, it has found, so to speak, an illogical truth. It not only goes right about things, but it goes wrong (if one may say so) exactly where the things go wrong. It is simple about the truth; but it is stubborn about the subtle truth."

But to go back a little. Mr. Chesterton confesses that as a youth he read little or no Christian apologetic literature—he was entirely alienated from it, excepting indeed the penny dreadfuls, which always retain a healthy and heroic tradition of Christianity.* Agnostic writers, especially Herbert Spencer, really succeeded in bringing him into the right way, for they suggested doubts far deeper than they themselves could grapple with. The more he read them the more the impression grew upon him that Christianity must be a most extraordinary thing—whether extraordinarily right or extraordinarily wrong, he was not at that time in a position to say. "Not only (as he understood) had Christianity the most flaming vices, but it had apparently a mystical talent for combining vices which seemed inconsistent with each other. It was attacked on all sides and for all contradictory reasons. No sooner had one rationalist demonstrated that it was too far to the east than another demonstrated with equal clearness that it was much too far to the west. No sooner had my indignation died down at its angular and aggressive squareness than I was called upon to notice and condemn its enervating and sensual roundness." To take an example or two. Some said it was a thing of inhuman gloom; others that it had comforted men with a fictitious Providence and lulled them in nurseries of childish delight. Now it is attacked for its naked and hungry habit, and again because of its pomp and ritualism, its shrines of porphyry and its vestments of cloth of gold. The monks at one time

* See a delightful essay on Penny Dreadfuls in *The Defendant*, p. 8.

are meek and dumb driven cattle; at another they are ravening wolves preying upon the quietness of the world. At one time it is called the spoiler of family life, dragging away unwilling youths and maidens to the celibacy of the cloister; at another its greatest crime appears to be that it has forced the family upon us. It has doomed women to the drudgery of homes and burden of child-bearing, forbidding them the freer life of solitude and contemplation. Or perhaps we are told that the Church has always hated women; and yet on the other hand we are assured that it is only women that go to church. "I wished to be quite fair then, and I wish to be quite fair now; and I did not conclude that the attack on Christianity was all wrong. I only concluded that if Christianity was wrong it was very wrong indeed. Such hostile errors might be combined in one thing, but that thing must be very strange and solitary. . . . If this mass of mad contradictions really existed, quakerish and bloodthirsty, too gorgeous and too threadbare, austere yet pandering preposterously to the lust of the eye, the enemy of women and their foolish refuge, a solemn pessimist and a silly optimist, if this evil existed, then there was in this evil something quite supreme and unique. . . . Such a paradox of evil rose to the stature of the supernatural."

"And then in a quiet hour a strange thought struck me like a thunder-bolt. There had suddenly come into my mind another explanation. Suppose we heard an unknown man spoken of by many men. Suppose we were puzzled to hear that some men said he was too tall and some too short; some objected to his fatness, some lamented his leanness; some thought him too dark, and some too fair. One explanation (as has already been admitted) would be that he might be an odd shape. But there is another explanation. He might be the right shape. Outrageously tall men might feel him to be too short. Very short men might feel him to be tall. Old bucks who are growing stout might consider him insufficiently filled out; old beaus who are growing thin might feel that he had expanded beyond the narrow lines of elegance. Perhaps (in short) this extraordinary thing is the ordinary thing. Perhaps, after all, it is Christianity that is sane and all its critics that are mad—in various ways. I tested this idea by asking myself whether there was about any of the accusers (of Christianity) anything morbid that might explain the accusations. I was startled to find that this key fitted the lock. For instance, it

was certainly odd that the modern world charged Christianity at once with bodily austerity and with artistic pomp. But then it was also odd, very odd, that the modern world itself combined extreme bodily luxury with an extreme absence of artistic pomp. The modern man thought Becket's robes too rich and his meals too poor. But then the modern man was really exceptional; no man before ever ate such elaborate dinners in such ugly clothes. . . ."* In the same way the restraints of Christianity would be distasteful to the critic who was more a hedonist than a healthy man should be; while the faith of Christians angered another who was more of a pessimist than a healthy man should be.

Nevertheless it could not be said with truth that Christianity is merely a sort of sensible *via media*. There was really in it a certain note of frenzy and emphasis to which unemotional philosophers objected. It was neither temperate nor respectable in the sense of the worldly wise. "Its fierce crusaders and meek saints might balance each other; still the crusaders were very fierce and the saints meek beyond all decency. This was exactly one of the paradoxes in which sceptics found the creed wrong; and in this I had found it right." Christianity had transcended the old pagan doctrine of the balance and had specially done so in her central dogma of the Incarnation. She insisted that Christ was not a being apart from God and man, like an elf; nor yet half a being like a centaur; but both things at once and both things thoroughly—very man and very God. As in theology, so in ethics. Paganism declared that virtue was in a balance; Christianity that it was in a conflict: *the collision of two passions apparently opposite and both at the top of their energy*; love and wrath both burning. Everywhere the creed made a moderation out of the still crash of two impetuous passions. And such a creed alone meets the need direct of the normal man. There are two kinds of freedom. A man can be free of a prison or he can be free of his city. It is in this latter sense that every man of ordinary virtue wishes to be free of his powers and passions—able to swing them as in a burning censer, in a holy place, without breakage or wrong, giving glory to God and pleasure to his fellow-men. Freely loving the world, yet only in the power and vision of a better.

Here then was the urgent individual question met by the completeness of the Church's answer. The hour of cumulative

* *Orthodoxy*, p. 164.

proof had struck. The thing had happened which has happened to many of us. "It was as if I had been blundering about since my birth with two huge and unmanageable machines—the *World* and the *Christian tradition*. I had found this hole in the world, the fact that one must somehow find a way of loving the world without trusting it. I found this projecting feature of Christian theology, the dogmatic insistence that God was personal, and had made the world separate from Himself—had 'thrown it off' if we may reverently put it thus, as a poet who is so separate from his poem, speaks of it as 'a little thing he has thrown off.' The spike of dogma fitted exactly into the hole of the world—it had evidently been meant to go there—and then the strange thing began to happen. When once these two parts of the two machines had come together, one after another, all the other parts fitted and fell in, with an eerie exactitude. I could hear bolt after bolt over all the machinery falling into its place with a kind of click of relief. Having got one part right, all the other parts were repeating that rectitude, as clock after clock strikes noon. *Instinct after instinct was answered by doctrine after doctrine.*"*

The ideal of self-reform and of world-reform has been reached at last. We are to love self and the world and yet as heartily to distrust them. Some satisfaction is needed even to make things better, but it has to be accompanied by some higher dissatisfaction. Neither self nor the world can be made better until we have some ideal order with which to compare it. We must be reformers in the strong and simple sense of that word and not merely evolutionists or progressives in the modern acceptance. It has been finely said that Progress is the name of the arch-illusionist, for it is the serpent which tempts us to look forever onward and beyond, instead of waking to the fullest realization here and now. With the evolutionists, pragmatists, and the like, there is no perfectly definite *terminus ad quem*, no absolute Good and Goal, personal and perfect, upon which to build faith and hope and definite action. There must not only be Law in life, but a Giver of Law at every doubtful moment, in every momentous crisis; some one who will gather the fluid forces of human emotion in the grip of an intense conviction. No significant human action, however strenuous, can come to or stay at perfection of itself, it needs a tremendous accession of graceful activity, and that at the very mo-

* *Ibid.*, p. 143.

ment when the doer is most doubtful of his power. This, of course, is the doctrine of supernatural grace, but a doctrine quite opposed to modern thought with its freezing theories of a scientific and impersonal determinism.

We are told, indeed, that the world tends to become gradually better, that new and ultimate factors of permanent value have come into life and will become increasingly antiseptic to that ancient disease of ignorance; but looking around we find that all nobly acquired and finely exercised powers tend by endurance to abuse and failure of their great first intentions; and that thus abused they create evils as great as those they have previously cured. There is only one explanation of this and it is to be found in the Catholic doctrine of original and actual sin. The factors of ultimate value in human life, from the highest gifts of the spirit to the bread of our daily lives, can only be attained through struggle and retained through perseverance.

Every human being has been created and thrown into separate actuality by God—created by God and sustained by Him in a free and separated existence. Loved by God as a child of His, yet free, for his own part, to refuse to love in return. And the same God has made the world.

It is in only the briefest manner that I have been able to summarize Mr. Chesterton's work, and we may not follow him further as he traces his vision of the Church "thundering in her heavenly chariot through the ages, the dull heresies sprawling and prostrate, the wild truth reeling but erect." Even the compliment of quotation must have its limit; but our lengthy extracts will be justified if any are induced thereby to read Mr. Chesterton for themselves. Nowhere in modern popular language has the mind of the Church been more clearly set forth—and also the mind that is against the Church. His work combines an accurate and synthetic knowledge of the old and of the new traditions of thought. And he has contrasted and compared them with an astonishing felicity of simplifying illustration. It is often said by non-Catholics that the Church, although great in her day, is now a thing of the past—an obstinate nut of formalism, with a shrivelled kernel. For such a case one may recommend Mr. Chesterton, and to particularize the recommendation, especially two of his books—*Heretics* and *Orthodoxy*.

HER MOTHER'S DAUGHTER.

BY KATHARINE TYNAN.

PART I.

CHAPTER I.

THE NEW HOME.



WHEN the sun was setting in splendor the windows of Outwood Manor were visible a long way off. It stood on a hill, with a background of woods; below it was an exquisite valley, where nightingales sang in May and rabbits scampered over beds of wild thyme. There was a wood of slender silver birches the other side of the valley; in May the wood was fairyland, the wild hyacinths making the glades like a stretch of summer sky.

It was to please his wife, Nesta, that James Moore had bought Outwood Manor, which had been long unoccupied and had the reputation of being haunted. It had looked sinister enough to deserve its reputation the first day James and Nesta Moore had seen it; and that was a winter day, with a sky of storm and the sun nowhere visible, but in the low west a broad band of fire.

The diamond panes had caught the fire and the house flamed from garret to basement.

"An old rat-trap!" said James Moore contemptuously. "What frauds those house-agents are!"

"It would be lovely, Jim," Nesta said, clinging to his arm—she always clung to her husband when she could. If they must be apart she would look at him across a table or a room or a lawn as though she felt the need of his support. "It would be lovely if only people lived in it. Look at the beautiful old red brick, purple and bronze in parts with the weather and the growth of lichens. Look at the sloping roof and the dormer windows! It will not be gloomy with the summer sun

on it; it will be full of light. And think of this lawn mowed and rolled and the yew hedges clipped! Do look at the ships and the swans cut in the yew! I am sure the gardens are lovely under the stretch of prairie grass. We could be happy here together, Jim."

"Why I could be happy anywhere with you, Nesta," the man said ardently.

He was a big, fair giant, with dominant blue eyes and a handsome mouth that closed tightly in repose. His hair curled over a great brow. There was just a suggestion of the Roman Cæsar in his looks. He had a conquering air. But as he looked down at the soft, delicate creature by his side his expression was wonderfully tender. Perhaps it was the expression with which a man looks at an adored child rather than that with which he looks at a beloved wife.

"Then you will take the house?"

"Have I ever refused you anything I could grant you? Yet—I would rather build you a palace on the side of the hill looking towards the mills and the little town that is growing up about them. Presently Valley will be a big town. I can see it filling the valley, its church-towers standing up in a golden mist. I should like to draw up my blinds every morning and look on the prosperity I myself have made—houses and business and money-making where there were only rabbits and birds as below there."

He indicated the valley behind him with a contemptuous gesture.

"I want to be out of sight of it all," his wife said with a little shudder. "I wish you did not make so much money—that the money-making did not take you away from me quite so much—from me and the child. You never spare yourself, Jim. When will you have enough money and come home to rest with us? You do too much for any man."

"And I shall do till I die," James Moore answered. "You have me heart and soul, no matter where my body may be. Be content with that, Nest. And now—supposing we see the old rat-trap inside."

He opened the hall-door with a great key he had been carrying on his finger. It took all his strength to turn it, for the wards of the lock had grown rusty. When at last it yielded the door went back with what sounded like a faint scream.

They stepped into a vast, echoing hall, lit high overhead by a glass dome in the roof. The dust stirred under their feet as they walked. Through the open door behind them came a shaft of red light that lay on the dusty floor like blood. By contrast the cold light overhead was almost darkness.

In the center of the hall was a ragged billiard-table. On either side were great fire-places, the steel red with rust, the brass jambs black and tarnished. A gallery ran round the four sides of the hall. Above it another gallery was visible. Suits of armor stood stiffly in the shadow behind the gallery.

A moan of coming wind stole through the open door and the tapestry on the wall trembled and flapped.

"You still like it, Nest?" James Moore said, looking down at his wife's pale face. "You still like it better than the palace I should build you, with all the appliances for comfort and ease? I should spend money like water to make it beautiful for you."

"I want to be out of sight of the mills, to forget them."

"The mills make all the good things possible for you," her husband said with a quiet patience. "Why do you dislike them? If we settle down here they will open all the doors to you of these proud, exclusive folk round about us. To be sure you belong to them by right—and my father was a mill-hand."

"Dear Jim, you are the most wonderful person in the world!" his wife said, lifting her face to him to be kissed. "Why did you marry such a stupid, silly wife? I don't want the doors of the fine houses opened to me. I only want you and the child."

"Ah, but I should like to see you presently taking the place which is yours by right. You must get over these fancies. Remember that there is nothing I will deny you. I can afford to give my wife all she desires. If you wanted to be dressed like some of those old kings and queens, in cloth of gold, sewn with jewels, I should find it for you, Nest."

"It would weigh me down, dear. The only cloth of gold I want is your love."

"And you have that, light of my eyes!"

As they stood they were bathed in the stormy red light from the sky that made the gloom beyond gloomier by comparison.

CHAPTER II.

OMENS AND PORTENTS.

"We'd better see what is to be seen," the man said, moving towards a door under the gallery, "else the darkness will soon fall on us; and it is a good five miles back to Valley. Ah, this is better. This is a handsome room, Nest. With plenty of electric light I don't know that we could better this."

They went from one room to another, and as they opened one door after another the shadows seemed to fly before them.

The house would need a good deal of money spent on it; but James Moore's business eyes perceived that it had great capacities. The groined and fretted ceilings, the carved mantel-pieces, the beautiful old doors and window-frames, appealed to his natural good taste. It was all solid; nothing gimcrack, nothing pretentious. He had never heard of the brothers Adam, nor of Grinling Gibbons, and did not recognize their work when he saw it, but he saw that it was beautiful; and it was to be had for a song by any man who would spend the money on it to make it habitable. That fact appealed to his business instincts, although no one could be more generous than James Moore when it was desirable to pay a big price. There was nothing little about the man.

In the stately bedroom, where a queen had slept, he set all the windows open.

"Because it is so old it has a deathly smell," he said. "But when summer comes and you are here it will be different, I know. What a view we shall have! I believe you can see half-a-dozen counties from here. I only wish Valley were in the view."

"I suppose this is the haunted room," Nest said in a small, scared voice. "There is certainly something ghostly about it. Do you think we shall be able to banish that, dear?—for I should like this room for my own."

"You will not be afraid with me," he said. "Wait till the decorator has been let loose in it. I shall give it to that mad, poet-Socialist person, who will know better about the decoration than I. Upon my word, I believe you're right after all, Nesta. There is something about an old house you

will not get in a new. You will not know it when you next see it."

He had come round with a swing to her point of view. He was going to drive the ghosts and the shadows from the house, to wrest what was beautiful in it to his own uses.

"We will bundle the old owners out of doors," he said smiling, as he refastened the windows, and they turned to go. "I will make it a bower of roses for you and Stella."

As she followed him from the room she looked back with a nervous shudder at the immense carved bed which took up so much of the space. It was hung with a blue and silver damask, which was riddled with moths and falling to pieces.

"I am sure it is the ghost's room," she said.

Now that things were going as she wished her thoughts veered round, and she began to wonder if they could not have found a place less sad and gloomy than this for the new home they were to make. But she said nothing to her husband. As they went round the galleries and down the stairs he was already busy with considerations as to what should be done here and there.

"It should be ready by June, Nest," he said. "I shall clinch the bargain at once and put in the workmen within the week. You shall see what I can do to please my girl."

She plucked at his arm as they went down the overgrown carriage drive, in the timid way that was natural to her.

"Jim," she said, "when the house is finished, you will let us have it to ourselves, to be really ours, won't you? We have not had a home to ourselves since we were married."

A little gloom fell on his handsome, bright face.

"I wish you did not dislike my brothers, Nest. They love me better than my dog. You ought to love them for that, little woman."

She rubbed her cheek against his coat sleeve and said nothing. What could she say except that she feared and distrusted the brothers who were so devoted to him? They thought the world of Jim. He was their prince, their hero. But they were jealous of her and little Stella, as jealous as a dog who knows that he has been displaced; and far less easily propitiated.

"I want our home to ourselves," she said after a while; and her voice was almost a whisper.

"Very well then; it shall be so"; he returned. "I dare say they will be better pleased to stay on in the little house and guard my interests—and yours"—there was a reproach in his voice—"like a pair of honest, faithful bulldogs."

"And the distance will not be too great for you?" she said, with a fluttering eagerness to please now that she had obtained the thing she wanted. "Five miles. What are five miles after all? You have always such good horses. It will be a change, too, for you to come home to me and Stella in the evening and forget the mills. I shall play to you and we will talk—"

"And we shall visit and be visited. You don't suppose that I have worked as I have to hide away my pretty wife as though she were not the thing I am proudest of? Yet I shall miss Dick and Steve, and the long business talks over the office fire at night."

"I think we are going to be very happy at Outwood Manor," she said, and crept closer to his side. He wrapped the fur rug about her. By this time they were driving in the high dog-cart behind the chestnut, which he allowed no one to drive but himself.

A turn of the road brought them out once again in view of the Outwood. The red had deepened in all the panes. The illusion of leaping fires was complete.

"The ghosts are warming themselves, Nesta," he said with a laugh.

"Ah, no"; she replied. "It is a good omen, a forecast of the hearth-fires we shall light by which love shall sit, where we shall warm ourselves, safe from the cold and the storm. See our hearth-fires, darling!"

Suddenly as they looked the brilliant light dimmed and went out and the Manor House stood up cold and dark against its background of woods.

For an instant Nesta Moore turned cold with it. She was not a Celt for nothing. But with an effort she recovered herself.

"Our fires will last longer than those, Jim," she said lightly. "Those were but phantom fires after all."

CHAPTER III.

A RUNAWAY.

James Moore drove like the wind, as he would have allowed no one else to drive his wife. Indeed when she went out without him she was obliged to sit behind the sleekest and fattest of carriage-horses. He would have his wife run no risks. If he drove the fastest horses money could buy, and went at a reckless speed, he knew just what he could do. Nesta was as safe with him as in her own drawing-room.

Once they met a great hay-wain coming round a sharp corner and he had just time to pull back the chestnut on its haunches to avoid a collision.

"That was rather a near thing," he said, looking down at his wife, as they got clear of the cart, amid sulky objurgations from the wagoner, who did not recognize Mr. Moore of Valley in the dusk.

She looked up at him brightly.

"Not with you driving, Jim," she said.

"You always trust me, Nesta," he said. "Yet you are a timid child."

"Not with you," she said. "I am afraid of nothing with you. It is only when you are away from me that I am afraid."

"Yet a little absence brings me back a more ardent lover, outwardly at least. You said yourself the last time I went away to London that it was worth it."

"I know. Do you remember the cottage where we went for our honeymoon?"

"Am I likely to forget it?"

"I often think I should have been glad to stay there always, to keep you there always. Supposing you had been a quiet country gentleman doing a little farming, hunting in the season, fishing, shooting, a churchwarden and a justice of the peace, a model squire?"

"Would you have liked it?"

"I should have loved it."

"It would kill me in six months' time, Nesta. I must be

in the thick of life. I couldn't keep still and let the mosses gather on me and all the machinery go rusty. A short life and a merry one would be my desire."

"Not a short life," she said in protest.

"Not a long one," he replied. "I don't want to be an old man in the chimney corner. Now—steady, my pet," to the chestnut. They were going down Redstreak Hill, a particularly steep descent, and he drew the reins taut. The mare lifted her feet daintily as she went down the hill. For a few seconds there was silence. The hill was a long as well as a steep one.

Suddenly Nesta lifted her head with an air of listening.

"There is something coming behind us," she said, "fast."

"Ah!" he had heard it too, a sharp metallic clank and rattle that were momentarily growing louder. They had passed about a mile back a light cart, which stood outside the door of a little shop, unattended. It was laden with milk cans. If this was the same the cans were empty, judging by the clattering noise they made.

"It is a runaway," James Moore said between his teeth. "No man in his senses would drive so fast."

The clattering sound had reached the mare now. She laid back her fine ears and drew out faster and faster. James Moore gave her her head.

"Keep quiet," he said to his wife, "you are quite safe with me."

She did not need to be told. If he could have seen her face in the waning light he would have rejoiced in the pale, quiet courage of it. It was madness to go down Redstreak Hill at this pace—madness, but what could he do? The rattling thing behind them was coming at a tremendous pace. The mare had taken the bit between her teeth. He could do no more than guide her. He was not a religious man, but he muttered as though to himself—and Nesta heard him—"God send there may be nothing coming up!"

They had begun the steep descent of the hill now, and the valley lay beneath them. Under them, as it seemed in the gathering dark, something black moved, with a pair of shining great eyes in front—a carriage and its lamps. Would it turn up the hill? If so, nothing could prevent a bad collision.

James Moore leant forward and peered into the gloom.

Half-way down the hill there were the entrance gates to a house of the neighborhood and a gate lodge. It was a house at which James Moore had received a hospitable welcome in the days before he had met Nesta Gwynne and loved and married her. Since then he had been less *persona grata*. But yet the mare knew the way. If by any fortunate chance the gates should be standing open!

The lights of the dog cart gleamed on the dark aperture of the gate. By one fortunate chance out of a thousand the gates were open. He pulled the left rein sharply and the mare answered and turned in at the gate. They had outdistanced the runaway by this time. The clattering was faint in the distance. And suddenly the mare stood still trembling and sweating.

James Moore was out of the dog-cart in an instant; had swung his wife to the ground, lifting her back towards the white wall of the lodge. An old man came out of the lodge at the sound of the wheels.

"Here, Fleming, hold the mare," James Moore said. "Lead her a little way up the avenue. She has had a fright and made a bolt for it."

Now the runaway had turned the corner and was coming fast. A stride or two took James Moore into the road. Below him were the lights of the carriage. It was coming up slowly. The coachman had apparently no idea of any danger; but if he had, what could he do? The road was very narrow and the carriage was apparently a heavy one.

James Moore shouted to him and he heard, for the horses were suddenly brought to a pause. There were not twenty yards between them and the runaway. Where he stood James Moore could hear the panting of the horses. He could see the breath ascending from the nostrils.

"What is the matter?" called the coachman clambering down from his box.

James Moore did not answer him. He had sprung at the head of the runaway. He caught him by the head-piece. The reins dangled and tangled about his feet. The shaft of the cart struck him in the side, making him for the moment sick and giddy. He was partly on his knees, but he kept his grip. He saw his wife run to him from the open gate and cried to her to go back; but if she heard him, she did not heed for

once. Suddenly the runaway, as though tired of his escapade, came to a full stop of his own accord.

The coachman came running up too late to be of assistance, and an elderly gray head was poked out of the carriage window, the owner of it calling imperiously to know what had happened.

No one answered him, so he was obliged to alight and find out for himself. He was Lord Mount-Eden, the Lord Lieutenant of the county; but at the moment no one had time or inclination to satisfy him.

"Are you hurt, Jim?" Nesta cried, trembling as though the night were cold, instead of which it was a mild, still evening foreboding rain, and with a promise of wind in the red line that still lay low down the sky.

He reassured her, having only eyes for her for the moment. Then he turned to Lord Mount-Eden.

"I daresay the driver of this will be here immediately," he said. "He must be a careless fellow. I am glad your lordship was not put to more inconvenience."

As he spoke he was patting the neck of the runaway. Whatever other people thought of James Moore, animals always trusted him, as he always understood them.

"Quiet, quiet!" he said, and the horse turned a grateful eye upon him while it trembled and sweated.

CHAPTER IV.

THE BROTHERS.

Lord Mount-Eden and James Moore knew each other by sight. Indeed it would not have been easy to have been an inhabitant of those parts and not to have known James Moore, for his striking personality was not easily overlooked. No one saw him for the first time without asking who he was. He had a way of seeming to stand head and shoulders above the other men in any assemblage.

"It seems to me, Mr. Moore, that you have been the means of averting a very nasty accident, a very nasty accident," said his lordship in a gracious tone. He had forgotten that James

Moore was a *nouveau riche*, a man who had brought the abhorrent thing trade into their quiet country; who had desecrated one of their fairest valleys; who, in time, would bring the railway, which they all detested, screaming through their quiet woods and by their velvet lawns. As though a railway station ten miles away, and well out of sight and hearing, unless the wind blew in a certain direction, were not convenient enough for any man.

"It was very plucky of you, Mr. Moore," said a voice out of the darkness by his lordship's elbow. It was a frank voice, and there was a sound of admiration in it that was pleasant. "I don't know what would have happened to us, wedged in like this, with that thing coming down on top of us. How shall we thank you?"

The speaker came forward to the light, holding out an ungloved, white hand, which James Moore took into his own and held for a second, thinking what a good, honest clasp it had.

The Honorable Eugenia Capel, Lord Mount-Eden's only daughter, was a very fresh and wholesome specimen of a country lady. She walked, rode, drove, hunted, fished, played games, danced; and kept at thirty-five the bright eyes of a girl and a sympathetic charm which few girls are fortunate enough to possess.

"It was nothing," James Moore protested. "The horse stopped almost of himself. He might have stopped completely—"

"Very unlikely," said Miss Capel. "Anyhow, my father and I are very deeply obliged to you."

She turned to Nesta with a gracious gesture.

"I hope you will let me call upon you, Mrs. Moore," she said. "*We* ought to know each other; my father knows your aunt, Miss Grantley, very well. We have been so much away of late years, but now we have come to settle down at Mount-Eden for a good long time, I hope we may have the privilege of your friendship."

Before Nesta could answer, a hoarse, despairing voice came out of the darkness. "Whoa!" it called. "Whoa!" There was the sound of hobnailed boots carried by a clumsy owner, and down upon the group came the driver of the runaway, snorting and panting.

"Is he hurt?" he asked, very much out of breath. "If he's hurt I needn't go home to master. He'll say it were all my fault, so he will."

"He's all right, my lad," James Moore answered kindly, seeing that he had to deal with a big, lubberly boy, from whose eyes tears were not far. "He's all right, and he has hurt no one. There might have been a bad accident. Let it be a lesson to you not to leave your horse unattended again."

"I couldn't help it, Mr. Moore, sir," said the boy, who recognized him.

James Moore turned away, leaving him to his slow explanations. He lifted his hat to Lady Eugenia Capel.

"My wife will be very happy to see you," he said. The lady's head was almost on a level with his own and she was looking at him with an air of frank friendliness by the light of the carriage-lamps. "She would say as much herself—wouldn't you, Nesta?—only she is scared to death."

"I shall be very glad to see you, Lady Eugenia," Nesta said in a trembling voice.

So they shook hands and parted, the carriage ascending the hill, the Moores going on down into the valley.

As they descended they came nearer to the sound of the river falling over a weir in the darkness, the river which had driven the little mill that had belonged to James Moore's father in the latter years of his life, which now supplied the water-power for the greater mills which he had built. In time to come the river would do all manner of strange things it could never have dreamt of when it ran by Andrew Moore's little woolen mill in a country stillness.

The dog-cart turned in by a small white lodge, crossed a wooden bridge over the river with the music of the weir roaring close at hand, and went on up a dark avenue, overhung with trees, which showed a lighted lantern at the end. The avenue was between two deep streams which ran into the river; and it would have been a ticklish spot with a nervous horse on a dark night.

But now the chestnut trotted along in a chastened mood, as though ashamed of her former terrors and determined to be on her best behavior. The glimmer of the water in the light of the lamps, and the noise it made as it rushed along, foaming

and swirling, might have frightened another horse; but the chestnut was used to it.

The lantern at the end of the avenue of trees hung above the door of a plain white house of two wings built at right angles to each other and making two sides of a square. It was the house, practically unaltered, in which Andrew Moore and the former owners of the mill before him had lived and died. Nothing could be simpler and plainer. It was indeed quite time that it should be left to the brothers, Dick and Steve, who liked it as it was and would not be parted from it, and that Nesta and James Moore and the little daughter should inhabit something more imposing. Here they were out of sight of the long ranges of lit buildings. The noise of the water kept them from hearing the roar and rattle of machinery. There was nothing in view but the yet untouched meadows and the long row of alders by the water's edge.

As James Moore lifted his wife to the ground, with a tenderness which was in every office he rendered her, the house-door opened and a man came out and stood at the chestnut's head.

"Well, Dick," said James Moore, and his voice was affectionate. "We've got back all right. Where's Steve?"

"Just covering up his canaries for the night. I'll take the horse round. No one seems to have heard you."

A sweet low whistle of a bird met them on the threshold: there was an answering whistle. There was a whole aviary of them in a little glass-covered place at the back of the hall. The canaries were Steve Moore's hobby. He was covering them up for the night.

He looked round as they came in, an ungainly, low-sized image of his handsome brother. James Moore was hanging his coat up on the hall-rack. Nesta was stooping to caress an old collie which had come to meet them with sidling demonstrations of delight.

"You are late, Jim," he said, coming towards them, and there was a curious anxiety in his tones. "Is anything the matter? What kept you? And you are pale."

"We very nearly met with an accident," James Moore responded, "but luckily no one was hurt. You only fancy I look pale, Steve. I am all right."

"Come in and have a whisky and soda," Stephen Moore said, passing his arm within his brother's. "You look as if you wanted it. An accident? What kind of an accident? So long as you are safe—"

He drew him within the door of the dark, comfortable, low-browed room, with which they had found nothing amiss as a dining-room, although Nesta Moore, being used to light and spacious rooms, had thought it gloomy enough on her first sight of it, and felt it still almost intolerably small and stuffy. Whether by accident or design he drew the door to behind them.

Nesta Moore went slowly up the stairs. As she stood in the obscurity of the first landing the hall-door was pushed open and the other brother, Dick Moore, came in. He was darker than either of his brothers and he had a slight deformity that hunched his shoulders. He also went with an air of eager haste into the dining-room and closed the door behind him.

"They are quite happy without me," thought Nesta Moore as she went on towards her child's nursery. "If it were not for Jim—no woman could help loving Jim if he loved her—it would seem a thousand pities that any one should ever have taken him from them."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

FATHER TYRRELL'S VIEW OF REVEALED TRUTH.

BY JOHN M. SALTER, S.J.



HIS article does not purpose to give Fr. Tyrrell's present position, however interesting such a subject would be to the student of Modernism and its tendencies; but it designs to analyze critically an attitude assumed by Fr. Tyrrell while writing as a professional apologist in defence of the Church and against rationalistic criticism, an attitude viewed with no unfavorable eye by some Catholic theologians. While the prompt adhesion of Catholics to the utterances of Christ's Vicar has been most edifying, there has been a tendency on the part of a few to suspect the ecclesiastical authorities of over-estimating the danger of the erroneous view. A clear statement of this view, and an analysis of the argument that supports it, will show that the danger was not exaggerated, and will help to clear away the confusion of ideas unavoidably caused by a discussion which is now closed.

In the first place, then, Fr. Tyrrell's theory rests on the principle that between the truth of revelation, and truth naturally acquired, there exists a generic difference. He does not mean a specific difference, due to the different way in which these two kinds of truth reach our intellect; nor a specific difference arising from the different motives of assent, *i. e.*, the word of God in one case and the light of reason in the other. He means a great deal more than this; he means that revealed truth and fact-truth belong to two entirely different orders. "I recognize then," he says, "two fountains of religious truth—natural and supernatural, reason and revelation, and two corresponding styles of utterance, the one scientifically exact, the other prophetic and inspired. . . . To bring these two *generically different orders of truth** and utterance into one system, by a sort of 'confusion of nature,' by using prophetic utterances as theological premises, by giving supernatural authority

* *Italics are ours.*

to scientific terms and propositions (*qua* scientific) is to lose oneself in a labyrinth of insoluble difficulties" (p. 323).*

In its object, too, he would make revelation differ generically from fact-truth. „The object of prophetic truth,, Fr. Tyrrell tells us (p. 231), „unlike that of science or history, is the ideal rather than the actual; the future or else the eternal, rather than the past or present; what ought to be, and is in process of becoming, rather than what is. . . . Prophetic truths misinterpreted as literal statements of fact, are often inconsistent with one another, and with the world of fact-truths,, (p. 232).† I would remark here that Fr. Tyrrell uses the word "prophetic" truth as synonymous with revealed truth. It will be seen that in this system it is not hard to account for all the discrepancies found in the Bible.

It is clear to all that a fact of history or science may be enunciated and revealed or manifested to others by a statement. But in revelation, according to Fr. Tyrrell (p. 287), God is revealed, not as a fact is revealed by a statement, but only as a cause is revealed by its effect. Hence in his view when I know a natural truth, some reality is represented to me, when I know a revealed truth, the reality is not *represented*, but only *presented* to me. This does not mean merely that our concepts of revealed truth are abstract and analogous. Here are some of the similes Fr. Tyrrell uses to explain his meaning. As statement revelation has no more value than the curious imagery patients use to describe their pains to the doctor (p. 285). Like the cry or sob of the sick man, revelation manifests, but does not represent (p. 296). A savage may describe in pictorial language the impression made on him by a thunderstorm, the blinding flashes, the awe-inspiring peals of thunder, the torrential rains, the wrath of his storm-god. His statement is valuable as a record of his experience, but it has not the slightest scientific worth (p. 287). In the same way, Fr. Tyrrell concludes, revelation, taken as statement, is only valuable as a record of a spiritual experience; it cannot be used, as statements can be used, from which we may deduce other statements.

„Revelation and prophetic utterance,, he admits (p. 231), „are worth more than science, because they are simply the

* All quotations from Fr. Tyrrell are taken from *Through Scylla and Charybdis*. Longmans, Green & Co., 1907. The page is indicated in each instance.

† Quotation marks are placed on the line when the citation is not verbatim, but almost so.

natural shadow of experience, its spontaneous utterance. Revelation is superior to science, not because it is critically valuable as an explanation, but because it embodies the phenomenon to be explained. Its artless constructions of history and science and philosophy may crumble under the touch of criticism, but criticism will be condemned unless its reconstructions find room for all that revelation strove to shelter.,,

From these paragraphs, which are almost the very language of Fr. Tyrrell, we see that the principle of *generic difference* between revealed truth and fact-truth is more and other than Catholics can safely admit to exist between natural and supernatural truth. We see no difference between this principle and the tenet of Modernism thus set forth and condemned in the Encyclical *Pascendi*: "The Sacred Books being essentially religious, are consequently necessarily living. Now life has its own truth and its own logic—quite different from rational truth and rational logic, belonging as they do to a different order."

What position does this principle of generic difference of truth, natural and revealed, give to theology? In denying that revelation is statement, Fr. Tyrrell does not merely mean that no philosophical truth is given in or with revelation, but he expressly denies that revealed language has any value as premise for either theological or historical conclusion. He is bitter in repudiating the methods of scholasticism. We have already heard him say: "Prophetic truth cannot be used as statements may be used, from which we may deduce other statements" (p. 289). In another place he says: To regard revelation "as historical or philosophical statement, and to use such supposed statements as the basis of argument, is equally to confound together things as generically different as experience, and reflection on experience" (p. 303). According to Fr. Tyrrell revelation is merely an experience; statement, a reflection on experience.

Let us see the example he uses to illustrate this. "Christ was revealed to St. Peter as 'the Messiah, the Son of the Living God.' To St. John He appears as the Eternal Logos; to St. Paul He is the Second or Spiritual Adam.,," "These conceptions, as revealed, have no direct theological value, they are but part of the experience whose character they help to determine. It is that experience, taken as a concrete fact and reality, which forms the subject-matter of theological explana-

tion" (p. 289). "It is the theologian's task to study revelation not as statement but as psychological experience," (p. 303). This, according to Fr. Tyrrell, is the attitude of *true dogmatic theology* towards revelation (p. 298). He would have theology a sort of supernatural psychology, a psychology dealing with the supernatural phenomena in man.

Of scholasticism and its so-called misuse or abuse of revelation he writes: "I will not give the name of theology or science to a hybrid system, which, applying logical deduction to the inspired and largely symbolic utterances of prophecy imposes its conclusions in the name of both revelation and reason, as binding at once on the conscience and on the understanding . . ." (pp. 350-351). He prefers to call scholasticism a "pseudo-science," "the dogmatic fallacy," "theologism," and he declares: "I regard it as the mother and mistress of all heresies from the beginning; as the sword which has hewn Christendom into pieces; as the force which both keeps and drives out of the Church multitudes of the most religious-minded men of our day; as the corrupter at once of revelation and theology, the enemy alike of faith and reason." A severe rating truly for a system so highly recommended and so strictly enforced on all students of theology by the divinely appointed guardian of revelation and faith. Yet admit the principle of generic difference between natural and revealed truth, and scholastic theology deserves all the censure which Fr. Tyrrell bestows on it. If there is a generic difference between the truth of a revealed major premise and the truth of a philosophical minor, the conclusion is rightly called a "hybrid."

If, by eviscerating revealed statement of all *theological content*, Fr. Tyrrell reduces scholastic theology to a pseudo-science, he does still greater damage, when he strips revelation of all *historical worth*. His view of the historical value of sacred history sweeps away the very groundwork of apologetic theology, and leaves us to grope in the darkness of our subconsciousness for a "reason for the hope that is in us." To concede the truth of his theory would be to yield to the enemy the Church's strongest bulwark against rationalism. The historical authority of certain books of the Bible is of first importance for a reasonable faith in the Church's divinely given power; this historical authority has proved an unanswerable

argument for her extensive and important claims. Against this rock the forces of error have ever been hurled with special fury. And now the Church is asked to save herself by abandoning this eminence, and allowing the enemy to erect their batteries on it. This may sound strange, but it is just what Fr. Tyrrell's theory means. "Please reject the historicity of the Four Gospels and the Acts," is its modest demand.

This view is developed in the chapter entitled "Prophetic History." Fr. Tyrrell says: "Although we have no right to look for a precise point to point agreement between (what I may call) the 'prophetic' reading or construction of history, and the scientific reading of the same; although we may not at once use separate points of sacred tradition as so many historical arguments; yet the truth of Christianity requires that in its *entirety*, the 'dogmatic' reading of history should be true to the scientific, in much the same way that the artistic idealization of an episode, its dramatic or poetic treatment, should be substantially true to fact" (p. 244). According to this theory the writer of such revelation as is historical is guided not by what "has been," but by "what ought to be."

Let us take Fr. Tyrrell's own illustration. "Shakespeare in his 'King John' or 'Richard III.' or 'Henry VIII.' has idealized and transfused facts in the interest of drama. He narates these events not strictly as they did happen, but rather as they *ought* to have happened had he been guiding history solely in the interest of drama. This artistic interest becomes a principle of bias, of historical falsification in the cause of greater dramatic truth.,, In these historical plays there is a substantial correspondence with fact, but we cannot use Shakespeare's dramatic statements as premises for valid historical inference.

Fr. Tyrrell proceeds to argue from the less to the greater: "But if the poet is justified in transfusing and idealizing facts in the cause of art, the believer may with greater justice use the same liberty in the interest of religion. For while the dramatist knows that history is not guided primarily in the interest of art, the man of religious faith and hope rightly believes that the process of events is shaped ultimately in the interests of morality and religion, and that 'what ought to be,' so far as it is judged rightly, is identical with what is, or has been, or will be. His interpretation, if wrong, is saved in, and transcended

by the truth, so far as its religious value is concerned. Hence the believer's comparative recklessness, his too easy indifference to the rights of history,, (p. 248). Elsewhere he writes: „The bias of Faith and Hope falsifies facts to make them a truer expression of their inward meaning,, (p. 250). “This prophetic reading of history, not merely in spite of, but because of and through its partial infidelity to bare fact, reaches a deeper order of truth” (p. 249). Here we see expressed, in pretty clear words, the Modernistic principles of *Transfiguration* and *Disfigurement*, by which faith is assumed to elevate facts of history, and other natural phenomena, above their own proper conditions, and to attribute to them qualities which they do not possess. This twofold principle is assumed to guide the writing of all Sacred History, and criticism must take it into account in ascertaining the fact-value of such history. It is this view of the historical value of Sacred Scripture that gives rise to the current Modernistic distinction between the Christ of history and the Christ of faith, between the sacraments of history and the sacraments of faith.

Were all this true it would follow logically that revelational narrative cannot be used as premise for historical deduction. The Bible would be useless as history. And this is the very conclusion that rationalists have labored long and unsuccessfully to prove. The historical documents of the Old and New Testaments, say the Modernists, must not be accorded the rights of profane witnesses. What clear injustice! Precisely because, besides their historical character, they claim a religious character, they may not be heard in open court; they may not stand on an equal footing with profane history before the bar of criticism; they must be racked and tortured in the dungeon of the Modernistic critic till, stripped and lacerated beyond recognition, they say only what he wishes them to say.

But why should the Modernist critic pass the final judgment on everything in Sacred History? Does not Fr. Tyrrell admit that the Church is a divinely appointed interpreter of all that belongs to the “deposit of faith”? Does he not hold the infallible magisterium? Are not her infallible definitions a bridge between these two orders of truth? Cannot her interpretations of revelation be understood in their literal sense? Does she not speak a language intelligible to her children?

Fr. Tyrrell assures us that the Church is the divinely assisted

guardian of Apostolic revelation (p. 327). He yields to no one, he declares, in respect for the infallible magisterium (p. 330). But when he has explained the limits of this teaching authority, and the value of œcumenical definitions, we find ourselves in "confusion worse confounded."

First he cautions us that "The Church is not an infallible theologian. She has no gift of theological inerrancy. She is inerrant as instinct is inerrant. She feels the impression made by theological statements, and it is this impression she approves or disapproves. What is perfectly true may create a false impression; what is perfectly false may create a true impression," (p. 299).

The infallibility of the Church in dogmatic facts has not yet been solemnly defined, but ecclesiastical history proves beyond a doubt that in practice it is the teaching of the Church. Yet Fr. Tyrrell places such facts outside the limit of the infallible magisterium.

What value then does Fr. Tyrrell give to œcumenical definitions? To which order of truth do they belong? To prophetic-truth or fact-truth? To the logic of life or the logic of reason? We are prepared for his answer, when we see how he has whittled down the Church's teaching authority. He tells us: "Her mission is prophetic and her method is prophetic. It is by the Spirit that she interprets the Spirit; not by argumentation, but by a divine instinct or tact. It is this spiritual instinct that bids her hold out, with a certain blindness and 'unreasonable' obstinacy, against any assertion of reason so long as, and so far as it imperils, or seems to imperil, the sense and the spirit of the Apostolic revelation" (p. 329). This sounds very plausible. But Fr. Tyrrell does not mean by her prophetic mission and prophetic method, that the Church reads revelation and then tells us in plain, intelligible language what is revealed and what we must believe. His own words are: "Her utterances are prophetic and must be interpreted prophetically, and not necessarily according to their surface and *proper* value. They are divine oracles. As such, their sense is more or less cryptic and enigmatic" (p. 329). . . . "In dogma as in Scripture the surface meaning is rarely the true meaning. The true meaning must often wait on time for its disclosure.,," Fr. Tyrrell takes the first canon of Scriptural exegesis, and reversing it, gets a principle for interpreting both Scripture and dogma.

The words of Scripture and *infallible* definition are not to be taken in their natural sense. According to his own admission: We do not know how they are to be understood, but certainly not necessarily in their obvious and proper sense.

But Fr. Tyrrell would reject such a statement of his canon. He would answer we do know in what sense œcumenical definitions are true. „ They are designed to protect Apostolic revelation (p. 330). They are true in their *protective* value. They are the husk wrapped around the kernel of Apostolic revelation, and like husk and kernel, are the output of one and the same vital principle „ (p. 334). „As reassertions of the revelation they *protect*, they are binding in conscience, as explicit theological statements, they bind the intellect like other scientific conclusions so far as they are correctly demonstrated „ (p. 308).

Now we ask, if their value is only “*protective*” and not *interpretative*, and if we do not know the meaning of the revelation they are designed to protect, have we not a case where the explanation is more obscure than the law, the commentary more unintelligible than the text? To call such a Church a magisterium is to misuse language. Fr. Tyrrell is not unaware that his way is devious. Of his distinction between “proper” and “protective” values he says: “Let him take it who can. I could only wish there were a straighter way out of a labyrinth of difficulties” (p. 308).

Here then, in a word, is the view of revealed truth, which Fr. Tyrrell adopts to avoid Scylla and Charybdis. Revealed truth cannot be so worded in human language that its statement reads true. These statements are merely symbols of a spiritual experience that once took place. They do not *represent* a divinely given truth, but *present* a hidden divine reality. The prophet’s “reading of past history is as little historical as his reading of future history, whether he looks back to the creation or forward to the Messianic consummation; in both cases he sees fact, indeed, but fact transfigured and rearranged so as to bring out the underlying meaning of the whole process. And the like is to be said of the prophet’s philosophy or science” (p. 302). „And the Church’s teaching-office is simply to guard this revelation; her dogmatic definitions possess only a protective value „ (p. 354). Their true sense is cryptic and enigmatic.

Now, since this generic difference of truths leads to conclusions so utterly subversive of theology and revelation as commonly understood in the Church, it will prove of interest and importance to learn how Fr. Tyrrell deduces his principle. His argument is drawn from an analysis of what takes place in the prophet when he receives revelation. We will first give a brief statement of the argument and afterwards examine it point by point.

The argument: Revelation is a spiritual experience, an elevation of man's soul, an impression produced by God upon his every faculty. The whole soul, and not the intellect alone, is the subject of this divine shock. Revelation is not merely a truth impressed on the mind, it is not merely an impulse given to the will, it is a composite impression stirring the whole spiritual fabric. The prophet does not hear statements, he sees images, he feels a thrill, he knows that God is near him. In this state he may try to express in his own mind what is going on within him. His imaginative and intellectual representation will be only a human picture of a divine experience. Moreover, it will represent only the impression made on the mind and imagination, and not the impulse given to the heart and will. Hence, even this spontaneous conception can never be a full and adequate expression of the entire revelation. Still less adequate and more purely human are those imaginings and conceptions, which are the result of cool reflection made after the shock has passed. Hence prophetic language, whether it expresses spontaneous or reflective conceptions, is not a divinely-given, adequate statement of revealed truth, but is merely the word of man struggling to announce a God-given impression, a human effort to tell of a divine experience. Now the truth of revelation cannot consist in the statement value of such language, but only in its symbolic value. The proper sense of the terms is not the word of God, but the word of man. The divine truth of revelation, therefore, consists not in what it says, but in what it fain would say; not in the statement, but in the experience.

Now let us examine this argument in detail.

First of all, Fr. Tyrrell tells us (p. 281), there is a transforming of the receptive part of our mind, a part which we may compare to the sense of hearing. We listen, we do not speak; we receive, we do not give; we are shown something, we do

not show. Further on (p. 286) Fr. Tyrrell openly assumes the Modernistic principle of "Divine Immanence" and then continues: God "draws near the soul and fills her with Himself to overflowing, flooding each spiritual faculty with His own Spirit—and thereby working at times strange transformations even in the very senses and bodily organism" (p. 287). Apart from the Modernistic explanation, we can grant that this marvelous effect was often produced in the prophets, but such ecstasy is not necessary for revelation.

Fr. Tyrrell goes on: "Revelation is not a statement, but a showing. God speaks by deeds, not by words" (p. 287). Is this true? If God ever spoke to man it was by the mouth of Christ His Son. Now Christ's revelation is pre-eminently a revelation of statement; Christ taught a doctrine; Christ announced truth to mankind; and those who heard Him and acknowledged His heaven-given mission, accepted His words as divinely revealed statements. Many of them even, under the inspiration of the Holy Ghost, have recorded for us the exact sense of many of His statements. Christ has spoken both by word and deed. His words teach us what we must believe, His deeds show us how to live in accordance with this belief.

It is well to distinguish carefully two kinds of revelation: revelation that is given from without, and revelation that springs up within the prophet. We have instances of the first kind in those "Divine Manifestations," when God appeared under the guise of man and conversed with Abraham, Jacob, and Moses, and when Christ appeared in our very nature and dwelt amongst us. The revelations of Isaias, Jeremias, and Ezechiel seem to be examples of the second kind, for these prophets were rapt out of themselves and received, at times at least, impressions of truth, from an inward working of God's power. Now it is clear that Fr. Tyrrell's analysis applies only to this second kind of revelation. How, we will now try to ascertain.

According to him revelation is of the whole man. "The same shock," he continues, "which gives fire to the heart, and impulse to the will, fills the mind with some interpretative image of the agency at work, much as the sound of a foot-fall evokes the image of a pedestrian, or as any sound suggests an idea of its source and meaning" (p. 287). What Fr. Tyrrell has said shortly before will make these words clearer. "Revelation, strictly speaking," he tells us, "is this total re-

religious experience, not simply the mental element of that experience" (p. 285). And elsewhere: "It is an experience made up of feelings and impulses and imaginings, which reverberates in every corner of the soul, and leaves its impress everywhere, in the mind no less than in the heart and will" (p. 282). Let it be granted that revelation, as a spiritual fact, consists in the total religious experience, and not merely in the mental element; yet it is not as a spiritual fact that revelation is of importance to mankind. In the revelation we are considering, God manifests a truth to the prophet not for himself, but for communication to others, to be believed by them. The mental element, then, is the element of general interest, the one chiefly intended by God. The feelings and impulses of heart and will are personal gifts to the prophet, the intellectual element, the revealed *truth*, is a public gift to mankind. This is why the mental element, and not the whole experience, receives the name of revelation.

But Fr. Tyrrell thinks otherwise. He tells us in substance: "The volitional elements are evanescent, while the mental or imaginative element abides in the memory, and survives as the representative of the total experience. I cannot recall the whole experience at will, but I can recall the impression it made on my imagination. This remembered impression arrogates to itself the name of Revelation," (p. 283). And rightly so, we say, for it is what God wishes the prophet to proclaim as His divine word, it is the prophet's burden, the "Thus saith the Lord." Fr. Tyrrell continues: "We come to regard this memory of the mental element as 'representative' of the whole experience, while it only represents the past mental element, which was itself but a part of the experience and not representative of the other elements," (p. 283). Now we do not suppose that the mental element represents the total experience, but we do claim that it represents that truth, that knowledge, which God reveals in the experience. The memory of this truth will naturally bring back, to some extent, the past experience, as the remembrance of any fact recalls the circumstances under which we came to know it.

From this analysis, Fr. Tyrrell now draws his first conclusion: "The theologian, therefore, looks, or should look, upon revelation as a part of religious experience, by means of which he can, to some extent, reconstruct the whole of that experi-

ence (as an object may be reconstructed from its shadow, or an extinct species of animal from its vestiges)" (p. 284). In this sense, he tells us again and again, revelation is the subject-matter of theology. Now revelation, viewed as a spiritual phenomenon, is not the subject-matter of theology, though it may be the subject-matter of a supernatural psychology. Theology finds its subject-matter in the One True God and Jesus Christ, Whom He has sent. The theologian works with those very truths which he believes by faith. For theodicy has told him that God's word is infallibly true, and history teaches (nor can criticism gainsay it) that these words are the words of God. Their plain truth is clear to him, therefore, by the light of natural reason alone, apart from that other supernatural light which leads his intellect captive. And hence these very articles of faith form the first principles of theology. Nor can it be objected that this is an arbitrary definition. We find this view of the science of theology luminously explained, and defended by St. Thomas. *Cf. Summa Theologica. P. I., Qu. 1., Art. 1-9.**

Fr. Tyrrell's next conclusion (p. 287) is that the same experience will produce a very different mental impression on minds of different culture, and that the outward record will vary according to this impression. He illustrates this point by showing how differently savant and savage describe the same natural phenomenon; for instance, the same thunder-storm. We readily admit that the temperament and refinement of the prophet will influence his style, but it will not change the sense or thought of the record. St. Luke wrote better Greek than St. Paul, but God saw to it that each expressed the true sense which He deigned to reveal to mankind.

Since, according to Fr. Tyrrell the mental impression is only an inadequate representation of the truth revealed, the spoken word and the written word must likewise be but vestiges of revelation, and vestiges highly influenced by the personality of the prophet. He tells us (p. 303) that the record we have is a translation of the experience into outward language and symbolism, a translation inadequate and only suggestive, whose

* As regards the meaning of the term *Sacra doctrina*, used in these articles, St. Thomas himself tells us, Art. I. *ad secundum*, that theology, as distinct from theodicy, is a branch of this *Sacra doctrina*, and in several places he uses "Theologia" and "Sacra doctrina" as synonymous.

end is to evoke in the hearer the same spiritual phenomenon that has stirred the prophet. He would make the language of revelation and inspiration a mere group of symbols given us by God to evoke a revelation that is already written in the depths of our being. What is this if not the Modernistic doctrines of "Symbolism" and "Divine Immanence"?

And now comes Fr. Tyrrell's main conclusion: The real truth contained in such a record is by no means its face value as statement. „Revelational truth and theological truth cannot be compared as two statements—poetic and scientific—of the same fact. Between these two kinds of truth there exists a generic difference,, (p. 289). Now, does his analysis warrant this conclusion? Recall the distinction given above. Many records of revelation are the statements of men who wrote from their own natural and personal experience or who gathered their facts through patient research. Fr. Tyrrell's analysis proves nothing against the statement-value of such records. Nor are these records revelation only in a wide sense, in so far as they are words inspired by God, and therefore for us sealed with His authority. They are revelation in a stricter sense, for they are a manifestation to us of certain facts which were accomplished by God's free choice and immediate intervention. Instances of such facts, we have, in the establishment of the Church and the institution of seven sacraments by a Heaven-sent Legate. And this Legate, not content with accomplishing these facts, left behind Him His Apostles as infallible witnesses of His work. Now, it is *their testimony* as *His witnesses* that theologians use as revealed premises, and apologists lay down as indisputable facts of history. And thus Fr. Tyrrell's elaborate argumentative analysis is, for the most part, beside his conclusion. For while claiming that revelation is not statement, yet he draws his argument from only one species of revelation, and this species, as we have seen, is by no means typical. For he analyzes only the spiritual experience by which the *prophet* is supposed to have received revelation, and yet it is certain that the bulk of revealed truths in question are not the ecstatic visions of a prophet, but the sober, substantial *statements*, the plain-spoken *words*, of One Who, by His repeated miracles, proved His God-given mission as teacher of mankind.

And moreover in his restricted field of revelation, consisting only of such records of revealed truth as are the utterances of

prophetic visions, Fr. Tyrrell's analysis does not prove what it purposes to prove. Nor does it by any means warrant the conclusion that even these records are but suggestive symbols, given for the purpose of exciting in the hearers an experience like that vouchsafed the prophet. For God has made man a rational being, and hence we may confidently expect to find Him ever dealing with man as with a rational being. Therefore, when He speaks to him "through the *prophets*," He will not communicate His divine message by an experience that will thrill the heart and warm the will and enlighten the understanding of the prophet alone. No; He will enable His messenger to fire in turn the souls of men, not by prophesying unintelligible symbols and enigmas, though their language may, it is true, abound in metaphors, but as men appealing to men, using language that will reach the heart through the understanding. Hence in these divine messages of the prophets we shall look to find, and we shall find, the most admirable appeals to reason, motives of reward and punishment, motives of gratitude, imitation, and love, and all put forth with a force that has energized sacred oratory for nineteen hundred years. And the messengers themselves will come armed with those credentials which *rational* creatures naturally demand, miracles and miraculous foreknowledge of human events.

A REMNANT OF EMPIRE.

BY P. W. BROWNE.

Author of "Where the Fishers go: the Story of Labrador."



IN a recent number of the Paris [*Figaro*, Count Albert le Mun bewails the "situation" created at St. Pierre-Miquelon, by the revolt of the Pier-raï against the despotism of an atheistic administration. He says, deprecatingly: "*Ils ont tort, les pauvres gens.*" They have done ill, these brave colonists, in adopting seemingly the only means whereby they might arouse France from its apathy, and awaken it from a lethargic dream of patriotism where religious sentiment has been outraged. These brave Bretons have dared to raise the symbol of freedom—the Stars and Stripes—above the Tricolor; and have demanded the redress of grievous wrongs!

"Just one hundred and fifty years ago," continues this patriotic count, "France possessed in North America 'a world' which its prowess had opened to civilization; Cartier won it (from the Indian tribes); Champlain developed it; and Mont-calm shed his blood in its defence; it was, alas! lost to France irrevocably in the death throes of a corrupt monarchy."

Part of this "world" is the Colony of St. Pierre which, says another patriot, consists "of a few barren rocks, obscured by fogs and constantly buffeted by the angry waves"; and St. Pierre, Miquelon, Isle Verte, Grand Colombier, and Isle aux Chiens are the last remnant of a sovereignty which still were ours, were it not for the criminal supineness of legislators who regarded "*La Nouvelle France*" as only "a few acres of snow."

Within the borders of our little colony, which lies off the south shore of Newfoundland, dwells a people amongst which there still are descendants of Jean Bart, Duquesne, and Duguay-Trouin—the representatives of the hardy Flemings, Basques, and Bretons who in past times were the maritime guard of France.

These hardy toilers derive a precarious livelihood from the harvest of the sea; they are ever face to face with danger, and too often pay toll to the death-dealing fury of the storm.

No other colonial possession has known such vicissitudes of fortune as this little French colony, lost and retaken so often by English and French. It is the eldest-born of the motherland; "and," says the writer quoted above, "notwithstanding the pretensions of these vain English explorers—the Cabots—these islands were visited by Danish and Norwegian explorers in the twelfth century; the Basques fished here in the fourteenth; and when the intrepid Breton Mariner—Jacques Cartier—visited these coasts, in 1535, he found numbers of fishermen, from St. Malo, Fecamp, Paimpol, and Dieppe, plying their trade in the Archipelago and along the Banks."

Yet it was not till Champlain laid the solid foundations of our "Empire in the West," by the establishment of Quebec, in 1608, that St. Pierre assumed importance as a fishing-center; from that date it has ever been the nursery of our navy (*pè pinière*) and the training-school of our mariners.

St. Pierre, historically, is a veritable replica-in-miniature of the motherland; it has had its "Revolution"; its "Reign of Terror"; its "Liberty Tree"; and even its "*Coup d'état*." Its history has been a romance of empire; and the recent "difficulties" are in keeping with its past records. The history of the *disaffection* of the Pierrais is found in the *transactions* of the *Quai d'Orsay*, as it is but the distant echo of Breton revolt against the iniquitous legislation which has menaced the spiritual and educational existence of the "Eldest Daughter of the Church." Discontent has been rife since the inauguration, in France, of the secularization of Catholic schools, and it has culminated in scenes of disorder which indicate a complete rupture between the motherland and its oldest colonial possession.

St. Pierre is a busy little town of five thousand souls, and not unlike some of the Breton seaports; it really is a bit of France of the *ancien régime* transplanted to the Western world, though somewhat modernized by the progressive genius of its people. Its narrow streets, its *trottoirs*, the creaking ox-cart, the click of the *sabot*, the apple-cheeked Norman women, the quaint and picturesque costumes of its inhabitants, are all reminiscent of Breton ancestry

It has occupied a large place in French colonial annals; and it has been a *cause de guerre* many a time and oft between France and its greatest colonial rival—England.

After centuries of peaceful progress, St. Pierre witnessed, in 1702, its first assault by a British fleet; and its fort, mounting *six guns*, was destroyed by an English squadron under command of Captain Leake: "*beaucoup d'honneur pour six canons*," remarks a caustic Frenchman. By the *Treaty of Utrecht* (1713) England obtained possession of Acadia, Newfoundland, and St. Pierre; and in the stipulations of this momentous document we read: "It shall not be lawful for the subjects of his most Christian Majesty, the King of France, to fortify any place in the said Island of St. Pierre."

"This treaty," says the Abbé Raynal, "wrested from the feeble hands of Louis the portals of Canada, Acadia, and Newfoundland; and from this dates the decline of the Monarchy and the oncoming of the Revolution."

St. Pierre remained in the possession of the English for fifty years, and was, by the *Treaty of Paris* (February 10, 1763), restored to France "as a refuge for fishermen." This treaty also forbade the fortification of the island, for it is herein stipulated: "His most Christian Majesty, the King of France, engages not to fortify these islands, nor to erect buildings upon them, but they are to be merely for the convenience of the fishermen; and only a guard of fifty men shall be kept upon the islands for their protection."

The enactment of the *Treaty of Paris* was the occasion of extraordinary scenes in the British House of Commons. Lord Chatham, who rose from a sick bed to take part in the debates upon its passage, denounced it as "an iniquitous measure." Lord Bute, who was the supposed tool of Choiseul, was openly charged with bribery; and the very sum (*three hundred thousand pounds*) was named as the bribe which he had accepted from the French.

Junius, in one of his letters, charged one of Bute's colleagues—the Duke of Bedford—with a similar crime. He says: "Belle Isle, Gorée, Guadeloupe, St. Lucia, Martinique, The Fishery, The Havannas, are glorious monuments of your Grace's talents for negotiation. My Lord, we are too well acquainted with your pecuniary character to think it possible that so many public sacrifices should have been made without some private

compensation. Your conduct carries with it an internal evidence, beyond all the legal proofs of a Court of Justice."

Soon after the enactment of this Treaty several Acadian refugees settled in St. Pierre; but they do not seem to have taken kindly to the hazardous life of a fishing-colony. Within a few years they abandoned it and located in Cape Breton and the Magdalen Islands.

Between the years 1763 and 1776, St. Pierre made great forward strides, owing to its trade with the New England States; and then began the contraband trade (smuggling), which has been one of the dark spots in its history.

In 1778 a British squadron, under command of Rear-Admiral Montague, again took possession of the island, without any show of resistance on the part of the inhabitants; but by the *Treaty of Versailles* (1783) it was restored to France. "This treaty," says an enthusiastic French jurist, "did not impose upon the French colonists the humiliations (*les conditions humiliantes*) of the *Treaty of Utrecht*." But English authorities claim (seemingly justly) that the *Treaty of Versailles* did not rescind any of the provisions of the *Treaty of Utrecht*. Out of this Treaty arose the famous "French Shore Question," which for so many years afforded emoluments to the legal fraternity of Newfoundland, and sundry trips to the British Isles for local politicians. The "Question" was adjusted in 1904, much to the chagrin of the Pierrais merchants and Newfoundland jurists. England indemnified the French fishermen for their claims (supposed) on the *French Shore*; and ceded to France elsewhere valuable territory in compensation for the "rights" acquired by treaty. These "rights" *actually* permitted French fishermen *concurrent* fishing on that part of the Newfoundland coast lying between Cape John and Cape Ray; but French legislators construed *concurrent* fishing—for *la morue* into *exclusive* rights on the Treaty Coast.

St. Pierre, like the motherland, in Revolutionary days had its "General Assembly," and its "Committee of Notables"; and the meetings of these organizations were sometimes held in the parish church. In 1789 M. Allain, the saintly curé, declined to participate in these orgies, and refused to take the oath of allegiance to Jacobinism. He subsequently left the colony, and located with many of his flock on the Magdalen Islands.

During the *régime* of the Assembly a "Jacobin Club" existed, under the title of "*Le Club des Amis de la Constitution*"; and for a while there was actually a "Reign of Terror"; in a riot caused by members of the club a woman named Genevieve Larache was killed.

"The 8th of April, 1793, was a memorable day in the French toy republic. A big spruce tree was brought from the Newfoundland shore, and it was solemnly planted, with all pomp and ceremony, in the public square, as a 'Tree of Liberty.' The scene is changed! This republican farce came to an abrupt termination. St. Pierre became again a British possession; and its population were deported to Halifax."—(Prowse: *History of Newfoundland*.)

The "*Peace of Amiens*" (1802) again transferred the colony to France; but, within a year, it again reverted to England. At this period many Newfoundland families from the Burin Peninsula settled in St. Pierre; and to-day there are many in the colony bearing Irish names who speak only the language of the Gaul.

The "*Treaty of Paris*" (1815) again restored St. Pierre to France, under whose jurisdiction it has since remained. The exiled sons returned from Halifax; and trade immediately revived. Little of a political nature transpired for many years, until, in 1851, a little "*Coup d'etat*" awakened the dormant political activities of the colonists. It was brought about by a malcontent *Capitaine au long cours*, who organized the Republican faction against the exactions of Imperialism. The movement was short-lived, however, and M. le Capitaine fell into the clutches of the law; he was condemned, on some trivial charge, to twelve months' imprisonment, and later deported from St. Pierre. The administration of justice was seemingly rather singular, for in the same year a rich merchant of the town shot one of the *disciplinaires* (military prisoners) dead in his hall (the unfortunate prisoner was hungry and begging for a morsel of bread). The murderer was sentenced to *one month's imprisonment*, which he spent under surveillance in his own luxurious home.—(Prowse: *Op. cit.*) The greatest rivalry has always existed between St. Pierre and the neighboring English colony—Newfoundland; and it is as formidable to-day as in times when Britain's mandates were enforced at the cannon's mouth. The cause of this rivalry is—Fish (*la morue*).

"Fish," says a French writer, "is the very life of St. Pierre; and everything in the little colony is suggestive of the piscatorial industry. *Sans la morue, Saint Pierre n'a plus sa raison d'être*: it is the prolific cause of blessings and curses; it develops greed amongst the rich, and brings woes unnumbered to the poor. All topics of conversation revolve around *la morue*. In the early days of spring the thud of the mallet and caulking iron is heard late and early; the streets are thronged with fishermen laden with bundles of oakum and canvas; and the air is redolent of—Stockholm tar and fumes of the barking-pot. The fleet is being put in readiness for fishing; and there are daily arrivals of *festive marin* from St. Malo, Granville, and St. Brieue. From five to six thousand of these hardy Bretons come annually to St. Pierre to outfit for the shore (*peche sedentaire*) and bank fishery." They are a venturesome lot, these Bretons; and they are reared amid surroundings which develop the characteristics which fit them for their future avocation—the French navy. "Formidable men," says the writer quoted above, "formidable men, these Bretons; they are our greatest glory and the source of our national pride!"

The approximate value of these fisheries is \$1,500,000; and the French taxpayers are contributors towards the industry to the extent of practically one-third of its value; as the fishermen receive a *bounty* of about nine francs per quintal for all fish exported, and five francs for what is consumed on French territory. This bounty system is the *crux* of the difficulties existing between Newfoundland and St. Pierre, as the French products are in constant competition with Newfoundland fish in the European markets. This unfair method of business on the part of the French has been detrimental to Newfoundland; and the latter retaliated some years ago by enacting the famous "Bait Bill," the enforcement of which has wrought havoc to the French fishermen, and caused the decline of St. Pierre. These effects are admitted by all who are competent to pass judgment on the question; and the Pierrais themselves admit the fact that the decadence of St. Pierre began when Newfoundland, in self-defence, enacted the "Bait Bill."

A St. Pierre newspaper says: "Since the enforcement of the 'Bait Bill' French fishermen have found their industry less productive than before." The decadence of St. Pierre is very remarkable. Its fishing fleet has decreased nearly fifty per cent

within the last decade; hundreds of fishermen have left the colony, and the outlook is gloomy indeed.

Apart from fishing the Island-Colony has practically no industries, excepting a few dory-manufacturing plants and a foundry. It is burdened with an almost insupportable debt; and hampered by effete officialdom. There has been a deficit in its revenue for three years past; and dishonesty seems to have demoralized its finances. Only a few months ago \$35,000 disappeared from the colonial treasury, and the thief is abroad in the land. Discontent is rife amongst the people; and the unfortunate colonists are ever clamoring for retrenchment and reform.

"Let us have," says a recent writer, "administrators of worth (*hommes de carrière*); these were less likely to be governed by sordid motives than the penniless politician. . . . Give us a rigorous examination of our budget, an active surveillance over the administration. . . . Greater attention is needed in the affairs of the colony than ever before, if we wish to save it from irrevocable ruin. It is being bled to death by certain individuals; it is paying subsidies which are in nowise justifiable, for which we receive inefficient services; we are bound by contracts made by ourselves, 'tis true, but *against our own interests.*"

Socially, St. Pierre almost rivals the gay "Metropolis of the Universe" in its festiveness in the winter season; during the summer months everybody is too busy to attend to the social side of life; it is the time of the harvest of the sea. The Pierrais are extremely hospitable; and those who visit the little colony do not soon forget the *bonhomie* and rare grace of its people.

In former years St. Pierre was a recognized center of learning, and numbers of young men and women from the neighboring colony of Newfoundland sought there educational advantages which, in those days, they did not possess at home. When *economy* (?) necessitated the closing of the Collegiate school, the *Frères de Lammenais* taught the communal schools until the fatal *Separation Legislation* banished them from the colony. Their departure, in June, 1904, was marked by an outbreak on the part of the populace, which resulted in riots and disorders. Then secular teachers were appointed; but they were not acceptable to the majority of the colonists, who de-

manded religious education for their children. Last year the Pierrais, under the presidency of Mgr. Legasse, decided to establish free denominational schools, with Catholic lay teachers. These teachers arrived from France in September, but up to November 15 they were unable to secure the necessary authorization to allow them to open their school.

The Catholic Bretons contended that the Administrator of the Government was deliberately withholding the authorization, and they decided to open the school without the requisite permission from M. Moulin, the Government representative; this they did on November 16. Thereupon the authorities instituted proceedings against the teachers for violating the law; and this aroused the Pierrais to a sense of the indignities heaped upon them by minions of an infidel government. They organized a demonstration, paraded the streets one thousand strong, and demanded redress from the Administrator Moulin. To show what else they *might* do, they carried an American flag and visited the American Consulate, suggesting, if not actually proclaiming, that annexation to the United States was a possibility. The Administrator became alarmed, promised to telegraph at once to the Colonial Minister at Paris, and counselled patience till a reply was received. The teachers were put on trial, fined one thousand francs, and forbidden to teach. This prohibition was disregarded; and the colony still protested against the iniquitous sentence of the judge. France became alarmed; and immediately a Governor, M. Paul Didelot, was despatched on board the cruiser *Admiral Aube*, with plenipotentiary powers. The conditions have as yet changed but little; and the brave colonists will "not bow the knee to Baal." What will be the outcome of these difficulties? This is not an easy question to answer. One thing, however, seems evident. St. Pierre as a French colony is an anomaly in this age. Its destiny? Presumably incorporation into the Dominion of Canada; and it is not beyond the bounds of political possibilities that the Honorable Member for Miquelon may one day be seated side by side with the Representative of Burin in the Dominion House of Commons.

A STRANGER WITHIN OUR GATES.

BY H. W. G. HYRST.

Author of "Chasma," etc., etc.

I.



LOOK at that, now," roared my old friend Sam Kemp as he grasped my hand. "Blam' 'f I warn't comin' up to see you this morn'n', sir."

In his time Sam has been everything from mate of a privateer to a master trawler at North Ham. "I s'pose you've 'eared the news?" he asked.

I let him know that, for a fortnight, I had been sojourning in an outlandish part called London, and had heard nothing beyond the bald fact that the brig *Marie*, from Bordeaux to the Thames, had gone down off our coast, all lives but one being lost. Whereupon Sam told a story which, reported verbatim and with his customary digressions, would fill a hundred pages.

"But 'ere's the curiousest part," concluded the old man. "Now, who should you suppose it was as *see* this 'ere foring party, an' sculled out to 'er, an' brought 'er safe ashore? It was Bill 'Ooper, sir; my—old—mate—Bill—'Ooper!"

Astonishment held me dumb. Bill 'Ooper is a nervous little man who has never been beyond the North Ham fishing radius, who trembles when it blows hard, and whose spirit seemed to have been crushed long ago by a coarse and brutal wife who deserted him, and later drank herself to death.

Sam rubbed his hands. "Yes; there stood me an' Bill, an' a lot more, 'bout 'alf a hour afore daylight. 'There's a woman clingin' to that there spar,' 'ollers Bill. 'Woman my grandmother,' I says. 'Look out 'tain't *your* old woman come to life again, Bill,' sings out young Sonny Keam. An' everybody laughs. 'Let's go out to 'er, any road,' says Bill. But 'e bein' s'posed to be more'n 'alf silly, nobody took no notice. *I* ain't a fool, *nor* a coward, but I'd ha' took a hoath there warn't a soul there.

"I gets to the top o' the beach an' then squints back. Blam' 'f there warn't Bill, scullin' for dear life, an' all the others makin' sport o' the poor old feller; one tellin' 'im to go this way an' another that. 'Adn't 'ardly got through my breakfast when I 'eared enough 'ollerin' for to make a hyster deaf. Cuts out on to the beach, an' sees Bob Waters runnin' top speed. 'What's up, old Bob?' I sings out. 'Bill 'Ooper's brought a female ashore,' 'e says, 'an' I'm off a'ter Dr. Forrest.'

"Down I goes, an' I thought for sure the chaps'd ha' killed old Bill wi' cheerin' of 'im. The woman, she was safe enough, bless ye; just a hover-dose o' salt water; she'd bin clingin' to one o' the yards all the time."

"Where is she now?" I asked.

"That's what I was a-takin' the liberty o' comin' up to see you about," said Sam. "Mrs. Waters is a-lookin' a'ter 'er like a sister; but, poor soul, nobody can't understand 'er. There's me an' a lot more knows a *bit* o' French, but it's mostly '*Bong joor*', an' '*Ah votes auntie*,' or else sea-farin' terms an' cuss-words. My boy Dick, as worked on the divin' boat at Havver, 'e says to 'er the other day: '*Commong sar var; sal tip; sakray nor de sheeong*.' But she shakes 'er 'ead an' 'ollers: '*May say may shong*.'

"Then Buffer Barton, as often goes up the Rhind with a barge, 'e 'as a go at 'er. '*Vee gates? Sprayken zee Dutch?*' 'e says. 'Why,' I says, 'that ain't French; that's German.' 'Well,' 'e says, 'it's all one an' the same; it's forin' ain't it?' An' it *was* all one to 'er, for she couldn't make 'ead nor tail of it.

"So then Bob trots off to your friend Mosseer Do Some-thin's; but 'im an' 'is missis wouldn't be back till last night. Then this mornin' I remembered you, crackin' on wi' them French sailors."

"Let's go and interview the lady."

On the beach we met Bob Waters, painting a skiff. I knew the handsome fisherman from his having stood to Paul Dupont, the painter, who had bought a summer house at North Ham. He and Sam led me into his cottage, and there, laughin' at Mrs. Waters' attempts at sign language, was a comely, middle-aged woman, dark of eye and rosy of cheek, and stamped in every line with neatness, thrift, honesty, and gentleness. In

reply to one or two civil questions, she told me that she had been *bonne* to an elderly couple who had died recently; that her savings had been swallowed in a bogus investment; and that she had availed herself of a free passage to London, hoping to find work there as a cook, and to meet with sundry friends who were settled in Soho.

The previous night I had traveled from town with the Duponts; and Madame had been lamenting that the Frenchwoman whom she had engaged as cook had been unavoidably detained at the last moment—for shop-lifting.

I despatched Bob to the yacht-club bungalow in search of Dupont, and told the stranger—Hortense Vaillant—that she might possibly find work in our town. While she was expressing her gratitude Sam touched my arm.

“If you’ll ex-cuse me, sir, there’s Bill ’Ooper just gone by. P’raps she’d like to say a word to ’im now you’re ’ere.”

I nodded; and shortly after Bill ’Ooper entered, grinning and shamefaced. As soon as I told her who he was, the Frenchwoman seized his hands and smothered them with kisses; and if ever I saw a man in torment that man was Bill ’Ooper.

“’Ere, ’ere, ’old on, missis,” he gasped. “That’s *quite* enough o’ that, ex-cuse me.”

“*Qu’est-ce qu’il dit?*” asked Hortense in blissful ignorance.

“He says he only did his duty. Acts of bravery are nothing to him.” The previous winter I had seen Bill ’Ooper weep during a gale; and Sam told a darker story about the late Mrs. ’Ooper’s actually having beaten her lord.

Mlle. Vaillant let go the little man and reached out for her fat silver watch and begged me to present it to her preserver. I did so, but Bill ’Ooper’s manner was not encouraging; it was not even gracious.

“You tell ’er I don’t *warn* it,” he snarled. And I translated to the effect that the gallant seaman’s reward lay in the satisfaction of having saved so charming a woman; while Sam and Mrs. Waters rallied the rescuer on his want of courtesy.

“I don’t care,” he bellowed. “I tell ye, I wunt ’ave it. Why, she’ll be warntin’ for to marry me next.”

“Ye can *sell* it, yer cuckoo, can’t ye?” shouted Sam. “I lay if she’d offered ye money ye’d ha’ took it fast enough.”

The argument prevailed; Bill took the watch and—his departure, as Bob returned with Paul Dupont.

I think she was happy enough in my friend's household. Madame Dupont is a dear soul, and took endless pains to make her understand the rudiments of English. Certainly Hortense was an *artiste* in the kitchen; and as long as she cooked for Paul I never refused an invitation to dinner.

The Duponts are Catholics, and I generally reckon to supply them with fish on days of abstinence. One Friday morning as the *Snowdrop* (Sam's smack, on which Bill 'Ooper works) had not gone off, I employed Bill to scull me out to a favorite fishing-ground; and it was there that he opened his mind to me on a momentous topic.

"I see that there foring party again last night. What ye might call a ham'able party, don't ye think, sir?"

This, in plain English, meant that for nearly two months Bill had now been casting eyes at the fair Hortense.

He continued: "I nodded to 'er, an' she to me; an', a'ter a bit, she fetches out what I thought was a cake o' 'bacca an' 'ands it to me. Goes to bite off a corner"—Bill pulled a piteous face—"an' it were this 'ere choc'late stuff."

"Sold the watch yet?" I asked airily.

"Well, sir, ast yourself the question. If I was to be 'ard up at any time, p'raps I *might*; though—well, 'twouldn't be more'n middlin' civil, a'ter she'd give it to me as a keepsake."

"Sort of love token, eh?"

"No, no, master," growled old Bill. "I've been done over a woman once; an' I've said to Sam Kemp many's the time since my missis's bin dead: 'Old Sam, if ever you 'ear o' me warntin' to git married, you take an' do somethin' as'll git ye seven year, an' then go an' swear it was *me* done it. I shan't say I never.'"

"But a smart fellow like you ought to have scores of chances. I saw you on the cliff last Sunday, a howling swell in a starched collar and a new necktie."

Bill simpered. "Yes; no doubt there's a many I might 'ave for the askin'. Ye see, sir, a'ter my old woman 'ooked it, I started to save up, an' I've got a matter o' a few pound in the post-office, through takin' o' Sam's advice. A better mate than Sam Kemp never caught fish. But 'ow I come to wear that collar as you talk on—one day, when I was goin' past Mosseer Dewpong's, she hollers out to me: 'Hay! Pst! Mosseer Beelupah!' (That's 'ow she says my name.) I stops, an'

then she comes out wi' that there scarf as you see me wearin' Sunday. 'Me make it you,' she says. An' I took that to mean she made it *for* me. So rememberin' what you was pleased to say when she offered me the watch, I took it, an' 'thank ye, mum,' I says.

"Well, when I showed it to Sam, 'e says: 'Now we shall ha' to git ye a collar, Bill.' An' so, Saturday night, 'im an' me went down Jackson's an' bought one for sixpence 'a'penny. So Sam says, a'ter I'd fitted it on round at 'is 'ouse: 'Now,' 'e says, 'if you take an' leave off that there old guernsey to-morrer—if it's a warm day, mind—the scarf'll just about show up like the sun through a fog.' So that's 'ow you come to see me. An'—an'—h'm—so you thought I looked middlin' well, sir, ex-cuse me?"

"And she saw you, did she, Bill?"

"So 'appened I was passin' the Carthlic Church just as she was comin' out, fust thing in the mornin'."

"And you did a bit of courting, eh?"

"Me a-coortin'? No, sir; I'll be nobody's slave but my own."

"But she's very fond of you, Bill. Madame Dupont told me so."

The old man stared. "Never!" he answered; but his tone was not convincing.

"But, of course," I added brutally, "if you're determined not to get spliced, you ought to give some one else a show. There's Sam and old Tom Keam—both widowers and worth plenty of money—and young Bert Holden, a bachelor and a very good-looking fellow."

"Sam an' Tom ain't got much 'pinion o' married life," said the old man with lofty confidence. "An' Rumpy 'Olden—'e ain't got a brass farden', an' owes for the last new pair o' sea boots 'e 'ad; an' a beer score at the 'Pig's 'Ead' as well."

"Still, there are other men. I'll tell Madame—"

Bill spluttered, stammered, and reddened. "Well, sir, I—"

He looked so nonplussed that I was moved. Our pile of fish was growing, and Bill was threading them on a piece of wire as he cleaned them.

"Look here," I said. "We shan't want any more. As soon as we get ashore, trot round and leave these with my

compliments. You'll probably see Hortense, and can tell her yourself that it's no go."

Obviously Bill was relieved. But, as we separated later, he assumed the demeanor of profound mystery so dear to his kind. "Over that little matter you an' me was talkin' about," he said in a stage whisper, "not to mention no names—it'd be a kindness on your part, ex-cuse me, sir, not to say nah-thin' to the lady 'bout me an'—*you* know who; *I* sh'll be able to make that right."

A week later I came across Bill 'Ooper tarring dredge-meshes, and snatching furtive glances at Hortense, who was seated on a distant breakwater. Sam Kemp had told me that thrice lately Bill had appropriated the prawns that happened to come up in the shrimp-net, and after carefully boiling them had conveyed them away mysteriously; so I presumed the love-affair was not yet quashed.

I looked from one to the other. "Why not?" I asked myself.

I said something in French which made Hortense color charmingly and then follow me to Bill's side. Then I played intermediary.

On the following Sunday the banns were published; and every day, for the next three weeks, Sam Kemp—backing his remarks with many wise saws and modern instances—lectured Bill 'Ooper on the duty of self-assertion on a husband's part.

The great day came. I was to give away the bride, and Sam—who openly held that some Catholics were "almost as good as Christians"—had consented to be "best man." But when Hortense, supported by Madame Dupont and myself, arrived at the church, Bill 'Ooper was not forthcoming. Sam Kemp fingered his cap uncomfortably and mumbled: "I b'lieve old Bill's gone an' made away with 'isself; straight I do. At bottom, 'e 'ad that 'orror o' females (these ladies 'll ex-cuse me) that 'e'd sooner do anythin' than commit matteromony."

"Oh, go and look for him, and hurry him up, there's a good fellow"; I said impatiently. I hadn't the heart to arouse the Frenchwoman's anxiety; and her mistress, putting her off with some plausible excuse, led her into the priest's house, while I went to help hunt up the bridegroom. By three o'clock I had searched sheds, boats, back-yards, chicken-houses, public-houses unavailingly, and was returning to the church when I ran across Sam again.

"I got 'im," he said.

"Where?"

"Don't *you* go near 'im, sir; 'e's 'most tarrified to death 'E's bin up at the 'Rose' since six o'clock this mornin'." This was a hostelry four miles inland. "Now 'e's a waitin' for me at the 'Queen's.'"

"What's wrong with the old fool?"

"It was this way, sir. I knowed 'e 'adn't gone off to-day, 'cause I see all the boats out. An' I knowed 'e'd slep' in 'is bed an' gone out middlin' early, for 'is front door was open at five o'clock. A'ter I left you at the church I see Smith, the baker, in 'is cart, an' 'e said 'ow 'e'd seen Bill at the 'Rose.' I goes along the road, an' just 'appens of 'im comin' 'ome. 'What sort o' caper do ye call this?' I says. 'Why,' 'e says, 'I 'ad a dream.' 'Yes,' I says, 'dreamt 'ow ye 'ad two penn'orth o' sense for once, an' the hidear give ye a fright, bein' strange to ye.'

"Ye see, I felt middlin' mad to think 'e'd made a pair o' fools o' you an' me, so to speak it; an' a'ter I'd put on my gaff-tawps'l clothes an' all. No, 'e ain't drunk; it appears 'e'd bin dreamin' 'is old woman stood at the foot o' the bed, an' 'ollered: 'Do you warnt me to come an' 'aunt you every night?' *Now* 'e will 'ave it as it's a warnin' not to git married. 'E says 'ow Job Foreman's mother 'ad a dream as meant somethin'; an' she went contrairy—an' blam' 'f 'er 'usband's boat didn't go down, an' 'im in it. An' that's true, too, 'cause—"

I nipped in the bud the digression I saw coming. "Listen to me, old Sam"—and lowering my voice I spoke earnestly for some minutes. Then we parted; he to look after his old mate; I to leave a message for Father Ross, arranging the marriage for the following morning, and subsequently to seek out a *deus ex machina*—Ern Hadlow, by name.

Ern had been in the navy, and might have got promotion if he had not considered beer preferable. When he is at work, it is before the mast on a Shields' collier. He can play any instrument from an organ to a jew's-harp; mend anything from a typewriter to an engine-boiler; sing anything from Italian opera to Moody and Sankey; recite anything from Shakespeare to Bernard Shaw; imitate anything or anybody.

I found him at the "Pig's Head," and to him I opened my

grief; and his pregnant wink and confident: "You may rely on me, sir," sent me to bed with a heart free from care.

I was dressing the next morning, when I heard Sam's voice outside my beach-shed. "Come in," I cried; and he entered, purple with laughter.

"I consider you an' young Ern 'Adlow ought to 'ave a medal, sir," he gurgled. "You for 'atchin' of it, an' 'im for carr'in' of it through."

"Oho!" I chuckled. "Let's hear."

"Ah, but I mustn't stop, 'cause Bill 'Ooper's a-waitin' in my kitchen; only I see ye come down the beach, an' thinks I, 'I must just 'ave 'alf a word with 'im.' Bill come round about fower o'clock this mornin'. 'I've 'ad such a turn,' 'e says. 'My missis 'as bin again.' 'Bill,' I says, 'you'll ha' to take and knock off wi' the rum.' 'Old you 'ard,' 'e says, 'this warn't no rum, nor yet no dream. Why, I tell ye, she come an' stood there at the foot o' the bed. Know 'ow she used to sneeze? It was that as woke me,' 'e says. Young Ern, 'e remembered it; an' it appears 'e remembered some of 'er words, too; for Bill, 'e swears 'ow she stood an' 'ollered: 'You 'alf bred monkey, you; listen to me, afore I cut yer liver out.' (Jest the *very* way she always used to begin on the poor ole feller.) 'Why didn't ye git married to the French-woman as I warned ye?' 'Well,' says Bill—all of a shake, I'll be bound—'I thought you never wanted me to.' 'You poor, silly, soft sawney,' she says (that was *another* of 'er lov-in' words, as young Ern 'ad remembered—she *was* a Tartar, I tell ye; an' can't Ern take 'er off to a T?) 'I meant ye *should* marry 'er. This is yer last chance, mind'; an' off she goes—'e goes, I 'ad ought to say—an' Bill laid shiverin' till daylight.

"An' now what do you think 'e's arg'in' the p'int with 'isself about? Why, 'e will 'ave it 'ow it was a bit o' spite o' 'is old woman's. 'She's jealous o' me bein' independent,' 'e says; 'an' warnts to see me tied up 'again.' 'Ah, but,' I says, 'you got to risk that. Better 'ave a little trouble wi' this new un than 'ave th' old un comin' back, night a'ter night, for to pester ye.' 'In course o' time,' 'e says, 'there mightn't be much difference.' 'Oh, yes, there would be,' I says. 'This 'ere foring party, if ever she *do* take to naggin'—which I doubt, mind—*you* won't understand 'er, whatever she says to ye; an'

you'll be able to sarce back as much as ye like, an' she can't trip ye up.'"

This argument clinched the matter; the wedding took place without a hitch, and I don't believe there is a happier couple anywhere than Bill 'Ooper and his wife.

II.

Three months after her marriage, a cheap day-trip gave Hortense an opportunity of going to London in search of her friends in Soho.

Two days after the excursion I was on the beach when the crew of the *Snowdrop* came ashore from shrimping; and Sam Kemp and Bill 'Ooper hailed me effusively. I hinted at an adjournment to the "Pig's Head," for I was all agog to know how the strangers had fared in Babylon; but Sam remarked: "You'll ex-cuse me, sir; Bill don't stop for no drink now, when 'e comes ashore, without it's late tides. 'Is missis'll 'ave a cup o' tea ready for 'im. Why, there she is at the door."

When we entered Bill's habitation a little later we found him washed, shaven, and changed, and smoking his pipe, on one side of a spotless hearth, while his wife, white-capped and brandishing her eternal knitting, sat opposite.

"So you've been to London, Hortense?" I observed, as she placed an ash-tray at my elbow. Even I am not allowed to throw my matches in the fender.

Up went her hands. "Ah, monsieur! *Eef* I 'ave souffert!" "Like London, Bill?"

And Bill 'Ooper made answer: "Well, sir, since you ast me, it's the fust time, an', as I says to my old skipper 'ere, comin' 'ome, it'll be the last."

Sam looked out of the corners of his eyes at the little man, as a full-rigged ship looks at a barge, and began the yarn without more ado. "Ye see, sir, our missis 'ere bein' foring, an' Bill 'Ooper—*bein'* Bill 'Ooper, I promist I'd go up with 'em, me knowin' London—Cannin' Town, at any rate—middlin' well. So far as Charin' Crost we was all right, 'cept for Bill gettin' 'isself laughed at in the carriage for sayin' we must ha' got a fair wind, 'cause she went along so fast. Never been in a train afore, poor soul; nor yet a steamboat.

"Gits out at London, an' outside the station ast a p'liceman

where Berwick Street, Soho, was. Tells us to bear round by a church till we come to a circus an' then ast again. We kep' on, but couldn't see nahthin' like a circus *or* a fair; an' last of all Bill says: 'I are that dry'; an' the end of it was, we went into a flarin' great public, twenty times as big as the 'Pig's 'Ead.' An' it turned out the landlady was a Frenchy."

"Ah, yes"; cried Hortense. "We spik French togez-zair, and—"

"Speak *French*?" roared Sam. "If *ever* I 'eared two women's tongues go, one agin the other—an' me an' 'im starin' at each other like any pair o' fools. Thinks I: 'Lucky for Bill 'e ain't French, an' 'is new missis what the old un was for chin-music.' There was good come out of it, though, for the landlady sent a potman to show us where the street was."

"Oh! zees Ber-vick Street?" Again Mrs. 'Ooper's hands went up.

"Then, thinks I, we're back in Petticut Lane, where I was robbed of a silk wrapper an' six shillin's, fowerty years ago'; an' if Petticut Lane ain't moved up there, they've built the feller one to it. Jews by the score; foreigners by the thousand; *an'* the 'ollerin', *an'* the stench, *an'* the horange-peel an' green-stuff under-foot! Both sides o' the road there was barrers, an' women without a bit o' 'at on, turnin' the taikle over. Then one feller 'ad a hyster-stall, an' when me an' Bill stopped to squint, 'e 'ollered: 'Sixpence a dozen; Ryal Natives!' 'Why, yer liar, we can't sell Ryals less'n ten bob a hundred,' I says. 'They're 'Mericans; an' I've picked 'em off the beach by the thousand when I served on a whaler, an' nobody to stop ye.' Never see a feller so took down in yer life."

Sam paused to cut up some tobacco, and Bill 'Ooper took up the tale: "So when we found this 'ere 'ouse, the parties was moved away. 'Name o' Roche?' I says. '*Comprong par*,' they says; an' then *she* 'ad a go at 'em, an'—"

Sam knocked down the finger which Bill was pointing at his wife. "Better by 'alf let *me* spin the yarn, old ship-mate. An' so, by this time we wanted a bit o' dinner, an' the missis 'ere stops outside of a shop where"—I could see that Sam only repressed a shudder with difficulty—"they 'ad—well, sich things as foringers might like. She starts to go in, 'im foller-in'; but I says: 'Bill; you'll ex-cuse me, but the sort o' taikle they sell in them shops don't agree wi' my constitootion. I'm

a-goin' into that there public over the way, an' there you'll find me when you an' your missis 'ave finished.'

“Over I goes; pint o' beer an' crust o' bread an' cheese. Publican a very civil feller, an' no great opinion o' foringers. Looks 'ard at me. ‘Shell-back, I lay,’ 'e says. An' it turned out 'e'd bin ship's carpenter, an' second mate too, in 'is time; quite a youngish chap, too. 'E stands treat, an' then me; an' *still* Bill 'Ooper never come; an' thinks I: ‘'E's a-bustin' of 'isself wi' them there kickshaws.’ But you know me; if I say I'll be so-an'-so, sich-an'-sich a time, I'm *sure* to be there. So I waited, 'ad some more goes o' beer an' rum, fust 'im pay-in', an' then me; an' it come to fower o'clock, an' me thinkin' 'twarn't only two.

“When I come to tell the publican about Bill, 'e says, ‘This 'ere's a queer neighbor'ood; if I was you I should go across an' 'ave a look.’

“Soon said, soon done. Goes into the shop an' there was the dirtiest foringer ever I see—cuttin' up sandviches! I 'ol-lered at 'im, for to make 'im sensible, an' then it turned out 'e could talk English. ‘See that passage?’ 'e says; an' I see there was another glass door as opened into a sort o' halley-way. ‘The lady was 'avin' 'er dinner,’ 'e says, ‘when she started up an' run through there, singin' out to somebody; an' 'er 'usband went a'ter 'er. Matter not to me,’ 'e says, grinnin' like a Choinese monkey; ‘'ave already paid.’

“Out I goes into the halley, into another, then into a street, turns right, then left—an' then was as lost as if it was a fog. Asks fower or foive people if they'd seen Bill, but they only laughed; then thinks I: ‘I'll go back to the public.’ Well, do you think I could remember the name o' Berwick? *Though* I've bin ashore there times out o' number. An' dark comin' on, too! Goes fust this way an' then that, for a couple o' hours; an' last of all I took thought to ask a bobbie was there a sort o' Petticut Lane round them parts. 'E laughs. ‘You mean Berwick Street,’ 'e says. ‘Cut through there; take ye straight into it.’ What think o' that?

“Goes in the public 'ouse. ‘Well, well,’ says the chap; ‘I are glad you've come back. 'Seems there was a Jew boy come in the other bar, time you an' me was yarnin'. Said 'e warnted a sailor man, an' the barman 'e 'oofed 'im out. Set down again; p'raps 'e'll come back.’ Gits talkin' again, an presently

'e says: 'I don't like the looks o' this,' old brother. If that kid, or else your mate, don't very soon show up, I'll go to the p'lice station with you.' 'Adn't 'ardly spoke when a bar-man puts 'is 'ead through the curtain. 'Ere's that foring nipper again, sir,' 'e says to 'is boss. 'Old 'im,' I sings out; an' they brings 'im into the s'loon-bar. 'Lady from country warnt you,' 'e says.

"My mate puts on 'is 'at an' coat—quite the genelman—" 'Old 'ard,' 'e says. 'I'm a-goin' to see this through'; an' comes along of us. Boy takes us through streets an' courts an' halleys to a rare big 'ouse, an' up no end o' stairs, dark as pitch. Any amount o' 'ollerin' goin' on up aloft; foringers all talkin' one again the other. Went up the last flight, an' come into a room where there was a dozen or more women—one on 'em dead, or pret' near; our missis kneelin' 'longside, with a little slip of a gal clingin' to 'er dress—an' old Bill 'Ooper lookin' like a fightin' man an' wantin' to pitch into two Frenchmen.

"I up fist an' cut one on 'em 'ead over 'eels, an' then 'e sheered off; but my publican collared the other one—an' 'e turned out to be the 'usband."

Sam drained his glass, and I looked bewilderedly to Hortense for an explanation—which she quickly gave me. It seemed she had caught sight of an old acquaintance passing the door with the boy who was ultimately sent in search of Sam. Rushing in pursuit she had learned that the daughter of a mutual friend lay near at hand, dying of consumption and want; whereupon Hortense had despatched the boy to Sam's public house, and, with her husband, had followed the woman to a garret in the worst part of Soho. It was the old story; the girl was the wife and victim of one of a class of scoundrel aliens with whom the magistrates are beginning to deal smartly.

"And *mon p'tit mari!*"—Hortense looked proudly at Bill 'Ooper—"E 'ave be so brave when zees *lâche*—zees *brute*—'ave demanded to me some money."

"Ye see," said Bill blushing, "I was out o' my bearin's in *every* shape an' form; an' when the boy come back, an' said Sam warn't there, I wanted to come away. She sent the boy out for wine an' victuals for the poor gal, but it was too late; an' some on 'em said 'ow the doctor 'ad give up comin'. It got darker an' darker; then all of a sudden the 'usband come 'ome—'im an' a mate. An what was it they said, missis?"

From old intimacy with the neighborhood I knew that on seeing an unwonted display of luxuries, they had pitched a fawning story, alternating between whines and threats.

"So she 'anded me the purse, an' sent the nipper a'ter Sam again. Well, there was a little 'un—pretty little gal; you'll see 'er—"

"Might ha' knowed *you'd* give the tale away," thundered Sam. "An' me keepin' it as a surprize for 'im. This poor soul, sir, 'ad a young un as she wanted sent away from 'er father, which was a middlin' bad lot; an' the missis 'ere ast Bill if 'e'd be willin' they should 'dopt the little un."

"Yes"; admitted Bill. "An' I says: "'Dopt nobody; lets *us* get away from 'ere alive; we can't 'elp other folkses troubles."

Hortense left the room, and Sam resumed: "Me an' the publican see through it all in a jiff; bless ye, 'e knowed the pair on 'em. But I must say I never felt so proud of a woman as I did o' Bill's missis. (Jest as well not say so afore 'er, for, wi' the best of 'em, ye never know but what they'll round on ye some time or other, an' throw yer words in yer face.) It was like a stage-play; all this dirt an' stink an' 'ollerin' goin' on round 'er; the room 'bout ten foot square, an' no furniture except rags, vermin, an' a taller candle; she 'oldin' this dyin' person wi' one 'and, an' the nipper wi' the other, an' lookin' round to ast the people not to make sich a blazin' row—for all the women in the 'ouse 'ad come to spy, I reckon—an' 'er as clean as a new yacht, an' not used to rough comp'ny, an' come straight from a clean 'ouse like this 'ere, wi' the smell o' the sea an' the country—well, there, it worked my blood up.

"'Out o' this,' I says to them women. '*Alley vous ong*'; an' off they went. But my mate—strong, powerful young chap as ever man-handled a crew o' mutineers—'e wouldn't let the 'usband go. Then I see the missis cross 'erself an' kiss the poor creature, an'—an'— *There was a way to die! There was a place—*" Old Sam is tough and brutal in the rind, but very tender at the core; and he had just outlined a picture that was new to North Ham, sordid though some of its annals be. He blinked his eyes and resumed:

"Then she turns upon Bill, with 'er 'and still on the kid. 'No mother now,' she says; 'no one to keep her from—*this*'—"

an' she p'inted at the dead gal. An' then"—Sam smacked our host's shoulder so that the little man squirmed—"my *dear* old mate 'ere says: 'Bring 'er along; lets *us* be father and mother to 'er.'

"Wi' that the father, as could talk English fast enough, sings out: 'You not take my daughter if you not give me money for 'er'; an' I was 'bliged to 'oller: 'Bash 'im, ship-mate, do, for Gawd's *sake!*' for *I* couldn't 'it 'im while some one else was 'oldin' of 'im.

"*'Money?'* says this 'ere publican. '*I'll* gi' you some money. Ain't I see you kickin' of 'er 'cause *she* 'adn't got nahthin' to give ye? You got to deal wi' British seamen now; not women an' members o' Parlyment an' missionaries as you can 'ocuss'; an', 'pon my *soul*, I thought 'e was a-shakin' the life out of 'im; ye could 'ear 'is bones rattle. 'Give 'em nahthin',' 'e says, when missis got talkin' 'bout the burial. 'Leave me yer address, 'case there's a inquest; I'll see the parish authorities about the funeral. Now come on 'ome an' 'ave a bit o' supper; my missis'll rig the kid out, if you're bent on takin' of 'er. Once on board the train, possession'll be ten p'int's o' the law; if we stop 'ere we'll 'ave the p'lice round, an' all manner o' foolery for puttin' honest sailors in the wrong.' 'E was a man an' a 'alf. I'm a-goin' to send 'im a hunderd hysters to-morrer if I *live*.

"Now, you swab,' 'e says to the Frenchman. 'This fist, as 'as 'ammered men, can 'ammer a rat; so you mind an' stop 'ere till we're clear o' the 'ouse.' So away we come, 'ad our supper, an' 'e put us in the train; an' there's the little un asleep upstairs; an' I 'ope she'll be a blessin' to Bill.

Luckily there was no inquest, and as the father's flight put police proceedings out of the question, Mr. and Mrs. 'Ooper's peace is not disturbed by threats of another visit to London.

THE ISLAND OF ACHILL.

BY ROSA MULHOLLAND GILBERT.



THE island of Achill lies off the coast of Mayo, between Clew Bay and Blacksod Bay, its huge headlands breasting the rollers from Newfoundland. A six or eight hours' journey from Dublin on the Midland Great Western Railway will take you there. Leaving Mallarany the train approaches the sound through mountain gorges, purple with heather and tufted with the vivid green of ferns, a blaze of color when the sun is shining or when the atmosphere is warm and golden, but in cloudy weather overwhelmed by the sullen gloom of the rough black bog that climbs the sides of the hills to their crags on top. Great were the forests that have left these slopes as if ploughed by Titans, the earth thrown up in black bosses, capped with rank grass of a somber green. Travelers press to the carriage window as the shifting mountain heads and steeps appear, fold and unfold, and are swept apart by openings of the Atlantic, distances of ocean crags and the ghostly outlines of islands. Winding on, as if boring for the first time through a virgin wilderness of unsurpassable grandeur and beauty, the train stops at Achill Sound, a "long car" carries you over a sturdy iron bridge, bastioned by solid granite walls, and you cross with ease the late dreaded ford or ferry where the Atlantic, struggling in a narrow pass to maintain possession of Achill as one of its islands, long dealt death to the natives and their infrequent visitors.

Achill is the largest island off the Irish Coast, in extent fifteen miles by twelve, eighty miles in circumference, and containing forty-six thousand four hundred and one statute acres. One side is well sheltered, the other is a range of precipitous cliffs. The greatest promontories are Achill Head in the southwest and Saddle Head at the entrance of Blacksod Bay. The highest mountains are Coraan, 2,254 feet above sea level, Slievemore, and Merral with a precipice of 700 feet. There is very little arable land, and that is chiefly in the valleys and near the

shores, yet in 1891 the population was 4,677, and is said to be increasing despite the constant stream of emigration to America.

The life of the people is one of labor under difficult conditions. While the men, girls, and youths are away earning at the harvesting and hop-picking in Scotland and England to pay the debts that Mother Earth will not acknowledge—the rent, the bag of meal, and other necessaries from the agent's store—the mature women and little children work on the patches of poor ground between the expanses of bog, gathering the wrack from the rocks and strands, and carrying it on their backs, or on the backs of their donkeys and horses, to manure the land which can scarcely be coaxed to give even a small return for their toil; also "saving" the turf, a tedious undertaking, the failure of which would leave the fireside cold and dark in the nights of winter. So much can be seen from the roads, supplying striking "incidents" for the artist, groups of the toilers, waywardly picturesque as to form and color, pathetic in human interest, fit subjects for the pencil of a Millet; and charmed by so much pastoral beauty one wishes to see an interior giving a more intimate knowledge of the life of a people.

With this desire at heart I walked above the Dugort strand, along the green level which in winter storms must form bottom for a high tide of the Atlantic, and paused near a long, low, thatched dwelling, a sort of fortress cottage, thatch tied down with stones, a tiny, high-set window evidently designed to exclude the unwelcome winter wave. A figure appeared at the door, Eastern of aspect, a large, dark woman in richly colored garments, skirt of the island style, woolen of a resplendent hue between cardinal and crimson, suggesting the "scarlet twice dyed" of the vesture of Aaron the prophet, trimmed with three rows of black braid round and above the hem, which gave it a more picturesque value, as did also the long striped apron that fell like a stole, almost to her feet. A square shawl drawn round her shoulders and a kerchief looped round her black hair helped still further to give her the air of an Eastern.

Attracted by her friendly looks and dignified movements we drew near and got into conversation with her, observing all the time the fine aspect of the woman, her handsome, feminine features, pale "matte" skin, gray-blue eyes with dark settings, and the thick dark hair parted above her low brows. Such women might Rachel and Naomi have been, though there was

nothing of the Jewish type about this daughter of Erin. I soon learned that she had a large family, that two of her girls were gone harvesting, and I had to thank her for several other bits of information, for instance that the syllable "du" prefixed to some names of districts in Achill, as Dugort, Duagh, Duega, Dukanella, signifies "sand," garden of sand, ford of sand, etc.; and I believed her, remembering the Sand Dunes, and the tales of Hans Christian Andersen. Her manner was courteous and composed, while she expressed herself with the force and quaintness of one accustomed to think in a foreign language, and to translate her thoughts into the language of her visitor.

As we were talking a voice called to her to invite the stranger in, and following her into the interior of her dwelling I was introduced to a roughly flagged floor, a three-legged pot on the flags above red-turf embers, a dresser with delft, a bed with a red woolen coverlet, a long spinning wheel, stools, and benches from which some members of the family rose as we came in. The master of the house, a hardy-featured fisherman clad in gray frieze, bade us welcome, and directed his wife—aside, in Irish—to offer us milk, which she did, in generous measure. The half-dozen boys and girls of different ages were all well dressed, like their parents, in material, manufactured by their mother, of wool from the island sheep. One small girl of five wore a pink cotton frock looking fresh from the ironing table, her little white underskirt, her curly fair hair, and bare feet and legs, all equally neat and clean. As we sipped our milk, our host discoursed of the facilities and impossibilities of the girdling Atlantic for the fishermen of this coast; want of a secure landing pier, lack of proper boats, practically denying them the wealth of the bountiful ocean at their doors.

Suddenly a deep sigh of animal satisfaction caused me to turn my head, and I became aware that a number of beasts were comfortably tucked up in fresh green bedding at the lower end of the house, only a stone trench separating their quarter from the rest of the dwelling. Three cows, two calves, a donkey, and a dog had all been made happy for the night as part of the family, the cattle plentifully supplied with supper of the long green weeds freshly taken from the potato drills. I learned afterwards from one who knows the people well that this housing of the animals with care equal to that bestowed on humanity is a primitive custom which, if it dies hard in Achill, is to

be defended on reasonable grounds. It originated in the necessity for warmth, protection, safety for the property on which life for the humans so much depended, not to speak of the affection and sympathy felt for the dumb creatures who are their daily companions. One has only to cast a glance towards the near strand with its low sandy sweep, and to imagine it invaded by an Atlantic high tide in a winter hurricane, to realize how easily cattle might be carried away by mountainous waves rolling up the low land. The strong walls of the fortress-dwelling from time immemorial sheltered these companions and friends of man, which, by his care, were saved from becoming the prey of storm-waves, wreckers, coast-robbers, and other depredating enemies in time of petty warfare. Granting the strange conditions, the beasts were more nicely disposed of as members of this household than is imaginable by critics who have never witnessed the like arrangements.

Invited to return the next day to receive a lesson in the use of the long spinning wheel that spins the wool, I perceived during my second visit to this house that above the beasts' apartment strong cross beams were placed so as to form a safe stowage quarter for halters, ropes, baskets, and many another article for uses of daily industry; also, that two little triangular mangers occupied convenient corners, and that these were attractive to the laying hens, in the absence of pony or ass, who might require an indoor repast secure from the onslaughts of rain or whirlwind. In some places, however, we found small outhouses newly built where encouragement had been given for a new departure, and we were assured that five years hence the presence of the friendly brute under the roof of his master would, in all probability, be a thing of the past.

One's first impressions in Achill are all of the marvelous grandeur and beauty of nature in this isolated, sea-girdled, mountainous fragment of our earth's surface. Heart-widening and soul-invigorating is the immensity of the deeply colored ocean, shifting and changing from gray to blue, from blue to purple, from purple to green, with its many golden creeks and bays, ranges of distant mountains rising above and beyond the giant headlands; the islands, near and far, majestic, ponderous, or faery-like, leaving void, despite their presence, the infinite openings of the Atlantic, and suggesting, with their aerial changes of expression, the visible nearness of spiritual regions

unexplored. Rapt away from the presence of humanity, one walks through glamor, and one accepts Sir John Franklin's statement that in no part of the world had he beheld a splendor of scenery to compete with this; remembering that another famous traveler named it as one of the four supreme examples of scenic sublimity to be found on our globe. Apprehension of beauty being the first experience, the next will be a keen sense of increase of bodily health and consequent exaltation of spirit, from the magic of the bracing and balmy air so impregnated with ozone, so sweet with a thousand perfumes mingled of sea-brine and flower-breath from the low-lying blooms along the sandy shores, that for a day or two you are almost overwhelmed by the bountiful powers that have seized you, soon feeling aware, however, of a succeeding buoyancy of mind and bodily lightness which bears you through many fatigues and carries you over difficulties.

With and above all this must be, to the lover of his kind, the study of humanity in the native race that has abode here with little change of ways and customs, tending its flocks and herds, in the days of the Druids, of Moses, of St. Patrick, worshipping the sun, the Unknown God, or the gods that spoke to them in the elements.

“Their ocean-God was Mananan Mac Lir,”

sings Thomas Darcy Magee, and Bride was their queen of fire and song. The beings whom they shaped for themselves out of the misty hauntings of the supernatural common to all dwellers in high, remote regions, took character of their own peculiar imagination and belonged to their traditional history. The brilliant and magic-working Tuatha de Dannans, harp-players, songsters, artificers, colonists from Greece, once masters of Ireland, feared by the plodding Firbolgs, whom they found hammering their iron in the valleys, and conquered in their turn by the soldierly Milesians, these are still admired and respected in the rock-fortresses and recesses of the cloud-capped mountains where, after defeat, they retired from their enemies behind their mystical cloud-veils, rather than quit the land of which they had proudly relinquished the visible mastership. Still dreaded are the mischievous powers of the fallen angels who, on the Archangel Michael's appeal to the outraged

Creator, were allowed to find a refuge in Tir-nan-oge, in the heart of this earth, stayed from descent into infinite and eternal depths, "remanded," as the people say, and awaiting final sentence till the Day of Judgment. At all times the native race has realized that we live and die by the breath of the great God, whose voice is in the whirlwind, whose smile is on the crag of the mountain flooded with sunshine, whose frown is in the hollow overcast by portentous cloud-shadows. Their prayers, songs, and tales, uttered in their impressive ancient tongue, are full of the presence of an Almighty and all-pervading God. Even their rare cruelties are Druidic, and their religious superstitions, if such there be, are relics of an older form of worship, welded, in all good faith, into the practices and beliefs of Christianity. On the subject of the supernatural they are as reticent as they are conservative, and they are wary of the inquisitive stranger who, having drawn forth confidence to gratify curiosity, would go away misunderstanding, and cast up his eyes at their benighted absurdity. A clever, keen woman said, looking at me critically: "Fairies, is it? What do we know about them? A lady was here, and it was all fairies, fairies, fairies with her. Nothing would do her but fairies. An' we had no fairies for her. She must ha' been a fairy herself, I think, lookin' for her people. But we couldn't help her." An intelligent man who had been out about the world, and was quite an up-to-date character, laughed at my pronunciation of Tir-nan-oge, and denied having ever heard of such a place. At last he exclaimed: "Oh, you are trying to say *Tyeer-nan-ocha!*" Of course he knew the place where the fallen angels live, *thim that took no part*, and are detained underground "during his Majesty's pleasure." "Any one that has never been baptized can see them," he said, "and it's dangerous for any young people to come in their way."

It is impossible to persuade such a man of injury to Christian faith by beliefs that have come to him down through the æons of time, with the varying voices of the winds, the scream of the eagle, the cries of the wild seabirds, and the constant mysterious movement in sky and on high crag, shiftings of the sailing cloudshapes, with their shadows on the mountain's side and face. Landscape, air-scape, sea-scape are all alive with them. Man and his flocks and herds are not the only conscious creatures inhabiting this radiant, tempestuous world. God is

here easily understood to be almighty, where His presence is forced upon the spirit and realized every hour of the day and night. His works, innumerable and immeasurable, of kinds and fashions varied far beyond our mortal ken, who shall put a limit to them? This is what the cautious, prudent, if imaginative Achill man would tell you if he could put into your suspicious ear an exposition of his knowledge drawn from intuition. "Sure Himself is able for anything!" must meanwhile stand in English for the eloquent words of Irish which your ignorance would not understand. "The best of the Irish is," said one who spoke both languages well, "that you can explain your mind in it so much better than in English." It is in this language that they explain their minds to God, orthodox Christians as they are, making such utterances of their own inspiration, to the God of Moses, to the Redeemer on the Cross, to favorite saint and guardian angel, to the tender, interceding Mother of their love, as gives pause to priest or parson who would rebuke or enlighten them.

Arriving in Achill on a Saturday evening, we expressed a wish to see the islanders in their chapel on Sunday, and our driver pulled us up at a little white house, saying: "Here's Father W—— now, and he'll tell you all about it." A young, bright, sunburned face appeared at a window, and in half a minute Father W—— was beside us. We had interrupted him at a task of whitewashing, which he afterwards assured us was the only use he ever made of a paint-brush in a spot offering so many subjects for a painter. Following his instructions we took a car next morning to the chapel of Dugort. A simple building whitewashed within and without, the interior whiteness was relieved by brown wood, lining the end wall behind the altar and the arched roof with its broad beams. The sunshine poured in with the mountain air through a wide-open window—a luxury unknown to the pious sufferers from the rigid rules of stained glass civilization. The people were well-dressed, the women in their brilliant crimson skirt of home-manufactured wool, with a shawl drawn like a pladdie about their shoulders, the elders with a kerchief wound about the head and throat, the girls with their heavy locks tied behind with a black ribbon and falling to the waist. The dark-set eyes of one girl gave value to the color of her hair, which had caught the sun and was a splendor of brown-red with dashes on top of pure gold, as if

laid on with a brush. Her features were fine, her countenance beautiful, her figure was shapely and strongly built. As she stood in the sunlight by the open window I found her more satisfactory to look on than some aureoled saints in cathedral jeweled panes.

Entering the building my eye was caught by a thing of brown wood, like a box or cage, not much larger than a fashionable lady's traveling trunk, flung at the white wall at the end opposite to the sanctuary, where it had alighted and adhered as if by accident. It was the choir, and in it were three young figures clustered round a little harmonium. The narrow, ladder-like stair leading to it was completely covered with tiny girls in clean cotton frocks and bibs, their blue eyes and curly locks crowding together, the effect being of a flight of angels upward, or a multitude of small birds, breast to breast and wing to wing, roosting on the bare, drooping branch of a lime-tree.

At the other end of the house the smallest boys were kneeling in a row at the altar rail, their shaven heads and the soles of their clean feet turned to us. Nowhere have I seen so reverent, so motionless a congregation. While they waited for the service to begin an occasional burst of prayer in Irish was the only sound. When Mass began the choir of three pure treble voices tuned up, and the simplest sacred music was piped forth from the little wooden cage on high, slowly and dreamily, like the thoughtful song of the robin in October when the days are beginning to shorten.

It happened that the priest who officiated was a son of Achill, who had spent fifteen years on the mission in Minnesota and had returned for his first holiday. His sermon was fine. Nowhere, he told his hearers, should humanity come so near to God as in this grand and beautiful nature, the wide ocean speaking to their souls, the great mountains always looking towards their Maker. Great joy was the joy of the Achill man and woman in the free and simple life allotted to them by Providence. To each he would say, keep yourself for God; you are His house. If you build a house for yourself to live in, and make it all you want it to be, will you allow another to come in, thrust you out and take possession of it? God will not be pushed out to make room for evil. The preacher spoke of his own longing, when in a more prosperous country,

for the mountains and the ocean, the heavenly spires of the craggy peaks, the roar of the storm that had rocked his cradle. He begged his friends to stay at home and tend their cows and goats and spin their wool. Such a life in Achill was better than the struggle for money in the slums of the cities of America. The sermon closed with the oft-told story of the exiled St. Columba.

"Care it well," said the saint (having found a dove with a broken wing on the shores of Iona). "Who knows but it may have come from Ireland?"

The father and mother of the preacher were among the listeners, the bird voices in the choir were the voices of his young sisters. There was a good deal of quiet weeping. All were glad and proud of the preacher who had been the early playmate of some present, and was related by ties of blood to the greater number. It was a scene full of material for thought and suggesting many questions. After the service was over and the clergyman had retired the people recited prayers among themselves in Irish, one part of the congregation answering another; and the rising and falling of these waves of appeal on High in the Gaelic tongue had an extraordinary effect on unaccustomed listeners.

So much for Achill in the spirit. For the rest a closer observation of their hard material life is interesting. Besides her toil on the bit of boggy, unproductive land the Achill woman does wonderful tasks of shearing, washing, carding, and spinning the wool of the island sheep, sending her great balls of strong woolen thread to the island weavers to be made into the warm, durable woolen cloth which they dye as they please, and convert into clothing; for men and boys the stout gray frieze, for mother and daughters the resplendent crimson, rendered more striking by rows of black braid on the hem of the garment. The stockings are knitted of undyed wool. I do not know whether the cloth shoes worn by the better dressed are also the product of feminine industry. The women are, indeed, never idle, and in proportion to their good-will and activity they are respected and appreciated by son and husband.

Their marriages are arranged according to a primitive, matter-of-fact custom. Although the girls and boys are innocently merry together in the long winter evenings, enlivened in the

poor cabins by dance and song, yet there is nothing of the flirting and courting, the walking and "talking" with one in particular preceding an engagement, which obtains in other parts of the country. When a "boy," however, has made up his mind that a certain girl is the wife for him, and the moment of his readiness to marry has arrived, he "sends word" to her family that he is coming, and according to ancient custom he comes in the middle of the night accompanied by a friend, and with a bottle of whisky for the entertainment of those whose rest he has broken. All sit round the fire till morning, discussing the proposals of the wooer, means are stated on both sides, and matters arranged on much the same lines as the marriage settlements of more exalted personages. In a rare case, where an extremely young boy has been left alone in possession of a holding, two of his older friends will set sail for one of the neighboring islands in search of a help-mate for him, perhaps bringing her back with them to meet her husband for the first time before the priest who awaits them at the altar; but, as a rule, the people of Achill marry among themselves, and nearly every one is a cousin of everybody else. Asked if couples, linked together with so little choice, were not dissatisfied with their lot, my informants assured me that no such condition of things exists on the island. They are the best husbands and wives in the world, and work together indefatigably for the mutual good and the welfare of the family. The women hold a high position in the community, and are depended on for many of the attainable boons of life. A man will not conclude a bargain, buying or selling a cow, without having the opinion of "herself" in the matter, and she usually has had the casting vote when all is done.

As on one or two occasions we were accompanied by Father W—— in our excursions, we were received with confidence, and it was pleasant to see the affection existing between the cheery young curate and his flock. I had been prepared for this by the sudden query of an old woman, whom I had met on the road soon after my arrival: "Father W——," she said, "do you know him? Oh isn't that the darlin' boy?" I now saw that the little children ran to meet him; one two-year-old babe climbing into his arms and laying her chubby cheek on his shoulder; as beautiful as, and not unlike, the cherub with solemn eyes right in front of Raphael's famous Madonna of San

Sisto. "When Wopsie comes to my house," said he, "I must leave everything to attend to her. She takes the pen out of my hand, and I must go down on the floor to play with her." I discovered afterwards that he keeps toys in his house to encourage the children to come to him. Everywhere we went he seized the occasion to question as to the attendance at school. The parents were all absent at work, the children and the grannies keeping house. One pretty old grandmother, with delicate, wistful features framed in soft gray hair and clean kerchief, was grieving for an emigrant daughter parted from her forever in a lunatic asylum in America. Though resigned to the will of God she could speak of no worldly thing beyond this overwhelming trouble.

On our way to Keem we were overtaken by milkers from Duagh, laden with their cans. Obligated to leave our car at the foot of the great pass, we set out to climb a path skirting precipices reminding one of Alpine travel, where the sublimity of the scenery of Achill may be said to reach its climax, and sitting to take breath on the "churn-stone," a flat slab welded in the heather, we surveyed the magnificence of the ocean, mountain, and island, the witcheries of blue air, blue sky, towering golden clouds, turreted crags, bastioned rocks, the gorges and ravines carrying their purple heather and wild sea-flowers down into the deep; to one side far below the Bay of Keem, a golden creek thickly strewn with shifting and changing color. Here we were overtaken by the milkers, who told us that the seat was called the churn-stone because in old times milkers who, in default of pails, used to milk into the churn, carried it home on their backs, taking a much-needed rest on this spot, between Duagh and Keem. Glad of their company we pressed on through the afternoon light of this upper region, everywhere wild breezes blowing the cloud-shadows from valley to height, and from hill to hollow; a keen sensation of the power and sympathy of the wind seizing one, the ponderous tyranny of gravitation forgotten, and to go with the gale on wings seeming the only natural kind of locomotion, if one could but hit on the knack of it!

Our peasant companions crossing that pass were an elderly woman, a young man, two or three boys, and a dark-eyed girl with a charming, sensible countenance. On this occasion Father M——, from Minnesota, the preacher of Sunday, was

one of our party, and the elderly woman greeted him in English as fluent as her Irish.

"Oh, Father John," she exclaimed with outstretched hands and a burst of tears, "I'm *grieved* to see you come back after all your travels with such a heart for Achill!" She meant to say that she was *touched* by his affectionate fidelity. She was comfortably clad in the usual picturesque woollens, spotlessly clean and neat, and though carrying two cans on her right arm was knitting all the way. When I admired her work, a stocking of alternate black and green stripes; wrought in a peculiar and intricate stitch, she said: "Oh, yes; they're nice—for children. I'm doing them for my grandchild in Liverpool."

She was keenly intelligent, up-to-date on politics, the movements of life in the world beyond the breakers, not omitting the Boer war, some incidents of which excited her sarcasm; pouring forth good-humored ridicule or gibes of contempt on certain public characters, with a shower of witticisms which rained on us too fast for reproduction. Once she sounded a tragic note, breaking out into a lament for Davitt, the beloved, the Chief of them all! Her dark-eyed young companion, reticent and modest in speech, confessed a desire to go to America. So did others of her age whom we chanced to meet, the greater number of the island-maidens being, however, absent, at the harvesting.

The industrial instinct and tradition of the Achill woman urge her to go out young to push her fortune, and give help to those at home, so that one may say it is their spirit of family union that drives them to separate. The reserve and simplicity of the life between the sexes to which they are accustomed at home enable them to pass unscathed through the trials of their annual wanderings in the fields "abroad," and November brings them back to their parents with a little bag of money tied round their necks, to meet the future of the Achill wife and mother as untainted as the little sister who has been helping to wash the wool, weed the potatoes, and save the turf in their absence.

With November the season sets in for more or less cessation of out-door work, for safe housing for man and beast, and for the fireside gatherings with song and story, a fiddler in the corner, the boys and girls dancing, light of heart and heel. During the absence of the migratory band the women and

children have lived on abstemious fare, chiefly tea; chickens, butter, or any other good thing possible, having been kept till the return of the migrants, for consumption of the assembled family. To be admitted to the winter evening meetings of an ancient, long-isolated, and highly conservative race one would need a special talisman; but in such a case those whispers of the weirdly supernatural, which are so carefully withheld from the ear of the stranger, might perhaps be overheard.

At Keem Bay, on the green slope above the creek, our knitting friend pointed out a heap of stones, welded together in circular form, called the Altar, by some said to be Druidic, by others the remains of a ruined Christian church. On top is a rude stone cross, close to which has been placed a hollowed stone, evidently a primitive Christian font. Our friend stated that no one would dare to remove that cross. An irreverent man had once taken it and worked it into his building, but it was back the next morning in its place on the Altar. While she knitted and talked we gazed on the distance of ocean and cloud "back, back," as they say, "back" meaning "far away," ranges of hills and mountains, ethereal, visionary, or tremendous in solidity, at the will of sunshine or wind-tossed vapors, the Connemara peaks, the Ballycroy hills, Muilrea lifting an eagle's beak, Croagh Patrick overtopping all; nearer, the islands, a fascination in themselves, and the mysterious "Bills," the fortress-like mass of dark rock, uninhabited save by the birds that come from all parts of "foreign" to nest and intermate. It may be mentioned that the ways and kinds of the island birds would make a special history. A few are the blue rock-dove, peregrine falcon, golden eagle, kestrel, spotted eagle, chough, guillemot. The blue rock-doves haunt the Cathedral Cliffs, the headland of Menawn (Goat) Mountain, Keem, Duega, and base of Slievemore Mountain, staying in caves in wet weather and moving in flocks to the stubble fields near the "villages" to get their share of the scanty grain. The other birds have their quarters in the cliffs among the scurvy grasses and tufts of sea-pinks. For special information on this interesting section of the population I would refer to the interesting articles on the fauna and flora of Achill written for *Land and Water* many years ago, by Mr. Sheridan, the present proprietor of the Slievemore Hotel, who

is an eloquent lover of the winged haunters of the cliffs, and of the exquisite fairy-like flowers that carpet the green and sandy levels on the margins of creeks that receive the Atlantic rollers and reef-riven breakers.

Looking up at the tremendous green gloom of the Croghaun Mountain, across whose knees the steep pass had carried us, and down again, we saw that the water welling into Keem Bay is purple, green, and golden, all at once or by turns, that the verdure on the sides of the dark-crowned headlands is a vivid tawny, a dainty green, every brilliant hue melting into the soft, rich amethyst which seems to come out of the seawater to stain not only the luxuriant purple heather, but the stones of that name found in the fissures of the gorges; as if the ocean literally scattered gems on the shores and a haul dipped in the incoming wave might be drawn forth laden with Aladdin's jewels.

While we gazed, our friend of the flying knitting needles pointed out a flagstaff planted on the headland above us; with shrill laughter informing us that she had nicknamed this point of observation Spion Kop. One page of the history of Keem Bay was sad enough as she told it. The people of Duagh had originally made their village at Keem, where the grass is green and good and the soil unusually fertile, but at one time a landlord drove them out from this better land to the bog at Duagh, leaving the slopes of Keem bare of human life. At present the Duagh people may rent if they can the grazing of this spot, paying five shillings for a horse, three shillings for a cow, and fourpence a head for sheep. In the summer season, when the cattle are out night as well as day, the Duagh milkers come twice in twenty-four hours several miles along the cliffs, and hence our opportunity of speaking with them.

While our knitting friend had been entertaining us, her dog, a fine specimen of the island sheep-dog, a particularly broad-browed and intelligent species, had dashed off in search of his own cow, and after some time was seen driving it down the hill-side towards its mistress. Having paid us all the attention in her power, the woman, still knitting rapidly, turned her attention to a curl of white smoke ascending from a low fold of the hills at a little distance.

"We rest ourselves and have a cup of tea before the

milking," she said, and departed for the rendezvous where her companions were awaiting her.

At Duagh, a rugged little settlement between the bog and the stony beach, they do some fishing, and one of the amusing sights of the village is the muster on washing day, when the clothing of the whole population is taken to the river and the neighbors wash together in the open. Here we found an old man who claimed to be a lineal descendant of Grania, the Connaught queen, whose adventures are related with pride, and one of whose strong castles is to be seen on the island. Another native of Duagh assured us that he had often seen the "merry-maids" sporting in the water under the cliffs; but, pressed on the subject, he admitted that "sure enough the cratures might have been seals." Here the amethysts, in the rough, were offered for our inspection. Some were of fine pure color and transparent water, others were only delicately tinted with purple and clouded with gray, all of them fit material for the charming trinkets produced by a jeweller in the town of Westport.

Another excursion led us to a tiny monastery, where five Franciscan monks (not priests) dwell together and follow the (Third Order) rule of St. Francis of Assisi, reclaiming the bog, tilling their ground, and teaching the poor children in a school at their gate. The whitewashed house is small and bare. The little chapel is lovingly cared for. We found Brother Francis seated by a hay-stack twisting a rope of straw, while three sun-burned women were raking up the remainders of the hay from the stubble. St. Patrick, in splendid vestments, occupied almost the entire of the tiny hall, and presented us with a shamrock as we entered. The statue, presented by a Protestant lady living on the island, surmounts the legend "pray for the donor" inscribed in gold letters on the pedestal. We were introduced to all the corners of the miniature monastery, to the chapel, and to the garden cemetery, where Brother Francis tends his flowers, and is specially proud of his beds of heart's-ease. The light-hearted, laborious brothers were eager in their welcome and gave us tea in their little refectory. Strangers seldom come to disturb their retirement, but our visit was evidently a pleasure to them.

With regard to projected industries in Achill the develop-

ment of the fisheries is the most urgent in demanding attention, the construction of a landing pier and providing of proper boats being of prime necessity. Five "nobbies" are now fishing from Darby's Point fishing station. The Congested Districts Board is helping with loans, but ought to be more active in assisting the most congested district in Ireland.

At the Sound the Sisters of Mercy are about to build a Technical School, where the young girls will be taught lace-making and domestic economy. The gentle-mannered Achill girl ought to be good material for household service, which she would look on as promotion in life. "Ah, but who would take us and teach us?" said one of them wistfully, agreeing with me that such employment would be preferable to a wandering life in the fields, harvesting and hop-picking.

Father W—— is laboring zealously to improve the condition of his flock in these directions, and has hope of seeing them attain to comparative prosperity by a better road than the path across the ocean, which too often leads to despair and death in the slums of American cities, instead of to that good fortune which is supposed to be the result of the survival of the fittest.

A GREAT LAYMAN.

BY WILFRID WILBERFORCE.



It has been well said that this is the century of the laity. It is a statement, let me hasten to add, that contains nothing contrary to the dignity, office, and virtue of the clergy. So far indeed is this from being the case, that the statement itself depends for its truth upon the action of priests. Laymen are, to a very large extent, what priests make them, and to enunciate the fact that to the laity the Church will look when confronting the problems of the twentieth century, is only another way of saying that priests have molded an efficient body of lay workers to carry out the task. It is, therefore, merely right that distinguished laymen of the last century should not only be remembered but imitated, and I consequently venture to bring before the readers of *THE CATHOLIC WORLD* the life and actions of one whom I may describe as a good citizen, a great patriot, a sagacious politician, an upright and industrious social legislator, and, what is by far the best of all, a loyal and devout son of the Catholic Church.

A man so whole-hearted in serving God and benefiting his neighbor is rarely met with outside the ranks of the priesthood, or a religious order. More rarely still is such a man endowed with riches which place within his reach the enjoyments and comforts of this world. The man of whom I am writing might have spent his life indulging every whim that came into his head. He might have laid out his money in surrounding himself with every luxury and convenience. But he chose another course and followed it to the end. He died when he was little more than a middle-aged man, but he has left behind him a holy memory, and thousands outside his family and personal acquaintances have reason to thank God for that well-spent life and to call down blessings upon one who, endowed with great wealth, used it in the service of Christ and the poor.

Arthur Moore was born in Liverpool on September 15, 1849. He was the youngest of five children, only one of

whom, Blanche, a Sacred Heart Nun, now survives. Arthur and his elder brother Charles were educated at Ushaw College near Durham. We have interesting testimony from Canon Wilfrid Dallow as to Arthur's school days and to his popularity with his fellow-students. As the Canon writes: "He had a certain personality about him which it is hard to describe, but which possessed an attraction for the more thoughtful among us." This is very much what people felt who knew him in after life. Then Canon Dallow mentions an incident, in itself trivial, which throws a flood of light upon his character: "In those days gardens were all the rage [at Ushaw]; a strip of land was laid out in small allotments, which were owned by individual boys or by a joint stock company. These were cultivated with not very much care, and, I am afraid, less taste. I well remember, however, that Arthur had one of the most satisfactory of these gardens, and it possessed a certain article that was far more popular than flowers—*viz.*, a good-sized, well-built wooden bench, placed against the wall. At the back of this, so as to give it the effect of an arbor, were grown sundry little creepers, which he trained to crawl up the wall. This bench proved so convenient for his friends, more especially as it commanded a good view of the first cat ring ["cat" is the popular game at Ushaw], that the rightful owner could never find a place on it for himself. In fine weather it was occupied, or rather usurped, by some of his boon companions, and Arthur's good nature would never disturb them in their unlawful possession."

Another event connected with Arthur's career at Ushaw, or more strictly with that of his brother Charles, must be related here. Their father, Mr. Charles Moore, a wealthy ship-owner of Mooresfort, County Tipperary, was a sincere and devout Protestant, but his children had always been taught by their Catholic mother to pray for his conversion. In 1861 his elder son Charles, who was then at school at Ushaw, had passed through the annual Retreat which the boys have just before Easter. He had been praying for his father's conversion, for the meditations of the Retreat had doubtless made him realize more than ever the supreme blessing of being a child of the Catholic Church and the misery of being outside that blessed Fold. These reflections not only caused him to pray, they prompted him to make a sacrifice. In the generosity of his

heart, he asked God to take away his life if, in return, He would bring his beloved father into the true Church. When the boy made this noble offer to God for his father's soul, he was in perfect health. Very soon afterwards he was seized with serious illness. His parents were sent for. Shortly before his death he told his confessor how he had made the sacrifice of his life that his father might be a Catholic. Before Mr. Moore had left Ushaw, after his son's death, his mind and soul were enlightened. Something in the great college and its Catholic atmosphere, something in the charity and demeanor of the masters and their happy effects upon the boys, and chiefly, no doubt, the sight of that beautiful Catholic death-bed, showed him that here were the true servants of God and that their religion was the one which Christ had founded.

Very soon after his son's death Mr. Moore was received into the Church. He lived eight years as a Catholic, dying in the summer of 1869.

Charles' death made Arthur the heir to his father's property. This was considerable enough to make his friends and family anxious for his future. Wealth, even moderate wealth such as his, is a very heavy responsibility, but Arthur Moore was precisely one of those fitted by nature and training to be mindful of its weight, and to use it wisely. By his father's will he did not enter into full possession till he was twenty-five. This seems a wise provision. At twenty-one most people are still boys, and to invest them with unfettered control of considerable possessions is very often fair neither to themselves nor to their heirs. His college career ended in 1871, after he had studied Divinity for one year and had been through a course of Dogmatic Theology. Those ten years at Ushaw were very happy, and Arthur used to look back to them with pleasure. He also enjoyed meeting with his old college friends in after life. On leaving Ushaw he went abroad for a few years. He was in Spain during the Civil War, and spent some time at the headquarters of the Carlist army. While traveling on one occasion in an eight-mule wagon, he was arrested as a spy, and had some trouble in proving his identity and regaining his freedom.

In the early spring of 1874, Mr. Gladstone suddenly dissolved Parliament, and Great Britain and Ireland were in all the tumult of a general election. At that time such an event had no interest for young Moore. He does not seem to have been

drawn to political life. But events were too strong for him. The electors of Clonmel chose him as their representative without giving him the trouble to stand. He was in Egypt at the time, but the telegraph soon brought him home, and from the day that he set foot on his native shore his vocation in life was fixed.

To a man like Arthur Moore, whose habitual thoughts were fixed upon the Will of God, the peculiar circumstances of his election must have convinced him that Providence intended him to serve his country in public life. And right nobly did he throw himself into his new career.

How came the Clonmel electors to trust their interests to a young and unknown man, who had spent a large part of his time since leaving college in foreign lands? The answer to this question is twofold. In the first-place the electors, though they knew but little of Arthur, had been well acquainted with his father, Mr. Charles Moore, Member of Parliament for County Tipperary. This gentleman had gained the love and respect of his tenants, and had shown a brilliant example of kindness and Christian charity at a time when some landlords in Ireland were conspicuous instances of hard and grasping cruelty.

One act of his, in its greatness, in its splendid Christian chivalry, has deservedly thrown a bright halo over his memory. Were I writing for an Irish magazine, there would be no necessity to relate it, for the story has been handed down from father to son in every hut and cottage in Tipperary and in many other parts of Ireland. A landlord named Vincent Scully, who owned an estate in Tipperary called Ballycohey, was shot at and wounded while he was trying to evict some of his tenants. When he had recovered from his wounds he ruthlessly set to work to evict every man, woman, and child upon the extensive estate. His cruel resolution filled the whole country with horror and disgust, but no one could interfere. The law, as it then stood, was powerless to restrain him, and the unhappy tenants awaited their dreadful fate with what courage they might.

Mr. Moore implored Mr. Scully to spare them, and he ended his appeal with these words: "Say what price you put on your Ballycohey property. I will pay it to you, and let there be an end to this dreadful episode."

Mr. Moore was as good as his word. He paid over the

large sum which Scully demanded, and thus the tenants came under the just and beneficent rule of a Christian gentleman. Not long after making this purchase, which was nothing less than a wholesale manumission of slaves, Mr. Moore died. The prayers of the rescued Ballycohey tenants must have stood him in good stead before the Judgment Seat of Him Who promised mercy to the merciful!

It was not wonderful that the Clonmel electors felt themselves safe in sending the son of such a man to represent them in the House of Commons.

But there were others who knew something of the metal of which Arthur Moore himself was made. A curious and characteristic incident is related by Canon Flynn, the parish priest of Ballybricken, County Waterford. Those who knew the transparent simplicity and straightforwardness, added to the extreme delicacy of conscience, which characterized Arthur Moore, will readily fill in the details of the little incident which the Canon has outlined. He had met the family in Rome in the winter of 1868 and 1869, but he does not seem to have recognized Arthur when, in 1872, he came across him in the street in Clonmel.

Arthur was attending the spring assizes, in the capacity, I suppose, of a landowner, and some difficulty had occurred which had disturbed his conscience. He went up to Canon Flynn and consulted him. "I soon relieved his mind," writes the Canon, "and then asked who he was. When he told me, we both remembered that we had met in Rome. I told the incident at dinner to the P[arish] P[riest] and my fellow-curates, and we all concluded that he was just the class of man that should occupy public life in Ireland, and resolved to put him into Parliament if we ever got the opportunity; so when the time came we returned him for Clonmel (though his constituents had never seen him) because he was a sound, practical Catholic—a fit model for his class in Irish public life."

From the very beginning of his Parliamentary career he devoted himself heart and soul to the interests of his native country. Everything which could tend to the spiritual and temporal welfare of the Irish people found in him a warm-hearted and self-denying champion. Neither did he limit himself to his own countrymen, for he constantly brought before the House of Commons the need of Catholic chaplains for Catholic sail-

ors, and in the closing years of his life he made this important question his own.

Though in one sense of the word he was a politician, he declined to be tied to any party. As a Protestant newspaper once said of him: "He was a party in himself." This independence of character made it impossible for him to follow the lead of Parnell, and it eventually had the effect of temporarily losing him his seat in Parliament. "I am not going to be dragged across the House by Parnell," he said to me one day, when the Irish leader was calling upon his followers to oppose the Government.

But the main efforts of his Parliamentary life were for the amelioration of his country. One of these was the improvement in the condition of children in Irish workhouses, and in June, 1879, he brought their case before the House of Commons in a vivid and graphic speech.

Another subject of painful interest to Arthur Moore was the question of emigration. It grieved him to see thousands of strong, active young men leaving Ireland and thus impoverishing the country. Moreover, he felt so deeply for their sufferings, that he frequently went on board the steamers at Rotterdam, Liverpool, and Queenstown to see for himself how the poor emigrants were treated. Their sad condition, as to morality, health, and comfort, filled him with sorrow, and he let slip no opportunity of improving their lot.

In the cause of education, too, his voice was constantly heard, at meetings and in Parliament, and he employed his very remarkable gift of eloquence on behalf of this and similar public needs. He never spared himself. Trouble, time, money, all were of no account to him if he could only further some good work. And all this he did quietly, without ostentation, and without seeking or desiring the applause of men; for his one and only object was to please God and benefit his neighbor.

But a few details throwing light upon his private life will possibly be of greater interest than a recital of his many public and Parliamentary acts. About these it may be enough to remark here that whatever his hand found to do, that he did with might and main, and that one of the chief features of his life was his work on behalf of the poor and oppressed. It has been well said by an intimate friend of his that "he was in many respects a Christian knight of that mediæval world which, stand-

ing halfway between ancient and modern times, has been rightly called 'the Age of Faith.' He was a staunch and steadfast champion of the best interests of the Church; and when his earnest efforts on behalf of the rights of his fellow-Catholics, and of the welfare of Holy Church, became known in the Eternal City, where he had been Private Chamberlain for many years, Pope Pius IX. further honored him by making him a Knight Commander of the Order of St. Gregory the Great and a Count of the Holy Roman Empire."

To this I must add that even when the Recess freed Arthur Moore from his Parliamentary work, he was by no means idle. He made many pilgrimages to the Holy Land, venerating the spots sanctified by our Lord's earthly presence. During these journeys he never lost a chance of helping the needy and consoling the sorrowful. Indeed, with all reverence, we may say that he imitated his Divine Master, going about doing good.*

The most important event of his private life of course was his most happy marriage, in February, 1877, with Mary Lucy, only daughter of Sir Charles Clifford, Bart., one of the most distinguished members of the English Catholic laity. His domestic life, though ideally happy, was not unclouded by sorrow, for his eldest son, Arthur Joseph, died in 1900, at the age of 21, after many months of suffering. His other son, Charles Joseph, and his daughter, Edith Mary, still survive.

I well remember hearing of a beautiful act of Arthur Moore just before his marriage. He had made a Retreat in preparation at the Redemptorist House at Clapham, and on the eve of the wedding he obtained leave to remain all night in the Warwick Street Church, where the ceremony was to be performed. Here he knelt through the long hours of the February night, praying that God would bless his marriage and enable him to be a good husband. It was like the Christian knights of old who watched their armor before entering the fray.

Many are the testimonies to his extraordinary charity and kindness of heart, and to the carelessness of self which was one of his most distinguishing characteristics. An old friend of his, Dr. Charles Ryan, of Tipperary, has supplied us with an instance of his charity and, at the same time, of his total want of vindictiveness. There was in the town of Tipperary a

* It was only by exercising great economy that he was able to give so largely as he did in charity. He actually denied himself the harmless luxury of smoking, in order to give the money to the poor.

beggar to whom he never refused an alms, and a generous one to boot. Sometimes he would give a shilling, sometimes a pair of boots, at other times an order for clothes. This generosity did not prevent the man from taking money from Moore's political adversaries during the Parliamentary election of 1895, and from working for their candidate. Dr. Ryan heard of this, and when walking with Arthur, warned him not to give this man anything, as he had behaved shamefully. Moore curtly replied: "You don't know what influence may have been brought to bear on the poor fellow; they probably plied him with whisky." And surely enough when the man met them a few minutes later, Moore handed him several shillings. It was indeed an essential part of his large-hearted charity to make allowance for the faults of others and not to let them interfere with their receiving alms. If some one whom he wished to help was said to be undeserving of his bounty, "How do you know," he would say, "but that he may stand better than we do in the sight of God? Supposing if he is cold and hungry he does take a drop, would not you or I do just the same in the same circumstances?"

He was very careful to follow the spirit of the Third Order of St. Francis, to which he belonged, and it was probably this that made him heedless about his dress. In London, in the House of Commons, he dressed like any other gentleman; but in the country, where every one knew who he was, he indulged his simple tastes. For instance, Dr. Ryan used to tell him that the old brown ulster that he wore, with its cape, looked for all the world like a Franciscan habit. It was probably this resemblance which attracted him to it.

On one occasion, on the eve of a pheasant shoot, he wished to invite some officers of the Seaforth Highlanders to join the sport. On calling at the barracks and asking for the colonel, he was mistaken by the gate-orderly for some nondescript wayfarer; the man therefore showed him round by the back door and into the kitchen. Here Arthur sat down and warmed himself by the fire. Presently one of the younger officers looked in, and instantly realizing the mistake, rushed off to the colonel and told him what had happened. The colonel was profuse in his apologies.

"The most natural mistake in the world," said Arthur with a laugh. "Look at my general appearance, and say if the

good man could have shown me into any other part of the house." Then, seeing that the colonel was bent upon receiving him in a more suitable room, he went on: "Well, if you won't sit down and, as we say in Ireland, 'take an air' of this glorious fire, I suppose I must join you in the ante-room."

He would not leave, however, without extracting a promise from the colonel that the gate-orderly should not get into any trouble over the affair.

A very touching and beautiful insight into Count Moore's character is given by his friend, Father Bowen, Rector of Banbury, near Oxford.

"His was a soul without guile," writes the reverend gentleman. "By the very light which shone from his spirit, in a few words of conversation with him, you seemed to realize what our Blessed Lord saw in Nathaniel at his first coming. His business letters betokened the same characteristics: short, to the purpose; forgetfulness of self, charity 'done in all simplicity,' unthought of ever afterwards; hence no self-satisfaction, no gloss of vanity. Four years ago (1901) he was desirous to aid an exiled French community (Benedictines). They were almost the first victims of the '*Loi de Séparation*' and were practically bereft of everything. He wrote to me one of those characteristic letters: 'I will be good for £100 a year for — years if that will keep their heads above water.'

"A quick insight and previous investigation into the bearings of the case had made him act with great prudence and foresight, as I afterwards learned.

"The charm of his simplicity was marked when we could see and speak with him alone. After a long day's toil in London, for others' welfare, Count Moore arrived in Banbury in the twilight of a July evening, about 9:30, to have a few hours' talk with me about that very community.

"A modest supper in a presbytery is a short affair. Then he would fain make a visit to the Church at 11 P. M. He turned to me and whispered: 'May I make the Stations of the Cross? Is it too late?' 'I will finish my Vespers and Compline,' was my reply. He at once most humbly began his Way of the Cross, and then we had only to say good-night.

"The next morning early he was at Mass and Holy Communion; then to Oxford. 'I shall cycle to Bicester from Oxford,' he remarked, 'and then back to Oxford, so as to be in

town for dinner. Good-bye.' To my surprise that evening a poor man—honest, evidently, but in tatters—came to my presbytery, presenting the card 'Mr. Arthur Moore,' with a few words in the Count's handwriting: 'Please give the bearer underclothing, etc., and I will repay you.' The stranger explained that he had been passed by a gentleman on a cycle, who stopped, questioned him, learned that he was trying, foot-sore and weary, to reach Banbury that evening. 'He took out a card, wrote on it, told me to call here, and then rode on.' The handwriting was a guarantee that the account was genuine. He wrote, thanking me warmly for carrying out his wishes, saying: 'I saw the poor fellow limping on the road, when cycling to catch my train.' But again, it was one of those brief notes—few words; clear; decisive; generous. He concluded: 'I had a long talk with the aged prioress at Bicester. They will have hard work. I left the good lady rejoicing gratefully at what I had told her.' Those exiled nuns will ever pray for him."

The above is a typical illustration of the habitual bent of his mind—his two desires, strong and effectual—to keep up his spiritual life and to benefit others for the sake of his Divine Master. How few men, with their time at their own disposal and with ample means of gratifying every wish, would, at great trouble to themselves, investigate personally the condition of foreign nuns of whom they knew nothing except that they were our Lord's servants, robbed of their home *in odium Christi*. And how few would heed a casual man whom they happened to pass on the road, recognizing in a single glance that he was one of Christ's poor, and break a journey to secure him aid.

Another feature in Count Moore's character was the unfeigned and indeed unconscious humility which exalted and chastened his piety. No one can read the letters written by him to a young friend, who had been his secretary, without being impressed with this distinguishing note of his soul. When these letters were written, his secretary had left him to enter a house of the Cistercian Order. It was no doubt natural in a pious Catholic like Count Moore to feel that God had called his young friend to a higher life, and to realize that the gain to one whom he loved was surpassingly great, though it involved loss to himself.

But Count Moore's interest did not stop here. He kept in close touch with his friend, encouraging and supporting him in the initial difficulties of the religious life, much as a good Catholic father might do for his son. Moreover, he reveals in these letters the lowly and childlike spirit of which I have spoken, by declaring again and again that his friend's vocation had worked a salutary change in his own heart; and that his life had gained thereby a new and higher ideal. I propose to quote a few passages which throw light upon both these features of the correspondence.

"I don't believe very much in your trials," he writes in the earliest of these letters, "I think you are already beginning to feel the great consolation I told you you would feel. There must be no half measures. Humanly speaking, I should like to spare you bodily suffering and pain, but now I am going to harden my heart against you, and only wish and long to see you a saint. It may take time, but be generous with God. . . . Now, one word about obedience. Your whole perfection lies, and will lie for some time to come, in obedience. You may later be called to some office of authority, or have others under you as a priest or otherwise. But, says the *Following of Christ*: 'No one safely rules except [him] who humbly submits.' So in every way obedience is the law of the prophets for you. It will be your sheet-anchor and consolation. There will be no doubt about God's will. For me and others, doubt and difficulty; for you never a moment's hesitation. The voice, the wish of the Superior, the first sound of the bell, is the Voice of God. What a preacher I am! It is sickening to think of my telling you such things." And a few days later he writes from Lourdes, where he had journeyed to beg of God, through our Lady's prayers, for the health of his wife and the life of his eldest son, who was then in his last and fatal illness.

"This will, I trust, reach you on Tuesday. Your espousals to God. What a moment of grace! God will refuse you nothing you ask on that day. If it helps you in the sacrifice you are making to know that you have my most sincere affection, and that I have felt very bitterly parting with you, then be assured that this is so, ask our Lord, for the love he bore St. John, to purify my affection for you, for I fear it is like most human emotions—full of self and self-love. How-

ever, I cannot accuse myself of having delayed or hindered you in any way, and if, on the contrary, I urged you on, I can only say I would not ask a better fate for my own son. Now, abandon yourself into the arms of your loving Master. This is the height of perfection, abandonment. Nothing but God. Not even Latin or other studies, except in God and for God. When you say the words: 'I abandon myself completely; into Thy Hands I commend my spirit,' God will do the rest. Oh, shame! that I should write thus to you. What will you think of me, that know so well all my miseries, all my love of comfort and ease, and all my self-love? Truly and really you are blessed; in your charity you won't be hard on me or judge me as I deserve."

But beautiful as these words are, and clearly as they reveal the humility as well as the fervor of his soul, they are less remarkable even than the passages which tell us how Arthur Moore made use of his young friend's vocation to chasten and elevate his own spiritual life.

"Gratitude to me, indeed!" he writes. "No, boy; the debt is all on my side. Your patience with me I can never forget. God bless you. Besides you have given me a rude shock. You have changed my life. The grace you have received from God has torn my heart through and through. In co-operating generously with God's grace moving your heart you have done an apostolic work in me and for me. . . . I shall expect a jolly lot of pious lectures; but, joking apart, help me. Suggest some good thought, some more fervent way of receiving Holy Communion. Give me even the crumbs that will fall from the abundant table you will now enjoy in the order, at least, of spirituality. Now, I am serious, dear friend, and for the love of our dear Lord, do as I say. I have done one thing at least you suggested already, and great as your humility may be, please don't say my 'obedient servant' any more. You have a better Master now. I shall always pray earnestly for you to our good Mother at Lourdes—do you do your part for me." And a similar note is struck in another letter, also written from Lourdes: "Ever since we got here on Friday I have prayed for you most earnestly, and done penance for you. I have much to ask you for my own self, and perhaps God will accept my poor alms to you, just as you would take pity on a beggar, all repulsive with sores and dirt,

for his very misery. Yet it seems a farce to be praying for you, surrounded by all that is holy and blessed. But you must excuse me, my heart is with you, and I long for your happiness and the fullness of your sanctification. Please, in your charity, excuse me. You will laugh when I tell you that I bathed for you, that God may harden your body to do penance. Well, have your laugh. But I assure you that not long ago a nun proposed to come here for her cure; at the last moment it was found impossible to move her. Another was sent in her place, and as the sick one was at Vespers in her convent, and at the very hour her substitute bathed, she, the suffering nun, was cured. Well, you will say I ought to have been a Methodist minister, I preach so much."

And later on he once more speaks of the effect upon his life wrought by his friend's vocation. "Now, please don't be writing thanks. My thanks are to you for the edification you have given me, so be sure the debt lies with me. I say again you have changed the whole course of my life. I should not mention these little prayers and things I am doing for you during November were it not that I am covetous of your aid. I feel at length I have no reserve with Almighty God; I don't think I have anything to give up. Do help me. I think religious people might sometimes take more interest in helping sinners than they do. Now, do help me, and in future you shall talk and I shall listen. . . . You were kind enough to be sorry and much concerned when I lost the Tipperary election in 1895. What if we had won, and you had been taken up with my secretarial business in London, and lost your vocation! Let us thank God particularly for our hardest trials. Now I shall watch with great interest and affection for your next letter. As you have now the privilege—the great privilege—of being poor for the sake of Jesus Christ, please accept in utmost charity a stamp for the next letter. I envy you this poverty. It is the only real riches."

Be it noted that, at the time of writing, he had no reserve with God, and was *thanking* Him for the greatest trials, saying too that he had nothing left to give up—he was on the eve of a terrible trial on account of his wife's health, and had just parted from his eldest son, who was on his way to Davos as a last chance of checking the fell disease from which, two years later, he died.

In the year that preceded his son's death, Count Moore was elected Member of Parliament for Derry—a great event in his life. Not only was he eminently fitted for the House of Commons, not only did he feel that his seat there provided him with a powerful lever for doing good to his country, but the election itself was a joy to him, inasmuch as he owed it to the fact that the Catholics of the northern city chose him mainly as a tribute to his high character and his personal worth.

No man who lives habitually in the presence of God and performs his daily actions to please Him, can expect to be free from calumny. Above all is this true in the case of an Irish landlord. That there have been bad landlords in Ireland as elsewhere, is an indisputable fact, and at the Derry election Count Moore's opponents published stories of alleged cruelty and injustice towards his tenants. Each case was carefully investigated, and the charges against the Count triumphantly refuted. Moreover, during the election, he caused all his rent books to be brought to Derry, and laid upon the platform table in St. Colomb's Hall. "Gentlemen," he cried, in his manly voice, "if any of you think or believe that I have been, or am, unjust in my dealings with my tenants, I place my books, in which I have a full record of my business transactions, at your disposal; appoint a committee—half of my opponents and half of my supporters—and if, on examination, they find that the charges made against me are well founded, I leave Derry." As always happens, the falsehoods of unscrupulous enemies withered away before the straightforward courage of an honest man. The fair and open challenge of Count Moore was declined, a clear proof that his opponents knew well what the result of an investigation must be, and the object of their slanders "left Derry" indeed, but he left it as its duly elected member.

I should literally fill this article, to the exclusion of everything else, were I to relate even briefly, the number of works which Count Moore undertook and carried through for the amelioration, temporal and spiritual, of his fellow-men. Of him may it verily be said that he left the world better than he found it. But, as we have already seen, he achieved the difficult task of maintaining a high standard of spiritual life simultaneously with the multifarious and insistent duties of his

public career. To put it briefly, he held his soul ready for his Master's inspection, and took life in both hands, making the very best of it. His motto might well have been—and indeed it unconsciously must have been—to pray as though he had to die in an hour, to work as though he was to live forever. This surely is the true philosophy of life. This it was that enabled him to take his part cheerfully and gaily in the family merrymaking of his last Christmas, and, when the New Year was but five days old, to lay down his life calmly and with perfect resignation to God's Will. A chill, which was at first looked upon as a trifling and passing ailment, developed rapidly into pneumonia. He declared then that he would be gone in three days. When dangerous symptoms appeared he received Extreme Unction with great serenity, stretching out his hands and feet to receive the holy anointing. "A radiant smile lit up his face when he received holy Viaticum," writes his biographer, the Rev. Albert Barry, C.S.S.R.,* to whose book I am deeply indebted: "During the whole of his illness his mind was free from care, and he had no fear of death, thus verifying the saying of St. Vincent de Paul that 'those who love the poor have no fear when dying.' His only regret was that he could not once more visit the Holy Land."

In the early morning of January 5, 1904, he gently breathed his last, without a sigh or a struggle. His body, robed in the humble habit of St. Francis, lay for three days before the altar in his private chapel, in presence of the Blessed Sacrament. Here, in the spot where he had so often heard Mass and prayed, prayers innumerable were said for him by the many hundreds of people among whom he had earned the noble title of the "Champion of the Poor."

His death sent a thrill of sorrow through many lands. In Ireland, in Great Britain, in Italy, and in Palestine he had multitudes of friends who loved him. His active, well-filled life, energized by a living faith from its beginning to its end, bestows upon Arthur Moore the noble title of a model Catholic layman.

* *The Life of Count Moore.* Compiled from materials supplied by his family. Dublin: Gill & Son, 1905.

THERE.

(*A CHILD'S THOUGHT.*)

BY PAMELA GAGE.

There the Hawk and the Eagle will rest
In groves of the myrtle and palm
By the dove, and the dove be at rest;
And the Lion shall lie down with the lamb.

The Lion with eyes of deep gold
And his tawny magnificent fleece
Shall play with the lambs of the fold;
And the lambs of the fold be at peace.

The Lion will lie down with the lamb
In the green daisied grass by a spring,
In the shade of the myrtle and palm
Where the doves preen the throat and the wing.

And there shall that bright worm, the Snake,
His poison, his fangs cast away,
With the robin his sweet pleasure take
And sit with the rabbits at play.

The Lion will lie down with the lamb,
And the heart of the Tiger grow mild;
In that season of exquisite calm,
The Tiger shall sport with the child.

Creation shall live in such peace
No longer in hate but in love.
The striped Wasp shall not sting, nor the bees
The Vulture shall be as the dove.

With the bright singing birds in the leaves
And the fish in the wave and the flowers;
God smiles as He walks there of eves,
And the dew shall be kind and the showers.

On the green daisied grass neath the boughs,
Her fleece newly washèd and white,
The sheep near the shepherd shall browse
Nor shake though the wolf be in sight.

That timorous creature, the Hare,
Shall play with the dog, nor recall
The anguish, the fright, the despair,
The red dying that blotted it all.

Yea, creatures all harmless and kind—
As God made them when Eden began—
Shall be friends in the sun and sweet wind
Shall be brothers, the beast and the man.

By the Lion shall lie down the lamb;
By the great dappled sides will he lie,
Nor bleat for his wandering dam,
Nor long that his shepherd was nigh.

THE PILGRIM'S PROGRESS AND SOME PRE-REFORMATION ALLEGORIES.

BY KATHERINE BRÉGY.

I.



WHEN, less than fifty years ago, M. Taine wrote his *History of English Literature*, he made bold to assert that "After the Bible, the book most widely read in England is the *Pilgrim's Progress*, by John Bunyan." That was a judgment from without the gates, and its accuracy is questionable; but it has its value as an impression, none the less. For to-day, not even a French critic would dream of repeating the statement! The sway of this quaint Puritan epic has quite manifestly waned at last: it has migrated from the realm of living and influencing books into the realm of literary curiosities. Yet once upon a time Bunyan's masterpiece was, in all truth, a manual of popular devotion—a Protestant *Imitation* ever at hand for the admonition of childhood and the edification of old age. It is amazing how many household words and household thoughts the "Dream" of this great, illiterate man has furnished us. Vanity Fair, the Slough of Despond, Mercy's Dream, the Man with the Muck Rake, the Valley of Humiliation, the Delectable Mountains—these have passed into the common heritage of English-speaking men and women, to remain upon the lips of thousands who may never have opened the volume which gave them birth.

Bunyan himself, one need scarcely state, was a tinker and later a Nonconformist preacher of Bedford, England. His great work—*The Pilgrim's Progress from This World to That Which Is to Come, Delivered Under the Similitude of a Dream*, et cetera, et cetera—was almost certainly composed during a six months' imprisonment for Dissident preaching, in 1675;* and not during that earlier incarceration of twelve years (1660-'72) for the same cause. If we may accept Bunyan's very naïve account, the masterpiece was achieved somewhat in spite of himself. He had no intention of making "a little book in such a mode";

* Cf. "The Pilgrim's Progress as John Bunyan Wrote It." Introduction by John Brown.

in fact he was engaged upon a wholly different volume: but the Muse was importunate and would not be denied.

And thus it was: I writing of the way
 And race of Saints in this our gospel day,
 Fell suddenly into an allegory
 About their journey and the way to glory,
 In more than twenty things which I set down.
 This done, I twenty more had in my crown;
 And they again began to multiply
 Like sparks that from the coals of fire do fly.

At last, fearing lest this fruitful similitude should quite "eat out" the substance of his original work, Bunyan permitted it to creep into a separate volume—and *The Pilgrim's Progress* had won its right to live! His Puritan friends seem to have disagreed concerning the wisdom of publishing so ingenious a fantasy:

Some said, John, print it; others said, Not so:
 Some said, It might do good; others said, No.

In which quandary John, very sensibly, decided the case for himself, placing his manuscript in the hands of one Nath. Ponder, at the Peacock, in the Poultry near Cornhill. The first edition of his work appeared in 1678, and met with overwhelming success. A second and enlarged edition was put forth the same year; and the complete work as we now know it was published in the third edition of 1679.

The story will perhaps bear a brief repetition. Bunyan, walking through the wilderness of this world, lighted upon a place where there was a Den (so he denominates the Town Gaol on Bedford Bridge!) and lying down to sleep, he dreamed.

"And behold, I saw a man clothed with rags, standing in a certain place, with his face from his own house, a book in his hand, and a great burden upon his back. I looked, and saw him open the book, and read therein; and as he read, he wept and trembled; and not being able longer to contain, he brake out with a lamentable cry, saying *What shall I do?*"

It is Christian, loaded with his sins, and longing to flee away from the City of Destruction. His wife has little but contempt for these disquieting aspirations; and Christian is well-nigh in despair for lack of guidance, when upon a day Evangelist appears before him, bearing a scroll with the words, *Flee from the*

wrath to come. Bunyan's description of their interview is austere eloquent:

"The man therefore read it and looking upon Evangelist very carefully said: Whither must I fly? Then said Evangelist, pointing with his finger over a very wide field: Do you see yonder wicket-gate? The man said: No. Then said the other: Do you see yonder shining light? He said: I think I do. Then said Evangelist: Keep that light in your eye, and go up directly thereto; so shalt thou see the gate; at which when thou knockest, it shall be told thee what thou shalt do. So I saw in my dream that the man began to run. Now, he had not run far from his own door, but his wife and children, perceiving it, began to cry after him to return; but the man put his fingers in his ears, and ran on crying: Life! life! Eternal life! So he looked not behind him, but fled towards the middle of the plain."

We are at once in the thick of the allegory, and Bunyan's copious marginal notes permit no doubt as to the particular moral he would enforce. There is scarcely a paragraph, moreover, without abundant and more or less apposite allusions to Scriptural texts. No less than six of these references adorn (?) the brief passage quoted above: indeed this literal and minute bibliolatriy is exceedingly characteristic of Bunyan's temper, and colors at every turn his literary work. It is in his minor characters, not his heroic types, that we recognize a veritable, if one-sided, humanity. For they, having but a single moral to point, do this vigorously enough by simply being themselves. And more than once they prove the Puritan preacher a keen, practical observer of middle-class English life—no mean prophet, in fact, of the coming realism of Defoe. Hopeful, with his little fugitive frailties, is a more appealing figure than the central Pilgrim. And in very spite of himself Bunyan has invested Ignorance with a humanity not to be despised—that humanity which reaches its climax when he flatly refuses to believe his heart as evil as Christian declares its natural state to be! There is more than a touch of the old imperishable romances, too, in the adventures of our Pilgrim—albeit he does stand from first to last a type of Puritan righteousness. Christian faces his den of lions in splendid ignorance of their detaining chains; he falls into slumber in a certain pleasant arbor—and loses his passport scroll; he is taken prisoner, only to escape at great hazard

from Doubting Castle. His battle with the fiend, Apollyon, is almost worthy of Mallory, or the *Legend of St. Margaret!*

"In this combat," writes Bunyan, "no one can imagine, unless he had seen and heard as I did, what yelling and hideous roaring Apollyon made all the time of the fight." At one crisis, breaking out into a grievous rage at Christian's defiance, he "Straddled quite over the whole breadth of the way, and said: I am void of fear in this matter; prepare thyself to die; for I swear by my infernal den that thou shalt go no further; here will I spill thy soul. And with that he threw a flaming dart at his breast; but Christian had a shield in his hand with which he caught it, and so prevented the danger of that."

More than half a day this "sore combat" endured, Apollyon's darts flying as thick as hail, the pilgrim defending himself, albeit sore spent, and wounded in head and hand and foot. At the last he regains his sword and strikes the fiend a telling blow. "And with that Apollyon spread forth his dragon's wings, and sped him away, that Christian for a season saw him no more."

It is a small wonder that generations of pious readers, nourished in a bare and unlovely faith, have rejoiced in this spirited allegory of their pilgrimage! It is still smaller wonder that little children—who knew not Godfrey and the Crusaders, nor Roland nor Arthur!—have hung spellbound over the adventures of this sober Christian knight. Moreover, there are friendly castles and friendly greetings upon the pilgrim's way; although Christian has yet to cross the Enchanted Ground, and the Valley of the Shadow of Death, with its snares and pitfalls. Perhaps his most *human* moment occurs at the final ordeal when, sinking in the deep waters, he cries aloud for help:

"Ah my friend, 'The sorrows of death have compassed me about'; I shall not see the land that flows with milk and honey; and with that a great darkness and horror fell upon Christian, so that he could not see before him. Also here he in great measure lost his senses, so that he could neither remember nor orderly talk of any of those sweet refreshments that he had met with in the way of his pilgrimage."

But it is quickly over; and Christian with his companion Hopeful, are welcomed by a host of Shining Men and led to the gate of the Celestial City. Bunyan's eyes are loath to lose sight of his pilgrims. He sees them transfigured and clothed

in shining raiment, while the bells of the city ring for joy; and then at last:

“Just as the gates were opened to let in the men, I looked in after them, and behold, the city shone like the sun; the streets also were paved with gold, and in them walked many men, with crowns on their heads, palms in their hands, and golden harps to sing praises withal. There were also of them that had wings, and they answered one another without intermission, saying: ‘Holy, holy, holy is the Lord!’ And after that they shut up the gates; which, when I had seen, I wished myself among them. . . . So I awoke, and behold it was a dream.”

The Second Part of the *Pilgrim's Progress*—Bunyan's somewhat tardy apotheosis of the spiritual life of *woman*—lacks both the vigor and the inspiration of Christian's story. Like most sequels, it is often hard put to maintain the spirit of its predecessor. Sadly indeed must the narrative have halted but for Great Heart's timely advent; for neither in Mercy nor Christiana (poor, amiable, and edifying wraiths of womanhood!) is there vitality enough to support a decent allegory. The incidental verses, too—with the exception of one charming *Shepherd's Song*—are particularly infelicitous: so that one suspects those generously interspersed sermons of having exhausted Bunyan's creative faculties—as more than once they threaten to exhaust his readers' much-tried patience. If there be one possible gain over Part First, it is the author's gain in charity; for he who consigned Ignorance straight to hell at the beatific close of his earlier vision, narrates in this latter God's gracious acceptance of Feeble Mind and Ready-to-Halt, of Mr. Despondency and his daughter Much Afraid.

Manifestly there is nothing very subtle in this allegory of life. Its types are obvious enough; and if Bunyan writes with a sturdy eloquence, at moments not unfired by poetry nor unlightened by humor, his appeal is always—and essentially—mediocre. He was doubtless a great popular preacher, and he became a phenomenally popular writer; but he was never at any moment prophet or mystic. In what then lies the excellence of this *Pilgrim's Progress*—the secret of its enduring vitality and fascination? No doubt a very simple fact must explain. The book tells a great, elemental story—the story of man's struggling and aspiring soul—in the words and scenes of

everyday life. There is the abstract, the universal type, Christian; laboring through the Slough of Despond and the Valley of Humiliation, fighting demons, outwitting Giant Despair, resting upon the Delectable Mountains, and passing at last through the choking waters of Death. But crossing the path of this Pilgrim come Obstinate and Pliable, whom we all have known; Mr. Worldly Wiseman, and Talkative, smooth and satisfied in his airy loquacity. It is all as colloquial as possible: and yet at bottom it is essentially, eternally poetic. For in his Bible Bunyan found matter of high and sublime poetry—matter upon which his own allegory was often but a homely, running comment.

From his forced and sometimes violent introduction of texts, may we not perceive what awesome things lay struggling in his thought? The Ditch into which the Blind have led the Blind in all ages—the Highway of Righteousness and the Very Narrow Gate—the Valley of the Shadow of Death, and not less the River of the Water of Life! At moments, recalling the rich creative freedom, the mystical and flame-like soaring of our mediæval allegorists, we are tempted to demand whether this close adherence to the letter of the Scriptures may not have warped and stereotyped Bunyan's imagination. Far more truly it created it! For without that long and solitary and impassioned meditation upon his Bible, I believe the Bedford preacher had never been a poet at all.

In the light of present-day vagaries, the Catholic reader is often surprised to note the orthodoxy of these seventeenth century Dissenters—their hold upon Christ, upon the Holy Trinity, and many cardinal points of faith. Yet the reigning theology of *The Pilgrim's Progress* is, of course, a Protestant theology. Throughout Bunyan's entire work there is no mention of the sacraments: there is even the strangest and most pervasive Hebraism. For, in truth, they were "Old Testament Christians"—these brave-hearted and narrow-minded Puritans for whom he wrote—far more interested in Jacob's ladder, Moses' rod, "the pitchers, trumpets, and lamps too, with which Gideon put to flight the armies of Midian,"* than in any relic of the New Dispensation. Bunyan quotes with enthusiasm from Moses and David, Job and Hezekiah; his pilgrims press forward to meet Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob; and at the gate of

* All of which "relics of the servants of God" were preserved in Bunyan's *House Beautiful*!

the Celestial City they meet not Peter with his immemorial keys, but Enoch, Moses, and Elijah!

Nor must it be supposed that our preacher's doctrinal sins were confined to those of omission. He was excessively fond of discoursing upon the "total depravity" of the natural man, whose every imagination is evil and whose righteousness shows but as filthy rags before God. And he was considered a prime exponent of "justification by faith"—that theory in which Good Will takes the place of Good Deeds, and Christ's righteousness, instead of sanctifying *our* efforts, must be *imputed* to us and wrapped round us as a garment. From this root sprang all those strange and somewhat hysterical details of personal "conversion," or "acceptance" of Christ—the conviction of sin, the groaning and agony of spirit, the terror lest God should not have predestined the soul to salvation, and finally the self-assured revelation of sanctification and grace. These things were every-day experiences among the Puritans, recorded as authentically of Oliver Cromwell or of Bunyan himself as of Hopeful or Christian. It was not a cheerful philosophy of life; it admitted of no "indifferent" actions, and it placed a rare premium upon scrupulosity. Here, for instance, are some of John Bunyan's confessions of the period just preceding his own conversion:

"Before this I had taken much delight in ringing, but now I thought such practice vain, yet my mind hankered; wherefore I would go to the steeple-house and look on, though I durst not ring. But I began to think: *How if one of the bells should fall?* Then I chose to stand under a main beam that lay athwart the steeple, thinking here I might stand sure; but then I thought again, should the bell fall with a swing, it might first hit the wall and then, rebounding, kill me. This made me stand in the steeple door; but then it came into my mind *How if the steeple itself should fall?* And this thought, as I looked on, did so shake my mind that I durst not stand at the steeple door any longer, but was forced to flee.

"Another thing was my dancing. I was full a year before I could quite leave that; but all this while, when I did anything that I thought was good, I had great peace with my conscience. But, poor wretch as I was, I was ignorant of Jesus Christ, and going about to establish my own righteousness."

(TO BE CONCLUDED.)

New Books.

Although the remarkable work **PHILOSOPHY OF RELIGION**, which the Baron von Hügel has just published,* as the fruit of seven years' literary labor, and the outcome of a much longer period of experience and reflection, is nominally the life of a saint, its proper place in the library will be the department of philosophy or apologetics. The mother-thought of the work was, the writer tells us, to exhibit one "of those large-souled, pre-Protestant, post-Mediæval Catholics," whose type appeals to him more strongly than "the specifically post-Tridentine type of Catholicism, with its regimental Seminarism, its predominantly controversial spirit, its suspiciousness and timidity." The most suitable personality for his purpose he believed to be St. Catherine of Genoa. But owing to the unsatisfactory quality of the existing biographies of this saint, he resolved to betake himself to the sources. This decision has produced a biography which, from the critical historian's point of view, is a fine piece of work bearing the evidence of great study directed by rigorous method.

But the biographical narrative is only a framework on which is woven a wide inquiry into the psychological roots of religion itself, as they have manifested their character in the history of mankind. Such a scheme, even on the most modest scale practicable, would mean a very extensive study. But it is no diminutive plan on which the Baron's work is laid down. An adequate review of these two densely packed volumes would be a book in itself. They swarm with minute questions of historical criticism, sweeping surveys of philosophic thought and human action, appreciations of rival epistemological theories, analyses of the psychological factors which have shaped the various sects in Christian times, and even those of Pagan and Jewish history. Scarcely a school of philosophy or a religious body escapes notice. The writer's sweep is not limited even to this world; for he passes on to discuss the nature of hell, of purgatory, and of the joys which eye hath not seen nor ear heard. His temper cannot be fairly described without a detailed appreciation which our space forbids.

* *The Mystical Element of Religion as Studied in St. Catherine of Genoa and Her Friends.*
By Baron Friedrich von Hügel. 2 Vols. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.

Perhaps the most convenient way to give a clue to his attitude is to mention some of the authors to whom, in the philosophic field, he acknowledges his indebtedness. Among them are Edwin Rhode, Volkelt, Münsterberg, Euken, and Troeltsch; Blondel, Janet, Boutroux, Laberthonnière, and Bergson; Pringle-Patterson, James Ward, Tyrrell, Edward Caird, and, "further back than all the living writers lies the stimulation and help of him who was, later on, to become Cardinal Newman." Of Newman he says: "It was he who first taught me to glory in my appurtenance to the Catholic and Roman Church, and to conceive this my inheritance in a large and historical manner, as a slow growth across the centuries, with an innate affinity to, and eventual incorporation of, all the good and true to be found mixed up with error and with evil in this chequered, difficult, but rich world and life in it in which this living organism moves and expands."

To offer any abstract of the work is to risk doing injustice to the erudition and the vital quality of the treatment. With this warning premised, however, we may give the following bald synopsis to acquaint our readers with the character of the work; provided they keep in mind the fact that every view of the writer is accompanied with extensive historical illustration.

There are three forces of the soul, each of which, together with its corresponding object, is necessary to religion; but it becomes ruinous if it is allowed to develop to the exclusion of the others. The first of these forces is the faculty by which we remember and picture things and scenes. We need sense-impressions and symbols to stimulate thought and feeling into action; and symbols woven out of sense-impressions express thought and feeling. The need we have for awakening and regulating this experience and action calls for the assistance of social environment and tradition. Hence this force corresponds to and demands the institutional and historical element of religion. If this force and need of the soul, with the corresponding religious element, is allowed to flourish beyond its proper measure, to the injury of the other two powers, it will degenerate into superstition, to the destruction of spiritual sincerity, to the preponderance of the objective world over personality and the liberty of the children of God.

The second soul-force is that by which we analyze and synthesize what has been brought home to us by the senses

and our social and historical environment. It calls for a logical, systematic order in our other experience. This force corresponds to the critical-historical and synthetic-philosophical element of religion. The product of it is positive and dogmatic theology. Its undue preponderance leads to rationalistic fanaticism; to agnosticism and indifference; to the worship of the goddess of reason; to the fruitless endeavor to put all the elements of religion into the categories of physical science. The third faculty of the soul is that through which we obtain a dim but real sense and feeling of the Infinite Spirit Who sustains us, penetrates and works within us. This faculty gives a definite result to all our experiences and memories. Its correspondent is the operative and the mystical element in religion. Unduly developed, it, too, produces ruinous results of emotional fanaticism, and religious movements having for their creed tenets subversive of society and traditional morality.

All these elements and forces have, therefore, two sides; they have been, during the course of history, constantly in collision and interaction; now one, now another has had the upper hand. In religious systems they have appeared in varying degrees, respectively, and each has sought to expel the other. Yet, ultimately, each becomes barren or pernicious when unaided by the other two; and all three, properly adjusted, are needed for a full religious life. Besides the strictly religious activity, the soul has other forces, needs, and objects; and without the development of these also the religious life cannot attain its highest type.

It thus becomes evident that souls require, for the realization of the best that is in them, a large social and historical environment of a specifically religious kind, within which they will be assisted by the experiences of others. "The Kingdom of God, the Church, will thus be more and more found, and made to be, the means of an ever more distinct articulation, within an ever more fruitful interaction, of the various *attributes*, gifts, vocations, and types of souls which constitute its society. And these souls, in return, will, precisely by this articulation within this ampler system, bring to this society an ever richer content of variety in harmony, of action and warfare within an ever deeper fruitfulness and peace."

That this consummation may be realized, two all-pervading experiences and motives must be present. The first is the vivid,

continuous sense that God is within us, as the true end and origin of the whole movement, as far as it is efficient and beautiful. The other conviction is the continuous sense of the Cross of Christ—"the great law and fact that only through self-renunciation and suffering can the soul win its true self, its abiding joy in union with the Source of Life, with God, Who has left to us, human souls, the choice between two things alone: the noble pangs of spiritual child-birth, of painful, joyous expansion and growth; and the shameful ache of spiritual death, of dreary contraction and decay." The efficacy of these two convictions to permeate and regulate the religious forces of the soul so as to produce the noblest results, has, notwithstanding some peculiarities and drawbacks, been exemplified splendidly in the life of Caterinetta Fiesca Adorna, the saint of Genoa.

The Baron von Hügel's work will be numbered among the small number of deep studies on the philosophy of religion that have been produced originally in English by a Catholic pen. Our aim has been not to estimate but to expose the purpose and design of the work. The author has probed deep into many very delicate questions; discussed them freely; and, of course, offered many openings to the critic watchful on behalf of current traditional views.

On leaving Baron Von Hügel's for Dr. Cutting's study,* the title of which would be more accurate if the definite article were dropped, we pass to a different quality and method; from the first-hand student to the popularizer. This writer treats of a number of subjects which are encountered in the former work. But we miss any approach to the systematic analysis and classification of Von Hügel. Here we are on the surface, not in the depths; and we pass from one to another of a long list of phenomena, each one of which is considered in isolation from the others, and without any attempt to establish a psychological or historical order among them. The author means to serve the general reader as well as the psychological and theological student; he has served him almost exclusively; for his generalizations are frequently much wider than the inductions on which they are built; his cases are gathered too much at haphazard; he is too prone to put forward the abnormal for the

* *The Psychological Phenomena of Christianity*. By George Barton Cutting, Ph.D. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

type, to permit him to be of much service to the serious student, who will prefer to go to the leaders upon whom Dr. Cutting implicitly relies; such as Inge, James, Starbuck. A list of the chief chapters will indicate the random and incomplete manner in which the general subject is handled. The Religious Faculty; Mysticism; Ecstasy; Glossolalia; Visions; Dreams; Stigmatization; Witchcraft; Demoniacal Possession; Monasticism and Asceticism; Religious Epidemics; Contagious Phenomena; Revivals; Christian Science; Faith Cure; Miracles; Conversion; Age; Sex; Intellect; Knowledge; Imagination; Inspiration; Will; Emotions; Worship; Prayer; Sexuality; Denominationalism; Immortality; Preaching. The writer has allowed his prepossessions to direct his selection of facts, as well as his interpretations, when he approaches such topics as Monasticism, Clerical Celibacy, Asceticism; he writes about these subjects as a foreigner might describe the character of the American people by compiling his pages from the newspaper reports of divorces, burglaries, swindles, and such like contents. One instance of Dr. Cutting's method of trying things Catholic is worth quotation: "The traditional fasting of the Roman Catholic Church has, by the rigidity of the rule and the changes wrought by time, been turned into luxury. To day, in most parts of this country at least, fish is more rare than flesh. Who would not exchange fried tripe for boiled salmon, and willingly suffer all the sacrifice which it entailed?" It must be said, however, that the Doctor seldom descends to quite such silliness as this. It is interesting to notice that, though he is profuse in his references and quotations, in the chapters on Mysticism, Monasticism, and Asceticism, not a single Catholic writer or authority is quoted, nor is there any indication that the author has even read, much less studied, any of the great mystics. There is, indeed, a passage from Dionysius the Areopagite, who is called the Father of Christian Mysticism, but no reference is given; and a line from St. John of the Cross, which is such a commonplace Catholic thought that the footnote giving the authority recalls the old pastor who announced to his congregation: "Brethern, St. Prosper of Aquitaine tells us that we must all die." A hymn of St. Francis, too, is cited at second hand.

DE LAS CASAS.

The keynote of this biography * is sounded in the Preface, where the author declares his object to be "to assign to the noblest Spaniard who ever landed in the Western world his true place among the great spirits who have defended and advanced the cause of just liberty." By his *Letters of Cortez*, Mr. McNutt has already established a reputation as a well-equipped student of early Hispano-American history, which this volume will considerably increase. It will be welcomed by many Catholics just now as an opportune offset to the picture given of the great "Protector of the Indians" in the *Catholic Encyclopedia*, where Las Casas fares even as badly as he did at the hands of Robertson.

As Mr. McNutt describes him, Las Casas, from first to last, was prompted by motives of justice and humanity; he was, indeed, headstrong, and pursued his object with a pertinacity that was indifferent to the blight that his revelations might cast on the reputation of individuals, however high-placed, and even on the nation itself. While he acknowledges Motolinia's good qualities, Mr. McNutt holds that his opposition to Las Casas was not equitable:

Motolinia was a devout man, whose apostolic life among the Indians won him his dearly loved name equivalent to "the poor man," or *poverello* of St. Francis, but, with all his virtues, he belonged to the type of churchman that dreads scandal above everything else. The methods of Las Casas scandalized him; it wounded his patriotism that Spaniards should be held up to the execration of Christendom, and he rightly apprehended that such damaging information, published broadcast, would serve as a formidable weapon in the hands of the adversaries of his Church and country.

But Las Casas, on the contrary, believed, and acted upon the belief, that only by exposing the evils could sufficient attention be directed to them to ensure their extirpation. The debate between Las Casas and the Franciscan theologian, De Sepulveda, is related at length. Las Casas' thirty propositions are given in a condensed form; and the respective principles of the two men are neatly expressed: "Reduced to a formula,

* *Bartholomew de las Casas. His Life, His Apostolate, and His Writings.* By Francis Augustus McNutt. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

the doctrine of Las Casas may be summed up: Convert the Indians first and they will afterwards become Spanish subjects; as against the contention of his adversaries that they must first be conquered, after which their conversion would follow."

The charge advanced by Robertson, and repeated by others—that Las Casas advocated the introduction of negro slavery, and proposed to Cardinal Ximines that a number of negroes should be bought on the African coast, to be employed as slaves in working the mines—Mr. McNutt examines carefully for the purpose of refuting it. The original basis of the accusation is a passage in Herrera's history of the Indies, written thirty-two years after the death of Las Casas. Negro slavery did exist in Spain before the time of Las Casas in a not repulsive form. "Since this system was recognized by the laws of Christendom, no additional injury would be done to the negroes by permitting Spaniards who might own them in Spain to transport them to America." Further than this, Mr. McNutt shows, Las Casas did not go; and even of this step he subsequently repented, when he fully perceived the injustice of slavery. Las Casas, he claims, was far in advance of his age:

A small group of men, chiefly Dominican monks, with Las Casas at their head, courageously championed the cause of freedom and humanity in a century and amongst a people hardened to oppression and cruelty; they braved popular fury, suffered calumny, detraction, and abuse; they faced kings, high ecclesiastics, and all the rich and great ones of their day, incessantly and courageously reprimanding their injustice and demanding reform. Since the memorable day when Fray Antonio de Montesinos proclaimed himself, "*vox clamantis in deserto*" before the astonished and incensed colonists of Hispaniola, the chorus of rebuke had swelled until it had made itself heard, sparing none amongst the offenders against equity and humanity. The Spanish sovereigns, Ferdinand and Charles, as well as Cardinal Ximines, were strenuously opposed to this oppression, as soon and as far as they knew of its existence.

The highest Spanish authorities, both civil and ecclesiastical, Mr. McNutt shows to have behaved very nobly throughout the fierce contentions stirred up by the agitation against oppression. He gives a brief synopsis of the fiery peroration of Las Casas at the end of the theological disputations with his opponents,

which concluded with the denunciation of Spain: "For these reasons God will punish Spain with inevitable severity, so be it."

"In no land," observes our author, "where freedom of speech was a recognized right, could an orator have used plainer language, and it shows both the Spanish civil and ecclesiastical authorities of that age in a somewhat unfamiliar light that Las Casas not only escaped perilous censures, but even won a moral victory over his opponents." And he pertinently adds: "What would have become of the champion of such unpopular doctrines, attacking as he did the material interests of thousands of the greatest men in the land, had there been daily newspapers in those times, it is not difficult to imagine." The interest and utility of this able biography is enhanced by Appendices consisting of the "Brevissima Relacion," the Bull, *Sublimis Deus*, and the Royal Ordinances providing for the departure of Las Casas from Spain, and his reception in the Indies.

THE ITALIANS OF TO-DAY. lated translation* of M. Bazin's
By Bazin. pleasant and instructive account of
his journey through the Italy of

yesterday appears not inopportune now, when the attention of the world has been turned so tragically to Italy. There is a strong personal quality in M. Bazin's slightest pages; and he has the knack of unobtrusively inoculating his readers with his own sympathies. Our clever Frenchman takes us under his guidance, after he has passed the Alps, and with him we make a tour of observation through the Northern Provinces, intent principally upon learning how the people live and what are their hopes, or, too often, their despairs. At Milan he escorts us to a public function, where he salutes the King and Queen, Umberto and Margherita. Occasionally he introduces a conversation with some Italian friend or chance acquaintance, which permits him the opportunity of touching upon fiscal, literary, and social topics. From the North he passes on to Rome, which, he says, "is not a city to be visited, but to be lived in if one would understand it and enjoy its supreme beauty." Bestowing an occasional glance on the great historic monuments and sights, M. Bazin shows us the modern side of the city's

* *The Italians of To-Day*. From the French [of René Bazin. Translated by William Marchant. New York: Henry Holt & Co.

life and development, dwelling a good deal upon the results of the building speculation of twenty-five years ago, which proved so disastrous to many investors. One of the most interesting accounts is that of the Roman Campagna, with its half-nomadic, rural, or pastoral population, engaged in looking after the great pastures belonging to aristocratic landowners, whose apology for the wretched conditions of their serfs is that, owing to the government regulations and the system of taxation, it is impossible to change anything whatever. The last stage of M. Bazin's entertaining trip is through Southern Italy, and, as we enjoy it with him, we talk now to an old military man or a young dandy, now to the women of some squalid city slum, everywhere gaining contact with life and manners as they really are.

The student of Church history will thank the scholarship and industry which have provided him, in a book of six hundred odd pages, with the story of the Eastern Churches from the time of the great Christological and Trinitarian controversies and heresies down to the present day. The handbook* of Dr. Adeney covers a long period, varied fortunes, and a vast extent of territory. It is divided into two parts. The first deals with Eastern Christendom up to the fall of the Byzantine empire. This is the less valuable part, not that the great events and issues of this period are of less importance, nor that the author's presentation of them lacks quality. But for our ecclesiastical students, the ground is already covered in the ordinary courses of Church history and dogmatic theology. Besides, considerable allowance must be made here for the author's standpoint regarding the supremacy of the Roman Pontiff, which he does not admit to be of divine right. The tone of the work, however, is not controversial; and it aims to relate facts objectively rather than to apply to them doctrinal interpretation. Where he does, occasionally, make a passing comment that Catholics cannot accept, there is no lack of courtesy; and his prompt acknowledgment of Roman merit in matters where, formerly, Protestant writers would see none, stamps him as a member of the new and much more impartial school. For instance, he

* *The Greek and Eastern Churches*. By Walter F. Adeney, M.A., D.D. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

counsels his readers that, if they would take a broad view of the situation they must be satisfied to regard the Crusades either as mere freaks of fanaticism, or as only European police manœuvres for the protection of pilgrims. He observes, too, that the Popes, and they alone among European statesmen, saw the danger which, in the Turks, threatened Western civilization.

The narration is extremely condensed; so that for the greater part of the work every page, almost every paragraph, is compact with facts or summaries which suggest plenty of hard work for the student who takes the book as a guide to a more exhaustive examination of the subjects. If this is his ambition, he will find the way marked out for him by the bibliographies affixed to every chapter; one list gives the main authorities or sources; the other, some more or less recent literature. In the latter class, the latest Catholic writers, Duchesne and Fortescue, are included.

The second part of the work deals with the separate churches—the modern Greek, the Russian, the Syrian and Armenian, the Coptic and Abyssinian churches. Recognizing that these churches originally were all regarded as integral parts of the Catholic Church and that no proper account of them can be given without going back to their origins, Dr. Adeney, in tracing the genesis of each of them, returns to the ages which occupy the first part of his study. Then he brings their history down to the present day, in a fairly complete, though not detailed, form; and, thereby, furnishes a much desired, but not easily attainable, body of information lucidly arranged.

One chapter there is which hardly seems to have any logical right to its position here. That is the one entitled "Later Eastern Christianity," dealing with the Portuguese missions and the career of St. Francis Xavier in India, and with other European missions, Protestant and Catholic. None of these are Eastern in the historic sense of the word; and the Catholic missions are not separate churches. Against this fault of over-inclusiveness, there is one of omission; for the bodies of Eastern Christians that are still in communion with the Roman See are scarcely recorded. These faults, however, weigh slightly against the great utility of the book, which presents the best account that we have of present-day Christianity in the lands which once constituted the great Eastern Patriarchates.

A ROAD TO ROME.

This is a reprint of a book* which caused a good deal of stir when first published about fifty years ago.

The author was an able lawyer, and occupied the position of Governor of California. He was born and educated in the Baptist Church, and carried into manhood his full share of the ignorance and prejudices which prevail in many quarters regarding the Catholic Church. Happening to assist at High Mass one Christmas Day in Fort Vancouver, he was deeply moved by the service. But nothing came of this initial impulse of grace. Later on he read the Campbell-Purcell controversy and, to his legal mind, it seemed that, on some very important points Bishop Purcell had the better of the argument, though the Bishop had not met or sufficiently answered several serious objections in Burnett's mind. However, the lawyer resolved to examine for himself the merits of the Church's claim. He studied for eighteen months, in what spirit and with what result he tells himself :

I prayed humbly and sincerely that I might know the truth, and then have the grace to follow it wherever it might lead me. I examined carefully, prayerfully, and earnestly, until I was satisfied, beyond a doubt, that the Old Church was the true and only Church.

The highly original feature of Burnett's method is that he takes as his starting-point some principles of jurisprudence to decide how the Scriptures are to be construed in order to get at the Law of Christ, and the nature and scope of the society which He founded. It is unusual to find Blackstone, Kent, and the constitution of the Supreme Court of the United States appealed to in order to establish the validity of the Catholic Church's title. Besides his forensic training, Burnett brought a wide knowledge of religious history and controversy to bear upon his problem. He takes up and answers the common historical objections urged against Catholicism; then passes on to examine the chief dogmas that are disputed by Protestants. A typical example of his very cogent reasoning occurs when he examines the objection that the character of the lives of some popes must have destroyed the apostolic succession of the Roman See:

* *A Road to Rome. The Path Which Led a Protestant Lawyer to the Catholic Church.* By Peter H. Burnett. Edited and abridged by Rev. J. Sullivan, S.J. St. Louis: B. Herder.

I had supposed that the continued existence of the Church, with all the offices created by Christ, was dependent on His Will, and not upon the personal virtues or vices of individuals. It may be that, though our Lord did promise to protect the Church against the gates of hell, He did not mean to bind Himself to protect her against the gates of men. I had thought that both the creation of the office of Pope, and the consequent continuance of same, depended upon the Will of the Founder of the institution, not upon the will of man.

I am aware that inferior corporations, which are but the creatures of statutory enactments, may forfeit their charters by non-user or mis-user; because such is a part of the law of their creation. The mis-user is the act of the controlling majority of the stock-holders, and is, therefore, the act of all. But this doctrine cannot apply to governments. Political governments may be changed at the pleasure of their founders; but the act of making such change is the act of the sovereign power. If it should happen that the President should commit treason, this would only forfeit his right to fill the office, but the office itself would remain unimpaired. The office was not created by him—was not his work—was made by the Nation, and the Nation alone can unmake or destroy. If twenty Presidents in succession were to commit all the crimes possible, the office would remain.

Then he proceeds to show the application of this principle to the Church.

Occasionally one meets a remark that will not pass the criticism of rigorous theology; but the main ideas, statements of doctrine, and arguments in support of them, are all sound, both doctrinally and logically. The freshness with which they are put, the downright sincerity of the pleader, will make them attractive to minds less susceptible to drier and more conventional forms of exposition. It was a happy thought to reprint this valuable record of a path which it may assist other wanderers to find and follow.

NEW MARRIAGE LEGISLATION.

A French commentary, which has just appeared,* on the Decree *Ne Temere*, is one of the most succinct yet clear expositions that we have seen. With the assiduous labor of the large number

* *Les Francailles et le Mariage Discipline Actuelle.* Par Lucien Choupin. Paris: Beauchesne.

of canonists who have published their commentaries on the new legislation very few obscurities, or even controverted points, still remain to be cleared up. There is one, however, on which authorities still remain divided. It is whether a promise of marriage, which is invalid before the external court (*in foro externo*) because the prescribed forms have not been complied with, does, nevertheless, impose an obligation of conscience (*in foro interno*). The present writer affirms, without hesitation, that it does not. His argument is: The Holy See had the power to nullify such a promise so as to deprive it of all binding power, *in foro interno*, as well as *in foro externo*. Secondly, the first article of the Decree indicates that the Pope's intention was to deprive of all value all promises of marriage that should not comply with the conditions fixed by this Decree. To obviate objections, however, M. Choupin admits that if, for instance, a young man, through an exchange of promises, should deceive a young woman, he owes her a just compensation for the injury done; and this obligation may, in some cases, extend so far as to impose on him the duty of marrying her.

A CRITICISM OF HENRY
CHARLES LEA.

The promise of this title* is alluring; even though the small size of this book at once raises a doubt whether that promise will be redeemed. A critical inquiry into the methods and merits of Lea's entire set of histories—of the Spanish and the mediæval Inquisitions; of sacerdotal celibacy, confession and indulgences—would demand far more labor and space than this little book contains. It does, however, offer some general criticisms as to Lea's shortcomings, of which the one that receives the severest stricture is his misunderstanding of the significance of documents and facts, owing to his very imperfect knowledge of the Catholic mind. A few palpable hits are made against Lea; but a good deal of time is wasted over some minor points that will interest only the trained historian, while, judging by its general tenor, this cursory review is intended for popular reading. The translator has omitted some details in the original concerning various versions of Lea's work. It is

* *Henry Charles Lea's Historical Writings. A Critical Inquiry Into Their Method and Merit.* By Paul Maria Baumgarten. From the German. New York: Joseph F. Wagner.

to be regretted that he did not also omit Mgr. Baumgarten's disquisition on lynch law in America, which he introduces in his conclusion for the purpose of retorting against Lea's condemnation of the Inquisition.

Two young aristocratic cavalry officers, with all the mettle of their race and class, found themselves for a moment side by side on the field of Rezonville, at the opening of the war of 1870.* That France could be defeated was a thought which never entered their minds. In a few weeks they, with thousands of their fellow-soldiers, were prisoners in Germany, dazed, dejected, humiliated, learning, day after day, the news of fresh, unmerciful disasters. When peace was restored, they returned to find their country under the German heel; and to witness more terrible days inflicted on Paris, by Frenchmen themselves, than the proud, gay capital had sustained from the foreigner.

The two friends sought to find out the reasons, technical, moral, and philosophical, why, in spite of French courage, victory which was often near at hand, in the great war, had never come; and why the country, by successive falls, was at length overwhelmed in unutterable catastrophe. The pursuit of this question led them to the conviction that in a reform of ideas and morals, by the application of Christian principles, lay the only road to redemption for the nation. To initiate a movement in this direction became the object of their ambition. From this resolution sprang the Catholic movement for the establishment of workmen's clubs and co-operative circles, which, though it failed to arrest the forces of irreligion in the past thirty years in France, has valiantly, and not without some local successes, resisted them. The Comte de Mun, one of the founders, relates the genesis and history of the movement, from 1871 to 1875, when he resigned his commission in the army. His story is replete with interest, since, besides permitting us many glances into intimate family life, and introducing us now and again into the centers of political struggle, it throws a good deal of light on the currents which ultimately brought the Church and State into violent collision.

* *Ma Vocation Sociale. Souvenirs de la Fondation de l'Œuvre des Cercles Catholiques d'Ouvrières.* Par A. de Mun. Paris: Lethielleux.

Is spiritism a vast tissue of deceit and self-delusion? By no means; it contains a series of well-attested phenomena, objective in character, and, certainly, the work of extraneous intelligence or intelligences. Who are these intelligences? The spirits of the departed as they profess to be? No; they are malevolent spirits; bent on working the moral ruin of those who cultivate intercourse with them. Such is the gist of this book,* whose author has become a sort of quasi-official missionary to wage war against spiritism, which, he says, is attracting an immense number of Catholics. This opinion is not, we believe, shared by the greater number of our clergy, who do not believe that any considerable number of their flocks find any fascination in this aberration.

In his first chapter Mr. Raupert exposes the character of the evidence that attests the reality of spiritistic phenomena; and then proceeds to describe their varieties. He next discusses the nature of the function discharged by the sensitive, or medium, who, "roughly speaking, serves as a link between the world of spirit and that of matter, and supplies from his nerve organism that substance, or 'psychic force' (as Sir William Crookes terms it), which enables a spirit of intelligence to manifest itself in the world of sense." After discussing various theories put forward to explain, or explain away, the manifestations, he unfolds his own, which, in its main features, was anticipated by Banquo:

"But 'tis strange:
And oftentimes, to win us to our harm,
The instruments of darkness tell us truths,
Win us with honest trifles, to betray us
In deepest consequence."

FORBIDDEN BOOKS. Into very small bulk Father Betten has compressed, for the use of busy Catholics, a large amount of information on the Index of Prohibited Books.† He explains the origin, purpose, and authority of the institution; its meth-

* *Modern Spiritism. A Critical Examination of Its Phenomena, Character, and Teaching in the Light of Known Facts.* Second Edition. By J. Godfrey Raupert. St. Louis: B. Herder.

† *The Roman Index of Forbidden Books Briefly Explained for Catholic Booklovers and Students.* By Francis J. Betten, S.J. St. Louis: B. Herder.

od of operation; and the obligations it imposes. He gives a synopsis of the decrees which prohibit various classes of books in general; and adds a partial list of books, and of authors, that have been specifically condemned. In these days of omniverous reading, Catholics stand in need of more information than they usually possess regarding this important branch of Church legislation.

ENCYCLOPEDIA OF
RELIGIOUS KNOWLEDGE.

Of late years an unusually large number of biblical and theological dictionaries and encyclopedias have been put upon the market. This fact is most significant as evidence of the keen, world-wide interest in matters religious. It is quite impossible to give anything like a careful, detailed review of these publications in our pages. Some of them are so drastically radical as to be sadly deficient as sources or references for reliable information. The craze of the present, without any respect for the past, of a particular school or tendency seems oftentimes to exclude the mature judgment, the painstaking consideration that should go to the making of a dictionary or encyclopedia. The very appearance of so many within such a short time is an evidence that we are not working patiently or well.

It is a particular pleasure for us, therefore, to recommend an encyclopedia* that is, as far as we have seen, sober yet learned; considerate of the past as well as of the present; conservative yet progressive; one that, as a rule, tends to show that the traditional interpretation of Catholic teaching on Scriptural questions is the correct interpretation. In matters historical, liturgical, scriptural, doctrinal, biographical, the editors of *The New Schaff-Herzog Encyclopedia of Religious Knowledge*—so far as the first volume shows us—have sought to give a fair, considerate, and—as far as space will permit—a full presentation of the subject. Exception might well be taken to an article or to a sentence here and there. For example, Protestant matters of theology and Protestant writers on theology and Scripture receive greater attention and are allowed more space than Catholic subjects and Catholic writers. This is owing principally, we believe, to the fact that the original Schaff-

* *The New Schaff-Herzog Encyclopedia of Religious Knowledge*. Vol. I. New York: Funk & Wagnall's Company.

Herzog was a distinctly Protestant publication; again it is often very evident that the writers are not Catholics; "immaculistic" is scarcely a courteous term to use in designating those who championed the doctrine of the Immaculate Conception; we are told that Abelard teaches like a good Protestant; to describe Dr. Lyman Abbot, particularly in the light of his latest utterances, as a Congregationalist of the Liberal Evangelical Type, will instruct nobody, and only shows the absurdities to which non-dogmatic theology has sunk; nor is it true to say that Dr. Barry's *Tradition of Scripture* has been placed on the Index of Prohibited Books. The truth is that a new edition of Dr. Barry's book has just been issued bearing the imprimatur of the Archbishop of Westminster. But, as we have said, we do not intend to present anything like a detailed review of the book. We have sought to give an opinion of the work in general—its spirit, its aim, and its tendency; and with regard to these we feel that it merits our good measure of praise. We are glad to see among the Department Editors the names of Dr. Creagh, of the Catholic University of Washington, and Dr. Driscoll, of St. Joseph's Seminary, New York.

This is a novel* that carries us to Spain, so full is it of local color and vivid pictures of Spanish life. The hero, Gallardo, the son of a poor widow, passes his early years in a squalid quarter of Seville; neglected and wild, in common with the boys of his acquaintance, he finds his greatest pleasure in frequenting the bullfights for which that city is famous. But Gallardo is ambitious and fearless. His imagination is fired by the general enthusiasm for the actors in that bloody sport; and he decides to adopt their profession—for such it is regarded in Spain. Soon he appears before the public as a full-fledged matador.

Handsome, graceful, daring to a degree that astonishes even the oldest habitués of the arena, he carries all before him, receives the applause of thousands of admiring followers, and soon finds himself rich and famous. The old quarter of Seville welcomes him back with pride. The mother is installed in a fine house with finer furniture, and has servants in plenty to wait on

* *Sangre y Arena*. Par Blasco Ibañez. Madrid: Sempere y ca Vallencia.

her. The dark eyes of Carmen, a playmate of his childhood, grow brighter as Gallardo looks upon her.

Carmen it is, indeed, who holds the reader's interest. Her capacity for love and suffering, her personal refinement of character, springing from a gentle nature and religious feeling, place her in pleasing contrast with her high-born rival, Doña Sol, whose character, while drawn with considerable skill, lowers the moral tone of the book.

It would carry us beyond our limit to follow the details of the plot, which is slight and well-sustained. Apart from any merit as a story, the book is of value as giving a clear idea of the national sport of Spain, its hold on the people, and the inevitable effect on their character. In *Sangre y Arena* the game is stripped of illusion and is presented to us without any "trimmings," with its widespread ramifications, forming a great commercial factor, entering into the daily life of the masses, training them to find enjoyment in the sight of suffering, making heroes of the successful actors in the cruel drama, and giving rewards larger than such men could get in any other occupation. The yearly earnings of a matador amount at times to fifty or sixty thousand dollars.

If a matador, however popular and brave he may have been, should once show even a momentary loss of nerve—and this is sometimes the case, for the constant struggle at close quarters with death in a horrible form, tells on even iron constitutions—he will be hissed and jeered by a pitiless audience, and spurred on to deeds that mean certain death. Such was the fate of Gallardo. Carried from the arena, accompanied by the banderillero who had been the sharer of his many dangers, he was placed in the hands of the attendant physician, while a thin partition separated them from the great audience shouting and applauding as a new game began. The doctor examined the great rent in the man's body, made by the bull's horns, shook his head, and turning to the banderillero said: "It's all over, Sebastian, you must find another matador."

The loud picturesque style of the popular lecturer or exhorter pervades this sustained denunciation of the liquor traffic.*

* *Profit and Loss in Man.* By Alphonso A. Hopkins, Ph.D. New York: Funk & Wagnall's Company.

Look and gesture are replaced by the devices of the typographer. The speaker is terribly in earnest, though never so much so that he cannot stop to introduce a jocular remark or anecdote. Dissatisfied with the policy of Republicans and Democrats alike, he strongly urges all to act logically by joining the Prohibition party.

Of the many publications of travel, that are issued from time to time by the railroads of the country, there are few, if any, that equal in design, composition, and coloring a publication which we have recently received entitled: *The Overland Route to the Road of a Thousand Wonders*, published by the Union Pacific and Southern Pacific Railroad. The Overland route, as pictured in these seventy-two pages, runs over vast plains, past the high outpost of the Rockies, across the surface of Great Salt Lake, over the crest of the Sierra, through many a picturesque canyon and valley to the Golden Gate. The book gives the reader a splendid idea of the growth and possibilities of the West and its illustrations show something of the marvelous beauty of Western scenery. It should open up to many Americans something of the great wonders of their country. The publication excels in workmanship and good printing.

Foreign Periodicals.

The Tablet (6 Feb.): The annual report of the Registrar-General estimates "The Population of England and Wales" at 34,945,000. Marriages in the Established Church have steadily decreased, so also has the birth-rate, which is now lower than that of any European country except France.—Under "Notes" Mr. Tozer's recent article in *The Nineteenth Century*, entitled "Divorce and Compulsory Celibacy," is reviewed. The writer's main object is to promote the practice of divorce by making it at once cheap and easy.—"A Decision on Mixed Choirs." According to a recent decree of the Sacred Congregation of Rites mixed choirs in English-speaking countries are apparently not prohibited. The stipulation is, however, made that men and women must be kept separate.—Writing on "Women's Suffrage," Cardinal Moran says: "The woman who votes only avails herself of a rightful privilege that democracy has gained for her."

(13 Feb.): Under the heading "The Continuity Fable at York," the claim of the newly-enthroned Anglican Archbishop of York, Dr. Cosmo Lang, to be the eighty-ninth successor of St. Paulinus is disputed.—"Divorce and the Church of England." The Archbishop of Canterbury has directed one of his clergy to admit a divorced couple to the Holy Communion. His plea is that the parties had been married in the Church.—According to the Constitution *Sapienti Consilio*, all minor officials in the different Congregations are to be chosen, in future, by competitive examinations.—"South African Union." The proposed federation of colonies is an accomplished fact. The constitution provides for a Governor-General and two Houses of Parliament. Neither race nor color is to be a bar to the franchise, while both the English and the Dutch languages are to be recognized as official.†

(20 Feb.): Gives an account of the *Acta Apostolicæ Sedis*. What is the Roman Curia, and how is the Church governed?—In "The King's Speech," at the reassembling of Parliament, stress was laid upon the satisfactory relations existing between England and foreign powers.

No mention was made of any action against the House of Lords. The disestablishment of the Welsh Church is to be proceeded with immediately.—“Catholic Statistics.” The Archbishop of St. Paul in a letter to the *Times*, says that the figures for the Catholic population, 14,235,451, are too low. They should not be under sixteen or even seventeen millions.—“The Italian Elections.” The Pope has issued instructions to voters following on the lines laid down by Pius IX. in his decree *Non Expedit*.—The Anglican Bishop of Carlisle, in his address, states that the Church of England regards the Sacraments as of much less importance than “the ministry of the word.”

The Month (Feb.): The Rev. S. F. Smith continues his remarks on “Neutrality in France.” The case of the teacher Morezot is cited who, having been found guilty of an offence against religion and morality, was removed by the Government to another post at an increased salary.—“A Modern Christian Apologist,” by H. Kean, is a review of Mr. Benson’s book *At Large*. It is, the reviewer says, but another example of the prominent part theology plays in the modern literary world.—“The Main Problem of the Universe,” by the Editor, the third chapter of which deals with “Natural Selection and Adaptation to Purpose,” controverts the Darwinian theory that such adaptations are due to force of circumstances in the struggle for existence.—“The Beatification of Father Gonçalo Silveira, S.J.,” tells of the heroic work of that priest in Southeastern Africa.—“Omens, Dreams, and Such-Like Fooleries,” by Rev. J. Keating, reminds us that it is not in religion, as commonly stated, that we find superstition rife, but oftentimes among educated worldly people.—Father Thurston, “On Torches and Torch-Bearers,” shows how these have come down to us as a development from earlier usage.

The Expository Times (Feb.): The Editor deals with the tendency shown in much modern literature to get rid of “The Christ of the Gospels” and to treat Him as a purely spiritual ideal.—“Problems Suggested by the Recent Discoveries of Aramaic Papyri of Syene.” These discoveries throw a light over an obscure period of Jew-

ish history—500 B. C., and show that even then among the Jews of the Diaspora a broad conception of the Yahweh religion was in force.—“The Symbolism of the Parables,” by the Rev. R. M. Lithgow. A survey reveals an ascending gradation of figures, the emblems in the earlier parables are furnished by inanimate objects, the symbolism of the last is supplied by individuals.—Among the reviews are: “The International Critical Commentary on ‘Esther.’” The purpose of the book, the reviewer states, is to commend the observance of the feast of Purim, borrowed either from Babylon or indirectly by way of Persia.

The International (Feb.): The purport of “Primitive Communism and Modern Co-operation” is to show that co-operation is by no means a modern development. America, with its Trusts, shows very unfavorable conditions for the working out of co-operative principles.—“A New Era of Taxation.” Unearned income, Mr. Lloyd George believes, alone possesses a true ability to pay. Such is the latest scheme in England to avoid an addition to indirect taxation.—Dr. Ohr believes that “The New Liberalism in Germany” means the breaking down of the Prussian military spirit, and the consequent reception, in the spirit of love and confidence, of Germany at the council-boards of nations.—Dr. Deutsch deplors that, in spite of its importance as one of the pressing problems of the day, the question of “Child-Labor,” with a view to child-protection, receives comparatively little consideration.—If the true aim of education is to enable the citizen to think and act for the highest moral interests of the Community and the State, then “Secular Education in Japan” must be regarded as gravely defective.

The Journal of Theological Studies (Jan.): “Textual Criticism of the New Testament,” deals with the contents of the Canon of the New Testament, notably the four Gospels. The writer, C. H. Turner, believes that the true text of the Gospels will never be restored by the help of our Greek MSS. alone.—H. H. Howorth, in “The Canon of the Bible Among the Later Reformers,” points out the difficulty with which the Reformers found themselves

confronted with regard to the Holy Scriptures. They would not accept them on the authority of the Church, hence they had to fall back upon the theory that the Holy Spirit, speaking within them, taught them to distinguish the false from the true.—Under "Notes and Studies," the following are discussed: "Emphasis in the New Testament"; "St. Matthew, chapter vi. vv. 1-6"; "Notes on Origen's Commentary on I. Corinthians"; "Notes on the Homilies of Macarius."

The Irish Ecclesiastical Record (Feb.): Father John Curry, of Drogheda, replies to a charge made by the Protestant rector of Kells, who accuses Dean Cogan of defaming the memory of a Dr. O'Beirne, a pervert to Protestantism in the eighteenth century.—"Socialism and Title by Accession." The claim of the laborer to the whole product of labor is, Father Slater, S.J., says, at the bottom of the formulæ of all militant socialists. He shows, following the law of accession, that the unearned increment can in no way belong to the laborer, but to the community who made it.—Father Aloysius, O.S.F.C., gives a detailed account of the work and methods of the "Father Matthew Total Abstinence Association."—"The Irish Mythological Cycle," is a review of a book by M. d'Arbois Jubainville. The reviewer, Rev. A. M. Skelly, O.P., claims that the whole scope of the work is to give a Celtic version of a mythology originally the common possession of all the Hindu-European family.

Le Correspondant (10 Feb.): "The Welfare of the Family," by L. Cadot, demonstrates the reason why a family and family possessions contribute not only to the good of the individual family, but also to the welfare of society at large.—Henri Joly, in "The Social Condition of the Swiss," gives some very interesting statistics respecting their religious, social, and political life.—"Technical Schools," by P. Worms de Romilly, lays stress on the importance not merely of grammar school education, but also of scientific education.—In "The Review of Sciences," by Henri de Parville, we have an account of the late disastrous earthquake at Messina, and an attempted explanation of the scientific reason of this appalling calamity.—Other articles are: "The

Glass Industry in France," by Elphige Frimy, dealing with the work of Colbert and the Venetians.—Some "Unpublished Letters of Voltaire," by M. Caussy.—"The Social and Political Divisions Following on the Revolution of July," by M. de Laborie.

Études (5 Feb.): "Conscience and Monism," by J. Ferchat, is a review of M. le Dantee's recent work *Science and Conscience*, which is, as it were, the keystone in the edifice of Monistic philosophy which he has attempted to build up.—In "India As It Is," Auguste Faisandier sums up the conditions in the word "Unrest" due to many causes. Unwise government on the part of England, also the spread of education, has produced a class desirous and ambitious for the uplifting of the masses.—"Summary of and Observations on the Works of M. Tourmel," is a *résumé* of the various charges which have appeared in the pages of *Études* against the teaching of the Abbé in his recent works and the explications he offered. So far, however, the writer says, the answers are by no means satisfactory.—Other articles are: "The First Seminaries in France in the Seventeenth Century," by N. Prunel.—"Unedited Letters of the Benedictine, Dom Tassin," by Eugène Griselle. (20 Feb.): With the view of explaining away the attitude of Lord Acton on many questions, Joseph de la Serviére reviews sympathetically "Lord Acton and His Circle."—"Bede and the Eucharist." From a copious selection of texts, Xavier L. Bachel shows that Venerable Bede held firmly to a belief in transubstantiation.—"Conscience and Monism." In a further review of M. le Dantee's philosophy Joseph Ferchat asks the question: Is conscience the resultant of a number of elements of the nervous system? As an idea shows by its universality that it is not material, so conscience, by its transcendence, demonstrates that it does not proceed from a collection of elementary consciences.—Gaston Sortais briefly recapitulates the more salient features of the Count de Mun's recent work *Ma Vocation Sociale*.

Revue du Monde Catholique (15 Feb.): M. Leon Leconte, in his continued article on "The Jews," traces the bearing and influence which the life and death of our Lord had

upon that people. It cannot be explained unless we accept the fact that Jesus is God.—“French Apologists in the Nineteenth Century,” by R. P. At, exposes the teaching of Maurice d’Hulst, which was to find in Aristotle and St. Thomas the lost key of true metaphysics and to open with this key the treasures of modern science.—“The Restoration of Ecclesiastical Chant,” by the Abbé Barret, contends for the exclusion of the music of the theater and concert-hall from our churches, and a revival of the Solesmes method of plain-chant which has fallen into desuetude.—Discord among the bishops, interference in politics by the clergy, are two causes urged by M. Savaète in “Towards the Abyss,” for the unsatisfactory conditions of church affairs in French Canada.

Revue Pratique d’Apologétique (1 Feb.): “The Foundation of Moral Obligation” is not to be discovered in empiricism nor in science, we must look elsewhere. To find it, says Claudius Piat, we must first establish a true definition of the value of life, and ask wherein our highest good lies.—“The Preparation of the Young for Liberty,” by A. Chauvin, is brought to a close. Christian education alone supplies the true remedy, for it means the education of the whole nature, thus fitting the child for the varied duties of life.—“Stories of Sacred History” has for its subject Ezechias and the putting back of the shadow on the dial of Achaz, which latter did not of necessity involve any movement in the planetary world, but consisted in a momentary deviation of the pointer of the dial.—“Comparison and Hypothesis in the History of Religions.” While admitting the value of the comparative method, we are not ready to admit the conclusion that all religions are equally adapted to the needs of man.

Stimmen aus Maria Laach (8 Feb.): S. Beissel, S.J., writing on “Giotto’s Work at Padua and Modern Painting,” states that the modern religious painter, adapting himself to his age, should never sacrifice any dogma of supernatural revelation.—M. Meschler, S.J., in his article on “The Beatification of Jeanne d’Arc” shows the compatibility of a fervent patriotism with sanctity.—L.

Dressel, S.J., examines the proof for the existence of God based on the two physical laws: that the energy of the world is constant; and that the entropy tends towards a maximum, *i. e.*, the intensities of energy gradually equalize. The writer warns against abuse of this proof and shows how to surmount its difficulties.—O. Zimmermann, S.J., concludes his paper on "Personality," in which he exposes the emptiness and folly of to-day's individualism.—E. Wasmann, S.J., discloses the insincere methods which Prof. Haeckel uses in his investigations and publications.

La Revue des Sciences Ecclésiastiques et la Science Catholique (Feb.): A continued article by M. Camille Daux, on "Eucharistic Traditions According to St. Augustine," treats of the manner in which the Eucharist was administered, some of the faithful taking it to their own homes. The vessels—chalice, paten, tube (through which the communicant partook of the sacred blood), and vestments are also described.—"The Relations of Church and State," by M. l'Abbé Verdier. The substance of this article is found in the author's words: "A good Christian will be naturally and without effort a true patriot and a good son of France." France and the Church cannot live separated.—"The Fallacy of Collectivism," by M. l'Abbé Roupain, disproves the sophism that all goods belong to the community. This is advanced under the pretext that God is the sole proprietor and therefore no man has any right to individual possession.—Among other articles are: "The Theology of William of Champeaux," by M. le Chan. Hurault.—"Structure of the Psalms," by M. l'Abbé Neveut.

Chronique Sociale de France (Feb.): In "The Approach of His Reign," the Abbé Thellier de Ponchville draws a picture of the time when the Christ Who has permeated all society shall be known and saluted by it as its God.—"Catholic Social Movement in the Province of Quebec." To counteract the evil influences of benevolent societies under Masonic auspices, various Catholic societies have sprung up. Among them may be mentioned: The Society of French Canadian Artisans; The Union of St. Joseph.—"The Value of a Social Gospel," by L. Gar-

riquet. In the ancient world the rights of the poor and unfortunate were ignored, but with the advent of Christianity came the recognition of our duty to help the brother in distress. The acts and teaching of Christ prove this.—“Reflections on the Employment of Time.” We are placed here to advance our own good and that of others. Life should be a discipline; with many, however, it means nothing more than the working out of their own sweet will, irrespective of the rights of others.

La Civiltà Cattolica (6 Feb.): “The New Evolution of Italian Masonry.” Italian masonry comes forward in explicit terms of its profession of atheism in religion and of republican radicalism in politics. It has its origin in French masonry, and from it derives its anti-Christian traditions.—“St. Anselm of Aostia and the Monastery of Bec” is a continued article from last month.—In “The Earthquake in Calabria and Sicily” is given a graphic account of that stupendous disaster, coupled with the lessons to be learnt from it.—Other continued articles are: “The Birth of Christ and Poetry.”—“The International Movement Against the Duel.”—“The Necessity of Esoteric Christianity according to Theosophy.”

La Scuola Cattolica (Jan.): “Joseph Turmel and the Evolution of Dogma,” by C. Carcano. An examination of the directing principles in Turmel’s works and of their application to the most vital dogmas of Christianity; the audacity with which this priest of Rennes distorts and falsifies the testimony of the Councils and the Fathers to establish his theses is made manifest.—“Positivism, Modernism, and History,” by R. Pastè, makes an urgent plea for the study of the history of dogma; such a study is necessary to combat the enemies of the Church with their own weapons.—“The Value of the Synoptic Gospels,” by G. Dodici, examines the statement of A. Schweitzer that “Nothing is more negative than the result of the examination of Christ’s life,” and considers its value.—“The Calabrian-Sicilian Earthquake,” by C. Gaffuri, gives some interesting information concerning the action of earthquakes and their accompanying phenomena; the principal hypotheses which endeavor to ex-

plain their probable causes are discussed; the recent earthquake is but referred to *en passant*.—Other articles: "Pscopathy in its Relations to Moral Theology," by A. Gemelli.—"Myths About Hell in Homer," by E. Pasteris.

Razón y Fe (Feb.): A long promised article on "The Holy See and the Book of Isaias" is given by L. Murillo *apropos* of the Biblical Commission's decision. The author treats the peculiar character of prophecy, especially Messianic, the historical situation in Judæa at the time, the philological reasons and others for authenticity, and the conclusions of Assyriology with regard to the dates of Isaias and of the Kings.—"Notes About a Great Artist," by Saj.—E. Portillo continues an article on "Differences Between the Church and State, Regarding Royal Patronage in the Eighteenth Century."—"The London Educational Congress," by R. Ruiz Amado, presents the theses that religion is not necessary as a basis for morality and that education should be wholly by the State and rejects them for the Catholic view.—N. Noguer discusses "State Intervention in Co-Operation," the question of Principle and of Opportunity, its limits and conditions, and reviews the German controversy of the middle of the last century.—In "A Reply to Señor Azcárate," P. Villada exposes the Church's doctrine as to Papal Infallibility in politics, education, etc., and the relation of Church to the Spanish State.

España y América (1 Feb.): "The Opportunity for the Catechism," by P. A. Blanco, is concluded with an exposition of its usefulness and need in dispelling modern mental depression and showing the power by apostolic example of simplicity in teaching religious truths.—P. B. Martinez, in "Godoy and His Century," treats the Minister's reforms in bullfighting, censorship of the theater, and establishment of schools, and illustrates the different ways in which he has been judged.—P. E. Negrete quotes a sermon by P. Felix on "The Æsthetic Ideas of St. Augustine," and after enumerating, as elements in the beautiful, unity, proportion, symmetry, resemblance, sums up by saying: *Omnis pulchritudinis ratio unitas*.—Selections from "The Collected Memoirs of

Prince von Hohenlohe" show, in the hands of G. Jünnemann, the gravity and the humor, the earnest tenacity of the author.—P. M. Cil visits "The Atelier of Ignatius Zuloaga," and explains that painter's ideals and methods.—"New York Notes," by P. M. Blanco Garcia, on our politics and efforts in Panama, the Spanish artists at the Metropolitan, and the recent tuberculosis convention, as well as that against divorce, are treated with sympathy.

(15 Feb.): P. M. Vélez continues the "Defence of Christian Morals," by showing the positive and reparative value, both personally and socially, of repentance.—The conclusion of the series of articles on "The Philosophy of the Verb: Its Tenses" is given by Felipe Robles.—P. Alberto de los Bueis treats the "Christian Idea of the Origin of Civil Power," as coming directly from God, not to one particular man, as in the ecclesiastical order, but to the people. Authority must be made divine and obedience sanctified.—"The Objective Development of Revelation According to Modernism" is refuted by P. Marcelino González, who shows the subjective progress of the individual in appropriating revealed truth to be the correct conception.—P. G. Martínez gives a "Bird's-Eye View of Buenos Ayres."—The deaths and funerals of the Chinese Emperor and Empress and the new Emperor's proclamation are described by P. Juvencio Hospital.—E. Contamine de Latour reviews two books on *The Africa of the North* and *Latin Inscriptions Found in Tunis*.

Current Events.

France. France as well as this country has entered upon the task of revising the Tariff. The former revision took place in 1892, and since that time other countries of Europe, and especially Germany, have made revisions and have increased duties in a manner detrimental, it is said, to French commercial interests. Accordingly a Committee has been appointed and this Committee has brought in a report recommending in many instances a large increase of duties. Even so, it has not given satisfaction to many merchants, whose desire is for still higher duties. The government, however, has withheld its approval of some of the Committee's proposals and has taken as a guiding principle the *entente cordiale* with Great Britain, that is to say, no increase of duty is to be made which shall tend to chill the affection which is felt for France by her neighbor across the Channel.

It takes a long time to get measures through the French Legislature. Almost two years ago the Lower House passed a Pension Bill and ever since the Senate has had it under consideration, and its committee has now decided that the whole scheme is impracticable and that the only thing to be done is to draw up a bill of its own. This bill is now published. The sum which it is proposed to give as an annual pension is so small that in this country it would scarcely be considered worth acceptance, being less than twenty-five dollars a year. The English pension recently granted amounts to sixty-five dollars, and would be thought small enough. The French Pension, if ever given, is to begin at 65 years of age, whereas the English does not commence until 70. In France the employer will have to contribute a small part of each workman's pension.

While the agreement with Germany has relieved France from anxiety as to any further interposition of the former Power in the affairs of Morocco, the reception by Mulai Hafid, the new Sultan, of the French representative has been in the highest degree satisfactory. Mulai Hafid expressed for France the most friendly feelings and recognized to their full extent her special rights. The new Sultan is said to be a man of a

very different character from that of his deposed brother. He is strong and determined, with broad, clear ideas, and is governed by a common sense view of what it is in his power to accomplish. Strange to say he leans to democracy, and, stranger still, his people do not. Perhaps it is, however, a misnomer to speak of the people of Morocco, for its inhabitants are little better than a collection of semi-feudal tribes, all more or less independent of the central authority, but lorded over despotically by their own chiefs; and with the best of intentions it is not within the power of the Sultan to make any promise which will be recognized as binding throughout the Empire, unless and only as long as these various chiefs are pleased to recognize it. The prospect, therefore, for the future may not be so good as it looks.

Germany.

The situation in the Balkans has for Germany, as well as for every other European country, been the most important matter; but other questions are not without interest. The visit of King Edward to Berlin, and the reception which he received, gave hopes that the disagreement between the two countries, which has been more or less acute for so many years, had been removed; but this expectation, in view of the news received within the last few days, seems much too optimistic. It says little for the so often vaunted progress of our times that two of the leading Powers should be unable to put trust in each other, and should practically treat each other as dishonest rogues. The rulers, indeed, express and sincerely feel the strongest desire for the maintenance of peace; but they have to deal with a miscellaneous assortment of subjects, and it is always a problem which will come to the front and obtain control. This renders uncertain the best-intentioned efforts.

The King's visit was immediately preceded by the conclusion of the agreement between Germany and France, which, if we can accept the almost unanimous opinions which have been expressed with reference to it, has brought to an end the long existent complications which have disturbed the mutual relations of the two Powers. Germany and France, according to the terms of the agreement, are now actuated by an equal desire to facilitate the execution of the act of Algeciras, and have,

therefore, agreed to define the significance which they attach to its clauses, and this with a view to avoid any cause of misunderstanding in the future. The French government thereupon declares itself to be wholly attached to the maintenance of the integrity and the independence of the Empire of Morocco, and by this declaration precludes itself from the peaceful penetration which it undoubtedly had once in view. It also declares its decision to safeguard economic equality there, and not to impede German commercial and industrial interests. On its part the German government declares that its interests are solely economic, that it recognizes the special political interests of France as specially bound up with the consolidation of order and of internal peace in Morocco, and declares its resolution not to impede these interests nor to prosecute or encourage any measure calculated to create the economic privilege of any Power whatsoever.

This agreement, if loyally acted upon, will relieve the anxiety felt for so long on account of the differences between the two countries. It will not, however, meet with the approval of ultra-patriots in both countries. The Pan-Germans are displeased because one of their dreams has been the getting possession of coaling stations, naval bases, and settlements in Morocco; and a distinguished French statesman, a former Foreign Minister, M. Hanotaux, has published his opinion that France has, by this agreement, renounced everything for which she has throughout the whole controversy been contending.

Whether it will have any effect upon the other questions by which Europe is agitated, or whether it was not made in view of those questions, is still a matter for conjecture. How far Germany was cognizant of Austria's annexation of Bosnia and Herzegovina, and whether or no she approved of it, is one of the secrets still kept by the Foreign Offices of each State. But it seems certain that, if war is to take place, Russia will be drawn into it by the voice of the Russian people, and in this event, that is if Austria were to be attacked by Russia, the terms of the Triple Alliance would render it necessary for Germany to support Austria. Then also it would be in the highest degree desirable that France should be separated from Russia and not join her forces with those of Russia against Germany. It was for this object, some think, that Germany withdrew from Morocco. All this, however, is mere speculation, but i

is a certain fact that since the conclusion of the Agreement influential circles in France have given indications of a leaning to the Austrian side of the question, although they have of late drawn back on account of the fuller realization of Austria's haughtiness.

The government is meeting with very great difficulty in its attempt to carry into effect the proposals which it has made for securing an increase of revenue. The representatives of the holders of property manifest, as is their wont, the greatest unwillingness to bear their share of the public burdens, and although they have been lectured and admonished by Ministers, they still refuse to make the sacrifices required by the proposal. The duties to which they object are the death and estate duties, which are to be introduced for the first time. The month has been passed in efforts on the part of the government to find some form of compromise, all hope of carrying the proposals on in their integrity having been abandoned. One effect of the negotiations has been the bringing together, to a certain extent, of the Conservatives and the Centre Party, and to that extent a weakening of the *bloc*, upon which the government rests.

Notwithstanding the protection given by the Tariff to the country's industries, the question of unemployment exists in Germany. The extent of it is, however, a matter of dispute. In Berlin a recent house-to-house census made by the Social Democrats gives the number as 101,300 men, while the municipal return made in November last makes the number only 40,124. A more recent census, taken in February, reduces the number still further, making the unemployed only 23,670. It is strange that in the fatherland of the exact sciences such discrepancies should exist.

Italy.

A general election has taken place in Italy, but no change of any importance is likely to result. The Giolitti ministry remained in power throughout the greater part of the last Parliament's existence, and while it excited no enthusiasm, it met with tolerance. Its life has been prolonged as a result of the recent elections. It based its claims for support on the acquisition of the railways by the State, the conversion of the public debt, upon the public works accomplished, and the reforms in the public services. It claimed

credit for the maintenance of stability in finance and the great economic and industrial progress achieved during the past few years.

The elections excited little interest. It is said, in fact, that enthusiasm for the country as a whole has died out to a large extent; that the Italian is far more interested in the local affairs of his own district than in those of the nation. Some say that the interests of the public even in this restricted sense are largely subordinated to personal interests of profit and gain and office.

According to the Conservative leader, Italy is passing through a period of political depression. She is conscious of a lack of preparation to meet any political or military emergency. The country has lost weight and influence in the world through the mistakes she has made in recent years. Especially is she behindhand in the defence of the frontier. Italian policy is too often merely negative, expressive only of opposition to some ideas or people. This is the view which Baron Sonnino takes of the situation; but it has not been endorsed by the electors; at all events, they have allowed the power to remain in the hands of its present holders, for the Ministerialists have been returned in a large majority, the numbers being in the first ballot: Ministerialists, 275; Constitutional Opposition, 42; Radicals, 31; Republicans, 17; Socialists, 28; Catholics, 52. Sixty-nine seats remained to be filled by the second ballot.

The Near East.

The establishment of real constitutional rule in Turkey received a rude shock from the events which led to the fall of Kiamil Pasha and have led to doubts in the minds of some whether or no it is possible for Turks genuinely to establish it. The task, of course, is one of supreme difficulty; but it would be premature to despair of success, especially as the real causes of the late crisis are not yet known. Both parties pay homage to the principle of constitutional rule, and both parties have, it would seem, violated its spirit. Kiamil himself dismissed the ministers of War and Marine as if they were his servants and not his coadjutors, and if it is true that his action was taken in order to please the Sultan and to increase his power, the departure from constitutional methods was altogether worthy of blame. The Committee of Union and

Progress transgressed even more grievously in seeking to control the authority to which it ought to have subjected itself and in the method which it took of exercising this control. The Parliament itself was wanting in due regard for its rights and powers in allowing itself to be influenced by outsiders, and showed a lamentable want of stability in almost unanimously condemning a minister in whom, precisely a month before, it had, with almost equal unanimity, expressed complete confidence. However, those who have lived for centuries almost as slaves cannot acquire all the virtues of freemen in a month. It is too soon to form a judgment as to what the outcome will be, but, with a few exceptions, constitutional procedure seems so far to have been observed. The new Grand Vizier, Hilmi Pasha, pledged himself in his opening address to resign the power entrusted to him on the manifestation of the least sign of distrust on the part of Parliament as to his fidelity to the constitution. He declared that every citizen—Turks have now become citizens—must feel that he was now living under a *régime* of equality and justice.

A trial which took place recently at Constantinople shows how far the Turks have been from the enjoyment of justice. Persons arrested on suspicion of complicity in an attempt on the Sultan's life were, by his orders, mercilessly bastinadoed in order to extort confessions. Statements were made at the trial by an Armenian that red-hot iron bars had been applied to the feet and arm-pits of her husband, and that he had committed suicide to escape further torture. These instances, and they could be indefinitely multiplied, indicate the point from which the leaders of the young Turkish movement have to start, and the depths from which they have to extricate their own race and the other nationalities subject to Turkish rule.

The proceedings of the new Grand Vizier's ministry are being anxiously watched to see how far the rights guaranteed by the Constitution are being respected. Article 13 lays it down that "Ottomans enjoy the right of public meeting." Notwithstanding this provision the government issued a proclamation which appeared to be a direct infringement of this public right, requiring that public meetings should not be held without authorization. Hilmi Pasha, however, explained the meaning of authorization to be merely a formal acknowledgment of the notification, and that authorization could never be refused. The op-

position in the Parliament were not satisfied and moved a vote of condemnation, but were defeated by a majority of 3 to 1.

No recognition has yet been made by the Powers of either the independence of Bulgaria or the annexation by Austria of the provinces of Bosnia and Herzegovina. It was rumored that Russia had recognized the independence of Bulgaria by according to Prince Ferdinand royal honors on the occasion of his visit to St. Petersburg for the funeral of the Grand Duke Vladimir, to which he had invited himself. The fact is that in a very modified form royal honors were granted to the Prince, but Russia promptly informed the Powers that no recognition of the independence of Bulgaria was either intended or given. This independence, however, has been recognized in principle by Turkey in consideration of the payment of a sum of money. The amount to be paid has, after long negotiations, been settled, and also the way in which the money is to be obtained. The war indemnity due from Turkey to Russia is to be made use of; but it is not necessary to trouble our readers with the details.

A similar arrangement has also been made with Austria-Hungary by which, for the consideration of a money payment, the annexation of the provinces is to be recognized by Turkey. European recognition has yet to be arranged with the Powers. Whether for this purpose a Conference will be held is, to say the least, doubtful.

The agreements which have been made between Turkey and Bulgaria, and between Turkey and Austria-Hungary, having settled the difficulties between them respectively, the outstanding and still unsettled questions are those of the relations between the Dual Monarchy and the States of Servia and Montenegro. The Servian question is the more difficult, and it cannot yet be said that it will not lead to war. For a long time there have been repeated crises. Within a week it was said that war would surely break out, and again, that such intervention had come that would prevent war. The latest intervention has been that of Russia, and the most effectual, for it would only be in reliance upon the support of Russia that war on Servia's part could have any hope of success. The people of Russia are in favor of supporting their fellow-Slavs against the aggression of Austria-Hungary, but the government, knowing the present weakness of the country,

and almost sure that Austria-Hungary would be supported by Germany, in the event of a conflict, is holding back and has advised Serbia to relinquish her claims. These claims were that she should receive territorial compensation for the annexation of the provinces, and that these provinces should have complete autonomy under the guarantee of Europe. Austria's reply to Serbia's demand is that the annexation is no concern of Serbia's, as the provinces had not belonged to Serbia, but to Turkey. She has intimated, however, a willingness to make economic concessions to Serbia, the precise nature of which she will not reveal until Serbia abandons the claims which she has made. On Serbia's acceptance of Russia's advice, Austria increased her demands, requiring that all the negotiations should be between the two States without any intervention, and a promise on the part of Serbia amounting almost to a manifestation of conscience that her conduct towards Austria would always be correct and friendly, and that she would never endeavor to alter the arrangement. In view of the exhibition of lawlessness on Austria's part, which the world has just witnessed, this is a somewhat astonishing demand. But ever since Baron von Aehrenthal's accession to power there has been a succession of astonishing events.

If any one will look at the map, he will see the reason for the feeling which has been excited in Serbia by the annexation which has just taken place. By the annexation Serbia is cut off from access to the sea. "It is not much," her King says, "that Serbia asks. She asks only what every one has the right to demand—a little air and a little place in the sun. Serbia is choking and needs an outlet. It would not be just, it would not be right, to refuse it to her." Austria, by her action, has shut up this outlet. Technically she is within her rights, but the world is not ruled in the long run by technicalities.

The Middle East.

The movement for constitutional government has not yet attained its end. For some time past the Shah's government has been hovering on the brink of destruction, three important provinces being in armed insurrection against his authority, and great dissatisfaction existing among even those who recognize his rule. He has been residing ever since the suppression of the Parliament in an armed camp out-

side the capital, deriving all the strength which he possesses from armed soldiers commanded by foreign officers. The Russian and British Legations have repeatedly admonished him to effect the much-needed reforms and to keep his often-pledged word. But to mere words he turns a deaf ear. The question of practical intervention has forced itself upon the two Powers, especially as the Shah cannot persuade himself that Russia is sincere in wishing him to become a constitutional monarch. There are, indeed, some Englishmen, well-informed in these matters, who doubt the sincerity of Russia, and maintain that the late Parliament was destroyed not merely with the approbation but with the co-operation of some of the Russian authorities. A joint manifesto of Russia and Great Britain making definite demands on the Shah has been expected for a long time, but its appearance has been delayed by the Balkan preoccupations. The Persian treasury is said to be bankrupt ten times over; but that is not an insuperable obstacle to existence in the East. There is always property to be sold, jewels to be pawned, courtiers to be squeezed, and various other financial devices characteristic of autocratic rule to be practised. But those who are able to judge say that the failure of the constitutional movement is not complete, for its spirit is in the air and has rendered it impossible for the authorities to grind down the people to the uttermost farthing in the way in which they have been accustomed to do heretofore.

THE COLUMBIAN READING UNION

MR. H. G. WELLS is to-day a very widely-read author, and in the secular press his works have been received with much applause and cordial welcome. Because of his power of expression, his attractiveness of style, and perhaps also because of his startling sensationalism, he has been hailed in certain quarters as a prophet. Where these quarters lie is evident to any one who thinks or seriously cares. The quarters are extensive; judging simply from the literary output their limits are constantly extending, and the number who graze therein and take nourishment therefrom is constantly increasing. Mr. Wells is the champion of those who evidently have no conscience in the use of words; who bring no ethical principles into literature; and never realize that the powers of their highest faculty ought to be exercised for the welfare, spiritual or intellectual, of their fellow-men. Mr. Wells' latest book, a novel, *Tono-Bungay*, has been praised almost universally as a masterpiece by the secular press throughout the world. To those who know the book such praise is a telling commentary on the worth of the literary criticism that appears in most of our daily, weekly, and monthly publications. We will not give our own criticism of the book, because it might be said that such criticism was prejudiced because we are Catholic. Instead, we will quote the words of Dr. Robertson Nicoll, from the *British Weekly*—a Nonconformist English journal—of February 18, 1909:

“*Tono-Bungay* is an extremely clever book, and it is a great relief to find that it is not an autobiography, nor an expression of the author's personal conviction. In fact, the hero of the book, if hero he must be called, is diametrically opposed to opinions which Mr. Wells has strongly championed. It is to be taken as an experiment in drama. And from that point of view Mr. Wells has never done anything better. . . .

“It is not, however, from the literary standpoint that I deal with this book. Mr. Wells has his own place among the authors of the day. Probably no one comes near him in his use of what may be called the scientific imagination. No one describes so clearly and so livingly the advancing wonders of invention. . . . When all this is granted, it does not give us a great writer, but only a man of the highest talent, who has applied that talent in a particular direction, and written much that is startling to the present generation and will be obsolete to the next and to those who succeed it. What concerns me is the religious and ethical tendency of Mr. Wells' book, or rather of George Ponderevo, for it would be the gravest injustice to identify the two.

“George Ponderevo acknowledges himself, in this book, to be a liar, a swindler, a thief, an adulterer, and a murderer. He is not in the least ashamed of these things. He explains them away with the utmost facility, and we find him, at the age of forty-five, not unhappy, and successfully engaged in problems of aerial navigation. . . .

“In this book the primary fact is the hatred of the Christian religion. I might have quoted, if there had been room, the treatment of Cowper’s great hymn by Frederick Greenwood in his wonderful book, *Margaret Denzil’s History*. He shows there the comfort which a sorely beset human soul found in that hymn and in the thought that there is a Fountain filled with blood for those who sin and suffer and die. But we may say of George Ponderevo, what John Morley says of Voltaire, that he has no ear for the finer vibrations of the spiritual voice.

“But why is Christianity so hated? The main reason is that Christianity is the religion of chastity. When reading *Tono-Bungay*, we are back in the days of Voltaire. Voltaire thought to ‘crush the infamous.’ What was ‘the infamous’? The word included much, but, as John Morley has pointed out, it specially included chastity. . . .

“Now we have to face the truth. The truth is that Christianity is hated and reviled by many of our modern writers, simply because it exalts chastity. Let us try every new doctrine by this test. Only a few have had the courage to come out into the open, but to those who read between the lines there is much that is suggestive. We are told that marriage is to be put on a new basis, that the causes for divorce are to be extended, that lives are not going to be spoiled for one mistake, and all the rest of it. This is the exoteric teaching. This is all that it is safe to say in the meantime in the presence of the people, but the esoteric teaching, and sometimes the practice, is much more advanced.

“There is a true instinct under all this. It was Christianity that created the virtue of purity, and it is Christianity alone that can save it. Christianity opposes the progress of Apollyon in this path. Christianity maintains the sanctity of marriage and of the family. It is no wonder, therefore, that it should be viewed as an irreconcilable enemy, to be overthrown at any cost. But it is just as well that we should understand what the battle is about.

“It is impossible for me in these columns to reproduce or to describe the amorous episodes in *Tono-Bungay*. I cannot copy and I cannot summarize the loathsome tale of George Ponderevo’s engagement and marriage and divorce. . . .

“On this it must be sufficient to quote John Morley’s words: ‘Is not every incentive and every concession to vagrant appetite a force that enwraps a man in gratification of self, and severs him from duty to others, and so a force of dissolution and dispersion? It might be necessary to pull down the Church, but the worst Church that ever prostituted the name and the idea of religion cannot be so disastrous to society as a gospel that systematically relaxes self-control as being an unmeaning curtailment of happiness.’ This is, indeed, a very moderate way of putting the real truth, but let it stand at that.

“The careful reader of *Tono-Bungay* will observe that the characters are all animals. What possible reconstruction of society can there be if men and women are reduced to the morals and the lives of brutes? Will a society of brutes organize itself on a basis of altruism? There are touches of kindness in animals, and so in *Tono-Bungay* there are redeeming traits in some of the characters. But the most are, to the very depths of their souls,

irredeemably saturated with corruption; and of some others it may be said that corrosive acids have eaten away all that is most tender and precious in human character.

“When the end of a great quack comes, a clergyman, described as ‘a tremulous, obstinate little being, with sporadic hairs upon his face, spectacles, a red button nose, and aged black raiment, is found by the bedside, repeating over and over again: “Mr. Ponderevo, Mr. Ponderevo, is all right. Only believe! ‘Believe on me and ye shall be saved!’”’ This is told in mockery.”

* * *

We take pleasure in calling the special attention of our readers to a short story *The Coin of Sacrifice*, by Christian Reid, published, at the low price of fifteen cents, by the Ave Maria Press, of Notre Dame, Indiana. Christian Reid has, for many years, done noble service in the cause of Catholic literature. We wish that her name and her work were known in every Catholic home. As a writer of real literary merit and power she stands with the best writers of fiction to-day, and is far superior to many who, in advertisement and literary note, are trumpeted as writers whom all should read. The writing of this note leads us to say that if there ever was a time when Catholics should arouse themselves and break from their lethargy with regard to the support of Catholic literature, Catholic writers, and Catholic publishers, who, like the Ave Maria Press, are trying worthily to serve the Catholic public, it is now. We, as Catholics, have the writers of unquestionable ability and power. There is no lack of good, reasonably-priced, Catholic literature. The millions of Catholics in the United States, with all their advantages of education, ought surely to cultivate a taste for what is really worthy; to learn something of the beauties, the glories of Catholic literature; to support, even at the cost of a little sacrifice, the Catholic press—and thus enable the Church, and those who are laboring in her name, to do a work that may justly be numbered among the first of her necessary works to-day.

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Sodality of Our Lady Under the Banner of Mary, by Fr. H. Opitz, S. J., is another addition to the already extensive sodality literature that has been issued within the last two years. The aim of the present work is to give information concerning the Sodality of our Lady; to awaken a desire to further its high aims and to encourage and instruct those undertaking the work of establishing Sodalities. It is published in a neat form by P. J. Kenedy & Sons.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

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THE CHRISTIAN IDEAL OF THE HOME.

BY JAMES CARDINAL GIBBONS.



It was only with the dawn of Christianity that the true ideal of the home received its full and perfect expression in the words of the Divine Teacher. Among the Greeks and Romans it had been the formation of the perfect citizen which was aimed at. That the child be taught to dare all things, suffer all things, for his country's sake—this was the goal.

With Christ it was indeed a citizenship—aye, more, a brotherhood, which the home was to inculcate in a spirit of mutual love and forbearance. And just as Christ taught nothing else which He did not show forth by example in His divine life, so He has given us, in His own filial love and obedience to Mary and Joseph, the divine type of the Christian home.

It is profitable for us to-day to heed well these lessons of the Home of Nazareth. Modern industrial conditions have loosened the ties which should bind parent and child with hoops of steel. And those sacred influences under which Christ grew in age and wisdom are oftentimes neglected or rendered inoperative through the indifference of parents and the besetting hurry of the age.

To the mothers and fathers of families there is assigned a mission no less honorable than that of Joseph and Mary. Their offspring are the children of God, brothers and sisters of Jesus Christ, redeemed by His blood, and the parents are appointed by heaven their first apostles and teachers. Whether they will

be teachers of salvation or of destruction, angels of light or of darkness, rests with them.

The love and solicitude of Mary and Joseph for the Child Jesus is expressed in the words: "Behold Thy father and I have sought Thee sorrowing." And the filial obedience of the Son is made manifest in the short sentence: "He was subject to them." Herein are contained the two duties of parent and of child: the one of watchful, constant care; the other of simple, ready obedience, of respect for authority, of reverence for age—lessons so needed to be learned in our day.

The home is the primeval school. It is the best, the most hallowed, and the most potential of all the academies; and the parent, especially the mother, is the first, the most influential, and the most cherished of all teachers. No human ordinance can abrogate or annul the divine *right* of parents to rule their own household, neither can any vicarious instruction given in the day-school or Sunday-school exempt them from the obligation of a personal supervision over their offspring. If Christian training is eliminated from the home and relegated to the class-room, the child, when emancipated from his studies, may be tempted to regard religious knowledge as a mere detail of school work, and not, as it should be, a vital principal in his daily life and conduct.

And yet I fear there are many parents who imagine that they discharge their whole duty to their children by placing them under the zealous care of our Catholic teachers. These instructors may supplement and develop, but they were never intended to supplant the domestic tuition.

The education of a child should begin at its mother's knee. The mind of a child, like softened wax, receives first impressions with ease, and these impressions last longest. "Train up a child in the way he should go, and when he is old he will not depart from it." A child is susceptible of instruction much earlier than parents commonly imagine. It has the capacity to perceive and apprehend the truth, though unable as yet to go through the process of reasoning and analysis. Mothers should watch with a zealous eye the first unfolding of the infant mind, and pour into it the seed of heavenly knowledge.

For various reasons mothers should be the first instructors of their children.

First, as nature ordains that mothers should be the first to

feed their offspring with corporal nourishment of their own substance, so the God of nature ordains that mothers should be the first to impart to their little ones "the rational, guileless milk" of heavenly knowledge, "whereby they may grow unto Salvation" (I. Peter ii. 2).

Second, the children that are fed by their own mothers are usually more healthy and robust than those that are nurtured by wet-nurses. In like manner, the children who are instructed by their own mothers in the elements of Christian knowledge are commonly more sturdy in faith than those who are committed for instruction to strangers.

Third, the progress of a pupil in knowledge is in a great measure proportioned to the confidence he has in his preceptor. Now, in whom does a child place so much reliance as in his mother? She is his oracle and prophet. She is his guide, philosopher, and friend. He never doubts what his mother tells him. The lesson he receives acquires additional force because it proceeds from one to whom he gave his first love, and whose image, in after life, is indelibly stamped on his heart and memory. Mothers, do not lose the golden opportunity you have of training your children in faith and morals while their hearts are open to drink in your every word.

Fourth, you share the same home with your children, you frequently occupy the same apartment. You eat at the same table with them. They are habitually before your eyes. You are, therefore, the best fitted to instruct them, and you can avail yourself of every little incident that presents itself and draw from it some appropriate moral reflection.

The fruits of the realization amongst us of the divine beauties of the Home of Nazareth are not far to seek. The most distinguished personages who have adorned the Church by their apostolic virtues, or who have served their country by fine patriotism, or who have shed a luster on the home by the integrity of their private lives, have usually been men who had the happiness of receiving from pious mothers early principles of moral rectitude.

Witness St. Augustine, the great Doctor of the Church in the fifth century. In his youth he had lost his faith, and with it purity of conscience. He was tainted with Manichæism, the most pernicious error of the times, and he became a prey to the fiercest passions. Monica, his saintly mother, prayed for

him with a constancy which only a mother can exhibit. She hoped against hope; and before her death she had the consolation of seeing him restored to God and His Church. St. Augustine attributes his conversion to her, and in his matchless book, the *Confessions*, he speaks of her most tenderly.

St. Louis, King of France, is another example of what a mother may do. As a monarch and as a saint he owes his virtues, under God, to Queen Blanche, his mother. "I love you tenderly," she said to her child, "but sooner would I see you a corpse at my feet, and France bereft of an heir to the throne, than that you should tarnish your soul by a corruptible life."

If Queen Blanche could pay so much attention to her son's instruction, notwithstanding her engrossing administrative cares, surely the mothers of to-day, in private walks of life, should find leisure for a similar duty.

Nor need we look beyond our own country's first president for the fruition of that seed which was sown by a devoted mother. Washington was conspicuous for the natural virtues of frugality, industry, self-restraint, and respect for authority. Above all, he possessed a love of truth and an habitual recognition of the overruling Providence of God. And he gloried in declaring that these traits were impressed on his youthful mind by his mother, for whom he had a profound reverence, and whom in his letters he usually addressed as his "honored" mother.

If in our day we find the religion of Christ firmly rooted in the land; if the word of the Teacher of Men has quickened and brought forth good fruit; if we see about us homes spiritualized and sanctified by the radiance of the Home of Nazareth, and lifted above the worldly and material by the memory of the Divine Exemplar—this happy condition is largely due to the faith and piety of Christian wives and mothers. This noble army of apostolic women "are the glory of Jerusalem, the joy of Israel, the honor of our people"; they are the saviors of society and a blessing to the nation.

It is true, indeed, that they are not clothed with the priestly character. They cannot offer the Holy Sacrifice or administer the Sacraments. But may we not apply to them the words of St. Peter: "Ye are a chosen generation, a holy nation, a royal priesthood"? Yes, we may in all truth. They are consecrated priestesses of the domestic temple, where they daily offer up

in the sanctuary of their homes, and on the altar of their hearts, the sacrifice of praise and prayer, of supplication and thanksgiving to God. They cannot preach the word of God in public, but they are apostles by prayer, good deeds, and edifying example. They preach most effectually to the members of their households, and the word of God scattered from the pulpit would often bear little fruit if it were not watered and nurtured by the care of our pious mothers.

No more weighty obligation devolves upon Christian parents than that of recognizing and discharging conscientiously these fundamental duties of the home. It is a sublime task. "What is more noble," cries St. John Chrysostom, "than to form the minds of youth? He who fashions the morals of children performs a task in my judgment more sublime than that of any painter or sculptor." It is, indeed, a far more exalted task than that of sculptor or painter that is entrusted to fathers and mothers. They are creating living portraits, destined to adorn not only earthly temples, but also the Temple above, not fashioned of man's hand

And therefore built forever.

And mark well: home education does not mean merely those lessons in Christian Doctrine which are to be taught to children. The home should be pervaded by a religious atmosphere. It should be the sanctuary of domestic peace, sobriety, and parental love. Discontent and anger should be banished from it; and under these sweet influences the child will grow in virtue. Above all, let it be the asylum of daily prayer, and then the angels of God and the God of angels will be there.

It is to the mothers and fathers of to-day that we must look for the realization amongst us of this Christian ideal of the home—the Home of Nazareth. They are doubly bound to seek it, if need be "sorrowing"—as did Mary and Joseph. They are bound, on the one hand, by their Christian faith and the example of Christ; and, on the other, they owe a duty to the State. Thus shall they rear up for their country not scourges of society, but loyal, law-abiding citizens. "If any one," says the Apostle, "have not care of his own, and especially of his own household, he hath denied the faith, and is worse than an infidel" (I. Tim. v. 8; Prov. xxxi. 28). Aye, more—he hath fallen short in his duty to his country.

HER MOTHER'S DAUGHTER.

BY KATHARINE TYNAN.

CHAPTER V.

A LOVE-MATCH.



NESTA GWYNNE had brought her husband no money, and though she was of good birth, that fact so far had availed him nothing. He had been enchanted by her delicate prettiness, meeting her day after day as she drove with her formidable old great-aunt, Miss Sophia Grantley, in her heavy, old-fashioned barouche.

Miss Grantley had often other ladies staying with her as haughty-looking as herself; and James Moore had noticed that the little shrinking girl, with cheeks like the apple-blossoms and soft brown hair, always sat in the corner of the barouche with an air as though she were frightened. Sometimes there was luggage following the barouche from the station and Nesta sat built in with small parcels. Once there was a huge despatch-box or jewel-case on her knees, behind which she seemed to disappear. A very old and heavy bulldog leant his weight against the slender child.

"Ugly brute!" muttered James Moore to himself, although he was a lover of animals. "Couldn't he sit upright without her support?"

It was perhaps a sentimental grievance he created for Miss Grantley's pretty little grand-niece. The haughty old ladies were often kind to Nesta, and she did not at all mind carrying their boxes on her little knees, even if they were heavy, and the bulldog, Sikes, was a particularly good friend of hers, and Nesta reciprocated his affection thoroughly.

Still, there was no doubt that Miss Grantley did not care very much for Nesta and that she was often selfish and inconsiderate in her treatment of her. As a matter of fact, Nesta's mother had run away with and married her music-master, and that was something Miss Grantley had never forgiven. Still she thought herself a truly Christian woman when she an-

swered the call to poor Stella's death-bed, and comforted the dying woman with the assurance that the little child, the one thing she had saved out of her luckless love-match, should be taken home to the Priory and reared as Stella herself had been.

She did not love Nesta and, without regard for the girl's apparent air of fragility, she did not mind putting upon her now and again burdens her maid might have refused to accept. After all, even such redoubtable ladies as Miss Sophia Grantley have been known to tremble under the anger of an old and faithful servant, while themselves being somewhat alarming to the rest of the world.

Indeed any of the servants, much less Grice, would have grumbled at carrying the heavily laden basket which James Moore on a day just before Christmas, when the woods were all sprinkled with snow, took from Miss Gwynne's arm.

She had looked as pretty as a picture in her brown velvet cloak trimmed with fur, and her large brown velvet hat with a touch of scarlet in it, when he first caught sight of her. She was indeed exactly like the young Lady Bountiful of the old-fashioned Christmas cards and Christmas numbers; but the weight of the basket had bent her pretty shoulders and shortened her breath. She had set it down and was still gasping when he overtook her on the woodland path.

"Excuse me," he said, "the basket is too heavy for you: I shall carry it."

At the same moment Miss Grantley was listening meekly to Grice's remonstrances on the subject of her great-niece.

"Begging your pardon, ma'am," Grice said respectfully, but firmly, "you didn't ought to put on Miss Nesta so. I see the basket when Mrs. Kay 'ad packed it. Wot with jam-jars and that there port wine you 'ad of the grocer and the turkey, 'twas no weight for a delicate thing like Miss Nesta."

"She said it was not at all heavy, Grice," said Miss Grantley humbly.

"Don't you believe her then," Grice snapped. "I shouldn't ha' thought of carryin' it, not if it was ever so, and them there old ladies in the almshouses was never to see a Christmas dinner. Miss Nesta looks that delicate to me that I wouldn't be surprised if she was to go off in a consumption."

"She is really quite strong, Grice, and has quite outgrown her old delicacy," said Miss Grantley in a small voice; but

Grice only sniffed unbelievably, and drawing her mistress' white hair high over her head in the Pompadour style, which enhanced Miss Grantley's natural stateliness, she pulled it sharply enough to make the old lady wince.

It was well Miss Grantley could not see what was happening in the wood, where James Moore was carrying Nesta's basket as though it had been a feather-weight and he had a right to carry it, instead of being a stranger and a person who could have no possible pretension to Miss Gwynne's friendship.

But apparently the attraction he had felt for Nesta had been reciprocated. There was not a handsomer man in the county, not one as handsome as James Moore. He showed to advantage when riding; and few women would not have noticed him as he passed by.

There had been a day when the Duchess of St. Germain, one of Miss Grantley's visitors, who always boasted that she had an eye for a pretty fellow, had asked Miss Grantley: "And who is the handsome cavalier?" Miss Grantley had replied that it was a man who had a mill in the valley—a very enterprising and respectable person, she believed, but not a gentleman.

Nesta had grown hot all over at the old lady's words, she did not know why. But the Duchess had peered out after the way his horse had taken, and had replied that if he wasn't a gentleman he looked like one. "He puts all our fine gentlemen to shame," she had said. And again, mysteriously, Nesta had felt grateful to her.

She remembered the incident as she glanced shyly at James Moore, swinging along by her side down the snow-sprinkled arcade of the wood, between hedges where the holly-berries and the shining leaves were bright, where the robin puffed out his scarlet breast in the snow and sung his little song of hope and cheer. She felt at once frightened and exhilarated. Here she was walking by the side of a man to whom she had never been introduced, and who belonged to that great class outside their own little class which, in Miss Grantley's social code, did not exist. But how splendid he looked. There had been a light of wrath in his blue eyes as they had rested on her basket which Nesta had thought splendid. No one had ever been wrathful for her since Godfrey had gone away. Godfrey was her cousin, as much beloved by Miss Grantley as Nesta was ignored and neglected. Godfrey had always taken her

part; but these five years back he had been in India with his regiment, and Miss Grantley had never ceased to lament the hard necessity which parted her from her dear boy, while it allowed Nesta to stay at home. Nesta had had time to forget Godfrey's intercession for her in the old days; yet, being a grateful soul, she had not forgotten; but, instead, had exaggerated his school-boy decency towards her into something fine and heroic.

"They should not let you carry such things," James Moore was saying with a magnificent frown. "Where are Miss Grantley's servants?"

Nesta's heart swelled within her. He was angry and for her! It was a long time since any one had cared enough to be angry for her or greatly concerned as to what she could or could not do.

"It is not really so heavy," she said with the brightness upon her face. "And I am stronger than you think—really, much stronger."

"If I had my way," said James Moore bending his beautiful blue eyes on her, "everything should be done for you as long as you lived."

It was the beginning of a short and passionate wooing, a secret wooing, for Nesta knew too well what her aunt would think of a marriage between her and James Moore. It would have been a secret marriage, too, if Nesta had had her way, but James Moore would not hear of it.

He had no fear of Miss Grantley, as he would have had no fear of much more august persons. He asked for an interview with her, and, that being granted, he announced that he had come to ask the hand of her niece in marriage. He had borne quite unmoved the storm of the old lady's anger at his presumption, standing with his handsome head inclined, his hat in his hand—he had not been invited to sit—and the something, not altogether a smile, upon his firm lips, which secretly enraged Miss Grantley, since it said that all this was merely the anger of an unreasonable person, something not to be counted with, that could matter very little to James Moore.

"Your father was a respectable man, Mr. Moore," she said at last in her exasperation. "He would never have thought of enticing a young gentlewoman to meet him secretly. He did not lift his eyes so high. He kept to his own equals."

"I have no knowledge of social differences," said James Moore calmly. "I only know that where I wish to attain I can attain. If Nesta had been a peasant girl it would have been the same. If she had been a Duke's daughter I would still have striven to make her my own, and I believe I should have succeeded."

"You are very sure of yourself, Mr. Moore."

"I am very sure. One or two things might prevent my doing all I mean to do. There is death, of course. He has stricken greater men than me."

His amazing opinion of himself impressed her in spite of herself. That last proviso, now. With what an air of humility he conceded those greater men. She had an idea he did not believe in their existence.

She shifted her ground hastily.

"Nesta has deceived me," she said, "as her mother before her deceived me. Take care she does not deceive you."

"She is a timid soul," he replied. "I blame those who did not win her from fear. She will never be frightened with me."

For the rest of the time Nesta spent under Miss Grantley's roof the lady ignored her. It was not very long. Within a few weeks' time, early in the New Year, when the thrill of hope began to be felt clearly in the air, Nesta Gwynne crept out quietly one morning to the church, where she and James Moore were made man and wife. Miss Grantley ignored it all. Nesta's few belongings were sent after her by the servants, who sympathized with her.

Since then Miss Grantley had spent much of her time away and the Priory was let to strangers. When sometimes Nesta had a desire to make overtures to her aunt for peace James Moore discouraged her.

"You are mine, not theirs, now," he said. "If she desires peace let her sue for it to my wife."

It used to make Nesta smile. A little sense of humor had come alive in her since she had been fostered in the warm sunshine of her husband's love. Her great-aunt *sue*—to James Moore's wife!

But to James Moore himself, although he had a rich sense of humor, the idea did not commend itself as a thing to be smiled over.

CHAPTER VI.

MORE THAN KIN.

Nesta had never forgotten the chill which fell upon her married happiness when she first came face to face with her husband's brothers.

"They adore me, they will adore you"; James Moore had said.

She had never seen them till she came back with her husband to the old Mill House after a brief honeymoon.

There will be plenty of room for us all," James Moore had said. "Dick and Steve will squeeze themselves into a mouse-hole to make plenty of room for us. As soon as I have time I will build you a house.

She had had it in her mind to plead for a cottage, a lodging anywhere, where they could begin their lives together, without others constantly with them. She had not spoken, however. Already she knew that she was just an adored child to James Moore, and that what she said would not weigh with him. So she held her peace, only praying in her heart that the time might soon come for the building of that other house.

The brothers had frightened her at their first meeting. Her husband had not prepared her for their ugliness, their look of malformation, and it shocked her. Her repugnance was clear in her eyes. They had looked one at the other. Their glances had shown that they noticed her repugnance and resented it. Their resentment flashed out in contempt and dislike. Why the thing was worse than they had thought. She had been rosy enough under James Moore's kisses; she was merry enough when they were alone together; but she looked a poor thing as she faced the tribunal of the two brothers, who had so passionate a devotion to her husband that they must needs be critical of his wife, even if she had not begun by giving them mortal offence.

It was three years now since that homecoming, and every hour spent under the roof with them had been shadowed by their enmity. They were coldly, awkwardly polite to her always. James Moore saw nothing amiss with their manner to her. They were an uncouth pair of fellows, but sound at heart as his bulldog. Like his bulldog, they were kindness itself;

but if any one menaced him, they would be at that person's throat. How could he suspect them of unfriendliness to the one thing he held dearest on earth?

The brothers were wise in their generation and kept their opinions to themselves. A poor weakling thing they thought Nesta, and quite unfitted to be the wife of their splendid brother. They had had other hopes for him. He should have waited a while, and married some one as near himself as a woman could be. Then he could have lived with her in the fine house he was always talking of building; and they would have stayed on in the old place looking after his interests, not intruding on the fine house and the fine wife, but quite satisfied to remain in the background, building up Jim's fortunes and the fortunes of Jim's children.

And now they were grievously disappointed in Jim's choice of a wife. To Dick Moore, shaped like a Vulcan and darkly uncomely under his wisps of heavy black hair, as to Steve, scarcely less ugly though undersized and somewhat weakly, Nesta's delicate prettiness would not have appealed at any time. She had done nothing to build up Jim's fortunes. She did not look as though she would give him sons to carry on the fortune his head was erecting and their hands were helping to build up.

If she had but given James Moore a son, and a strong one, they might have changed their minds about her. As it was, she all but died in bringing Stella into the world, and had so serious an illness afterwards that it was little likely there ever would be a son born to James Moore.

As long as she was in danger her husband went about—doing all his business, indeed, as usual—but with a drawn and anxious face that fretted his brothers to see.

There had been a day when she all but slipped from his anguished hold upon her. Indeed one of the doctors who had been by her bed had said that she was practically dead, when her husband's cry to her had brought her back.

Her extremity had not softened the resentment of the brothers against her.

"If she dies," said Richard Moore, leaning his long, ungainly arms across the gate by which he and Stephen watched the stormy west, with a low band of yellow in it which was reflected in the mill stream. "If she dies, he'll break his heart for her. And the bit of a girl like herself—a poor, puny thing

with his strength in it. What's the good of Jim toiling for the like of her?"

"If she was to die," answered Stephen, the baleful light of the west in his sunken eyes, "he might forget her in time and marry a woman big and bonny like himself."

Nesta lived, and what was more, when she had finally taken the turn towards health, she thrived, to her husband's intense delight.

While she was in danger of being lost to him he had hardly remembered his little daughter, who had been kept out of sight by her nurse. But when he had brought Nesta back from a couple of months in a southern climate, rosier than he had ever seen her, he remembered for the first time to be interested in the child.

He had given the baby to each brother in his turn to hold, while the nurse stood by smiling and Nesta looked on nervously afraid that the inexperienced arms might not hold baby properly. She had been trying to argue herself out of her fear of her brothers-in-law. If they would only love little Stella she could forgive their jealousy of her.

But the baby, who had curled so securely into her father's folded arm, cried with Stephen, cried more vehemently with Dick, while James Moore laughed at them for their awkwardness.

"You are to be to her what you have been to me," he said with the air of the king presenting the baby princess to his counsellors.

It made Nesta smile with a delicate appreciation, but James Moore saw nothing to smile at. He had never been more serious in his life than when he commended his small princess to his brothers.

"If you two fellows should outlive me," he said, "I shall leave her in your hands. It is not as though she were a boy."

"It is not likely we should outlive you," Stephen said with a shocked air.

"You have a better life than either of us," said the other.

"There never were such devoted fellows," James Moore said to Nesta afterwards. "They would give their lives for me, I believe, if I asked them. They were always like that, from the time they were little chaps. If I'm spoilt it is their fault. I was always the sun in their sky. They have never wanted

to make a life for themselves. They are so entirely bound up in me. I should always feel safe about you, Nesta, if I had to leave you to them."

"Why do you talk of leaving me?" Nesta said, irritably for her. "You will live long after they live, long after I live. I was always delicate."

"You needed my fosterage, my flower," James Moore said, smiling at her. "You are delicate no longer. You are growing to be a rose, a red rose and not a white one."

"It is your love, Jim," she said smiling. "I am so happy—"

She turned aside leaving something unsaid. In her own heart she had a feeling that the brothers were a shadow upon her joy; but she would not grieve him by saying it. And, to be sure, they were faithful as dogs to him.

CHAPTER VII.

THE ONE WHO MIGHT HAVE BEEN.

Lady Eugenia Capel was not long in redeeming her promise to call on Nesta Moore.

She drove over a few days later, bearing her papa's cards. Lord Mount-Eden was judging at the County Cattle Show. He was a great authority on shorthorns, and the show was a sacred function, not to be missed on any account.

Lady Eugenia was obliged to leave her horses on the other side of the little bridge, since her coachman flatly refused to take the responsibility of driving them across the bridge and between the waters.

She had to stoop her head as she came in at the low door of Nesta's little drawing-room. She was of more than common tallness, and when she was in the room she looked too big for it, as James Moore always did.

"I am *so* glad to come," she said, with flattering heartiness to Nesta. "I have really often wished to know you." She thought at the moment it was true. "And what a sweet house you have, so quaint and old-fashioned. I always think big rooms very unhomelike. I envy you this."

She had thrown back her ermine cloak, and sat upright in her chair, looking about her with bright, interested eyes. The room itself was as Nesta had found it; James Moore's mother had thought it very fine. Nesta's books and water-colors and photographs, her piano with the music open upon it—the piano had been a Christmas gift from her husband—the deep blue vases filled with autumn leaves and a handful of old-fashioned chrysanthemums, her desk, her piece of embroidery, gave it an air of pleasant refinement it had lacked without. Yet one might have thought it too dark and low for a young and pretty thing like Nesta to inhabit.

The little maid whom Nesta had trained brought in the tea, and Nesta found herself talking to Lady Eugenia freely. It seemed to her that being cut off so long from her own class, having led indeed a hermit's life since her marriage, she must have grown rustic and awkward. She responded readily to Lady Eugenia's frank overtures, and found herself talking to her as though they had known each other for ages instead of being acquaintances of two meetings.

Lady Eugenia would have Stella down from the nursery; and her ecstasies over the child won the mother's heart. Stella was an ethereal child, with a little pale face set in wild hair, the very color of the chestnut leaves as they fall in autumn, neither red nor yellow, but a warm gold. She was a wise child, given to looking at people with inscrutable eyes of gray-blue, to saying quaint and solemn things, wonderful in the mouth of a child. Lady Eugenia listened with interest to the mother's stories of Stella's wonderful sayings. At first Nesta was shy of repeating them, but seeing her visitor's real interest in them she unpacked her little precious budget, which she had never shared with any one before except her husband.

"She is a wonder-child!" Lady Eugenia said, with uplifted hands. "Of course she is not like other children."

"She looks delicate," Nesta said wistfully, "but she is not really so. She has never had any of the childish illnesses, and she cut her teeth beautifully. I was so alarmed about her teeth. Every one said she was such a delicate baby. She was so small when she was born; and I was so very ill."

"For the matter of that," said Lady Eugenia, "Goethe was so small that they could put him in a quart pot when he was born. Yet see what he lived to become. And your Stella

does not look delicate—only ethereal. She is a tall girl. Doesn't her father adore her?"

"He is very fond of her. Of course I wish I could have given him a son."

She sighed and fixed her eyes seriously on Lady Eugenia's face. She had almost let slip her secret grief that she could not hope to give her husband the son who ought to succeed him in his business.

"He must talk to papa about his little daughter. Papa is such a believer in daughters. You know I am his only one, and the title passes to a distant cousin whom he detests. The next Lord Mount-Eden will be a Radical peer. Think of it! Papa says he would rather have me than seven sons. I never give him any trouble. We are the best of good comrades. Whereas the sons of most of his friends and acquaintances are ruining themselves on the turf or at the card-table. Billy Throgmorton, the son of his oldest friend, married a variety actress the other day. She has been doing cart-wheels amid colored lights at the Neapolitan. She has a song: 'Would Yer Like to Come Along er Oi?' which is the vogue on all the barrel-organs. Stella and I are not likely to marry variety actresses, at all events."

She looked whimsically at the spiritual-looking child, who was playing demurely with some of the toys her nurse had brought down with her.

"Do you know," she said, with a change of tone, "I should love to see the mills—may I? I have a most unusual taste in a young woman for machinery. I am never tired of looking at it. When papa and I were at the Paris Exhibition last summer he couldn't tear me away from the machinery. Odd, isn't it?"

"Very. It bores me to extinction. I wish my husband had been here to show you over the mills. He would have been delighted. But he is away. However, one of his brothers will explain it all to us."

She rang the bell for Stella's nurse to take her away, and then led her guest out of the house, through the garden by a green postern gate in the wall, and across a wide-flagged yard to the first long mill-building, with its long range of windows already lighted up.

Inside such were the roar and rattle of machinery that

they could hardly hear each other speaking. The building seemed to tremble about them, and the place, to Nesta's mind, was intolerably hot, noisy, and evil-smelling.

She found Stephen Moore in the square, glass-fronted enclosure, which was her husband's office, and asked him, with a timidity which Lady Eugenia noted and wondered at, if he could show them over the mills.

His face lit up oddly as Lady Eugenia placed her delicately-gloved hand in his. Something of animation, of interest, came into his expression, making him unlike what he had appeared to Nesta all those years.

He was quite ready to show Lady Eugenia the mills. At first Nesta followed in their wake, climbing the steep, ladder-like stairs, going from room to room, crossing the dark, wet yards from one building to another. She never visited the mills. The racket and oily smell made her head ache.

Presently, seeing they could do very well without her, she asked to be excused and went back to the house.

It was quite a long time before Lady Eugenia came in, and then she was accompanied by both brothers. She seemed to find nothing amiss with her squires; and it would have been humorous if it had not been touching to see how she fascinated the odd, uncouth pair.

She had enjoyed herself thoroughly and was very proud of her intelligence about the machinery. She had understood perfectly all they had shown her; and had not minded the noise or the heat or the steamy vapors of the rooms where the workers toiled, half-clad, although out of doors the frosty twigs crackled under foot.

"Our Jim ought to have married her," said Stephen to his brother, after they had escorted her to her landau, standing bareheaded while the sound of her carriage-wheels died in the distance.

"If he'd waited he might have married her," answered the other. "What a pair they'd have made!"

"Jim's wife can't bear the mills," said Stephen with a curious bitterness.

How surprised Lady Eugenia would have been if she could have guessed at this vaulting ambition for the beloved brother.

CHAPTER VIII.

PROOFS STRONG AS HOLY WRIT.

No one would have recognized Outwood Manor under a June sun—amid a profusion of June roses, the scent of the hay in the fields about it, the birds all singing—as that ominous house whose panes the stormy sky had set on fire one evening in November.

The house, with its windows open to the shining air, had more than fulfilled James Moore's hopes of it. It had a kindly, cheerful look, hooded in creepers, the roses growing up to its gable-eaves, the white curtains stirring softly in the summer breeze.

Nesta Moore was sitting on the lawn, behind a tea-table. Stella was lying quietly on a rug at her feet, watching with a contemplative eye the play of the wind and the sun in the leaves above her. Opposite Nesta Moore, lolling in a low garden-chair, was a very well-groomed, close-cropped, handsome young man, whom one could hardly mistake for anything else but a soldier. He had just put down his tea-cup and lit a cigar, and he was looking through the spirals of smoke at his cousin's face with a lazy contentment.

"I never thought I could forgive you, Nesta," he said. "Upon my word, when I got Aunt Sophia's letter I was completely bowled over. I was to have played in a tennis tournament that afternoon with one of the prettiest girls in India for a partner; but I chucked it; I chucked all my social engagements for a month. I dare say I should have chucked them for longer if some of the fellows hadn't routed me out and made me take part in a gymkhana. They said it was due to the regiment that I should. I assure you, I felt no end of a crock when I began, but—"

"You felt better afterwards," said Nesta, with two demure little dimples in her cheeks. "It was a good thing you went back to your enjoyments, Godfrey, for the sake of those poor girls."

"I felt that myself," replied the young man unabashed. "All the same, it was quite a long time before I cared whether a girl was ugly or pretty. Upon my word, I'm telling the

truth, Nesta. It's horribly unkind of [you to laugh. After chucking me for a hulking brute like Jim Moore."

Nesta laughed again. Her cousin and her husband were excellent friends. James Moore was quite pleased that his wife's good-looking cousin should be a visitor at Outwood, and in constant attendance upon Nesta. He laughed at him for a lazy beggar, always hanging after a woman's petticoats, and enjoyed, with a humorous appreciation, Captain Grantley's recital of the blow which had been inflicted on him by the news of Nesta's marriage. Nesta and he had broken a sixpence at the ages of fourteen and twelve respectively; and he could show the husband the tree in the grounds of the Priory where he had cut a pair of hearts, with Nesta's and his initials intertwined and an arrow piercing them.

They had humorous contests together when Grantley, who was a boy, and would be till he died, assured James Moore that Nesta would never have been his if he, Godfrey Grantley, had not been away serving his country. Then they would pull each other about in mock fisticuffs while Nesta sat looking at them, with peals of soft laughter.

She was a different being since she had come to Outwood from the Mill House. The shadow seemed to have passed off her innocent days.

She did not often see her husband's brothers now, except at the heavy mid-day meal on Sunday, which James Moore never could be induced to abandon. After dinner the brothers usually went for a long country walk together, leaving Nesta to her own devices. Since her cousin had come home on leave he stayed to amuse her on those Sunday afternoons, and the three would depart, leaving Nesta at the piano, and Godfrey Grantley, with his banjo on his knee, ready to sing sentimental songs with her.

There was no friendliness between him and James Moore's brothers, as there was between him and James Moore. He looked on them as a dreary pair, not to be moved to laughter even by those songs to the banjo, which he sang with so rich an *abandon*.

The two brothers would look significantly at each other as they followed James Moore from the house. The piano and the banjo were abominations to them on Sunday. They had been brought up in a strict creed, and, although they did not

trouble church or chapel by their presence, the old prejudice yet clung to them.

The young man's presence in the house was a very pleasant thing to Nesta Moore. It had been a little lonely with Jim away so much of the time. Now it was like going back to the old companionship of their childhood. Godfrey's boyish inconsequence delighted and amused her.

A maid came and took away the tea-table. It was deliciously lazy weather; the bees droning in and out the flowers, the hum of insects in the air, the song of a little stream just out of sight had a sleepy effect. Nesta had been laughing heartily at Godfrey's account of how Aunt Sophia had selected a non-alcoholic beer for his table-beverage, and of how he had the bottles refilled with old Burton.

"The dear old soul," he said, "was so delighted at the number of bottles I drank, so pleased to know that she had really hit on the exact tippie that suited me! Upon my word, it was rather a shame. Myself and my partner in crime, old Job Lee at the village-shop, ought really to be ashamed of ourselves."

Nesta was flushed and smiling. Godfrey was certainly very exhilarating, after those years without laughter at the Mill House. He had slid from his chair on to the grass and was lying with half-shut eyes at her feet.

"Get up, you absurd person!" she said, dropping a rose on his face.

He lifted a fold of her skirt languidly and put it to his lips.

"Why didn't you wait for me," he said with closed eyes, "as you promised, instead of taking the hulking ruffian? To be sure he's made of money and I shall be always poor. If you won't run away with me, I shall have to—"

Something inimical, like a shadow on the bright day, crossed his half-jesting mood, and stopped his finishing the speech. He had been about to say that he would have to run away with Stella.

He opened his eyes, and there—standing frowning at them—was Richard Moore. He looked oddly pale and disturbed.

"Jim sent me to say that he could not be home for dinner, and that you were not to be anxious about him."

His voice was harsh. His look of fierce condemnation

roamed from one to the other. With such a look might John Knox have rebuked Mary Stuart and her ladies.

"You will have some tea?" Nesta said, in a suddenly small and frightened voice.

"No, thank you; I have to get back as quickly as possible."

He lifted his hat awkwardly and turned away.

"I believe he thought I was making serious love to you," Captain Grantley said with a vexed laugh.

But the animation and sparkle had died out of Nesta's face.

"I wonder why they hate me, Godfrey?" she said helplessly. "I believe he saw you kiss my skirt and heard what you said about Jim."

"Ah, well; Jim knows it is all a joke."

"He won't say anything to Jim," Nesta said, lifting her head proudly. "He dare not say anything to Jim against his wife. But—they whisper of me in corners; they look at each other with a cruel significance at times. Oh, Godfrey, they hate me."

She suddenly burst into tears, covering her face with her hands.

Godfrey Grantley was as much disturbed as Stella, who set up a quiet wail at the sight of her mother's grief.

Richard Moore passing down the avenue to the gate had a glimpse of Nesta in tears and Captain Grantley kneeling by her trying to draw her fingers down from her face.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

THE PILGRIM'S PROGRESS AND SOME PRE-REFORMATION ALLEGORIES.

BY KATHERINE BRÉGY.

II.



NE turns back with a sigh to the wholesome and unstudied sanity of pre-Reformation standards. Excesses of imagination there were indubitably throughout the great Middle Age; and excesses of conduct, too; but the source of life was sound. And the England of Catholic discipline, of vigil and holyday, was the only *merry* England the world has ever known. There is a little passage in *The World and the Child* (an interlude printed by Wynkyn de Worde in 1522) quite wonderful in its balanced wisdom. The Child has long since grown to Manhood, with the scars of full many sins upon his soul, when upon a day Conscience comes to remonstrate. And Manhood cries out in that old and heart-sick query:

What, Conscience, should I leave all game and glee?
Conscience: Nay, Manhood, so mot I thee,
All mirth in measure is good for thee:
But, sir, measure is in all thing!

That was the answer of the Catholic Church—a very great and very simple answer.

Now, in spite of its tendency to foster hypocrisy, there is no gainsaying the downright and terrible sincerity of the Puritan ideal. Bunyan spoke as the mouthpiece of a whole class of society—people of definite, even rigid piety, with a passion for “profitable discourses,” for finely spun if perverse metaphysics, and a vigorous determination to tone down the rainbow pageantry of life to a pervasive and non-committal leaden gray. That was Christianity as they saw it; for they had forgotten the apostles and saints and martyrs, they knew not the Fathers, and the traditions of mediævalism were anathema to

them. On the other hand, we find the literature of the Old Faith for the most part exceedingly direct and elemental. *She* knew the heart of man, as her divine Founder had known, and needed not that any should tell her what was in man! And so the weakness and the potential heroisms of human nature were ever frankly in her thought. *Do penance and ye shall be saved*—that was the burden of the Church: her peremptory yet consoling message to a world in need alike of discipline and of solace! To quote once again from *The World and the Child*:

Though a man had do alone
The deadly sins everychone,
And he with contrition make his moan
To Christ our Heaven King,
God is all so glad of him,
As of the creature that never did sin.

There, in truth, is a simple and authoritative evangelism: and the formula of repentance held out to Manhood (or Old Age, as he has now become) is equally free from morbidity or vagueness. He must "take him to abstinence," and keep in heart the Ten Commandments and the Twelve Articles of the Christian Creed. Verily, as Edgar Poe once said, "Truth is not always in a well. In fact, as regards the more important knowledge, I do believe that she is invariably superficial."

But the interlude we have been quoting cannot fail to remind the reader of a great and more familiar example—the moral play of *Everyman*. The allegory of this early Pilgrim was published some eight or ten years later than *The World and the Child*, but in method and in ideals it is thoroughly mediæval. If (as a one-time editor has contended!) it was designed "to inculcate great reverence for old Mother Church and her Popish superstitions," it is the most vital and arresting apologetic in existence. It contains not one word of controversy, but a brief and highly dramatic allegory of man's summoning to death and judgment. Long ago the "most ingenious Dr. Percy" pointed out how "in this old simple drama the fable is conducted upon the strictest model of the Greek tragedy. The action is simply one, the time of action is that of the performance, the scene is never changed, nor the stage

ever empty." The characters, too, are conceived in severest simplicity. They are abstractions as subtle as any of Bunyan's, and yet, almost without exception, they are of a terrible and haunting reality. Those of us who saw the morality, as presented some years ago by the Elizabethan Stage Society, will need no reminder of this compelling humanity of the story; nor can those be unconscious of it who merely read the lines. First is the brief yet noble address of Messenger, praying his audience to hear with reverence this moral play, "which of our lives and ending shows"—a matter wondrous precious, but with intent "more gracious and sweet to bear away."

The story saith: man, in the beginning
 Look well, and take good heed to the ending,
 Be you never so gay:
 Ye think sin in the beginning full sweet,
 Which in the end causeth thy soul to weep,
 When the body lieth in clay.
 Here shall you see how Fellowship and Jollity,
 Both Strength, Pleasure, and Beauty,
 Will fade from thee as flower in May;
 For ye shall hear how our Heaven King
 Calleth Everyman to a general reckoning:
 Give audience, and hear what he doth say.

It is not merely the dramatic form, the superior condensation of plot, which places this allegory so many leagues apart from Bunyan's. To the average reader these might even seem an added difficulty: and the *raison d'être* of *Everyman* is frankly to edify. But its atmosphere is at once freer, more poignant, and more poetic: as different as the atmosphere of—say mediæval Oxford or Canterbury—from that of Nonconformist Bedford!

Everyman himself is first seen walking blithely upon his way, his mind "on fleshly lusts and his treasure," and full little upon that dread messenger about to intercept him. Death's summons strikes confusion, then terror to his heart; and so the terse dialogue wears on:

Everyman: Full unready I am such reckoning to give:
 I know thee not; what messenger art thou

Death: I am death, that no man dreadeth;
 For everyman I 'rrest, and no man spareth.
 For it is God's commandment
 That all to me should be obedient.

In a sudden despairing hope the worldling essays to bribe his summoner, offering even a thousand pounds if he will defer this matter till another day. But Death sets no store by silver or gold, and taries not for pope, king, or emperor; neither do Everyman's bitter tears avail him for a respite. The imperious one but reiterates his call to judgment, demanding a little scornfully:

What, weenest thou thy life is given thee,
 And thy worldly goods also?
Everyman: I had ween'd so verily.
Death: Nay, nay; it was but lend thee:
 For, as soon as thou art gone,
 Another awhile shall have it, and then go therefro
 Even as thou hast done.
 Everyman, thou art mad, thou hast thy wits five,
 And here on earth will not amend thy life;
 For suddenly do I come.

Then follows Everyman's impassioned search for a companion in this pilgrimage, with the refusal of Fellowship, Kindred and his worldly Goodes. It is only in a last desolation that he seeks out Good Deeds, where she lies prostrate beneath the burden of his own sins. But if she may not rise for weakness, Good Deeds has a healing counsel to give; she directs Everyman to her sister Knowledge, who in turn leads him on to Confession. And Shrift is not vainly sought, nor without comfort; he bestows upon Everyman a precious jewel, "called penance, voider of adversity," and likewise the scourge of Mortification. So in the name of the Holy Trinity, the pilgrim begins his strong penance; and ere long he weeps "for very sweetness of joy," as Good Deeds is seen arising to his aid. Knowledge has one more gift for Everyman—a tunic soaked in his own tears.

It is the garment of sorrow,
 From pain it will you borrow;

Contrition it is,
That getteth forgiveness,
It pleaseth God passing well.

When these bitter-sweet remedies have been wisely used, and Everyman passes out to receive the "Holy Sacrament and Ointment together," there is an interesting discourse between Knowledge and the Five Wits. It concerns the dignity and power of the priesthood; and while there are plain words for a few faithless shepherds, "blinded by sin," its substance is, briefly, that no emperor, king, duke, nor baron hath commission from God as hath the least priest in all the world—

For of the blessed sacraments pure and benign
He beareth the keys, and thereof hath cure
For man's redemption, it is ever sure.

Everyman returns, pardoned at last, and the Death March is begun. A mortal faintness falls upon the pilgrim as he nears the grave; one after another Strength, Beauty, and Discretion forsake him, till only Knowledge and his Good Deeds remain. Then, crying out for mercy and commending his soul to God, Everyman suffers "that we shall all endure." But the angels' song is heard "making great joy and melody" as the freed soul is welcomed into its heavenly sphere: and the last solemn lesson of the tragic story is summed up by the Doctor's epilogue.

We have been speaking with some insistence about the direct and practical simplicity of Catholic literature in those very Catholic days—about its bearing upon the fundamental facts of human life. That is one side of a great truth: but there is another side. Religion is not merely utilitarian. Its ultimate aim is not simply to make men virtuous, but to bring the soul into eternal union with its God. And so the simple merges and is lost in the sublime—the faith of stern, immediate practicality is shown to be the mother of fair love and of mysticism. The mediæval temper, at once so fierce and so inalienably poetic, understood this to a marvel. Throughout the stress and struggle of a semi-barbaric life it retained the most intimate if ingenuous familiarity with heavenly things. It seems almost a truism to reiterate all this in the face of Dante and

the Legend of the Graal; yet it is a fact too little appreciated by the modern world. We may assert with reasonable certainty that echoes of the miracle play and the old mystic and romantic writings had sounded through John Bunyan's youth. His own work was the richer for them; but it is poor, indeed, beside them! It is poor first of all in *ideas* (though not in fancy), and then it is poor in all the rarer gifts of vision, of insight, and of ecstasy. The author of *The Pilgrim's Progress* was preaching, for the most part, what generations of his mediæval precursors had been expounding—an allegory of man hovering between two eternities. He merely, and inevitably, translated it into the terms of his own age and his own people. It happened—for obvious reasons—that these terms were less beautiful and less spacious than those of the preceding time. These changed habits of thought are noticeable not only in the innovations and omissions of the reformers, but even in their attitude toward universally accepted truths. Perhaps they may be gauged most significantly at the two poles of the spiritual life, hell and heaven.

Christian's entrance into the Celestial City has already been described, but from the Shining Men who lead him thither we may glean some characteristic details. It is a perfectly orderly and conventional picture of heaven. There the pilgrims will find Mount Sion, the tree of life, the innumerable company of angels, and the spirits of just men made perfect. They will see no more such things as they saw upon the earth, "to wit, sorrow, sickness, affliction, and death, 'for the former things are passed away.'" And upon the men inquiring what they must do in this holy place, it is answered:

"You must there receive the comforts of all your toil, and have joy for all your sorrow; you must reap what you have sown, even the fruit of all your prayers and tears. . . . There you shall enjoy your friends again, that are gone thither before you . . . [and] be clothed with glory and majesty, and put into an equipage fit to ride out with the King of Glory. When He shall come with sound of trumpet in the clouds, as upon the wings of the wind, you shall come with Him; and when he shall sit upon the throne of judgment, you shall sit by Him; yea, and when He shall pass sentence upon the workers of iniquity . . . you also shall have a voice in that judgment."

Then a company of the heavenly host, and "several of the King's trumpeters, clothed in white and shining raiment," come out to welcome the pilgrims, so that with melodious noise they mount upward together. And "Oh," writes Bunyan in pious delight, "by what tongue or pen can their glorious joy be expressed?" The vision is touching in its simple sincerity; but once more we are forced to observe how much of its sublimity was owing to the Scriptures, and how crude or puerile the personal note tended to become.

Now we know that the Puritans thought a great deal about future punishment (both for themselves and for others!) and we might expect from them a certain eloquence on the subject of hell. Milton is no representative guide in the matter, because he stood apart and aloof in his ideals, dreaming his dreams as poet rather than as Puritan. So let us turn once again to Christian's experiences. It is when passing through the Valley of the Shadow of Death that Bunyan's Pilgrim comes upon the mouth of hell. "And ever and anon the flame and smoke would come out in such abundance, with sparks and hideous noises (things that cared not for Christian's sword, as did Apollyon before) that he was forced to put up his sword and betake himself to another weapon called All-Prayer. . . . Also he heard doleful voices, and rushings to and fro, so that sometimes he thought he should be torn in pieces, or trodden down like mire in the streets."

Beyond reproach is Bunyan's "high seriousness," but his imagination will stretch no further. Little was he akin to that earlier John—a thirteenth century churchman, and author of *The Soul's Ward*.* In this old homily we meet perhaps the most astounding Inferno in English literature. Fear, the lean and pallid messenger of Death, visits the Soul's Castle for the better admonition of its keepers: and Prudence (who ever knoweth best how to beset her words and works!) questions whence he cometh.

"'I come,' he saith, 'from hell.' 'From hell?' saith Prudence, 'and hast thou seen hell?' 'Yea, truly,' saith Fear, 'often and frequently.' 'Now, then,' saith Prudence, 'upon thy troth tell us truly what hell is like, and what thou hast seen therein.' 'And I will, blithly,' saith Fear, 'upon my troth; nevertheless, not according as it really is, for no tongue can

**Cf. Old English Homilies.* Early English Text Society Publications. Vol. 29-34.

tell that, but as far as I may and can I will discourse thereof. Hell is wide without measure, and deep and bottomless; full of incomparable fire, for no earthly fire may be compared therewith; full of stench intolerable, for no living thing on earth might endure it; full of unutterable sorrow, for no mouth may, on account of the wretchedness and of the woe thereof, give an account of nor tell about it. Yea, the darkness therein is so thick that one may grasp it, for the fire there gives out no light, but blindeth the eyes of them that are there with a smothering smoke, the worst of smokes. And nevertheless in that same black darkness they see black things as devils, that ever maul and afflict and harrass them with all kinds of tortures. . . . There is shrieking in the flame, and chattering of teeth in the snowy waters. Suddenly they flit from the heat into the cold, nor ever do they know of these two which is the worse for them, for each is intolerable. . . . And this same wanhope (*despair*) is their greatest torment, that none have never any more hope of any recovery, but are sure of every ill, to continue in woe, world without end, ever in eternity. Each chokes the other, and each hateth another and himself as the black devil; and even as they loved them the more in this world, so the more shall they hate them there.'"

But not Fear himself, though he had a thousand tongues of steel, may fully recount the terrors of this abode of woe. " 'Now, Lord God!' quote Prudence, 'guard and preserve us, and direct and advise us what we ought to do, and that we may be the more cautious and vigilant to keep ourselves safe on each side under God's wings. If we well guard and keep our house and God's dear treasure that He has entrusted to us, let death come whenever she will, we need not be in dread of her nor of hell; for our death will be precious to God, and entrance into heaven!'" There is the sweetness, the sanity again! The mediæval imagination has been stretched to its farthest bounds of terror (which carries us well into the superlative degree!) and the fruit thereof is a healthy recoil, an instantaneous prayer for God's grace—no morbid introspection, not a shade of spiritual hypochondria.

Even while speaking, Prudence beholds another messenger draw nigh, "very glad in cheer, fair and joyful, and lovely attired." It is Love of Life, the herald of mirth and everlasting life, sent from the Blessed God lest His children be over-much

cast down by Fear. The soul's wards press about him right eagerly, praying that he tell them somewhat of God and His eternal bliss. But once again the infinite confounds human thought and human utterance. Not as He is, declares Love of Life, may God be seen, for beside His brightness the sunbeam is dark and seemeth a shadow. Only for a little while and through a mirror which shielded his eyes, might this messenger endure to gaze upon the Holy Trinity, three and indivisible. "But somewhat longer I was able to behold our Lord Jesus Christ, God's Son, that redeemed us on the cross—how He sits blissful on the right hand of His Father, Who is almighty, and ruleth in that eternal life without cessation. So marvelous is His beauty that the angels are never satiated in beholding Him. And moreover I saw plainly the places of His wounds, and how He showeth them to His Father, to make known how He loved us, and how He was obedient to Him Who sent Him thus to redeem us, and He beseecheth Him ever for mankind's heal. After Him I saw on high, above all heavenly hosts, the Blessed Virgin His mother, called Mary, sitting on a throne so very bright, adorned with gems, and her face so joyful that every earthly light is darkness in comparison with it. . . . When I could no longer endure that light, I looked towards the angels and archangels and to the others that are above them, blessed spirits who are ever before God and ever serve Him, and sing ever unweariedly."

Of all the nine hierarchal hosts Love of Life next tells the beatitude; of the Apostles, "poor and low on earth," but now exalted above king or kaiser; of the holy martyrs and confessors; and of the consecrated virgins, whose presence yields so fair a perfume that "one might live ever by the sweetness." And then Prudence entreats him to explain somewhat of that bliss which is common to all alike of the emparadised.

"They live ever in a splendor that is sevenfold brighter and clearer than the sun," answers the joyous messenger, "and ever in a strength to perform, without any toil, all that they wish, and evermore in a state, in all that ever is good, without diminution, without anything that may harm or ail, in all that is ever soft or sweet. And their life is the sight of God and the knowledge of God, as our Lord hath said. *That is eternal life, He said, to see and know the true God and Him that He hath sent, Jesus Christ our Lord.* . . . They are so wise

that they know all God's counsels, His mysteries and His dooms. . . . They love God without measure . . . and each one loveth another as much as himself. So glad they are of God that all their bliss is so great that no mouth may make mention of it, nor any speech discourse of it. Because that each one loveth another as himself, each one hath of another's bliss as much joy as of his own. . . . Take heed now then, if the heart of no one is ever able to contain in herself her own special joy, so marvelously great is the one bliss, how shall she accept so many and so great blisses? Therefore our Lord said to those that had pleased Him: *Intra in gaudium Domini tui—Go, quoth He, into thy Lord's bliss. Thou must go therein altogether and be altogether possessed therein, for in thee may it in nowise enter.*" The *Soul's Ward* is a precious random jewel from the rich coffers of mediæval lore, as notable for its refinement of thought and mystical insight as for its very colorful and vigorous imagination. Right gladly must we all comply with that pious request which brings the old homily to a close, and, "par sainte charite, pray a *pater noster* for John who wrote this book."

To what shall we attribute the innate wisdom which stretched from end to end mightily and ordered all things so sweetly throughout this religious literature of the Middle Age? I think we must say, to the saints. The Church in every era teaches truth: but these children of her heart *live* the truth. They irradiate the *beauty of holiness*, and create a spiritual intuition which only centuries of unbelief can quite eradicate. In spite of much evil, a society which produces saints—or to whom God vouchsafes these miracles of His grace—must be at bottom a faithful society. And again, the people among whom saints move (although peradventure they may stone them!) will assuredly be unable to forget their influence. All the Christian ideals of conduct have been clinched and verified by the saints—those geniuses in sanctity, as Francis Thompson has called them. Walter Pater somewhere speaks of Catherine of Siena as transcending "not by her rectitude of soul only, but by its fairness." That is a most significant tribute. For Puritanism, too, had its share in rectitude of soul: it was the ideal set before us with much earnestness and no little genius throughout *The Pilgrim's Progress*. But—fairness? The old sweet intimacy with spiritual things, fruit alike of meditation

and the sacraments, had faded from Bunyan's horizon. The old authoritative interpretation, and not less the old fervent and unconscious poetry, were alike fast fading. How much they meant—to art as well as to life—we find by opening the pages of these old Catholic allegories. They were written for frail people, for sinful people—that is to say, for people very like ourselves. They had many a quaint and curious turn of national *patois*. But they spoke the language of the saints. That, like the Pentecostal tongue, is at root the language of every nation under heaven. It is the language of high poetry, too: and somehow, even from the beginning, it has proved itself the sole medium for transmuting a wistful yet reluctant world.

THE SUPREME VENTURE.

(Dedicated to one who describes himself as “waiting for the gift of faith.”)

BY CORNELIUS CLIFFORD.

Naked he falters on the hard wet sand,
 Dreading the roar and menace of the sea,
 Yet fain to breast its waves defiantly,
 A venturous swimmer far remote from land.
 How tauntingly the foam runs up the strand!
 The gulls o'erhead, how strenuous in their glee!
 Shrill in their flight he hears Doubt's mockery
 Screaming disaster fell on either hand.
 Then, suddenly each muscle springs to play,
 Eager and quick the breath; his body's hue
 Gleams ivory and rose amid the spray
 Of one vast wave that whirls him from men's view,
 While, stroke upon stroke, he plies a perilous way
 Forth to the wine dark sea, O Christ, to You.

IRELAND: A LAND OF INDUSTRIAL PROMISE.

BY P. J. LENNOX.



GHAT notable improvement has been made in the social condition of the Irish people in Ireland, during the last quarter of a century, is a fact that is obvious to even a casual observer. Towards this improvement many causes have conspired. Foremost among these we may safely place the Land Act of 1881 and subsequent land legislation. Owing to the iniquitous land system in force in Ireland before the date named—a system that had its origin in the forcible dispossession of the Irish occupiers of the soil, and the “planting” of alien colonists in their stead—there was no fixity of tenure, no freedom of sale, no provision for a fair rent.

One result was that, at any moment, for any cause, or without any cause—on the mere whisper of some covetous or envious underling, perhaps—a tenant who had no lease was liable to be evicted from his holding without the right to sell his interest therein, and without compensation in any shape or form. Another result was that, if a tenant was ambitious, if he improved his land and made it more productive, if he drained it and manured it, and trimmed his hedges and caused his dwelling-house and his out-offices to wear a neater look, he was almost certain to have his rent increased. And there was no remedy. It was a case of stand and deliver, of pay or quit.

Everybody who knows even a little about Ireland knows that this is not an exaggerated statement. If we take up any standard work on political economy, we shall find that the Irish land system of the middle of the nineteenth century is held up to reprobation and stigmatized as the worst in Europe. But perhaps the most cogent proof that can be adduced as to the evils of land tenure in Ireland is to be found in the fact that five times in thirty-three years—from 1870 to 1903—the Imperial Parliament, setting aside the loudly-insisted-on sacred-

ness of (alleged) contract, felt called upon to pass legislation on the subject.

The Land Act of 1870 was a feeble attempt to remedy some of the most glaring defects of the system. One of its most important provisions was compensation for improvements in the event of eviction. But this Act was practically nugatory, and effected little, if any, real good. The Land Act of 1881 was a great advance on anything previously attempted. In addition to conceding to tenants "the three F's" already mentioned, namely: Fixity of Tenure; Freedom of Sale; and Fair Rent; it established, in fact if not in name, the principle of dual ownership in land. In other words, it took away from the landlord the sole ownership, and, by conferring on the tenant or occupier a vested interest in his holding, made him a joint owner with the landlord. The Ashbourne Acts of 1885 and 1886 went a step farther, and provided for single ownership once more, but ownership this time by the tenant or occupier, and not by the landlord.

These Acts established a public fund, out of which a sufficient advance was made to the tenant to enable him to purchase outright the landlord's interest in the holding. When that portion of the transaction was completed, the tenant ceased to pay rent. Repayment to the State of the amount of the advance, with interest on same, was arranged for by terminable annuities spread over a period of forty-nine years. The immediate gain to an occupier of land who purchased under the Ashbourne Acts was that the annual installment payable to the State was far less—20, 30, 40, 50, and, in some cases, 60 per cent less—than he had previously paid to the landlord as rent; the intermediate gain was that this installment was to be decreased in amount every ten years; and the prospective or ultimate gain was that, at the end of the statutory term of forty-nine years, he or his heirs or assigns were to be the owners of the land, in fee, free of rent or installment, forever. These were splendid Acts, and, where they were put in force, they were productive of excellent results; but, unfortunately, owing, it is understood, to the inadequacy of the fund provided, they were not nearly so widely operative as they should have been.

Finally we have the Land Act of 1903, which—with some differences of detail, into which it is not necessary here to en-

ter—is, in essence, an expansion of the Ashbourne Acts. The Act of 1903 is not compulsory; but it evidently contemplates that, in time, ownership of land by a landlord shall be entirely abolished in Ireland. It provides that, at the end of a statutory period of sixty-nine years, the occupier of the soil shall be the owner thereof, in fee simple, while grass grows and water runs. There is no provision in this Act for the decadal reductions, which were so marked a feature of the Ashbourne Acts; but, as a set-off, the interest chargeable to the occupier is smaller, and the period of repayment of principal and interest combined is twenty years longer. The immediate gain is, however, similar, for in every case the annuity payable to the State is considerably less than the amount formerly paid to the landlord as rent; and the prospective or ultimate gain is, as will be readily perceived, the same. At the time of writing there is a Bill before Parliament to increase and expedite the operation of this Act.

With these improvements in the conditions of the tenants, with the fear of eviction and of the penalization of improvements removed, it is easy to understand that the old cringing spirit, the bowing and scraping to the landlord and his representatives, has gradually disappeared, and that there is in Ireland to-day a manly, upright, self-reliant rural population.

The second great cause of the change of public spirit in Ireland is the spread of education among every class of the people. The primary or National system of education, the secondary or Intermediate system, and the final or University system—while they all contain some defects which call for remedy, and some of which are even now being reformed—may be described as, on the whole, good. At all events, it is safe to say that since 1879, when the Intermediate Education Act came into operation, and since 1882, when the Royal University of Ireland was established by Parliament, great and notable advances have been made in the education of the Irish people. For children and youths who, for any reason, were unable to take advantage of either of those two advanced systems, the Board of National Education has provided what, taken all in all, we may class as a sound primary education. All three systems apply to girls as well as to boys. The general result is that illiteracy is fast disappearing in Ireland.

Nor, among the causes of improvement, must we omit the

splendid work which has been done, and is being done, by the new, many-sided movement, which finds perhaps its most adequate expression in the Gaelic League. It is reviving—nay, it *has* revived—the old Irish tongue. It has directed attention to the legends, the folk-lore, the traditions, the history of the Irish people. It has brought into being a National Irish Theater. It has given a new stimulus to the intellectuality of the race—a stimulus which is in itself a priceless advantage. It has revived the old Irish indoor and outdoor pastimes, and thereby has helped materially to banish that insufferable dulness which, until recently, was a standing reproach to the country districts of Ireland, and which was one factor in driving the people away from the land into the large centers of population, or away altogether out of Ireland. This new movement is reviving and fostering and developing Irish industries. In a word, it is endeavoring—and succeeding in the endeavor—to make Ireland truly Irish in every way, to make it a land to live in and for, a land to be proud of.

Last, though not least, may be named, as a cause of the improvement in the social condition of Ireland, the decided advance which has been made in the question of temperance. There is still room for improvement, it is true; but the general statement holds that we are fast advancing towards a more sober Ireland. The principal factor is a religious one. Priests have set themselves resolutely to grapple with the drink evil. In season and out of season they have inveighed against the abuse of intoxicants. By administering a total abstinence pledge to children of both sexes, generally at Confirmation, they have succeeded, to a very large extent, in getting the rising generation to grow up uncontaminated by the drink habit. Reference to the drink statistics of the United Kingdom will show that the consumption of intoxicants per head of the population has been for years, and is now, far less in Ireland than in England or Scotland. A natural result of this spread of sobriety among the masses of the people is that the Irish are, and are becoming more and more every day, a self-respecting, prudent, thrifty, far-seeing race.

The question now is: What is Ireland, regenerate Ireland, Ireland with this new spirit surging in her veins and animating her whole frame, going to do? Will she make the most of her opportunities? Will she rise to the occasion, and demon-

strate to the world that her children, who have proved themselves great in other lands, will also show themselves great at home?

The answer, it is submitted, must be in the affirmative. Ireland is a land teeming with natural resources. Her soil, generally speaking, is fertile; her climate temperate, with no extremes of heat or cold; her mineral wealth is by no means to be despised; her rivers and her bogs are actually of great value and potentially of still greater; her seas are full of fish; her people educated, quick-witted, intelligent, adaptable.

While the importance and the necessity of other industries to a country so constituted by nature must be fully admitted, the contention here made is that agriculture is, and must for long, if not forever, remain the principal industry in Ireland. As such it is deserving of the most earnest attention of the Irish people. Is it receiving such attention? The answer is again in the affirmative. From the nature of the case, it is obvious that agriculture was never wholly neglected: people had to live, and although, from the causes already mentioned, it was impossible in times past to expect over the country in general a high standard of agriculture, yet a certain standard was always maintained. Encouragement towards better agricultural methods was given by the Royal Dublin Society; by the Royal Agricultural Society of Ireland; by the Northeast Agricultural Association; by the Northwest of Ireland Agricultural Society; by the County of Cork Agricultural Society; by the Flax Supply Association; by the various local Agricultural Societies which were established in different parts of the country, and of which there were forty-five in existence in 1841; by the teaching of farming in the Agricultural College at Glasnevin, Dublin, and by similar teaching on various farms worked in connection with model schools here and there throughout Ireland.

While it would be unfair to underrate in any way the exertions made by some of those bodies, and in particular by the Royal Dublin Society, yet it is not too much to say that the results achieved, speaking generally, were far from satisfactory. The proof of this statement is to be found in a dwindling population and in a decrease of tillage. The efforts made did not seem to reach or appeal to the bulk of the people.

The great change for the better was, however, more quickly

evident when, in 1899, the Department of Agriculture and Technical Instruction for Ireland was established by Parliament. This Department consists of a President, who is always the Chief Secretary for the time being to the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland; a Vice-President, who is the real head of the Department; a Secretary; two Assistant Secretaries, one for Agriculture and the other for Technical Instruction; and a number of inspectors, instructors, organizers, officers, clerks, and servants. The significance of the fact that its offices are not in Dublin Castle will be missed by no Irishman. For the carrying on of its functions the new Department received a capital sum of about £200,000 (\$1,000,000), and an annual endowment of £166,000 (\$830,000), which has since been increased to £180,000 (\$900,000). Its machinery was provided by the formation of a Council of Agriculture and two Boards, one for Agriculture and the other for Technical Instruction. It is beyond the province of this paper to treat of the work being done by the Technical Board. It is enough to say that in that most important matter of technical education, or the scientific teaching of arts, crafts, and trades, it is rendering excellent service to the Irish people.

But of the agricultural work of the Department something must be said. A new era of popular government in Ireland had been inaugurated in 1898 by the passing into law of the Local Government Act, by which the people at large obtained a far greater share in the management of local affairs than had ever previously been the case. With these new conditions, the Department was, to a considerable extent, brought into touch. For instance, the Council of Agriculture is mainly elective. It consists of 104 members, 68 elected by the County Councils, and 34 nominated by the Department, with the President and Vice-President of the Department as *ex officio* members. The members of the Council are elected for three years, and are bound by Act of Parliament to "meet at least once a year for the purpose of discussing matters of public interest in connection with any of the purposes of this Act." The Council has not only advisory powers, but it also creates the larger portion of the Agricultural Board.

The Agricultural Board consists of fourteen members, of whom two, the President and the Vice-President of the Department, are *ex officio* members, four are nominated by the

Department, and the remaining eight are appointed by the Council of Agriculture through its Provincial Committees. The Agricultural Board has "the power of the purse" to a very considerable degree. It is provided by the Act that about £175,000 of the capital sum above named, and about £107,000 of the annual endowment are to be administered by the Department "for the purposes of Agriculture and other rural industries or sea fisheries," subject to the approval of the Agricultural Board.

It must be clearly understood that it was not intended that the Department should be merely a body for the disbursing of a State grant in Ireland. Its function was summarized in the famous phrase—"to help people to help themselves." Hence, except in special cases, it cannot apply "any of its funds to schemes in respect of which aid is not given out of money provided by local authorities or from other local sources."—Coyne, *Ireland, Industrial and Agricultural*.

Hence, again, local authorities, namely, County Councils, Borough Councils, and Urban Councils, are entrusted with considerable borrowing powers for the purposes of the Act, and are besides authorized to levy a rate of one penny in the pound, in addition to a rate of one penny in the pound under the Technical Instruction Acts of 1889 and 1891. A rate of two-pence—that is, four cents—in the pound all over Ireland would amount to about £120,000, and "as the Department's contribution to any particular scheme will in general be proportioned to the amount of local aid forthcoming, the local Councils throughout Ireland have the power of setting free a very considerable amount of money to assist in the work of national development."—*Ib.*

But the local authorities are not to be merely tax-raising bodies. They are to be the real executive. It is to Committees of the local Councils, acting in conjunction with the Department, that is entrusted the task of the preparation and administration of all schemes for the furtherance of the objects of the Act.

If what has so far been said is even partly clear, it is obvious that this is a popular Act, and is worked to a large extent by the people through their own elected representatives. If it is asked what the Department has done for agriculture in Ireland, the answer is at once forthcoming. Through the

various local authorities it has started a great movement for the better carrying on of every branch of farming; *e.g.*, it has given an impetus to the proper cultivation of the potato; it has directed attention to, and shown the necessity of, spraying, in order to prevent blight; it has pointed out when and how the crop may best be gathered and stored. In particular, it has started, in certain favorable districts of the country, a movement for early potato growing to meet the demand in British and Irish markets; it has secured better transit facilities by railway and steamship; it has placed the early potato growers in communication with Scotch and English buyers. A concrete result of this action has been that, in 1907, early potato growers in Ireland realized from £30 to £40 per statute acre for their crop.

The Department has also directed its attention to improving the wheat, oats, barley, and rye crops, these being the cereals that are grown in Ireland. Mangels, turnips, cabbage, rape, and beans have not been neglected. The growing and handling of flax on scientific lines has been encouraged, and how important this is will be the more readily realized when we bear in mind the reputation of Irish linen and the extent of its manufacture. It is interesting to note in this connection that the Department has in recent years sent deputations to Belgium and Holland to study the methods of treatment of flax in those countries, with the view of improving, where possible, the methods in use in Ireland. These deputations have issued exhaustive and valuable reports. Hay and pasture have also come in for their proper share of notice.

The Department has, further, directed the attention of landholders to the cultivation of fruit, has supplied them with fruit-trees, such as apple, pear, damson, and plum-trees, with goose-berry bushes, currant bushes, raspberry plants, and strawberry plants, together with expert advice, all free of charge. It has shown how the resultant fruit-crop may be best cared for, handled, and marketed. It has given special study to the improvement of the breeds of horses, cattle, sheep, and swine. It has focussed the attention of the people—especially of cottiers and other small landholders—on the profit to be derived from horticulture, bee-keeping, and poultry-keeping. It has caused instruction to be given in every section of the country in the correct methods of butter-making and in various forms

of domestic economy. It has insisted on the paramount necessity of proper winter dairying. It is helping tobacco-growing. It is giving attention to agricultural co-operation. It has aided in the establishment and working of agricultural credit societies. Of such societies 258 were in existence on the 30th of September, 1907.

The methods of operation of the Department are threefold. It provides education in agricultural methods in fixed institutions, such as the Royal College of Science, Dublin; the Albert Agricultural College, Glasneven; the Munster Institute, Cork; and at some forty agricultural stations, agricultural schools for boys and girls, and dairy schools in different parts of the country. Its second method—and perhaps its most important—is education of the people in improved agricultural methods by means of itinerant instructors, that is, by bringing the expert to the farmer's very door. Its third method is by means of publication, by which is to be understood the issue of reports, journals, and statistics, the posting of notices in conspicuous places and on public buildings, and the printing of leaflets. These posters and leaflets give instruction in every branch of agriculture and the allied industries. The leaflets can be had free of charge and post-free, and the letter of application for a leaflet need not bear any postage stamp. There are some ninety-three leaflet publications in all, and they run through the whole range of agriculture, dealing with cattle, sheep, swine, poultry, fruit, weeds, cereal crops, root crops, manures, bee-keeping, forestry, and dairying. Nor is this all. The heads of the Department are no mere theorists. They and their officials come into direct personal contact with the people, and teach them, guide them, encourage them.

While much has been already done for the improvement of agriculture, much more remains to do. One of the greatest problems in agricultural matters that confronts Irishmen is, how to get back into cultivation the land that, either on set purpose or through mere "drift," for want of population and therefore of laborers, has been allowed to go into pasturage. The problem is great, because the field of operation is so large. It is notorious that, since the middle of the nineteenth century, more and more of the soil of Ireland has been withdrawn from tillage. What may not be so generally known or remembered is that a movement in that direction was already

in drastic operation as early as the first part of the eighteenth century.

A number of Ulster Irishmen were forced to fly to America from the tyranny and inhumanity of landlords between 1718 and 1730. Prior to the latter date there were in the interior of the State of Pennsylvania townships called Derry, Donegal, Tyrone, and Coleraine—names sufficiently indicative of the nationality, and even of the province, of their founders. The reason for their flight from Ireland to America and the West Indies we have on the authority of Archbishop Boulter. Writing to the Duke of Newcastle on the 23d of November, 1728, he says that “daily in some counties many gentlemen (as their leases fall into their hands) *tie up their tenants from tillage*”; and he adds that “so many venture into foreign service . . . because they can get no land to till at home.” Skelton gives practically the same testimony. Reading those statements we are reminded of the English Lord Lieutenant General and General Governor of Ireland, who expressed the pious wish that Ireland might become “the fruitful mother of flocks and herds”; and of the more sinister triumphant pæan of the London *Times* when, in a later day, it boasted that “the Celt is going—going with a vengeance.”

How great the problem mentioned is to-day may be best judged from the consideration of a few official figures. There are in Ireland 20,350,725 statute acres, including 117,135 acres under water, but excluding 487,418 acres under the large rivers, lakes, and tideways. Of these 20,350,725 acres, 1,294,991 acres were, in 1907, under cereal crops; 1,002,980 under root and green crops; 59,659 under flax; 11,449 under fruit; 512,666 under first year's meadow; 314,188 under second and third year's meadow; 1,454,464 under permanent meadow, or a total of 2,281,318 under meadow; 1,328,808 under rotation pasture (up to five years); 8,650,388 under permanent pasture (five years and over); 2,453,899 under grazed mountain land, or a total of 12,433,095 under pasture; the lowest and least profitable form of agriculture; 306,661 under woods and plantations; and 2,960,572 under bog and marsh, barren mountain land, waste, etc.

Now, no one will for a moment seek to deny the importance of the cattle, sheep, and horse trade to Ireland. If any one sought to do so, the figures would be against him. In

1907 there were in Ireland 4,676,493 cattle, 3,816,609 sheep, and 596,144 horses. In the same year there were exported to Great Britain from Ireland 841,973 cattle, 660,415 sheep, and 33,253 horses, representing, on a moderate basis of calculation, an annual trade of some 1,2500,000 pounds sterling, or 62,500,000 dollars. Now, no sane man, who had the welfare of Ireland at heart, would wish to do away with so profitable a trade as the live stock trade would, from those figures, appear to be for Ireland. But, in suggesting that the area under permanent pasture should be decreased, and the area under tillage correspondingly increased, not even a hint is given at a diminution in the breeding, raising, and out-putting of live stock. Rather a substantial increase therein is contemplated. What is here maintained is that to have, in round numbers, a total of twelve and a half millions of acres, out of a grand total of twenty and a half millions, or over sixty per cent of the whole, under pasture is a sufficiently alarming symptom. It is heightened by the consideration that, comparing 1907 with 1851, we find a decrease in the acreage under cereal crops, green crops, flax, and hay, of 1,220,003 acres, or 20.8 per cent; and, if we compare such neighboring dates as 1898 and 1907, we find a decrease of 65,912 acres, or 1.4 per cent, under the same crops.

To stop this general decrease in tillage, to turn it into an increase, should be the aim and object of every one interested in Ireland. In doing so, we need not reduce the numbers of live stock, but we can on the contrary materially add to them. Under a really good system of intense tillage farming, such as is carried on in Belgium, for example, we should get to house-feeding live stock on a larger scale in winter, and to feeding them in summer on vetches and other soiling crops, for which the Irish climate is specially suited. Thus, in time, we should increase, not diminish, live stock raising, and, at the same time, largely increase the tillage-area and the population, and, with the population, the power and the prosperity of the Irish nation.

That the authorities in Ireland are quite alive to the requirements of the situation is evidenced in many ways. For instance, on the 15th of February, 1908, Mr. T. P. Gill, Secretary of the Department, delivered an address in the Town Hall of Tipperary to a largely attended meeting of the County Tipperary Farmers' Association on the subject of "The Farmer and the

Laborer." "Labor, labor," said he, "give more labor to the land, and you will enrich yourselves and your country." In that last sentence Mr. Gill struck the right note. Self-interest here, as everywhere else, comes into play. All the talk in the world will not make a man grow turnips or wheat, as long as he thinks that grazing bullocks will pay him better. But if he could be once made to understand that the turnips and wheat would give him a better return than the bullocks; it, especially, it could be shown that he could feed his bullocks while growing turnips and wheat, and that thus his profit would be increased well-nigh two-fold, it would need no apostle of a new evangel to convert the grazier into a tillage-farmer.

At all events, by whatever method it is to be effected, the crying necessity of the moment in agricultural Ireland is to get more land under cultivation. Successful agriculture is the basis of prosperity in any country. Factories and other industries quickly follow the successful tillage-farmer; and with the new, up-to-date, and scientific methods of soil-treatment in use all over the island, we might confidently look to see Ireland not only a great agricultural country, but also a great center of industrial development.

THE TEACHING OF THE "FIORETTI."

BY FATHER CUTHBERT, O.S.F.C.



THAT delightful work, the *Fioretti di San Francesco*,* has won a world's homage by its idyllic grace and simple sincerity, and yet one wonders at times how far its real message has been understood. Amongst the many who confess its beauty, how many acknowledge its truth? "A delightful dream, but too far removed from life to be of practical use," was the verdict of one. Had Ugolino Brunforti, or whoever it was that compiled this book, heard the verdict, one can imagine the amazement, the pain as of an unexpected blow, with which it would have struck his candid soul. For to him this chronicle of his was the statement of what had truly been upon the earth, and he had written it that future generations might remember that the promised kingdom of God had really been found amongst men whose memory was as yet fresh in the Marches of Ancona.† And to what more practical use could a man put his pen than to encourage his fellow-mortals to take up the yoke of the Gospel by setting before them something of the beauty of life which it brings men even here on earth?

The writer of the *Fioretti* did not set himself to write a new

* There are several English translations of the *Fioretti*. In 1899 Professor Arnold published a translation in Dent's *Temple Classics*; in 1906 a new version by W. Heywood was issued by Methuen, London. But the version which, in the writer's opinion, approaches most nearly to the simplicity of the original, is that published in 1900 by the Catholic Truth Society, London, and based upon a translation issued by the Franciscan Friars at Upton. This same version has been published by Kegan Paul, with illustrations by Paul Woodruffe. All these translations are entitled *The Little Flowers of St. Francis*. There is some controversy as to whether the Italian word *Fioretti*, as used to designate a collection of stories or historical pictures, is rightly translated "little flowers"; but the term "little flowers" has come to stay, whatever the purists in language may hold.

† It may be well to state for those who are not conversant with Franciscan literature, that the *Fioretti* owes its origin to a friar of the Marches of Ancona, who wrote down the traditions which, in his day, were still current amongst the brethren of that province. According to M. P. Sabatier the original Latin text is incorporated in the *Actus B. Francisci*, compiled early in the fourteenth century. The incidents taken from the life of St. Francis seem to have been delivered orally by the saint's companions to the brethren in the Marches; this oral tradition explains many of the characteristic features of the *Fioretti*; e. g., its blending of substantial historical accuracy with occasional inaccuracy in matters of detail.

Gospel, but only to gather some of the flowers it has pastured. The Gospel he sets forth, or rather assumes, is but the Gospel delivered by Christ to the Apostles; to be observed by all Christians. But he would have us know how this Gospel, falling upon good ground amongst the early Franciscans of Umbria and the Marches, produced fruit of much excellence, and how in the lives of these brethren the poor and the suffering, the clean of heart and the peacemaker, found their beatitude; incidentally he tells us in what way they individually came into the beatitude, and thus he has woven into the pæan of his praise some indication of the wayfarer's true wisdom.

But the *Fioretti* is an ascetical treatise by accident, and therefore perhaps for some it is all the more convincing, certainly the more attractive. For there are those who suspect too didactic a method in books which treat of men's souls, and are more grateful for inspiration than for regulation in their spiritual reading. They will not be driven; they seek to be drawn. Now the writer of the *Fioretti* has no thought of driving anybody; he sets the brethren before us as one who would say: "Look and see the beauty of their lives and withhold your admiration, if you can!" Only in his heart a sense of disappointment will surely arise if, beholding and admiring, you do not become the better Christian—the better Christian, that is to say, in the way he understands the word, and as St. Francis taught him to understand it, as signifying one who seeks to be conformed in mind and heart unto the "Blessed Lord Christ."

It has been frequently remarked of the early companions of St. Francis that in the transfiguring atmosphere of the presence of their leader, Umbria became to them as Galilee, and in the company of Francis they walked as by the side of Christ, for the saint had so permeated their thought with the idea of the Incarnate Word, that in all earthly things they beheld the glory and the tragedy of our Lord's redemptive life on earth. The world was to them a canvas on which was imprinted in life-colors the story of the Incarnation and Redemption. It was as though they had seen their Divine Master and could see nothing save in its reference to Him. For them the joy and the sorrow, the hope and despair of mortals had been flooded with a new revealing light, which was Christ the Lord of Life. The Incarnation and its earth story was the new world, which held not only their reason, but took utterly cap-

tive their imagination; so utterly did it dominate their whole personality.

At no time in the history of Christendom, at least since the earliest age, has the story of the Gospel obtained such imaginative hold on the mind as it did in the Umbrian revival; never did men so realize, without mental effort, the Incarnate Word assuming into His own earthly life and passion the life and passion of all creation. To them the sorrow of the broken-hearted man was not merely a figure of the sorrow of Christ, but part of the sorrow of Christ, Who had taken it to himself whilst yet it remained in the heart of the weeper; and the life that fluttered in the birds of the air or exulted in the exuberance of field and sky, even this to them was sacred, because it ran by mysterious law into the life of man, and through man into the life of the God made Man. And the sin of the world, they saw its ultimate issue in the death on Calvary; yet in that death they felt palpably the enduring tragedy of Divine Love on earth and the crucifixion of all that is holy gathered into the heart of their dying Lord. And all this they apprehended, and have said, not by logical effort but imaginatively and affectively. St. Francis was their interpreter; and something more than their interpreter. His life was the needed word which had revealed this Gospel-life unto them, but into which they had plunged as into their native element, so responsive to it was their spiritual temperament.

Hence, as they stand revealed to us in the pages of the *Fioretti*, these men are so simply human, yet so God-like; they belong quite evidently to the earth, yet heaven seems already about them. One thing, however, is at once clear; they are not of the world; they have no place in the ordinary society of men; they dwell in a world of their own; and apparently they make no compromise with the other world. This is perhaps the chief reason why the *Fioretti* has been deemed an unpractical book; because its heroes make no compromise with ordinary life, but are wholly engrossed in a world of their own.

But added to this spiritual aloofness of the *Fioretti* from the common world, there is also what I may term its poetical aloofness. Those brethren of Umbria and the Marches apprehended the truth imaginatively as poets do, and in the direct simplicity and sincerity of their souls they sought to live the

truth as they saw it, as poets frequently do not. They were as conservative as lovers in cherishing whatever bears witness to their minds and senses of the object of their love; and they were as unreasoning as lovers in the simple trustfulness with which they accepted the ideal as it came to them, ready to see virtue even in apparent defect. And so they cast aside remorselessly the prudence of the world and its forethought in a blind trust in the providence of our Father in heaven; they sell their goods and distribute the proceeds to the poor, because Christ had said it; they will not have a house they can call their own, because the Son of Man had not where to lay His head. They ask no further question once they have heard the word of Christ, but proceed to act upon it with a jealous literalness.

With men of a different temperament or soul-condition this unreasoning literalness would be affectation; with them it is mere loyalty; because they are in that elemental condition of discipleship when truth and assurance come in vision, and men look and are held captive by the glory which they see. In this condition of soul men hold fast by the word or gesture in which the glory is conveyed to them; they will not think to analyze it lest the clearness of their vision be dimmed by the distraction of their mind; they do not feel the need to analyze because of the assurance they already have. All they are solicitous for is to keep hold of the truth as it has come down to them. Theirs is not the critical temper. They are akin to the child, the poet, and the lover; and so they stand aloof from the world which questions and holds in doubt, which reasons out things and accepts truth only in the form of a scientific deduction. And so it is that if we would learn from the *Fioretti*, we too must come prepared not with the critical faculty, but with that faculty of intuitive understanding and sympathy with which the *Fioretti* itself scans its own life.

Further, there is the geographical coloring, which is apt to prove a hindrance to the apprehension of the spiritual teaching of the *Fioretti* to those who are not native to Umbria and the Marches. The narratives are simply steeped in local color, which easily delights the fancy but at the same time creates an illusion of distance—moral as well as physical. But to understand such men as figure in these legends, one must move amongst them, not merely observe from afar; the illu-

sion of distance must be broken in the assertion of human sympathy; you must look to the men rather than to the landscape on which they move; though, if you know how rightly to look upon it, the landscape will help you to understand the men. But once you have put yourself in sympathy with the *Fioretti* you discover that it is no mere idyl of the thirteenth century or of Umbria and the Marches; it reveals itself as a poem of Christian life in its awakening to the beauty of Christ and its abandonment of itself to His love. Such awakenings occur constantly in the Church in individual souls; they are the beginnings of that conscious life in Christ which St. Paul refers to when he said: "I live, and yet not I but Christ liveth in me"; for in this state the entire inspiration and motive of the soul come from its Lord realized as the soul's desired. Of this awakening one of the marks is an undoubting, nay, eager acceptance of the word of our Lord as the ultimate wisdom; another mark is a vivid apprehension of the person of Christ; and yet another mark is the habitual and spontaneous reference of all experience to Him as its final arbiter and beatitude. In this condition of soul, worship is the active principle, as it was with Mary when she sat at the feet of Jesus, drinking in His every word.

It was a soul-awakening of this kind which gave character to the Franciscans, and in the revival of religion associated with them it attained to an elemental clearness and intensity, so that all emotions and activities of life were absorbed into a delight in the person of our Lord and His teaching, and into the desire to be conformed unto Him. Almost on every page of the *Fioretti* is this delight and this purpose imprinted. Quite naïvely and simply the compiler lets us see that the glory of St. Francis and his brethren is in their conformity with "the Blessed Christ," that if there is beauty in their lives it is the beauty of Christ shining in them. The opening chapter begins: "In the first place, let us consider how the glorious St. Francis, in all the acts of his life, was conformed to the life of that Blessed Christ." Again and again, as though the dominant idea will not be repressed, he interposes such phrases as these when about to relate some incident to the praise of St. Francis: "The glorious poor little one of Christ"; "That most devout servant of the Crucified"; "The true servant of Christ; . . . in some sense another Christ"; "The wonder-

ful servant and follower of Christ"; "The humble servant of Christ"; "The faithful servant of Christ"; "The true disciple of Christ." All St. Francis' glory is to be sought in reference to the fact that he is "in some sense as another Christ given to the world for the salvation of the people; therefore God the Father willed to make him in many of his actions conformable to the image of His Son, Jesus Christ."* And if the saint and his brethren have any merit, it is because they went through the world "as strangers and pilgrims, taking nothing with them but Christ crucified; and because they were true branches of the true Vine they produced great and good fruit of souls which they gained to God."†

With them the Word of Christ is the ultimate law; having read in the Gospel our Lord's admonition to the young man and the Apostles concerning poverty, St. Francis turns to Brother Bernard, his first companion, and says: "Behold the advice which Christ gives; go then and accomplish what you have read"; whereupon Bernard at once sets about "giving everything to the poor of Christ and placing himself ‡ naked in the arms of the Crucified."§ When St. Francis prays for perfect fidelity to poverty, the holy Apostles Peter and Paul appear to him and say: "Because thou hast asked and desired to observe that which Christ and the holy Apostles observed . . . thy prayer is heard."|| On the other hand, Brother Elias is rebuked because he would go "beyond the Gospel" and introduce laws contrary to its liberty.¶ If the brethren have to suffer, they fortify themselves with the thought of Christ and suffer for love of Him Who suffered.**

In all things they will be as "other Christs" as far as they may; as Christ received sinners and ate with them, so does St. Francis receive and convert the robbers of Monte Cosale;†† as Christ had compassion on the sick, so must the brethren have a care of them.‡‡ And as they have become followers and liegemen of the Blessed Christ, so do they commit the care of themselves to Him with perfect trust.§§ All these details the author of the *Fioretti* sets forth lovingly, but it is with a grateful pride that he shows how the power of Christ was manifested

* Chapter VI.

† Chapter IV.

‡ Chapter I.

§ Chapter I.

|| Chapter XII.

¶ Chapter III.

** Chapters IV., VII., XVIII.

†† Chapter XXV.

‡‡ Chapters XXIV., XVII.

§§ Chapters I., XV., XVII.

in the brethren; they heal the sick* and convert the sinner;† they read the conscience of others‡ and have the gift of prophecy;§ the beasts and the birds and the fish obey them;|| they converse with Christ and the saints as friends with friends.¶ But the miraculous element in the *Fioretti* is quite incidental; you feel that the author has not gone out of his way to search out the marvelous: the whole life is to him so intensely wonderful, whether the brethren be nursing the leper or healing him, comforting the tempted or revealing consciences, speaking of God or seeing God; it is all of a piece; it is the Christ-life revealed in them. This is the great marvel; the healing of the sick, the gift of prophecy the reading of men's consciences, the dominion over the brute creation, do but enter in to complete the miracle of this new Gospel-story. And yet here is the marvel. Though the author is intent on making us realize the closeness of his heroes to their Master, the Blessed Christ, and the literal fidelity of their life to that of the Gospel, and though, too, he impresses us with his own feeling, that in the brethren the Gospel-life is faithfully renewed, nevertheless how completely do they remain natives of Umbria and the Marches and of the thirteenth century?

Had it been otherwise the *Fioretti* would have missed something of its peculiar significance. For it is of the very essence of its message to reveal to us the enduring beauty of the Gospel-life in the midst of a civilization other than that in which it was first preached, and thus by implication to proclaim the universality of its application to all times and peoples. It is true that St. Francis and the brethren stand apart in many ways from the general life of their time; that between their aspirations and ideals on the one hand and those which were current with the ordinary citizen on the other, there was a direct opposition. All the same are the brethren bound up by subtle ties of temperament and character with their age and place: they are Umbrian to the core or else men of the Marches; their outlook on life is wholly that of the thirteenth century. Umbria may seem to them another Galilee, yet it remains Umbria all the while, only transfigured by the light which trans-

* Chapter XXIV.

† Chapters XXIII., XXV.

‡ Chapters III., X., XXII., XXVI., XXX., etc.

§ Chapter XXXVII.

|| Chapters XV., XX., XXXIX.

¶ Chapters XXIII., XXV.

figured Galilee. Were it not so, their life would have lacked an element of vitality and its spontaneous freedom, and the Gospel would have been to them not a present reality but a thing of the past. For them, however, the Gospel is not at all a thing of the past: its light falls directly upon their own mountains and valleys; it belongs to their own time. Their story is like a "Nativity" of Perugino, in the background of which we see the spacious light and soft contours of the hills in the Umbrian land, and recognize in the figures of Mary and Joseph the men and women whom the painter knew; and yet all the while we are carried back in thought and feeling to the first Christmas. And this is the true Catholic evangelicalism, independent of time and place, a man finds himself native to.

Hence the delight of the *Fioretti* is that it impresses us with the writer's own conviction that here in Umbria and the Marches, within the memory of man, the Gospel was actually lived in the divine simplicity with which it was given to the Apostles, and he makes us feel something of his own triumphant satisfaction that in the lives of the brethren the Gospel has again vindicated itself against the doubts and prudence of the world, and Jesus Christ is once more the Master of men's lives. Nor does the author of the *Fioretti* hesitate to set the simple faith of the brethren over the prudence of the world which militates against that simple faith.

In fact he is throughout consciously vindicating the brethren against the judgment of the world. His method is not aggressive; he relies upon the beauty of their life justifying itself. He contrasts the unworldliness of St. Francis with the prudence and ambition of the world, and challenges comparison; the world deems that power and happiness are dependent upon riches, social position, and the assertion of one's will against others; St. Francis casts aside wealth and social position, yet who more joyous than he and where in the world will you find a man who wields such power as he over the souls of other men and over the brute creation? He subjects himself to the will of others, becoming obedient; yet does he become a sign to the times and all the world runs after him: simply because he has emptied himself of the ambition and pride of the world and become filled with the spirit and power of God.*

* Cf. Chapter IX.

Delightedly does the *Fioretti* recount how in Brother Masseo, one of the first companions of St. Francis, the Christ-spirit revealed in the saint overcomes the world-spirit. This Brother Masseo was plentifully gifted with what the world calls common sense, and in the early days of his discipleship could not refrain from criticising his leader's methods, so unaccountable from the standpoint of the world's view of things; but he is brought to a willing admiration and submission because of the effects of St. Francis' life. "What is this that this good man has done?" he asks himself, when the saint has acted in his characteristically simple fashion, and he deems the saint has "behaved himself indiscreetly in this." But immediately he reproves himself: "Thou art too proud, who dost judge the work of God and art worthy of hell for thy indiscreet pride, for indeed Brother Francis did yesterday so holy a work that if an angel of God had done it, it had not been more marvelous; therefore, if he bade thee throw stones thou oughtest to do so and to obey."

Thus the effect wrought by the saint—the superhuman power which manifests itself in him, humbles and conquers the world's prudence in Brother Masseo, and the brother himself eventually attains to the simplicity of the children of God.* But whilst in Brother Masseo the prudence of the world is brought into conflict with the simplicity of St. Francis, but is happily subjugated with blessing to Masseo himself, in Brother Elias the world's arrogance is shown in conflict with Francis' humility, and apart from the unhappy ending of Elias, the moral beauty of humility of soul has never been more convincingly set forth than in the incident which declares Elias' annoyance.† More comprehensively is the spirit of Christ set over against the world's spirit in the parable of perfect joy‡ in which St. Francis declares that perfect joy is not to be found in giving edification nor in working miracles, nor in learning, not even in the power to convert the infidels; but in patient suffering for the love of Christ. The author of the *Fioretti* knew the heart of man and the subtle refuges it affords to the worldly spirit even amidst holy things.

Is there not, too, an implied rebuke of the world's methods

* Chapters IX., X., XI., XXXI.

† Chapter III.

‡ Chapter VII.

in the story of the three robbers whom St. Francis converted?*

And who, reading that story, is not convinced of the superior moral beauty of the pitifulness which saves, as against the harshness of judgment with which the world is apt to denounce, the sinner? Thus constantly is the beauty of the Gospel-life made to shame the world's wisdom in these happy pages.

We have said that the *Fioretti* is an ascetical treatise by accident, its direct purpose being to sing the praises of St. Francis and the brethren, and the triumph of Christ in them. Yet at the same time the main lines whereby they sought and achieved conformity with their Divine Master are emphatically indicated and the book thus becomes a manual of Christian perfection.

Now it will be quickly noticed that the touchstone by which the *Fioretti* tests the quality of the brethren is humility. In the cultivation of this virtue, Brother Masseo attains perfection; † for lack of it Brother Elias is rejected by God.‡ By humility St. Francis attains to perfect joy § and is constituted a witness to God in the eyes of men. || Because he is so humble Brother Bernard shows himself a true disciple of the Cross, ¶ and in "the way of humility" Brother Pellegrino becomes "one of the most perfect friars in the world."** Even poverty is of value, because "it guards the arms of true humility and charity"; †† and charity, as we shall see, is dependent on humility. It may, however, be well to note the significance of the word as used in the *Fioretti*. It means much more than having a mean opinion of oneself: in fact the holding oneself as of little worth is an effect of the virtue rather than the virtue itself. St. Francis and the brethren are humble, inasmuch as they emptied themselves of the pride and prudence and self-sufficiency of the world.

They gave Jesus Christ the entire freedom of their souls. Hence, at the word of the Gospel, they sell their goods and give the proceeds to the poor, they are patient in suffering and make themselves the servants of their neighbors.

They shun the praise of the world, because their entire loyalty is given to their Divine Master; their joy is in their conformity to Him. So they will have none of themselves apart

* Chapter XXV.

† Chapters X., XI., XXXI. ‡ Chapter III. § Chapter VII. || Chapter IX.
 ¶ Chapter IV. ** Chapter XXVI. †† Chapter XII.

from their Lord; and such is their loyalty that the mere word of Christ as they receive it, is their law: they will allow no judgment of their own to come between His word and their obedience. So jealous are they lest any will of their own should come between them and the Divine Will that at times it leads them into an apparent exaggeration of sentiment, as in the story of the journey to Siena;* but the simplicity of the action is justified both in its motive and in its effect; in their simplicity they found Christ.

Their humility has its fulfillment in their charity. For the less these followers of Christ consider themselves, the more do they love God and all creatures. Their humility is, in fact, the humility of love. They are humbled before God because they love the beauty of His life as revealed in the Incarnate Word; they are humbled before their fellow-men because their hearts go out to them.

It was in his embrace of the leper and in his contemplation of the mystery of Bethlehem that St. Francis discovered his joy in poverty; in his thought of Calvary and of groaning humanity that he found the sweetness of suffering. And this explains the wonderful liberty of spirit which breathes in each page of the *Fioretti* and is the peculiar mark of the Franciscan character. For the whole life of the brethren is woven into the realities which lay all around them; they renounced themselves only to find themselves in a larger life created by their love of God and His creation.

As you read their story, you feel at once that these brethren have entered into the heart of the world, whether for joy or for sorrow: they are at home where lie the hidden springs of man's virtues and vices: they have an intimate sense of kinship equally with saint and sinner. The saint is themselves faithful to the stirring of higher things which they too are conscious of; the sinner again is themselves led astray by temptations to which human nature is no stranger. And because they have got so near in their sympathy to the heart of all things, they have an intimate understanding of the Incarnate Word Who has taken human nature into Himself to bear its burden and redeem it. They are at home with Christ in His Kingdom on earth. Therefore it is that these men, who are so wonderfully spiritual, are yet so exquisitely human.

* Chapter X:

Purged of the lower earthly motives and desires which vitiate a man's life, human nature in them has gained a new freedom. Read, for example, of the little boy-brother who saw Christ and the Virgin Mother talking to St. Francis; * of St. Clare's desire to eat with St. Francis; † of Brother Pacificus and Brother Humilitas; ‡ of Brother Bentivoglio and the leper; § listen to the parable of perfect joy; || or the story of the meeting of Brothers Bernard and Giles when Brother Bernard was on his death-bed; ¶ or, again, read the chapter "How St. Francis Received the Counsel of St. Clare and the Holy Brother Sylvester"; ** and note throughout the human feeling and experience which makes all men akin. It is evident that in this Gospel-life of Umbria and the Marches, the human and the divine have met and embraced: the very spirit of the Incarnation has here revealed itself; and God is once more manifest in human lives. Surely a book which bears witness to such a life actually lived by men can never be outgrown by any age. And we of the present age would seem to be peculiarly in need of the lessons this book teaches.

The spirit of liberty in this later age has exposed us painfully to an inrush of what may be termed fanciful piety, in which the emotions are stimulated by ingenious fancies of the brain rather than by an apprehension of the realities of life and faith. This "fanciful piety" is not the food upon which one can rear strong Catholic souls: it is the food of weaklings not of the strong; and to its prevalence may be traced much of the weakness of religion at the present time. The battle between religion and infidelity will not be won by intellectual argument, but by the piety of the Catholic people; for this is the living force which silences argument in reverence, and compels the assent of the intellect to the weakness of the heart.

But in all manifestations of Catholic piety which have vitally moved the world it will be found that Catholic life and action have been dominated by a simple apprehension of the Person of our Lord as the direct object of love and worship, and an equally simple acceptance of the Gospel as the rule of life: and the simplicity with which the Person of Christ dominates

* Chapter XVI.

§ Chapter XLI.

† Chapter XLV.

|| Chapter VII.

** Chapter XV.

‡ Chapter XLV.

¶ Chapter V.

the imagination and the rule of the Gospel is accepted, is the measure of Catholic strength and vitality.

How firmly this truth was held by St. Francis is witnessed to by the *Fioretti* in its story of the angel who came to Brother Elias. Other legends of the saint bear this out even more emphatically.* Undoubtedly the Gospel has to be read in the light of Catholic tradition, else one is liable to all manner of vagaries of individual interpretation, and in the same way does Catholic tradition lead us to the right spiritual apprehension of the person of our Lord.

But the more simply the person of Christ stands before our minds as the object of our love and reverence, the more simply we keep within the lines of the Gospel in our conduct of life, the nearer will our life be to the life of our Lord. Every genuine revival of religion is, therefore, an evangelical revival; that is to say, it is the Gospel-life, not as it appeared in any particular phase of the world's life, whether in the first century or the thirteenth, but as a living force in the present age. It must combine with the world's present experience in order to conform the world to itself; and this is where the need of the Church comes in, to guide and rule and interpret. As we have noticed, the Gospel-life in the *Fioretti* retains its Umbrian dress and its thirteenth-century atmosphere; it would have been unreal had it been otherwise.

True evangelicalism is not a reversion to the world-conditions of the ante-Pentecostal period of the Church, but it is a simple, direct application of the Gospel to the world-conditions under which we actually live, and the more immediately we bring our present conditions of life under the governance of the Gospel, the more evangelical we are. That is what St. Francis and his brethren did in their own time. They recognized that the arrogance of power and the luxury of wealth—the two dominant marks of the social order of the day—were under the ban of the Gospel; therefore, they renounced wealth and power and made themselves poor and the least of men; and they made the renouncement heroically, as befitted men who were called by God to bear witness against a great evil.

The coarse habit and bare feet, and the wattle hut were the natural signs of the particular renouncement demanded of them

* *Fioretti*, Chapter III.; *Speculum Perfectionis*, Ed. Sab., LXVIII.

in the special conditions of the world of that day. In like manner their nursing of the lepers, their questing for bread through the streets, their preaching of peace in the feud-torn city, came to them as it were naturally when they began to apply the Christ-life of the Gospels to themselves. It was the direct application of the Gospel to thirteenth-century conditions.

But the lesson for all time which the *Fioretti* teaches is that true religion is the surrender of oneself to the love of Christ, and that we are truly Christian in so far as the thought of Christ dominates our lives and the Gospel is our rule. And it also teaches us this—that in this true religion man attains to a new freedom of human nature and of all creation: the old man of the world is cast off only that the new man of Christ may reign:

“Spogliato homo vecchio e fato novello.”

“Never more human than when most divine”—might be taken as a first principle for testing the perfect human life: it is a Catholic principle drawn from the life of our Lord Himself: and the *Fioretti* reasserts it.

MAIRTEEN'S HISTORY.

BY N. F. DEGIDON.



HE boy paid his first visit to the Island in the company of his nurse, after a hard winter in a cold city had threatened with destruction two small lungs born into the world with the burden of heredity. That was when he was only a wee mannie of three summers. During weeks of cloudless sunshine he risked his baby neck a score of times each day scampering over the cliffs, played hide and seek with the Island children amongst the bracken and long grass in the sheltered valleys, built up future fame for himself by his wonderful erections in the way of sandhouses and wonderful excavations in the form of fantastic pits and trenches, which he accomplished with a small wooden spade in the white, wide stretches of beach; and drunk in great draughts of health and strength with every mouthful of the life-giving ozone of the west wind.

Returning home, sorrow met him at the threshold, for the pretty, laughing motheréen was not there to welcome him. She had succumbed during his absence to the disease which she had transmitted to him even before his birth. His father was a bookworm, and became more engrossed in his studies after his bereavement. Thus the boy was doubly orphaned, and developed a gravity of manner and a quaint, worldly wisdom which caused erstwhile unassuming folk to make prophetic utterances that Nurse Marie resented bitterly. To circumvent them, she carried him off in triumph to the Island long before the coming of the swallows the next year, meeting any feeble objections tendered by the bookworm with her own express conviction that, if the boy ever grew up to manhood and strength, it would be under the kiss of the western breeze. Nurse Marie hated the sea at all times of the year, and no light matter would cause her to brave a three-hours' passage across the Atlantic when the spring-tides were in full play; but, she loved the boy—and, somebody else. That was her secret. By taking Niall to the Island, she would be making three people happy.

The Islanders are fair to look upon, brave and manly, retaining to this day their ancient habits and customs; dressing in a picturesque style peculiarly their own; speaking the ancient Gaelic tongue in converse with each other; simple in their manners without servility or cringing; caring naught for the great world outside their Island home, yet treating the stranger to right royal hospitality without distinction of creed, or race, or tongue. Nurse Marie—city-bred and weary of gray walls and cheerless streets—was fascinated by the free, open, wholesome life; and when Ciarán—the strong, big-hearted fisherman and uncrowned Island king—asked her to stay she did not say him nay. Thus it came to pass that Niall spent his early years there; learnt to trim a boat and hoist a sail before he knew his alphabet; grew strong and bonny and lusty on their homely fare; made friends with all and sundry; and almost forgot that there was a gloomy house called home in a big city, wherein sat a silent, solitary man delving for hidden lore in musty, ancient books for which the generations to come would sing a loud song of praise to his name.

But the fiat came at last. Niall must bid farewell to his numerous friends and faithful vassals and enter on his probation for a great worldly career in a big college in his native city. Nurse Marie's love for the boy had never waned, even when a clamorous atom of humanity named Ciarán Óg contested the kingdom of her heart with lusty lungs; and this mandate was to her more than a cloud on a sunny day. She wept over him as she might over her own child, and the little Ciarán was almost lost in a big wave as she held out her arms for a last embrace when the canoe which bore Niall away was pushed from the shore.

When summer and holidays made life glad once more, loving eyes were strained across the bay in quest of a small figure on the big steamer; and, sure enough, the day always came when an excited boy called wildly from the deck as Ciarán's canoe bobbed up and down in the big ocean waves—for the Island, being rather primitive and out of the way, has neither pier, landing-stage, nor any of the modern conveniences of life, save a belt of concrete running out into the sea where the canoes are pushed ashore. The boy often narrowly escaped a good ducking, if not an early grave, as he clambered down the steamer-side into the canoe and gave Nurse Marie such a

hug that the frail barque exhibited symptoms of turning a somersault.

When Ciarán's strong arms lifted him out of the canoe, the Island was there *en masse* to welcome him, for he was ever their own dear bairnie. Sometimes Marie felt a pang of jealousy mingling with her joy, and Ciarán was more than once heard to say things under his breath; but these fleeting shadows were but as stray summer clouds, for unison and peace and kindness and charity always ruled in this Island-home of an earlier and kindlier race, and human discord had no room there, even could it make an inning in near proximity to Niall, who was like a small sun, shedding peace and warmth and kindness and love all around him.

Yet, despite his gay spirits, he remained "a wee bit laddie," to use an Island phrase. He was a dear, brave, manly, chivalrous little soul; but his skin was too transparent for a healthy laddie, and a pink rose-blush on either cheek caused many an anxious whisper and warning head-shake amongst his Island friends.

Now Ciarán had a younger brother, Mairteen—who lived in their old home with his mother and sister—a man in the prime of young manhood, with a sad face and a history. Curiosity was not a trait in the boy's character. He essayed to find out Mairteen's history, only because he loved him and hoped in some way to help him. Loyalty is an Island trait—so is silence, on occasions. Mairteen's history was sacred. He had suffered. The tongues of his fellow-Islanders would not be the cause of an added pang. Thus Niall's questions remained unanswered, or were turned away harmlessly, and Mairteen remained the man of mystery; but the boy loved him all the more. Together they roamed the Island; found out the best spots to snare wild rabbits, and the portions of coast most frequented by wild fowl; went out with bait and line on deep-fishing expeditions, to return with happy faces and laden boat; and did the hundred and one things which interest and enliven the long summer days for a city boy.

What Mairteen did not know of Island lore was not worth knowing. When he laughed, his laugh was good to hear, and the boy gave him frequent occasions for laughter, so that his sadness was melting away under his sunny influence, like the ice melted off the cliffs when the sun shone strong and warm.

It was afterwards the boy met Caith. Mairteen was busy at other things, and Niall and his boy comrades, having tired of other games, took out their lines and went a-fishing from the rocks. With the habit of long practice, the Island boys cast their lines, held them carefully, and awaited events. Niall, ever one inclined to haste, was by no means satisfied with this playing of patience, and peeped over the edge of the rock frequently to make certain that no fish would creep up and nibble at his bait without his knowledge. He did this once too often. There was a splash in the water, a simultaneous cry from the other boys, and there would have been an end of Niall only for Caith. She was passing along the pathway above the rocks. To scamper over them was the work of a few seconds and less to jump in and reach the boy who was sinking for the last time. Afterwards she could not tell how she got ashore with her unconscious burden. Perhaps it was as well for her that her actions were not studied, else neither might have come ashore, albeit she was a strong swimmer—an unusual accomplishment with the Island women. To carry him the few yards home was a more difficult task, but this she also accomplished in due time, followed by his comrades.

Mairteen was sitting on a creepy-stool by the fire dandling Ciarán Óg when the procession entered. At sight of them he nearly dropped the child and his face went very white. Caith's color changed, too; but, after the first wild look at Mairteen, she did not raise her lids again while she busied herself tearing off the boy's sodden clothes preparatory to rubbing him to restore consciousness. Whatever Caith's hands found to do, she did with all her might. Ere many minutes Niall opened his eyes and rested them wonderingly on the young face bent over him.

"Who are you?" he asked gently.

"Caith," she answered.

"Caith what?" he queried.

"Just Caith—nothing more." All this time she was rolling him in a warm blanket and he was studying her face in a grave, silent way, noting how comely it was, what a glint there was in the pile of golden hair; yet what a pitiful droop about the young, red lips, and a great sadness in the big gray eyes.

"I like you, Caith," he said, "but—where is my nurse; and why am I rolled up like a mummy in this way?"

"You fell into the sea, mavourneen," she answered.

"And—did Mairteen fish me out?"

"No; Caith jumped in and swam ashore with you," yelled the other boys in chorus.

"Marie went down to the Callah Mor to meet Ciarán. They'll be back soon," volunteered Mairteen, putting down the child and fleeing his brother's house as if danger lurked there.

"I thought I knew everybody in the Island," the boy said half to himself, as Caith laid him down in his little white bed in the inner room.

"I was over in the other island for two years. It was only yesterday I came back," she said.

"My goodness, what has happened? Where is Mairteen? Caith! Caith!" ejaculated Mrs. Cairán as she came in at a quick run. She had heard of the catastrophe from one of the boys.

For answer Caith sat down on the nearest chair, from whence she glided on to the floor in a dead faint.

"Fancy a little thing like Caith saving my life, Nurse. When I am a big man I shall marry her," Niall said gravely some days later as he sat in the sun outside the cottage door. Although apparently well he remained very weak and listless.

"I shall tell her of your good intentions. Surely she will be glad," she answered.

"Is Mairteen ill?" he asked after a pause.

"No, child. Why do you ask?"

"He has not been to see me. Everybody in the Island came except Mairteen."

"Well—you see Caith was here. Maybe he will come to-day."

"And—why? Caith isn't a dragon."

"Poor Caith. But—I cannot tell you, Niall, my mannie. Mairteen will come to-day for sure."

After that a wonderful friendship grew up between Caith and the boy, and they spent many hours together, roaming over the cliffs, digging in the beach, or rowing in the blue sea in one of Ciarán's canoes. Niall never caught fish or snared the rabbits or trapped the wild fowl now. Caith did not like it, and her will became law even while he puzzled over its arbitrariness.

"I like everything to live and be happy," she explained.

"What evil have the fish done to us that we should take them out of the sea; or the poor wild fowl basking in the sun; or the wee rabbits scudding like mad things from human sight?"

"But—Mairteen did not think it wrong," the boy pleaded.

"Look you, Niall, if some power much greater than we killed me and left you, how would you feel?" she said, ignoring the remark anent Mairteen.

"But—that could not be. You are so little and good—and pretty," the boy said a little shamefacedly.

"Some of the wee fishes are pretty, and we have no reason to doubt their goodness."

"Ah! that is quite a different matter."

"How so? The rabbits are pretty too; and the birds—some of them are beautiful."

"So they are, Caith. 'Tis a puzzle, surely; yet Mairteen did not think it wrong to kill them; and—Caith, you would think Mairteen good if you knew him as well as I do," the boy said with a certain conviction in his tone, as he harped back to his favorite subject—Mairteen. What Mairteen thought right, the boy could not think wrong; but his young mind was sorely puzzled with the inconsistencies and perplexities of life. Caith was like a tired wildflower and Mairteen was a great strong man with wonderful powers and genius, yet no one could say that the girl had not the stronger will of the two. What she said she meant, and what she meant she insisted on. The twain sorely tried the boy's peace-loving mind, inasmuch as they tacitly declined to be friends—each avoiding the other in a quiet, unobtrusive, yet determined manner. If the boy went out with Mairteen in the morning, Caith was nowhere to be seen; and if the girl took him out on the cliffs to watch the sun set, Mairteen was sure to be engaged in deep-sea fishing on the other side of the Island. The boy never realized how beautiful the sunsets on the western ocean were until Caith called his attention to the descent of the day-god behind the waters in a glorified ball of gold and silver and purple.

"I wish Mairteen would come and see it, too," he said a little wistfully, his bright eyes softening as they gazed dreamily out over the fairy waters into the shadowy realms of the future. Once, as they sat silent in the afterglow that follows such a sunset and watched the mountains on the mainland, that were erstwhile blue and gray and shadowy, become sharply out-

lined against the darkening sky, toned with the beautiful mellow light, and draw near as it were, until the leagues between narrowed, seemingly, to scarce a mile, Niall said:

"See, Caith! the mountains are drawing nearer. Would it not be nice to steal Ciarán's boat and row across to them? It is such a little way."

"Like happiness! It seems so near sometimes that we have but to put out our hands and grasp it; yet, when we do so, it is far, far off," she answered, tears in her eyes for the first time during the boy's acquaintance with her.

"You are crying, Caith. Shall I go and ask Mairteen to row us out to the mountains? We shouldn't need to grasp happiness then. We should be happy—shouldn't we, Caith?"

Caith was looking at the mountains—now a warm golden brown, at the glint of golden light across the waters, at the numerous fishing smacks floating along like silent ghosts, with swelling sails and dragging nets, at the little coracles—mere specks on the water, in which men sat patiently the night through, lines in hand and muscles tense with expectation. Mairteen, she knew, was in one of these; and, forgetting the boy's presence, she held out her arms towards the great silent hollow, as the strait between the two islands where the little boats were wont to shelter seemed to her in the dim, waning light, and ejaculated:

"Mairteen! Mairteen!"

"He *would* come, Caith. I would fetch him gladly," the boy answered, looking joyously up into her face.

"No, no, Niall; I had forgotten. You must not ask any favors of Mairteen for me. He could not row so far as those mountains. The distance has not decreased. It only seems so, like the distance between us and happiness. To-morrow the mountains will be in their usual place—afar from us—like that will-o'-the-wisp called happiness"; and she took his hand and walked quickly beside him over the cliffs to Ciarán's cottage.

"Caith," the boy said in a hushed voice as they neared the door, "Mairteen has a history—so they say. Have you a history, too?"

"Yes, Niall, *vourneen*"; she answered with a tremor in her voice.

"What is it—what is a history?"

"We were out on the sea one day—Mairteen and I. We were fishing. It was a golden summer day. Happiness sat in the boat with us—and—we lost it—that is all."

"Did you never try to find it?"

"It is like the mountains to-night—seemingly near, yet far away," she answered sadly.

"Caith, I will seek until I find it for you," he said manfully.

When his health was quite restored, and there was no longer any excuse for tarrying in the Island, Niall's great trouble was that he had not yet succeeded in finding the lost happiness of Caith and Mairteen. But he was coming back again. He refused to lose hope.

On the day of his departure the boy convened a special meeting, consisting of Ciarán, Marie, Caith, Mairteen, and himself. All had arrived save Caith, and he waited in silence for her coming. He had a special favor to ask of Mairteen which he could not voice without Caith's presence. It concerned both a good deal, and himself vitally. He had fully and finally decided to marry Caith when he grew to man's estate. Meanwhile, since his absence from the Island might be prolonged indefinitely, it was necessary to depute some person in whom he had absolute trust to take care of her during his absence. There was no one in whom he had more confidence than Mairteen; but to proclaim this trust in Mairteen availed his purpose little, unless Caith were there to listen. It was a time of great moment, and all felt the tension, including Ciarán Óg, who was playing marbles in the flagged yard outside.

Presently Caith arrived, her face flushed and her eyes bright.

"Well, Niall boy, the steamer is in sight. 'Tis a sad day for us who are to be left behind," she said with an effort at cheerfulness; but her voice almost broke.

"I thought of all that, Caith," the boy said in his quaint, old-fashioned way. "Last night I lay awake a long time thinking of you and Mairteen. I have fully decided to marry you when I grow up, but that will be a long time yet. Meanwhile, you will need some one to take care of you. You are such a little thing, you know, and easily frightened, for all that you bravely saved my life. I have, therefore, asked Mairteen if he

will take care of you until I come back, and he is willing. It only remains for you to say that you are willing also, and then I can go away without any trouble on my mind."

If a bomb had fallen on the small group, they could not have been more amazed. The air was charged with electricity. No one dared look at the other.

The boy looked from one to the other in amazement. Hitherto, there had not been a doubt of the success of his plan in his simple mind.

"Speak, Caith. We are waiting and time hurries on—so does the steamer," he said at last, with as much dignity as he could muster, despite two big tears which would well up into his boyish eyes.

Mairteen was standing and looking at Caith with straining eyes. She was looking at Niall, yet not seeing him for a thick mist that swam before her vision, and Ciarán and Marie were gazing hard at the on-coming steamer as if nothing else mattered.

"I accept," Caith said at last, walking over to Mairteen and putting a timid, small hand into one of his big ones. The next moment she was swaying in his arms—her face white and corpse-like.

"God bless you—be good to her, Mairteen. Come, Ciarán—Nurse. The boat will not wait"; and, without another word, the trio went down the rugged path, leaving the twain alone.

It was three years ere Niall returned to the Island again. By some mischance the letter announcing his coming did not arrive in time, and Ciarán was not there to row him ashore—neither was Mairteen. As the latter's cottage was nearest, he decided to go there first and ask Mairteen for an account of his stewardship. Unannounced, he walked up the pathway and into the cottage. A woman—young and comely—sat on a creepy stool crooning low to a flaxen-haired baby which lay on her knees. She was strangely like Caith, yet older, more buxom, with the beautiful light of mother-love lighting up her eyes and the tenderness of the mother-heart welling up into her song in a sweetness that was almost pain.

"'Tis Mairteen I wanted—I had hoped—" began the boy.

"Niall! Niall! Mavourneen laddie!" interrupted the woman jumping up with the baby on one arm and giving the boy such a hug with the other that he fairly gasped.

"Niall, my mannie! What a fine, strapping boy you've grown. I ran as fast as my legs would carry me when I saw you coming up," said a man's voice; and Niall found himself almost strangled in Mairteen's embrace.

"You see, I've taken good care of Caith. This is our little boy, our wee Mairteen," he went on; then stopped, holding Niall at arm's length.

"You married her—my Caith?" the boy said.

"Niall, my little mannie, we had been married two years. We had a foolish quarrel, and it was given to a dear, quaint little boy to lead us both back into the land of love. You found our lost happiness the day you went away three years ago," gasped Caith, between laughter and tears, as she hugged and kissed the boy again and again.

"So that was Mairteen's history?" he queried, his face lighting up.

"And mine too, Niall vourneen," Caith said with the happy tears still falling.

"God bless you both!" he said in his grave, old-fashioned way—"and wee Mairteen," he added as an afterthought, touching the baby's face lightly with his lips.

HAECKEL AND HIS METHODS.*

BY RICHARD L. MANGAN, S.J.



BRAHAM LINCOLN said many wise things, but few, surely, wiser than this: "You may fool part of the people all the time, or all the people part of the time, but you can't fool all the people all the time." Murder, especially the murder of truth, will out at last. The sad thought is that before the crime is discovered the worst of the harm is done by the lie which has usurped the throne of truth. In spite of our boasted swiftness of communication, old errors and new, and things worse than errors, still live and rear their heads. You may scotch the snake but you cannot kill it, and many people will not even believe that you have performed that necessary operation, especially if they have begun to feel some dim attraction to the snake.

To drop a metaphor, which threatens to bring upon the writer the undesirable accusation of using harsh names without reason, you may crush error in Germany and it will continue to live and flourish in America and England. For that is where bad German science goes when it dies! A particularly obnoxious form of it has just received in the land of its birth the death it deserves, and it may interest English-speaking Catholics, who do not read German, to hear some account of its last hours. It is a curious and interesting fact that so many people who would run for their lives if they suddenly met a fair-sized ape at large are quite content, nay even eager to adopt him, theoretically, into the family and to give him a place of honor. That such is the fact would seem to be clear from the widespread popularity of Haeckel's cheaper publications in America and England. That his writings are doing great harm no one, who has watched the Rationalist Press at work, can doubt. Haeckel is a man of tremendous energy; he has spent a lifetime in appealing to the popular ear, and possesses many of the

* The writer is indebted to Father Erich Wasmann, S.J., for permission to use the evidence brought forward in his papers in the *Stimmen aus Maria-Laach*, February 8 and March 15, 1909.

gifts necessary to catch it. Here lies his power of doing harm. His free and easy materialism, his loose handling of great physical conceptions like the conservation of energy and the conservation of matter, the artless dogmatism of his philosophy, have deluded but few of the experts and philosophers. Sir Oliver Lodge, in 1906,† subjected the *Riddle of the Universe* to some trenchant criticism. He says:

Professor Haeckel is, as it were, a surviving voice from the middle of the nineteenth century; he represents, in clear and eloquent fashion, opinions that were prevalent among many leaders of thought—opinions which they themselves in many cases, and their successors still more, lived to outgrow; so that by this time Professor Haeckel's voice is as the voice of one crying in the wilderness, not as the pioneer or vanguard of an advancing army, but as the despairing shout of a standard-bearer still bold and unflinching, but abandoned by the retreating ranks of his comrades as they march to new orders in a fresh and more idealistic direction.

This is very mild criticism, and experts may be safely left to look after themselves. Our objection to Haeckel is not that his is a voice crying in the wilderness, but a voice crying in the populous cities, calling upon men to lay the paths of the Lord not straight but crooked, and to make His ways not plain but rough.

He stands convicted of tampering with scientific truth in his books which are written for the general reader.

He began in 1866 to construct what he pompously calls an "Ancestral Series of the Human Pedigree"; and since his lecture at Cambridge, in 1898, these stages of the supposed vertebrate ancestors of man had grown to the number of thirty. By the use of high-sounding Greek and Latin names he tries to conceal from the general reader the fact that these forms are a work of pure imagination and the "connections of relationship" wholly theoretical. Another device in which he possesses no little skill is the manufacture of illustrations to prove his theory. In his *Natural History of Creation* and in *Anthropology; or, the History of the Evolution of Man*, he gives numerous plates to prove the similarity in the evolution of the

† *Life and Matter: A Criticism of Professor Haeckel's "Riddle of the Universe."* By Sir Oliver Lodge.

embryos of man and the brutes. Some of these illustrations are pure inventions, whilst some have been borrowed from other scientific works and altered to suit his purpose! This is a fact which has been proved beyond the shadow of a doubt by such men as Rüttimeyer, His, Semper, Hensen, Bischoff, Hamann, and strongly censured by them.

The story of the three wood cuts is notorious, but it is perhaps as well to have the exact facts. In the first edition of *The Natural History of Creation* there are three prints (p. 242)* side by side to prove that the embryos of man, the ape, and the dog are exactly similar. The prints are from the same engraving! Again, on p. 248, he makes use of a single engraving three times to prove that the embryos of the dog, the chicken, and the turtle are strikingly alike. The trick was exposed by a flaw in the block, and Rüttimeyer, who was the first to tell the story, characterized it as "an offence against scientific truth exceedingly damaging to the public credit of the investigator."

But Haeckel's point of primary importance is, of course, the descent of man from the ape. True, he does not attempt to point to any living specimens as direct ancestors of man, but this origin is, in the popular publications at least, always "an historic fact." In the *Riddle of the Universe* (1899, p. 97) he writes: "The descent of man proximately from the ape, and remotely from a long line of lower vertebrates, is a positive fact of history, rich in serious consequences." His *Pedigree of the Primates; or, the Master-Beasts*, appears as late even as the Berlin lectures, "The Fight for Evolution" (1905), although it contains among the direct ancestors of man forms which are practically all the product of his own imagination, the Archipithecus (Primitive Ape), Prothylobates (Primitive Gibbon), and the Pithecanthropus Alalus (Speechless Ape-man); in fact, of the immediate ancestors of man, it contains only one actual link, the Homo Stupidus!

In 1905 Haeckel delivered a course of popular lectures in Berlin, "Last Words on Evolution," to meet the alarming report that the Jesuits had begun to teach the doctrine of evolution and to press for its recognition in the schools, and to show that the Jesuit doctrine was anything but that genuine evolutionism which makes such short work of God and immor-

* References throughout are to the German editions.

tality. The sequel was amusing, for a report spread that Haeckel had abandoned his doctrine and had given public support to the teaching of a Jesuit! This report was, of course, put down by Haeckel and by his English translator, the apostate priest Joseph McCabe, to the diabolical ingenuity of the Jesuits, who had deliberately corrupted the text of a telegram!

One hardly knows whether to laugh at the naïve simplicity or weep for the hardened prejudice of men who make such statements. But Haeckel's relations with the Jesuits were never happy. He had previously fallen into the error of thinking that Father Erich Wasmann was a believer in his doctrine, and in the course of an open correspondence invited him to leave his religion and his order and join the Monist Society, which is, like Haeckel's evolutionary science, in "irreconcilable opposition to the dogmas of the churches." Needless to say, the invitation was firmly but politely declined, with the parting advice that Haeckel should look to his stewardship and consider his last end. If any hopes of converting Father Wasmann still remained in Haeckel's heart, they must have been rudely dispelled in February, 1907, when Father Wasmann, at the invitation of the Entomological Society of Berlin, delivered in that city a course of lectures on the theory of evolution. Haeckel's genealogical tree received some severe criticism, but the lecturer was content to dismiss Haeckel's scientific methods with the curt remark that "comment was superfluous." Considerable interest was aroused in the lectures, which were largely attended both by scientists and by educated people generally.

The course was closed by an open discussion on February 18, and the interest was heightened by the prospect of the appearance of Haeckel or of one of his representatives. This discussion unfortunately suffered the same fate as the majority of such attempts to answer in a short hour or two objections which were not only too numerous for full discussion, but often so obscured in verbiage as to be almost unintelligible. The meeting was prolonged to a late hour, and before many of the answers were given a considerable number of the audience had left the hall. There were those who thought that the lecturer did not meet with fair play, but, however that may be, objectors with "unanswerable" difficulties must have been not a little surprised when all the objections of any importance were fully answered in print, *The Fight on the Problem of Evolution*

in Berlin. Haeckel did not appear in person, but Heinrich Schmidt, for many years his assistant and General Secretary of the Monist Society, undertook to fight the case for his master.

Schmidt maintained that it was very unfair to say that Haeckel's tree was put forward as a positive result of scientific research, when in his *Natural History of Creation* and his *Systematic Phylogeny* he had expressly protested against any dogmatic significance being attached to his genealogical trees, which were only adduced as modest hypotheses. A crushing answer to this specious argument was given by the lecturer, who pointed out the contradiction which existed between this statement and well-known passages in Haeckel's "popular" writings, in which he asserted the descent of man from the ape as "an historic fact." That the *Pedigree of the Primates* was certainly not put forward as a modest hypothesis was shown by reading the following passage written by Haeckel in 1898:

The general outlines of the Genealogical Tree of the Primates, from the oldest Eocene half-apes right up to man, lie clear to view within the Tertiary epoch: no essential "missing link" is wanting. The phylogenetic unity of the Primates from the oldest Lemurides to man is a fact of history.

Moreover, he maintains, with regard to the same tree, in the *Riddle of the Universe* (1899):

Within the last two decades there has been found a considerable number of well-preserved fossil remains of half-apes and apes, and amongst them all the important connecting links which go to make up a continuous ancestral chain from the earliest half-apes to man.

On this Father Wasmann's comment is that there is certainly no link missing if Haeckel includes, as he must, the "Primeval Primates," "Primeval Apes," "Primeval Hylobates," and "man-apes," which in his "Genealogical Tree of the Primates," of 1898 and 1905, form the essential links in his direct line of the ancestors of man. But, as a matter of fact, these direct ancestors of man have left behind them no fossil skeleton remains, while the real fossil representatives of the half-apes and apes are only found in the collateral branches of his tree and do not lead up to man!

The whole head and front of his offending is that what he

puts forward as modest, imperfect hypotheses when writing for experts, he states as historic facts when writing for the general public, and although no man ever accused Haeckel of much power of abstract thought, this nicely calculated difference of attitude to his two classes of readers is not to be explained away by his inability to think clearly.

But the case against Haeckel does not end here.

In June, 1908, he delivered at Jena a conference called "The Problem of Man," in which he exhibited three plates, two of which had already appeared in the Berlin lectures of 1905, designed to prove the affinity between man and the mammals. Against these plates Dr. Arnold Brass, in *The Problem of the Ape*,* brings serious objections. Without entering into the minute details of the accusations, we may sum them up as follows:

Plate I. shows the skeletons of man and of four man-apes and bears the title "Skeletons of Five Man-apes" (anthropomorpha). Plates II. and III. represent the embryos of different mammals (the swine, rabbit, bat, gibbon, man) at various stages of their development, to show that at certain periods the human embryo is scarcely different from that of the others.

According to Dr. Brass, not only has Professor Haeckel falsely represented various evolutionary stages of man, the monkey, and other mammals, but he has taken from the works of Selenka the figure of a macaco and, by shortening its tail, made a gibbon of it, whilst adding to the original illustration, made by His, of the human embryo! Admirers of Haeckel naturally waited with some anxiety for the answer to these accusations. In the *Berliner Volkszeitung* of December 29, 1908, and in the *Münchener Allgemeinen Zeitung* of January 9, 1909, appeared an article by Haeckel in which he carefully avoids the points at issue and resorts to the most illiberal abuse of his opponent. Of the condemned illustrations he can only say that "they are pictures destined to make accessible to a wider circle facts which have been long known." In this way he thinks he has justified his action. Comment is superfluous. But in the answer to an anonymous protest in the *Münchener Allgemeinen Zeitung*, of December 19, 1908, Haeckel proffers an apology which has staggered even his admirers:

* *Das Affenproblem*. Professor Haeckel's latest falsification of embryo-pictures. Leipzig, 1908.

A small number of my numerous embryo-pictures (perhaps six or eight per cent) are really falsified (in the sense of Dr. Brass)—namely, all those figures for which the material possessed by us is so incomplete and insufficient that to make an uninterrupted chain of the evolutive stages, we are forced to fill the gaps by hypotheses, and reconstruct the missing members by comparative syntheses.

After an undignified attempt to shift part of the blame on to the shoulders of the engravers, as if it was not his duty to check their errors, if any occurred, and to notify the reader, he continues:

After this compromising confession of "falsification," I might have to consider myself sentenced and annihilated, had I not the consolation of seeing with me in the prisoner's dock hundreds of fellow-culprits, many of them most trustworthy investigators and renowned biologists. The majority of figures, morphological, anatomical, histological, and embryological, circulated and valued in manuals, in reviews, and in works of biology, deserve in the same degree the charge of being falsified. These are all inexact, adapted more or less, schematized, reconstructed.

We have heard before of splendid audacity, but this example is of the best, for in the first place it is untrue that he has made his arbitrary alterations only on "schematic figures"; the charge is that he has made them on figures which he has not given out as schematic at all. Secondly, it is untrue that the majority of biologists use only schematic figures in their works. Haeckel is playing fast and loose with the term. A schematic figure has always been understood to mean a figure which expressly brings out certain features in an object and in a form reconstructed according to the conception of the maker. A non-schematic figure represents the object as the author *has seen it exist*, not as he conceives that it might possibly exist. Serious scientists notify the reader of the fact that a figure is schematic, unless it is obvious, whereas Haeckel prints figures with features which he most certainly has not seen but has imagined, in order to fill up a necessary gap in the facts. This is what his accuser means by falsification, and if words have any meaning, the charge stands unrefuted.

Haeckel's naïve confession has shocked many of his friends.

Dr. Adolf Koelsch, who had previously spoken of Haeckel as a man "who for fifty years has, in the name of science, fought against the Christian conception of life," and a pioneer of progress "who has won the confidence of the German people," now writes: "I was ashamed for Haeckel when I read this passage." Moreover, a number of the German scientists who were so frankly invited to take their places in the prisoner's dock with him, have come forward with the following declaration, which is signed by no less than forty-six names:

We, the undersigned Professors of Anatomy and Zoölogy, Directors of Anatomical and Zoölogical Institutes and Natural History Museums, hereby declare that we by no means approve of the manner of schematizing which Haeckel in some cases has practised, but that in the interests of science and freedom of thought we most strongly condemn the campaign against Haeckel carried on by Dr. Brass and the Kepler Society. Moreover, we declare that the theory of evolution, as expressed in the theory of descent, can suffer no damage on account of the existence of embryo-pictures which prove nothing.*

Haeckel may well pray to be delivered from his friends. The attempt to cast odium on the Kepler Society as a body of obscurantists is not only beside the mark, as Rüttimeyer, His, Semper, and other investigators are not members of it, but it has been frustrated by a dignified protest from the President and Director sent to the public press. Whilst welcoming the declaration of the forty-six subscribers that they disapprove of Haeckel's methods, the writers proceed to point out that the insinuation of obscurantism is a deliberate attempt to delude the public as to the aims and objects of the Kepler Society, which not only advocates freedom of research, but contains members who are evolutionists. As for the personalities introduced into the discussion, Haeckel himself is largely to blame, and the Kepler Society claims the right to be judged by its official utterances.

Here we might leave the judgment to the fair-minded reader, although the charges against Haeckel are not yet exhausted. The most serious is that preferred by Father Wassmann, who proves that Haeckel has committed an offence greater

* See the *Allgemeine Rundschau*, Munich, February 27, 1909.

than the falsification of illustrations, the falsification of the ideas of a great man.

One of Haeckel's latest works, the *Problem of Human Life and the Master-Beasts According to Linnæus* (1908) is dedicated to "Carl von Linné—the discoverer of the Master-beasts (Primates)—with the esteem of Ernst Haeckel, Professor of the University of Jena, Dr. Med., Berlin, March 7, 1857. Dr. Med. jubilar. Linnæanus, Upsala, May 24, 1907."* Moreover, he borrows the famous maxim "Man, know thyself," which Linnæus uses as a motto for his *Systema Naturæ*, so that the dedication, the motto, and the contents of this work are designed to delude the non-scientific reader into thinking that Linnæus was of the same mind as Haeckel on the subject of the descent of man.

Now that Linnæus, on purely morphological principles, classified man as the species *Homo* with the species which, according to the knowledge of his time, stood next in order, the ape, the lemur (half-ape), and the bat, and called the class Primates, is a fact which every reader of the *Systema Naturæ* well knows. In the first edition he classified the sloth with man and the ape and called them anthropomorpha, or, according to Haeckel's translation, "beasts in the shape of men." But no man would dream of asserting that Linnæus considered the sloth, or the bat, which he added later, to be an ancestor of man. Haeckel maintains that he called the Primates "master-beasts" because they were "the lords of the animal kingdom or especially of organic creatures." That Linnæus never even thought of the origin of man from the higher Primates we should naturally not expect the German professor to tell us. He simply appeals to Linnæus as the founder of his own view on man as a "master-beast" and those who have not read the *Systema Naturæ* naturally conclude that Haeckel and Linnæus class man amongst the Primates *in the same sense*. This is a gross misrepresentation and a vilification of the memory of a great man, who expressly states that, in his view, man is outside and above all three kingdoms of nature.

Homo Sapiens, of all created works the most perfect, the last and highest point, set on earth's crust, marked as it is

* This last degree was conferred upon him by the University of Upsala on the occasion of the Bi-Centenary of the birth of Linnæus.

with marvelous signs of the majesty of God, with power to understand its structure, to admire its beauty, and to bow his head in reverence for its Maker.*

There is not much indication here of that atheistic monism professed by Haeckel and his Monist Society! A little further on in the same chapter Linnæus writes:

So is the whole world full of the glory of God, whilst all the works of God glorify Him by means of man, who, raised from dead clay to life by His hand, sees in the end of Creation, the majesty of its Maker: man, a guest worthy of his dwelling, the herald of the Most High.

And two pages later:

The Creator began with the simplest elements of earth and passed from mineral, plant, and animal to perfect His work in man.

He goes on to show that it is man's noblest duty to know and to glorify God, that the world is God's school where man must learn to recognize Him, the Omniscient, Immortal, Eternal Being, that he must lead a good life here if he would avoid the penalty of God's justice hereafter. The motto thus splendidly explained is taken over by Haeckel without a word to show that its meaning differs a whole heaven from his own! Throughout this work the connection of man as an animal in Haeckel's sense with his place in Linnæus' ordinal group of the Primates is taken for granted, and as from this purely morphological connection Haeckel concludes that man is descended from the ape, the ordinary reader naturally takes Linnæus' exhortation to self-knowledge to mean—"Man, recognize that you are nothing better than a highly-developed ape!"

Once again we find hypotheses put forward as proved facts. The origin of the mammals from the amphibia has been "proved conclusively by the latest researches of zoölogical and anatomical experts at Upsala." His conclusions, he asks us to believe, "are not the result of his own private conviction or prejudice," but of "repeated research carried on for the last thirty years by competent investigators." Yet how dark is the whole problem of the origin of the mammals, and particularly of the

* *Systema Naturæ*, Ed. 10. Vol. I. Ch. I.

Amniote-vertebrates, has been shown by B. Fleischmann, who is supported by Littel, Gegenbauer, and others. Even Haeckel himself, in 1895, in the third volume of *Systematic Phylogeny*, only ventured to put forward an "imaginary picture" of the hypothetical ancestral group of all the higher vertebrates, the so-called Pro-reptilia. But before a "popular" audience our conjurer has only to make a pass and the "imaginary picture" has become a "proved fact." The old assertions which he used to shore up his theory of the ape-origin of man are repeated here without a word of critical comment. The skull-formation of the Primates proves "that an unbroken chain of evolutionary links stretches from the oldest common radical form (the Archiprimas) up to the man-ape (Pithecanthropus) and to man (Homo). For confirmation of this statement he refers to Plate I in the Appendix, and the unwary reader naturally supposes that the Archiprimas, Archipithecus, Prothylobates, and the Pithecanthropus Alalus have been considerate enough to leave us their skulls for purposes of comparison. The fact, however, is that these chief members of the direct series of man's ancestors are transitional forms invented by Haeckel and never possessed a skull. This attempt, then, to base a proof of "the unbroken chain of evolutionary links" on the skull-formation of the Primates is the purest humbug.

That Haeckel has done good service in the past to scientific study, particularly by his work on the sponges, we should be the last to deny. But that cannot excuse him from the gravest charge which can be brought against a scientific investigator, the deliberate tampering with scientific truth, deliberate misrepresentation of the ideas of a great scientist. He is not the first instance of a man led astray by a fanatical hatred of Christianity; but one can only wonder silently that any man should hope by such methods to "fool all the people all the time."

THE ANGEL BEAUTIFUL.

BY J. R. MEAGHER.

Yet ever and anon a trumpet sounds
From the hid battlements of eternity;
Those shaken mists a space unsettle, then
Round the half-glimpsèd turrets slowly wash again.



For all the angels of heaven who perform the high behests of God on earth, none was sorrowful save the Angel of Death. For thousands of years he had been busy summoning men and women and children before the judgment-seat of God; and as, from decade to decade, from century to century, he plied his never-ending task, he became painfully aware that his name was loathed among mankind. And, angel though he was, he felt this very acutely; for it is not pleasant to think that you are held in universal execration, like the common hangman, and that even little children fly from before your face as from a thing accursed. He knew, indeed, that some welcomed his embrace with open arms; that some, during long nights of affliction, prayed fervently and earnestly for his coming. But they were few enough, to be sure—the elect of God, who

“Saw that every morning, far withdrawn
Beyond the darkness and the cataract,
God made Himself an awful rose of dawn.”

But the rest of men beheld in him the ruthless destroyer of love and happiness; the pitiless, implacable killjoy, whose presence could eclipse the gaiety of nations, and open wide the bitter floodgates of unavailing tears.

So Azrael (forth at is said to be the name of the Angel of Death) resolved to petition Almighty God that his reproach might be taken away from among mortal men. In fear and trembling he drew near the great white throne, and stood waiting with eyes cast down and hands meekly folded on his breast. Then the Almighty spoke.

"Azrael," He said, "My faithful angel, speak! What is thy trouble? Why is thy countenance sad and thy brow clouded?"

And Azrael made answer: "O Almighty and Eternal Father, Lord of the mighty universe, I grieve because I am hated by those whom I bring into the vision of Thy glory. Thy children, whom Thou hast redeemed at so great a price, detest me, as though I were an outlawed spirit. At the bare mention of my name they turn pale and quake with fear. And the little ones, even the little ones about whose souls still lingers the fragrance of Thy breath, are palsied at my approach; and this is the hardest of all to bear. I ask, O Eternal Giver of good things, that Thou wouldst grant me this one thing; that I might be allowed to show myself to men, just as I appear in Thy All-Holy sight. And they, looking upon the marvelous, entrancing beauty with which Thy Hands, O Father, have clothed me, will turn cheerfully to me when their hour is run, and sink peacefully to rest in my arms, with the love and confidence of a child nestling against the bosom of its mother."

And the Angel of Death wept a tear of sorrow, which dropped silently through the blue heaven on to earth, and rested at last in the outstretched palm of a crippled beggar-woman, who spent her days at the door of the *Gesú* in Rome, holding back the great leather curtain for those who went in and out; and all that day the poor creature felt such joy and peace and consolation as she had never felt before; and she babbled in her broken tongue to the passing worshippers of the mysteries of the love of God.

The Eternal Father looked tenderly on Azrael and replied: "My child, you ask too much. Death is the punishment of that first sin, by which man cast off the fair vesture of My grace and clad himself with iniquity and corruption. And so it is meet that he should not see thy face; lest, dreading no longer the pangs of his last agony and passion, he should not feel the smart of My avenging angel's sword. By My death on the Cross I sweetened for him the cup which he must drink; but the last dregs thereof must always be bitter and repulsive to his taste.

"Still, O Azrael, I will have pity on thy sore grief; I will permit thee to show thy face to *one* child out of all the world. For it is hard, indeed, that little children, whose souls bear

My image unstained from sin, should flee from an angel of the Most High."

Azrael bowed low before the great white throne and went his way singing cheerily; and the shining courts of heaven rang with the melodious echoes of his song. Then he dropped swiftly down to earth and alighted in the sanctuary of a little country church. And the cherubim, who were watching there in silent adoration, looked at one another and smiled, as they saw Azrael make his reverent obeisance before the Tabernacle; for his face shone radiant and glorious, and they knew that he was sad no more.

In the presbytery garden a priest and a child were walking hand in hand. The child was looking up into the priest's face and she was telling him her trouble. She was telling him that though she worshipped God with her whole mind and loved Jesus and His Blessed Mother with her whole heart, still she was unhappy.

"Father," she went on, "I have a terrible fear of death. Death seems to me to be a dreadful, hideous monster, who will one day spring out upon me like a wild beast and choke the life out of me. And often at night, when this terrifying thought comes to me, I cry out aloud in an agony of fear, and I am not comforted, even when my mother steals into my room to kiss my tears away."

At that moment Azrael, the Angel of Death, passed by on his way through the world; and he halted and listened.

"My dear Veronica," replied the priest, smiling kindly, "don't you see how silly you are, worrying your poor little head over these things? You love the good God, and that is enough. Look at that sparrow hopping to and fro under the yew tree. Not even he falls to earth without a tender Father to take care of him. And do you think that He, that same tender Father, will allow you, with your white, immortal soul, His marvelous handicraft, to be the prey of the ugly hobgoblin which your foolish imagination has invented for you? Why, I firmly believe that of all the angels of God, the Angel of Death is the most beautiful. In heaven there are many surprises in store for us. But when we have grown a little accustomed to the mystery of the Face of God, and have learnt to know something of the glory of His Mother, then we shall

turn our wonder-stricken gaze on that Angel of Death, whom men so dread here below.

“You are afraid, perhaps, of the darkness and the pains of death. Yet both are short lived. It is but a step, a sudden awakening after a feverish sleep—and then, the glory of the Lord. If I were to promise to bring you into a room full of all sorts of pleasures and delights, on the condition that I covered your eyes as I led you thither, you would not mind very much if my fingers pressed painfully against your eyeballs as we stepped across the threshold. And so, when you come to die, the great angel will grip you, tightly, perhaps, and lead you into deep shadows and through the purgatory of pain; and then your eyes will behold the Vision of the blest.

“But, my dear child, do not bother your head pondering over these things. Leave all to God, and trust in Him, and seek at every moment to do His Holy Will; and He will lead you through the winding mazes of life, as tenderly as a shepherd guides his lambkins through lone desert tracts to fresh green pastures and quiet streams; and when He calls you to Himself with a gentle and loving whisper, you will thank Him, and bless His Holy Name, as a soft hand is laid in yours, and you feel drooping over you, like cool evening shadows at the close of a hot day, the soothing wings of the Angel of Death.”

Of all the sons of God, whether in heaven or on earth, none at that moment rejoiced and was glad like Azrael, the Angel of Death.

Veronica thanked the good old priest, and ran off to make a little visit to the Blessed Sacrament. She had scarcely dropped on to her knees before the high altar, when she felt a strange drowsiness come over her.

“This will never do,” she told herself; “why, I shall be fast asleep in two minutes, and our Lord will be displeased with me for dozing, like the thoughtless girl that I am, right before His Holy Eyes. Perhaps, if I sat down and read my book, I could keep awake.”

So she sat down and opened her little prayer-book. But it was no use. Her head kept nodding out of all control, and the words of the book had suddenly picked a most disgraceful quarrel among themselves, and were running into one another and butting one another, and tumbling over one another, for all the

world like a herd of lively goats on the steep hillside. She was just wondering what would happen to that tiny word *to* if it were knocked clean off the page by its clumsy, bullying neighbor *vouchsafe*, when the gentle sound of moving wings caused her to raise her head, and she beheld a beautiful white bird hovering just above her. She stood up, thinking to catch the pretty thing and take it home with her, but the bird darted off and disappeared into a side chapel dedicated to the holy souls. Veronica ran in after it on tip-toe; but the strange bird was nowhere to be seen. Veronica was startled. She searched all round the chapel, but in vain. She was just about to return sadly into the church, feeling dreadfully disappointed, when she remembered that the beautiful creature might have taken refuge behind the altar. So she crept softly up to the altar and peeped behind it. But there was no bird visible. Instead, she saw a door in the wall, half-open. Needless to say, her curiosity was aroused, and she determined to see what was on the other side of the door, through which, after all, the mysterious bird might have passed.

The door was heavy and creaked solemnly, as she pushed at it with all her might. Beyond was a narrow passage, along which she stepped hesitatingly, and not without a secret dread. Might not there be ghosts lurking in that chill gloom? She was actually on the point of turning back, when she noticed that she was almost at the end of the passage, where, to excite again her well-nigh satisfied curiosity, stood another door. This she attempted to open, but could not. In fact, it seemed as though she would have to retrace her steps after all, for there was no latch, and no bolts, nothing that might give her a clue. Then she recalled to mind the old Arabian story and said in a timid voice: "*Open, Sesame!*" But the ejaculation, however powerful in the mouth of Ali Baba, had not the slightest effect with her. At last a bright idea struck her. She made the Sign of the Cross, slowly and reverently, and the door opened noiselessly outwards, and she stood on the threshold marveling. Beyond lay a beautiful garden, flooded in sunlight. She had never seen such a garden in her life before; had never gazed upon such wealth of flowers and greenery. She felt half afraid of venturing into so lovely a paradise, but took heart as her eyes grew accustomed to the sight, and stepped boldly forth, holding her breath in sheer wonderment. Paths of shining

white gravel wound among trim lawns, or disappeared beneath overarching boughs, losing themselves at last amid the gloom of ilex and cypress. Fountains shot up their silver jets and broke into sprays of lustrous diamonds, which fell back on the bosoms of rippling pools with merry, melodious babbling. There were yew trees and hedgerows of box and myrtle clipped into fantastic shapes. And the whole garden was sown with a gay profusion of flowers, roses white and red, lilies of myriad hues, carnations, foxglove, Canterbury-bells, and countless others, above which tall hollyhocks, erect and stately like festive flambeaux, swayed graciously in the breeze.

Veronica strolled aimlessly, stooping often to smell at the loveliest blossoms, or to pluck some tiny flower that was new to her. Then suddenly she looked up and started with a wild surprise.

Not many yards away, seated at the foot of a marble sundial, was a figure clad in gray. Its head was sunk on its breast, and its face was shrouded by the hood of its flowing mantle. Veronica felt that she ought to approach, in order to explain, in case of necessity, that she had found her way into the garden quite by accident. As she drew near, the figure, without raising its head, beckoned to her with slow, mysterious gesture. Veronica nerved herself with an effort, for there was something uncommonly weird about the apparition, and then said with a quavering voice:

"Excuse me, can you tell me to whom this garden belongs?"

"It belongs to me," replied the strange figure in solemn tones.

"And, please, who are you?" demanded Veronica, growing a little braver.

"Child," answered the other, raising its head slightly, "I am—*Death!*"

Veronica leapt backwards with a stifled scream. A wild, nameless horror surged around her heart. Her limbs seemed paralyzed, her blood chilled in her veins, as, with clasped hands and wide-staring eyes, she gazed on him who had been the terror of her waking thoughts and the nightmare of her dreams.

"Child," continued the figure in a slow, monotonous voice, "fear not! I am an angel of the Most High God, and one of the noblest of the works of His Hands. If men fly from

me, as Lot fled from the cities of the plain, it is because they know me not. Sin has distorted and blinded their vision and warped their reason, so that they see in me only a monster like unto the demons of hell. Child, you, too, have feared me, and trembled at the slightest thought of me, because you have not known me. Know me now, and look upon my face, and learn how the great servants of God are lovely beyond compare."

And Azrael, the Angel of Death, straightway rose up, and the gray robes fell off him; and Veronica saw him standing there in all his towering majesty. His brow shone like the harvest moon, and his hair was as fine spun gold, and his eyes blazed like the stars of the south. His garments sparkled with the blended luster of diamond and ruby and amethyst and sapphire, and gave forth a sweet fragrance. Veronica fell on her knees and wept; for in that radiant countenance she saw and recognized the deathless glow of infinite pity and infinite love.

She tried to speak, but her sobs choked her. She would fain have kissed the hem of that dazzling vesture, but something held her back; she longed to clasp the strong white hand in hers, and feel the might and power of that protecting arm; but she feared that her touch would be sacrilegious. And so she could only gaze mute and helpless into that lovely face, conscious that, in the witchery of that smile and in the glow of those starlike eyes, were a joy and consolation such as only angels know. And slowly it came home to her that the Angel of Death saw in her the type of the human race; and that, in revealing himself to her, he was receiving amends for the long centuries of abhorrence and loathing which the sons of Adam had meted out to him. And she understood then why the shining countenance was softened by the tender shadows of olden sympathies, as though he were gazing upon those ancient sorrows which his hand had rolled away, and upon vain hopes that had once flared tempestuously in the hearts of men, only to be snuffed out at last, kindly, yet firmly, by the touch of his resistless fingers.

Then the vision faded from her, and she was alone. Alone, indeed, but no longer in the wondrous garden!

She found herself back again in church before the Blessed Sacrament, where the lamp of the Sanctuary was burning cheerfully, as though nothing extraordinary had happened. But

Veronica pondered long over what she had seen and heard; she beheld again the exquisite face, so winning in its glance of tender sympathy, so subduing in its majestic beauty; and she listened to his words of hope and love. Then, fearing to be unfaithful in her watch before Him who lay beyond the Tabernacle door, under the mystic semblance of Bread, she took up her book again to pray; and, lo! it was wet with tears.

Years passed away, and Veronica lay dying. As a Sister of Charity she had followed close in her Divine Master's footsteps, bearing His message of consolation to the outcast and the enslaved. Her days had been passed amid the unhallowed slums of a great city; for there, where the poor die so easily, ground down by the pitiless heel of an unshakable destiny, she had ever stood in the presence of the Angel of Death. She was never so peaceful and calm and happy, as when she knelt at the bed of the dying, soothing the tortured brow, and illuminating, by her sweet words of pity and hope, the darkness of the final agony. And as suffering eyes grew rigid and sightless, and broken hearts ceased to beat forever, Veronica smiled and wept, and smiled again at the passing of him into whose immortal eyes her own eyes had once gazed.

And now she, too, lay on her deathbed. For a whole day she had been unconscious, and it was feared that in that state of coma she would pass away. But towards evening, when the last beam of departing sunlight was stealing across her chamber wall, she suddenly sat bolt upright. Her weeping sisters saw that on her face flickered the glad smile of expectancy, and there burst from her lips the joyous cry of one who beholds a dear friend after long separation. "Ah, my angel!" she said with a gentle sob in her voice. And her pale, wasted face was lit up with the light that never was on sea or land; and holding out her arms, as though to receive a beloved one, she gave a little sigh of contentment, and sank back like a tired child into the mighty embrace of the Angel Beautiful.

FATHER WILLIAM FLETE, HERMIT.

BY DARLEY DALE.



SIENA, one of the loveliest of Italian cities, stands, as all the world knows, on the top of a three-capped mountain—stands there crowning it with its white and rose-colored towers, on top of the marvelous green hill which supports it. Beautiful it now is, beautiful it was in the days when the great St. Catherine trod its steep and narrow streets. The remembrance of her sweet presence has shed a halo over her native city, which thrills us of the twentieth century, as we follow in her footsteps, with a deeper emotion than her contemporaries felt when they passed up and down those same streets.

It was near Siena that the subject of this article, Father William Flete, dwelt in the days when the celebrated daughter of the Sienese dyer, was mortifying her body and spirit in her father's house.

Father Flete was known familiarly to his contemporaries in Italy as the "Bachelor" or the "Bachelor of the Wood," or sometimes as "Father William." Siena, then as now, was surrounded by woods or forests of oak and ilex, and it was in one of these at Lecceto, that the "Bachelor" lived a hermit's life. It was a most romantic spot, wild and beautiful, with grand old oaks clothing it, interspersed with caves and grottoes, a place eminently suited to the eremitical, contemplative life to which Father Flete had so strong a vocation.

He was, as his name suggests, an Englishman, and was born in the early part of the fourteenth century; he was educated at Cambridge, and then joined the Hermit Friars of St. Augustine, commonly known as the Austin Friars. He appears to have desired a stricter life than his community were living, and hearing that in Italy some monasteries of his order had returned to the primitive discipline, he set out for Tuscany to enter one of these houses. The Augustinian Hermit Friars had then a house at Siena, also a monastery at Lecceto, the ruins of which are still standing. When Father Flete came to

Lecceto, he was so much struck with the beauty of the place, and its suitability for the contemplative life, that he determined to remain there, and entering the Monastery of Lecceto, with the consent of his superiors, he took up his abode at a spot in the forest known as the Hermitage of the Wood, or the Hermitage of the Lake, or sometimes as the Shady Hermitage.

Lecceto was a place of pilgrimage for popes and princes and saints: St. Dominic once visited it, and several times St. Catherine went there; and the Augustinian Monastery had been honored in former times by receiving no less a person than the great St. Augustine himself who, in 391, gave the hermits he then found living there a Rule. After St. Catherine became acquainted with Father Flete, she often went there to see him, and sometimes confessed to him. Father Flete appears to have adapted some of the caves in the forest for himself. He would frequently offer Mass in one of them fitted up for the purpose, and would always return home to the monastery at night to sleep.

There were many hermits at this time living a similar kind of eremitical life in Italy: Lecceto was particularly famous for them, but there were also some near Pisa, and some at Val-lombrosa, one of whom we shall have occasion to mention, and some in the neighborhood of Spoleto.

Among the Sienese hermits may be named another friend of St. Catherine, Fra Santi, a very holy man who, after living a solitary life in the woods for thirty years, gave up his solitude to some extent to travel with St. Catherine. Thomas of Siena, known familiarly as Thomassuccio, was another holy hermit, who, at the command of his superior, left his retreat to go about Tuscany preaching, which he did with great success, and was credited with the gifts of prophecy and working miracles. Another celebrated Sienese hermit was the poet Neri di Landuccio, who, after acting as St. Catherine's secretary and traveling-companion, received a message from her at her death, telling him that his vocation was to be a hermit; he then retired to a cell just outside the Porta Nuova of Siena, and lived a life of great austerity there, till he died at a much advanced age.

Father Flete's love of solitude was so great, that it amounted to a fault; and he even refused to leave it at St. Catherine's bidding; she rebuked him openly for this fault in one of her

letters, telling him that he ought to offer Mass in his monastery, as often as his Prior wished. This Prior was a very holy man, Father John Tantucci, a disciple of St. Catherine, and the absence of the hermit from his monastery sometimes caused friction between the two men.

Father Flete was very learned and very prudent in counsel, but a great lover of silence as well as of solitude, speaking only when obliged to. He used to take his books with him into the caves and grottoes, and study there, and perhaps wrote some of his voluminous letters and sermons in this retreat. He left his cell to go to Siena to attend the meetings and services of the Company of La Scala, a very ancient and celebrated Confraternity, which met in the catacombs under the Hospital of La Scala. Here the members had a chapel, and St. Catherine herself had a little room or cell, from which she could hear Mass on festivals. The men met there every Friday, and took the discipline together in their chapel. How often Father Flete went to La Scala we are not told, but probably frequently, for it was the center of religious life at Siena at that time, and several belonged to it who were later canonized saints.

After the first meeting between St. Catherine and Father Flete, a great friendship sprung up between them, one of those exquisite, spiritual friendships, which are to worldly friendships like exotics to the flowers of the field, and require very delicate handling. It was a friendship like that of St. Jerome for St. Paula, or of St. Francis for St. Clare, or of St. Theresa for St. John of the Cross, or of Richard Rolle, the great English mystic and mediæval poet, for Margaret Ainderby, the recluse, only in St. Catherine's case, her friendship with Father Flete was not so absorbing and special, for she had many friends. Although Father William was sometimes her confessor, she did not hesitate on that account to tell him of his faults and rebuke him for them; besides reproving him for his excessive love of solitude, she reprimanded him for his excessive austerities, and warned him against spiritual self-will.

The hermit had the greatest reverence and regard for the saint, and after her death he wrote an unusually long panegyric of her virtues, which is still extant in the library of Siena. In it he describes the saint in some of her ecstasies, in which he frequently saw her, and he says her face was transfigured some-

times into the face of our Lord, sometimes into that of an angel, which seems to have terrified the beholders. Sometimes, from his account, she appears to have undergone the transfiguration of suffering also like her Divine Master, for on these occasions she was racked with agony in every bone, so that blood flowed from her mouth, and her attendants had to wipe away the perspiration which broke out upon her face. In Mother Drane's *History of St. Catherine* may be read long quotations from this panegyric of Father Flete's, and also mention of another epistle which he wrote to defend St. Catherine from what turned out to be an imaginary calumny.

The unfortunate upon whom the good hermit poured out the vials of his wrath, was another great friend of St. Catherine's—and only second to Father Flete in his devotion to her—a hermit known as Brother or Don John of the Cells. Originally a Florentine nobleman, he joined, when still young, the Monks of Vallombrosa, founded by St. John Gualberto, and eventually became Prior of the Vallombrosan Monastery. While in office as Prior he was found guilty of a serious fault, for which he was deposed by his General, and, with the severity of the age, confined in a dark dungeon for a year. His repentance was very great, and when released from his prison, he began to lead a most austere and holy life, in a hermitage on a lonely rock near the monastery at Vallombrosa, and refused to be reinstated in his office. He also belonged to the Company of La Scala, but up to 1376 (the date of his first letter to Father Flete) they had not met, though Don John says he had long desired to see one of whom he had so often heard.

It appears from another letter of Don John's, that Father Flete had been told that Don John had been censuring St. Catherine and accusing her of folly. It is rather amusing to find Brother John attributing the English hermit's mistake to his scanty knowledge of the Italian language, or at least of Don John's dialect, which, seeing that he was a Florentine, was probably not so pure as that which the Sieneese speak, for even the peasants in Siena speak the best and purest Italian, and are said to be natural orators.

Brother John had heard a report that women were about to join in the Crusade which St. Catherine was endeavoring to inaugurate, and he, most wisely, strongly disapproved of this, and expressed his disapproval very forcibly in a letter to a

Florentine lady who had proposed going to fight the Saracens. In this letter he mentioned St. Catherine, and said that if she had been preaching that women would find Christ by going to the Crusades, he emphatically denied it, and he further told his correspondent to ask the saint if she had found Him by gadding about or by prayer.

In his very long reply to Father Flete, Don John shows conclusively that his devotion to St. Catherine was no less than that of the hermit of Lecceto, who then wrote a conciliatory epistle to the Vallombrosan hermit, and received another very lengthy effusion in reply.

About this time, Father Flete's solitude was disturbed by the most distracting news that could have penetrated to it. Neither famine nor earthquakes nor war could have been so disquieting to Catholics as the Papal schism, which now pierced the heart of the Church, and eventually led to war, when some of the Cardinals, who had elected Urban VI. Pope in place of Gregory XI., now turned against him and set up an antipope under the title of Clement VII.

This event took Catherine to Rome, where she suggested to Urban VI. that he should call to Rome to advise him certain holy men, among them Don John of the Cells, two other hermits from Spoleto, Father William Flete, and another Augustinian hermit, Brother Anthony of Nizza. All these were summoned by a papal brief, but the two hermits of Lecceto refused to go, notwithstanding that St. Catherine wrote to urge them to do so, wittily remarking in her letter, "that they need not be afraid of losing their solitude, for there they would find plenty of woods."

This first letter did not move the hermits from their beloved seclusion, so the saint wrote a second letter to Brother Anthony, in which she said:

It seems from the letter which Father William sent me that neither he nor you intend to come. I shall not answer that letter, but I groan from my heart at his simplicity, and to see how little he cares for God's honor or the good of his neighbor. If it is out of humility and the fear of losing his peace, he should ask permission of the Vicar of Christ and beg him to be so good as to leave him undisturbed in his solitude, and then leave the decision in his hands. But your devotion cannot be very solid or you would not lose it by a change of

place. Father Andrew of Lucca and Father Paulinus have not acted so; they are old and infirm but they set out at once. They are come. They have obeyed; and though they wish very much to return to their cells, yet they will not cast off the yoke of obedience; they have come to suffer and to perfect themselves in the midst of prayers and tears. This is the right way of acting.

This severe letter had the desired effect on Brother Anthony, who obeyed and set out for Rome, where he died; but Father Flete only sought a still more retired spot on the other side of the forest, called the Wood of the Lake.

We wonder at Father Flete's temerity in venturing to disobey a Pontiff of such violent temper as Urban VI., who, by his severity and overbearing conduct, alienated even the Cardinals who had elected him; but he was in many other ways a very fine character. Mother Drane thinks the Pope must have excused the hermit from going to Rome, and says that St. Catherine was not seriously displeased with him for his disobedience, though she scolded him well for it. At any rate, if she was angry at the time, she forgave him, since before she died she sent a message to him, asking him to remember her spiritual children, whom she committed to his care.

This happened in 1380, and it is said by Ambrose Landucio in *Sylva Italica*, that Father Flete died the same year; but this is disproved by the fact that his panegyric on St. Catherine was written in 1382. It seems likely that he died soon after St. Catherine, probably in middle life, for he evidently was neither old nor infirm in 1378, when St. Catherine compared him, to his disadvantage, with Father Paulinus and Father Andrew.

We do not know the date when the holy hermit first went to Lecceto; all we know is, that he had been living there twelve years before he met St. Catherine; neither do we know the date of this first meeting, but it was certainly before 1376. In that year she went to Lecceto, and dictated to him in the chapel there a treatise called "The Relation of a Doctrine," which he translated into Latin, so he must have lived at least nineteen years in these hermitages.

He was not, strictly speaking, either an anchorite or a recluse, for he was not enclosed, but moved about from cell to cell, usually sleeping in his monastery. He wrote, like most

mediæval writers, in Latin, but of his writings only a few remain, and none of these few has ever been printed or published. A fifteenth-century MS. of one of them, called *De Remediis Contra Tentationes*, is in the University Library at Cambridge, to which it was given by King George I. It was originally in the library of Bishop Moore, who was translated from Norwich to Ely. There were five other MSS. in the same collection, called the Norwich MSS.; two of Father Flete's writings are now in the library at Siena. Four of these five MSS. were learned epistles to various members of the Augustinian Order in England, and the most interesting was a book of *Predictions to the English of Calamities Coming Upon England*. One of these predictions, which has, alas! come too true, was that England would lose the Catholic faith. Father Flete is said to have had these revelations, concerning the future, made to him in his contemplations.

He was considered a saint by his contemporaries, especially by his own order, and by his Italian contemporaries, who said of him that he lived a most holy and ascetic life, that he drank only vinegar and water, and was also very learned. Gabellicus mentions him among the saints of the reformed Augustinians in Italy.

In these days of reprints of mediæval books, it might be worth while to translate and publish Father Flete's treatise *On Resisting Temptations*, and also, if the MS. can be found, the *Predictions of the Calamities Coming Upon England*. The probability is that his contemporaries were right in thinking that the holy hermit had the gift of prophecy, for all who have written of him speak of his great sanctity, and prophecy is one of the signs of an heroic degree of sanctity. We know that he forsook the world expressly to exercise himself in contemplative prayer, to which he had so great an attraction, and in which he attained a very high degree of perfection. His uncommon mystical experiences testify to this. Mother Drane tells us that he and St. Catherine met in the spirit, and knew each other long before they met in the flesh.

It is not at all unusual for those who, like Father Flete, have left the world expressly to give themselves up to contemplation, to be favored with a keen knowledge of whither the tendencies of the age are leading mankind. St. Bridget of Sweden, in some of her revelations, foresaw coming events; other

recluses, like Blessed Juliana of Norwich, have had revelations; and the poetical rhapsodies of Richard Rolle, the holy hermit of Hampole, are sometimes so exquisitely beautiful, that we can but think they were inspired. That William Flete, living as he did, a hundred and fifty years before the so-called Reformation, should have foreseen that England would lose the Catholic faith, shows that he had some claim to be credited with the gift of prophecy; though we must not forget that he was a contemporary of John Wiclif, and the rumor of the latter's heretical opinions had undoubtedly reached Lecceto. We feel certain of this because another Austin Friar, Father Bakin, a celebrated preacher, was one of the most successful of Wiclif's opponents, and reports of his sermons, then causing a great sensation in London, would no doubt have been sent to Father Flete by some of his religious brethren. Father Bakin was considered the greatest living theologian of his day, and there can be little doubt that Father Flete, in his cell at Lecceto, was informed of the arguments he used in his controversy with the great fourteenth-century heretic, for monks and friars were great letter-writers in those times. People wrote much less frequently then than we do in these days of postal facilities, but they made up for the infrequency by the length of their effusions, as Father Flete's own epistles testify.

We wonder if Father Flete foresaw that several of his religious brethren would suffer martyrdom under Henry VIII., as they did and are now beatified. Torellus, in his *Augustinian Age*, is of opinion that Father Flete went back to England after the death of St. Catherine in 1381, and there introduced the reform of Lecceto, and that same year "migrated to heaven." He so judges, because there is no mention of Father Flete's death or burial in the book of the dead at Lecceto, and in the case of the death of a religious of such known sanctity as Father William Flete it can hardly be supposed that his name would be passed over.

Gandolphus, another of his biographers, puts the date of his death, from the study of some Sieneſe MSS., at 1383, which is probably as near as we shall get to it, unless more information about this holy man is discovered.

New Books.

THE MIRACLE OF ST. JAN- UARIUS.

The authenticity of this celebrated miracle* is defended in a thoroughly systematic form by a French professor of science, who was converted from infidelity by his own personal study of the miraculous manifestations at Lourdes. He has closely observed the miracle of St. Januarius for several successive years, and applied to it, in rigorous method, some scientific tests of which it is susceptible. One of these tests was that of spectral analysis, which demonstrates that the substance contained in the phial is true blood. This substance is not naturally liquifiable; consequently, the liquification, which, for centuries, has taken place on the feast of the saint, is not a natural phenomenon. The other test is the considerable increase in weight and volume which occurs during the process of the miracle in the hermetically sealed flask. Professor Cavène demonstrates that there is no room for the hypotheses of trickery and fraud as an explanation of the effect; and he also refutes the other theories that unbelievers have advanced; *i. e.*, that the result is an effect of Vesuvius, or the application of heat through the handling of the phial in the course of its exposition during the days of the annual novena. The scientific section, while the most valuable part of M. Cavène's work, is not its only excellence. He introduces his subject with a discussion, from the philosophic point of view, of the possibility of miracles; then he indicates their value as a divine confirmation of revelation and of the claims of the Catholic Church. He next gives us a brief biography of St. Januarius; and afterwards recounts the historical data available, especially from the year 1389, to prove the annual recurrence of the miraculous liquefaction of the blood in the phial at the Cathedral of Naples, and of the exudations exhibited by the stone at Pozzuoli. In passing, he brings forward for refutation, some of the criticisms and objections advanced against the miracle by men whose names live in literature—the Calvinist Doumoulin, Addison, Duclos, Dumas; as well as its contemporary assailants. This fine apologia of M. Cavène is all the more effective because, though

* *Le Célèbre Miracle de Saint Janvier, à Naples et Pouzzoles.* Par Léon Cavène. Paris: Gabriel Beauchesne.

his piety and devout conviction are manifest, he preserves the calm, unemotional, objective tone proper to the scientific searcher or historian. Books such as this, or Bertrim's work on Lourdes, are at least as likely to prove efficient arguments for Catholic truth to the present generation as our formal defences which were constructed for another age, when those outside the Church still shared with us a belief in some fundamental Christian dogmas which their descendants hold to very lightly, if at all.

THE CHRISTIAN FESTI-
VALS.

This characteristic piece of painstaking German scholarship* has been enjoying, for nearly ten years past, the approval of historical critics in Germany, France, and Italy. Embodying the assured results of modern investigation, it is a fine exposition of the antiquity of some of the chief liturgical observances in the Church's calendar. The book is intended chiefly for theological students and the younger clergy; but it will also be appreciated by that growing section of the laity which loves to be well-informed on matters pertaining to the discipline and practice of the Church. How much more instruction is imparted in Germany on this matter than in our schools may be judged from the fact that this book is intended, not only for theological students but also for lay teachers, because "the Minister of Public Worship in Prussia has recently (12th of September, 1898) required from candidates for the office of Catholic teacher in higher-grade schools, a considerable acquaintance with the ecclesiastical year among their other qualifications." Besides the exposition of the origin and history of all the great festivals, the chief saints' days, the ember and rogation days, the work contains a critical account of the sources, *i. e.*, the earliest Christian calendars, the various martyrologies, and the later calendars that appeared from the eighth till the eleventh century.

LIFE OF CHRIST.

We commend strongly to the notice of Catholic publishers the example of Messrs. Longmans, who have just issued, at the price of twenty-five cents, a well-

* *Heortology. A History of the Christian Festivals from their Origin to the Present Day.* By Dr. K. A. Heinrich Kellner. Translated by a priest of the Diocese of Westminster. St. Louis: B. Herder.

printed edition of the English version of Abbé Fouard's great *Life of Christ*.^{*} When books of this character appear from our Catholic booksellers, for some reason or another, they are sold at prices which cannot be called popular; and then we wonder how it comes that the bulk of the laity is so indifferent to Catholic literature of the higher quality. To bring within the reach of everybody books of this type, and there are many of them, would be a genuine exercise of the apostolate of the press.

THE SAINTS.

The latest number of *Les Saints* series is a life of St. Thomas of Canterbury,† by Mgr. Demimuid.

The writer has kept in view the ideal which the editors of this now numerous collection of saints' biographies have set up: a strict adherence to the canons of historical writing, combined with solid edification, effected by bringing out the spiritual greatness of the man and the significance for religion of the great struggle in which he fought and died.

ROADS TO ROME.

The editor of this compilation,‡ to whom the English *Roads to Rome*, suggested the task of obtaining a

similar collection of the records of American converts, is to be congratulated on the fruit of her endeavor. There can be no doubt but that the book will be a beacon to show many others the course to the haven of rest. These stories of how so many men and women, Americans by descent and birth, bred in American ways and traditions, and looking at life with American eyes, came to see, notwithstanding their Protestant origins, that truth is in the Catholic Church alone, cannot but have an intimate personal message for many another American who has yet to make the journey.

The starting-points have been various: in a few instances it was Presbyterianism; in more, some form of evangelical Protestantism; frequently, Unitarianism; but in most cases, the Episcopal Church. The reasons for conversion, too, differ

^{*} *The Christ, the Son of God. A Life of our Lord and Savior Jesus Christ.* By the Abbé Constant Fouard. New York: Longmans, Green & Co.

† *St. Thomas à Becket.* Par Mgr. Demimuid. Paris: Gabriel Beauchesne.

‡ *Some Roads to Rome in America. Being Personal Records of Conversions to the Catholic Church.* By Georgina Pell Curtis. St. Louis: B. Herder.

widely. Most commonly the first motive was dissatisfaction and unrest on account of doubt, or the insufficiency of the religious system in which the future convert was brought up. Then, books, the attraction of the Catholic ritual, association with Catholics, strengthened the impulse; and, generally speaking, a course of reading on the claims and doctrines of Catholicism followed. One cannot but remember that God works in a mysterious way His wonders to perform, when one notices some of the untoward incidents that contributed towards the work of grace—the recollection of an impression made in childhood by the serenity of a Quaker meeting, a bitter sermon against the Church, a novel of Zola, or the strange dilemma proposed by a serious non-Catholic friend: either the Catholic Church or the Mormon Church is the Church of God. One is less surprised to learn that a word from Longfellow helped on one little boy, who has since become a valiant soldier of truth, as editor of one of our most respected Catholic periodicals. "My vocation to the priesthood," writes one—our readers would not forgive us if we anticipated the pleasure they will have in finding the name for themselves in the volume—"was encouraged by Longfellow. He once asked me in his kindly way what I intended to be when I became a man. My prompt answer was: 'A Catholic priest and a missionary among the Indians.' He smiled, probably at the presumptuousness of the idea, but there was something impressive in his voice when, looking down at me, he said: 'I am very glad you have such an intention.' Of course I felt sure of being on the right path, since Mr. Longfellow had given his approval."

Many have been generous in the fullness with which they have entered into detail. Mr. Spearman, the novelist, and the distinguished botanist, Dr. E. Green, furnish miniature autobiographies, in which there is not a word too much. The thirty odd pages in which Miss Susie Swift tells of her evolution from the character of Brigadier in the Salvation Army to that of a Dominican nun is only too short. The palm for brevity is borne off by Mr. John Mitchell, the labor leader, who, with characteristic modesty, occupies scarcely half a page. This rich record of invitations heeded may well be interpreted to support the conviction of a contributor who states that: "Catholicity is latent in the average American, and awaits only the exercise of spiritual candor to be evoked in practice."

The history of that most dismal CATHOLICISM IN ENGLAND. epoch in English Catholicism, the eighteenth century, truly called a "time of depression, of lost hopes, and discouragement," is the subject of two works,* which serve as a background to heighten the significance of the great Eucharistic Congress which London witnessed last year. The first of these consists of the notes of Dr. John Kirk, who was well known nearly a century ago as an indefatigable student of later Catholic history in England. From about the year 1776 he labored for fifty years in order to collect data for the purpose of continuing Dodd's *Church History* down to his own day. But the work of collection left him no time to complete his project. His great mass of biographical notes are now published and will be of prime value to whoever is destined to carry out the work. Even in their present shape they assist us to form a fair idea of the condition of English Catholics from the days of Anne down to the close of the penal times. The names, arranged in alphabetical order, belong to every conspicuous rank of society, those of the clergy and gentry predominating. Many of the names have rich historical associations, stretching back far beyond the bad days of the Reformation; and the list of secular priests and religious orders indicate that even in the darkest times there was a goodly number of devoted men who kept the lamp of faith burning, however low, till the coming of the new dawn.

The history of English Catholicism during the last quarter of the eighteenth century is amply treated in two large volumes † by a writer whose family name is closely associated with the full tide of the revival which had its beginnings in this period. His motive for selecting this period he explains in the preface. One of his *confrères*, Dr. Burton, is preparing a life of Bishop Challoner, which will cover the later penal times. The period from the revival of the hierarchy is already amply recorded. The present work brings the story up to the beginning of the last century; there still remains, therefore, a gap of about fifty years down to the establishment of the

* *Biographies of English Catholics in the Eighteenth Century*. By Rev. John Kirk. Edited by J. H. Pollen, S.J., and Edwin Burton, D.D. New York: Benziger Brothers.

† *The Dawn of the Catholic Revival in England, 1781-1803*. By Bernard Ward, F.R.H.S. New York: Longmans, Green & Co.

hierarchy, which he hopes—and every one who will appreciate the excellence of this work must trust that the hope will be realized—to fill later on.

The entire country is covered by the present writer; but the story of the London district is dealt with in much greater detail than is that of any other section. The writer traces with grateful fidelity the great advantages that accrued to the English Church from the coming of the French *émigré* clergy during the Revolution; and follows minutely the grave and threatening divisions brought about by the controversies concerning the oath. The disputes between the laity and their hierarchical rulers, and among the rulers themselves, about the time of the Relief Act, which in the Midland District were not settled till the first years of the nineteenth century, are also set forth. Occasionally Mgr. Ward is obliged to follow English interests beyond the Channel, on account of the dissolution of English foundations abroad during the Revolutionary and Napoleonic wars. He also digresses somewhat concerning the events attending the establishment of the Concordat in France; but he generally sticks very closely to his proper subject; so much so, indeed, that he neglects many opportunities to add a touch of the picturesque to his narratives.

If you desire some handy standard by which to compare the position of Catholicism in England to-day, with that which it occupied a hundred years ago, you have one at hand, of a very attractive pattern, designed and constructed by a wit who has by no means suppressed his characteristic talent while making the instrument. Turn from the historian of the eighteenth century and take up *The Catholic Who's Who for 1909*.* In the former we see "the Catholics in England, found in corners and alleys and cellars and on the housetops, or in the recesses of the country, cut off from the populous world around them, and dimly seen, as if through a mist, or in twilight, as ghosts flitting to and fro, by the high Protestants, the lords of the earth." The latter book is the register of a great community, members of which are to be found in every honorable walk of life. This roll call of British Catholics not only witnesses to an immense growth already attained, but also, if we look at the pro-

* *The Catholic Who's Who for 1909*. Edited by Sir F. C. Burnand. New York: Benziger Brothers.

portion of converts which it contains, gives solid promise that the expansion will continue to be vigorously carried on. It cannot but be a cause of deep gratification to all who love the Church to observe that her wonderful progress in America, England, and the English-speaking world in general, is helping to counterbalance the losses and adversities which she is suffering in the Latin countries. The present edition of this handbook contains six hundred new names, and a long list of British subjects who have received papal titles of nobility and other distinctions.

We may note here an interesting French biography of an English convert of the last generation,* written by her son, a French ecclesiastic. The lady was Miss Lechmere, born in 1829, the daughter of Sir Edmund Lechmere, the head of an old Worcestershire family. She was converted in France, entering the Church in 1850, and afterwards married a French gentleman named d'Arras, and ended her beautifully Christian life in 1897.

ST. MELANIA.

An English translation of Cardinal Rampolla's *Life of St. Melania*,† the French edition of which received a notice in these columns, has just appeared. This translation by no means represents the complete work of the learned Cardinal, which is a masterpiece of the highest scholarship and erudition. It has set scholars wondering how the author, while discharging the exacting duties of Secretary of State under Leo XIII., could have found the time to compose it. The editor of this translation has omitted the vast array of notes (which he says would fill nearly a thousand pages) of the original, and has reproduced only the story of the saint and the history of her times as they are incorporated in the Cardinal's work. This biography is an authentic human document, the value of which Father Thurston emphasizes by contrasting it with another type which he describes thus:

In no species of serious composition, as Father Delehaye, the Bollandist, has lately instructed us, have so many differ-

* *Une Anglaise Convertie*. Par P. H. d'Arras. Paris: Gabriel Beauchesne et Cie.

† *The Life of St. Melania*. By his Eminence, Cardinal Rampolla. Translated by E. Leahy. Edited by Herbert Thurston, S.J. New York: Benziger Brothers.

ent types of historically worthless materials—folk-lore, myth, legend, not to speak of pure fabrications—palmed themselves off upon the unsuspecting good faith of the pious believer. We might almost say that the bulk of these documents, belonging to certain specified epochs, are devoid of any touch of human individuality. They are like the portraits of Holy Doctors or Virgins, painted according to the canons of Byzantine art. We might shuffle all the names and almost all the dates, and the new arrangement would be just as near the truth, as much or as little instructive, as the old.

This life, on the contrary, belongs to the smaller class which, besides being authentic history, is a real source of edification, inasmuch as it describes a genuine conflict between nature and grace, in a human soul. The story of this great patrician woman, who gave up exalted rank and a fortune, which even in our own day would be called colossal, is peculiarly appropriate in our own times.

IMMORTALITY.

Consistently with the purpose of the Oxford Library Series, of which his volume on *Immortality** is a number, Canon Holmes addresses himself to devout laymen who desire instruction, but are not attracted by learned theological treatises. Although he presents some arguments in favor of immortality, he rather assumes that his audience already believe, and desire only confirmation of their conviction, and more information regarding the character of the future life. His presentation of the argument from the aspirations of the soul is merely to affirm that the individual nature, being incapable of perfection as an individual, seeks the social state and the communion of saints in order to find there the consummation of its longings. A chapter entitled "Immortality and Psychology" treats of the value claimed for spiritistic phenomena; and another seeks an answer to the question: Do the dead know? by insisting on the fact that as ignorance or suspense concerning the fate of those we love is always pain for us, the blessed cannot but know how the loved ones whom they have left behind fare.

In treating of the future life Canon Holmes sticks to the Anglican conception that the joys of Paradise are not unalloyed

* *Immortality*. By E. E. Holmes. New York: Longmans, Green & Co.

with pain; for the life of the blessed must be one of progress, and progress involves pain. This is the point on which the Canon is most directly in contradiction with Catholic theology; though he comes near another collision on the nature of eternal punishment, which he seems—his view is stated rather indefinitely—almost to deprive of its painfulness.

He makes an eloquent defence of the doctrine of prayers for the dead, and claims that it is quite consistent with the condemnation of "the Roman doctrine concerning purgatory" by Article XXII. of the Church of England. Until a comparatively recent date almost the entire Church of England interpreted, and the greater portion of it even to-day interprets, this Article as a peremptory condemnation of the Catholic custom of praying for the dead. The Canon endeavors to evade the difficulty by treating the Article as condemning the idea that souls are tormented in purgatory and may be released from it by indulgences. If the Canon would examine the essentials of the doctrine of purgatory—he has viewed it chiefly in the light of those arithmetical calculations of sins and penalties in which some Catholic writers indulge—he would see that, unless it too is accepted, prayer for the dead can have no value except as an expression of affection. Our dissent from the writer on these and a few minor points, must not stand in the way of admiring the strong faith which breathes in his pages, and the earnest yet gentle persuasiveness with which he impresses it on his readers, by appealing strongly to the heart.

THE WITNESS OF THE WILDERNESS.

Accustomed as we are to take western history as the history of the world, it requires a mental effort to grasp the fact that there exists to-day a people who, in all the essentials of character and mode of life, are the same as they were before ancient Rome was founded.* Before Rome was founded! That was a modern date in their history; they were much the same as they are to-day when the three friends came to Job to offer him their too judicious sympathy on the occasion of his reverses. The offspring of Hagar, the modern Bedouin of the desert, has been studied closely by a clergyman of the Church

* *The Witness of the Wilderness.* By G. Robinson Lees. New York: Longmans, Green & Co.

of England, long resident in Palestine, who offers a charming little book as the fruit of his personal observations, supplemented by the study of the best contemporary authorities. His main purpose is to draw attention to the resemblances between modern Arab life and the occasional glimpses which the Old Testament, and, less profusely, the Gospels, throw upon the character, morals, manners, and customs of these tribes. He also discusses briefly the nature and effects of Mahometanism; and tells us how far the Bedouin accepts its tenets and practices its code. The Arab of the desert is not, according to Mr. Lee, a very intelligent or faithful exponent of Islam:

His conception of fate springs irresistibly from his consciousness of the transcending greatness of what is outside his own feeble existence. He believes in an arbitrary and inexorable law proceeding from an objective Power that encloses and molds his own subjective activity. The vast expanse of heaven with which he is so familiar and the extensive landscape over which he travels is the boundless empire of the supreme Ruler of man's destiny. He is impressed with the awful majesty of the Being Who wills all things, and he accepts the ills of life with a marvelous resignation as being according to His dispensation. So overwhelming is the sense of the power of the Almighty, that there seems to be no room left for the will of man. The principle of "Islam" is shorn of its grandeur by the absence of the consciousness of possession of a will to submit to the control of a superior being.

Strife and bloodshed and cattle-raiding are the features of their daily life. Polygamy is practised as in patriarchal days; and the woman is the household drudge. But she is also the object of man's solicitude and care.

Whatever they may do, they never forfeit the esteem of their sex, nor the appreciation of men generally, and never fall into the terrible state of infamy that is reached sometimes in the centers of civilization. There are no abandoned women, no victims of man's vicious nature, left to die in hopeless misery, scorned by all who confess that a woman gave them birth and nourished them with a boundless affection.

A number of neat, clear photogravures enhance the interest and value of the book.

This effort of a busy lawyer to EARLY CHRISTIAN HYMNS. spread the knowledge and love of the Church's treasury of song,* by providing accurate and agreeable translations of the Latin originals, cannot be too highly commended. The Breviary was not always and should not be to-day a closed book to the laity; the movement for congregational singing, dating at least from St. Ambrose, should not stop until many of St. Ambrose's hymns, for instance, are as familiar to the pew-holder as to the pastor. The present volume contains one hundred and seventy songs, ranging in time from the fourth century to the sixteenth, containing the less known works of Prudentius, Fortunatus, Odo of Cluny, Urban VIII., as well as the ever admired verses of St. Bernard, Thomas of Celano, St. Thomas Aquinas, and Jacopone da Todi. Judge Donahoe assigns thirty-two authentic hymns to St. Ambrose, omitting some of the eighteen ascribed to him by other editors; he credits St. Gregory with sixteen, while the Benedictines give him only eight; he does not include the Irish *Liber Hymnorum*, nor hymns by St. Felix Ennodius, St. Peter Damian, and Adam of St. Victor. The biographical notes are interesting, though sometimes too brief; the indexes are accurate; the appearance of the book attractive; the price somewhat too high for the man in the street. One might wish that the translator had followed Cardinal Newman in variety of meter, and in concrete phrasing to a greater degree, especially from his success with the *Nocte Surgentes* and the *Ecce Jam Noctis*, both excellently done in the Sapphics of the original.

CONTROVERSY.

A neat little book † of answers to a number of objections and arguments frequently urged by the opponents of the Church has just been published by Dr. Lambert, of Ingersoll fame. He first treats a few of the objections urged against all religion and Christianity in general by free-thinkers; and then takes up those of Protestants against the Church; closing with some excuses pleaded by Catholics to reconcile the opposition existing between their belief and their

* *Early Christian Hymns*. Translated by Daniel Joseph Donahoe. New York: The Grafton Press.

† *Short Answers to Common Objections Against Religion*. By Mgr. de Segur. Edited by Rev. L. A. Lambert, LL.D. Brooklyn: International Catholic Truth Society.

practice. Mgr. de Segur is direct, brief, and persuasive, with a tendency to infuse occasionally a little pungency into the retorts to the adversary.

The treatment of some historical questions might have been greatly strengthened by the editor if he had added recent non-Catholic historians—a resource for our controversialists which is, happily, growing larger and larger every day.

The appearance of a third edition of Father Burke's little vest-pocket *vade mecum* for non-Catholics desirous of learning the nature of everyday Catholic ceremonies and practices indicates its popularity.* Catholics are frequently asked by well-disposed outsiders for something short to read concerning Catholic worship. They can meet the request with Father Burke's assistance.

RELIGIOUS AND MORAL TRAINING.

One of the most perplexing and most important cares of a pastor, the organization and maintenance of his Sunday-School in a state of vital, energetic efficiency, often rewards him with much less fruit than the zealous labor which he lavished on it might lead him reasonably to expect. Where lay the fault? Probably any one who has had this experience will find some light on past failure and help towards future success, if he studies Father Sloan's new book on Sunday-School work.† This one, addressed to directors, is marked by the same thorough acquaintance with the factors in the problem, the same sound judgment, and the same attention to seemingly trivial but really important detail, as characterized the author's other work for the teacher. Here teacher and pupil, methods and material equipment, souls and bodies, are all considered from the point of view of the man who is ultimately responsible for the success or failure of this serious charge. How serious it is, and how far from successful, commonly speaking, it is in one or two very important respects, Father Sloan tells us very clearly. He treats the entire subject systematically and in an eminently practical way.

* *Reasonableness of Catholic Ceremonies and Practices.* By Rev. J. J. Burke. Third Edition. New York: Benziger Brothers.

† *The Sunday-School Director's Guide to Success.* By Rev. Patrick J. Sloan. New York: Benziger Brothers.

An excellent little book for teachers, but more especially for parents, is Mrs. Burke's *Child Study and Education*.* She gathers into small compass some ripe fruit of modern scientific pedagogy, combined with solid ancient wisdom approved of by time, which some of the exponents of modern pedagogy are at times disposed to pass over a little too lightly. Her topic is chiefly the home-training of the child, and its bearing upon concurrent or subsequent school-education. It would probably be treated as a piece of revolutionary insolence to suggest that a book of this sort might be studied with profit in advanced convent schools. Yet some knowledge of how best to train the child, religiously, morally, and intellectually, would not be a worthless or pernicious acquisition for girls who, in most cases, are destined to be the mothers of families. If they do not acquire, when at school, some systematic instruction to help them, in the future, to discharge one of the greatest duties of their office, where will they get it? Mrs. Burke's book will be found to be most serviceable.

In choosing this title † for a volume which contains the substance of his two official courses of lectures, delivered in 1906 and 1908, the occupant of the Chair of Poetry at Oxford University was not merely caught by a pretty or traditional phrase. In its original place, that phrase conveyed, in fine concentration, the truth that all European poetry is connected with and indebted to Greece; and that English poetry especially is indebted to the Grecian stream, from which it has borrowed, directly and indirectly, at three turning points of its development. These three stages, which Professor Mackail has selected in order to study the growth and progress of English poetry as a phase of life, are embodied in Chaucer, Spencer, and Milton. Each of these is treated at considerable length in an essay abounding in erudite, broad, and luminous criticism. Professor Mackail is learned and technical without being pedantic; he has to convey subtle appreciations of the supra-sensuous and intangible in terms proper to concrete expression; but he manages to express intelligibly what he wants to say, and he has always something

* *Child Study and Education*. By Mrs. B. E. Burke. New York: Benziger Brothers.

† *The Springs of Helicon: A Study in the Progress of English Poetry from Chaucer to Milton*. By I. W. Mackail. New York: Longmans, Green & Co.

to say that is worth listening to. It is too late a day to find anything brilliantly original to say regarding these three poets; the field has been long since reaped and gleaned. But Professor Mackail has sifted and ground the wheat, and baked it with skill, as he added to the flour a sound leaven of his own.

The excellence of this work is general throughout; so that there are few particularly striking passages that insist upon quotation. The following one, however, may be cited as a favorable example:

There is a natural tendency in the human mind to confuse imagination with imagery. The difference between them is that between creation on the one hand and invention on the other, and it is vital. Spencer thought (so far as he did think) in images. His inventiveness, his faculty for pouring forth an endless stream of imagery is unsurpassed, just as is his faculty for conveying this imagery in unflinchingly fluent and melodious language. He is a complete master of decorative art, so far as this very fertility and fluency do not, as we may think, lead him to make his decoration too intricate, to overload his ornament. But while all art is decoration, it is not in its merely decorative quality that art can be great art, can fully realize its function. To do this it must rise from invention to creation. Its imagery must be transmuted by imagination; it must not only adorn, but interpret, and, in a sense, make life.

THE WILES OF SEXTON MAGINNIS.

Sexton Maginnis, with his glossy silk hat, his somewhat adulterated brogue, his unrighteous contempt for the unregenerate "Dago," his well-founded respect for Herself, and reverence suffused with salutary fear for his mother-in-law, has already made his bow in one of our magazines to what has proved an appreciative public. A critic suffering from the mania for classification might place this series of amusing sketches* alongside of *My New Curate*, as an American counterpart of those inimitable scenes from Irish life, as seen through the rectory window. Dr. Egan, however, confines himself to the ripples on the surface, and does not touch the deeper currents. He entertains us with a rapidly-moving set of situations, illustrating widespread characteristics of clergy and laity

* *The Wiles of Sexton Maginnis*. By Maurice Francis Egan. New York: The Century Company.

as they are to be found everywhere in our towns and cities: the earnest, devoted, not over-cultured but theologically well-educated Father Dudley, who knows he understands the people, and sometimes finds his knowledge at fault; the refined convert, Father Blodgett, who, in Father Dudley's opinion, doesn't understand the people at all, and will certainly make a mess of his parish, yet who, somehow, manages to succeed, notwithstanding that he smashes all Maginnis' judgments concerning both social and spiritual values in respective application to the Ryans, the Moldonovos, the Germans, and a black atheist whose chief crime is that he is threatening to confer high distinction on the upstart Ryans.

Maginnis is a very Machiavelli for plotting and design. But his purpose is usually *ad majorem Dei Gloriam*; and his methods are not by any means unfathomable. There is plenty of kindly humor throughout the book; and its strength is subdued to the capacity of the most delicate digestions. While the Doctor nowhere sets up a solid meal of entertainment, he treats us to an afternoon-tea variety of delicacies served, impeccably, according to rule. Now and again one meets an epigram that is worth quotation. For instance, a whole treatise on the economic character of a large proportion of Southern farming is summed up in the remark about the Virginian place of Willie Curdice. "The place had been worked 'on shares,' but there never seemed to be more than one share." And we have heard long, ponderous sermons which labored, with more or less success, to drive home the thought that is neatly and effectively sent into the bull's-eye in the following remark, made by a hitherto hopeless agnostic who has had Catholicism presented to him in the concrete, through the medium of a genuinely Catholic girl: "'I say, Uncle,' he declared, as he bade good-bye to his reverend relative at the train, 'a religion that can produce such examples of virtue and correct living doesn't have to be examined. A man's a fool who wants to analyze that sort of thing. You don't look at the roots of a big oak.'" Where occasion offers, the Doctor is almost as profuse in his literary allusions as Canon Sheehan himself; but he does not imitate the Canon's precision and definiteness; and judging from the one place where he makes one of his speakers quote St. Thomas textually, he is wise in refusing to commit himself in this way.

THE LITTLE GODS.

A writer who jumped into public notice some time ago by carrying off a handsome prize with his story of *Fagan* has made it the opening of a series of sketches descriptive of life in the Far East, as it is lived and viewed by American soldiers and officials.* The first story is distinctly the best of the lot; although they all show power and imagination. They are a Philippine counterpart of Kipling's pictures of Tommy Atkins in India—"Put me somewhere east of Suez, where the best is like the worst." The native, as Mr. Thomas draws him, is of three types, the bloodthirsty, treacherous, irreconcilable, with no tincture of civilization; the half-blood Spanish planter or trader, equally treacherous; and the loyal servant who worships his white master. The soldiers are, of course, reckless roysterers, or abnormally cool gentlemen, flippant or jocular in the face of danger, for whom there are no ten commandments, but who usually make a successful bid for our sympathy by showing at a critical moment that, down deep in their hearts, there are strong fibers of feeling and generosity. The work lacks boldness, not of imagination, but of execution; a little more individuality in the characters, a little more of that force which is born of intimate personal experience, and *The Little Gods* would approach Kipling in fact, as nearly as it approaches him in aspiration.

A CHILD OF DESTINY.

To be honest, we must confess to have suffered a disappointment in this story.† The genuine gift of song, exhibited in some of the two collections of poems from Dr. Fischer's pen, raised the expectation that this novel might prove worthy of the very respectable dress which the publisher has bestowed on it. But a perusal of *A Child of Destiny* repeated the old story—*Non omnes possumus omnia*. Every one has his limitations. The Doctor's gift is song—not story-telling, or dramatic creation. The strongly edifying tone of the novel but adds to the regret that an excellent lesson is not conveyed in a way that would deserve for it a wide circle of hearers.

* *The Little Gods: A Mosque of the Far East*. By Rowland Thomas. Boston: Little, Brown & Co.

† *A Child of Destiny*. By William J. Fischer. Illustrated. Toronto: William Briggs.

THE SON OF SIRO. Leaving the field in which he has worked to the satisfaction of the boys, Father Copus has entered on a higher path in historical fiction. *The Son of Siro** is founded on the Gospel-history, and covers the earlier years of our Lord's life, as well as those of His ministry. Siro's son is Lazarus; and Father Copus identifies Magdalen with Mary of Bethany. The story is a fine piece of imaginative construction, directed by good taste, which is so indispensable to any one who ventures to give a fictitious setting to the life of our Lord. The Master's picture is drawn with striking individuality; and, needless to say, His Divinity is uncompromisingly manifested. It would be exaggeration to say that this story is a rival to *Ben Hur*, but it is not undeserving of being named with that masterpiece, though it is constructed on a much less ambitious plan, and the author was prohibited from drawing upon materials which furnish much of the motives and incidents of Wallace's story. Persons unfamiliar with the Gospel-history cannot but read it with more intelligence and interest after they will have read this attractive story. The suggestion, we think, is valuable for both adults and children.

A FRIAR OBSERVANT. Mrs. Brookfield has already shown her acquaintance with the times of the Reformation in England, and her talent for making the dead bones of history live again, and endowing them with the glow of life from the treasures of imagination. She now leads us over seas to make the acquaintance of a few of the prominent figures in the great upheaval. The story † opens in England at the time when Henry VIII. is commencing his violent campaign against the papal supremacy. A friar, who has been expelled from his convent, hurries to the deathbed of a nobleman, who is dying in penury and disgrace, a victim of his own loyalty and Henry's tyranny. The Earl of Lhanpylt, as a dying request, charges the friar to proceed to Germany, in order to seek the Earl's young daughter, who is at one of the German courts; and to deliver to her a packet of letters as well as a staff cut from a spot which she loved as a child.

* *The Son of Siro*. Ry Rev. J. E. Copus, S.J. New York: Benziger Brothers.

† *A Friar Observant*. By Frances M. Brookfield. St. Louis: B. Herder.

So forth the friar goes to the storm-center of the Reformation; and before long he learns a great deal about the "new faith," and the new morals; makes the acquaintance of a burly, violent, overbearing pastor, who ought to have been a leader of free-lances, but who is really Dr. Martin Luther. Soon, between the loss of his package and staff and the accidental entanglements which his quest of the Lady Anne entail on him, the friar makes the acquaintance of Philip of Hesse and bears a part in the negotiations and wiles which that artful and reckless man carries on to obtain the consent of Luther to a bigamous marriage. The law of bigamy is expounded by Cardinal Farnese who, along with the Emperor, appears on the stage.

The story has a strong element of romance in it; as you may judge from the fact that the friar assists two young Englishmen to abduct two ladies from the Castle of Philip, and afterwards arrives at Philip's court, in the quality of commissioner of the Emperor, to forbid the marriage of Philip and Margaret von Saal, which he is just in time to witness without being able to deliver his message. This picture of the Reformation times lacks the fullness of detail and the variety of interests, types, and characters, we shall not say of Charles Reade's novels, but even of Father Benson's. It presents only an episode; but the episode is well-conceived and well-related, and the characters of Luther, Philip, and Margaret are boldly drawn, while the friar himself and the Lady Anne are mere marionettes. It is a stirring and picturesque tale of the times.

ALINE OF THE GRAND WOODS.

In *Aline of the Grand Woods** we get what the sub-title promises us, a story of Louisiana, full of the peculiar elements, physical and social, which distinguishes the old Creole State so sharply from every other portion of the country. The story is full of incident, and introduces us to quite a little world of characters, each one of whom, however brief and transitory may be his or her part in the drama, possesses a distinct individuality, and is true to life. Perhaps the heroine herself is rather highly idealized to allow this to be said of her. The best drawn character in the book is neither Aline nor her favored lover—

* *Aline of the Grand Woods*. By Nevil G. Henshaw. New York: The Outing Publishing Company.

for she has two, who have but little in common except their attachment to her. Far better done are the delineations of Numa le Blanc, the wild, revengeful, bold, and treacherous half-Spaniard, who loves Aline; Père Martian, the Curé; old Telesse and his friend the hunchback, the devoted protectors of the little girl, who grows up in the cabin of Telesse as his niece, but, as the reader knows, is a girl of rank; Monsieur Varain, a successful old storekeeper. Around these cling the distinctive Creole air which pervades the book. Negroes, too, add to the color of the picture; they are not conspicuous, but they are true to life, as they are to be seen in their earthly paradise—around the kitchen of an old palatial Southern home. The period of the story is the present day, and the writer spares us even the remotest reference to that overwrought motive, political sentiment. The story makes no pretension to solve character or moral problems. It is a good, downright story in the old-fashioned style, moving along the paths of real life, which it softens and colors with a tinge of romance.

THE ÆNEID IN ENGLISH
VERSE.

“Which is the best manual of philosophy?” was the question once put to a professor who had published one himself. Without hesitation or doubt the answer came: “My own, certainly; if I had not thought so, I would not have published it.” Whatever might have been the worth of the judgment, here at least was an honest and sensible answer. The same sort of honesty and good sense abounds in Mr. Williams’ preface to his versified translation of the *Æneid*.^{*} He speaks, indeed, rather more bluntly; for not only does he reckon his own version the best, but he declares, with something short of Virgilian grace and sweetness, that he has been almost unable to find anything worth borrowing from his predecessors, while “all the rhymed versions seemed to have a touch of the comic.” Happy are the merciless if they obtain mercy!

For ourselves, stern justice compels us to admit that Mr. Williams’ version never, or very seldom, has a touch of the comic; that his phrasings are so frequently happy that only a successor of churlish originality will refuse to borrow from him;

^{*} *The Æneid of Virgil*. Translated into English verse by Theodore C. Williams. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company.

and that his verse is usually melodious and of a sustained dignity. No one expects him to reproduce the Virgilian sweetness and majesty; but he often catches something of the ease, the smoothness, the rapidity of the Master. The measure he uses is the pentameter blank verse; and in searching our memory for an English poem which might convey an idea of Mr. Williams' versification, we lit upon Keats' *Hyperion*. There is here much of the same ease and flow in the rhythm, but also the same inability to give forth those deep organ tones that accompany the majestic march of Milton's verse; while, on the other hand, Mr. Williams seldom attains the splendor of phrase or sweetness of melody that may almost be called the manner of Keats.

Special attention is directed in the preface to the piety of Virgil, as this is usually overlooked or neglected at the present day. In the Middle Ages, surely, this aspect of the poet's work received due attention: Virgil was the poet of the Ages of Faith, and was almost counted among the prophets as an unconscious Christian. Some of our readers remember—and we wish Mr. Williams could have found room for a reference to it—the delightful comparison which Newman institutes between the spirit of Virgil and the spirit of the Benedictine Order.* St. Benedict is Virgil Christianized and turned monk—assuredly a poetical, lovable, gentle monk, even though he did demolish the statue of Apollo.

Reader, can we tempt you to take your Virgil to the seashore or the mountains this summer? If not the original, at least Mr. Williams' translation? Twelve books of the *Æneid*, one for each day of your two weeks' vacation—and on Sundays you may read the Rule of St. Benedict! Leave at home your popular novel, which to-day is and to-morrow is cast into the rubbish-heap. Betake yourself to a noble poet, whose beauty is like a delightful summer eve, when the sky is filled with a soft, effulgent glory and Mother Earth sinks to rest in quietness and peace.

JUVENILES.

The New Scholar at St. Anne's,†
a sequel to *The Madcap Set*, is an
entertaining little story of convent

boarding-school life. It deals with the fortunes of the stu-

* See *Historical Sketches*, essays on *The Mission of the Benedictine Order* and *The Benedictine Centuries*.

† *The New Scholar at St Anne's*. By Marion Brunowe. New York: Benziger Brothers.

dents and teachers when a new and uncomfortably original girl suddenly drops down into their rather quiet life. Encouraged by a doting and indulgent mother, the new scholar succeeds in overturning most of the rules of the school; but in the end becomes surprisingly docile. The characters are rather indefinitely drawn, but the management of the incidents shows a familiarity with the atmosphere of a convent boarding-school.

*Madge-Make-the-Best-of-It** needs no further commendation than to say that it belongs to the "St. Nicholas Series," and is worthy of its company.

Cupa Revisited† introduces young folk to the Californian Indian as he is to-day; and incidentally gives them a lesson in history by drawing their attention to the contrast between the Indian's condition to-day and that which he enjoyed while the missions flourished.

If we might, in the absence of the owner, borrow a favorite adjective of ex-President Roosevelt—we should like to declare *Between Friends*‡ simply "bully." It is a story of a group of boys in a boarding-school, where a spirit of honor and loyalty is cultivated, together with a keen devotion to the glory of Alma Mater in the baseball field.

The author who has delighted the juveniles with the pretty "Ridingdale" stories now addresses to their elders a set of life-stories,§ written with the same facile and graceful pen. These sketches, which, to borrow a phrase found in the book, may be called consolation stories, gather around the name of Claude Denville, a French artist who, with considerable experience of life recorded in his notebook, comes to Ridingdale, where he finds much addition to the acquaintance which he has made among lost and stolen sheep that were happily, through Providential interference, brought safe to fold.

* *Madge-Make-the-Best-of-It*. By M. E. Francis. New York: Benziger Brothers.

† *Cupa Revisited*. By Mary Mannix. New York: Benziger Brothers.

‡ *Between Friends*. By Richard Aumerle. New York: Benziger Brothers.

§ *Claude Denville, Artist*. By David J. Bearne, S.J. St. Louis: B. Herder.

THE NEW CATHOLIC
WEEKLY.

America, the new Catholic weekly, issued its first number on April 17. It supersedes *The Messenger*, the monthly magazine published under the same auspices. The editorial staff of the old monthly has been considerably increased. The new publication is under the direction of the Reverends John J. Wynne, S.J., Francis S. Betten, S.J., Lewis Drummond, S.J., Dominic Giacobbi, S.J., Michael Kenny, S.J., Michael J. O'Connor, S.J., and Edward P. Spillane, S.J. Fathers Wynne and Spillane were formerly of *The Messenger* staff.

The first number of *America* contains twenty-six pages of reading-matter, under the departments of Chronicle, Questions of the Day, Correspondence, Editorial, Literature, Educational, Science, Art, and Ecclesiastical News. The feature of the week is the space devoted to Joan of Arc, recently declared Blessed by Pius X.

The need in our country of an able Catholic weekly is a most pressing one. To *America*, which aims to fulfill that need, THE CATHOLIC WORLD extends a cordial welcome and its heartiest wishes for a long, prosperous, and successful life.

M. LOISY.

Here, at last, is the satisfactory discussion of the opinions of Loisy, with a criticism of them which shows that the man who set the world agog with *A Little Book*, has found "a foeman worthy of his steel."

M. Lepin devotes by far the larger part of his volume* to a summary of the views of M. Loisy, given according to the chronological order in which his books appeared. This part of the work is done clearly and succinctly, with admirable dispassionateness and scholarly self-restraint. Of explicit criticism there is very little in the first 230 pages.

But, even when he comes professedly to controvert M. Loisy's theories, Father Lepin is equally courteous, though by no means lacking in rigor of manner.

Perhaps the predominating feeling of any Catholic who reads this book, will be one of amazement that M. Loisy could have so long and so stoutly maintained his claim of being a Catholic. It would be difficult to find, either among outright ration-

* *Les Théories de M. Loisy. Exposé et Critique.* Par M. Lepin. Paris: Beauchesne et Cie.

alists or liberal Protestants of the most "liberal" tendencies, so radical a criticism of the Christian dogmas, of the historicity of the facts upon which the Christian religion is founded, or of the documents warranting the facts.

It is well known that Loisy, in the introduction to *Le Quatrième Evangile*, expressly rejected any historical or biographical value for St. John's Gospel. And in his more recent gigantic treatise upon the Synoptics, he systematically eliminates every miracle or supernatural fact; he casts suspicion upon the authenticity of well-nigh every text that would make of Christ anything but an ordinary prophet in whose life and death there was nothing thaumaturgic or supernatural. From the manger to the Cross, and from the Cross to the Ascension, scarcely any statement of historical or biographical fact escapes what M. Lepin rightly names the "pitiless rigor" of his criticism.

The narratives of the Infancy in Matthew and Luke, according to Loisy, have "not the slightest historical foundation." The genealogies were "invented to prove the descent of Jesus from David"; and were "elaborated in a circle which did not so much as have a suspicion of the virginal conception." The true and primitive Gospel-tradition points to Nazareth, not Bethlehem, as the birthplace of our Savior. And so he continues, eliminating, root and branch, the historical statements of the Gospels.

Even if we were to begin the life of Christ with the period of His maturity, as St. Mark does, still nothing historical remains undisputed. The hesitation of St. John the Baptist with regard to the baptizing of Jesus, is only a "fiction." Christ was not conscious of any previous existence with God, nor of any unique association with Divinity; all texts indicating the contrary are ruled out as unauthentic.

The great miracles and the small are indiscriminately set aside. The miracle of the multiplication of the loaves is so incredibly large that it must be only a "symbolic instruction"; the miracle of the coin of the tribute in the mouth of the fish is so small that it is only a childish invention. The healing the sick, the raising of the dead, the curing of demoniacs, of the blind and the deaf, are, for the most part, legendary or symbolic; a few extraordinary cases may actually have occurred, but they could be easily numbered. And as of the

miracles, so of the mysteries. The last supper was simply a farewell repast, afterwards elaborated in the narrative by the introduction of St. Paul's ideas about the Eucharistic meal. The words "this is My Body, this is My Blood" were not spoken.

The detail of the two asses in the story of the entry into Jerusalem, the Messianic acclaim in the temple, Judas' thirty pieces of silver, his repentance and death, the guard at the tomb, and all such historical incidents, are "legendary inventions, and very weak inventions."

The Resurrection of the Body of Christ cannot pretend to be a fact of history; the claim of the foundation of a Church Society by Christ is a kind of *ex post facto* invention.

So, we say, a Catholic wonders what can remain, not only of dogma, but of historic fact? Loisy shows himself less orthodox than Harnack or Weiss. His method, according to M. Lepin, is a revival of that of Strauss. He makes of the Gospels largely a concatenation of legends and symbolic narratives, and is more radical in his opinions of the historicity and authenticity of the sacred writings than perhaps any of his liberal contemporaries.

All these things become evident to one who will actually read Loisy, rather than read what the newspapers say of him; and if one's duty demand that he read Loisy systematically, he cannot do better than follow M. Lepin's order. Those who have not the melancholy necessity of following the thought of Loisy in his own works may be confident of an honest summary, as well as a powerful refutation, in M. Lepin.

Foreign Periodicals.

The Tablet (13 March): Reports under "Parliamentary News"; "The Suggested Enforced Military Service"; "Fair Wages in Government Contracts and Prohibition of Subletting."—The subject of "Topics of the Day" is The Maid of Orleans—the story of her death and how the decision of the Holy See as to her heroic virtue is ratified by the verdict of all the ages.—"Dancing in Churches." Father Thurston throws a flood of light on this interesting subject, and shows how widely the practice once prevailed in Western Europe.—Mr. Belloc's statement that "No Moral Considerations are Involved in Socialism," is criticised by A. P. Mooney, M.D., who gives extracts from the works of Marx, Keir, Hardie, and Mrs. Snowdon to prove the contrary.

(20 March): A profound impression was created in the House of Commons by the Prime Minister's speech on "The Government and the Navy." If Mr. Balfour is right, then the supremacy of the seas will pass from Great Britain in 1911.—"The Nation's Drink Bill" shows a remarkable diminution in the volume of the ocean of drink upon which the people still squanders its millions.—"Public Procession of the Blessed Sacrament" took place in Manchester as the closing function of a great mission. Thousands of men and women marched in line carrying candles.—Apropos of Dr. Ingram's claim to be a lineal descendant of the Catholic pre-Reformation Bishops of London, Father Hayden, S.J., delivered a lecture on "Rome and Winchester in the Fourteenth Century." From authorities quoted, the Anglican Bishop's claim does not seem to rest on a very solid foundation.

(27 March): Records the death of "Father George Angus," a well-known convert from Anglicanism and a frequent contributor to the columns of *The Tablet*.—"Rome and the Press." A letter by Mr. Chesterton in reply to a Protestant assertion that "Catholics seemed to be capturing the Press of the country." The writer is of opinion that the days of the bogus anti-popery revelations have passed away.—Mr. Roosevelt's edi-

torial in the *Outlook* on "Socialism" is quoted with approval. If he cannot longer use "the big stick" he can wield "the big pen."—A correspondent, Mr. Osborne, gives an account of a society in existence in the Anglican Church called "The Living Rosary of our Lady and St. Dominic."—Under "Literary Notes," we read that the late Francis Thompson's article on Shelley, which appeared recently in the *Dublin Review*, has been issued in book-form. It appears that so far back as 1889 it was offered to the *Review*, only to be rejected.

The Month (March): The place of honor is given to an article by Father Keating, S.J., on "Rights and Wrongs of Education." Taken all round, he says, a clever scoundrel is something much less desirable than a pious fool. According to Catholic notions a child must not only know how to spell "soul," but he must learn to keep it clean.—The object of "Senlac," by Mr. Belloc, is to show that Freeman was mistaken in giving this uncouth name to the Battle of Hastings.—"The Main Problem of the Universe," by the Editor, deals with Natural Selection as a *Vera Causa*. Neither observation nor statistics show that we are justified in regarding it as such.—Father Thurston, in "Some Recent Clerical Scandals," gives us what may be considered a parody of the controversial methods of such writers as Dr. H. C. Lea, who have a predilection for the shady side of ecclesiastical history.—Other articles are: "Foreign Missions," by the Rev. H. Ahaus.—"The 'Last Supper' by some Flemish Painters," by Veva Randolph.

The Crucible (March): In an address on "The Business Habit in Woman," Cecil Gradwell urges promptness and punctuality in keeping appointments and paying bills. She warns against over-sharpness in business, which verges on the dishonest.—Dom Lambert Nolle, O.S.B., discusses the "Woman Question" and her aptitude for public life. He complains that not infrequently women are appointed to positions, not because they are more capable than men, but because they are cheaper.—Alice Johnson, Medical Officer of the Lambeth Poor Law Schools, furnishes an article on "The Feeble-

Minded and How to Deal With Them." As an institution where an ideal condition of things exists, she cites Waverly School, Massachusetts, some eight miles from Boston.—In the "History of Religions," Rev. C. Martindale, S.J., while deploring the scantiness of Catholic literature on the subject, gives what he calls an unblushing recommendation to the C. T. S. lectures dealing with this matter. They are thirty-two in number and are now being published as penny pamphlets.

The Expository Times (March): Among "Notes of Recent Exposition," we find "Can Christianity Justify Itself to the Present Age?" It has done so in the past, it can do so to-day.—"The Use and Abuse of an Earthquake." We are to believe it is from the hand of God, but not that it is sent as a punishment for a sin with which it has no connection.—"The Religious-Historical Movement in German Theology," by Rev. J. M. Shaw. Its prime mover was Ritschl, who sought to recover for faith the absolute value of the personality of the historic Jesus.—"The Development of the Religious Consciousness," by Principal Garvie. In *dæmonism* we have the earliest form of religion. There were many spirits; power was their attribute, and so man tried to get on friendly terms with them by his gifts and by his prayers.—Under the caption "The New Herzog" is given an exposition of Professor Zirn's article on "The Trinity." The doctrine of the Trinity is a safeguard against Deism on the one hand and Pantheism on the other. The immanent Trinity and the Trinity of Revelation must go together.

The International (March): "Some New Tendencies in Art," is an appeal against what the Editor calls one of the most unfounded platitudes of the age in which we live; namely, "The burial of all artistic conceptions beneath the ultra-realistic life of the present day."—In "Sweating and the Fair Wages Report," Percy Alden reviews the findings of the Parliamentary Committee and suggests some remedies to alleviate the disease.—That Germany is making a brave attempt at the reconciliation of justifiable Socialism and Individualism is shown by Adolf Damaschke in "Land and Land-Tax Reform."—"So-

cialism in America." The writer, Otto Salland, of New York, admits that the late Presidential election did not realize the hopes of the Socialists. In most cities the Socialistic candidate lost votes; still he believes the leaven is working, especially among the intellectual classes.—Rosine Handlirsch, in "The Development of the Love of Nature in Art," shows how the natural sciences have played an important part in the development of art, especially in animal and landscape painting. Zola's phrase, "let the sunlight in," has become the watchword.

The International Journal of Ethics (April): "The Meaning of Evolution in Ethics." What, the writer, Norman Wilde, asks, has Evolution done for Ethics? He discovers four things, and in consequence we have come to consider moral conduct as part of conduct in general.—In "Apologies for Political Corruption," Robt. C. Brooks suggests four main lines of argument usually advanced by the *advocatus diaboli*. Not one of them however, he says, stands the test of analysis.—"Experience for Science and Religion," by Frank Granger, shows that there is a likeness between the prophet of science and the prophet of religion, inasmuch as both classes of men declare a vision of truth.—E. Belford Bax, in "The Interpretation of Ethical Evolution," predicts that the day is coming when certain courses of conduct, now regarded as ethically justifiable, will be condemned by the moral law of the time.—W. R. Hughes describes "An Experiment in Social and Religious Education Without Creed Limitations." It is called "The Alpha Union" and it aims at spiritual catholicity.

The Hibbert Journal (April): Opens with an anonymous article entitled "Credo," a confession of faith in one God immanent and transcendent, ever reconciling the world unto Himself.—That the doctrine of the Trinity is neither absurd nor unthinkable is the verdict of Professor Keyer of Columbia, in his article, "The Message of Modern Mathematics to Theology."—"The Disillusions of Merely Human Democracy," by P. T. Forsyth, has as its aim the insufficiency of social righteousness to supply effective sympathy. All true brotherly love has as its basis the grace of the cross.—Professor Vida Scudder continues

her analysis of Socialism in "Socialism and Class Feeling." What it aims at is not the transfer of privilege but the abolition of it.—In "The Message of Mr. Gilbert K. Chesterton," Mr. John A. Hutten endeavors to tell why Mr. Chesterton believes in God.—The trend of thought underlying the prevailing religions among western nations is exposed by Professor Muirhead in "Is there a Common Christianity?"—"Christianity among the Religions," by J. D. Buckham, D.D.—While Professor James describes "The Philosophy of Bergson" as the breath of the morning and the song of birds.

The Irish Ecclesiastical Record (March): That the appeal which Socialists make to the early Christian Church to find support for their theories and practices is untrue to fact is the trend of Doctor Hogan's article "The Fathers of the Church and Socialism."—The Rev. P. Morrisroe, in "The Quadragesimal Fast," gives a brief retrospect of the evolution of the Lenten cycle, and shows how in the matter of fasting we have degenerated from the rigorous practice of the early Church.—In "Roger Bacon and Modern Studies" the Rev. T. J. Walshe claims that the celebrated philosopher ranks to-day amongst the greatest educators of modern times. At the same time it must be borne in mind that he was not the high-priest of Induction, as is often stated; his distinction was not to originate but to develop the practical application of induction.—Other articles are: "The Irish Mythological Cycle," by Rev. A. M. Skelly, O.P., of San Francisco.—And "A Northumbrian Monastery," by Rev. G. E. Hind, O.S.B.

Le Correspondant (10 March): Under the heading "A People Who Do Not Wish to Die," M. Estienne Hennet de Goutel gives one hundred years of Polish history, pointing out that the old antagonisms have practically died out and that the extension of civil liberties in Russia augurs well for the future of Poland.—M. George Fonsgrive gives a mélange of current literary opinion on the question of "Love, the Family, and Marriage." His conclusion is that two ideas of the married life hold sway, happiness and love. For the most part, he says, writers fail to grasp the true meaning of either one or the other.

—"The Catholic Renaissance on the Eve of the Protestant Reformation," by Bernard de Lacombe, exposes the commonly accepted fallacy that the Reformation found a Church corrupt and without hope. On the contrary, it was a Church full of life, with the power and will to reform and renew herself.—Other articles are: "Catholic Congresses," by the Bishop of Langres.—"The Social Movement," by A. Bechaux.

Études (5 March): Lucien Raure reviews the chief "Agnostic Theories." He defends the Scholastic opinion and attacks the Modernistic.—"The Religious Life of Brazil" is described by Joseph Burnichon.—Based upon evidence obtained in 1778, Jules Grivet gives an account of "The Last Moments of Voltaire." He refused the administrations of the priests and died at enmity with God.—Favorable reviews are given to Thureau-Dangin's recent work on *The Royal Inscriptions of Sumer and of Accad*. Also to L. W. King's and H. R. Hall's *Egypt and Western Asia*, in the light of recent discoveries.—In the "Bulletin of Patrology" reference is made to a recent discussion between H. Harnack and E. Schwartz regarding the authenticity of a document relating to the Synod of Antioch in 324. The reviewer thinks M. Schwartz had the better of the argument.

(20 March): Ferdinand Cavallera traces the history of "The Psalms and Odes of Solomon," one of the apocryphal books of the Old Testament. All trace of the work had been lost sight of until the eighteenth century, when it was discovered by D. Hoeschel, librarian at Augsburg.—"Three French Physicists," by Joseph de Joannis, a continued article, is occupied with an account of the discoveries of M. Gabriel Lippmann, of the Sorbonne, who has just gained the Nobel prize in physics.—Paul Dudon reviews the first volume of M. Gustave Bord's *Beginnings of Freemasonry in France*. His conclusions are these: The Jewish origin of the Lodges is chimerical, as is also their affiliation with Manichæism. He gives the middle of the seventeenth century as the date of the introduction of the symbolism of Solomon's temple and the founding of the three grades of apprentice, companion, and master.

Revue du Monde Catholique (1 March): Abbé Mazeas discusses "Buddhism," its origin, doctrine, and morals. Special attention is given to a comparison of the teachings of the Buddha with those of Christ.—In "French Apologists of the Nineteenth Century," Mgr. d'Hulst is considered as a philosopher and orator; his theory regarding the synthesis of Scholasticism and Science is explained.—Leon Leconte, in his article on "The Jews," traces the expectation of the Messiah gathered from the Jewish sacred books; and the relation of this expectation to the looking forward by nations, contemporaneous with the Jews, to the coming of a Deliverer.—Abbé Chauvel relates strange incidents in "The Devil and Table Turning," telling of one case where a boy was crushed against the wall and of the demand of the table to be baptized. Adapting the old adage *Timeo Danaos et eos dona ferentes*, he advises strongly against such dealings with the Evil One.

(15 March): "The Spanish Apologists of the Nineteenth Century," by P. At, exposes the life and work of Juan Donoso-Cortes. It was a protest against the debased idea of liberty which had been rife in Europe since the Reformation.—In "Woman and Her Mission," M. Secard deals with the sufferings of life and the part which woman is called upon to play in enduring them. The Mother of Sorrows stands forth as an example. How are they to be borne? The remedy is detachment from the world, attachment to God.—Abbé Barrett furnishes the third chapter on "The Restoration of the Ecclesiastical Chant."—"The System of Cosmogony, in Accordance with the Biblical Narrative," by Marc Passami, shows the two-fold meaning of the word *day*, and how the Mosaic account is in accord with science and reason.

Revue Pratique d'Apologétique (1 March): "The Beginnings of Christian Apologetic," by M. J. Lebreton, deals with the message of Christ according to the Synoptists. One thing seems to stand out clearly—the Divinity. The New Law, the Kingdom of God, the Heavenly Father, are so intimately united in Christ that we are justified in saying, with St. Irenæus, that "the manifestation of the Son, is the revelation of the Father."—The article

on "The Foundation of Moral Obligation," by M. Clodius Piat, is brought to a close. The ancients believed that their laws came from the gods, the modernists, however, believe that they are a law unto themselves, and their rule of conduct is, get the most you can out of life.—
 "The Theological Notion of Person," by M. L. Labauche. Person, as defined by Boetius, is *Naturæ rationalis individua substantia*, so in person we are able to distinguish three characteristics. In the human creature there is a real distinction between substance and person, but in God the same substance is common to the three persons.

La Revue des Sciences Ecclésiastiques et La Science Catholique. (March): M. Harault, in a fifth paper, concludes his review of "The Theology of William of Champeaux." The topic considered is the Holy Eucharist under its various modes of reception, namely Dipping (Intinction); Communicating children under one species; Communion under two species.—"Apropos of the Miracles of Lourdes," by M. Camille Daux. The article is a consideration of St. Augustine's defence (*De Civitate Dei*) of the miracles of the Church. The position taken is from the point of view of the modern scientific tests of the miracles at Lourdes.—"The End and Aim of Scholastic Philosophy," by M. Chauvin, is a review of a volume of conferences given by M. Janier at Notre Dame. The first four are concerned with sin under four aspects, as it affects our physical, moral, social, and supernatural life. The last two are upon eternal punishment.—Other articles are: "The Structure of the Psalms," by l'Abbé E. Neveut.—"An Example in Exegesis," by M. C. Héber.

Stimmen aus Maria-Laach (15 March): M. Meschler, S.J., writes on "The Lay Apostolate." Our present time, in its struggle for individuality, independence, internationalism, has something titanic in its character. Much success creates presumption, with all its attendant miseries. The need of the hour is a lay-apostolate and never before had it such opportunities for doing good.—J. Bessmer, S.J., writing on "Second Sight," does not profess to give a conclusive judgment, but attempts only to answer

some secondary questions, *i.e.*, how much can be explained by well-known natural influences.—J. Braun, S.J., gives an account of some newly discovered documents in the history of the building of “The Jesuit Church in Cologne.”—The attack on “Haeckel’s Methods of Research,” is continued by E. Wasmann, S.J. He shows that Haeckel failed to clear himself of the charge of falsifying evidence in order to uphold his theories.—The character and works of the Italian poet “Silvio Pellico,” are sketched by A. Baumgartner, S.J.

La Civiltà Cattolica (6 March): “Joan of Arc,” gives the history of her heavenly call to deliver France, the condition of the country in her day, and the false accusations which brought about her downfall. The action of the Church in her beatification, under Leo XIII., and what is being done at present, are commented upon.—“Catherine II. and the Catholics of Russia.” P. Pierling, S.J., reviews the action of Catherine and her jealousy of the Catholic Church. Before the close of her reign almost ten thousand parishes, over one hundred convents, and millions of Catholics had been forcibly separated from the Roman See and united with the National church.—“Moral Education in Japan.” Rev. Joseph Dahlman, S.J., begins an article on this subject. He points out that moral duty calls upon the Japanese to dedicate himself, first to his country, then to his family. This, in brief, makes up his idea of morality.

La Scuola Cattolica (March): “The Basis of Faith.” G. Balzerini considers at length the accusations of the followers of the New Apologetics, who would make faith a blind and unreasonable act.—“The Third Chapter of Genesis.” An exposition, by A. Cellini, of the reasons of those who would have this chapter interpreted as an allegory. Solutions of their various difficulties are given.—Under the title “Allah,” B. Ricci describes the condition of the Arabian people at Mahomet’s coming and tells of his mission among them; Mahomet’s doctrines, religious, moral, and social, are examined.—“In Defence of Scientific Truth,” by L. Necchi. A discussion of the accusation brought against Haeckel that he invented facts to fill up the lacunæ of his investiga-

tions, to support a doubtful hypothesis.—A. Gemelli writes on "The Teaching of Pastoral Medicine."—And E. Pasteris continues "The Myths About Hell in Homer."

Razón y Fe (March): L. Murillo continues his articles on "The Holy See and the Book of Isaias," treating especially of the Messianic prophecies in the light of tradition and of modern criticism.—In the life and works of "Lope de Vega, Man and Sacred Poet," J. M. Aicardo finds, notwithstanding human weakness, a love of honor, of patriotism, a true devotion to Catholicism, and a supernatural contrition for his failings.—E. Urgarte de Ercilla treats "The Theodicy of the Modernists," and exposes their views as to the proofs for the existence and nature of God.—"The Human Element in History." Must it be told? Should it be exaggerated by the Modernists or glossed over by the fearful? Can it be co-existent with the sanctity of the Church? E. Portillo considers these questions.—N. Noguer finds no intrinsic difficulty in "State Aid in Co-Operative Associations," but only in the time, manner, and limit of offering it.—Florentino Ogara treats St. John Chrysostom, "The Patron and Model of Preachers," as expositor of the Bible.—"Twelve Years of Radio-Activity" continued by Jaime Maria del Barrio.

España y América (1 March): The death of D. Federico Olmeda calls forth a eulogy of his musical genius from Henri Collet. The breadth of his activity in quartets, Masses, fugues, symphonies, lyric opera, and his eminence in organ music make him one of the most interesting as well as technically one of the most competent modern composers.—P. Mariano Rodríguez H. shows, in "The Restoration of the Republic of Cuba," the joy that succeeded the complicated party spirit and that augurs a brilliant future.—"Scientific Ethics," with morality independent of metaphysics, of God, and of positive religion, is examined by P. Aurelio Martínez.—P. E. Negrete reviews Gonzalez-Blanco's *History of the Novel from the Romantic Period to the Present Day*.—The fallacies of the "Mechanical Theory of the Ori-

gin of Life" from matter, are exposed by P. I. Martinez.

(15 March): P. Santiago Garcia treats the Modernists' conception of the relations between "Church and State," and shows how baneful and how opposed to Papal teaching would be their separation, as witnessed by present conditions in France.—The article by P. Mariano Rodriguez H., having received especial marks from both government and press of appreciation and gratitude, he continues to show how, in "The Present Situation of the Republic of Colombia," peace, education, and labor will make sure its glorious future.—Felipe Robles discusses further the "Philosophy of the Verb."—Musings on "The Close of Ovid's Metamorphoses," by Guillermo Jünemann.—P. M. Blanco Garcia does not believe that Cuba is really free, and proves it from the words and newspaper caricatures of "the barbarians of the North," whose "insidious politics" have been so well (or so badly) exhibited in Hawaii.—Further topics discussed are the Japanese Question, the life of a Spanish-American patriot, de Navarro, and the exhibition of the work of Sorolla, the artist.

Current Events.

France.

The French ministry has had many causes for anxiety, and its existence has been threatened repeatedly, but so far it has emerged triumphant over all difficulties. The conflict between the Minister for Finance and the Minister for the Navy was averted by a compromise, the latter Minister, in the end, agreeing to accept much less than he had at first demanded. How bad the state of the Navy has become is shown by the fact that the large sum of money (nearly forty millions of dollars) which, after so much difficulty, has been obtained, is not to be devoted to the building of new ships, but merely to make the ships already built really effective and fit for use. For this purpose guns have to be supplied, together with ammunition; proper docks have to be provided in order to accommodate the ships. While the necessity of sea-power is recognized, France does not propose to enter upon any competitive contest with Germany or Great Britain, although, in order to keep the Navy from "regrettable fluctuations," an Organic Navy Law is being prepared in order to determine the nature of the naval programme, the number and class of fleets, their age-limits, and various other particulars. The Chamber of Deputies voted the credits demanded by the government, but at the same time appointed a Committee to examine into the bad administration of the past, antecedent to the advent to power of the present Minister, M. Picard.

The long-discussed Income Tax Bill has at last been passed by the Lower House, and is now being subjected to the examination of a Committee appointed by the Senate. It is generally looked upon as certain that the Bill will emerge from this examination in a very different shape from that in which it left the Chamber; and this seems to be very likely, for almost all the members of the Committee elected by the Chamber are known to be opposed to the Bill, while some are opposed to every kind of Income Tax. But in the Chamber, Royalists and Socialists alike voted for the Bill, and the speech of the Finance Ministers was ordered to be placarded throughout the country. The chief opponents were a group of Liberal

politicians of the old school of Léon Say. These stigmatized its proposals as reactionary, and as opposed to the traditions and aims of the French Revolution. But the Finance Minister, in the speech which met with such emphatic approbation of the Chamber, declared it to be the carrying out of a vast task for the relief of the people; so vast a task, indeed, that no French Parliament since 1790 had dared to undertake it. It would lighten the burden of the small taxpayers; small land-owners and small storekeepers would have to pay much less; undemocratic privileges, still in existence, would be abolished—and this at a cost to the well-to-do classes of only two or three per cent more on their entire income. Of these classes the Senate is the representative, and, strange to say, its members are not willing to make this sacrifice for the benefit of their less fortunate fellow-citizens. It is thought that the next elections will largely turn upon this question: Should the Senate have taken adverse action, or no action at all?

M. Clemenceau has been expatiating on the establishment in France of the reign of liberty which the republic has inaugurated. While it cannot be denied that several beneficial laws have recently been made—the trade union law, laws for sick relief, a weekly day of rest, workmen's compensation, and, he says, a host of other measures—the officials of the State, employed in the Post Office, Telegraph and Telephone Offices, do not seem to think that they are living in a country which is free. At all events, they took steps which almost paralyzed the activities of civilized life, commerce, and industry, and even constituted a danger for the State. The strike took place at a time when the Servian question was in its most critical stage, and the action taken by the strikers, which included the cutting of telegraph wires, rendered it very difficult for the government to keep up communication with the Powers with whom negotiations were being carried on. It was a notable example of the power which working-people have, but also of the bad use to which that power may at times be put. The government stood firm and asserted its authority and the duty of submission to it as clearly as the Tsar or the Shah could have done. It treated the movement as an organized revolutionary agitation, as blackmail by strike, as a revolt against the nation. The Chamber declared its resolve not to tolerate the strikes of functionaries and voted confidence in the govern-

ment's measures for restoring peace and order. Even the Socialist-Radicals concurred in this condemnation, and only 69 members of the Assembly were opposed to it.

The strikers had, there is reason to believe, legitimate reasons for discontent, how legitimate it is impossible to say without intimate technical knowledge; and some of these grievances were of ten years' standing. The Under-Secretary, who was at the head of the Post Office Department, was, it is said, unsympathetic and autocratic, and had at heart a thing which is always resented by subordinates—economy. It was at his door that all the blame was cast, and his resignation was vehemently and repeatedly demanded, and as vehemently and repeatedly refused.

After nearly a week, during which France was brought to a condition bordering upon industrial and social anarchy, the strikers returned to work upon conditions which, while they were not detrimental to the principle of authority asserted throughout by the government, yet gave satisfaction to the strikers. The obnoxious head of the Post Office was not removed, nor did he resign; but it was intimated that, in the near future, a technically expert Under-Secretary would be appointed. All the strikers were permitted to return to the places which they had abandoned, and even those who had been sent to prison for expressing the desire that M. Simyan should be spit upon, were released and reinstated. The return to work is described as having been triumphant, and the whole movement was declared by its chief organizer as having been a marvelous advance towards liberty, a thing which should be highly pleasing to M. Clemenceau, although this advance is looked upon as being due to the unconditional surrender, in practice of principles which, he had proclaimed in the Chamber, he would always maintain.

This, however, is too harsh a judgment. The claims of the men were in the main just, and had been recognized as such; and no remedy had been applied, although often promised. The manner in which, in the end, these claims were enforced cannot be approved; but is injustice to be persevered in because the wrong way of seeking a remedy has been chosen? On the whole, out of a very difficult position a very satisfactory way of escape has been found. While the wrongs which led to the strike have been righted, the Chamber has maintained the prin-

ciple of national sovereignty and has refused to be dictated to by a group, however powerful, of civil servants. This determination was expressed by the Chamber's declaration of its approval of M. Simyan's administration by a vote of 417 Deputies to 67. These events have hastened on the preparation of a Bill regulating the status of civil servants, which will soon be presented to the Chamber. France has now to face the problem of how to reconcile freedom of association for legitimate objects with the rights of the State and of individuals.

The relations with Morocco, since Germany has withdrawn, are fairly satisfactory. The mission to Fez has settled most of the points in debate, although it has been judged expedient to adjourn the discussion of some of these points. Mulai Hafid still maintains his position as Sultan, although he has had to fight with one actual Pretender, and to capture a Shereef who was on the point of becoming another. A good opinion is entertained of Mulai Hafid's character. He is considered to be sensible, broad-minded, and reliable, and more anxious for reforms than are his subjects to be reformed. Whether the possession of power will spoil him remains to be seen. A whole month has passed without any sign of a disagreement with Germany, although France has co-operated with Great Britain and Russia in their attempts to settle the Austro-Servian question. In fact, the relations between these Three Powers is becoming so intimate that it is beginning to be called the Triple *Entente*.

Germany.

Prince Bülow has met with many difficulties in trying to secure the approval of the plan proposed by his government for raising the one hundred and twenty-five millions of additional taxation, and in holding together the Conservative-Liberal *bloc* which lends its support to him. The Conservatives represent property and will not make any sacrifice in order to maintain its privileges; the Liberals represent the middle classes and have theories of taxation which are diametrically opposed to those of the Conservatives. It is no wonder, therefore, that it has proved hard to keep them together. After long discussion a compromise was arrived at by the leaders, but on its publication it was condemned by the Liberal Press as a defiance of every principle of sound politics

and of sound finance. The *bloc* was formed, as is well known, in order to deprive the Catholic Centre of the power which it had theretofore possessed in the Reichstag. It is said that its members are now looking upon the situation with unveiled mirth, in fact it has become a question whether the *bloc* is any longer in existence, while the Social Democrats find in this compromise proposals which are an endorsement of their own principles. Taxation is a dry subject for discussion, but one which comes very near to each individual; and upon it the existence even of nations in the long run depends. It is important for Germany that this question should be settled; but a settlement seems farther off than ever. Nearly every one of the proposals made by the government has been rejected by the Committee of the Reichstag to whose consideration they were submitted. Strange to say, all parties agree to an increase in the tax on beer. The German system of adjusting taxation between the various States and the Empire is very complicated: the makers of the American Constitution were much more successful in their efforts.

The necessity for this immense addition to the already heavy taxation is, of course, the construction of the Navy, with a view to Germany's becoming as strong at sea as she is on land. It is, however, being brought home to not a few Germans that the price to be paid is very high, and they are beginning to ask themselves the question whether it is worth what it will cost. The Conservative *Kreuz-Zeitung*, a leading organ of the party, plainly declares that: "Germany is not in a financial position, over and above its supremely strong military power, to build and to maintain a fleet which could protect its foreign trade interests and its colonies in a war with England." It proceeds to suggest that an arrangement with England would be a proof not of weakness but of wisdom. The Social Democrats, the most numerous party in the Empire, are known to be of the same opinion. It would be well for the Empire if it came to be quite generally adopted, for there is no doubt that, so far as Great Britain is concerned, such a proposal would be welcomed by all but a few. It is upon social reformers that the British want to spend their money, not upon war *matériel*. Nor are there wanting Frenchmen who would be glad to draw near to Germany in order to secure peace in the future. The well-known advocate of peace,

Baron d'Estournelles de Constant, is to give a lecture in Berlin upon a Franco-German *rapprochement* as the basis of a World Peace. How many Frenchmen share his views we do not know; but the wonderful growth of the Arbitration movement in a short time gives reason to hope for the best. The chief cause of trouble to the world is that Germany is just emerging from a period in which, under Bismarck, she had the undisputed hegemony of Europe, and many Germans find it hard to take a somewhat lower place. But Bismarck has gone; there is no one to do a work equal to his; France has been restored to her old position; and so the change seems inevitable. We hope that it may be brought about peacefully; recent events, however, seem to make it clear that the old ideas will die hard.

The interposition of Germany in the Austro-Servian dispute shows that the old spirit is still alive. Exactly how this interposition took place is not known. According to one account the Kaiser sent an autograph letter to the Tsar giving him twenty-four hours' notice that if he did not consent to recognize the annexation of Bosnia and Herzegovina, German troops would march into Russian territory. He went so far as to refuse to grant the request of Russia for time to consult with France and Great Britain. The truth of this, however, is denied, but that such a thing should be even credible, makes one grateful for living in a country where the peace and happiness of millions are not dependent upon the good-will of one individual. We have many abuses and evils with which to contend, but our highest interests are not at the mercy of one man.

Whatever doubt may exist as to the manner of the intervention, there is no doubt that in some way or other it took place, and that it was effective. For up to that time Russia had been acting with France and Great Britain, and had refused to recognize the annexation of Bosnia and Herzegovina. As a consequence of Germany's action, however, without waiting to consult with the two Powers, Russia intimated to Austria her willingness to recognize the annexation. Her weakness at the present time made it necessary to suffer this humiliation; but great states are not saints, and there is every reason to believe that Germany is laying up for herself wrath against the day of wrath; that is to say, chastisement when Russia

becomes strong. It does not seem to be at all probable that Russia will withdraw from co-operation with France and Great Britain, or that the two latter Powers will resent her conduct in taking separate action. It is more likely, indeed, that the three will be brought closer together, for the necessity for their union has become clearer.

The British Secretary of the Admiralty has caused great excitement by the announcement that the German rate of naval construction had been increased and the date of the laying down of the warship anticipated. Consequently, there would be seventeen battleships ready in 1912 instead of the thirteen which had been calculated upon. This has led to a change in the British plans, and to an increase in the number of ships which are to be built, but not to so large an increase as would satisfy the Conservatives. It has also been the means of bringing into closer co-operation the various parts of the British Empire. New Zealand has offered one or two Dreadnoughts, Australia seems likely to do the same, Canada is willing to co-operate, but not precisely in the same way. The highest officials in Germany have publicly denied both the anticipation and the acceleration of rate. This has raised the question of how far these assurances can be trusted; and instances are being recalled to the public recollection of what must be called deception which has been practised by the highest German authorities.

Prince Bülow's admirers have lately been boasting that he is the first of the Chancellors who have succeeded Bismarck who has returned to that statesman's diplomatic methods, and readers of Busch's memoirs will not need to be told what those methods were. One instance may be given: During the Franco-Prussian war, Russia set aside the provisions of the Treaty of Paris, which restricted the action of her fleet in the Black Sea, and did this without consulting the Powers who were parties to the Treaty. Prince Bismarck assured the British Foreign Minister that he was surprised by what Russia had done. It has now been proved, by Prince Bismarck's own reminiscences, that he had instigated the action in order to keep Russia neutral during the war with France. The truth is, German officials have learned to distinguish: when they speak of desiring peace, they mean a peace which is to leave Germany at the head; when

they talk of laying down a ship, laying down means a much more advanced stage in the building of a ship than is so regarded by other nations. Language is used as a means of concealing thought and purpose, and so it is hard to place a desirable confidence in the assurances given.

Austria-Hungary. After nearly six months, during which Austria-Hungary and Serbia were more than once on the verge of war, the question at issue has been settled peacefully so far as the immediate present is concerned. What the ultimate issue will be no one can say. Austria required from Serbia an unambiguous disavowal of all the claims which she had been advancing so vehemently and so long. Sir Edward Grey, the British Foreign Minister, succeeded in obtaining a slight mitigation in favor of Serbia, and thereupon all the Powers called for Serbia's acceptance of them. As Russia, just before, had yielded to Germany, it was clear to the Servian government that there was no one to give support in a conflict with Austria-Hungary. Accordingly Serbia sent in the required submission, in which she acknowledged that none of her rights had been injured by the annexation of Bosnia and Herzegovina, and that to whatever action the Powers should take with reference to the Article of the Treaty of Berlin, which had been broken by the annexation, she would conform. She engaged herself to abandon all opposition and to make no further protest, to change the course of her political action, to live as a good neighbor of the Dual Monarchy. The troops called out would be sent home, and the irregulars dismissed. Austria graciously accepted this submission, and so the war was averted.

The Servian people took the action of their government quietly and acquiesced, although they had been vowing for many months that they would never yield, and would rather sacrifice all that men hold dear. Perhaps if the Servians had had a better reputation they would have met with more effective support. As victims of injustice they called forth a certain amount of sympathy, as also for being a weak power in comparison with their opponent; but, from top to bottom, they are the most graceless people of Europe. Their kings have

been conspicuous for depravity, they themselves for cruelty; the murder of the last king and queen and the practical condonation extended to it indicate the degree of degradation to which the kingdom has fallen. The Crown Prince, who has just renounced his right of succession, was forced to take this step, it is said, because he had been guilty of murdering one of his servants; and this was not the first but the last of a series of deeds of violence. So there was nothing but a pure love of justice to move the Powers to act in favor of Servia, and this pure love was not sufficient to lead to active warlike measures.

What has Austria-Hungary gained by the annexation of the Provinces? Additional territory has been acquired and the number of the population increased. To the already numerous Parliaments a new one is to be added. A step towards the *Ægean* Sea has been taken, and the road towards it made easier. On the other hand, immense sums of money have been spent, the confidence felt in Austria as a conservative and trustworthy power, the sympathy felt for it as having suffered loss from unscrupulous neighbors, have been destroyed. The success she has attained is due largely to the support received from a Power which never makes a gift without exacting something worth more in return. The Russian people have been alienated, and are now waiting for an opportunity to revenge themselves. Baron von Aehrenthal is being acclaimed as the most successful statesman of his time. But the real truth, we suspect, is that, although he nominally remains in power, the Emperor Francis Joseph has resumed control and that it is by his invincible love of peace that the outbreak of war was prevented.

The formal recognition of the annexation of the Provinces of Bosnia and Herzegovina has been made. It seems very unlikely that a Conference will be called. Austria-Hungary has addressed to the Powers who were parties to the Treaty of Berlin a request for the abrogation of Article XXV. of that Treaty, and a favorable response has been given. The Powers were able to do this the more easily, and without departure from principle, because Turkey had acquiesced by separate negotiations, although the documents have not been formally signed.

Turkey.

Perhaps, however, it would be rash to anticipate that even this formality will be achieved in view of the events which are taking place just as these lines are being printed. These happenings have disappointed the hopes, so long entertained, that the subjects of the Sultan would be delivered from his accursed yoke without the shedding of blood. Who is to blame, it is too soon to say. It cannot, we fear, be denied that the Committee of Union and Progress had fallen from the high ideals to which they had at first been loyal. They usurped power by not submitting to the parliamentary *régime*, which they had called into being, and consequently had lost the moral influence which they originally possessed. This gave an opportunity to the enemies of the Constitution—among whom must be included, in spite of all protestations to the contrary, the Sultan. He then made an attempt to recover the power which he had lost; it is to be hoped that this attempt will lead to the end of the reign of a tyrant whose rule has long been a disgrace to civilization.

THE COLUMBIAN READING UNION.

MR. ROBINSON NICOLL gives the following estimate of J. M. Synge, the Irish dramatist, who died lately in Dublin, at the age of thirty-seven :

He had been in delicate health for some years. Mr. Synge lived for many years the life of a wandering scholar, traveling from city to city, and from country to country. He knew Italy and Bavaria and Paris in those wandering years, but he wrote nothing till Mr. W. B. Yeats persuaded him to return to Ireland, and to go and live on the Aran Islands. He has done so by fits and starts for the last ten years, and has produced the plays by which he is known, "The Shadow of the Glen"; "Riders to the Sea"; "The Well of the Saints"; "The Tinker's Wedding"; and others. Mr. Synge also wrote a prose work on the Aran Islands. A writer in the *Manchester Guardian*, says: "His 'Riders to the Sea' is the tragic masterpiece of our language in our time. Wherever it has been played in Europe, from Galway to Prague, it has made the word tragedy mean something more profoundly stirring and cleansing to the spirit than it did. . . . But though he has died at thirty-seven, his fame is as safe as Shelley's; no one with a sense for the higher values in letters could touch his work, and not feel that it had authentic greatness, and that its heat and light came up from the central fires of human passion."

This is high praise, but I am inclined to think that it is deserved. "Riders to the Sea" occupies only some twenty-three sparsely-printed pages, but every word tells.

In an Aran cottage there are Maurya, an old woman; Bartley, her son; Cathleen, her daughter; and Nora, a younger daughter. The mother is lying down, and the daughters are speaking about Michael, a brother who has been lost at sea. The young priest has brought them a shirt and a plain stocking, got off a drowned man in Donegal. Bartley, the surviving son, is determined to go to sea in spite of his mother. He goes out without bread, and without his mother's blessing. She goes after him with the bread, saying: "In the big world the old people do be leaving things after them for their sons and children, but in this place it is the young men do be leaving things behind for them that do be old."

When she is out the girls cut the knot of the parcel. Nora takes up a stocking and counts the stitches, crying out: "It's Michael, Cathleen, it's Michael; God spare his soul, and what will herself say when she hears this story, and Bartley on the sea?"

The mother comes in very slowly with the bread still in her hand, and says she has seen Michael riding and galloping on the gray pony behind Bartley on the red mare. The daughters tell her that Michael is dead, and in a little while the people come in carrying the body of Bartley and saying: "The gray pony knocked him over into the sea, and he was washed out where there is a great surf on the white rocks."

Maurya (raising her head and speaking as if she did not see the people around her): They're all gone now, and there isn't anything more the sea can do to me. . . . I'll have no call now to be up and crying and praying when the wind breaks from the south, and you can hear the surf is in the east, and the surf is in the west, making a great stir with the two noises, and they hitting one on the other. I'll have no call now to be going down and getting Holy Water in the dark nights after Samhain, and I won't care what way the sea is when the other women will be keening. Give me the Holy Water, Nora, there's a small cup still on the dresser.

(Nora gives it to her.)

Maurya (drops Michael's clothes across Bartley's feet, and sprinkles the Holy Water over him): It isn't that I haven't prayed for you, Bartley, to the Almighty God. It isn't that I haven't said prayers in the dark night till you wouldn't know what I'd be saying; but it's a great rest I'll have now, and great sleeping in the long nights after Samhain.

Then there is talk of the coffin, but *Maurya* says nothing of that. She puts the empty cup downwards on the table, and lays her hands together on Bartley's feet. "They're all together this time, and the end is come. May the Almighty God have mercy on Bartley's soul, and on Michael's soul, and on the souls of Sheamus and Patch and Stephen and Shawn (bending her head); and may He have mercy on my soul, Nora, and on the soul of every one left living in the world."

* * *

Apropos of the FitzGerald centenary, we think it well worth to quote the following words on his translation of the *Rubáiyát* of Omar Khayyam, which appear in the London *Athenæum*:

The oldest and most authentic accounts of his [Omar's] life show that his contemporary as well as his posthumous reputation rested almost exclusively on his scientific eminence. He was a learned astronomer and mathematician, and was also a successful astrologer, though it was remarked that he had no great belief in astrological predictions. Like many intellectual Moslems, who went beyond the strict warrant of the Koran, he was accused of being a freethinker and materialist. This charge does not amount to much, if we consider by whom it was made. That he was no mystic at heart may be gathered from the uncomplimentary terms applied to him by a well-known mystical doctor. It is recorded that he wrote occasional verse of an irreligious character, but in the ancient biographies of Persian poets his name is mentioned only fortuitously, and even at the present day his countrymen do not esteem him as anything better than a poet of the third class. Whether their verdict is just we are no longer in a position to decide. It has been proved that a large number of the quatrains attributed to Omar are to be found in the works of other poets, and were really composed by them. To these demonstrably spurious quatrains, the total of which might be doubled or trebled by an exhaustive investigation, we must add many more belonging to anonymous authors, which have been swept from all sides into the original stock; for, as Omar gradually came to be looked upon as the prince of Persian quatrain-writers, the copyists followed in his case a maxim put in the mouth of the Prophet: "Whatever good thing has been said, I have said

it." Thus the collection, as it has come down to us, is the result of a process of accumulation extending over six hundred years. It is impossible to identify the genuine minority among the mass of spurious immigrants, and, except in one or two instances, we cannot say of any single quatrain that it was certainly written by Omar himself. On a moderate reckoning, three-fourths of the quatrains ascribed to him are not his.

Bearing these facts in mind, the reader may judge what is likely to be the value of a personal system of philosophy constructed from such materials, and at the same time he will see how natural it is that Omar should be variously depicted as an Epicurean sage, a fervent mystic, a mocking free-thinker, a gay sybarite, or a melancholy moralist. In truth, the *Rubáiyát* are a mirror of Persian life during the Middle Ages: they represent many diverse schools of thought, many discordant shades of opinion, many conflicting views of the world; they express, not the changing moods of a single person, but the rich and manifold genius of the whole Persian race. So far as Omar was a typical Persian, we can find him in the poems with which he is forever associated, but where, it is to be feared, his distinctive personality is forever submerged.

If the Persian original reveals little or nothing of Omar, the English paraphrase cannot be expected to yield more light. In making it FitzGerald selected with fine taste only those stanzas which were best suited to his purpose and most in harmony with his philosophy. It was inevitable that he should introduce fresh currents of modern speculation; and even when he renders the general sense accurately he often gives it a peculiar turn of his own. What he has done, and done magnificently, is to transfuse some leading and characteristic ideas of Persian literature into English poetry.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

BENZIGER BROTHERS, New York:

A Compendium of Catechetical Instruction. Vols. I. and II. Edited by Rev. John Hogan. *Cupa Revisited.* By Mary E. Mannix. Price 45 cents. *Round the World.* Vol. VI. Price \$1. *Between Friends.* By Richard Aumerle. Price 85 cents. *The Law of Church and Grave.* By Charles M. Scanlan, LL.B. Price \$1.35. *The New Scholar at St. Anne's.* By Marion J. Brunowe. *Forgive and Forget.* By Ernest Lingen. Price \$1.50. *The Life of St. Melania.* By Cardinal Rampolla. Price \$1.50. *Biographies of English Catholics in the Eighteenth Century.* By Rev. John Kirk, D.D. Price \$2.75. *The Son of Siro.* By Rev. J. E. Copus, S.J. Price \$1.25.

THE CENTURY COMPANY, New York:

The Wiles of Sexton Maginnis. By Maurice Francis Egan. Pages 380. Price \$1.50

G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS, New York:

Dromina. By John Ayscough. Pp. 477.

JOHN LANE COMPANY, New York:

Carmina. By T. A. Daly. Pp. 193. Price \$1 net. Postage 10 cents. *G. K. Chesterton. A Criticism.* Pp. 266. Price \$1.50 net. Postage 12 cents.

FR. PUSTET & Co., New York:

Handbook of Canon Law. By D. I. Lanslots. Pp. 280.

MOFFATT, YARD & Co., New York:

The Romance of American Expansion. By H. Addington Bruce. Pp. 246. Price \$1.75 net.

- HENRY HOLT & CO., New York:
The Fate of Ictidorum. By David Starr Jordan. Pp. III. Price 90 cents net.
- CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS, New York:
The Churches and Wage Earners. By Bertrand Thompson. Pp. lx.-229. Price \$1 net.
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Daily Communien. By Father E. Barbe, S.J. Pp. 40. Price 5 cents.
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Fifth Annual Report of the Reverend Superintendents of Catholic Schools. Centennial Year, 1908.
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The Standard of Living Among Workingmen's Families in New York City. By Robert Coit Chapin, Ph.D. Pp. xv.-360.
- THE CATHOLIC EDUCATION PRESS, Washington, D. C.:
The Making and the Unmaking of a Dullard. By Thomas Edw. Shields, Ph.D. Pp. 296.
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Bulletin of the Bureau of Labor. November, 1908.
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- L. C. PAGE & CO., Boston, Mass.:
The Spell of Italy. By Caroline Atwater Mason. Pp. 393. Price \$2.50.
- D. C. HEATH & CO., Boston, Mass.:
Dante's Inferno. By C. H. Grandgent. Pp. 283.
- THE GORHAM PRESS, Boston, Mass.:
Just Irish. By Charles Battell Loomis. Pp. 175.
- HOUGHTON MIFFLIN COMPANY, Boston, Mass.:
When Lincoln Died; and Other Poems. By Edward William Thompson. Pp. 147. Price \$1.25 net. *A Lincoln Conscript.* By Homer Greene. Pp. 282. Price \$1.50.
- LITTLE, BROWN & CO., Boston, Mass.:
An Original Gentleman. By Anne Warner. Pp. 339. Price \$1.50. *Through Ramona's Country.* By George Wharton James. Pp. 406. Price \$2 net.
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- ST. BONIFACE'S INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL, Banning, Cal.:
A Collection of Easy Hymns, Salvete Christi Vulnera. By Rev. B. Florian Hahn. Pp. 16.
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True Manhood. By James Cardinal Gibbons. Pp. 23.
- KANSAS DEPARTMENT OF AGRICULTURE, Topeka, Kans.:
Sixteenth Biennial Report of Kansas State Board of Agriculture.
- WILLIAM BRIGGS, Toronto, Canada:
Child of Destiny. By William J. Fischer. Pp. 272.
- CATHOLIC TRUTH SOCIETY, London, England:
Some Methods of Social Study. A List of Some Recent Works on Housing and on Rural Problems. Pamphlets. Price one penny each.
- LONGMANS, GREEN & CO., London, England:
The Dawn of Catholic Revival in England (1781-1813). By Bernard Ward. Vols. I, and II. *The Witness of the Wilderness.* By Rev. G. Robinson Lees. *The Springs of Helicon.* By Professor MacKail. Price \$1.25. *Prophecy and Poetry.* By Arthur Rogers. Price \$1.25. *The Christ, the Son of God.* By Abbé Constant Fouard. Price 25 cents.
- GABRIEL BEAUCHESE ET CIE., Paris, France:
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- J. GABALDA ET CIE., Paris, France:
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La Guerre Continue. Par Paul Barbier. Pp. 128. Price 0.60. *Jeanne d'Arc.* Par J. Bricout. Pp. 128. Price 0.70.
- BLOUET ET CIE., Paris, France:
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DANTE AND HIS CELTIC PRECURSORS.

BY EDMUND G. GARDNER.

PART I.

I.



HE *Divina Commedia*, while summing up, idealizing, and crystallizing the culture of nine centuries, and representing in mystical fashion the spiritual experiences of one man's life, is both a vision and an allegory. It is a vision of hell, purgatory, and paradise, represented as seen on certain definite days in the year 1300; a spiritual journey, in which the poet is led by Virgil, typifying human philosophy inspired by reason, through hell and purgatory to the Earthly Paradise, the Garden of Eden won back by man through the purgatorial pains; from which, guided by Beatrice typifying Divine Philosophy as possessing revelation, he passes upwards through the nine moving spheres into the empyrean, the true paradise of light and love, outside of space and time. Instructed by St. Bernard, type of the loving contemplation in which the eternal life of the soul consists, he has a foretaste of the Beatific Vision of the Divine Essence. It is an allegory of the conversion of the soul, and her progress, by slow degrees, through the mystical stages of purgation and illumination to that of union with the divine.

We must, therefore, seek for Dante's material predecessors

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among the recorders or inventors of journeys through the other world, or visions of the life beyond the grave; and for his spiritually more significant precursors among the philosophers and mystics who have striven to express the eternal in the figurative language of a day, or to construct the celestial ladder by which the soul passes up from the knowledge of sensible things to the contemplation of the supra-sensible. We shall find that Dante was indebted, in a slight degree, to legends of Irish origin for the details and machinery of his sacred poem; and, more appreciably, directly or indirectly, to writers of Celtic race for that mystical philosophy which makes the *Divina Commedia* so immeasurably more than a mere vision enshrined in immortal verse of the world beyond the grave.

II.

There are two classes of legends, having their origin in Ireland, which may have influenced the external form of the *Divina Commedia*; the stories of voyages over the ocean to seek the islands of the blessed, and the visions of hell and heaven, whether represented as revealed to the spirit separated from the body in a trance, as in those of St. Fursa and the knight Tundal, or seen in an actual bodily pilgrimage, as in the traditions associated with the Purgatory of St. Patrick.

Mr. Nutt, in his learned and exhaustive essay on the "Happy Otherworld in the Mythico-Romantic Literature of the Irish," says of the former, the "Oversea Voyage Literature," that: "Of all classes of ancient Irish mythic fiction this is the most famous, and the one which has most directly affected the remainder of West European literature." *

It is most improbable that Dante had any direct knowledge of any of the earlier Irish romances dealing with these oversea voyages, such as the Voyage of Maelduin or the Voyage of Bran. But the later Voyage of St. Brendan, *Navigatio Sancti Brendani*, was widely diffused over Europe, from the eleventh century onwards, and Dante may well have met with it in one form or another. The "Island of Delight," the "Land of Promise of the Saints," to which Brendan and his companions finally come, has a certain superficial resemblance to the poet's Earthly Paradise. The saint is stopped by a river that flows through the island; and Dante, too, found a stream that "took

* Meyer and Nutt, *The Voyage of Bran, Son of Febal, to the Land of the Living*, I., p. 161.

from me further passage." * To Brendan appears "a youth of resplendent features and beauteous aspect," who salutes him with the words of Psalm 83: *Beati qui habitant in domo tua, Domine*. There comes to meet Dante and Virgil a no less lovely lady, whose eyes shone so that "I believe not that such light shone under the eyelids of Venus"; and she refers them to Psalm 91: *Delectasti me, Domine, in factura tua*. Brendan's youth explains the nature of the island, "the land that you have sought for a long time," much as Dante's lady does the *campagna santa*, of which "they who in olden times sang of the golden age and its happy state perchance dreamed." † But in Brendan's Island of Delight there is no shadow, for light un-failing shines upon it as in perpetual noon; Dante's Earthly Paradise witnesses the daily glories of sunrise and sunset. Brendan is bidden to return straightway to his native land; whereas Dante, after a further revelation and a full personal confession, is drawn through the stream to penetrate the divine mysteries beyond and above, before he can carry back his message, *in pro del mondo che mal vive*, "to the livers of the life which is a running unto death." ‡

There is, however, another episode—one of the most striking in the *Divina Commedia*—which seems, probably indirectly, to be derived from some Irish legend of this class. This is the story of the last voyage of Ulysses, put upon the lips of the hero himself in the twenty-sixth canto of the *Inferno*, where, with Diomede, he is tortured in the flame wherein evil counselors are punished. He tells the tale of how he sailed with his small company to the west, to find "experience of the un-peopled world behind the Sun," and, urging his mad flight towards the morning, at last beheld what seemed the land of promise:

"Five times the light beneath the Moon had been rekindled and quenched as oft, since we had entered on the arduous passage.

"When there appeared to us a Mountain, dim with distance; and to me it seemed the highest I had ever seen.

"We joyed, and soon our joy was turned to grief; for a tempest rose from the new land, and struck the forepart of our ship.

"Three times it made her whirl round with all the waters;

* *Purg.*, XXVIII., 25.

† *Purg.*, XXVIII., 64-81.

‡ *Purg.*, XXXII., 103; XXXIII., 53.

at the fourth, made the poop rise up and prow go down, as pleased Another, till the sea was closed above us."*

There seems no warrant for this voyage of Ulysses in the classics, and commentators regard it as entirely the work of Dante's own imagination, perhaps suggested by the Genoese expeditions in search of a western continent. To me it appears to be essentially a Celtic episode, having its ultimate source in the Irish "Oversea Voyage" literature, but completely modified in spirit to meet the poet's allegorical purpose. For the lofty mountain, that Ulysses dimly perceived, was indeed the island of the blessed, crowned by the Earthly Paradise; but it was also the Mountain of Purgation, to be painfully surmounted before attaining to that state of blessedness; and to that not even the noblest pagan soul could reach, unless first illumined by a ray of divine grace.

The earliest of the Irish visions of life beyond the grave is probably that of St. Fursa, or Furseus, who died shortly after the middle of the seventh century. Dante may well have known the summary of his life and revelations included by St. Bede in the third book of his *Historia Ecclesiastica*; it is less likely, but not altogether impossible, that he may have met with the fuller account given in the contemporary life of Fursa, to which Bede refers, and which is published by the Bollandists.†

Fursa in a trance quits his body from evening until cock-crow. "He merited," writes Bede, "to look upon the aspects of the choirs of Angels, and to hear their hymns of praise. He was wont to relate that, among other things, he clearly heard them sing: *Ibunt sancti de virtute in virtutem*; and again: *Videbitur Deus deorum in Sion*."‡ This may possibly have suggested the beautiful passage where Dante hears the hymn raised by the spirits of the warriors of the Cross in the sphere of Mars: *Risurgi e vinci*: "A melody that rapt me without understanding the hymn. Well I perceived that it was of lofty praise, for there came to me: *Rise up and conquer*; as to one that understandeth not and heareth."§

Three days afterwards, Fursa has another vision. He is borne up by three angels, with whom the devils dispute for his soul. Looking down upon the world at their bidding, he sees "as it were a darksome valley beneath him, set in the depths.

* *Inf.*, XXVI., 130-142 (Carlyle's translation).

† *Acta Sanctorum*, January 16.

‡ Psalm 83.

§ *Par.*, XIV., 122-126.

He saw, too, four fires in the air not very far distant from each other; and, asking the angels what these fires might be, he heard that they were the fires that were going to inflame and burn up the world": *mendacium, cupiditas, dissensio, impietas*. Here we are a little reminded of a similar thought in the *Inferno*: "Pride, envy, and avarice are the three sparks that have set the hearts of all on fire."* Fursa looks on the saints and angels, and speaks with "certain men of his own Irish nation, whom he had known by fame to have held, not ignobly, the priestly rank of old; from whom he heard many things, which would be most salutary to himself or to all who would listen thereto"; a passage that recalls Dante's words concerning the saints in paradise, in his letter to Can Grande: "To make manifest the glory of blessedness in those souls, many things will be asked of them (as of those who look upon all truth) which have much profit and delight."†

Thus far Bede. The older *Vita Fursei* names these Irish saints as Beanus and Meldanus, and gives their whole discourse at length. They speak of the end of the world, and the imminent wrath of God upon the teachers of the Church and the secular princes, for the negligence of the former and the bad example of the latter. "The Lord is angry with the teachers, because they neglect the divine books and pursue the cares of this world with every delight." Even so, again and again, Dante raises his protest against the neglect of theology and the Scriptures by the clergy of his own time, in the quest of worldly success and temporal goods: "For this the Gospel and the great Doctors are deserted, and only the Decretals are so studied, as may be seen on their margins."‡ The two saints conclude: "Go then, and announce the Word of God to the princes of this land of Ireland, that, laying aside iniquity, they may save their souls by penance. Then to the chief priests of Holy Church announce that God is jealous against those who love the world more than Him, and neglect the welfare of souls to devote themselves to the gains of this world." This is, indeed, the attitude taken up by Dante throughout his poem, though ultimately, in both cases, derived from Jeremias the prophet: "I will go therefore to the great men and will speak to them."§

* *Inf.*, VI., 74, 75.

† *Epist.*, X., 33 (transl. Wicksteed).

‡ *Par.*, IX., 133-135; *Epist.*, VIII., 7.

§ Cf. especially *Par.*, XVII., 127-142; XXVII., 64-66.

While the three angels are bringing Fursa back, the devils throw a burning body against him, which scorches his shoulder and jaw. He knew that it was the soul of one from whom when dying, for charity's sake, he had accepted a legacy. All through his life Fursa bore the sign of this burning, which he had received in his soul, visible on his outward body. The analogy is obvious with Boccaccio's story of how, when the fame of Dante's *Inferno* had spread abroad, the women of Verona whispered that his beard was crisped and his skin darkened "by the heat and smoke that are there below." As Rossetti has it:

"For a tale tells that on his track
 As through Verona's streets he went
 This saying certain women sent:
 'Lo, he that strolls to Hell and back
 At will! Behold him, how Hell's reek
 Has crisped his beard and singed his cheek.'"

A little later in date than Fursa was St. Adamnán, who died in 703, but the vision that bears his name is certainly not earlier than the ninth century. It has recently been the subject of a learned work by Mr. C. S. Boswell.* The soul of Adamnán, "the High Scholar of the Western World," passes from his body on the feast of St. John the Baptist, and is guided by his Angel Guardian to behold the glory of heaven and the pains of hell, as also the temporal and tempered sufferings of the spirits who will ultimately be saved. It is quite impossible that Dante could have known of this vision in any form; but Mr. Boswell has pointed out that "the punishments described contain many striking points of similarity to Dante, both in their kind, and in the vivid manner in which they are portrayed." I do not dwell upon this point, as I have always regarded this, the details of the horrors of hell, as the least significant part of the *Divina Commedia*. Rather would I agree with him in recognizing a dim anticipation of Dante's empyreal Rose of Paradise, where Adamnán hears the birds of heaven and the archangels "lead the music, and the Heavenly Host with the Saints and Virgins make response"; while the Lord's

* C. S. Boswell, *An Irish Precursor of Dante: A Study on the Vision of Heaven and Hell Ascribed to the Eighth-Century Irish St. Adamnán, with Translation of the Irish Text.* London, 1898.

messengers, going to and fro from Him, bring messages of love to the blessed.*

The twelfth century produced an extraordinary abundance of widely diffused visions of this kind, which could hardly have been totally unknown to Dante. Conspicuous among them are two Irish works written in Latin: the Vision of Tundal, which is placed in the year 1149; and the visit of the knight Owen, or Eogan, to the Purgatory of St. Patrick in 1153.

An eminent Irish scholar, Denis Florence MacCarthy, writing of the legend of St. Patrick's Purgatory, declares that "it is not too much to say that without it the *Divina Commedia* of Dante would never have taken the form it did." I must confess to finding this a hard saying—unless we merely take it as meaning that the legend suggested to Dante the idea of representing himself as passing bodily through purgatory for his own salvation. The traditions concerning this sanctuary may possibly have remotely given him the conception, of which we do not find a trace elsewhere, of purgatory being on an island. In the earlier years of the thirteenth century, Cæsarius of Heisterbach had written: "If any one doubt concerning purgatory, let him go to Ireland, let him enter the Purgatory of St. Patrick, and he will doubt no more concerning the purgatorial pains." In the fourteenth century, after Dante's time, we find it referred to in the *Dittamondo* of Fazio degli Uberti and in one of the Letters of St. Catherine of Siena, and read of pilgrimages undertaken to it at a slightly later period by various historical personages.†

But when we turn to the legend as it took literary shape in the hands of Henry of Saltrey—the monk of Huntingdonshire, who told the story of Sir Owen some time between 1170 and the close of the century—we trace fewer analogies between it and Dante's poem than in almost any other work of this class. To be sure, Owen is still in his body when he enters the purgatory, even as Dante is when he passes through the gate of hell. And he mounts up from purgatory to the Earthly Paradise, even as Dante does, though by a totally different way. But the actual details of the purgatory, with its fiends and horrible torments, have not the remotest resemblance to

* *Op. Cit.*, p. 185. But Mr. Boswell is in error in identifying Adamnán's "nine classes of Heaven" with the Dionysian arrangement of the nine angelic orders.

† See the important article by H. Delchaye, *Le Pèlerinage de Laurent de Pászthó au Purgatoire de S. Patrice*, in the *Analecta Bollandiana*, Tom, XXVII.

Dante's conception of the seven terraces, peopled by souls in joyful expectation of the assured bliss to come, purging away the stains of the world beneath the sun and stars, watched over by angelic forms of surpassing beauty and radiance. Owen does not enter the real hell (of which his purgatory is, however, a very passable imitation), but crosses over it by the narrow and slippery bridge—a constant feature in these legends—which grows broader when he calls on the name of Christ, and by which he reaches the Earthly Paradise. Here, for a moment, we are reminded of Dante in the pageant of bishops, monks, and priests who come through the gate to meet him; and the heavenly food which descends from heaven in the form of flame, of which Owen partakes, is perhaps a little like the river of light which passes down upon Dante when he enters the Empyrean, and of which the poet drinks with his eyes that he may be rendered capable of beholding spiritual things.* Here, however, the resemblance ceases, and Owen returns to the world without having penetrated further into the celestial paradise.

It is quite otherwise with the far more interesting work, the so-called Vision of Tundal or Tnúthgal. This was the most widely diffused of all these legends, and, under the title of *Libellus de raptu animæ Tundali et eius visione tractans de pœnis inferni et gaudiis paradisi*, was printed at least five times in the fifteenth century alone.† Written originally in Latin prose by Marcus, an Irish Benedictine from Munster, it was speedily translated into almost every European language. Latin, German, and Middle English poems were based upon it, an Italian prose version is extant which apparently belongs to Dante's own epoch; but it is curious to notice that it did not appear in Irish until the sixteenth century. As Professor Kuno Meyer remarks: "Of all countries Ireland, the original home of the Vision, was the last to translate the work of brother Marcus into the vernacular."‡ That Dante knew this vision in its original Latin form, and that he was directly influenced by it, is at least highly probable.

Tundal is a noble knight of Cashel, leading an ungodly life and scorning all spiritual things, who has at Cork a kind

* *Par.*, XXX., 46-60, 73, 82-90. Cf. Ward, *Catalogue of Romances*, II., p. 441.

† I quote throughout the Latin text as edited by Wagner, *Visio Tnúgdali*, Erlanger, 1882.

‡ Friedel and Meyer, *La Vision de Tondale*. Textes Français, Anglo-Normand, et Irlandais. Paris, 1907.

of trance, during which he lies as it were dead for the space of three days and three nights; after which he returns to consciousness, completely converted by a vision that he has seen. "Receiving the body of the Lord and rendering thanks, he gave away all he had to the poor, and ordered the sign of Holy Cross to be put upon all the raiment that he wore. All things that he had seen he afterwards related to us, and exhorted us to lead a good life; and whereas he had formerly ignored the word of God, he now preached it with great devotion, humility, and knowledge."

The whole story is manifestly a pious work of fiction, composed by Brother Marcus, who professes to have heard the details of the vision from Tundal's own lips. It is based, to some extent, upon the vision of Drythelm, a Northumbrian of the end of the seventh century, related by Bede in the fifth book of the *Historia Ecclesiastica*. It was written for a Benedictine abbess, the author's patroness, at Ratisbon, and probably in 1149, the year to which, in his dedicatory letter, Marcus assigns the vision. This was, as he tells us, the second year of the expedition of the Emperor Conrad to the Holy Land—that second Crusade which St. Bernard had preached with such disastrous results, and in which, as we learn from the *Paradiso*, Dante's ancestor Cacciaguida had followed the Emperor to meet a glorious death in battle.* Marcus mentions St. Bernard as living and engaged upon the life of St. Malachy, who had died in his arms at Clairvaux in the November of the preceding year.

At the outset of the vision, the soul is assailed by "a multitude of unclean spirits," like the fiends at Dante's gate of the city of Dis; and an angel comes to the rescue, "coming from afar like a most shining star," like Dante's celestial messenger crossing the Styx.† This is Tundal's Guardian Angel, who is to be his guide throughout, and whose relations with the soul are rendered with much beauty and tenderness—a clear anticipation of the scenes between Dante and Virgil. He bade Tundal follow him in almost the same words as Virgil does Dante. The demons cry out in protest against the divine injustice in thus letting Tundal be saved—a first hint, perhaps, for the wonderful scene of the redemption of Buonconte da Montefeltro in the *Purgatorio* :

* *Par.*, XV., 139-148.

† *Inf.*, VIII, and IX. *Cf. Purg.*, XII., 88-90.

"The Angel of God took me, and he of Hell cried: O thou from Heaven, wherefore robbest thou me?"

"Thou bearest hence the eternal part of this man, for one little tear that takes him from me."*

As in other visions of this kind, there are practically two purgatories: a lower one, only differing from the upper regions of Dante's hell in that its punishments are not eternal; and an upper region, of a less dreadful nature, but still utterly alien from that conception of the purgatory of divine love to which the poetical genius of Dante and the spiritual experience of St. Catherine of Genoa have given imperishable form. In Tundal's vision, even the souls who are to be saved are compelled for a while to experience the torments of the lost. The angel leads him to an enormous monster called Acheron, with eyes like burning hills and flame coming out of his mouth, "who devoureth all souls." In his jaws, like two columns in a gateway through which the souls have to pass to the torment within, are the two giants, Fergusius and Conallus—a detail which, perhaps, suggested to Dante the part played by the giants in his hell, as also the somewhat similar treatment of the three arch-traitors in the mouth of Lucifer.† The angel leaves him, and the demons rush upon him "like mad dogs"—much as the Malebranche, the "Evilclaws," rush upon Virgil "with that fury and that storm wherewith the dogs rush forth upon the beggar."‡ He is compelled to enter, until, after unutterable torments, he realizes his own sins, and finds himself outside the monster, with the angel again by his side. He addresses the latter in the spirit with which we find Dante ever turning to Virgil: "O my sole hope, O solace undeservedly granted me by the Lord, O light of mine eyes, and staff in my misery and calamity, why wouldest thou desert my wretched soul?"

It is needless to dwell upon the details of the torments. Many of them find obvious analogies in those of Dante's *Inferno*, but were so much the literary property of the age that it is unsafe to assume any direct indebtedness on the latter's part. In one case, the punishment of those who accumulated sin upon sin, we have an infernal smithy presided over by Vulcan, which closely resembles Dante's way of transforming the creations of classical mythology into torturing demons. There

* *Purg.*, V., 104-107. † *Inf.*, XXXIV., 55-60; XXXI., 40-45. ‡ *Inj.*, XXI., 67-71.

is little, if any, marked ethical or psychological connection between the sin and its penalty, which can almost invariably be traced in Dante; nor does Tundal hold any converse with the souls of the lost as his great successor was to do. The lower hell, wherein Lucifer (who is entirely distinct from Acheron) is confined, is a gigantic well or pit, as in Dante, but one in which the torments are not ice, but fire.

One solitary episode, though not precisely recalling anything in Dante, seems to have something of his spirit. From one mountain to another, over the infernal valley, there hangs a bridge, "which bridge no one unless elect could pass." Tundal sees many souls fall from it, and no one, save one priest, passed over unscathed. "That priest was a pilgrim, bearing a palm and wearing a long cloak, and before them all he crossed it first and fearlessly." But, presently, in another region, Tundal sees him again, and this time he is being led to the torments: "That, having seen the penalties, he might burn the more ardently in the love of Him who called him to glory."

"By another way," says the angel, "must we return to our country." They come to a lofty wall, beneath and outside which is a multitude of men and women, like the souls detained in Dante's ante-purgatory outside the Gate of St. Peter. These souls, who were *mali sed non valde*, suffer for some years before passing into their eternal rest. The angel leads Tundal through a gate to the *Campus Lætitie*, full of flowery delights, where the sun never sets, and in which is the fountain of living water. We are reminded at first of Dante's Earthly Paradise; but there is this complete difference: this place is inhabited by a multitude of exultant men and women, souls who were *boni non valde*, and who, though delivered from the torments of hell, do not yet merit to be united to the company of the saints. Their position still corresponds, in some sort, to that of the souls outside Dante's purgatory.

Among them Tundal recognizes the kings Conchobar and Donnchad: "Whom when he had seen, marveling greatly, he said: 'What is this, Lord, that I see? In their life these two men were right cruel, and foes to each other; and by what merit came they hither, or how have they become friends?'" Here we have probably the first hint of Dante's Valley of the Princes, where those who had been the deadliest foes on earth, sit together in the flowering valley in the ante-purgatory, com-

forting each other, waiting humbly for the gate of purgatory to be opened to them.* And, a little further on, the connection of the two episodes is made clearer. They come to a great palace where King Cormac is enthroned, he who had been Tundal's liege lord in the other life,† waited upon by attendants of whom the knight can recognize none. These, says the angel, "are all the poor of Christ and pilgrims, to whom the king was bounteous with temporal goods while he was there in the body, and therefore by their hands eternal recompense is rendered him 'here without end.'" But, once a day, he is still tormented for certain sins, for the space of three hours:

"The house grew dark, and all the dwellers therein became sad; and the king was troubled, and he arose weeping, and went out. And when that soul followed him, he saw this multitude, which he had before beheld within, with hands outstretched towards heaven, most devoutly praying to God, and saying: 'Lord God Almighty, as Thou wilt and knowest, have mercy upon Thy servant.' And, as he looked, he saw the king in fire up to his waist, and from his waist upwards clad in hairshirt."

Here is clearly an analogy, even if somewhat remote, with the assault made once a day upon the Valley of the Princes by the evil serpent; when, as Dante tells us: "I saw that noble army silently gaze upward, as though in expectation, pale and humble."‡

The angel leads the soul of Tundal up through the first heaven, that of the married life and family state, and the second, that of the martyrs and virgins (wherein is the mystical tree which, as in Dante's Earthly Paradise, typifies the Church), into the third, or true paradise, the abode of the angels and saints in general. When he looks down, he sees, like Dante, all the world together as it were under one ray of the sun—but the Irish monk and the Italian poet have both borrowed this feature of their vision from the *Dialogues* of St. Gregory.§ Ruadanus, his patron saint, welcomes and blesses Tundal. He sees St. Patrick, with a great band of bishops, among whom he recognizes four recently dead: Celestine, Archbishop of Ar-

* *Purg.*, VII., 91-136.

† This is, of course, not the famous Irish king of that name, but Cormac, son of Muireadhach, King of Munster, "the ancestor of all the septs of the MacCarthys," who was killed by treachery in 1138. See the *Annals of Ireland by the Four Masters*, ed. Donovan, II., p. 1059.

‡ *Purg.*, VIII., 22 et seq. § *Cf. Par.*, XXII., 133-153; St. Gregory, *Dialogues*, II., 35.

magh; St. Malachy; Christian of Lyons (likewise an Irishman); and Nehemiah of Cloyne:

“There was also near them a seat wondrously adorned, in which no man was sitting. Then said the soul: ‘Whose is that seat; and wherefore is it thus empty?’ Malachy answered him, saying: ‘This seat is for a certain one of our brethren, who hath not yet departed from the body; but, when he departeth, he shall sit therein.’”

It may well be that this suggested to Dante the famous passage where, on entering the empyrean heaven, he is shown the empty throne prepared for his hero, Henry of Luxemburg:

“In that great seat, on which thou dost fix thine eyes, for the crown that is already placed above it, ere thou thyself dost sup at this wedding feast,

“Shall sit the soul that will be on earth imperial, of the lofty Henry, who shall come to straighten Italy before she be disposed.”*

It has recently been suggested, with much probability, by Dr. Friedel and Professor Kuno Meyer, that the vacant throne in Tundal's vision is intended for St. Bernard, whom Malachy had left on earth a few months before, broken in health and tormented in spirit by the failure of the Crusade, and who was destined to die in August, 1153, some four years later. This is, indeed, a most significant link between the romance of the Irish monk and the epic of the Italian poet, in the closing scene of which Mary's faithful Bernard was to be the guiding spirit:

“‘O holy Father, who for my sake dost bear being here below, leaving the sweet place wherein thou sittest by eternal lot.’

“So did I have recourse unto the teaching of him who drew beauty from Mary, as from the sun the morning star.”†

* *Par.*, XXX., 133-138.

† *Par.*, XXXII., 100-108.

(TO BE CONCLUDED.)

HER MOTHER'S DAUGHTER.

BY KATHARINE TYNAN.

CHAPTER IX.

THE INTRUDERS.



THE fine people, who had been unconscious of Nesta Moore's existence as long as she lived at the Mill House, found her out at the Manor. The Moores received, and were received by, the smartest people in the county. To be sure Nesta was unexceptionable; and James Moore's personality, his size, his beauty, his compelling character, made him a notable person wherever he might be.

"The handsomest man in the county," the old Duchess of St. Germain's pronounced him to be, sitting by Nesta's side, while a band played, and a number of finely dressed people wandered about over the velvety lawns at one of the garden parties of which Nesta gave several during her first summer at Outwood.

The wife's heart leaped up with pleasure. The Duchess was supposed to have a fine judgment where handsome men were concerned. Had she not buried three husbands already; fine, stately gentlemen, all of them? And was it not rumored that she might, perhaps, take a fourth?

James Moore was helping his wife to do the honors. There was a blazing sun full on the lawn, and he was standing, exposed to the full rays of it, his head bent, in an attitude of courteous listening, towards a very frumpish old lady, who was the widow of one of the richest commoners in England. She was a dreary old person despite her money; but none would have gathered the fact from the air of close attention with which James Moore listened to her as she sat under the shade of her parasol. He was in white flannels; he had just finished a game of tennis and he was flushed and happy looking, while his curls were more Jovian than ever.

"Dear me! how very polite he is to old Mrs. Greene!" went on the Duchess, who had a way of talking to herself, perhaps because she stood on such a lofty social pinnacle as to be to all intents and purposes somewhat alone. "Yet I have seen blue-blooded gentlemen very ill-tempered, and showing it too, when they have had to take Mrs. Greene in to dinner. There was a man at my own table—never mind, he is not likely to be there again. Now, I wonder where your husband gets such fine manners, my dear?"

She did not in the least intend to be rude, and Nesta, although she colored a little, smiled too. The Duchess' indiscretions were something of a jest to the county.

"They seem quite natural to him," Nesta replied, with a sparkle of humor in eyes which had lost their shadow. "But I don't know that it is a question of good manners, conscious, at least. He is so interested in everything and everybody that I don't think he knows when he has lit on a bore. Probably he and Mrs. Greene have found something in common to talk about."

"It was a runaway match, wasn't it?" the Duchess asked. And then, without waiting for an answer: "Well, my dear, I don't blame you. Most women would have done it. When was it? Last year? The year before?"

"We have been married three years," Nesta said, again with the delightful roguish dimpling of her face.

"Dear me, you don't say so. And where have you been hiding yourselves, may I ask?"

"No further away than Valley. I often saw you driving, Duchess, during those three years."

"How very remarkable! But Mr. Moore cannot have been with you or I would have noticed him. In ways he favors Lord Tenby—my second. But he is a foot taller than Tenby. Ah, Mrs. Greene has let him go. Call him over here, my dear, I want to talk to him before any one else can get hold of him. And you must look after your guests."

No matter what James Moore was doing, or to whom he was talking, as soon as he was free his glance roved about in search of his wife. If she was anywhere near and their eyes met a smile would pass between them, full of meanings. Occasionally one of the many unappropriated ladies of the county would wonder what that fine, handsome Mr. Moore could have

seen in his pale, pretty little wife. But whatever he had seen, he saw it still. He was never likely to emulate his brothers' wishes for him in the direction of a brilliant marriage. If he could have chosen out of all the world he would have chosen Nesta.

He came at his wife's nod gaily, like a lover. She went a little way to meet him.

"You are to sit down and talk to the Duchess, Jim," she said, with a light touch on his arm. "She admires you."

"I would rather talk to you," he whispered, and she smiled and blushed.

"Dear me!" said the lynx-eyed old lady, whom nothing escaped. "Imagine a wife of three years positively blushing for her own husband. Pretty dear! To be sure he is an uncommonly fine specimen."

"Come and talk to me, Mr. Moore, come and talk to me," she said, in her loud, imperative voice. "I'm ever so much more amusing than Mrs. Greene; but I'm not going to amuse you. It is you who are to amuse me."

"Mrs. Greene and I talked business, your Grace," said James Moore, taking the seat beside the Duchess, who looked with approval at his columnar throat and the dominant Cæsar Augustus head.

"Ah, business. If you get the soft side of Mrs. Greene in business—"

"I'm not sure that I do. I want to buy up some fields of hers which will be needed for my town presently. "I intend to buy up all around Valley. It is sadly cramped for space at present. I shall give Mrs. Greene her price. I see Valley another Birmingham."

"And where am I to go to?" her Grace asked with an air of dissatisfaction. "The Duke would have made short work of you if he were alive, Mr. Moore. He never could endure the railways. It was through him the line was kept ten miles off."

"And a pretty penny it's going to cost Valley one of these days," James Moore said with grim humor.

Nesta, who had been listening with a smile, turned away at this point and began her pretty progress round the lawn. She was charming in her frock of lavender muslin and wide white hat; and James Moore, looking after her as she moved

from one person to another, had a sudden recollection of how she had been obscured during those years at the Mill House. "Poor little Nesta!" he murmured to himself. "Poor child!" The sharp old eyes watching him noticed the softening of his face and wondered what had caused it.

"Your wife has been telling me that you've been married three years, Mr. Moore," she said. "Very odd that we shouldn't have met before, very odd, indeed."

James Moore smiled an inscrutable, fine smile. "I remember now that Sophia Grantley objected to the marriage. Very narrow-minded of her. We all marry money nowadays—I must tell her my opinion about it. But, *of course*, she has changed her mind now that there is no doubt about the fortune?"

"I'm afraid not. The estrangement has fretted my wife. It is nothing to me. Miss Grantley is, I believe, very determined. She said she would never forgive Nesta."

"Stuff and nonsense! Never forgive. Why, it isn't Christian. What's more, I've no patience with it. Sophia Grantley will come round fast enough when I've spoken with her. Ah—isn't that her grand-nephew I see over there? Your wife's cousin, of course. That is your wife with him, is it not? They are just gone out of sight."

"Yes, that is Godfrey Grantley. Nesta and he were brought up together. They are very fond of each other. I am glad Nest has had so much of his company this summer. I have to be so much away."

"Ah! not jealous," said the keen observer of men and manners, in her heart. "Why should he be? What woman would look at a pretty fellow like Godfrey Grantley if this man wanted her?"

Aloud she said:

"There are two rather queer persons peeping through the yew hedge behind us. They have been there for some time. They are very ugly, wickedly ugly. One rather reminds me of a black beetle. I hope your house is well protected at night. There they go!" She stood up and pointed to two figures that moved along stealthily the other side of the hedge. In a second they were out of sight.

"They are my brothers," James Moore said quietly.

Even the Duchess was momentarily embarrassed.

"Dear me!" she said, "how odd! They are so very unlike

you! But, after all, ugliness like that is a distinction; it is sort of beauty in its way."

"I am sorry they went away," James Moore said dryly "else, perhaps, your Grace would have permitted me to introduce them to you."

CHAPTER X.

NESTA HAS A GRUE.

Telling Nesta of the occurrence afterwards, James Moore laughed a little ruefully.

"I wish they would polish themselves up a bit for my sake, he said. "For your sake and mine, so as to be fit to come in among our guests instead of skulking behind a hedge, to be taken for tramps by the Duchess of St. Germain's. Very odd that they should have been there at all, at that hour! They are so devoted to the business of the mills. I can't imagine them both being absent at the same time."

A shadow of fear fell over the brightness which had recently become a fixed quantity in Nesta Moore's face.

"I wonder why they came?" she said. Then: "You should speak to them about it, Jim. It is not fair to you or me that they should come creeping and spying about the house. Why can't they be like other people? They are always so unkempt, too, so ill-groomed. I don't like your brothers to be wild men of the woods."

"I'm afraid you must take them just as they are, Nest. You'll never make dandies of my brothers."

"They ought to look clean."

"How vehement you are about it, dear! Poor fellows, nature has made them rough. I hardly know you when you are not pitiful. They are just my rough, faithful bulldogs, who would tear in pieces anything that threatened me. What is it, Nest?" She had uttered a low cry, as though his words had frightened her. "They would guard anything dear to me as faithfully as a pair of dogs. How nervous you are, child! Your hands are quite cold."

There was a sigh of wind in the trees outside, and an ivy-branch tapped on the window.

"I think there is thunder coming," she replied. "I feel it. I am nervous. Was that lightning?"

James Moore drew the curtains across the windows of the room where he was dressing for dinner. It was one of the happiest hours of their day. She never could be sure of having him to herself. Sometimes he had been called away even after dinner in the evening. The business, with its ever-increasing ramifications, was perpetually needing its master. He usually arrived home only in time to dress; it was a concession to the ways of their fine new friends; and though James Moore had grumbled at it at first, half in jest, he never thought of shirking it. He always found his wife dressed, and ready to sit and talk to him while he made his toilet.

"What matter about the lightning?" he said cheerfully. "We shall not know anything about it shut in here together. You would not fear it with me?"

"You will not want to go out to-night, Jim?"

"Not if I can help it. I've spent an uncommonly lazy day to-day, away from the mills nearly all day. To be sure those fellows are on guard, even if they did slip the chain for a while this afternoon. I daresay they only glanced at us. Perhaps they wanted to see us among our fine friends. They were going off at a swinging trot when I saw them. They ought to have overtaken you and Godfrey down by the river. I saw you going that way just before."

He was fastening his tie with great care, else he must have noticed her pallor. She began going over hurriedly in her mind what had happened when she and Godfrey were down by the river. Godfrey had been falling head over ears in love with Lady Eugenia Capel during those weeks of idleness. She had been extraordinarily kind to him in her frank way; but, what had he to offer her? Even if Aunt Sophia should leave all she had to him—and he rather suspected that a good deal of it would go to various philanthropic objects—he would still be in no position to think of the only daughter of the Earl of Mount-Eden as a wife. And there was a successful rival; at least successful to all appearance. What chance could he have against William Stanhope, the brilliant politician, the keen amateur of the arts, the serious, handsome, stately person, who was so often at Lady Eugenia's side, in whose society she seemed to delight? Mr. Stanhope had made way once or twice for

Lady Eugenia's hopeless adorer; but it was because he was so sure that he could afford to be carelessly kind.

Captain Grantley's leave was nearly up. He was wretched at the thought of going so far away from his idol, but quite hopeless about its being of any use to speak to her. Nesta hardly knew her cousin in this new humility. Godfrey had been in love, or had pretended to be in love, with twenty girls, including Nesta herself. But this was the real thing; there was no doubt that he was genuinely in love at last.

He had won a new dignity from his unhappiness. At first he had raved about Lady Eugenia to his cousin; who was always sympathetic. But as things had gone deeper he had said less. This afternoon he had studiously avoided Lady Eugenia after their first meeting. Mr. Stanhope was by her side, his presence among them being a cause of great excitement to the good people of those parts. An observant person might have noticed that he sent queer, half-humorous, half-sympathetic glances from under his young-old brows, at Grantley, who had the air of a defeated man, although he had done his best to carry off things with spirit.

Nesta's gentle heart had been disturbed by the sight of Godfrey, who had played through several games of tennis, free at last and fallen into a gloomy abstraction. She had thrust a cousinly arm through his and carried him off down the walk between the yew hedge and the river, her thought being to comfort him. They had sauntered and walked till she remembered that it was time to return to her guests. He had refused to go back with her, saying that he would go round to the stables, have a horse saddled, and ride over to see how Aunt Sophia was. She had not been well, of late. Then he had stooped his head and rested his eyes for a second in her hair, calling her the kindest and sweetest little woman alive.

She remembered now after he had stalked away and left her that she had heard something move beyond the yew hedge, which was so thick as to be almost impenetrable. Some grazing cattle perhaps or a fawn with its doe in the lawn beyond the hedge. She had given no thought to it. Now—

"I did not see them," she said in a small voice.

"They must have gone off by the path towards the stables," James Moore said carelessly.

A peal of thunder rattled the sky outside with that strange

metallic sound which we associate with stage thunder. Through the drawn curtains leaped a javelin of light.

James Moore saw it in the glass and turned about to draw the curtains closer. The great room beyond was lit up with the lightning. Through the archway which connected it with the dressing-room was now an obscure darkness, again a sudden white light which threw everything into brilliant relief, leaving the following darkness blacker than before.

Nesta Moore felt a sudden fear of the room and the house, such as she had experienced on that wild autumn day when she had first laid eyes on Outwood Manor, when the fires had flamed in the panes only to fall suddenly into ashes.

"What is the matter?" her husband asked, filled with tender concern for her. "Poor little girl, you are over-tired. Why you are quite pale."

"I've had a grue," she said, with an attempt to smile. "I thought of all the dead who have lain in that room yonder since this house was built."

"I thought we had exorcised the shadows and the ghosts. You should have let me build you a new house, dear. I thought you were happy here. Come, let us see the child before she goes asleep."

He put an arm about his wife's slender figure and led her to the cheerful nursery upstairs, where Stella, in a white night-gown, was dancing like a little moon-elf, her eyes shining, her hair blown out in a wild cloud about her little head.

The nurse went away and left the parents with the child, who clung fondly about her father's neck, sending bewitching glances at her mother, standing by smiling, although she was still pale. It was a charming picture of domestic happiness.

After a little while James Moore, who was passionately fond of his little daughter, gave her up to her mother.

"Mother is afraid, Stella, because the trains up in heaven are making such a noise," he said.

"Poor Mother," the child said, with precocious tenderness. "Mother mustn't be frightened. Stella take care of little Mother."

"And Daddy?" James Moore suggested.

"And Daddy," Stella said, stroking her mother's cheek.

CHAPTER XI.

RECONCILIATION.

After all, the Duchess had nothing to do with bringing Nesta and her great-aunt once more together.

Captain Grantley came in to dinner, looking better for his ride, and with an astounding message for Nesta.

"Aunt Sophia says: 'Tell Nesta to come to see me. I'm too old and too hardened in my ways to make the first advances by coming to see her. I said I'd never forgive her, but *Never* is a long time, and I am breaking up. Tell her I am breaking up. I want to see the child, too—the only young thing in the world that is any kin of mine.'"

Nesta colored with the ready flush which came to her pale cheeks for any small or great excitement.

"Poor Aunt Sophia!" she said: "I am so glad. Is she really breaking up, Godfrey? She always seemed to be made of steel."

"At seventy-six most of us are breaking up. By the way, I should go soon, Nest, else she may change her mind. And don't say anything to her about the message. Perhaps she didn't mean it to be given like that. Perhaps she only meant me to hint to you that you might go to see her without any fear of unfriendliness on her part."

"I shall remember, Godfrey."

The next day rose bright and beautiful after the storm of the preceding night. The rain had drenched the roses, and the lawn was shining in the sun when he showed his face at last out of the wet mists. There was a silver fringe to every leaf and grass-blade. Every little stream was singing. A fresh, delicious odor of green things refreshed was in the air. The flowers lifted grateful faces to the sky. The birds were singing riotously amid the wet leaves.

After lunch Nesta ordered the little pony-carriage, which had been her husband's birthday present to her. She had carriages now and horses in the stable, and a fat coachman of whom she was secretly afraid. When she went out in state to pay calls—John, the young footman, sitting with folded arms on the box beside the coachman—Nesta, who was the simplest

creature alive, felt the drive and the occasion so much of a function that she could take no pleasure in it.

"I want something in which Stella and I can drive about alone," she said.

"The two most precious things I have on earth," James Moore had responded. "In fact, all my world. How am I going to trust you and Stella alone? Supposing there was a runaway as there was that evening when we were nearly smashed up, and Lord Mount-Eden's carriage had a narrower escape still."

"If such a thing should happen we would be safer in the pony carriage—it would be easier to dispose of it—than in the barouche, with Williams and John and the pair."

"So you would be, little woman. Well, you don't want anything very 'sporty.' There's old Mrs. Mason's pony and phaeton in the market. The phaeton has been done up very prettily. The pony is not more than ten years old, I think. To be sure, it's a lazy little beast and full of tricks. But they're safe tricks, I think."

"I should love that pony," Nesta said. "He used to make poor Mrs. Mason walk up the hills, even the very little ones. I remember the poor old lady saying to me that Ben had really prolonged her life—he made her do so much walking against her will."

"Well, you shall have Ben; only, don't let him play too many tricks."

So Ben and the pony phaeton had come to be Nesta's own property; and it was one of the sweetest things in her life, to own the little equipage, by which she and Stella could slip away from all the rest of the world and go picnicking in lonely country lanes and on the hillsides, for Ben was a sturdy little steed and so long as you let him take it easy you could depend on him to do your work.

It was a joy to Nesta to have Stella dressed in her white silk frock, with a string of green beads about her neck and a wide green hat on her auburn head; to let Nurse off for the afternoon and go driving with Stella to display the wonderful little creature to Aunt Sophia. How strange that she should be going to see Aunt Sophia, to receive her forgiveness, after all those years!

She wondered what Aunt Sophia would think of Stella.

To be sure, children had not been *personæ gratæ* at the Priory in the old days; but then Stella was different. She was not only the one child of the old lady's blood living, but she was *Stella*. There had never been any child, there never would be any child, like Stella. Poor Godfrey! She remembered that he had looked gloomy and troubled when he had told that portion of Aunt Sophia's message, which spoke of Stella as the only child of her blood. It was the look of a man who feels that because he cannot have the one woman, marriage and fatherhood are denied him. Poor Godfrey! To Nesta, Godfrey, for all his golden youth, was something without an anchorage, homeless, helpless, buffeted by winds of chance and fate.

Nesta had often seen her great-aunt since the time when they had parted so stormily. But she had not seen her for some months, and the change in her grieved the girl's gentle heart.

Miss Grantley sat bolt upright in her chair, indomitable as of old, yet with the eyes of a sick woman. She had grown very thin, and there was a high flush on either cheek that told of pain. She stood up to receive Nesta, despite evident weakness, and imprinted on her cheek one of the chilly kisses which Nesta remembered from of old.

"It was good of you to come so quickly," she said. "I suppose Godfrey gave you a hint. You're looking well, Nesta. I hope you're not going to be a fat woman in middle age. Our family has never run to flesh. And so that is the child. I can't say I see any likeness to us in her."

She put on her glasses to stare at Stella, who sat under the inspection like a mouse.

"I was so glad that you would see me, Aunt Sophia," Nesta said. "I have felt the estrangement."

"Everything comes to an end, child, even justifiable anger. When one is on the edge of the grave, as I am, one discovers that. Besides, when the Duchess of St. Germain's visits you it is time for me to restore your name to my visiting-list. Your husband has done very well for you, I hear, very well. If worldly success can justify a rash marriage yours is justified. I hear from the Duchess that he is a positively creditable person. Not that I am one of those who think about money. I have not moved with my times. Yet a man whose fortune runs into seven figures must be a remarkable man;

one to whom the ordinary laws will not apply. I am told that your husband's fortune may rise to that if his schemes prosper and the Lord spares him."

"I hope not," said Nesta, with a frightened air. "It would be terrible to be very rich."

"You were always a fool, Nesta. I hope you don't bring up the child with those ideas."

"At present Stella knows the value of nothing except love."

"Stuff and nonsense! I've got on very well without love. It means a man to bother you, and children to cause you anxiety. And that reminds me—what's come to Godfrey?"

The abruptness of the question forced the truth to Nesta's lips.

"He is head over ears in love with Lady Eugenia Capel, Lord Mount-Eden's daughter."

"Love again!" There was an indescribable contempt in the spinster's tones. "And if he is, why doesn't he marry her?"

"He won't even ask her."

"And pray why not?" He doesn't think she'd refuse him—a bonny lad like Godfrey?"

"He is too poor. You have been very good to him, Aunt Sophia, but he has only just managed to live in an expensive regiment."

"If the girl is worth her salt she will take him on what I have to give him. One thing I wanted to tell you is that I am giving everything to Godfrey, everything. You will never need it. If I thought you would, I would remember you and your child, and let bygones be bygones."

"Oh no, no"; said Nesta, with a feverish anxiety to be done with the subject. To her sensitive mind it was a painful one. "We shall never need it, Stella and I."

CHAPTER XII.

THE GIFT.

There was a pause of a few minutes. Miss Grantley, though she sat as upright as ever in her high-backed chair, had closed her eyes. When she opened them again they were glazed as though with pain.

"There is nothing unjust in my leaving it all to Godfrey," she said, "that is, all except a trifle. I am leaving you five hundred pounds. It will buy you a jewel which you can hand on to the child there. I say 'leaving,' but in fact I have the money here by me. I shall give it to you. If you like to keep it by you in case any emergency should ever arise—none of us can be sure—you may. It is in Bank of England notes. I am going to make Godfrey an allowance at once. I wish I could save him the legacy duties. I must talk to Cope about it; you remember old Cope? He does my business still. He was always old Cope to me, yet he looks younger now than I do."

"Godfrey will value the love," Nesta said unsteadily. There was something about this interview with Aunt Sophia which made her feel as though she did not know whether to laugh or cry. "As for me, I do not really need the money, Aunt Sophia, my husband is very generous."

"I remember his father, a very respectful man to his betters," Miss Grantley snapped. "I'm glad he gives you good pin-money. Still—I can offer my great-niece a present, for all his generosity. As for Godfrey, it is indelicate to talk so much of love, Nesta—indelicate and sentimental. Did you know that Grice was dead? She had a nice little fortune when she died. Feathered her nest at my expense. However, she left it all to me, so I needn't grumble. It is her five hundred pounds I am giving you. She was always fond of you, Nesta, even when you were an unattractive child. Fond of you, after me, you know. 'My beloved mistress,' the will said. Why I never was mistress in my own house so long as Grice lived. She liked you better than Godfrey—an odd creature. That is partly my reason for giving you the money."

"I think Lady Eugenia must care for Godfrey," Nesta began. She did not quite see yet how Miss Grantley was going to make him speak if he would not speak. To be sure Aunt Sophia's money would bring him appreciably nearer the daughter of the Earl of Mount-Eden; for, while he was the obvious heir to his aunt's moderate estate, so long as the thing was unsettled, she might leave it all to charities for what any one could tell.

"To be sure she cares," Miss Grantley interjected snappily. "How could she help it? I'll tell you what, Nesta, I'm not

going to have them waiting for a dead woman's shoes. I want to see Godfrey married while I'm alive. I shall make over everything to him. If there is a way of cheating the legacy duties, for Godfrey's sake, I'll do it, although I've always been a loyal woman and willing to pay any tax but the income tax. I'll do it when I'm alive."

She stopped and stared at Nesta, who murmured something about her generosity.

"I never was generous," Miss Grantly said grimly; "and you ought to know it. I can't take it with me where I'm going. All the gold in the Bank of England wouldn't purchase you a light in that darkness, unless you carried it with you. I've read my Bible regularly, and I've given to the poor—in moderation. Perhaps I'll have a farthing rushlight to take me along. No, I'm not generous. I'm only giving up what I can't use any longer. And I've a fancy to see Godfrey's wife before I die."

She got up from her chair and walked stiffly to the tall, spindle-shanked escritoire which Nesta remembered all her young days. She unlocked it, and stooping over it touched a spring which made a little drawer spring out. From the drawer she took a roll of banknotes, which she smoothed out and held for Nesta to inspect.

"Bank of England notes for five hundred pounds," she said. "Take them, child. They will carry their face value anywhere over the world. That is the best of being born English. Everything that is English is good. It is the best country in the world. I don't suppose the country I am going to will be much better."

She smiled grimly at her jest. Then she handed the notes to Nesta.

"Grice's little fortune," she said. "I always paid my servants well. I didn't mean it when I said Grice feathered her nest. She was always faithful to me. There—put them away somewhere safe. No, not in your pocket; in the breast of your gown. I wouldn't like Grice's little fortune to be lost. You can have any ornament of mine you fancy. They are rather old-fashioned. Godfrey's wife being a woman of title, will need to have them reset. I shall tell Godfrey—or his wife—that you are to have anything you fancy. From the furniture, too, you can pick a souvenir. Something of moderate value. This

escritoire for example. Stay, I shall send it to you to-morrow, with my pearl brooch, my second best one. And my necklace of seed pearls for the child."

"Why should you strip yourself, Aunt Sophia?" Nesta said, the tears coming into her eyes. "Please give me nothing. I don't believe Godfrey will let you dispossess yourself either."

"You were always sentimental, Nesta. I am not stripping myself. Something stronger than I am is doing that for me. What do I want with pearl brooches and escritaires? The doctors say I might prolong my life if I would let them operate. I don't want my life prolonged—that way. I want to go to my Maker as I came from Him."

She placed her hand against her breast with a sudden fierce gesture and drew herself to her full height.

"Listen, Nesta," she said. "You are not to tell Godfrey. He would only fret me urging me to submit to the knife. I tell you I will not do it. I am seventy-six years of age, and I will carry back an unhacked body to my Creator."

Poor, lonely, heroic old soul! For a second pain and suffering were laid bare in her quivering face and the anguish of her eyes. Then she was herself again.

"Even from Godfrey," she said, "I would not permit interference in a matter of this kind."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

DE SMET IN THE OREGON COUNTRY.

BY EDWIN V. O'HARA.



IN the present article the writer intends to present a narrative of the missionary activities of Peter John De Smet, S.J., in the Oregon Country. A recital of the story of this modern "apostle of the nations" can scarcely fail to be of interest at a time like the present, when the memories of early frontier life are growing dim and the very names of the pioneers seem to be borne to us from a distant heroic age. The "Oregon Country" is selected as the theater of the events we are to recount, both because De Smet's most effective and permanent work was accomplished here, and because of the historical and geographical unity of the territory lying between the Rocky Mountains and the Pacific Ocean, bounded on the south by the Mexican Possessions and extending as far north as latitude fifty-four degrees and forty minutes—a territory known in De Smet's day as the Oregon Country.

The first tidings of the Catholic faith reached the Oregon Indians through the trappers of the various fur-trading companies who had learned their religion from the pioneer missionaries of Quebec and Montreal. Large numbers of Canadian *voyageurs* accompanied the expeditions of Lewis and Clark in 1805 and of John Jacob Astor in 1810. This latter expedition especially—which resulted in establishing at the mouth of the Columbia the first white settlement in Oregon, the present flourishing city of Astoria—was accompanied by a number of Catholic Canadians, who became the first settlers in the Willamette Valley. The piety of these *voyageurs* may be seen in the rather unusual fact that the early missionaries on their arrival found a church already erected. Another agency instrumental in bringing the faith to the Far West was the Iroquois Indians. These Indians, among whose tribe the seeds of faith had been sown at an early date by Father Jogues, were in the employ of the Hudson's Bay Company at its various forts. The trappers and Iroquois told the tribes of Oregon of the re-

ligion of the Black-robos, taught them the simple prayers they remembered, inculcated the observance of Sunday, and aroused among them a great desire to receive the ministrations of the Black-robos. An Iroquois named Ignace became a veritable apostle to the Flatheads. Such was the effect of his teaching and example that the Flatheads, together with their neighbors, the Nez Percés, sent a deputation to St. Louis in 1831 to ask for priests.

It was to St. Louis rather than to Montreal that the Indians turned for assistance, for since the days of the great travelers, Lewis and Clark, the traders had renewed their relations annually with that city. The deputation consisted of four Indians. They found Clark still living in St. Louis. Two of the company took sick and died after receiving baptism and the last sacraments. The return of the remaining members of the deputation is uncertain. They had repeated the Macedonian cry: "Come over and help us." The Catholic missionary forces were too weak to respond at once to the appeal. But the presence of Indians in St. Louis from far distant Oregon on such a mission was the occasion of a movement with far-reaching results. The incident was given publicity in the Protestant religious press, and aroused wonderful enthusiasm and set on foot perhaps the most remarkable missionary campaign in the history of this country; a campaign which was fraught with important consequences for Oregon. The Presbyterians sent out Dr. Whitman in 1834 and the Methodists followed in 1836 under the leadership of Jason and Daniel Lee. Within a few years the Methodist mission in Oregon was valued at a quarter of a million of dollars and became the dominating factor in Oregon politics.

But to return to our Flatheads. In 1835 the Flathead chief Insula went to the Green River rendezvous to meet those whom he was informed were the Black-gowns. Much to his disappointment he met, not the priests, but Dr. Whitman and the Presbyterian minister, Mr. Parker. On reporting his ill-success it was determined that the old Iroquois Ignace and his two sons should go in search of missionaries. They met Bishop Rosati at St. Louis, but were unsuccessful in their quest. Nothing daunted, they renewed the attempt, and a deputation under young Ignace again reached St. Louis in 1839. It was on this occasion that De Smet comes into view for the first time.

Young Ignace and his companions paused at Council Bluffs to visit the priests at St. Joseph's mission, where Father De Smet was stationed.

Meanwhile certain other events transpired that affected the Oregon Indians. In 1833 the second Provincial Council of Baltimore petitioned that the Indian missions of the United States be confided to the care of the Society of Jesus. In July of the following year the Holy See acceded to the request. Hence, when the deputation of Indians visited St. Louis and obtained from Bishop Rosati the promise of missionaries, it was to the Jesuit Fathers that the Bishop turned for volunteers.

Father De Smet, deeply impressed by the visit of young Ignace, offered to devote himself to the Indian missions. The offer was gratefully accepted by his Superior and by the Bishop, and De Smet set out on his first trip to the Oregon Country late in March, 1840. Past Westport (now Kansas City), he journeyed along the Platte River, through herds of antelope and buffalo, across the country of the Pawnees and Cheyennes to the South Pass across Continental Divide. Here, on the 25th of June, he passed from the waters tributary to the Missouri to those of the Colorado. "On the 30th" [of June], says Father De Smet, "I came to the rendezvous where a band of Flatheads, who had been notified of my coming, were already waiting for me. This happened on the Green River, a tributary of the Colorado." On the following Sunday Father De Smet assembled the Indians and trappers for divine worship.

De Smet was now in the land of the Shoshones or Snake Indians. Three hundred of their warriors came into camp at full gallop. De Smet was invited to a council of thirty of the principal chiefs. "I explained to them," he writes, "the Christian doctrine in a compendious manner. They were all very attentive; they then deliberated among themselves for about half an hour and one of the chiefs, addressing me in the name of the others, said: 'Black-gown, the words of thy mouth have found their way to our hearts; they will never be forgotten.' . . . I advised them to select among themselves a wise and prudent man, who every morning and evening should assemble them to offer to Almighty God their prayers and supplications. . . . The meeting was held the very same evening, and the great chief promulgated a law that for the future the one who would be guilty of theft or of other disorderly

act, should receive a public castigation." This was the only occasion on which Father De Smet met the Snake Indians. His subsequent trips to Oregon were, with one exception, by a different route.

After spending a week at the Green River rendezvous, Father De Smet and his Flathead guides, together with a dozen Canadians, started northward across the mountains which separate the headwaters of the Colorado from those of the Columbia. They crossed the historic Teton's Pass and came to the beautiful valley at the foot of the three Tetons, of which Father De Smet has left a striking description. In this valley they found the camp of the Flatheads and of their neighbors, the *Pend d'Oreilles*, numbering about 1,600 persons. De Smet describes the affecting scene of his meeting with these children of the wilderness and relates how astonished he was at their fervor and regularity at religious exercises. ". . . On the first evening I gathered all the people about my lodge. . . . I said the evening prayers, and finally they sang together, in a harmony which surprised me very much, several songs of their own composition on the praise of God. This zeal for prayer and instruction (and I preached to them regularly four times a day) instead of declining increased up to the time of my departure."

After two months among the Flatheads, De Smet determined to return to St. Louis for assistance. He appointed a chief to take his place, to preside over the devotions and to baptize the children. He was accompanied by thirty warriors, among whom was the famous chief, *Insula*, whose futile trip to the rendezvous on the Green River in 1835 we have already mentioned. Father De Smet reached the St. Louis University on the last day of the year 1840. His first missionary journey to the nations of the Oregon Country had been accomplished and, like another Paul, he returned rehearsing all the things that God had done with him and how he had opened a door of faith to the Nations.

On the feast of the Assumption, 1841, Father De Smet had again penetrated the Oregon Country as far as Fort Hall on the Snake River.

When Father De Smet met the Flatheads at Fort Hall on this occasion he was better prepared to minister to their needs than on his former journey. He was accompanied by two

priests and three brothers. The priests are well known in the early annals of Oregon. They were Fathers Nicholas Point and Gregory Mengarini. We shall meet them again in the course of our narrative. De Smet had been successful, too, in securing financial aid for his missions. The Bishops and clergy of the dioceses of Philadelphia and New Orleans had responded very generously to his appeal. On reaching the Bitter Root Valley, the home of the Flathead tribe, De Smet was thus enabled to lay the foundations of a permanent mission. He chose a location on the banks of the Bitter Root River, about twenty-eight miles above its mouth, between the site of old Fort Owen and the present town of Stevensville.

While the work of establishing the mission was in progress, Father De Smet received a delegation from the Cœur d'Alènes nation. They had heard of his arrival among the Flatheads and came to request his services. "Father," said one of them to him, "we are truly deserving of your pity. We wish to serve the Great Spirit, but we know not how. We want some one to teach us. For this reason we make application to you." Their wish was granted and the little tribe received the Christian religion with the same zeal and devotion that the Flatheads had displayed. The Pend d'Oreilles, too, a numerous tribe who dwelt in what is now northern Idaho, welcomed the missionaries, as also did the Nez Percés. Father De Smet had little hope of converting the Blackfeet. "They are the only Indians," he writes, "of whose salvation we would have reason to despair if the ways of God were the same as those of men, for they are murderers, thieves, traitors, and all that is wicked." Father Point established a mission among them, but the Blackfeet are pagans even to this day.

In establishing the Rocky Mountain missions Father De Smet and his companions had constant recourse to the experience of the Jesuit missionaries among the Indians of Paraguay. He expressly states that he made a *Vade Mecum* of the Narrative of Muratori, the historian of the Paraguay missions. The field west of the Rocky Mountains suggested to him many similarities with that among the native races of South America. The only obstacle to conversion in the one case as in the other was the introduction of the vices of the whites. That alone stood in the way of the ultimate civilization of the natives. De Smet refers to his missions as *réductions*, a name bor-

rowed from the South American system where it refers to the settlements which the missionaries induced their nomadic neophytes to adopt.

One of the problems that De Smet had to meet at the outset was that of Indian marriages. He acted on the principle that there were no valid marriages among the savages. Consequently, in the case of married parties, immediately after Baptism, the Christian marriage ceremony was performed, the necessary instructions having been given. The success of the Catholic missionaries in dealing with this most difficult problem was all the more striking in view of the complete failure which attended the efforts of the other missionaries in this regard.

During the closing months of 1841 De Smet undertook a journey from the Bitter Root Valley to Fort Colville on the Columbia. On All Saints' Day he met two encampments of the Kalispel nation, who were to be a great consolation to the missionary. The chief of the first camp was the famous Challax. Although they had never seen a priest before, they knew all the prayers De Smet had taught the Flatheads. This is a striking proof of the nature of the religious sentiment among the Oregon Indians of the interior. Their knowledge of these prayers is thus explained by De Smet: "They had deputed an intelligent young man, who was gifted with a good memory, to meet me. Having learned the prayers and canticles and such points as were most essential for salvation, he repeated to the village all that he had heard and seen. It was, as you can easily imagine, a great consolation for me to see the sign of the cross and hear prayers addressed to the great God, and His praises sung in a desert of about three hundred miles extent, where a Catholic priest had never been before."

Returning to his mission in the Bitter Root Valley, in December, 1841, with the provisions and implements secured at Fort Colville, Father De Smet spent the winter among his Flathead neophytes. In April of the following year he set out on his first visit to Fort Vancouver and the Willamette Valley, a journey of a thousand miles. In the course of his travels, on this occasion, he evangelized whole villages of Kootenais, Kalispels, Cœur d'Alènes, Spokans, and Okanigans, establishing, in almost every case, the practice of morning and evening prayers in each village. He found the Cœur d'Alène camp at the outlet of the great lake which bears their name. The entire

camp turned out to welcome him. An extract from one of his letters will show how eagerly they listened to his words: "I spoke to them for two hours on salvation and the end of man's creation, and not one person stirred from his place during the whole time of instruction. As it was almost sunset, I recited the prayers I had translated into their language a few days before. . . . At their own request I then continued instructing the chiefs and their people until the night was far advanced. About every half hour I paused, and then the pipes would pass round to refresh the listeners and give time for reflection." Never did De Smet experience so much satisfaction among the Indians as on this occasion, and nowhere were his efforts crowned with greater and more permanent success. The Cœur d'Alènes have still the reputation of being the best and most industrious Indians in the Rocky Mountains.

The journey from Fort Colville to Fort Vancouver was marred by an unfortunate accident. At one of the Rapids of the Columbia the barge containing De Smet's effects capsized, and all the crew, save three, were drowned. Providentially, Father De Smet had gone ashore intending to walk along the bank while the bargemen directed the boat through the rapids. After brief visits at Forts Okanigan and Walla Walla, he hastened on to Vancouver, where he received a most affecting welcome from the pioneer missionaries of the Oregon Country, Blanchet and Demers. The latter has related how Blanchet and De Smet ran to meet each other, both prostrating themselves, each begging the other's blessing. It was a meeting fraught with important consequences for the Catholic Church in Oregon.

In his *Historical Sketches*, Archbishop Blanchet gives us a few details in addition to those mentioned in De Smet's *Letters*, from which it appears that Father Demers met the Jesuit missionary at Fort Vancouver and conducted him to the residence of the Vicar-General at St. Paul. De Smet returned to Vancouver with Father Demers, followed a few days later by Father Blanchet, "to deliberate on the interests of the great mission of the Pacific Coast." At the conference it was decided that Father Demers should proceed to open a mission in New Caledonia (now British Columbia), leaving the Vicar-General at St. Paul, while De Smet should start for St. Louis and Belgium in quest of more workers and of material assistance for the missions of Oregon. Dr. McLoughlin, though not yet

a Catholic, strongly encouraged Father De Smet to make every effort to increase the number of Catholic missionaries. On June 30, 1842, De Smet bade farewell to his new friends at Fort Vancouver and set out for the East to secure recruits and supplies for the Oregon missions.

Twenty-five months elapsed before Father De Smet returned again to Fort Vancouver. After visiting many of the chief cities of Europe he set sail from Antwerp on the brig *Infatigable* early in January, 1844, accompanied by four Fathers and a lay brother of the Society, and six Sisters of Notre Dame de Namur. The *Infatigable* rounded Cape Horn on the 20th of March, 1844, and came in sight of the Oregon coast on the 28th of July. After a terrifying experience they crossed the Columbia bar in safety on the 31st of July, the feast of St. Ignatius. Father De Smet frequently refers to the "divine pilotage" which brought them unharmed through the shallow passage and the treacherous breakers. From Astoria De Smet set out for Fort Vancouver in a canoe, leaving his companions to follow when a favorable wind would permit. He was received with open arms by Dr. McLoughlin and by Father Demers, who was planning to leave shortly for Canada to secure sisters to open a school. From Father Demers he received the good news that the missionaries in the Rocky Mountains had received a strong reinforcement from St. Louis during his absence. The Vicar-General, Father Blanchet, was at St. Paul when informed of De Smet's arrival. He immediately set out for Vancouver, bringing a number of his parishioners with him and traveling all night by canoe.

On the eve of the feast of the Assumption the newly arrived recruits for the mission left Fort Vancouver for St. Paul. "Our little squadron," says Father De Smet, "consisted of four canoes manned by the parishioners of Mr. Blanchet, and our own sloop. We sailed up the river and soon entered the Willamette. As night approached we moored our vessels and encamped upon the shore. [This must have been within the limits of the present city of Portland.] The morning's dawn found us on foot. It was the festival of the glorious Assumption of the Mother of God. Aided by the nuns, I erected a small altar. Mr. Blanchet offered the Holy Sacrifice, at which all communicated. . . . Finally, the 17th, about eleven o'clock, we came in sight of our dear mission of Willamette.

. . . A cart was procured to conduct the nuns to their dwelling, which is about five miles from the river. In two hours we were all assembled in the chapel of Willamette, to adore and thank our Divine Savior by the solemn chanting of the Te Deum."

On arriving at St. Paul, De Smet's first care was to seek a convenient location for what was intended to be the base of missionary activities in Oregon. The Methodists offered to sell him their academy, which they had decided to close. Ten years had passed since Jason and Daniel Lee founded the Methodist mission in the Willamette Valley; a quarter of a million dollars had been expended in the enterprise, but as an Indian mission it was confessedly a complete failure. Hence it was decided, in 1844, to suppress it and sell all the property. Father De Smet, however, secured a more advantageous location, where he laid the foundations of the St. Francis Xavier mission on the Willamette.

When winter came on, Father De Smet was again among his Indians in the mountains. He revisited the Sacred Heart mission, founded among the Cœur d'Alènes by Father Point in 1842. Leaving the Pointed Hearts he set out for St. Mary's mission in Bitter Root Valley, but was twice foiled in the attempt by the heavy snows and swollen mountain torrents. He was thus compelled to pass Christmas, 1844, among the Kalispels. He gives us an interesting description of the manner in which the day was passed. He writes: "The great festival of Christmas, the day on which the little band (of 144 adults) was to be added to the number of the true children of God, will never be effaced from the memory of our good Indians. . . . A grand banquet, according to the Indian custom, followed the first Mass. The union, the contentment, the joy, and the charity which pervaded the whole assembly might well be compared to the *agape* of the primitive Christians." On the same Christmas morning the entire tribes of Flatheads and Cœur d'Alènes received Holy Communion in a body at their respective missions.

The Paschal time, 1845, Father De Smet spent among the Flatheads at St. Mary's mission in the Bitter Root. As the snow began to disappear with the coming of spring, Father De Smet set out for Vancouver and the mission of St. Francis Xavier on the Willamette. He went by canoe down the impetuous Clark's River to Father Hoeken's mission of St. Igna-

tius among the Kalispels. After selecting a site for a new establishment of St. Ignatius, "in the neighborhood of the cavern of New Manresa and its quarries, and a fall of water more than two hundred feet, presenting every advantage for the erection of mills," he hastened to Walla Walla, where he embarked in a small boat and descended the Columbia as far as Fort Vancouver.

At Vancouver he found Father Nobili, who ministered during the absence of Father Demers to the Catholic employees of the Fort and to the neighboring Indians. Of his visit to the Willamette settlement, De Smet writes: "Father Nobili accompanied me in a Chinook canoe up the beautiful river of Multomah, or Willamette, a distance of about sixty miles, as far as the village of Champoeg, three miles from our residence of St. Francis Xavier. On our arrival all the Fathers came to meet us, and great was our delight on being again reunited after a long winter season. The Italian Fathers had applied themselves chiefly to the study of languages. Father Ravalli, being skilled in medicine, rendered considerable services to the inhabitants of St. Paul's mission; Father Vercruysse, at the request of Right Reverend Bishop Blanchet, opened a mission among the Canadians who were distant from St. Paul's. . . . Father De Vos is the only one of our Fathers of Willamette who speaks English. He devotes his whole attention to the Americans, whose number already exceed 4,000. There are several Catholic families and our dissenting brethren seem well disposed." It was De Vos who received into the Church a year later, at Oregon City, one of the most distinguished of the Oregon pioneers, Chief Justice Peter Burnett, afterwards first Governor of California.

Father De Smet went overland from St. Paul to Walla Walla past the foot of Mt. Hood. The trail to the Dalles was strewn with whitened bones of oxen and horses, which appealed to our traveler as melancholy testimonies to the hardships which had been faced by the American immigrants during the three preceding years. He becomes enthusiastic about Hood, "with its snowy crest towering majestically upward, and losing itself in the clouds." Leaving Fort Walla Walla, Father De Smet traversed the fertile lands of the Nez Percés and Cayuse Indians, the richest tribes in Oregon. It was among these Indians that Dr. Marcus Whitman had established the Presbyterian mission, and it was here that the savage and

brutal massacre of Dr. and Mrs. Whitman, in 1847, made the name of the Cayuse Indians ever memorable in Oregon annals. Our missionary spent the feast of St. Ignatius, 1845, at Kettle Falls, in the vicinity of Fort Colville on the Columbia, where nearly a thousand savages of the Kalispel nation were engaged in salmon fishing. He had a little chapel of boughs constructed on an eminence in the midst of the Indian huts, and there he gave three instructions each day. The Indians attended faithfully at his spiritual exercises, and he spent the 31st of July (St. Ignatius' Day) baptizing the savages. He recalls that it is just a year since he crossed the Columbia bar "as if borne on angels' wings," and reviews the work of the Catholic missions in Oregon during that period with deep appreciation of the kindly Providence which gave the increase in the field which he had planted.

An interesting incident early in August, 1845, brings Father De Smet's views of public affairs to our attention. The Oregon question was then the all-absorbing theme. While De Smet was ascending the Clark River he had an unexpected interview on this subject. As he was approaching the forest on the shore of Lake Pend d'Oreille, several horsemen issued from its depths, and the foremost among them saluted him by name. On nearer approach, Father De Smet recognized Peter Skeen Ogden, one of the leading representatives of the Hudson's Bay Company. Ogden was accompanied by two English officers, Warre and Vavasseur, who had been sent to Oregon to investigate the charge that Dr. McLoughlin was unfaithful to his Company and his country. Their report had been unfavorable to McLoughlin and was the direct cause of the rupture which occurred between McLoughlin and the Hudson's Bay Company. De Smet was alarmed by the information he gleaned from the travelers regarding the Oregon question. He writes: "They were invested with orders from their government to take possession of Cape Disappointment, to hoist the English standard, and to erect a fortress for the purpose of securing the entrance of the river in case of war. In the Oregon question John Bull, without much talk, attains his end and secures the most important part of the country; whereas Uncle Sam loses himself in words, inveighs, and storms! Many years have passed in debates and useless contention without one single practical *effort* to secure his real or pretended rights."

Some writers have gathered from these expressions that

Father De Smet was hostile to the claims of our country and would have preferred to see the Oregon Country fall under British sovereignty. This view was given wide circulation by the Protestant missionaries. For example, Dr. Whitman writes from Waiilatpu, under date of November 5, 1846: ". . . The Jesuit Papists would have been in quiet possession of this the only spot in the Western horizon of America not before their own. . . . It would have been but a small work for them and the friends of the English interests, which they had also fully avowed, to have routed us, and then the country might have slept in their hands forever" (Transactions of the Oregon Pioneer Association for 1893, page 200). The truth is, of course, quite the contrary to these representations. What Father De Smet feared was that Oregon might be lost to the United States, at least temporarily, by indecision on the part of our government.

In a letter to Senator Benton, written in 1849, De Smet recounts a conversation which he had with several British officers on the brig *Modeste*, before Fort Vancouver, in 1846, in which his attitude towards the Oregon question is made clear. The party was discussing the possibility of the English taking possession, not merely of Oregon, but of California as well. Father De Smet ventured the opinion that such a conquest was a dream not easily realized, and went on to remark that should the English take possession of Oregon for the moment, it would be an easy matter for the Americans to cross the mountains and wrest the entire country from them almost without a blow. On hearing these sentiments, the captain asked De Smet somewhat warmly: "'Are you a Yankee?' 'Not a born one, Captain,' was my reply, 'but I have the good luck of being a naturalized American for these many years past; and in these matters all my good wishes are for the side of my adopted country.'"

Father De Smet pushed on from Lake Pend d'Oreille, through dense forests, to the Kootenai River, where he encountered a branch of the Kutenai tribe, which he calls the Flat-bows. He found them well-disposed and already instructed in the principal mysteries of the Catholic faith by a Canadian employee of the Hudson's Bay Company. On the feast of the Assumption (1845) he celebrated Mass among them and erected a cross, at the foot of which the Indians renounced their practices of jugglery and superstition. The Kutenai tribe furnished

another illustration of the marvelous dispositions for faith which Providence had planted in the hearts of the Oregon Indians. They remain Catholics to this day.

In June, 1846, De Smet was back again at Fort Colville, and was there joined by Father Nobili, who had just returned from a missionary journey to Fort St. James, the capital of New Caledonia, situated on Stuart Lake. The end of June saw Father De Smet at St. Francis Xavier's mission on the Willamette. A few weeks later he was making his way up the Columbia in an Indian canoe with two blankets unfurled by way of sails. At Walla Walla he enjoyed the hospitality of Mr. McBean, the superintendent of the Fort. This gentleman was a Catholic and when Bishop A. M. A. Blanchet came to take possession of the diocese of Walla Walla, in September, 1847, he rendered the Bishop valuable assistance. Taking farewell of Mr. McBean, Father De Smet visited the Nez Percés, Kalispels, and Cœur d'Alènes, among whom were stationed Fathers Hoeken, Joset, and Point. On the feast of the Assumption he was again among the Flatheads in the Bitter Root Valley. St. Mary's mission had prospered both materially and spiritually. He found the little log church which had been erected five years before, about to be replaced by a large and handsome structure. Another agreeable surprise awaited him. The mechanical skill of Father Ravalli had erected a flour mill and a sawmill. "The flour mill," writes Father De Smet, "grinds ten or twelve bushels a day, and the sawmill furnishes an abundant supply of planks, posts, etc., for the public and private building of the nation settled here."

On August 16, 1846, Father De Smet left St. Mary's mission in the Bitter Root and reached the University of St. Louis on December 10. His missionary work in Oregon was at an end. His biographers, summing up this period of his career, write as follows: "The results of his labors, from a missionary point of view, were highly successful. The whole Columbia Valley had been dotted with infant establishments, some of which had taken on the promise of permanent growth. He had, indeed, laid the foundation well for a spiritual empire throughout that region, and but for the approach of emigration his plans would have brought forth the full fruition that he expected. But most important of all, from a public point of view, was the fact that he had become a great power among the Indian tribes. All now knew him, many personally, the rest by reputation. He was

the one white man in whom they had implicit faith. The Government was beginning to look to him for assistance. The Mormon, the Forty-niner, the Oregon emigrant, came to him for information and advice. His writings were already known on two continents and his name was a familiar one, at least in the religious world" (*Chittenden and Richardson*. Vol. I., p. 57).

Father De Smet paid two subsequent visits to the scenes of his missionary labors in Oregon. The first of these visits was occasioned by the Indian outbreak in 1858, known as the Yakima war. The savages, viewing with alarm the encroachments of the whites upon their lands, formed a league to repel the invaders. Even the peaceful Flatheads and Cœur d'Alènes joined the coalition. The United States Government sent General Harney, who had won distinction in several Indian wars, to take charge of the situation. At the personal request of General Harney, Father De Smet was selected to accompany the expedition in the capacity of chaplain. Their party reached Vancouver late in October, 1858. The news of the cessation of hostilities and the submission of the Indians had already reached the Fort. But the Indians, though subdued, were still unfriendly, and there was constant danger of a fresh outbreak. The work of pacification was still to be effected. Upon this mission De Smet left Vancouver, under orders of the commanding general, to visit the mountain tribes some 800 miles distant.

He visited the Catholic soldiers at Fort Walla Walla and there met Father Congiato, superior of the missions, from whom he received favorable information concerning the dispositions of the tribes in the mountains. By the middle of April, 1859, Father De Smet had revisited practically all the tribes among which he had labored as a missionary. On April 16 he left the mission of St. Ignatius among the Pend d'Oreilles to return to Fort Vancouver. He was accompanied, at his own request, by the chiefs of the different mountain tribes, with the view of renewing the treaty of peace with the general and with the superintendent of Indian affairs. The successful issue of Father De Smet's mission is shown by a letter of General Harney dated Fort Vancouver, June 1, 1859. He writes: "I have the honor to report, for the information of the general-in-chief, the arrival at this place of a deputation of Indian chiefs, on a visit suggested by myself through the kind offices of the Reverend Father De Smet, who has been with these tribes the past winter. . . . These chiefs have all declared

to me the friendly desires which now animate them towards our people. . . . Two of these chiefs—one of the upper Pend d'Oreilles and the other of the Flatheads—report that the proudest boast of their respective tribes, is the fact that no white man's blood has ever been shed by any one of either nation. This statement is substantiated by Father De Smet. . . . It gives me pleasure to commend to the general-in-chief the able and efficient services the Reverend Father De Smet has rendered." Having fulfilled his mission, De Smet secured his release from the post of chaplain and returned to St. Louis, visiting a score of Indian tribes on the way. It is typical of him that he should have planned, despite his three score years, to cover the entire distance from Vancouver to St. Louis on horseback—a project which he was regretfully compelled to abandon because of the unfitness of his horses for so long a journey.

Once more, in 1863, De Smet traversed the Oregon Country, renewing his acquaintance with the various missions and enjoying the hospitality of the three pioneer bishops of the province, at Portland, Vancouver, and Victoria.

De Smet's missionary labors in Oregon had come to a close before the arrival of Bishop A. M. A. Blanchet in the Pacific Northwest. But Archbishop Blanchet and Bishop Demers were co-apostles with him in this new corner of the Lord's vineyard, and with him had borne the burden of the pioneer work. Now, however, the pioneer days were over, and De Smet, as he set sail from Portland on the 13th of October, 1863, could bear witness to the altered aspect of the country. But with all the signs of progress about him, there was one undeniable feature of the situation which brought sadness to his heart. The Indian tribes for whom he had labored with such apostolic zeal, the children of the forest, whose wonderful dispositions for Christian faith and Christian virtue had been his consolation and his glory, were doomed. The seed of the Gospel, which he had sown, had taken root and sprung up and was blossoming forth with the promise of an abundant harvest when the blight came. The white man was in the land. The Indian envied his strength, imitated his vices, and fell before both. "May heaven preserve them from the dangerous contact of the whites!" was De Smet's last prayer for his neophytes as he bade farewell to the Oregon Country.

IN THE DAY OF FATE.

BY CHRISTIAN REID.



HE was sitting on the end of a bench in the orange-shaded plaza, basking in the warm sunlight, his shoulders bent with the pathetic droop of illness, his thin, long-fingered hands clasped together on his knees, and his slouched hat drawn down low over his eyes. He might have been supposed to be asleep, as he thus sat motionless, with every muscle relaxed, if he had not started perceptibly when the sound of voices speaking English suddenly fell on his ear. It was a very unusual sound in San Juanito, which was seldom honored by the visits of tourists, being only an ordinary little Mexican town, lying at the foot of the Sierra, which stretched like a mass of carven lapis-lazuli behind it. To-day, however, there had been a freight wreck on the railway, and the express from the northern border was detained for several hours at the station a mile or so distant across the sun-parched plain, from whence the town, with its adobe houses and tropical gardens clustering around its graceful church tower, made an idyllic picture, which tempted the adventurous among the passengers to explore it. But—

“We should have been satisfied with admiring it from the train,” a woman’s voice declared in a high key of disapproval. “There’s nothing whatever here to repay us for that long, dusty walk.”

“Oh, I don’t agree with you,” a softer, better modulated voice said—a voice which made the man at the end of the bench start again, this time violently, and glance furtively from under the rim of his down-drawn hat at the speaker, who with her companions had paused almost immediately in front of him.

“It’s all adorably picturesque, I think,” the tall, handsome girl went on, sweeping the scene—the fountain-set plaza, the old church with its Carmelite belfry, the arcaded public buildings, the vistas of houses painted in soft distemper colors and

covered with brown tiles—with her glance. “I hope I will get my camera in time to take some pictures before we have to go back to the train.”

“You’ll probably have time to take as many pictures as there are points of view in the place,” a man’s deeper tones assured her. “We’ll be lucky if we get away in the course of the next two or three hours. At least that is what I gathered from the conductor’s remarks.”

“I wish you had asked him what there was of interest here,” the first speaker observed. “The church? Oh, yes, of course we can go and see the church; but all the churches are so much alike; and if there’s anything else— Perhaps”—hopefully—“we might find something to buy, or—er—to eat—dulces, you know.”

“Or to drink—even pulque not declined, in case of the absence of beer,” the masculine voice chimed in. “While we are waiting for Laidlaw to bring your forgotten camera, Miss Sylvester, we might put in the time rather agreeably with some liquid refreshments. But the question is where to find them?”

The man at the end of the bench did not stir, but he was intensely, horribly conscious that three pairs of eyes were fastened on him, and that three minds were considering whether he might not be able to answer this question. He knew what was coming when he heard a feminine whisper:

“Perhaps he isn’t asleep—perhaps he’s drunk.”

“Just the right party, then, to tell us what we want to know,” the jovial, masculine tones replied. “Anyhow, nobody who goes to sleep on a bench in the plaza can mind being waked. Hello—señor!—sorry to disturb you, but can you tell us— Oh, hang it! doesn’t anybody know enough Spanish to ask him where we can get a drink?”

“I haven’t the faintest idea what is the Spanish for a drink,” Margaret Sylvester began with a laugh; but paused abruptly, as the man addressed rose to his feet. For an instant—barely an instant—he lifted his hat in acknowledgment of the presence of ladies, showing a sharpened, ghastly face beneath, but replaced it quickly as he pointed across the plaza.

“At the cantina over there you will find what you want,” he said; and then, turning quickly, stumbled away, for walking became difficult when even the bright sunshine grew black

around him, and he found himself hoping agonizedly that he might not drop until he had gained a place of shelter, a refuge from the eyes that had met his in one lightning-like glance, in which he read amazement, incredulity, struggling recognition.

"She'll think it was only a chance resemblance—she'll be sure she was mistaken," he muttered to himself as he concentrated all his will on maintaining an upright position and walking—yes, walking away, instead of being carried, as would certainly result if this blackness increased before he gained the friendly shelter of the arcade, where he might halt, lean against a pillar, and take breath.

He gained it while the group left behind looked anxiously after him, and then glanced at each other.

"Apparently," Mr. Harkeson-Smythe remarked, "it wasn't a sleeping but a dying man that I roused. Poor beggar!—he seems pretty far gone! I hardly thought he'd make it over to the portales."

"And he spoke English, too," Mrs. Warren added in an injured tone. "I suppose he heard me say that perhaps he was drunk; but how could I know? I thought he was of course one of the—er—*peones*, don't you call them?"

"He is probably an American," Miss Sylvester said, "and he looks very ill; so I am going after him to apologize, and—and see if I cannot do something for him."

"Oh, Margaret!" Mrs. Warren remonstrated, "I—I really don't think I would."

Margaret gave her a significant glance. "I daresay you wouldn't," she replied, "so you and Mr. Harkeson-Smythe can get something to drink while I go."

She moved away, her graceful head lifted, her clear eyes very bright, and followed the path of the man who had stumbled across the plaza to the shade of the portales. Perhaps he glanced back, as the darkness cleared away from his vision, and saw her coming, and perhaps the sight lent him fresh strength. At all events, when she reached the arcade he was gone. She looked around, and meeting the eyes of a Mexican woman seated by a pile of beans, her lips formed a stammering but sufficiently direct inquiry.

"The señor—Americano? Where has he gone?"

"*A su casa, señorita,*" the woman replied, divining the question, though she did not understand the words.

"Ah, to his house," Miss Sylvester quickly translated. "And where—*¿endonde está la casa?*?"

The woman lifted her hand and pointed to a house distant a few paces down a street opening from the plaza. The door was closed. It had shut quickly behind a shaking, flying form as Margaret Sylvester crossed the plaza to the portales. Perhaps she divined this, but she went on, down the sunlit street to the one-story dwelling, and knocked at the door.

There was no answer. Again she knocked, and again there was no answer; but it seemed to her that she heard something like the panting of a trapped animal within. This was possibly fancy—possibly what she heard was the loud beating of her own heart—but she knocked yet again, and again there was no reply. Then she put her hand on the latch. If it were fastened she could go no farther. But the latch yielded to her touch, the door opened under her hand, and she found herself entering a room which, after the blinding glare of sunlight outside, seemed of an almost cave-like gloom and coolness. Drawing in her breath sharply, she looked around the meager, poverty-stricken interior, saw the flat, hard bed, the plain pine table with its few books and writing materials, and the chair in which the figure of the man she had followed sat, or rather lay, with head thrown back, in an attitude of spent exhaustion. She moved across the floor and stood, her hand on her heart, immediately before him. He opened his eyes—eyes wonderfully large and bright in the white, sunken face—and looked up at her. Then she advanced a step.

"John!" she cried with a thrilling and exultant note in her voice. "John Graham, it *is* you! You are—alive! John"—she made another step nearer—"why have you let the world—why have you let *me* think for two years that you were dead?"

He could not resist the imperative challenge of her tone. It forced him to rise to his feet and meet her gaze fully. But he did not offer to touch her hand; and they stood looking at each other as spirit and flesh might look across the gulf which divided them.

"Margaret," he said, "you must know why I have allowed the world to believe that I am dead. It seemed—the shortest way. And it was only anticipating the truth. You see that I shall soon be dead."

"But I see that you are not dead yet," she replied, with

the exultant note still in her voice. "You are alive, and the first thing I have to tell you 'is that I never for one instant believed that you had died in the manner it was said you had."

"You—didn't believe it?"

"No; I never believed that John Graham, the John Graham whom I—knew, had been coward enough to kill himself to escape anything."

A vivid light leaped into the eyes of the John Graham whom she—knew. And then died out as quickly.

"Yet," he reminded her, "men have often killed themselves to escape disgrace."

"Yes"; she returned, "men capable of doing disgraceful things have often proved incapable of facing the consequences of their acts. But I am sure that if you had ever done a disgraceful thing, you would not have escaped the consequences by the coward's road of suicide."

"Margaret!"—the man grasped tightly the edge of the table by which he stood—"you say, *if* I had done a disgraceful thing. Surely you know—"

Her brilliant glance met and held his.

"Shall I repeat my words?" she asked. "The whole matter is a mystery to me—no deeper mystery now, when I find you hiding here, than when you disappeared two years ago; but through all the mystery I have held fast to my belief that you would never shirk the consequences of any act of yours, and therefore it has been to me unthinkable that to escape disgrace you had either absconded or committed suicide."

He put his hand to his eyes for a moment, as if overcome by the greatness of her faith—or, perhaps, by the weight of his own unworthiness. Then, lowering it, he looked at her again with a gaze as direct as it was clear and sad.

"But *now*," he urged, "now you must believe it, when you find me here—hiding, as you have said."

She threw back her head, smiling at him superbly.

"Now that I see you again, I believe it less than ever!" she declared. "And by my faith in you, a faith that has never faltered, I demand that you tell me why you have done this thing."

He made a gesture of protest, while he sank back, as if overcome by weakness, into the chair from which he had risen. His head dropped on his breast, his eyelids fell.

"Surely it is plain," he said. "Would a man give up his life, his ambitions, his friends—above all, would he give up the privilege of sometimes at least seeing you—to go away secretly to a country where certain offenses are not extraditable, unless he had been guilty of one of those offenses?"

"It would hardly seem so," she admitted; "yet what I have said holds good. Tell me why *you* have done this?"

"Have you not heard?"

"I have heard many things," she answered. "I know it is said that you used money which did not belong to you, and that when you were confronted with exposure you gave up your fortune to replace what you had taken, and then—disappeared."

He nodded gravely. "That statement seems to cover the case," he told her, "and therefore what can you say to me, except good-bye?"

Her eyes suddenly blazed on him.

"I can say just this," she replied, "that I refuse to believe one word of that statement, unless you tell me on your honor—on your honor, John Graham!—that you truly did those things."

"On my honor!" he repeated as if to himself. "She asks me to tell her—on my honor!"

"Yes"; the inflexible voice said. "I demand it—on your honor!"

"Oh, but this is absurd!" he remonstrated. "A man who has fallen into the class in which I am, is not supposed to have any honor left."

Then Margaret Sylvester laughed, and as the clear music rang out, the man started and let his glance pass swiftly around the walls of the room, which since he first entered it had heard many sighs, but never before such a laugh.

"How you betray yourself!" she cried. "And how foolish—oh, John Graham, how foolish you are, to think you can deceive me! Haven't I known you since we were children; and haven't I always known that honor was to you an idol, a fetich, to which you were willing to sacrifice yourself and everybody else? Do you think I am a fool to believe that you could change sufficiently even to consider the doing of a dishonorable act? I might believe it possible of myself, or of anybody else that I ever knew; but never, never of you."

Again the man closed his eyes. Perhaps he would have

been glad if death had come to him in the unlooked-for sweetness of that moment. "Margaret!" he whispered gratefully, "Oh, Margaret!"

"And so," the thrilling voice went on, "I repeat that there is no good in trying to deceive me. I am sure that what has brought you here—the clue to this mystery, the key to this riddle—is to be found in some exaggerated idea of honor, to which you have sacrificed yourself, as I often prophesied that you would."

John Graham regarded the speaker with a glance, in which something like a flicker of amusement, brought from the depths of past memories, shone. "Yes," he said, "I remember. You have prophesied it—often."

"But although I prophesied that you would some day sacrifice yourself," Margaret continued, "I did not expect you to sacrifice me."

He looked at her now with mingled amazement and apprehension. "How have I sacrificed you?" he asked.

Her proud, bright gaze met his unwaveringly. "Do you think," she said, "although you never acknowledged it in words, that I didn't know that you loved me? And did it never occur to you that I might—love you?"

"Margaret!" he cried in a voice in which rapture and agony blent. And then in a lower tone: "My God, why have I not died?"

The passionate bitterness of the last words made the girl fling herself on her knees beside him.

"You have not died," she said, seizing his thin, cold hand in the warm, strong clasp of hers, "because God meant to give me the happiness of seeing you again, and ending the anguish of doubt and anxiety about your fate which I have endured. Oh, how could you"—her voice rose in keen reproach—"how *could* you have been so forgetful of me, so careless of my sufferings? For you surely knew what I felt for you, and what I must suffer!"

"No"; he answered quickly. "If I had known, if I had for an instant dreamed of it, I could never have done what I did. There was a time when I fancied that you might care for me; but then Laidlaw came, with his boundless assurance and his great wealth, and seemed to—absorb your attention."

"And you never guessed that he absorbed my attention

because I wanted to give a lesson to another man who angered me by his stupidity?" she asked in a tone which seemed still scornful of that stupidity. "It was the woman's old, foolish device; but if it deceived you, it did not mislead him—at least not for long. Before you went away I had refused him."

Graham stared at her incredulously. "You refused him before I went away!" he repeated. "Are you sure of that?"

"I am sure," she replied. "I not only refused him, but I told him the truth—told him that I had never cared for any one but you."

The veins stood out like whipcords on the man's forehead now as he leaned toward her. "You told him *that*?" he queried again hoarsely.

"Yes"; she answered, "for I felt that I owed him candor. And he was very generous. I can never forget his sympathy when you disappeared. He gave me hope at first; and then later—later—"

"Tried to induce you to surrender hope—yes. I see!" From his tone it was to be inferred that John Graham saw a great deal. "And now he is with you, is he not? I heard his name mentioned by one of your companions. Are you going to marry him?"

The question was harsh in its abruptness, but she answered it quietly.

"If that had been asked me an hour ago, I should have said: 'Yes.' It did not seem to matter—then. But now everything is changed. You are alive!" She looked at him joyously. "Is it not strange that my heart always told me you were alive, even while he tried to convince me that you must be dead?"

"He tried to convince you of that?"

"He has argued often that if you were living, and if you loved me as I believed, that nothing could keep you away from me."

"Nothing could keep me away from you!"

He appeared to repeat the words mechanically, while his glance turned toward a letter lying on the table beside him. Involuntarily he extended his hand, as if to push it out of sight; but Margaret's quick eye followed the motion and passed to the letter. The next instant she was on her feet, and it was in her hand.

"*Laidlaw's writing!*" she exclaimed.

There was a moment's intense silence as she stood staring at it, then her flashing gaze turned again on Graham. "What does this mean?" she demanded imperatively. "You will tell me the truth now, or I will make *him* tell it. He writes to you—he knows that you are alive!"

"Yes"; the man answered quietly. "He knows—he has always known. I would not have told you, but the matter has been taken out of my hands. It seems that for us three this is the day of fate."

"The day of fate for me, indeed," she echoed bitterly, "since in it I learn that you not only tossed me out of your life without a word, or apparently a thought, but that you left me to be deceived by a traitor like this!" She faced him passionately. "What is the meaning of it?" she cried. "If you cared nothing for me—that is plain enough now—had you no care for yourself, for your own broken and ruined life? What power has this man to make you serve him by dishonorable silence—you, John Graham, whom I thought a very paladin of honor? What bribe has he given you? It is at least"—her brilliant, scornful glance swept over the bare poverty around—"not money."

"No, it is not," John Graham said calmly. He rose as he spoke, supporting his weakness by leaning against the table. "I understand now," he went on, "why death has delayed so long in coming to me, and why fate has brought you here today. It was too much that I should go out of the world and leave you to one whom you are right in calling a traitor—one who has betrayed me as well as you."

She looked at the letter. "How can that be?" she asked.

"A little while ago," he said, "you spoke of what you have heard—what every one has heard—of me. Do you not know that Laidlaw is president of the company whose funds were—misappropriated?"

"I suppose I knew it," she answered indifferently, "but what then? Are you going to tell me that you did—what is the euphemism?—misappropriate those funds? It is possible that I might believe it now."

"No"; he replied again, "I am not going to tell you that. It is time for the truth to be spoken between us. I did not take the money, but—my brother did."

"Your brother?"

"My half-brother, Lucien Kent. He is, you know, much younger than I am, and has been more like a son than a brother to me ever since our mother gave him into my care on her death-bed. He was only a little chap then, but so winning, so brilliant, always so lovable. Ah, well!"—it was a short, quick sigh—"those were the qualities which were his undoing. Every one spoiled him, and I no doubt worst of all."

She nodded. "Yes, you worst of all"; she said, "for you allowed him to be a burden on your life and a drain upon your fortune. I have always known that. And so it was Lucien who has ended by ruining you, who had done everything for him!"

"It was my fault," Graham said. "I should have held a sterner hand over him. But I never imagined how far dissipation and extravagance had carried him until he came, in an agony of shame and fear, and told me that he had taken thousands, many thousands, of the money of the company in which I, as one of its officials, had given him a position of trust."

His voice fell, he moved across the floor, looked for an instant out of the iron-barred window on the sunny street, and then returned to where Margaret still stood, erect, silent, waiting.

"Surely you see how it was!" he said in a tone of appeal. "I had to save him—the boy at the beginning of his life, whom my indulgence had allowed to go astray. Besides, putting all feeling for him aside, I made myself responsible for his acts when I placed him in the position which rendered his defalcations possible."

"Ah, the ideal of honor!" she murmured. "I knew it would demand its sacrifice."

"There could not be even a question of that," he declared firmly. "I went at once to Laidlaw, told him of Lucien's confession, offered all I had to replace in part what had been taken, and assured him that the remainder would in a short time be covered by my life insurance. All I asked was that Lucien should not be prosecuted, nor his guilt be made public. And then—"

"Well, then—"

"He made difficulties, talked in a high tone of morality, of setting a bad example. 'Such a crime cannot possibly be condoned,' he said. 'We cannot refrain from prosecuting if the

embezzler remains within reach of the law. If you wish to save your brother from the penitentiary, you must send him to Mexico—*unless you are willing to go in his place.*”

Once more the speaker paused, and once more there was tense silence for a minute in the strange, bare chamber. Then he went on:

“It was some time before I grasped what he meant, before I understood that he was offering me the opportunity to save Lucien from disgrace and degradation by taking the burden of his misdoing on myself. When I finally understood, I had no idea why he offered this—I was so hopeless with regard to you that it never occurred to me that he wanted to remove a rival from his path—but it flashed upon me that it was a step which would cut many knots, end many difficulties.”

Margaret Sylvester put her hand to her throat. “Without,” she cried in a half-strangled voice, “a single thought of *me!*”

“On the contrary, with more thought of you than of any other human being,” Graham told her gently; “for it was in thinking of you that the road of sacrifice opened as a way of escape from intolerable pain. You see, I not only believed that you would marry Laidlaw, but there was every reason why I was debarred from any hope of even trying to win your love. What had I to offer you? I was not only a ruined man, whom disgrace touched nearly, but, more than that, I was a man whose death-warrant had been read. Do you understand now? I was ready to efface myself, since Laidlaw demanded that as the price of giving Lucien another chance in life, because, in the first place, I did not believe that you cared for me; and, in the second place, I had the assurance of more than one physician that I would be dead within two years. So I went away—”

“And pretended to be already dead!”

“No; that was an accident with which I had nothing to do. A passenger on the ship on which I sailed was lost overboard soon after we left port. No one knew him, so a rumor went abroad that it was I. Laidlaw was accountable for the rumor, but it mattered little to me—indeed, I was glad of the peace and freedom which it secured to me. I have lived here very quietly, unmolested even by curiosity—a dead man yet alive, for whom everything has ended, except just to sit in the sunshine and watch death coming a step nearer every day.”

Perfect quietness, the quietness of one for whom indeed all effort is over, and the end of the journey in plain sight, was in his tone, his face, his manner; but all the passion of human love and human anger was in Margaret Sylvester's voice when she suddenly flung herself upon him.

"John," she cried, "I cannot—I will not endure it! We have been tricked and deceived, you and I; but if you will take courage, we can yet have our life together. Trust me to deal with that traitor as he deserves, if you will come back to the world. John—for my sake—you will come?"

He smiled exquisitely as he put his arm around her.

"Dear heart," he answered, "I had such a strange sense of lightness when I waked this morning that I said to myself: 'Surely the end is near at hand—surely I shall die before night comes again.' For I could not guess that what the day was bringing me was—*you*. It is a wonderful happiness to be given as a *nunc dimittis*, not only this glimpse of your face, but the knowledge of your love, the assurance of your faith. Ah, never mind the traitor—give him no further thought! After all, what has he done for us but to help us to learn, through pain and separation, that love is of the soul, not of the body, and that even death—death itself—will be powerless to separate—"

He put his handkerchief to his lips, there was a moment's struggle, and then the red tide gushed forth, while with her strong, young arms the girl laid him back in his chair and knelt beside him.

A little later a persistent knocking at the door was followed by an impatient hand pushing it open, and as a flood of sunlight rushed into the room, a man's figure stood in the brightness.

"Excuse me," he said, "but I wish to inquire if Miss Sylvester is here?"

Out of the gloom a clear voice answered him:

"Yes, Miss Sylvester is here, Mr. Laidlaw; and so is John Graham—dead."

THE HOLY SPIRIT AND THE CHRISTIAN LIFE.

BY THOMAS J. GERRARD.



THE Holy Father has recently condemned the opinion according to which "the dogmas of faith are to be held only according to their practical sense, that is, as preceptive norms of conduct, but not as norms of believing." And indeed it would be hard to conceive a more soul-withering doctrine than the one here reprobated. The slightest reflection ought to show one that belief in an objective fact must be established before man can enter into those serious moral relations which are implications of that fact. Only crass ignorance of psychology could hinder one from seeing that the spiritual value of a truth depends on its fact-value, and that if the fact-value were allowed to go, the spiritual value must go also. Some writers, however, in their worthy endeavor to insist upon this principle, have rushed to the other extreme, suggesting that there may be some dogmas of faith which have no practical value at all. The dogma of the *Filioque*—that the Holy Spirit proceeds from both the Father and the Son, and not from the Father alone—is triumphantly held up as an example. How, it is asked, can the double procession of the Holy Spirit teach us anything about our conduct here below? My distinguished friend, Dr. Adrian Fortescue, in his fascinating book, *The Orthodox Eastern Church*, formulates this view with a boldness and vigor which to me are amazing. "When looking back," he says, "on this long and bitter controversy, one realizes most of all that the question, one way or the other, has never yet affected the piety or the practical faith of any human being. We all adore one God in three Persons, we all worship the Holy Ghost, the Lord and Lifegiver, Who with the Father and Son is adored and glorified. Has any one ever, when praying to the great Spirit of God, stopped to consider and to be influenced by so high and dark a mystery as whether he proceeds from both Persons or only from God the Father?"*

* *The Orthodox Eastern Church.* By Adrian Fortescue. P. 372.

The theme of the following paper, then, will be to show first, that the dogma was revealed with a practical end in view; secondly, that it is eminently fitted to minister to piety; thirdly, that as a matter of fact it has been taught by eminent writers in the Church with a view of influencing the practical faith of the multitude; and fourthly, that its negation has led to barrenness in spiritual life.

The revelation of Jesus Christ is not a flinging open of the gates of heaven so that we may see all Truth as it is. The revelation which has been made to the human race in its present condition, is a *dispensation* of that one great mystery which has been hidden from eternity in God. It is an economy analogous to that of a householder. Only a portion of possible revelation has been vouchsafed to us. And even that part which has been given can be seen only as through a glass in a dark manner. God willed to reveal His secrets by degrees, a little through our first parents, a little through the patriarchs, a little through the prophets, and finally the full measure of all that was needful for the divine plan through Jesus Christ. Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners. The Catholic Church was established for this and for no other end, the salvation of souls. Any action which did not minister to this end would be outside the scope both of the Incarnation and of the Church. The whole of Christ's revelation, therefore, was designed to save sinners. The various mysteries of that revelation were not independent of each other, but rather so organically connected as to make up a mystical cosmos, a complete spirit world. And as each part is made for the whole, so each part must have its proper function in doing its share of the work of the whole. St. Paul, indeed, explicitly declares this purposiveness of the various parts of revelation when he says: "To me, the least of all the saints, is given this grace, to preach among the Gentiles the unsearchable riches of Christ, and to enlighten all men, that they may see what is the dispensation of the mystery which hath been hidden from eternity in God, Who created all things: that the manifold wisdom of God may be made known to the principalities and powers in heavenly places through the Church, according to the eternal purpose which He made, in Christ Jesus our Lord."* If, therefore, the whole of revealed truth was communicated with a di-

* Eph. iii. 8-11.

vine purpose; if that purpose was the salvation of souls; if that truth was revealed according to a divine economy, so much, and no more and no less being needful; then it must be said that the *Filioque* was revealed with some practical end in view. For the lower life man may live by bread alone; but for the higher life he must live by every word that proceeds from the mouth of God.

The special aptitude of this truth to minister to devotion and so to forward salvation may be seen when one realizes that the Trinity is the central truth of the Christian revelation, and that an apprehension of the double procession of the Holy Spirit—of the procession of the Holy Spirit from both the Father and the Son as from one principle—is necessary for the due apprehension of the Trinity. The direct purpose of the revelation of the Trinity was to let man know whence he came and whither he is wending. By the natural revelation of reason man could have learnt about the One God. But only by the supernatural revelation of Christ could he know of that Triune God who was the archetype of love. The fact-value of this revelation is that there are three Persons in one God; the spiritual value is that we are to look upon that Trinity as the consummate perfection of love, the source and origin of all created love, the ideal and end of all that love between God and His creatures, made possible through Christ, and accomplished through the gifts of grace and glory. Without the double procession the apprehension of this ideal is utterly impossible, for without this element it is no ideal at all, but only a ludicrous caricature.

The first precaution, however, to be taken, in order to see the connection between this mystery and practical life, is to place prominently before our minds the fact that we can only apprehend the truth by means of analogies. No man hath seen God at any time, and no man hath seen the double procession of the Holy Spirit. The analogies may be more or less intellectual, more or less symbolical. But only through analogies of some kind can we put ourselves into intelligent relationship with the Trinity. The analogies may be what are called "pure" ones, pertaining to God rather than to creatures, or they may be "mixed," pertaining to creatures rather than to God. I may conceive of the Trinity as a Divine Being consisting of one nature, two processions, three persons, four re-

lations, and five notions; or I may conceive of the Trinity as a picture in which God the Father is represented as an old man in whose embrace is Christ, and between the two the Holy Spirit in the form of a dove.* Both analogies are lawful, both are approved by the Church. But according to my temperament, education, and occupation will I be influenced by the more intellectual or more symbolical representation. The peasant must not be expected to think of God in the thought-forms of the theological professor, and the theological professor may be excused if, when saying his prayers, he dispenses with the thought-forms of the peasant.

So in the matter of the procession of the Holy Spirit, it does not follow, because a man does not use the analogies adopted by the Ecumenical Councils of Lyons II. and of Florence, that therefore he does not use other analogies to express the same thing. The analogies used in definition by those great councils were but translations from the inspired and popular analogies of Holy Writ. And, indeed, it is to the inspired language of the Scriptures that we must look, rather than to the theological language of the councils, if we are to find the analogies through which the faithful at large put themselves into relationship with the eternal truth thereby expressed. The mystery is so profound and so difficult to express that even the doctors of the councils had need to have recourse to symbolism. Even the term "procession," used by the Greeks, was hardly considered strong enough by the Latin theologians, who emphasized it by the term "Spiration," in the sense of animal breathing.

Having insisted on the essentially analogical character of all representatives of this truth, whether theological or devotional, we may now go on to see the peculiar aptitude of the revelation as a means to salvation. It sets before us the archetype of perfect love, the fount of created love, the goal of created love. The inward mutual life of the Trinity ought not to be to us a mere notion so difficult of explanation that we ought to leave it severely alone. The mystery of the Trinity is one into which we may search and never tire of searching; only we must prepare ourselves by taking care not to displease the

* " . . . quæ Deum Patrem continet in forma hominis senis, in cujus sinu sit Christus et inter utrumque Spiritus Sanctus in forma columbæ." Benedict XIV., c. *Sollicitudine*, 1 Oct., 1745.

Trinity. Our religion is the direct antithesis of the Buddhistic religion. Our religion is life in its highest form and is intended to lead us to that perfect life where our activity attains its highest possible degree. Now, by grace, we participate in the divine life to a certain extent; then, by glory, we shall participate in the divine life to our utmost capacity. The revelation of the Trinity is a partial unveiling of the inner fecundity of that Divine Life, to share in which we are now striving. As the Buddhist seeks for annihilation in Nirvana, so we seek for our full satiety in sharing the rich fecundity brought about through the mutual communication of life between the Persons of the Blessed Trinity.

As the life of God is so superabundantly rich and full, for He is Life itself, His fruitfulness is infinitely richer than the fruitfulness of any being outside Himself. This infinite outpouring of life can only be thought of as communicating itself to infinite Persons. And as the highest forms of life that we can conceive are knowledge and love, that inner wealth of Divine Life must be conceived as the perfect knowledge of absolute Truth and intensest love of absolute Good. This perfect knowledge and love will be brought about by the Divine Intellect and Will. The result and term of such knowledge and love must be those productions which faith reveals to us, the Son and the Holy Spirit. Holy Scripture tells us plainly that the Second Person is "the Word." He is the begotten Wisdom of the Father. And if the production of the Second Person is that of the Divine Intellect, the production of the Third Person must be that of the Divine Will. Will is the faculty of love, and all through Holy Scripture love is appropriated to the Holy Ghost. The Son is the Image of the Father. The Father, looking upon the Son, sees as in a mirror His own radiating splendor, and, enraptured at the sight, pours forth His torrential love of the supremely Fair. The Son, looking upon His Father, is likewise enraptured at the sight, and pours forth His torrential love of the supremely Good. The two loves being mutual are united, and proceed as one subsistent Love, the Holy Ghost, the Spirit of Love. When God has an adequate object for His infinite love He must give His whole Self, the whole infinitude of His substance and energy. And so the product of His giving must be a divine, infinite Person.

An extraordinary surrender of self in a human being, an

unusual effort at communicating one's inward feelings to another, is commonly represented by a sigh. A full outbreathing is expressive of giving one's whole life and soul to another. This analogy of the sigh or outbreathing is used to represent that mutual communication of love between the Father and the Son, which results in the Person of the Holy Spirit. The Holy Spirit is the infinite aspiration by which the fecundity of Divine Love is manifested. Thus, since the Holy Spirit is the means by which the Father and Son love Each Other, and since He is the expression and the result of Their mutual love, He is said to be Their bond of love. The lover gives himself to be possessed by the loved one and at the same time possesses himself of the loved one. This is their agreement and their pledge. It is sealed with a kiss and an embrace. Therefore do the Fathers of the Church delight to speak of the double procession of the Holy Spirit as showing the Holy Spirit to be the "pledge," the "kiss," and the "embrace" of the Father and the Son.

A human love, too, is recognized as a gift. The lovers give themselves to each other and in token thereof exchange presents. They may be united in spirit, but since they are built of body and spirit, they must needs have tangible things to foster the union of spirit. The double procession of the Holy Spirit of God reveals to us the infinitely perfect Self-giving. God could not satisfy His intrinsic need of giving Himself if He had only creatures on whom He could bestow Himself. His infinite yearning to pour forth His wealth of love could only be satiated by the presence of an infinite Person as the object of that love. Here, in one important respect, our analogy of "gift" fails to represent its archetype in the Godhead. With us a gift presupposes a receiver. In God the pouring out of Love produces both the Gift and the Receiver. When the Holy Ghost proceeds from the Father and the Son as Their one Love and as by one principle, there is revealed to mankind the infinite delight and happiness of the Godhead. Man knows in his human way the meaning of a sigh, a pledge, a kiss, an embrace, a gift; then, by the aid of these analogies, he rises to a belief in their corresponding realities in the Godhead.

The application of human analogies to God, is, however, only fruitful when their due limitations are acknowledged. Only

by stripping them of their imperfections and accentuating their positive value can we use them to put ourselves into effective relationship with the eternal realities behind them. Thus the analogy of "spiration," the outbreathing consequent upon a violent emotion of the heart, is a most realistic figure of the effort to communicate one's vivid feelings of love to another. Its chief limitation lies in the fact that such an expression of emotion, although it may foster love in another, yet does not effect it. Now the outbreathing of Love from the Father and the Son is actually and infinitely effective. It is productive of the personal Spirit of Love. It is not as if the Father in loving the Son gave life to the Son, nor yet as if the Son in loving the Father, gave life to the Father. Their outpouring of love proceeds from an absolute unity of life; and if that united life must have an adequate object for its love, it must be by the production of a third Person to receive the love.

The defect by which the analogy of "spiration" fails to express the personal nature of the effect produced, is made good by the analogy of *Amor*. Love is essentially the act of a person, and as a tendency or movement is distinctly marked off from that tendency or movement known in the lower orders of creation as appetite. As love is the bond of family life, so is the Holy Spirit the uncreated bond of love between the Father and the Son in the Blessed Trinity. Through the double outpouring of the love of the Father and the Son, the Holy Spirit constitutes with Them a substantial unity. The subsistent love, therefore, since it is the means by which the Father and the Son love Each Other, must be intelligent love, must be the love given to and reciprocated by a person.

The analogy of *Amor* is further enriched by the analogy of "dove." Jesus at His baptism "saw the Spirit of God descending as a dove, and coming upon Him." Everywhere in Holy Scripture and in the liturgy of the Church the dove is the sign of innocence and love. So, when applied to the Holy Spirit, it symbolizes His place as the love-bond in the Trinity. The Divine Dove rises from the bosom of the Father and the Son, disturbed by their sigh of mutual satisfaction. The outbreathing from their locked embrace takes on a third Personality. Poised on outstretched wings the Spirit of Love overshadows Them with His presence, pervades and unites Their

inward life, brings to perfection the inner fecundity of Their vitality, lives as the eternal fruit of the happiness and the holiness of Their love.

The devotional value of the double procession will now be evident in many ways. First, it gives to this life of ours a rich meaning. We understand in a general way that our end is to serve, praise, and love God and thus to save our souls. But when by these wonderful analogies we can learn so much of the sight that is in store for us at the other end of this valley of shadows, then what an interest and energy does it give to all our Godward efforts! When one realizes in some faint way what must be the torrents of delight in the Blessed Trinity wrought by that mutual love of the Father and the Son, which issues in the Personality of the Holy Spirit, then how flimsy and transitory must appear any unlawful creature-love which may hinder the progress of our homeward journey! When one comes to apprehend how the three Divine Persons are so infinitely content and happy with Each Other's company, and this realized only through the common action of the Father and the Son producing the Holy Ghost by Their love, then how one begins to realize something of the loving condescension of the Blessed Trinity! The Blessed Trinity loves creatures merely for the good of the creatures. Any love which is returned to the Trinity adds nothing to the Trinity's happiness, for that is infinitely satisfied by the double procession of the Holy Spirit. Whatever love, then, a creature gives back to God, is solely and entirely for the increase of the joy of the creature. Indeed, the very analogies by which the eternal procession is made known to us are used to express also that procession in time—foretold by Christ in the words "Unless I go the Paraclete will not come to you"—by which the Holy Spirit operates in the created world. The Holy Ghost is that feminine *ruach*, the life-bearing Spirit who brooded over the face of the primeval deeps and brought forth all things out of nothing, separating land from sea, and light from darkness, and breathing into all things the breath of life. He symbolizes Himself in the birth of Eve, who was taken from the side of Adam, taken as a gift from Adam as to her body, actually vivified by the Holy Spirit as to her soul, and thus made the mother of all the living.

The type is reflected again in the Church. The Church is

born from the side of Christ as He hangs on the cross. The Precious Blood is the means by which the Holy Spirit pours His life into the Church, which is the virginal Spouse of Christ. The eternal love, which proceeded from the Father and the Son forming and expressing the Holy Spirit, is now illustrated by a temporal procession in which the Holy Spirit is breathed out from the Heart of Christ and sent to refresh the hearts of men. The Dove swoops down from the Heart of God. It brings every best and perfect gift. It enters the human soul as the pledge of highest love. It is apprehended by the human mind only through dark symbols, but It is received into the human heart by direct action. The action which we call grace, together with the corresponding action which we call cooperation, is the actual and most intimate "embrace" between Creator and creature, it is the "kiss" of God and man.

The next point is to show that the dogma has not only been revealed and is wonderfully adapted to the end of fostering the spiritual life, but that it has actually been thus expounded by eminent spiritual writers. The first book I take down is Bishop Bellord's volume of meditations. There, in the meditation on the procession of the Holy Ghost, the bishop shows the intrinsic connection between the eternal and the temporal mission. "The Love in God," he says, "which produces the Holy Ghost is a universal love of all that is good, so that it includes in itself God's love for His creatures. For the model and type of all goodness is some perfection existing in God; and therefore all creatures are present to the mind of God from all eternity, and are seen by Him with the internal act of intelligence of Himself that produces the Son. Corresponding to this is the act of the Divine Will, which loves all that is in the intellect of God, and therefore all that will be represented in creatures. This explains the infinite, the necessary, and yet the unexpected love which God manifests for all mankind in spite of their demerits. At their worst they still bear some trace of their high origin which they cannot efface. God not only loves all men and all things, but He loves them therefore in the Holy Ghost. You should love the Holy Ghost as the source of all the good gifts of God in the work of creation." * Again: "It is the special peculiarity of the Holy Ghost that He is the bond of union between the Father and

* *Meditations on Christian Dogma*. Vol. I., pp. 96-101.

Son, Their harmony, Their peace, Their love. This is the case inasmuch as the Father and Son become one principle in the production of the Holy Ghost; They have one and the same relation towards Him; and He has one single relationship towards Them. This peculiarity does not belong, for instance, to the Father. He is not the bond of union between the Son and the Holy Ghost, because He stands in different relations towards Them; *viz.*: in the relation of generation towards the Son, and of spiration towards the Holy Ghost. In another way also the Holy Spirit is the bond of union, as being the personified propension, or inclination of the Father towards the Son, and of the Son towards the Father. He is the love of Each for the Other, and so binds the Blessed Trinity into a special union of Persons over and above the unity of Their essence and nature. It is the peculiarity of love to unite different objects; and the Holy Ghost, as being eternal, uncreated, infinite Love, is the accomplishment of the most wonderful of unions. Beseech this Spirit of love to be the bond of union between you and the Godhead, and between you and all your brethren." Once more: "The production of the Holy Ghost is the great glory of the Son with the Father, as the generation of the Son is the great glory of the Father. The propension of the will towards supreme good is the completion of our activity as spiritual beings. So love is the accomplishment of the law; so love covers a multitude of sins."

My second reference is to Father Faber. He did not live to finish his treatise on the Holy Ghost, but from a posthumous sketch* we may gather something of his thoughts. Speaking of the double procession of the Holy Spirit, he says: "We are going to dare to mount up into the eternal life of God, to see what we may be able to see regarding the Holy Ghost. . . . Our inquiry must itself be an act of worship, and its end be more holiness and fresh love. . . . Are we willing to hazard such an enterprise? Let us see. The effects upon the soul of investigating any portion of the mystery of the Holy Trinity—The unworldliness which the inquiry gives, (a) because the images and ideas are all unearthly; (b) because we know the intense and transcendental truth of it all; (c) because it helps towards either self-oblivion or self-contempt. His procession is not from the Divine essence viewed as apart

* *Notes on Doctrinal and Spiritual Subjects.* Vol. I., pp. 55-63.

from the Two Persons, but from Two Persons as subsisting. He proceeds from the Two Persons, as one principle. He proceeds by the way of the will, as the Son by the way of the understanding: hence the procession is not generation. To use a human word, the method is by respiration—and therefore is: (a) from the interior; (b) from the ardor of love; (c) perpetually, by the, so to call it, identical reciprocity of the love of the Father and the Son; refreshing as it were the inward heat—the necessity in God of this refreshment, so to speak. The love of us and of all creatures, entered into the love by which He proceeded, not *necessarily*, but as a matter of fact, . . . He is the bond or chain or kiss of the Father and the Son. . . . He is the term of the interior productions and necessary acts in God. Note, then, that the fullness of God and the repose of God are not in knowledge but in love; the Holy Ghost is the uncreated sabbath of the life of God. His procession is itself the endless everlasting, divinely musical, unimaginable jubilation of the Holy Trinity, within Itself, and also in all creations lying in its external omnipresence. Such is the Holy Ghost, all beautiful, all holy in His unimaginable procession, and Who is condescending at this moment to be wrapping us all round with His eternal love, longing to lead us willing captives to the shores of His jubilant eternal sea.”

A third example is taken from the next book at hand, St. Francis de Sales: * “The eternal Father seeing the infinite goodness and beauty of His own essence, so perfectly, essentially, and substantially expressed in His Son, and the Son seeing reciprocally that His same goodness and beauty is originally in His Father as in its source and fountain, ah! can it possibly be that this Divine Father and His Son should not mutually love One Another with an infinite love, since Their will by which They love, and Their goodness for which They love are infinite in Each of Them. . . . The Father breathes this love and so does the Son; but because the Father only breathes this love by means of the same will and for the same goodness which is equally and singular in Him and His Son: the Son again only breathes this spiration of love for this same goodness and by this same will—therefore this spiration of love is but one spiration, or one only spirit breathed out by two breathers. And because the Father and the Son Who breathe,

* *Treatise on the Love of God*, pp. 159-161.

have an infinite essence and will by which They breathe, and because the goodness for which They breathe is infinite, it is impossible Their breathing should not be infinite; and forasmuch as it cannot be infinite without being God, therefore this Spirit breathed from the Father and the Son is true God. . . . But, O God! if human friendship be so agreeably lovely, and spread so delicious an odor on them that contemplate it, what shall it be, my well-beloved Theotimus, to behold the sacred exercise of mutual love between the eternal Father and the Son. St. Gregory Nazianzen recounts that the incomparable love which existed between him and St. Basil the Great was famous all through Greece, and Tertullian testifies, that the pagans admired the more than brotherly love which reigned among the primitive Christians. Oh! with what celebration and solemnity, with what praises and benedictions, should be kept, with what admirations should be honored and loved, the eternal and sovereign friendship of the Father and the Son! What is there to be loved and desired if friendship is not? And if friendship is to be loved and desired what friendship can be so in comparison with that infinite friendship which is between the Father and the Son, and which is one same most sole God with Them? Our heart, Theotimus, will sink lost in love, through admiration of the beauty and sweetness of the love, that this eternal Father and this incomprehensible Son practise divinely and eternally."

Now, if belief in this dogma ministers so effectually to the life of piety and devotion, if the religion whose whole creed stands or falls together with this article of faith is known to the world by the distinguishing mark of holiness, it would seem natural to expect that the religion which denied the dogma and whose creed consisted chiefly in the denial should be singularly deficient in spiritual life and manifestly wanting in the mark of holiness. And this is precisely what we find in the case of the Orthodox Eastern Church. I call upon the one great authority, Dr. Fortescue, to bear witness. "But the Byzantine Calendar," he tells us, "contains some very astonishing names. It is well known that even far into the Middle Ages there was no regular process of canonization. Our present law, by which canonization takes place in Rome after a formal trial, was made by Urban VIII. in 1634. In earlier ages a sort of popular

consent controlled by the bishop, who admitted the saint's name to his local litany or martyrology, was enough. There are numberless instances of a person being honored in one place but not in another. It is, therefore, quite natural that the Byzantine Church should have her own saints. She prayed first of all to those who belong to all Christendom: St. John the Baptist, the Apostles, St. Stephen, and so on; she also admitted to her Calendar some of the greatest Roman saints: St. Laurence, St. Gregory the Great, St. Martin, etc., just as we pray to St. Basil, St. John Chrysostom, St. John Damascene. And then she had her own local saints. It is these who astonish us. Never did the kingdom of heaven suffer violence as at Constantinople. Almost every emperor who did not persecute the Church (and many who did), almost every patriarch who was not a heretic (and some who were), becomes a saint. St. Constantine (May 21st) was in his life perhaps hardly a model to be followed; but then he was baptized on his death-bed, and baptism removes all stain of sin and guilt of punishment; St. Theodosius I. (January 17th) was at any rate a great man; St. Marcian (February 17th) had a very holy wife; St. Justinian (November 15th) deserves the credit of two immortal works, the Codex and the Church of the Holy Wisdom; but what can one say for St. Theodosius II. (July 29th); St. Leo I., the Emperor (January 20th); St. Theodora, the public dancing woman who became an Empress, and was always a Monophysite (November 15th); St. Justinian II. (July 15th); St. Constantine IV. (September 3d)?

“An even easier road to heaven is open to patriarchs, as long as they do not quarrel with Cæsar. St. Anatolius (458, his feast is on July 3d,) we have heard of at Chalcedon; he had been a Monophysite and Dioscur's legate at court, but he was a poet who wrote some of the earliest Greek Stichera. St. John IV., the Faster (599), deserves the gratitude of his successors for having left them the proud, if ill-omened, title of Œcumenical Patriarch. But not only he, every Patriarch of Constantinople, from Epiphanius (535) to Thomas I. (610), is a saint, except only Antoninus I. It seems invidious to leave him out; but then he was a Monophysite, deposed by Pope Agapitus in 536. From 669 to 712 again every patriarch is canonized with five exceptions, Sergius, Pyrrhus, Paul, and

Peter, the four Monothelites condemned by the sixth general council (680), and John VI., the accomplice of the usurper Philip Bardesanes (711-713).”*

There have, of course, been even martyrs for the cause of Eastern Orthodoxy, just as there have been martyrs for the causes of Protestantism and Mohammedanism. But they pale into insignificance compared with the illustrious martyrs for Catholic Truth. The fact that their ideal is bad to begin with, and that their experts in sanctity make such a sad picture, must imply that the realization of their ideal and the average example of piety will not be such as to indicate a divine origin. Thus then Dr. Fortescue, after telling of their numberless sacramentals and other external signs of piety, sums up the morals consequent upon such a faith. “Meanwhile,” he says, “the great *popular feasts*, most of which have come down from pagan days—the Carnival, the feast of Spring in May, the Brumalia in November, etc.—are the occasion of every sort of license; *magic* flourishes and strolling magicians make fortunes by curing diseases, finding riches, and making women beautiful. The Court continually becomes a hotbed of unnameable vice. Byzantine society during all the Middle Ages, from Constantine (330) till the city fell (1453), was by far the richest, most splendid, and most comfortable in Europe. It was an old society, long established, and, at any rate comparatively, secure. These circumstances generally make for luxury, and then for vice. But it was not wholly bad.”† The life of the monks is described as “quite simple, poor, and edifying,”‡ but nothing very extraordinary. The religious life for them means “only one thing, to flee the world. It is that of the fathers of the desert. One would describe them as being all contemplative, except that they never contemplate. That, too, is a Latin innovation. They say enormous quantities of vocal prayers, sing endless psalms, fast incredibly; and that is all.” The great center of religious life is the *Holy Mountain*, Athos. But even there “the international quarrels that rend all the Orthodox Church flourish exceedingly. . . . Here, too, Greek, Bulgar, Vlack, and Serv hate and persecute each other. . . . And so on the Holy Mountain, too,

* *The Orthodox Eastern Church*, pp. 103-104.

† *Ibid.*, p. 120.

‡ *Ibid.*, pp. 354 *et seq.*

the traveler hears chiefly one endless wail of the Orthodox against each other."

We must admit at once that the doctrine of the double procession of the Holy Spirit does not find a prominent place explicitly in the average Sunday homily of the parochial clergy of the Catholic Church. There are ample reasons for this. First, the Church observes a sense of proportion in keeping the mystery in its proper place. One must not expect, therefore, to find it relatively so prominent in Catholic life as the denial of it is prominent in Orthodox life. Secondly, one must attend to the implicit but nevertheless effectual way in which it is preached in the multitudinous sermons on the temporal mission of the Holy Ghost. Thirdly, one may justly regret that the doctrine does not find a more explicit treatment in the pulpit, at least when the feasts of Pentecost and Trinity come round. Perhaps it is that the difficulty of the subject—it is the deepest and most sublime mystery of our faith—inclines the preacher to the more general text: "O the depth of the riches of the wisdom and of the knowledge of God! How incomprehensible are His judgments, and how unsearchable His ways!"

The Council of Trent anticipated this difficulty and made provision for it in its famous Catechism. There it directs "that what is handed down in the Creed concerning the Third Person, that is the Holy Ghost, be also explained. In the exposition of this matter, pastors will employ all study and diligence; for in a Christian man, ignorance or error is not more excusable on this, than on the preceding articles." Then, after indicating the special fruits derived from a distinct knowledge of this article of the faith, the Catechism goes on to insist particularly on the double procession. "It must also be accurately explained to the faithful, that the Holy Ghost is God, so as that we must confess Him to be the Third Person distinct in the divine nature and produced by Their will. . . . With regard to what follows: 'Who proceedeth from the Father and the Son,' the faithful are to be taught that the Holy Ghost proceeds, by eternal procession, from the Father and the Son as from one principle. . . . The pastor must also teach that there are certain admirable effects, and certain most ample gifts of the Holy Ghost, which are said to originate and

emanate from Him, as from a perennial fountain of goodness. For, although the extrinsic works of the most holy Trinity are common to the Three Persons, yet, many of them are attributed especially to the Holy Ghost, to give us to understand that they proceed from the boundless love of God towards us: for as the Holy Ghost proceeds from the divine will, inflamed as it were with love, we can comprehend that these effects, which are referred particularly to the Holy Ghost, arise from the extreme love of God towards us." *

If it be asked, then, where is the connection between the dogma of the double procession of the Holy Ghost and the practical faith of Catholic Christianity, the answer is as follows: First, it is an essential element in the constitution of the archetype of love which offers to the faithful an Ideal for which they can live and for which they can die. Secondly, that Ideal has been the inspiration of those experts in the art of charity, who leaven the whole mass of the faithful, and who are the perennial witness of the divine origin of the Church. Thirdly, the dogma appeals directly to every faithful soul, in so far as it tells of the origin and nature of Him with Whose unction every human faculty is anointed, strengthened, and adjusted to a life which is eternal, the one life begun here in grace and consummated hereafter in glory.

* *Catechism of the Council of Trent.* Part I., Chapter ix.

CONVENT LIFE IN MODERN FICTION.

BY VIRGINIA M. CRAWFORD.



NO manifestation of Catholic faith—with the exception perhaps of the Society of Jesus—has survived such persistent denunciation from Protestant writers as convent life. To use a homely simile the cloister has ever been as a red rag to a bull to a certain class of mind. No charge against monks and nuns has been too monstrous, no interpretation too fantastic for their eager credulity. The simplest events occurring within convent walls have been invested with a sinister intent, while the supernatural motive has been flouted or deliberately ignored. Books and pamphlets written from this standpoint have been scattered over the United States and England by hundreds of thousands, and cannot fail to have affected public opinion. I do not, however, propose to recall here the grotesque travesties of the religious life presented in the pages of authors such as Mr. Joseph Hocking, whose methods of falsification have been repeatedly exposed by Mr. J. Britten in *The Month*. We are all familiar with the anti-Catholic calumnies of certain much-read though mediocre novelists. It is a pleasanter task to turn from these to some of our acknowledged masters of fiction, to authors of to-day and earlier days whose literary repute cannot be gainsaid, and see how the same theme emerges from their hands. And if we find that their interpretation is a very different one, their estimation a far higher one, I think we may claim that the weight of literary testimony is on our side, even though the honors of a widespread circulation may possibly lie with our opponents.

Perhaps the most obvious point of contrast when we come to compare the methods of these opposing tendencies of fiction—the tendency to extol and the tendency to depreciate the cloister—is to be found in the fact that while the eulogists know their subject more or less intimately, the habitual weapon of the calumniator is ignorance. Men attack conventual life who know nothing not only of its first principles, but nothing even

of its daily rule, its most approved customs. They concoct an elaborate caricature, filling in the details at the suggestion of prejudice and malice, with the express object of dragging it through the mud. The ideals of the religious life are totally at variance with the materialistic conceptions of the "man in the street," and he is not wholly to blame when he fails to discern the mystical significance of observances that are new and strange to him. Even worldly-minded Catholics possess, as a rule, an instinctive appreciation of the beauty of the religious life to which any one brought up amid the rationalizing tendencies of modern Protestantism can rarely attain. Cardinal Manning was always anxious to bring prospective converts in touch with some convent or other, knowing the revelation it would be to them. "You will find there," he used to say, "a life of which you can have no conception." Thus, while our indignation is justifiably poured out against writers who deliberately distort the truth and who make no effort to understand that which they have set themselves to denounce, we are, perhaps, at times unreasonably impatient of those who merely reproduce with their pens the tradition of prejudice in which they have been reared.

Such writers are not always as far from the truth as might be supposed. In point of fact, some of the most eloquent testimonies to the value of the contemplative life have come, not from devout Catholics, not from authors writing with a view to edification, but apparently have been wrung, almost in spite of themselves, from men who, in their normal moods, are far from subscribing to all the teachings of the Catholic Church. Circumstances have brought them unexpectedly face to face with the spiritual fruits of a life of prayer and renunciation; they have penetrated in imagination there where men of duller parts would have remained unobservant, and their artistic sense has compelled them to testify to the truth and beauty of what has been revealed to them. The most notable instance of this in recent years was the conversion of J. K. Huysmans. Every reader of *En Route* will remember the unwillingness of Durtal to embark on his week's visit to Notre Dame de l'Atre, the excuses he invented for himself, the delays he ingeniously suggested. Yet when once he found himself within the walls of the Trappist monastery, when he had shed from his soul its garment of scepticism and worldliness,

how completely he was vanquished by what he saw around him! Bit by bit the true significance of a life of silence and obedience and contemplation was forced upon him, and he in his turn revealed it to his readers in some incomparable pages. His picture of brother Simeon, the "divine swineherd," possessed of the mysterious power of exorcising evil spirits, and dividing his silent life between his hours of prayer in the monastery church and attendance on his pigs in the farmyard, has no parallel in recent fiction. It was emphatically through being brought in contact with monastic life, led at a very high spiritual level, that Huysmans, the author in earlier days of books of inconceivable coarseness, came to be accepted before his death as one of the most persuasive exponents of Christian mysticism of his day.

Another witness, *malgré lui*, to the need of the cloister as an outlet for religious faith, is to be found in Victor Hugo. Revolutionary and iconoclast as he was, he felt compelled to apologize to the readers of *Les Misérables* for the deference with which he treats therein of a religious order. He argues, briefly, that convent life is founded on prayer, and prayer is the link between the soul and God, and it behooves therefore all believers in the infinite to write of convents not with scorn but with reverence.

The convent in question is introduced in sufficiently dramatic fashion. Jean Valjean, flying with Cosette from the pursuit of the implacable Javert through the tortuous streets of Paris, scales a high wall and drops down into a garden where he comes across his old acquaintance Fauchelevent tending his melons with a bell tied to his leg. It was the garden of the Petit Picpus, a convent of Bernardines of the Perpetual Adoration. The order was of the strictest, the hours of prayer well-nigh interminable, and all night long a nun lay prostrate before the Blessed Sacrament, with a rope round her neck, interceding for sinners. None the less Valjean realizes that the sisters are serene and happy, while the merry laughter of the convent school children rings through the garden in the recreation hour. For Jean Valjean the years he spends as under-gardener at the Petit Picpus—Fauchelevent successfully passes him off as his own younger brother on the unsuspecting Prioress—form the one peaceful interlude in his stormy career. And in the long silences the ex-convict is led to draw a parallel between

the cloister and the prison that one would like to commend to Protestant detractors. Externally there were many resemblances, and it seemed to him that life in the convent must be the harder of the two, food and sleep more spare, the silence more rigidly kept, the confinement life-long. But whereas in the prison men expiated their own sins with curses, in the convent women expiated with prayers the sins of others, "the most divine of human generousities"; the prison produced hatred, resentment, and violence, the convent exhaled forgiveness and love. And before the sublime abnegation of the nuns Jean Valjean's whole nature became transformed, and he too grew patient and humble and forgiving.

This same conception—of the unconsciously subduing influence of the cloister atmosphere on violent temperaments—though worked out on very different lines—supplies the *motif* of a novel by a French author, whose testimony is as emphatic as it is unexpected. Pierre Loti is far from being a religious writer, and his sense of the spiritual is restricted to certain spheres of perception, and yet I know no single scene in fiction that reproduces the atmosphere of a convent more convincingly than the closing episode of his novel *Ramuntcho*. It is a tale of Basque peasant folk and of the devotion of a young smuggler and pelota player to a companion of his childhood. The love between Ramuntcho and Gracieuse had grown with their years, until it seemed to form an integral part of their very lives, although Ramuntcho was wild and adventurous and Gracieuse felt an unaccountable attraction for the convent in which she had been educated. For family reasons her mother was irreconcilably opposed to the marriage, and when the girl's sweetheart was summoned to do his three years' military service her opportunity came. Long before his term was completed Gracieuse was a professed nun in a remote convent in a Pyrenean village.

On Ramuntcho's return home his smoldering resentment flares up into furious anger, and he and Arrochkoa, Gracieuse's brother, resolve on her forcible abduction. All is planned out, passages to America secured, and a swift horse is in waiting when the two desperate men knock one May evening at the convent gate. They are admitted at once, and the unsuspecting Gracieuse hurries to meet them. The convent is quite unprotected; the abduction would have been ridiculously easy of

accomplishment; but something restrains the two smugglers. The whitewashed simplicity of the place, the placid cheerfulness of the sisters, the sense of prayer enveloping the little convent as in an inviolable shroud, the calm aloofness of Gracieuse herself, now Sister Marie-Angélique, her altered aspect in the straight religious habit, all falls with a chastening chilliness on the passion of the visitors and paralyzes their wills. Ramuntcho hardly dares to raise his eyes to the girl he had planned to carry off in his arms. "He understands that all is over, that his little playmate is lost to him forever. . . . The words of love and temptation that he had planned, the schemes that for months he had been hatching in his brain, all appear to him as mad, sacrilegious, impossible, the bravado of a child." And so the two men eat their suppers timidly, behave with awkward propriety, and at the convent gate take a deferential farewell of Gracieuse and her Mother Superior.

"To Ramuntcho she does not even dare to offer her cold little hand that hangs against her habit beside her rosary beads.

"'We will pray,' she says, 'that the Blessed Virgin may watch over you in your long journey.'"

It is to a somewhat similar convent, to one of the many hundred obscure little teaching communities that until a few years ago were scattered over France, that René Bazin introduces his readers in *L'Isolée*, the most poignant of all his stories. I have written of M. Bazin so recently in the pages of THE CATHOLIC WORLD (May, 1907) that I need scarcely do more than recall the book here. Critics have differed as to the artistic merits of the final tragic episodes, but all are agreed as to the charm and the fidelity of the opening chapters describing the Sisters of St. Hildegarde in the busy everyday life previous to their dispersal. M. Bazin has deliberately taken convent life in its most *banal*, its least romantic aspects; his nuns are all drawn from the artisan class and their work consists mainly in the drudgery of teaching and influencing the poor children of the *quartier*. The virtue can scarcely be called heroic, the sanctity is in no way abnormal, and yet how different is the atmosphere of the humble little convent from that of a chance assemblage of "lay" workers. Here there are no petty feminine jealousies, no bickerings or gossip, and above all no tyranny of one over the other—only the firm maternal direction

of the older woman and the happy, willing compliance of the four younger.

The secret lies in the reality of the vocation that unites all their aspirations. Each of the five women has adopted the religious life from a different but always from a worthy motive, and each finds in it a higher and fuller expansion of all her faculties, spiritual and intellectual, than her ordinary domestic surroundings would have afforded. Even Pascale came, in her own words, to save her own soul, to become more saint-like by living among saints, and because, knowing the latent weakness of her character, she felt instinctively that unless she aimed higher than her neighbors she might, in the end, fall lower. Such aspirations are the very mainspring of community life and no one is more fitted than M. Bazin to develop their full spiritual significance.

Hugo, Huysmans, Loti, Bazin—these are a few of the French novelists who testify to the beauty of the cloister ideal, and here, as elsewhere,

“Beauty is truth, truth beauty.”

I could wish the English witnesses were as numerous and as distinguished. In the unnumbered host of our contemporary novelists how many have drawn inspiration from the eternal antithesis between the world and the cloister, between the doctrine of pleasure and the doctrine of renunciation? The theme clearly does not form part of the usual stock in trade of the English novelist; it is something extrinsic to our daily national thought, and suggests itself but rarely, save indeed to those, whom we are not discussing here, who for controversial purposes introduce into their novels melodramatic convent scenes that have no possible relation to the realities of life. It is true Mrs. Humphrey Ward, always painstaking and conscientious, introduces nuns into *Helbeck of Bannisdale*, that well-meant caricature of a Catholic layman. But her nuns are mere pious busybodies, much addicted to gossip about other people's affairs, whom the authoress herself has clearly not deemed worthy of more than casual treatment. Even when we pursue our search into more promising quarters we do not meet with much success. I can recall no convent in any of Henry Harland's witty, idealistic tales, and Katherine Tynan's charm-

ing Irish heroines are wholly of this world. One turns instinctively to Mrs. Wilfrid Ward, who is always a writer with a purpose, even though the purpose be dexterously concealed; and indeed in *One Poor Scruple*, the novel that made her reputation by its vivid presentment of the old Catholic family as it survived in England up to quite recent years, there is a subtle analysis of the growth of a vocation in Mary Riversdale who, sole heiress to her father, becomes a Sister of Charity. But we learn nothing of Mary inside her convent, any more than we see the hero of *Out of Due Time* in his Dominican cell, but only in his somewhat theatrical reappearance before the world in a Roman pulpit. In neither case has the authoress ventured upon a presentment of the religious life in spirit and in fact. I can recall but three men among contemporary novelists who have essayed it: Robert Hugh Benson, our Catholic novelist, Mr. George Moore, and a new writer, the author of *Marotz*, who writes under the pseudonym of John Ayscough.

No one in England to-day is so fitted as Father Benson to interpret the mystical significance of the religious vocation, and in two of his novels he has deliberately set himself to the task. To get the atmosphere that he needed—the sense that the monastic houses that he describes are a part of the normal religious life of the nation—he has had to go back to the early sixteenth century, to the days before England was rent in two by the controversies between those of the old and of the new religion. It will be remembered how, at the opening of *The King's Achievement* the reader is introduced to the home of the Torridons at Overfield Court, and finds the younger son, Chris, preparing to enter Lewes Priory, to the joy and pride of his father, and the younger daughter, Margaret, ready to make her novitiate in the Benedictine Convent at Rusper. Not a little of the book is devoted to a study of Chris Torridon's mental development, the insistent conscience that drives him from his father's pleasant house to the stern rule at Lewes, the faults of pride and rash judgment and self-consciousness that he has to overcome, and his gradual growth into peace of soul and clearness of spiritual vision, till at length he stands "a balanced soul . . . a light with a tranquil grace within and not afraid to look at the darkness without." All this the monastic rule, about to be roughly swept off the face of England, had given to Chris as to others. The psychology of Margaret is

far less minute, but there is an exquisite picture of the little convent on the eve of its dissolution, bringing home to one, with poignant intensity, the brutality of Henry's policy.

It is, in a sense, to the results of that policy, as they may be seen in our own day, that Father Benson has wished to draw attention in his most recent novel *The Conventionalists*. His hero, Algy Banister, has, like Chris Torridon, a vocation to the contemplative life, but his vocation comes to him, not as the spontaneous product of a religious upbringing, but as an extraordinary and startling inspiration from out of a veritable slough of stolid materialism. The Banisters typify the conventional British Protestant middle-class family, content with life as they know it, self-centered, prosperous, deeply prejudiced, and wholly without imagination. We all know dozens of Banisters in daily life. Algy, "the fool of the family," revolts, he scarcely knows why, against the futile existence he is expected to lead in the conventional groove. Circumstances, that the world would call chance, bring him into contact with Catholic priests; he is instructed and received into the Church and soon his new friends believe they discern in him, beneath his somewhat ordinary exterior, all the marks of a religious vocation and of a singularly sensitive spiritual nature. Everything is against him—heredity, environment, social conventions—yet, after acute spiritual suffering, grace triumphs and Algy enters the great Carthusian house of St. Hugh's, Parkminster. Father Benson diagnoses the soul's growth of his hero with an unflinching sympathy and veils his own scorn of the Banister family under a kindly humor. Yet the book is scarcely an exhilarating one; it reveals so surely all that England has lost by becoming Protestant, and if it reminds us that a vocation is wholly a supernatural gift, it also makes it abundantly clear that whoever is so endowed can only attain happiness by following it, and that if he should be thwarted by circumstance or human perversity his life is doomed to failure and his character to deterioration.

It is only a Catholic, and indeed only a Catholic endowed in some measure with the mystical sense, who can arrive at so clear and reasoned an understanding of a call to the religious life. Outsiders may apprehend it sentimentally or æsthetically, never in its entirety. This is the limitation from which Mr. George Moore suffered when he set himself some years ago to

write a story in which the heroine was to retire into a convent. This much discussed novel, in two parts, entitled respectively *Evelyn Innis* and *Sister Teresa*, tells of the musical triumphs of a beautiful prima donna and of her abandonment of the stage and its moral perils through the insistent reproaches of her own conscience, aided by a certain Monsignor Mostyn and a community of nuns at Wimbledon. Like Durtal and Jean Valjean, the singer, with her emotional, nervous temperament, finds herself soothed and strengthened by intercourse with the nuns, by their transparent purity and selflessness, and above all by the mysterious power of their prayers. As the story was originally composed, Evelyn ended her life in the convent; but Mr. Moore has practically rewritten the book, and in the new version, which artistically shows a very great advance on its predecessor, the convent becomes only an episode in her career. Her vocation was never a true or even a plausible one, either to the author himself or to his readers. As the book now reads Evelyn enters the novitiate in an hysterical state after a period of great stress, is practically brought back to health and reason by the convent life, and leaves on the death of her friend the Prioress to earn her livelihood by giving singing-lessons, and to devote herself to the care of little crippled boys in a country cottage.

Frankly there are many things in the novel that Catholics will dislike, but it is impossible to ignore so accomplished a piece of literary workmanship in any estimate of fiction dealing with the cloister. Mr. Moore's incursion into the religious life stands by itself and cannot be placed in any category. It is obvious that he cannot⁵ be accepted as an authoritative exponent. One regrets as one reads that so accomplished a style, so skillful a talent for characterization could not have been allied to real understanding and to the instinctive sympathy of a Catholic with the religious ideal. As it is, the book gives the impression of a drawing that is out of perspective; it has all been studied from a wrong point of view. It presents a series of impressions, but there is an absence of mellowness and harmony in the picture, and this in spite of some really exquisite descriptions of nature as seen in the convent garden with the wide stretch of Wimbledon Common beyond, and of some charming scenes when Evelyn, for the sake of her health, digs and weeds under the supervision of Sister Mary John.

For other writers it is the convent entity—far more than the individuals who compose it—that claims attention; they treat of the type, not of the individual, and the first essential has seemed to them to reproduce the religious atmosphere. Mr. George Moore has adopted a contrary method: he has differentiated so keenly that the type has eluded him. As the convent scenes unroll themselves, we are less and less conscious of what all Catholics mean by the convent atmosphere, but we have in its place a little group of women visualized with so much success that each one stands out, a clear-cut figure in high relief. I can recall no nuns in fiction whose personality is so intense as that of the aged Prioress, of Mother Hilda the novice-mistress, and above all of Sister Mary John, musician and gardener. We see them not only individually, but in relation to each other, and each in her relation to Evelyn, who was bound to prove a disturbing element in any community. It will probably be argued, with much plausibility, that no convent would have admitted an opera singer under such circumstances; but novelists, like poets, may be allowed some license as long as their stories, in essentials, remain close to life. And Mr. Moore's nuns are very human and sympathetic, even though they be lacking in some of the characteristics of Catholic sisters.

All that the reader may have missed in the convent scenes in *Sister Teresa* he will find in *Marotz*, a novel that has excited considerable attention since its publication a few months ago. It is the work of an unknown author, who has been widely assumed to be a priest. Certainly internal evidence points in that direction, although the book is not written with any obviously religious intent. The convent constitutes only an episode in a somewhat rambling, loosely-constructed story, but it is for the sake of the one hundred pages devoted to it that the novel will continue to be read. I know of no description of cloistered life in the English language that brings with it so swift a sense of conviction, the sense that here, at length, we have the real thing. There are no romantic raptures; the nuns are not portrayed as angels on earth, rather it is just because the author understands so fully and so sanely the mystical significance of a vocation that he is able to note with a kindly humor the small human weaknesses of the sisters,

their pride in their own congregation, their little feminine vanities. The institute is founded on the root principle of reparation—the belief that the voluntary suffering of the innocent will be accepted in expiation of the sins of the wicked—and with artistic skill the author has brought this general principle home to the average reader by connecting it fancifully with a celebrated and unexplained tragedy in the Hapsburg family. “Poor Sister,” as the Mother Superior likes to be called, gets permission to build a little chapel on the very spot in the Palace Gardens where her husband, a prince of the Imperial house, killed himself after having shot the friend he had betrayed. Here she and the sinning wife pray at first in solitude side by side, but when, years later, Marotz enters upon the scene, she finds a little community of women, strictly enclosed and leading a life of prayer and austerity.

Marotz herself is the daughter of an Austrian father and a Sicilian mother, who first hears of the convent at a court ball and the next morning visits the chapel, and seeing above the cloister-door the inscription “*Magister adest et vocat te*” feels the compelling power of the divine summons. Has she a true vocation? That is the question she asks herself anxiously and sincerely during the four months she spends within the cloister, and finally answers in the negative. She never gets beyond being “our little postulant” to the community. Thus the author is able to write with no *parti-pris*; he is under no necessity of justifying his heroine, or of inventing slightly improbable incidents in order to sustain the reader’s interest in what ought to be a life shorn of external events. We are shown the daily life of the nuns partly through the wise words that fall from Poor Sister. It is the presentment of the foundress that gives much of its spiritual elevation to the book. She is, it must be confessed, a somewhat idealized superior, a true *servus servorum Dei* rather than the “Reverend Mother” as practical necessities usually mold her.

“Her only recognized appellation was that of Poor Sister; and she sat always in the lowest place, nearest to the door in refectory and at chapter, furthest from the altar in choir.” While the other nuns talk with some pardonable pride of “our order” and “our holy rule,” the foundress herself “never praised her own work, nor seemed to wish that it should be praised.” On her lips it was only “our little institute” and

"our little rule," for "fifty years had not made her think her own regulations of divine obligation."

Thanks to Poor Sister the convent was, in truth, what the old nun called it: "a low porch to heaven to those whom God wills should wait here." Marotz had not been long among them before she realized that:

"twelve more unselfish women she had never met, and twelve happier women she could not believe that the world contained. . . . Each of these women had a very clearly recognizable individuality, not swamped, though merged, in the common vocation; they were not all of one pattern, or cut out of the same stuff. Nevertheless, something had fused them into a peculiar union, unison, almost unity. That something Marotz, with her swift power of correct intuition, perceived to be the genuine, common vocation.

"Had she got it?"

Nothing could be further removed from the attitude that is often attributed, even by certain Catholics, to convent superiors in relation to rich postulants than that of Poor Sister towards Marotz. She deliberately stands aside waiting for God's will to manifest itself, even when the girl presses her for an opinion. "Unlike numbers of good people she had not the habit of trying to force God's hand. . . . She had never allowed herself to desire that the girl should stay, and had certainly loved her too well to desire that she should go." And when Marotz confesses that she gets "no nearer feeling certain" that God has really called her to the cloister, Poor Sister, intent only on the girl's spiritual welfare, warns her not for one moment to "let the wretched notion assail you that you are turning away from God, in the very least degree." One other shrewd piece of advice Marotz receives from one of her companions in religion: not to carry too many convent ways home with her, for "a nun in domestic life is very trying to her family."

John Ayscough brings us back to what is the kernel of the subject, the problem around which the whole controversy revolves: the reality of the religious vocation. To the irreligious, and often too to the strictly Protestant mind, it has no existence—monasticism is merely a means devised by the Church to strengthen her grasp on men's souls and fortunes. We hold that it is a divine summons, clearly expressed, which the soul

rejects at its peril. *Magister adest et vocat te.* Yet in Catholic countries the full mystical significance of the call has sometimes been temporarily obscured by certain material advantages that, in days of prosperity, the Church incidentally offers to those who believe themselves drawn to the cloistered life: a shelter for timorous souls, provision for old age, a release from the wear and tear of crushing industrial conditions. When considerations such as these come to prevail to any extent over purely spiritual aspirations through the wealth of the religious congregations, a reaction sets in, persecution follows, and from out of a period of storm and suffering the true monastic ideal emerges once again, purified and vigorous. The maintenance of a noble conception of the religious state seems to me as much a function of literature as of the pulpit. Even fiction has its part to play in this needful work. It can dissipate false conceptions and correct false history and present in concrete examples the ideals that we all cherish. Books of literary and spiritual value cannot, however, be produced to order, and it is only by deepening our religious life and widening our culture that we shall evolve as we need it a Catholic literature worthy of the name, lifted above the region of mere controversy.

THE CURES OF CHRISTIAN SCIENCE.

BY FRANCIS D. MCGARRY, C.S.C.



IF there is any one thing which should incline a thinking man towards realizing the necessity of some authoritative religion, it is the recent rise of innumerable sects that, upon purely natural or preternatural phenomena, are striving to build up anew the true Christianity, as they call it. In Europe especially, the materialist has been forced by evidence the most convincing to give up his former position and to accept the belief in an unseen and little-known world. In America we also have our modern Christianity in the form of untold numbers of curative agencies, professing beliefs vastly different, but experiencing cures from disease through means seemingly unproportionate or invisible. Great as may be their differences in belief, they all agree in making Christ their founder. To the spiritist He is the great Medium, to the hypnotist the great Hypnotizer, and to the various forms of Faith-Curing sects He is the great Healer. Hence, nothing more is required in order to be a Christian than belief in Christ as the great medium or healer. The Gospel narrative of His life, death, resurrection, and ascension is distorted to suit their own respective theories.

The importance of this subject may be the better realized when it is known that here in the United States these sects are increasing with great rapidity, both in numbers and membership. Christian Science is no longer a something merely to be laughed at and ridiculed. It is no longer local but is spreading itself far and near, making large inroads among the well-to-do and even among the educated.

It must be reckoned with sooner or later. It is bound to become a greater social factor, a receptacle, as it were, for the masses drifting from Protestantism to unbelief, and of other true Christian believers, who having been witnesses of the facts, but not knowing their true nature and unable to account for

them, are deceived and led to believe that the "finger of God is there." In this the danger lies for the faithful, and hence the necessity of physicians and clergy to know and instruct those thus deluded both as to the nature of the facts and the great underlying principle which effects these cures. In other words, to teach them that they are but natural, and not supernatural, phenomena.

Before considering the claims of Christian Science, let us see what is the curative agency at work which, according to its defenders, effects these cures. The fundamental principle or hypothesis of Christian Science is, according to Mrs. Eddy, its founder, the denial of matter; hence we have no body, and disease is therefore impossible. "The only realities," she says, "are the divine mind and its ideas. . . . That erring mortal views, misnamed mind, produced all the organic and animal action of the mortal body." And she says elsewhere: "Disease is cured by the divine mind; there can be no healing unless by this mind, however much we trust in drugs or any other means towards which human faith or endeavor is directed."

Hence Christian Science condemns and rejects medical aid and drugs, denies a personal God, and condemns all mind-curing sects as hypnotists. In other words, Christian Science is nothing else but a cultured pantheism.

There are some religious teachings so ridiculously absurd that one only becomes more ridiculous in attempting a refutation of them. Happily this is not our present lot, since we are concerned most with the phenomena of Christian Science and their explanation. However, one can scarcely resist the temptation which Hudson presents of subjecting Mrs. Eddy's teaching to syllogistic reasoning. Matter does not exist. Our bodies are matter. Therefore our bodies do not exist. Nothing more would seem to be required to demonstrate the unsoundness of this doctrine.

But what are the facts? Before considering these it might be well to note the attitude of Christian Scientists towards men of simple, yet true, science. What that attitude is may be well judged from the following: Drs. Huber, of New York, and Goddard, of Clark University, Worcester, in the interest of science, sought from Christian Science certain credentials for the cures which it claims to effect and which, if true, would certainly go far to prove the truth of its teachings. If the ad-

herents of Christian Science really believed that these cures occurred, then they would gladly welcome and invite fair and square investigation. If these same adherents of Christian Science did not really believe in these cures, then the attitude which they subsequently adopted is easily explainable.

Dr. Huber, in the *Popular Scientific Monthly* for October, 1899, relates his futile attempts to obtain from Christian Scientists evidence whereby he might investigate the truth of one of the many cases of cures which they claim to have effected and which are held by medical science as incurable. Not even in one case could an interview be obtained with a person claiming to have been cured of one of these incurable diseases. Let me quote Dr. Huber's own account of the cases he investigated: "I examined in succession, and without exception, the case of every Christian Science cure up to the number of twenty. All these were of their own choosing; no doubt, then, they would be considered to be among their 'good' cases; their 'failures' I had no opportunity to examine. . . . I could find in all twenty cases, and in all these twenty cases no cures that would have occasioned a medical man the least surprise. What did surprise me was the vast disproportion between the results they exhibit and the claims made by Christian Science healers. . . . I heard during my investigation of yellow fever, phthisis, cancer, and locomotor ataxia, which had been healed by Christian Science, but the truth compels the statement that my efforts to examine these cases were defeated by the cheapest sort of subterfuge and elusion." After citing a number of wonderful cures obtained by Mrs. Eddy and other Christian Scientists, he asks: "Who are the people that have been cured? What are their names? Where do they live? How can they be found? Will Mrs. Eddy and her followers submit these cases for a scientific examination? I and other investigators are asking, and have for years been asking, these questions. We are still awaiting answers."

In his work *The Effects of Mind on Body as Evidenced by Faith Cures*, Goddard writes: "Christian Science has unwillingly yielded its facts and philosophy to our work. By means of many personal interviews with Christian Science healers, with people who had been healed, and with those upon whom the method had failed, and by a careful perusal of *Science and Health*, together with a careful study of the life of Mrs. Eddy from

childhood, a clear view of the whole system has been obtained."

Christian Science claims a power which cures not only all diseases curable by medical science, but also those called incurable. From Mrs. Eddy's well-known work, *Science and Health*, we quote the following cures as fair illustrations of their claims. One man is cured of asthma of twenty years' standing, of a rupture of ten years'; his left arm, dislocated for forty-two years, was cured during the night; his eyesight was improved; constipation and indigestion left him entirely; and he lost all desire for both drinking and smoking. Another is cured of cancer; still another of varicose veins, by reading *Science and Health*. A consumptive is helped from the first time he opened the book; the cure following. A woman testifies that her husband was cured of smoking and the liquor habit, and of Bright's disease, pronounced by physicians to be in its worst form. Similar accounts could be multiplied *ad infinitum*. But these are fair samples of what the adherents of Christian Science profess to effect. What evidence do they produce in support of these cures? For these cases and all others mentioned, there is not a single certificate from any doctor testifying to the existence, much less to the cure, of these diseases. We have no better authority for these cures than Mrs. Eddy herself, who apparently has no other voucher than the word of the person writing.

But what of the failures? While every remarkable cure is solemnly announced at the religious gatherings of Christian Scientists, and heralded to all parts of the globe, still no mention is made of failures, no correction of cures only apparent, no statement of relapses; and relapses and failures there surely are. Does this not seem like sailing under false colors?

We have seen that one of their principal tenets is the rejection of all medical assistance; that is, they reject, and without sufficient reason, all the advancement made in medical and surgical science by mankind from the beginning of the world. They denounce doctors and all medicines. Of what value, then, is the testimony of those who, rejecting, and at the same time ignorant of, the art of medicine, are judges of their own and others' ills?

In answer to this question, we may quote from the book of Dr. J. M. Buckley, *Faith Healing, Christian Science, and Other*

Superstitions: "All honest and rational persons are competent to testify whether they feel sick and whether they seem better, or believe themselves to have recovered after having been prayed for and anointed. . . . But their testimony of what disease they had, or whether they are entirely cured, is a different matter, and to have value must be scrutinized in every case by competent judges. In general, diseases are internal or external. It is clear that no individual can know positively the nature of any internal disease that he has. The diagnosis of the most skillful physician may be in error. Post-mortems in celebrated cases have often shown that there has been an entire misunderstanding of the malady. Hysteria can stimulate every known complaint, paralysis, heart disease, and the worst forms of fever and ague. Hypochondria, to which intelligent and highly educated persons of sedentary habits, brooding over their sensations, are liable, especially if they are accustomed to read medical works of diseases and of treatments, will do the same.

"Especially in women do the troubles to which they are the most subject give rise to hysteria, in which condition they may firmly believe that they are afflicted with disease of the spine, of the heart, or, indeed, of all the organs. I heard an intelligent woman 'testify' that she had 'heart disease, irritation of the spinal chord, and Bright's disease of the kidneys, and had suffered from them all for ten years.' She certainly had some symptoms of them. . . . The foregoing observation relates to internal disease, but it is by no means easy to determine what an internal disease is. Tumors are often mistaken for cancers, and cancers are of different species, some incurable by any means known to the medical profession, others curable. It is by these differences that quack cancer doctors thrive. . . . There is also a difference in tumors; some under no circumstances cause death; others are liable to become as fatal as a malignant pustule. . . . Often in the account given the cure has been exaggerated. Relapses have not been made public. Peculiar sensations still felt and resisted have been omitted from the description and the mode of cure has been restricted to one act or a single moment of time when, in response to questions, it appeared that it was weeks or months before the person could properly be said to be well. In all such cases it is obvious that written testimony is of little value; indeed, it is seldom that a published account in books supporting marvels of this

kind shows any sign of being written by a person who took the pains, if he possessed the capacity, to investigate the facts accurately. Frequent quotations of such accounts add nothing to their credibility or value. . . . The object of these remarks is not to discredit all testimony, but to show the conditions upon which its value depends." In virtue of the evidence adduced, are we not justified in classifying many of the cures of Christian Science among those suggested by the above quotations?

Like innumerable other curative agencies Christian Science cures diseases. The questions that naturally suggest themselves are: 1st. If the cures of Christian Science are not what they are claimed to be, what is the nature of the cures which they actually do effect? 2d. What is the curative agency employed? Is it the Divine Mind or have these cures a natural explanation? In regard to this question no one can reasonably find fault if we base our solution upon the principle that nobody is justified in giving a supernatural interpretation to facts that admit of a natural one.

The history of cures presents many and interesting phenomena. Every age, every country, has its own remarkable cures and its own explanation of the same. In ancient times the Egyptians, Greeks, and Romans had their gods of disease, to whom they attributed the cures of all ills. At a later period we have the powders of Paracelsus, the King's touch, the tomb of the deacon of Paris, and great rakes and many others who, together with our many modern systems of mind-cure, faith-cure, animal magnetism, and hypnotism, all have their wonderful cures. A careful study of these cures brings out two remarkable facts; namely, that men during every age have experienced cures from disease through means seemingly unproportionate or invisible, and that, no matter how illogical, inconsistent, and unreal their different theories or beliefs may be, they all agree in one thing, namely, that they all cure disease; and it would seem that here at least the remarks of Paracelsus would find its application: "Whether the object of your faith be real or false, you may nevertheless obtain the same results."

Another extraordinary fact is that it is always the same diseases that are cured; and in this regard all systems of "curing" seem bound by the same limitations. This is the conclu-

sion of H. H. Goddard, who perhaps has made the most recent thorough investigation in the study of cures claimed to have been wrought through the influence of Christian Science and other mind-healing agencies. His investigation, in as far as it was possible, was a personal one. His conclusions are the more valuable, because they are those of the impartial scholar having nothing to gain or to lose whatever by the finding. "The result," says Goddard, "of this investigation, extending over more than two years, is an absolute conviction based upon evidence, only one or two items of which we can give here, that the curative principle in every one of the forms is found in the influence of the mind of the patient on his body. In other words, however different the claims and the methods, the explanation of all is the same. We may mention a few of the items leading to this conclusion. They all cure diseases and they all have failures. They all cure the same kind of diseases and the same kind of diseases are incurable to them all. In those classes of diseases where the cures are wrought there are the same percentages of cures by all the methods. Stripped of a few characteristic phrases, all the reports from all the different forms are identical. A testimonial to a patent medicine, for example, reads precisely like some of Dowie's reports of divine healing cure. Again there are many records of people going from one school to another, and in this no one practice seems to show any advantage. Some fail after trying all. Some fail to get cured by divine healing, but get restored by Christian Science and *vice versa*. Others fail with Christian Science and are successful with hypnotism and *vice versa*."

This is the conclusion, if not of all, at least of almost all men of science on this subject. They agree in this, that all these "schools" cure diseases; that all cure the same kind of diseases; and that all these diseases are cured by the same principle, *i. e.*, the mind.

If this be true, we have a most remarkable phenomenon of countless schools and sects professing many different theories or beliefs and producing the same result. Needless to say, all these different theories and schools cannot be correct; if they are, then man must be the most discordant mixture of being in existence. Hence the fact that these cures are effected by the mind, and that the same cures are produced, would naturally

lead us to expect some common explanation for them all. This seems to be reflected, partially at least, in the conduct of these different schools of mind-cures towards one another. The adherents of these different curative agencies, in their endeavor to defend their own particular school, call one another hypnotists. The divine healer disparagingly brands Christian Science as hypnotism; Christian Science, in turn, calls Mental Science hypnotic; and so on all along the line. But this is not strictly correct. For while in hypnotism suggestion plays a most important part, in fact so important a part that Bernheim, the great French hypnotist, prefers calling it suggestion, still hypnotism implies more than suggestion. It implies sleep, which is not a factor in any form of mind-cure. "In every form with which we are acquainted the patient is in full possession of his awaked consciousness. . . . In a scientific sense, however, it is true that all mental therapeutics is hypnotism, *i. e.*, it is suggestion. Suggestion is the bond of union between all the different methods, Divine Healing, Christian Science, Mental Science, etc. And the law of suggestion is the fundamental truth underlying all of them, and that upon which each has built its own superstructure of ignorance, superstition, and fanaticism."*

Such is the conclusion of Goddard, that all these cures, which can be attributed to the influence of the mind, have their efficacy and explanation in suggestion.

Touching on this subject George Coe says: "All the probabilities are clearly in favor of the conclusion that all the successes of Christian Science healing fall under the law of suggestion."†

Thus, as in suggestive therapeutics so also in mental therapeutics, the fundamental law is the law of suggestion. The ideas suggested are different, but the results are the same. In mental therapeutics the mind is, as it were, possessed by the idea suggested, and in obedience to a psychological law tends to work itself out into a psychological expression or "to materialize itself in the body." "This is the power of suggestion and the essential element in hypnosis, and in all mental therapeutics."

To enter more deeply into a psychological explanation of

* Goddard, *op. cit.*, p. 51.

† *The Spiritual Life*, pp., 196-7.

how these cures are effected through the agency of the mind would carry us too far afield. What is of importance to know is that the curative principle common to Christian Science, Divine Healing, Mental Science, etc., is the mind. Knowing this, it remains for us to learn, in as far as we can, what is the extent of this curative power of the mind over the body.

To define the strict limits of the power of the mind in curing disease is a task which, perhaps, no one at the present time would dare attempt. But while we cannot fix its exact limits, yet they can be defined sufficiently for our purpose. In the treatment of this question, we will depend entirely on the opinions of scientific authorities. Dr. Hack Tuke, a man whose opinion carries with it great weight, speaking on this subject says: "That imagination and faith can exert some influence over disease, no one I suppose disputes. The great question is, what is the extent of this influence—what are its limitations? The imagination has two important bearings: one on the practical employment of this power in medicine and the other on the truth of alleged miraculous cures.

"I think the cures recorded in these pages prove beyond a reasonable doubt that while the nervous affections present the grand field for physical therapeutics, diseases beyond the neurotic boundary may be amenable to the faith-healing influence, as, for example, gout. On the other hand, I readily grant for serious organic afflictions the range of mental influence is decidedly limited. At the same time, seeing that it is indisputable that the frame or attitude of mind acts powerfully on the skin, kidneys, and lungs, and seeing that the rôle of the physician is to act upon these, there is no good reason for excluding the beneficial influence of mental agents in some non-nervous affliction. That these may act injuriously, even unto death in organic diseases, daily experience proves; why, then, may they not act in the direction of health and life? Lastly, who shall venture to draw the line between organic and functional; and who shall pretend to assert that any tissue of the body is beyond the range of nervous influence?"

Touching on this subject George Coe says: "Medical men are pretty generally agreed that suggestion reaches directly none but functional disease, that is disease in which the organ remains intact, but shows excessive, defective, or otherwise irregular activity. Suggestion does not replace an arm shot

off in battle; it does not set bones broken or reduce a dislocation."*

This is, in substance, the opinion of all medical men on this subject. Many passages could be quoted to this effect, but we will content ourselves with citing two of unusual clearness on this point. C. Lloyd Tuckey, a man of no small authority, in the *Nineteenth Century*, December, 1888, in an article entitled, "Faith Healing as a Medical Treatment," says: "One is asked whether treatment by suggestion has power over every form of disease. Over some it has none or only to a very limited extent. It cannot remove developed cancer, or tumor. It cannot reconstruct what disease has destroyed, nor make a mortified limb strong, nor do the legitimate work of the surgeon's knife. Neither can it stay the course of small-pox, diphtheria, and other acute maladies whose name is a terror. In the presence of these, so far as our present experience goes, it is comparatively ineffectual, or it must at least go hand in hand with the ordinary system of medicine."

This passage reads much like the following by John B. Huber, M.D., whom we already have had occasion to cite. In an article touching on this topic in the *New York Medical Journal* for February 14, 1903, he writes: "Undoubtedly through faith many functional diseases are cured, and so in their incipiency are many organic diseases, when this factor is made an adjuvant. We cannot definitely determine how far faith is effectual, to what extent, indeed, it can influence the making of a blood cell, the production of a drop of lymph, of a nerve fiber, the beating of the heart, the digestion, and the assimilation of food, secretion, respiration, etc. But we do know that faith has a very limited application. It will not of itself cure organic or surgical disease that has obtained a firm foothold."

Was this the opinion of but three chosen out of the goodly number of eminent scholars who have written on this subject, we might feel as if treading on infirm ground in concluding with them "that there are diseases known as incurable diseases which none of the schools seem to cure, while diseases known as curable diseases may, and are being cured by all, cured by the direct or indirect effects of suggestion." But this, in fine, is the conclusion of perhaps all scientific men who have written on this subject. In fact, mental scientists, *i. e.*, those im-

* George Coe: *Spiritual Life*, p. 177.

bued with a truly scientific spirit, do not, at the present time at least, claim more for mental healing than what is claimed by medical science. Thus, to quote from L. E. Whipple's work, *Practical Health*: "The system" (mental healing), "as now developed and understood, possesses the power of cure for any case curable by any known means, except in surgical cases and those actually requiring mechanical aid."

Hence the practical if not the unanimous conclusion of science on this question is, first, that the cures wrought by Christian Science and these different sects and schools have their cause in the mind. Secondly, that these cures are limited to functional, and do not extend to strictly organic and surgical diseases. This is a conclusion based not only upon a psychological study of the mind, its power and its relation to the body, not only upon a study of the history of cures thus effected in the past, but upon a careful and thorough investigation of the cures claimed to be wrought by these different systems. Add to this the fact that none of these curists have as yet disproved this conclusion, by bringing forth proofs sufficient to merit the assent of competent and unbiased persons, and we have grounds sufficiently solid to accept this conclusion and to reject these extraordinary cures of Christian Science and other faith-curing sects.

In regard to these extraordinary cures of Christian Science there is little to merit one's consideration. For of what value is a statement declaring the cure of cancer, of ulcer in the stomach, when there has been absolutely no medical diagnosis? Of what weight are reports, the accuracy and completeness of which may, with good reason, be questioned? What estimate is to be put on the conduct of that sect which flinches from the light of a fair and open investigation of its claims? None at all, except that which justifies us in concluding that its claims are not true.

New Books.

It is a high testimony to the character of this work* that through its merits the initials after the author's name, signifying Licentiate in Sacred Theology, may now be set aside and replaced by those which represent the Doctor's degree. The book is the author's thesis for the doctorate in theology, at the Catholic University of America. It contains about two hundred and fifty pages, and, as the sub-title indicates, covers the topic with which it deals from the beginning of the Church down to the early years of the ninth century. Dr. Weber opens the subject with a somewhat severe criticism of St. Thomas' famous definition: "Simony is a deliberate design of buying or selling for a temporal price such things as are spiritual or annexed unto spirituals." For the word *spiritual*, Dr. Weber would substitute *supernatural*; and he objects also to the terms *buying and selling*, on the ground that any contract, as well as that of buying and selling, in which the above exchange takes place is simoniacal. St. Thomas himself, however, it seems to us, sufficiently justifies the expression which he uses. The history of simony in the Church begins, Dr. Weber states, with the selling of our Lord by Judas; and the next fact of the kind on record is the case of Simon Magus, from whose name the crime has received its designation.

The first age of the Church, up to the Edict of Milan, is covered by the first chapter, which resembles somewhat the chapter in a famous book on Ireland, which treated of the snakes of Ireland and consisted of one sentence: "There are no snakes in Ireland." But with the accession of the Church to wealth and secular dignity the evil soon becomes serious; the stream of evidence swells into a mighty river, with confluent branches throughout the entire Western Church. The chief sources from which Dr. Weber draws his data, for the greater part of the period, are the ecumenical and national councils. The vigorous but unsuccessful efforts of St. Gregory in battling against the vice in Italy and Spain during his entire pontificate are recorded chiefly in the Pope's own letters. One of the main

* *A History of Simony in the Christian Church.* From the Beginning to the Death of Charlemagne. By Rev. N. A. Weber, S.M., S.T.L. Baltimore: J. H. Furst Company.

causes for the spread of simony the author shows to have been the interference of laymen in Church affairs and the close relations existing between the Church and the secular powers.

Summing up, he points out that it could hardly be expected that Roman paganism and German barbarism would, immediately after their conversion, grasp and live up to the precepts of the Gospel. Patient and continuous effort was required by the Church in order to make these peoples understand the nature and power of the Sacraments. Men arose and became candidates for bishoprics who did not understand the obligations even of the ordinary Christian life.

The frequent and persistent occurrence of the sin of simony finds a partial explanation in these ecclesiastico-political conditions. But, if the commission of the sin was persistent, far more persistent were the vigilant efforts of the Church to suppress it. Prohibition after prohibition was issued to root out this "detestable crime, this species of heresy." Councils, both general and provincial, insisted upon integrity among the sacred ministers and other officials connected with the administration of church affairs. Ecclesiastical and civil rulers enacted laws forbidding, under the severest penalties, every form of traffic in sacred things. Distinguished churchmen called attention to the gravity of the offense. Not only was the sin condemned; its very appearance was to be banished from the sanctuary.

The high mark of scholarship attained in this interesting work inspires the hope that the author, having here given the story of the growth and prevalence of the evil, will now undertake the pleasanter task of relating how it subsided and disappeared. Unshackled by the limitations imposed on the writer of a formal dissertation, he will be at liberty to clothe the dry skeleton of narrative with the graces of style.

The plan adopted by Mr. Bruce
THE ROMANCE OF AMERICAN EXPANSION. for relating in popular form the
 story of the successive stages of
 the geographical and political ex-

tension of the United States* indicates that he appreciates the

* *The Romance of American Expansion.* By H. Addington Bruce. New York: Moffat, Yard & Co.

strength with which personality appeals to us. He has used eight well-known names to mark the story of eight strides in America's growth—Boone, Jefferson, Jackson, Houston, Benton, Fremont, Seward, and McKinley. The events related are the opening up of the West, the Louisiana Purchase, the acquisition of Florida, the annexation of Texas, the occupation of Oregon, the conquest of California, the purchase of Alaska, and, finally, the acquisition of Hawaii and the Philippines. Obviously, in almost all these cases, the event was not exclusively the work of the man to whom it is ascribed; nor, on the other hand, are the man's character and historical significance fully represented by the achievement with which Mr. Bruce associates his name. For this double reason the book will not be ranked among important contributions to the historical library. It is excellently fitted, however, for that large class of readers who, while disinclined to serious study, seek not merely entertainment, but profit, from their book. The main facts are presented clearly, without trifling detail; and, as a biographer, Mr. Bruce is inclined to award the fullest praise that can be reasonably claimed for his heroes. If some occurrences and measures are presented in a light more acceptable to patriotism than to rigorous historical impartiality, this effect is produced by passing as gently as possible over anything that is not quite creditable in the transaction. A notable instance of this is to be found in the account of the annexation of Hawaii.

THE NAMING OF AMERICA.

The monograph issued by the Catholic Historical Society to celebrate the four hundredth anniversary of the discovery of America is very appropriate to the occasion. It is a beautifully executed facsimile of what we might call the baptismal certificate of the American continent.* It is a copy, black letter, of the 1057 edition of the *Cosmographia Introductio of Martin Waldseemüller*, preserved in the library of Strasburg University. Besides the pamphlet of Waldseemüller's, who, in it, first gave the name of America to the new continent, the volume contains, in black letter also, the four voyages of Vespucci; facsimiles

* *The Cosmographia Introductio of Martin Waldseemüller*. (In Facsimile.) Followed by the Four Voyages of Amerigo Vespucci, with their Translation into English. Edited by Charles G. Herbermann, Ph.D. New York: The United States Historical Society.

of Waldseemüller's two famous maps, one of them, probably, the oldest wall-map ever published, exhibits the world as it was known to Columbus; a carefully prepared English translation of the texts is given; and the whole has been produced with the assistance of two competent specialists, Professor Fischer, the discoverer of the Waldseemüller map, and Professor Von Weiser, of the University of Innsbruck. The Society is to be congratulated on their happy design of producing a souvenir so appropriate, and on the highly artistic execution of the work. It will be treasured both for its intrinsic value and for the touch of sentiment that is associated with it.

The marvelous strides of the Cath-
CATHOLIC FOOTSTEPS IN olic faith in the archdiocese of
OLD NEW YORK. New York, as evidenced by the

recent centenary celebration, make
 this chronicle* timely and useful. It covers a period from 1524 to 1808, with chapters on martyrs like Jogues, bishops like Carroll, and governors like Dongan; it rambles with Father Le Moyne up the Heere-Graft or Great Canal, now Broad Street, and calls on Dominie Megapolensis, that courteous host and would-be theological opponent of the early Jesuits; it pays a tribute to the memory of James II.; exposes the fanatical bigotry of Jacob Leisler against the "Papists" and gives a full picture of his downfall; portrays the hallucination of the "hellish negro plot," following which "the law passed against Catholic priests was only once enforced, and then to bring to death a Protestant clergyman."

We can hardly learn too much of that pioneer missionary, Father Jogues, whose canonization many Catholics fervently desire. The author presents a vivid picture of this apostle to the Indians; and another of Father Carroll, "sincere patriot, zealous patron of liberty, and one of the real founders of American independence." But the number of figures introduced does not allow the author to sketch the others except in outline; still we have vignettes of John Barry, "founder of the American navy"; Thomas Lloyd, "father of American shorthand"; Thomas Fitz Simons, friend of Hamilton, Madison, Carroll, and other famous Congressmen, who played "an im-

* *Catholic Footsteps in Old New York.* By William Harper Bennett. New York: Schwartz, Kirwin & Fauss.

portant part in forming the economic policies of the infant Republic"; Landais, Talleyrand, Jerome Bonaparte, and the saintly Mother Seton.

It need not be said that the author has attempted no critical analysis of movements or of personages; he cares little for sequence, and wanders in many climes, not without bringing home some of their brightness; though he has consulted very many authorities, he makes no pedantic show of learning; he is devout yet just to opponents; sometimes vigorous in style, and never dull. His book is excellently printed and bound, with a dozen fine illustrations and a complete index. To the growing class of educated Catholic readers it is to be cordially commended for its intrinsic merit and for its loyal tribute to the Church.

MODERNISM.

The flow of literature on this subject, in the form of books, pamphlets, and magazine articles, shows no sign of abating; but it is the attack, not the defence, that contributes most to the stream. One volume, however, has just appeared in English which champions modernism with unmeasured zeal and, it may be added, with unmeasured violence. Needless to say the volume does not come from a Catholic source. The author, however, professes to be exceptionally qualified to speak, with the authority of him who knows, regarding the feelings and convictions of large numbers of Catholics, lay and clerical, in Europe, concerning the issues that have gathered round the term modernism. M. P. Sabatier publishes, in book form, the three lectures on this subject which he delivered in London last year on the Jowett Foundation.* An appendix contains an English translation of the *Lamentabili Sane*, the *Pascendi Gregis*, the less known Papal letter, *Pieni l'Animo* addressed to the Italian episcopate; also the remonstrance addressed to the Holy Father by a group of French Catholics.

M. Sabatier's work may be divided into two parts, one a eulogy of the modernists in general, with special notice of M. Loisy, the Abbé Murri, and Father Tyrrell, and a passing nod to M. Leroy; the other is an arraignment of the Pope and the Vatican, whom he makes responsible for every utterance made

* *Modernism*. The Jowett Lectures, 1908. By Paul Sabatier. Translated by C. A. Miles. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

in newspaper and magazine, even those of various individuals whose chief purpose was to commend themselves to attention. He affirms that the modernists, M. Loisy in particular, destroy no Catholic truth; retain the old creed and all the soul of the old rites. But M. Sabatier skims the surface, without ever, it would seem, having examined whether there is any truth in the charge that M. Loisy retains the form of sound words but empties them of their original content. Let us hear M. Sabatier himself in a characteristic passage:

Once more, let me repeat, the Modernist Catholic destroys nothing and gives up nothing; he accepts everything and makes it live. The Mass, the present center of worship, does not become for him an antiquarian rite, like the Buddhist ceremonies sometimes performed in our great capitals for the delectation of a sceptical and *blasé* public; it remains what it is, or rather it gains new significance and new life. The sighs of the ages have passed into it; the first dim struggles of awakening religious thought have left their traces there in the mysterious figure of Melchizedek; the memory of the Jewish Passover pervades it, in wondrous harmony with the memory of the Upper Room. The Christian Passover is born, a feast of love and communion, whose end is not only to nourish our life from day to day, but to give us strength to face the toil of the morrow—a feast from which the disciple rises, uttering no passive *Fiat*, but going forth to his work and to his labor.

And this interpretation of the Eucharist—a typical example, in the author's judgment, of the modernist's method—M. Sabatier has the calm audacity to exhibit as a retention of the traditional doctrine of the Real Presence of the Body and Blood of Christ under the appearances of bread and wine! For refusing to permit this and similar evisceration of the main dogmas of the Church, Pius X. is represented as a well-meaning, but blind, stubborn obscurantist, who has dealt a deadly blow to the interests of the Catholic religion in his condemnation of modernism. Scarcely any orthodox pen has presented the antagonism existing between this modernism and Catholic faith as strikingly as M. Sabatier unwittingly sets it forth. M. Sabatier professes to have intimate knowledge, not alone of the secret springs and wheels of the administrative machinery of

Rome, but also of the views and psychological peculiarities of the highest personages, including the Holy Father himself. And the portrait drawn of Pius X. is nothing less than offensive, though it will do little harm, because it is obviously a caricature.

Incidentally, in his first lecture, M. Sabatier touches upon the Separation crisis in France, to repeat views which he has already published. It is to the Pope, here again, that all the unfavorable consequences of the Separation movement are to be attributed. Rome, so runs M. Sabatier's story, coerced the French bishops and the laity, and, through obstinacy, lost the favorable terms which the government offered concerning the retention of all ecclesiastical property. Although the bias of M. Sabatier is obvious, yet the plausibility with which he presents his views, and the many, not altogether beautiful, facts which he marshals to his side, will no doubt cause this volume to be regarded by non-Catholics as a trustworthy authority on the subject with which it deals. Unfortunately, with all that has been written on our side, there exists no English account of the entire movement that might be recommended as an antidote.

CATECHETICAL INSTRUCTION.

The weighty words and strong injunctions issued by the Holy Father in his Encyclical on the teaching of the Catechism have borne fruit in many publications useful not only for the class-room and Sunday-School, but also for the pulpit.* One of the most recent, in two large volumes, is a synthesis of three different formulations and explanations of the section of the Catechism that embraces the Sacraments. First comes the text of a chapter of the Catechism of the Council of Trent; next the corresponding part of the Catechism of Pius X.; and finally, a condensed version of Raineri's instructions on the subjects. For teachers who already possess a text of the Council's Catechism, the most serviceable feature of the present work will be the instructions adapted from Raineri, whose catechetical discourses are among the very best examples of that very difficult art. They, of course, lose somewhat by the condensation; but in their compendious form they are replete with suggestion for

* *A Compendium of Catechetical Instruction.* By Rev. John Hagan, Vice-Rector, Irish College, Rome. 2 Vols. *The Sacraments.* New York: Benziger Brothers.

amplification that each teacher may carry out along his own lines.

CANON LAW

The purpose of this very concise compendium* of a larger compendium of the Canon Law bearing upon congregations, as distinct from religious orders in the strict sense of the term, is to instruct superiors and other members of such communities in their respective obligations. The author states that a book of this kind ought to be at the command of every member. The work of Dom Pierre Bastien, from which Dom Lanslots has made this compilation, enjoys a high reputation; still, the present synopsis would not have suffered if the editor had consulted other standard authorities. Some of the topics are treated with less detail than the case requires; and, as a consequence, just such points as those for which the book might be consulted are sometimes left in obscurity. However, Dom Lanslots offers a quantity of accurate and useful information that is by no means well known to the members of our religious communities. When crucial difficulties actually arise, the religious who may have become familiar with this handbook will have the good sense to consult some living authority. We know the unfavorable estimate which the adage passes on the client of the man who is his own lawyer.

This last reflection occurs with strengthened emphasis as we turn to another legal compendium, bearing the enigmatic title of *The Law of Church and Grave* † for the use of clergymen. The title would seem to suggest that the laws dealing with interments and cemeteries would be the staple content. Only one chapter, however, out of twenty-four, is taken up with this and cognate matters. The scope of the work is to expound the bearing of the civil law upon the church, or churches, their organization and constitution, laws and regulations, personnel, property, religious services, educational and eleemosynary institutions, and a number of other miscellaneous matters regarding which the clergyman in his official capacity may come into relation with the civil law. To do anything like justice to the extensive collection of subjects noted in this

* *A Handbook of Canon Law*. For Congregations of Women Under Simple Vows. By D. I. Lanslots, O.S.B. New York: Benziger Brothers.

† *The Law of Church and Grave*. The Clergyman's Handbook of Law. New York: Benziger Brothers.

handbook would require several volumes. Here they are treated very summarily. The author usually supports his statements by quoting rulings, sometimes from lower courts, sometimes from Supreme State Courts, or from the Supreme Court of the United States itself. Many of these decisions, therefore, are by no means final, or universally authoritative throughout the country; and to accept them as authoritative might easily turn out a serious pitfall. The book contains, however, much information that clergymen engaged in parochial work will be pleased to obtain.

THE EUCHARISTIC CONGRESS.

The official record of the Eucharistic Congress, held last year in London,* will be to the future historian a monument marking what has been called, with justice, an epoch-making event. Few, even of those who assisted at the celebration, and nobody who depended for his impressions on the press, could compass the length and breadth of the demonstration. Its spectacular aspects were the most imposing features of the celebration. But they were necessarily transient, and the last verdict on them must, after all, be the universal *Sic Transit*. But the enduring elements of the display were the collection of papers—all converging from a variety of points, on the Blessed Eucharist—which were read at the series of conferences that continued during the course of the Congress. As, in many instances, two or more conferences were held simultaneously, it was impossible for any one to be present at all of them. All the conferences are collected in the present volume. With very few exceptions, they are of a high quality, both in scholarship and in literary finish. Together they form a valuable addition to Eucharistic historical theology. Many of them, notably one by Dom Gasquet, on "The Eucharist in England During the Times Preceding the Reformation," and another by Father Thurston on "The Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament in England," are valuable historical monographs. Some of these papers deal ably with the actual question of frequent Communion. One of the most interesting on this topic is that of Canon Ryan, who treats the practice of Communion in Ireland, and shows how it came about that, up to comparatively recent years in Ire-

* *Report of the Nineteenth Eucharistic Congress Held at Westminster, September, 1908.*
London: Sands & Co.

land, fervent and exemplary men and women seldom received Holy Communion except at Christmas and Easter. The contribution which is the first in merit, from the scholar's point of view, is P. de Puniet's original, critical account of some Coptic fragments written on papyrus, belonging to the sixth or seventh century, and recently discovered in Upper Egypt. The document serves to exhibit the continuity of doctrine and discipline regarding the Blessed Sacrament.

The record of the proceedings of the assembly is complete, and the pages are interspersed with portraits of the chief dignitaries who assisted at it.

WOMAN'S WORK.

Madame Cecilia, who has frequently addressed to Catholic lay-women the exhortation to be up and doing, and by implication, if not explicitly, taxed them with neglecting their opportunities, not to say their duties, again makes an eloquent appeal to the same effect. She publishes, with some amplifications, a series of lectures* which she delivered last year to the Catholic Women's League in London. Her general message is that, while the "feministic" movement, outside Catholic direction, is liable to fall into excesses or aberrations, yet the movement is something to be approved of if turned in the right direction; and the needs of religion demand that Catholic women take a larger view of their social duty than they have hitherto done. With a firm grasp on social conditions, Madame Cecilia's judgment is sane and practical. She does not lose time in setting forth abstract principles, indisputable and barren, nor in enunciating platitudes, or unctuous exhortations without precise application. She goes into the details of family life and its social surroundings; points out the shortcomings of the woman of leisure or easy circumstances; indicates a large array of neglected opportunities of practising the Gospel rule of neighborly love and service. Eloquent when she exhorts the apathetic, she is still more effective when offering plain, common-sense counsel for the guidance of the zealous, whose enthusiasm sometimes, for want of wise direction, produces a larger crop of showy leaves than useful fruit; and, finally, she recognizes that the number of those who are willing to do their share in the Vineyard is very large, but

* *Laborers in God's Vineyard*. By Madame Cecilia. New York: Benziger Brothers.

that they are at a loss to know how to begin. It is true that, as Madame Cecilia observes, the spirit of apostolic zeal is active among American Catholic women to a much greater extent than it is among their English sisters. Yet, among ourselves, the number of those who have awoke to the call of opportunity is pitifully small compared to the number of those who, either heedless or inadvertent, go their unremembering way without a thought for their genuine obligations in regard to want and sin that call loudly upon them, in the Master's Name, for a helping hand. There is no doubt but that this admirable little book would prove a revelation and a stimulant to many a woman to whom the reproach might be addressed: "Why stand ye all the day idle?"

All those whose vocation is the THOUGHTS OF THE HEART. spiritual life and prayer, will be devoutly thankful for such a book as *Thoughts of the Heart*.* When the well-springs of mental prayer are in danger of running dry, many a thirsty soul will find relief and delight in these short meditations or spiritual readings. They are short, four or five, or at the most six-page reflections on such topics as God, the First Cause; Grace; Eternal Love; The Incarnate Life; The Seven Words on the Cross; The Holy Eucharist; The Ten Lepers; Mary's *Fiat Mihi*, and the like. There is order in the volume, but not too much order. Nor is there anything stately or stilted, nor anything so commonplace as not to be suggestive even for acute minds. Furthermore, though the meditations are primarily and invariably devotional, they contain a very noticeable sprinkling of serious theology, just enough to prevent their being too light to be of permanent use. And there are enough of them to provide a new meditation for each day through a quarter of the year. And then, we dare say, the reader will be glad to begin them again.

The Via Vitæ of St. Benedict † has about it the sweet savor that characterizes the Benedictine type of piety, if we may use such an expression. The Rule of St. Benedict is given, one point to a

* *Thoughts of the Heart*. By P. M. Northcote, O.S.M. New York: Benziger Brothers.

† *The Via Vitæ of St. Benedict*. The Holy Rule Arranged for Mental Prayer. By Dom Bernard Hayes. With Introduction by J. C. Hedley, O.S.B., Bishop of Newport. New York: Benziger Brothers.

chapter. A commentary on the Rule follows: and this in turn is succeeded by a "prayer," or rather a series of devout ejaculations. For example: Chapter LIII. is on "Receiving Guests." The text of the rule of the holy patriarch is given (in Latin and English). The thoughts then suggested are: first, "The Supernatural View," in virtue of which every visitor who comes to the monastery is to be considered as if he were the Lord Christ, in person; second, "The Manner of Treating Guests" is indicated; and third the delicate question of the influence of guests upon the discipline of the community is considered. Then come the ejaculatory prayers: "Thou, dear Lord, dost come to us with every guest. My God, may we ever welcome Thee! Thou comest as a poor man: I will serve Thee, feed and clothe Thee. Thou comest as a stranger: I will be Thy friend." Such is the scheme of these simple, naïve, and truly delightful little meditations on the Rule of St. Benedict. There are seventy-three of them.

JUST IRISH.

Just why Mr. Loomis permitted his entertaining book on Ireland* to be disfigured by a hideous and insulting design on the cover is not easily understood. He does not write solely for fun; why should he take pains to mar his circulation? That the offensive "stage Irishman" picture on the outside is not intended offensively one may see from the tenor of the book, in which there is nothing but admiration and praise for all things Irish; and in which Mr. Loomis exhibits an abiding determination to say nothing that could offend anybody and to drop prickly subjects as quickly as possible. Let us, however, turn from the cover to the contents. They are made up of a number of articles which Mr. Loomis contributed to the American press, giving an account of his pleasant trip through Ireland. He makes no profession of serious dissertation; he writes only to amuse. The various scenes of Irish life which fell under his notice, the people with whom he came in contact, the experiences which befell him, are told in his breezy, jocular style with good effect.

He landed at Derry and remained in that vicinity for some time; so Derry, Rathmullan, Elagh Mountain, Donegal Bay, the

* *Just Irish*. By Charles Battell Loomis. Boston: Richard Badger.

gray skies of Ireland, supply several chapters. Another chapter describes the humors of third-class travel. Mount Melleray, where the traveler spent a night with the monks, provided him with a host of novel experiences that have lost nothing in the telling. He seems to have drunk deep of the optimistic atmosphere which is now prevalent enough to make the old designation, "the most distressful country," a gross anachronism. On the question of the needs of Ireland, the prospects and expediency of Home Rule, the alleged decline of the influence of the clergy, the effect of outside sympathy on the Irish people, the laziness or industry of the Irish laborer, Mr. Loomis, like a wise man, has no dogmatic conclusions to propound. He confines himself to presenting the conflicting answers which his questions on these and other burning topics drew forth from various persons whom he casually encountered.

For the encouragement of tourists, he draws attention to the fact that in Ireland one will be surprised to find how much further his money will go than at home; and he is at pains to eradicate the opinion which, whatever may have been its value some years ago, is quite erroneous now; *viz.*, that the hotel accommodation in country places is highly unsatisfactory. "Friends in America had told me that I'd not fare very well in Ireland except in the large towns. I would like to ask at what small hotel—New York or Chicago or Philadelphia—I would get as well cooked or as well served a dinner as was brought to me in Londonderry for three shillings and six pence? If one is looking for Waldorf-Astoria magnificence and French disguises he'll not find them here, unless it is at Dublin; but if one is blessed with a good appetite, and is willing to put up with plain cooking, I fancy he will do better here than at home."

The contents of the book receive our commendation, but we would earnestly recommend that the cover design be changed.

IRISH BIOGRAPHY.

The collection of lives of Irish celebrities, in the first volume of *Ireland and Her People*,* has been gathered without any principle of selection that can be dis-

* *Ireland and Her People*. A Library of Irish Biography Together with a Popular History of Ancient and Modern Ireland. Prepared by Thomas W. Fitzgerald. Chicago: Fitzgerald Book Company.

covered by an inspection of the list. It is extensive, but not comprehensive; its sweep takes in St. Patrick and the Duke of Wellington; it contains names of saints, soldiers, lawyers, statesmen, authors. Many names of extremely little importance are included, while others of much more consequence are omitted. The sketches are readable, and, in many instances, have literary merit.

In this present volume,* as in his former work on the education of girls, Dr. Shields makes use of the dialogue form. He finds it the

most natural form, and one that permits a subject to be most easily examined from diverse points of view. The beneficiary this time of Dr. Shield's efforts is the dull child who is the trial of the teacher; and too frequently, insists Dr. Shields, the direct result of the teacher's method or want of method. After discussing some general facts and principles, Dr. Shields enters on a biography of a boy who in his early years, after a short period at school, was withdrawn from it by his parents, who concurred in the opinion of the teachers that he was a hopeless dunce. Then he was put to work on a farm, and became known to his world as Studevan's *omadhaun*. In a short time he forgot the little he had learned at school; he was supposed to be too stupid to be worth speaking to, while any idea of instructing him was entirely abandoned. He was marooned, even by his relatives, on a lonely island of ignorance. But the appellation given to him proved as inept as was the "dull ox of Sicily" to Aquinas. This intellectual Robinson Crusoe, after a long struggle, began to discover knowledge for himself, and to invent his intellectual apparatus, little by little, till one day, in a vessel of his own construction, he sailed away from the land of perpetual night to the sunny shores of science, where a goodly fortune was awaiting him. One need not be interested in pedagogy to find this striking record of pathetic struggle intensely fascinating. The author supports strongly his contention that not a little of the dullness of which teachers complain is the direct effect of vicious methods or incompetent educators. But has he given any

* *The Making and the Unmaking of a Dullard*. By Thomas Edward Shields, Ph.D., LL.D. Washington: The Catholic Educational Press.

grounds for the conclusion that every dullard has it in him to repeat the achievement of Studevan's *omadhaun*? The subject of the biography was an exceptionally gifted boy.

In *The Churches and the Wage-Earners** we have an earnest and well-informed discussion of a very serious problem. The author proposes to consider the present alienation between the churches and the masses of the laboring people, and, after having made a detailed and well-documented study of the facts in the case, he indicates the causes palpably contributing to the present condition, cites the attitudes assumed respectively by the representatives of labor and of religion, and draws attention to the changes and improvements that are required. Throughout the whole essay he shows a temper and a method which are thoroughly scientific. In consequence, he has made a book well worthy of being pondered, and none the less serious for being written in most simple and popular style.

The indictment against the churches is a telling one, though the author writes with evident sympathy for the religious viewpoint. There can be no gainsaying the facts he brings forward to show the depth and width of the gulf that intervenes between the interests and activities of the churches and the workingmen.

One or two things suggest themselves by way of comment on the book before us. Though the author brackets Catholicism with the other institutions under the generic title of "churches," and though the strictures he records do to some extent apply to all organized religion, yet it can safely be said that the Catholic Church does not lie open to the gravest charges brought forward in this volume. With whatever temporary obscuring of principles that may occur here and there, with whatever human failure to work out distasteful conclusions, it yet remains true that in those moral teachings which Catholicism ever champions, and in the inevitable democracy of her institutions and her ministry, there is for the Catholic Church an effectual safeguard against alienation from the living interests of toiling humanity. It is instructive to note the author's con-

* *The Churches and the Wage-Earners*: A Study of the Cause and Cure of their Separation. By C. Bertrand Thompson. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

ception of a church as an institution wholly shaped and determined by the choice of its members and its leaders. Now, though the individual member, or the local and temporary leader, of the Catholic body might be influenced in his policy by personal accidents, the Catholic conception of the Church implies the existence of a permanent, divine, and supernatural control which, in the long run, directs the Church to move in the way of the divinely established ideal. In a word, the Church cannot get away from her destiny, nor change her constitution, nor repudiate her principles, because these things are from God rather than from man.

AN AID TO DANTE'S
INFERNO.

Mr. Grandgent, being the author of the most satisfactory grammar of the Italian language published in English, seems a natural and fitting person to append his name to the first annotated American edition of the Italian text of Dante's *Inferno*.* To say much in little compass, to pick out distinctly the salient points, to arrange everything in perfectly good order, and by these and other means to save the reader much useless labor, are among the achievements generally characteristic of Mr. Grandgent's work. This present edition comes near to being adapted equally well to the beginner and to the scholar. The vast accumulations of Dante literature make a forbidding labyrinth wherein the unlearned are loth to set foot save under the direction of a prudent guide, and Mr. Grandgent is such a one. He seems to have discarded, and again to have retained, just about the proper amount of erudition. His book will be really an "aid."

CARMINA.

By T. A. Daly.

The sixth or seventh edition into which *Canzoni*, Mr. Daly's former volume, has run, sufficiently attests the favor it has met, particularly in view of the well-known fact that many a volume by some of our most talked-of poets never succeeds in reaching a second edition. The present collection † of Mr. Daly's verse

* *Dante Alighieri. La Divina Commedia.* Edited and Annotated by C. H. Grandgent, Professor of Romance Languages in Harvard University. Vol. I. *Inferno.* Boston: D. C. Heath & Co.

† *Carmina.* By T. A. Daly. New York: John Lane Company.

deserves even a warmer welcome. It contains all the elements of his popularity, which are easily described. He is always sane, he is eminently human and genial, and takes a joyful attitude towards life. The brighter and happier qualities of the Celtic character are revealed in his song. He writes without obscurity and on themes of popular interest. He has something definite to say in each separate piece and knows how to build up a poem. Over all his work, according to his subject, presides a graceful fancy, or a true feeling, or a humor that is always natural and agreeable. Behind it all, especially in his Irish verse, we feel a secret charm of personality that finds expression in a genuine, spontaneous gift of song. There is here nothing labored or strained. We may truly say of him, to combine the words of two poets, that he sings with full-throated ease in strains of unpremeditated art. At times, we acknowledge, a little more premeditation might be helpful, for the verse has an occasional lack of finish.

These various qualities should be sufficient to bring favor to a poet—especially at a time when so many of our minor poets aim at the lofty and attain only the hifalutin—but Mr. Daly has had the further good fortune to strike, in his Italian dialect verse, an entirely new vein. Despite the very slender resources of this dialect, he has been able to produce little gems of characterization, of humor, of pathos, or of a poetic feeling for nature which give many Americans the charm of surprise, by revealing treasures of human sentiment where they are too little inclined to look for them, in the poor Italian immigrant.

But Mr. Daly is far more than a writer of graceful, pathetic, or humorous verse: he is a poet, and the fact has been obscured by the easy triumph he has won on a plane not highly poetical. If any one doubt this, we ask him to read the "Song for May" in the present volume. It is of imagination and feeling all compact: we are at a loss where to look for a finer expression of the joy and glory of a May morning. It is a golden poem; and if Mr. Daly succeeds in giving us many of the same metal, the lovers of pure poetry everywhere will find him out. But there is much else here of precious material. Most of the "Songs of the Months" are excellent: let us point only to the music and the originality of conception in "March," which could come only from a poet, to the rich feeling of

"October" and the exquisite fancy and tenderness of "April" (which, with "The Day of the Circus Horse," will have assured places among children's classics). The reader will find much to enjoy in *Carmina*, for there is variety in the themes, the moods, and the treatment; and though the poet cannot hide himself even in the Italian pieces—see "Da Sweeta Soil," or "The Audience"—we think he more truly reveals himself elsewhere. The volume reprints, with slight changes, ten of the best pieces from *Canzoni*.

THE NEW YORK WORK-
INGMAN.

With what seems to be an admirable sense of fitness, the trustees of the Russell Sage Foundation appropriated a generous sum to assist a scientific study of the conditions of living among the working people of New York. And so a large and handsome volume,* newly published by Professor Chapin, contains the results of a carefully conducted investigation into the relation of the New York workingman to a normal and socially justifiable standard of living. The investigation was inaugurated at the Seventh New York State Conference of Charities and Correction and consumed the greater part of two years. Out of a total of 642 families of Greater New York, selected as objects of study, 318 families are chosen as presenting the most significant field for observation, their annual incomes ranging from \$600 to \$1,100, and their members numbering in each case 4, 5, or 6 persons. The methods pursued in the preparation of schedules, in the canvass of families, and in the tabulation of the data, seem to promise at least a very respectable approximation to scientific accuracy in the inferences deducible from the facts presented. A later and wider investigation, undertaken with some such thoroughness as the Bureau of Labor might command, would no doubt amend Professor Chapin's report in various particulars, but as a provisional general statement of conditions now prevailing in this city, the conclusions of the present volume are of very considerable value. The cost of the investigation was nearly \$3,000, the whole of the expense being borne by the Fund above named.

The central point of interest is the conclusion, based upon

* *The Standard of Living Among Workingmen's Families in New York City*. By Robert Coit Chapin, Ph.D. New York: Charities Publication Committee.

the data here presented, that an income under \$800 is not enough to maintain a normal standard of living in the average family of the New York workingman—the normal standard, it may be noted, being “one which permits each individual of a social unit to exist as a healthy human being, morally, mentally, and physically” (p. 256). Of 391 families well investigated, 176 (45 per cent) had incomes below the \$800 indicated as the normal minimum. It is worth noting further that the data go to show that an income under \$900 will maintain only the standard of living prevalent among Bohemians, Russians, Austrians and Italians, but not the more expensive standards of Americans and kindred nationalities.

Important conclusions with regard to the cost of housing are deducible from the facts made clear in Professor Chapin's tables—one of them being that the percentage of rent stands in inverse ratio to income, rent increasing as the income decreases. This is probably a condition largely peculiar to New York and gives point to the present agitation with regard to congestion of population, new subways, and so forth. A recent writer, recalling the saying of Jacob Riis, “You can kill a man as surely with a bad tenement as with an ax,” suggests that, “You can starve a man for lack of a street-car as surely as for lack of bread.” *The Survey* quotes from Mr. Martin's pamphlet on the need of rapid transit: “In brief, although the laboring man in New York is paying more for rent than he can afford, a bigger share of his income than in any other part of any other city known, though he is actually going without food to get shelter, yet he is housed in such narrow, stifling quarters as to make decency and the rearing of good citizens well-nigh impossible.”

A sprightly book is Mrs. Mason's
 THE SPELL OF ITALY *Spell of Italy*.* Seeing that enchanted land with admiring eyes, she has written a bright little story of her six months of wandering between Pæstum and Milan. There are beautiful illustrations in the volume, too—many of them—and a gorgeously colored cover.

In the foreword we are told that “whatever in these records of travel relates to Italy and to historic persons or to

* *The Spell of Italy*. By Caroline Atwater Mason. Boston: L. C. Page & Co.

persons now in the public eye, is fact, in so far as the author's sincerity of intention reaches at least." The author's sincerity we have neither right nor inclination to dispute; but it seems fair enough to record here some of the things she has made bold to print and set before the public. She met a fascinating Greek who made the history and geography easy for her; and, naturally enough, some people suffered in his smooth summaries and generalizations. With or without reflection, the author also sets down other views and estimates of her own. A good number of her pages are, for these reasons, quite annoying.

Pius IX. was an "old despot who sat sullen and silent" in the Vatican (p. 41). The Italian Parliament has secured to the Pope "every permissible honor, emolument, and privilege" (p. 41). Vittorio Emanuele I. was "a brave, bluff gentleman of not quite spotless reputation" (p. 35). Garibaldi should be "every woman's hero" (p. 34). "For Mazzini one has religious reverence" (p. 29). These are the statements of the Greek, and Mrs. Mason implies acceptance of all he says.

In her own name, the author has this to add, in commenting on the Vatican: "At least there is no hypocrisy at the Quirinal" (p. 145). The resemblance between Francis (of Assisi) and Martin Luther at the Papal Capital suggested itself: "Both absolutely simple, sincere souls, brought in the fullness of a childlike confidence into contact with the crafty, worldly intriguing of Rome" (p. 233). "San Carlo Borromeo, Archbishop of Milan, and as despotic an old prelate as ever was canonized" (p. 321). "Carlo was qualified to judge, being sainted himself, and acquitting himself zealously in the burning of heretics,—Waldenses, and such, whose heads he sent in triumph to Rome" (p. 321).

The author's daughter helps to bear witness, too: Curci "was required by way of retraction to assent to three propositions. Of course this means that these propositions are what the Papacy holds as fundamental and essential. I forgot whether Curci retracted or was poisoned. Probably the last. They generally were" (p. 138). The Italians "let the Jesuits plot with the Socialists even to overthrow the Government" (p. 139).

It did, indeed, irritate us, as we read, to find our intelligent countrywoman thus ready to touch upon these various difficult and delicate matters, and to publish in print sentiments

and opinions so little tested and sifted. But on other pages came other flashes of self-manifestation that helped to comfort and to explain. The author betrays a fondness for quoting Italian, and makes at least a half dozen errors in grammar and spelling (see pp. 58, 70, 189, 304, 384, 385). She inserts a quotation from Wordsworth and gets it wrong, even the meter being spoiled (p. 67). Sometimes she writes carelessly even in English and even in prose: "That it was a misericordia, or funeral procession, appeared, to solemnize no one, and to us it bore the aspect of a brilliant carnival scene" (p. 75). Most consoling of all, on page 58, she tells us that a peasant went off "to milk his capri"—and *capri*, you know, are buck-goats.

Mrs. Mason may have written in haste and may not have seen proof; but the patrons of her publishers surely pay for careful writing and proof-reading, and editing too.

LIFE'S DAY.

That distinguished specialist and entertaining writer, Dr. William Seaman Bainbridge, has published a practical little volume which deserves to be widely read. Under the title *Life's Day: Guide-Posts and Danger Signals in Health*,* he conveys an amount of useful information and of sane advice that will serve the uses of the general public better than a whole library of medical and surgical literature, and that may well be taken as a model by those numerous confrères of his who seem utterly incapable of telling lay persons anything intelligible or practically serviceable. The reader may look to rise from the careful reading of Dr. Bainbridge's pages with a clear and fairly thorough idea of what the medical world can now say with confidence as to the proper way of caring for one's health and the reasons thereof. The author obtrudes no pet theories, no fads, no panacea. He states clearly and directly the conclusions attained by enlightened science and sound common sense working harmoniously for the hygienic salvation of ordinary people in this present-day world.

The careful little index in the book deserves its share of recognition, too. We hope Dr. Brainbridge will give the lay reader some more practical advice on the ever interesting topic upon which he has shown himself so well fitted to discourse.

* *Life's Day: Guide-Posts and Danger Signals in Health.* By William Seaman Bainbridge, A.M., M.D. New York: Fredrick A. Stokes Company.

MORALITY AND LITER-
ATURE IN FRANCE.

Serious, patriotic Frenchmen, differing among themselves in their religious and political creeds, unite in regarding with profound apprehension many symptoms of decay which show themselves unmistakably in the national life. The decrease of the birth-rate, increase of crime, corruption in political, and demoralization in private, life, diminution of the patriotic spirit, are the most striking manifestations that prompt the leaders of thought to put forth their best endeavors, in their respective spheres, to arrest the march of degeneracy. In the literary world this inspiration has resulted in prompting some of the most brilliant minds, during the past twenty years, to abandon the motto, art for art's sake, and, instead, to consider their pen as an instrument for the promotion of practical ideas and principles. This movement has found its historian in Dr. Lecigne,* a laureate of the Academy, who throws his study into a series of pictures of the most conspicuous figures in the movement "from dilettanteism to action." They are Taine, Brunetière, Bourget, Lemaître, Maurice Barrès, and Anatole France. The portrait of the last-named writer must have been introduced as a foil to give strength to the others. For, while Anatole France certainly relinquished the rôle of the *dilettante* for the active propagation of ideas, the principles which he expounds, with only too much verve and brilliancy, tend not to stop the trend towards moral chaos, but to make confusion worse confounded.

Taine, M. Lecigne shows, found his road to Damascus in the journey which he made, in 1870, to Germany. The *débâcle* opened his eyes to the structural weaknesses in the nation's life; and he chose as his field of action the task of restoring hope to his prostrate country. His first step towards his object was the creation of the *École Libre des Sciences Politiques*, which should train up Frenchmen who would think for themselves in political affairs. "It is not," he once declared, "'egoism,' as the Germans say, 'that renders us feeble; it is the habit of allowing ourselves to be led by somebody, and of waiting for the signal from the voice of a leader; just as soon as we are willing to understand, and to act, for ourselves, we shall be strong.'" M. Lecigne traces the effect of Taine's new purpose through his great work *Histoire des Origines de la*

* *Du Dilettantisme à l'Action Études Contemporaines*. Par C. Lecigne. Paris: Lethielleux.

France Contemporaine. The character of that work is epigrammatically summed up in Taine's own remark. As I write it, he said, "I am sounding the cavities in the chest of a consumptive."

The paper on Brunetière is a vigorous sketch of the intellectual characteristics of the great critic who, on account of his talent, his courage, and his devotion to truth, has won M. Lecigne's almost unqualified admiration. The one feature which is not to his liking—and the objection sufficiently indicates one important trait of M. Lecigne's own mentality—is that Brunetière was a champion of democracy. The idea that a man may legitimately rise from the lower classes to the heights ought to scandalize no one, writes M. Lecigne, but Brunetière went much farther than this: "He accepted and willingly preached all the dogmas of democracy, even the equality paradox. This rigorous logician was in some things illogical. He loved order and regularity in everything; and democracy easily ends in anarchy. He loved tradition; and democracy will have none of it. He abhorred individualism; and this is the very basis of democracy. Here in the end he lost his bearings. He honored the Church as the harmonious society *par excellence*, with its admirable hierarchy; on the morrow he said: 'The Church is a democracy.'" This weakness, as M. Lecigne estimates it, has been the reason why Brunetière's influence, especially over some younger men, has not been as healthy as it has been profound.

In the study on Paul Bourget, more than in either of the two previous ones, M. Lecigne draws the materials of the portrait from the books of his man; and confines himself more to purely literary criticism from his declared point of view. Nevertheless, he traces also the journey of Bourget's mind from unbelief to faith; and emphasizes the proofs to be found in the novels, written after that event, of the sincerity and thoroughness of the conversion. Now, some of these novels, though not every one of them, contain descriptions and scenes which will not pass our American standards of propriety. It is all very well to inculcate a sound moral idea; but the end does not justify the means. The conclusion of a romance may render a new homage, as M. Lecigne says of *Un Divorce*, to the Christian doctrine of marriage. But the lesson will be too dearly paid for, if, to receive it, a young man or a young woman is invited to read pages treating too frankly of sexual

psychology, or describing scenes and conversations that reek of sensuality. The moral of *The Disciple*, for example, is a great truth, powerfully enforced—the teacher is responsible for the results of his teaching. But the critical event in the story is related with a realism and a want of reticence that are not far outdone by Zola. To do justice to M. Lecigne, it must be said that he does not entirely pass over this serious fault of M. Bourget in some of the stories written since his conversion to Catholicism.

Maurice Barrès' field of action, as M. Lecigne describes it, was to wage war, in the tribune of the Chamber of Deputies, and with his pen through the press, against the corrupt politicians who, like a similar class nearer home, live on the people, and for themselves. M. Lecigne salutes J. Lemaître as the champion of the old French ideals of self-sacrifice, generosity, and patriotism; and he anticipates the day when M. Lemaître will pass over the chasm which, as yet, separates him from Christianity.

In a Roundabout Way,* by Clara Mulholland, is a double love story of four young people of the Irish gentry class. One of the girls is the supposed heiress (through her father's crime); the other, who has been brought up as a peasant, the real heiress to a fine estate. The plot is rather loosely woven; the crime is not disposed of by detective methods, but by the opportune upsetting of a sailing boat.

Forgive and Forget† resembles the foregoing in containing the double love story, woven into complicated situations, of a set of refined young German people. The atmosphere of both stories is Catholic.

An Original Gentleman,‡ is a series of humorous comedy-stories, slight in content, well-constructed, and abounding in amusing persiflage.

This edition of the *Imitation* § is meant for the members of

* *In A Roundabout Way*. By Clara Mulholland. New York: Benziger Brothers.

† *Forgive and Forget*. By Ernst Lingen. New York: Benziger Brothers.

‡ *An Original Gentleman*. By Anne Warner. Boston: Little, Brown & Co.

§ *The Sodalist's Imitation of Christ*. By Thomas à Kempis. An English Translation by Father Elder Mullen, S.J. New York: P. J. Kenedy & Sons.

our Lady's Sodality and for all who, with them, are likely to seek in the famous work of à Kempis wholesome food for mental prayer. This translation produces the rhythm of the original, and the third and fourth books are restored to the original order. It will be found a useful book for daily meditations, and as one of the best books of devotion we recommend it to all. Father Mullen is doing great work in the service of our Lady's Sodality, and this volume, like the others which he has edited, is presented in neat form.

“A mother, and forget?
Nay! all her children's fate
Ireland remembers yet
With love insatiate!”

The truth of Lionel Johnson's poignant stanza scarcely calls for reiteration; yet here at hand is an added witness* to Erin's fair loyalty. For with the forewords of three faithful friends—Father Hickey, of Yorkshire, Seumas MacManus, and Justin M'Carthy—comes a collected edition of the poems of “Eva” of the *Nation*. The present generation little remembers the part played by this remarkable woman (Mary Eva Kelly, later Mrs. Kevin O'Doherty) in the Nationalist Movement of “Young Ireland.” With simple and unflinching devotion she sang and suffered and toiled for the well-fought-for ideals of her people. Most of her poems (as of her prose) had their first publication in the *Nation*, and in them “Eva” touched upon every chord precious to her countrymen. The Beloved Dead—the Patriot Mother—the “Men in Jail”—the Wanderer Under Alien Skies—all found in her a sympathetic minstrel: these, and not less the sunshine of “sweet Tipperary,” the hills and streams of Erin, her holy wells, and the immemorial legends of her past. And now, when the romantic career of “Eva” is drawing to its solitary close, the “true men” of her country are resolved to honor it by some fitting testimonial. For this object the present edition of her poems (extremely moderate in price) is being issued. We wish it every success.

* *Poems*. By “Eva” of the *Nation*. Dublin: M. H. Gill & Son, Ltd.

Foreign Periodicals.

The Tablet (17 April): Contains a monograph on "Joan of Arc." The first installment tells of the career of the Maid up to the time of the fulfillment of her mission with the ceremony of the crowning at Rheims.—Dr. Gairdner, writing on "The Disestablishment of the Welsh Church," claims that the endowments were given for the support of religion and ought not to be alienated. If the Established Church, is not doing her work, by all means take away the endowments and give them to some more wholesome form of religion.—"A Suffragette Meeting at Formby" was presided over by the Catholic priest of the town, the Rev. Wilfrid Carr, who claimed that woman has a duty in the State as well as in the home. Votes for women, he said, meant purity in politics.—Among obituary notices are those of "Marion Crawford" and "Algernon Charles Swinburne." Of the former it is said that he knew Italy as few strangers do, while the latter is described as the last of the great Victorian poets.

(24 April): "Can a Catholic be a Socialist?" Lord Mowbray and Stourton considers the question. He inclines to think the answer must be in the negative.—The plan of "The Disestablishment of the Welsh Church" is outlined. The buildings are to be left to the Disestablished Church, and all benefactions, dating from 1662, are to be retained, those of an earlier date are to be taken from it.—"Blessed Joan of Arc"; Mgr. Barnes tells the story of the last stages of her career: of her capture, trial, and death by fire.—Apropos of "The New Irish University," Cardinal Moran points out "the great failure of Cardinal Newman's life." It was his attempt to establish a university in Ireland and his utter inability to understand Irish character.

The Month (April): "The Free Church Council Meeting" affords the writer, the Rev. Sydney F. Smith, an opportunity of comparing and contrasting the spirit which dominated the three Congresses of the Anglican, Catholic, and Nonconformist bodies. In the first two the spirit

of charity was conspicuous. The same, however, cannot be said of the last.—In “Man and Monkey” the Editor deals with the unscrupulous methods employed by Professor Haeckel in propagating his doctrines.—In “The Dream of Gerontius and the Philosophy of St. Thomas,” Rev. T. A. Newsome states that the proofs afforded by philosophy for the immortality of the soul are difficult to understand. As far as poetry may be employed to lend a warmth to the abstract speculations of the Angelic Doctor, Newman has employed it in the Dream of Gerontius.—“Flotsam and Jetsam” treats of the recent charge that Catholics are gaining possession of the Press in an underhand manner, also the derivation of the curious term *Godon* which Jeanne d’Arc commonly used in describing her English adversaries.

Expository Times (April): Professor Jordan’s new book, *Biblical Criticism and Modern Thought*, is reviewed.—“The New Philosophy,” by the Rev. J. G. James. Originally called Pragmatism, it is now to be known as Humanism. It signalizes a revolt against Intellectualism and appeals to the whole man.—Rev. J. M. Shaw, on “The Religious-Historical Movement in German Theology,” claims that it is an attempt to bridge over the gulf existing between the Church and the cultured classes; to cut loose from tradition and give a “scientific” restatement of the Gospel.—Was “Yahweh Israel’s Peculiar God”? Apparently not, for Professor Delitzsch speaks of finding on three clay tablets in the British Museum the words *Yahwe is God*; and these tablets belong to the age of Hammurabi, two thousand years before Christ.—“The Archæology of the Book of Genesis,” by Professor Sayce.—“Two New Compositions of the Epistles of St. John.”

The Church Quarterly Review (April): “Modernism,” from an Anglican Church point of view, is the subject of an article by Herbert H. Jefferson. He deplores the way in which the movement has been met.—“The Origin and Development of the Moral Ideas,” is the second installment of a review of Dr. Westermarck’s work. According to his theory, morality stands on, and must always have stood on, a basis independent of religion.—

In an apologetic, "The Grounds of Belief in God," F. R. Tennant comes to the conclusion that in the Person and work of our Lord we have the best basis on which to build up a convincing proof of the Personality of God.—"The Resurrection Body" is a study in the history of the doctrine put forth on this subject, by the African School in the person of Tertullian, and the Alexandrian School in the person of Origen; the one materialistic; the other, to a large extent, founded upon the teaching of St. Paul.—"A Spanish University"; the Oviedo Tercentenary, by Edward Armstrong.—"The Numeration of New Testament Manuscripts," by F. G. Kenyon.

The National Review (May): "Episodes of the Month" is a lengthy contribution to the already extensive "war scare" literature. Sir Edward Grey's late speech on a superior British navy "fills one with despair, because it means that the German navy can count on fooling our Government to the end of the chapter."—"After the Storm" is the translation of a popular German pamphlet, *Nach dem Sturm*, published for the purpose of inflaming the German people against Great Britain.—Three more articles deal with the question of Germany's aggressiveness: "A Plea for a Comprehensive Policy of National Defense"; "Sidelights on German Preparations for War"; "The German Army."—"The evils resulting from adulterated milk will not be checked until the price of milk is raised," says Eustace Miles in an article entitled: "Is Milk Too Cheap?"—The present crisis in the national life of France is treated by William Morton Fullerton.

The Dublin Review (April): W. S. Lilly, in his review of Dr. Gairdner's *Lollardy and the Reformation*, points to two serious divergencies from Catholic standards: one is when the historian asserts his belief in the Royal Supremacy; the other is when he uses language which implies that the doctrine of Transubstantiation belongs to the philosophy of the past and has no meaning for us at present.—In "Moral Fiction a Hundred Years Ago," the writer, Wilfrid Ward, asks why Miss Edgeworth is but little read in our day? It is, he thinks,

because the old "moral tale" is suspected of being untrue to nature.—"Some Factors in Moral Education," by Rev. Michael Maher, S.J., exposes the fallacy, somewhat widely accepted, that the spread of education would prove an all-powerful factor in the regeneration of humanity.—The name "Niccolo Machiavelli" at once suggests a picture of cunning and political trickery. That the life of the man hardly warrants such an unenviable reputation is the trend of an article by Herbert M. Vaughan.—Under the title "The Mantle of Voltaire," the writer, F. Y. Eccles, shows that it has undoubtedly fallen upon M. Anatole France, by reason of his attack upon Christianity in his recent book, *L'Île des Pingouins*.—In "The Needs of Humanity" Cardinal Gibbons offers the Catholic Church and her teachings as a solvent for the perplexing problems of our day.

Irish Ecclesiastical Record (April): The Rev. George Hitchcock in his review of Dr. Rodkinson's *History of the Talmud* shows the value of such a work, for the questions regarding Christian origins touch Jewish life at many points.—In "Historic Phases of Socialism," the editor, Rev. J. S. Hogan, D.D., shows that the root-idea of Socialism, in one form or another, has been proposed, tried, and rejected hundreds of times in the history of the world.—The difficulties attendant upon the explanation of the miraculous are dealt with by the Rev. Malachy Eaton, in "Apologetics of the Miracle." The old gross materialistic theories are fast fading from view and the thought of spirit acting on matter is no longer repugnant to the scientific mind.—In "Glimpses of the Penal Times," by Rev. Reginald Walsh, O.P., we have an account of the arrest, trial, and imprisonment of several priests in Ireland in the eighteenth century.—"The Reform of the Roman Curia" gives some practical information to those who may be called upon to have recourse to such authority.

Le Correspondant (10 April): "The American-Japanese Conflict and Public Opinion in America" gives a *résumé* of the recent trouble. By virtue of its New Armada and great guns the United States must remain champion of

the Pacific. Our democracy, the writer says, is slowly developing into an aristocracy of thought, manners, necessities of life, and social caste.—In “The Art of Staging a Play,” Paul Gaultier traces the progress which has been made from the simplicity of the Mystery plays, say of the twelfth century, to the realism of to-day, when the setting of the play, the *mise en scène*, as we should call it, has much to do with its popularity and success.—“In the Country of the Cork-Oak,” gives an account of a journey through Algeria.

(25 April): “The Conversion of Pascal,” by Henri Bremond, fixes the night of the twenty-first of November as the time when Pascal abandoned the God of philosophical demonstration, and began to believe in the living God dwelling in the heart.—Amédée Britsch, writing on “Democracy in the East,” cites the case of the Greek nation. Patriotism, he says, appears to be a veritable religion with them and they possess a supreme faith in the future of their country. “Studies in Religious History,” by Pierre de la Gorce, treats of the Ecclesiastical Oath of 1791. The opinion of Pius VI. that, for the greater part, the clergy were faithful, will, he says, undoubtedly be the verdict of history.—“In Case of War” exposes the unprotected condition of Cherbourg from the land, and dwells upon the disastrous results likely to follow an invasion from this quarter.

Études (5 April): M. Moisant writes on “Responsibility.” To institute a comparison between the Rationalistic and Christian notions of responsibility, he cites at length the views of many rationalists, from Voltaire and George Eliot to Anatole France. He seems to question whether they considered man as a responsible being.—*Orpheus*, a recent work on the history of religion, is criticized by L. de Grandmaison, who claims that the author, M. Reinach, is imbued with the spirit of Voltaire.—H. Lagier considers “Ramses II. to be the Persecutor of the Hebrews in Egypt.” He exposes the various opinions generally held, but thinks that the historical facts, both of the Bible and the history of Egypt, point to the above-mentioned monarch.—P. Schoener criticizes some of the statements of M. Prunel regarding the first

seminaries of France; St. Nicholas was the real diocesan seminary, he maintains, though St. Magloire bore the name.

(20 April): Treats of "Joan of Arc" under the following captions: "Her Beatification," by Mgr. de Cabrières, Bishop of Montpellier.—"The Psychology of Her Case," by M. Henri Joly.—"Her Status in English Opinion," judged from the viewpoint of Shakespeare and Andrew Lang.—"Her Position in French Art of the Nineteenth Century," an illustrated article by M. de Forceville.—"The Joan of M. Anatole France," by Jean-Bapt. Ayroles.—"At Poitiers," a play in verse by M. Joseph Boubée.

Revue du Monde Catholique (1 April): "St. Francis of Assisi," a panegyric delivered at Versailles by R. P. Constant, O.P.—M. Sicard furnishes another installment of "The French Clergy Before and Since the Concordat of 1801."—In "The Venerable Mother Mary of the Incarnation," Eugène Griselle supplies some incidents in the life of the first Superioress of the Ursulines of Quebec.—"Who Will Regenerate France?" asks M. Romette. If it is not condemned to perish as did the Byzantine Empire, if it is ever destined to exercise again the influence it once exerted on Europe and the whole world, then it must be regenerated, and regenerated by the Church, the bishops, the clergy, the laity, each of whom must play his part.

(15 April): Gives the "History of the Monastery of Marmontier." The opening chapters deal with it as it appeared in the time of St. Martin. It was called the monastery of the Bishop, but after the death of the saint it became known as *Majus monasterium*.—"The Spanish Apologists of the Nineteenth Century" exposes the life of Jean Don Cortes who, M. P. At says, was distinguished from all the writers of his race by basing his synthesis on theology.—Abbé P. Barret brings his article on "The Restoration of the Ecclesiastical Chant" to a close. He pleads for the use of the Latin tongue in the Liturgy as opposed to a barbarous *volapük* or *espiranto*.

Revue Pratique d'Apologétique (1 April): "The Apostolate of

Mercy" is, J. Guibert says, founded upon our Lord Himself, Who went about doing good. The sick and the poor are its chief objects, but it also extends to all our fellowmen and means the cultivation of the social spirit. —Wherein, asks A. de Poulpiquet, O.P., in "The Argument for the Martyrs," lay the perfection of their virtue of endurance? It is to be found in certain dispositions of the soul, and demands a special interposition of God to explain it. —"Jeanne d'Arc in History," by Ph.-H. Dunand, is a criticism of the methods employed by MM. Thalamas and A. France. The writer claims that they are faithful imitators of their master, Pierre Cauchon, and just as inaccurate and dishonest as he. —"Artificial Parthenogenesis." Notwithstanding, says A. Briot, the recent claim advanced by M. Delage, that he had developed sea-urchins by artificial means, man is still as far as ever from the secret of life. The writer points out that in many forms of lower animal life the female alone is necessary for production.

Revue Thomiste (April): M. Farges writes upon "The Fundamental Error of the New Philosophy." He associates M. Le Roy with Hegel, declaring that both deny the basic principle of philosophy, namely, that of identity and contradiction. —This number begins a series of articles from the pen of R. P. Cazes, O.P., upon "Modernism." He treats of the decree *Lamentabili* and the encyclical *Pascendi*, and quotes a number of theologians upon the question of the infallibility of these pronouncements. —"The Authentic Works of St. Thomas," as furnished by the official catalogue, are presented by P. Mandonnet, O.P. They fall into three divisions. The first section comprises the works known as *Opuscula*; the great classic treatises form the second; while the third contains lectures delivered by him, afterwards written out at length by his auditors. —"The Philosophy of Being and Ontologism" is a reply by R. Garrigon-Lagrange, O.P., to the *Rivista Rosminiana*, which identified St. Thomas' doctrine of Being with that of Rosmini. This the writer repudiates, showing how Rosmini's error as to the nature of Being led to the condemnation of his sixteen propositions.

Revue Bénédictine (April): Gives an account of "Three New Fragments of the Ancient Latin Version of the Prophets." They are found at the end of the manuscript of Sulpice-Sévère. They apparently belong to the first half of the eighth century, and consist of portions of Isaias and Jeremias.—In "An Unpublished Pelagian Treatise of the Fifth Century," D. G. Morin refers to a work entitled: *De Induratione Cordis Pharaonis*, commonly attributed to St. Jerome, and which, lost for one thousand years, has been recovered, in substance at least, in several manuscripts.—"The Trial and Disgrace of the Carafa," by D. R. Ancel, gives the history of the proceedings which resulted in the condemnation and execution of the Cardinal and his three companions on charges involving murder, heresy, and political intrigue.

La Scuola Cattolica (April): G. Petazzi, S.J., explains, under the title "Credibility and Faith," the difference between the assent of the mind to the thing revealed because of the "evidence of credibility" and the assent to the thing revealed *in se*, which, according to St. Thomas, is not possible without the influx of the will.—"Judas Iscariot" as he is portrayed by modern writers; as he appears in legend, in the apocryphal Gospels, and in tradition, is the subject of an article by D. Bergamaschi.—B. Ricci continues the discussion about "Mahometanism"; the causes of its rapid propagation and its conquests. He shows that it had its own sects and heresies, Spinoza, Gibbon, and the rationalists to the contrary notwithstanding.—Dr. Surbled shows the intimate connection between the "Intelligence, Memory, and Language."—"The Calabrian-Sicilian Earthquake," and "The Myths about Hell in Homer," are continued.

Razón y Fe (April): R. Ruiz Amado begins a series of articles on "Patriotism," which he defines as love for one's fatherland.—"The Human Element in History" is continued by E. Portillo. He treats of Pope Leo's canons of historical writing and of his opening of the Vatican archives.—L. Murillo continues "The Holy See and the Book of Isaias." He treats of the prophet's epoch and examines the views for the authenticity of the work, replying to arguments against the traditional

view.—U. Minteguiaga answers the statement "The State is Incompetent to Repress Ideas," by asking: "What else did the State do when it overthrew the Catholic orders?" and "How far should it allow attacks upon the family, morality, and the like?"—"The Economic Importance of the Raiffeisen's System" of rural banks is criticized by N. Noguer.—Some treatises on dogmatic theology call forth A. Pérez Goyena's article on "The Grace of Christ."—"Twelve Years of Radio-Activity."—"Sacred Music," by José Alfonso.

España y América (1 April): "The Exegetical System of St. Thomas Aquinas" has not been often discussed; the exegesis of his day, his own principles, and a brief application are treated by P. C. Fernández.—P. de Velilla treats the "Commercial Importance of China," and asks why Spain is not getting her share of this trade.—"Christian Humility," which the *Summa* defines as "the subjection of man to God," is defended from the charge of immorality by P. M. Vélez.—P. E. Negrete highly recommends Père Sortais' book on *The Esthetic Ideas of St. Augustine*, but defends the thesis that "Beauty is the Splendor of Order."—Señor Moret's speech on the "Secularization of Social Functions," based on the doctrine of the unlimited authority of the State, is attacked by P. A. de los Bueis.

The death of Peter Fenelon Collier has removed one who was not only a worthy example of the progressive Irish immigrant, but also one who, as a Catholic, did much in his day for the cause of good literature, and interested himself in a quiet, yet none the less effective, way in worthy charities. His paper, *Collier's Weekly*, has done and is doing heroic work in the cause of honesty and moral cleanliness in public life, in business, and in politics. The death of such a man must be a cause of regret to us all.

Current Events.

France. There is a section of workingmen in France, including in their number members of the Civil Service,

clerks in the State Telegraph, Telephone, and other Departments, who describe themselves frankly as revolutionists, and as opposed to parliamentary government, declaring it to be a mockery, delusion, and snare. They aim at nothing less than the reorganization of society upon a new basis. They are not Socialists, for they do not wish the State to have supreme control; nor are they anarchists, for they wish the individual to be under control. Their hoped-for unit of control is, of the individual, the trade or professional organization to which he belongs, and of the State as a whole the confederation of these unions is to be the master. The means by which they hope to effect these changes is a general strike; the movement itself is called the "syndicalist" movement.

Closely allied with these, and having the same object in view, are others who differ from them as to the means by which that object is to be secured. The new organization of society, for which both alike are struggling, the more moderate section of workingmen hope to secure by legitimate, parliamentary action. On the occasion of the strike, at the beginning of April last, the Chamber of Deputies refused by the vote of a large majority to allow civil servants the right to strike. This they did on the ground that the injury which a strike would do to the country was so great, that its servants were bound, for the good of the country, to sacrifice themselves if necessary. This view of the subject did not commend itself to the minds of the more extreme. In fact, this vote was in direct conflict with the means by which they hoped to secure their ultimate object. This was the cause of the recent troubles which have, it is said, brought France to the verge of a change in its form of government; at least extreme parties have had such hopes. This is the misfortune of France. A country that is so unsettled that fundamental changes may be looked for almost any day, and which ranks among its citizens those who are ready to promote such changes, has an all too precarious existence.

The failure of the efforts which were made to bring about a general strike makes it fairly clear that the movement is not so serious as the talk made about it would indicate. The government stood firm and took adequate measures for every eventuality. The Chamber supported the government. In consequence, the renewed attempt to paralyze the activities of the country has failed. The fact is that not more than one-tenth of the workingmen of France are included within the trade organizations; and that of this one-tenth not all are extremists. The great bulk of the working population is outside of all the organizations, and consists of hard-working, honest laborers, chiefly agricultural laborers. Their voice is not heard in the streets, nor do the newspapers record their thoughts. But they find a way to make their wishes known and to the doing of their will the powers that be must bend, under the penalty of ceasing to be powers. The maintenance of the existing order—so far as it deserves to be maintained—is rendered comparatively easy when its assailants have the courage or the effrontery to give public expression to such sentiments as those of one of the leaders of the syndicalist movement—M. Yvetot: "We workmen will have none of these little fatherlands. Our country is the international world, and let me tell the Post Office *employés* that their English comrades are prepared, if necessary, to destroy (*saboter*) the incoming French mails."

This extreme movement, as it has a cause, so it also has a use. The cause of the adhesion to it of civil servants is to be found, in part at least, in the fact that favoritism has for many years entered into the public service, that is to say, it has not been the merits of a candidate for promotion which have been considered, but the influence which he could bring to bear, perhaps even financial influence. Members of Parliament have been guilty of these corrupt methods to such an extent that Parliamentary government itself is being condemned and Frenchmen are not wanting who are looking for a savior of society.

The use, of course, to which this agitation should be put is to serve as a warning to the government and to Parliament to remove abuses. So far as the government is concerned, it seems probable that it will learn this lesson and be both firm and tolerant. Its enemies, as well as the enemies of the existing form of government, wish to drive it on to the measures

of repression which are characteristic of former *régimes*. The problem set before the government is how, on the one hand, to maintain due liberty of action for the workingmen, and, on the other, to save the country from anarchy.

The position taken by the government, in view of the present situation, is clearly indicated by the Premier in a recent speech. All their efforts, he said, would be by means of laws framed in the spirit of liberty to give to every French citizen the means of accomplishing his own emancipation. The government would have nothing to do with those who feared to tell the people the truth. There might be flatterers of democracy as mean as those of monarchy, persons ready to hand over the rights of the country to demagogues. With these they would have nothing to do. Their design was that the democracy should learn self-discipline in order to practise self-government. They rejected the notion that the only choice was between a policy of arbitrary reaction and the abandonment of the primary duties of government. It was in this spirit that the government faced the recent difficulties, and it has so far met with an unexpected success. The apprehended disturbances looked for on May Day did not take place, and the renewed attempt to bring about a general strike has failed. Public opinion gives its full support to the government.

That things are not as they ought to be in France the evils which have been brought to light in yet another department of the service of the State render evident. A few months ago an Admiral was relieved of his command for having discussed in public some of the defects which he had found; but now that more money has had to be spent for naval purposes, on the demand of the new Secretary for Marine Affairs, the Chamber of Deputies insisted upon having a Commission appointed for ascertaining definitely the actual state of things. This commission has brought to light the fact that things are much worse than was imagined. Vital defects have been found in some of the newest battleships; there are workshops and laboratories which are dilapidated and antiquated; many of the auxiliary boats are declared to be utterly useless; in some cases the necessary ammunition for firing a gun is wanting, and in other cases the guns themselves cannot be fired or are unsuited to the ships in which they are placed. Nearly every

class of vessel in the navy has been found wanting in some respect. Contractors for all kinds of supplies have been allowed to defraud the State. Some of the ports are inadequately defended. Worst of all, there has been a series of acts of insubordination among the men, which seems to indicate that the discipline, so all-essential for success in warfare, has been undermined.

A leading politician, a member of the Commission, M. Doumer, sums up the situation in the assertion that the fleet is without men, without guns, and without projectiles; and characterizes the present position as a *débâcle*. These facts have been disclosed by the evidence brought before the Commission before it had made its report. There may be some degree of exaggeration in the effect produced by a bare enumeration; but it seems certain from a long series of events, accidents and explosions, that, although the army is with reason believed to be in perfect order, the navy is in a very different state.

Germany.

There has been a long struggle over the proposals of the government for the raising of the 125 millions of additional annual taxation. This struggle has led to friction between the group of parties banded together against the Catholic Centre and their from time-to-time allies, the Social Democrats. This group was formed on what is called a national policy, that is to say, the policy to be adopted in relation to foreign powers and in the hope that no internal questions would become urgent. This hope, however, has been frustrated by the necessity of finding additional ways and means, a matter on which the allies are deeply divided. All are agreed in the desire to throw the burden off their own shoulders, but they all differ as to who is to bear the burden. The result has been that Conservatives within the *bloc* have allied themselves in certain proposals with its enemies, the Centre, endangering the very existence of the alliance, and that rumors have been widely spread of the resignation of Prince Bülow or of a dissolution of the Reichstag. Hopes, however, are entertained that the Radicals and National Liberals may yield, especially as the present generation of Radicals is quite

different in this respect from the foregoing. It is time that an agreement was reached, for the proposals made by the government have been under discussion many months.

The present year has not proved an exception to what has in recent years become the rule. Both in the Empire and in Prussia there is a large deficit and no less a sum than 200 millions has to be raised by loan. Experts say that this does not indicate that the state of things is as bad as it looks, for the resources of the Empire are very great, and that, in comparison with many other countries, debt and taxation are not high. Doubtless this is true, but it cannot be satisfactory to the friends of Germany that the country cannot pay its yearly expenses, and it makes them ask whether it would not be well to lay aside schemes which entail such a burden. The terms on which the new loans are issued show that the financial position is looked upon as worse by the keen judges, who back their judgment by subscribing to loans. About four per cent has now to be paid, whereas in 1895 German Threes stood at only a small fraction under par.

Austria-Hungary. Vienna has been exulting in the only success of the Dual Monarchy for half a century; but it may be doubtful whether the success is as great as it appears. The Provinces have, indeed, been annexed, the Servians have been thwarted, but confidence has been destroyed. Austria was looked upon as, although unfortunate, conservative and reliable. She now shares with her neighbor the doubtful glory which follows upon successful aggression. She, too, is now proposing to become a naval power; four Dreadnoughts are to be constructed as the nucleus of a future fleet. But where the money is to come from it is hard to see; for Austria already carries a weight of taxation which is almost overwhelming. The wish to endow the annexed Provinces with a constitution, the strength of which led Austria (so it was said) to take the steps which have caused so much trouble, has so far led to no actual results; but perhaps it is too soon to carry it out. It is to be hoped that it will not be so long deferred as has been the universal suffrage for which Dr. Wekerle's Coalition Cabinet took office three years ago. Although this was the object

for which it came into existence, it has done no more to realize it than to lay before Parliament a bill so unfair and unjust to all the races in Hungary, except the Magyar, that it seems to have been thought unworthy even of discussion. And so, on a mere technical question, Dr. Wekerle has resigned, moral bankruptcy having ensued because the Cabinet retained office without fulfilling the obligations of office. The task is thrown upon the Emperor-King, Francis Joseph, of forming a new Cabinet under very complicated conditions, in an atmosphere of insincerity caused by the almost avowed duplicity of the leading politicians. The fact that the strongest party is one whose principal object is to sever every connection of Hungary with Austria, except that of the Emperor's personal sovereignty over both, adds to the difficulty of the Emperor's task.

The annexation has already brought forth fruit in causing a renewal of the bickerings which not long ago were chronic between Austria and Hungary. Hungarian financiers have received a concession from the administrator of the Provinces which the Austrian government declares to be usurious exploitation of the Bosnia peasants and an infringement of the rights of the Diet which is to be, and it has had to take steps to neutralize the concessions, steps which have displeased the Hungarians.

This is in all likelihood only the beginning of woes; for the question has to be settled to which of the two—Austria or Hungary—the annexed Provinces are to be assigned, and if they are to be divided, in what way. Then may come a clash.

Italy.

Although in some respects Italy has met with an unlooked-for measure of prosperity, in others there has been a retrograde movement. This is especially true of the army and of the military defences in general. The latter have been neglected to so great an extent as to have made the voice of Italy powerless in the recent crisis. The experiment was tried a few months ago of appointing for the first time a civilian as Minister of War. It was hoped that he might prove more capable of putting affairs upon a business-like footing than military men had been able to do. The ex-

periment, however, does not seem to have succeeded; for after a short time Signor Casana resigned and another general was appointed as Minister of War. The announcement has recently been made that the new Minister has made a plan for the much-needed reforms which has met with the approval of the rest of the Cabinet.

Holland.

The little kingdom of the Netherlands, where ordered liberty has long been established, affords a pleasing contrast to the state of things to which absolutism has brought the Turkish Empire. The birth of an heir to the throne was not merely hailed with delight when it took place, but for months before elaborate preparations were made. Presents were showered from all sides upon the Queen. Women and mothers in all parts of the country, and even Dutch women residing abroad, gave their savings and their labor to the preparation of gifts for the outfit of the royal child. So numerous were these presents that a public exhibition of them was held. So eager were the people for the news that on the slightest rumor the decorations which had been prepared were displayed prematurely. The close union which exists between the crown and the people was shown in many striking ways. The child of the queen was also the child of the people. Another reason there was for the anxiety manifested for the birth of an heir. In the event of the Queen regnant dying without offspring the crown would pass to the Grand Duke of Saxe-Weimar, and consequently would be brought more closely within the sphere of German influence. This would not be relished by the Dutch, whose affection to their own nationality is as strong as that of any people in the world.

Turkey.

The glorifiers of our own times often write and speak as if oppression and misrule had passed away and had become things of the past; whereas there are still large tracts of the earth's surface the inhabitants of which groan under evils as great as have ever been suffered. No little alleviation of the sadness this truth should cause is the fact that one of the worst rulers which the world ever had

has met with some, at least, of his deserts in this life, and has witnessed the failure of all his plans and the frustration of all his hopes. A complete and final failure we trust that it will prove; but it is impossible to be certain, for a people which has so long permitted itself to be dominated by such a ruler may prove to be completely demoralized and incapable of rising to better things. But this must be left for the future to reveal.

How far Mohammedanism is compatible with a constitutional form of government is a disputed point; but, even if absolute rule is its only true expression, a legitimate way of escape is permitted when things become intolerable, for the ruler may be deposed by the religious authority for the time being. This was what was done in the case of Abdul Hamid. A hypothetical case was laid before the Sheikh-ul-Islam. He was asked whether an Imam of the Moslems who removes and causes to be removed from a book of the Sheriat (that is, the Sacred Law) certain questions of the law of the Sheriat, and prevents the circulation of the aforesaid book, and causes it to be burned and destroyed by fire; who wrongfully expends the public treasures; who slays and imprisons the persons of his subjects; who perjures himself; who wilfully provokes troubles which throw affairs into confusion; may be forced to abdicate or may be deposed when his subjects have effected the destruction of his despotism, and peace and concord can only be secured by one or other of the two methods. To this case the Sheikh replied: "It is permitted"; and what is called a *Fetva* to that effect was at once issued, and within a few hours Abdul Hamid had left the city on his way to Salonika, the headquarters of the Committee of Union and Progress. Many Sultans have shared the same fate; in fact, his two immediate predecessors were forced to abdicate by Abdul Hamid himself.

Our pages shall not be sullied by an attempt to particularize the crimes of which the deposed Sultan was guilty. The root and spring of them all may be mentioned. In his lust for power he centralized every species of it in his own hands. He gave orders, and saw to it, through the agency of some 20,000 spies, that those orders were obeyed, that nothing should be done throughout the whole extent of his dominions except on his initiative; he made the Sublime Porte, which has had at

least a consultative voice in the management of affairs, the merest tool of his own unbridled will.

His successor, Mahomed V., on acceding to the throne, has made declarations of quite a different character. While recognizing the Will of the Eternal as the ultimate source of his accession, and legitimate descent as its condition, its immediate basis were the stipulations of the Constitution and the unanimous wish of the whole Ottoman people. The aim of his government, he declares, will always be to guarantee liberty and equality to all his subjects. It is to the Constitution, and to the fidelity of all to its prescriptions, that he looks for success. Disorders are to be suppressed, the administration of justice and finance to be improved, and schools are to be opened in all the provinces. This is an admirable programme. Whether it will be realized depends, however, less upon the good will of the new Sultan than upon the good will of those who are the actual possessors of power. At present it cannot be doubted that all power is in the hands of the army. In fact, all that has been done from the beginning has been done by means of the army; the revolution of July last, the attempted counter-revolution of April, and its defeat within the last few weeks. Military rule is, of course, the least desirable of all; is almost as bad, in fact, as anarchy or despotism; but it may be necessary in an emergency; and it seems probable that this emergency may last for some time in Turkey. In the course of the recent occurrences, every other element of the community proved itself untrustworthy. The members of Parliament hid themselves or ran away; even those members of the Committee of Union and Progress who were in Constantinople yielded to the storm; the people, so far as they were represented by the inhabitants of the capital, applauded indiscriminately those who were in the ascendant for the time being. The army alone stood faithful to the Constitution. And if we look to the Asiatic provinces, the necessity for a strong controlling power is quite evident. At the time the Constitution was restored even in these provinces there was every kind of demonstration of joy and satisfaction; all the different races fraternized in a way never known before. But when the recent attempt was made to overturn the Constitution, the Turks in many places, without the slightest provocation, proceeded to massacre the Christians; in one place no

less than 25,000 were slain. The necessity therefore, for military rule seems only too plain.

Persia.

The Shah has at last yielded to the representations of Russia and Great Britain, and has summoned a new Parliament which is to meet in July next; he is convinced, he says, that a Constitution is the only means of bringing disorder to an end. This conviction was not the fruit of his own thought, but was forced upon him by the fact that Russia had sent troops to Tabriz, that Great Britain had landed sailors at the other extremity of his dominions, while in half a dozen places rebellion had begun. Even the advocates of a Constitution had always declared that they would prefer to suffer the worst of evils from the worst of governments than be delivered by foreign intervention. The intervention, however, has taken place, and in fact was forced upon the two Powers in defence of their own interests and to protect the lives of their subjects. It will, we believe, be brought to an end when the necessity for it ceases and the Persians will be allowed to work out their own salvation.

THE COLUMBIAN READING UNION.

FROM June 27 to September 10, a period of eleven weeks, the Catholic Summer-School will present a varied programme of university extension studies at Cliff Haven, on Lake Champlain, N. Y. Prominence is given to the historical subjects relating to the Tercentenary Celebration of Samuel Champlain's first voyage through the lake which bears his name. The report of the committee on lectures, presented by the Rev. Thomas McMillan, C.S.P., contains the following announcements:

First Week, June 28-July 2.—Illustrated lectures on Switzerland, India, Spain, and the City of Washington, by Professor C. H. French, Cleveland, Ohio.

Second Week, July 5-9.—Programme of Tercentenary Commission.

July 7.—Reception to the President of the United States and members of his Cabinet. Address of introduction by Governor Hughes.

Two evening lectures, July 8-9, assigned for Rev. Matthew C. Gleeson, Chaplain U. S. N., S. S. *Connecticut*, describing the voyage of the American Fleet around the world.

Third Week, July 12-16.—Morning Round Table Talks, by Martha Moore Avery, Boston. Subject: Christian Civilization and Its Foes.

Four evening lectures assigned to the Rev. Charles Warren Currier, Washington, D. C. The subjects will deal with Champlain's Voyage, and review the history of the battles fought by the French against the Indians and England.

Fourth Week, July 19-23.—Morning lectures by the Rev. John H. O'Rourke, S.J., New York City: Subject: The Church as a Bulwark of the Republic.

Two evening violin recitals by Robert Burkholder, New York City.

Two harp recitals by Loretta De Lone, New York City.

Fifth Week, July 26-30.—Morning lectures by the Rev. James J. Fox, D.D. (Catholic University). Subject: The Immortality of the Soul as Manifested in the Religious Convictions of the Great Nations of the Ancient World.

Evening lectures by Professor Thomas McTiernan, New York City. Subject: Webster and Lincoln.

Lectures by the Rev. Thomas J. Campbell, S.J. Subject: Early Missionaries of the Champlain Valley.

Sixth Week, August 2-6.—Morning lectures by the Rev. Robert Swickerath, S.J., Holy Cross College, Worcester, Mass. Subject: The Reformation, and Its Influence on Education.

Four evening song recitals by Marie A. Zeckwer, Philadelphia.

Seventh Week, August 9-13.—Morning lectures by Professor James C. Monaghan, Principal of the Stuyvesant Evening Trade School, New York City. Subject: Heroic Types of Catholic Womanhood. Reading Circle

Conference, Monday, August 9, 10:30 A. M. Reading Circle Day, Tuesday, August 10, 10:30 A. M.

Evening recitals by Edward Abner Thompson, P.S., Boston.

Two lectures by the Rev. John J. Burke, C.S.P., Editor of THE CATHOLIC WORLD, New York City. Subject: The Need and the Opportunities of the Catholic Press. (August 12-13.)

Eighth Week, August 16-20.—Morning lectures by Dr. James J. Walsh, LL.D., Fordham University. Subject: Modern "Isms." 1. Hypnotism; 2. Telepathy; 3. Spiritism; 4. Christian Science; 5. Psychotherapy.

Evening lectures: Catholics in the American Revolution, by the Rev. Thomas P. Phelan, New York State Chaplain of the Knights of Columbus. Missionary Labors of the Oblates of Mary Immaculate Among the Indian Tribes of Canada, by the V. Rev. Michael F. Fallon, O.M.I., Buffalo, N. Y.

Ninth Week, August 23-27.—Morning lectures by Professor Arthur F. J. Remy, Ph.D., Columbia University. Subject: Studies in German Literature.

Evenings: Selected readings by Sophia G. Maley, Philadelphia. Two lectures on the Fighters in the Champlain Valley, the Heroes of Two Wars with England, by Dr. John G. Coyle, New York City.

Tenth Week, August 30-Sept. 3.—Morning lectures by the Rt. Rev. Monsignor McMahon, D.D., President of the Catholic Summer-School, in collaboration with the Rev. William J. White, D.D., Supervisor of Catholic Charities, Diocese of Brooklyn. General Subject: Problems of Dependency with Reference to Preventive and Constructive Methods of Relief in Large Cities.

Four evening song recitals by Kathrine McGuckin Leigo, Philadelphia.

Eleventh Week, Sept. 6-10.—Four evenings assigned to Denis A. McCarthy, Associate Editor of the *Sacred Heart Review*, East Cambridge, Mass. September 6, Irish Wit and Humor; September 7, Reading of His Own Poems; September 9, An Hour of Irish Poetry; September 10, Specimens of Irish Folklore.

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Apropos of the Champlain Tercentenary Celebration, we give the following list of reference books relating to Lake Champlain and its historical associations.

Documentary History of the Campaign upon the Niagara Frontier, 1812-1814. Cruikshank. 7 small volumes.

Field Book of the War of 1812, Pictorial. By Benson J. Lossing. Very readable and interesting.

Naval War of 1812. By Theodore Roosevelt. From original official documents. Considered very accurate.

Sea Power in its Relations to the War of 1812. A. T. Mahan.

War of 1812. By Rossiter Johnson. A good condensed story of the war.

Naval Actions of the War of 1812. By James Barnes. Well told sketches, illustrated in color by Carlton T. Chapman.

Publications of Vermont Historical Society.

Publications of New York State Historian.

Life of Commodore Macdonough. By his grandson, Rodney Macdonough, No. 5 Branfield Street, Boston.

- Voyages of Champlain. Translation of C. P. Otis.
 History of the Canadian People. By G. Bryce.
 Pioneers of France in the New World. By F. Parkman.
 Champlain, the Founder of New France. By E. A. Dix. 1903.
 History of the Indian Tribes. By P. L. McKenny and J. Hall.
 Missions Among the Indians. By J. Gilmary Shea.
 The Jesuit Relations.
 History of Lake Champlain. By Peter S. Palmer.
 Life of Father Jogues. By F. Martin, S. J.
 Pioneer Priests of North America. By T. J. Campbell, S. J.
 The Lily of the Mohawk. By E. H. Walworth.
 The Master Motive: A Tale of the days of Champlain. Translated from the French by T. A. Gethin. 1909.

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Dr. Hartmann's Oratorio, the "Seven Last Words of Christ," was produced in Carnegie Music Hall, New York City, on May 5, for the first time in America, by the Paulist Chorister Society, of Chicago, under the direction of the Rev. William J. Finn, C.S.P. The Oratorio was cordially received by the public. The society consists of one hundred and twenty-five men and boys, and in rendering Dr. Hartmann's composition the choir showed exceptional ability. Its work proved the possibilities of the trained boy voice.

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Another noteworthy musical production heard in the United States for the first time, was "Paradise Lost," an oratorio founded on Milton's epic poem and written by Theodore Dubois. The leading feature of this production was Mme. Kronold and her chorus of one hundred and fifty mixed voices. This chorus, composed of Catholic young men and women, was trained in the free singing classes of Mme. Kronold.

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In the course of a short twenty-eight years, the late F. Marion Crawford produced at least forty novels and historical works. Since his death much has befittingly been written in praise of his achievements. He was an excellent Catholic and exercised a wide influence among readers of the novel. He never wrote for a Catholic audience as such—financial reasons compelled him to make his work secular—but in a general way Marion Crawford has done Catholicism good service. He reached a large audience, and his occasional papers on Leo XIII. and other Catholic personages have done much good missionary work among non-Catholics. It is prophesied that his Italian novels, because of their faithfulness to Italian life, will become classic. At the time of his death Mr. Crawford was at work on his monumental *History of Rome*, but it is feared that the fragmentary notes for this work are not sufficiently complete to allow it to be finished by another hand. Mr. Crawford was a loyal convert to the Faith. May he rest in peace.

* * *

Preaching at Canterbury Cathedral, Canon Mason, the Vice-Dean, made a reference to Mr. Swinburne and to the appreciation which appeared in *The Times*.

He said that he felt it necessary to raise a protest against the way in which Swinburne had been spoken of, at least in some of the papers. "Poetry," said one great paper, which he gladly acknowledged to be usually on the side of that which was morally right, "is never a corrupting influence, and no increase in sexual immorality . . . can be laid at the door of Swinburne's poetry. An artist of any kind suffers from his school . . . and Swinburne is not to be blamed because feebler persons than he have imitated his sentiments and parodied his inimitable manner." It mattered comparatively little what influence Swinburne might have had upon his school of imitators. Not many people read the works of minor poets, and the mischief that they did soon died out; but his influence upon the general reading-public, who had no idea of writing poetry themselves, was a very different thing. It was a new doctrine, and one strenuously to be resisted, that men of great poetical genius were not responsible for the use that they made of their powers. Who was that article-writer who knew that poetry was never a corrupting influence? How could he tell that no increase of sexual immorality could be laid at the door of Swinburne's poetry? It required but little knowledge of souls to know that there was no more deadly poison than the portrayal of corrupt passion in glowing and artistic language. It was difficult to speak of those things, even for the purpose of warning, without doing more harm than good; but when they were spoken of, not only without abhorrence, but with consent and approval and delight and with great literary skill, there was no more corrupt influence in the word. He did not judge of the man. Far be it from him to do so. He might have been much better than his poetry. He trusted that he was; but certainly much lustral water and the most precious of all precious blood were needed to do away with the pollution which Swinburne's poetry introduced into English literature.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

P. J. KENEDY & SONS, New York:

The Sodalist's Imitation of Christ. By Father Elder Mullan, S.J. Pp. 568. Price 75 cents. *In the Crucible.* By Isabel Cecilia Williams. Pp. 177. Price 85 cents.

CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS, New York:

England and the English. By Price Collier. Pp. 434.

MCMILLAN COMPANY, New York:

The White Sister. By F. Marion Crawford. Pp. 335. Price \$1.50. *The Revival of Scholastic Philosophy in the Nineteenth Century.* By Joseph Louis Perrier, Ph.D. Pp. 344. Price \$1.75.

CHRISTIAN PRESS ASSOCIATION, New York:

Latin Pronounced for Altar Boys. By Rev. Edw. J. Murphy. Pp. 10. Price 50 cents net.

NEALE PUBLISHING COMPANY, New York:

When the Bugle Called. By Edith Tatum. Pp. 132.

STATE CHARITIES AID ASSOCIATION, New York:

Thirty-Sixth Annual Report of the State Charities Aid Association, November, 1908. Sixteenth Annual Report of State Charities Aid Association to the State Commission in Lunacy.

F. WAYLAND SMITH, New York:

Materialism and Christianity. By F. Wayland Smith. Pp. 36. Price 25 cents. *Shall We Choose Socialism?* By F. Wayland Smith. Pp. 86.

PETER REILLY, Philadelphia:

The Preachers' Protests. By Very Rev. D. I. McDermott. Pp. 58. Price 25 cents.

DOLPHIN PRESS, Philadelphia:

Catholic Churchmen in Science. Second Series. Pp. 228. Price \$1 net; 8 cents postage.

LITTLE, BROWN & CO., Boston, Mass.:

A Royal Ward. By Percy Brebner. Pp. 343. Price \$1.50. *The Strain of White.* By Ada Woodruff Anderson. Pp. 300. Price \$1.50. *In a Mysterious Way.* By Anne Warner. Pp. 290. Price \$1.50.

JOHN MURPHY COMPANY, Baltimore, Md.:

Costume of Prelates of the Catholic Church. By Rt. Rev. John A. Nainfa. Pp. 193.

B. HERDER, St. Louis, Mo.:

De Personis et Rebus Ecclesiasticis in Genere. In Usum Scholarum. Edited by Dom. M. Prummer. Pp. 505. Price \$2 net.

FITZGERALD BOOK COMPANY, Chicago, Ill.:

Ireland and Her People. By Thomas H. Fitzgerald. Pp. 430. Vol. I.

LINCOLN TEMPERANCE PRESS, Chicago, Ill.:

American Prohibition Year Book for 1909. By Alonzo E. Wilson. Pp. 189. Price 25 cents.

MAYER & MILLER COMPANY, Chicago, Ill.:

Catechism of Christian Doctrine. By Rev. M. I. Boarmann, S.J. Pp. 60.

SANDS & CO., London, England:

Report of the Nineteenth Eucharistic Congress, 1908. Pp. 684.

GABRIEL BEAUCHESNE ET C^{IE}., Paris, France:

Asserta Moralia. Par. M. Matharan, S.J. Pp. 276. *Le Cantique des Cantiques.* Par P. Jouon. Pp. 334.

P. LETHIELLEUX, Paris, France:

La Route Choisie. Par Marc Debrol. Pp. 251. *Âmes Vivives.* Par Stéphen Coubé. Pp. 389. Price 3 fr. 50.

LIBRAIRE CRITIQUE, Paris, France:

La Forme Idealiste du Sentiment Religieux. Par Marcel Hébert. Pp. 160. Price 2 fr. 50.

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A PROGRAMME OF SOCIAL REFORM BY LEGISLATION.

BY JOHN A. RYAN, D.D.

 ABOUT a year ago Benjamin Kidd declared that the leading feature of our time is "a movement of the world, under many forms, toward a more organic conception of society" ("Individualism and After," being the Herbert Spencer Lecture at Oxford University, May 29, 1908, p. 34). In the politico-industrial order this movement, as Mr. Kidd sees it, is away from individualism, and toward Socialism; away from voluntary co-operative action, and toward co-operation under the direction of the State. Probably no competent observer of the present trend of things would refuse to accept this generalization. Assuming its truth, we immediately ask ourselves whether the tendency which it describes can or ought to be checked, and, if not, how far the tendency should be permitted to go? Few social students would admit that the movement can be entirely stopped, and not many would agree that it ought to be stopped. There remains, then, the practical question: Shall this movement toward a wider State intervention in matters industrial continue until it has embraced the full programme of Socialism? or shall it be confined within the bounds of feasible and rational social reform? At present the majority of Americans would adopt the latter alternative, although they would probably disagree widely concerning the precise content of such a programme. The following pages

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embody one statement of social reforms which the State here in America may advantageously and immediately begin to bring about.

A reasonable programme of reform must obviously fit the conditions that are to be reformed. What are these conditions? What is the social problem for which a solution is sought through legislation? The Socialist answers that the problem arises out of the private ownership of capital, and can be solved only through the substitution of collective ownership. We reject both statements as based upon unproved and unprovable assumptions. That the wage system is wrong, that the masses grow unceasingly wretched, that capital will continue to be concentrated in fewer and fewer hands, until collective ownership of industry becomes inevitable, that collectivism will bring about universal justice and universal happiness—all these assumptions are unwarranted by any concrete and adequate view of the facts and tendencies of our industrial life. We seek, therefore, some other statement of the problem.

According to John Graham Brooks, the problem is created chiefly by these conditions: first, the average laborer of to-day is less independent, less secure, and less favored with opportunities for improvement than his prototype in the days before free land was all appropriated; second, the inequalities of wealth and economic opportunity are too great and glaring; third, there is general discontent, owing to the decay of religion and the indefinite expansion of the current standards of living; fourth, the conviction has become quite general that an immense number of corporations have obtained unfair and enormously profitable special privileges. (*The Social Unrest*, Chapter III.) Number three of these factors must be dealt with by education and religion, rather than by legislation. In so far as the others are fit subjects for legislative action, they present a twofold problem, that of securing to the laboring classes a reasonable minimum of wages and other economic goods, and that of preventing the most advantageously placed capital from obtaining excessive profits through excessive prices imposed upon the consumer. More briefly, it is the problem of regulating the limits, both upper and lower, of industrial opportunity.

The laborer must be protected against unjust exploitation, and the entire community must be protected against extortionate prices. Outside the field of natural monopoly, the principle

of competition should dominate industry, but the practice of it should be neither unrestricted nor debasing. Its limits must be narrowed and its plane raised, so that there shall be a minimum of exploitation, whether of laborer or consumer, and a maximum of *actual* opportunity for all. On this higher level competition can still be abundantly active, but its benefits will be determined to a much greater extent than at present by merit, effort, and efficiency, and to a much less extent by chance, cunning, financial power, and special privilege. With decent wages and decent conditions of employment generally, and the power to satisfy their wants at reasonable prices, even the poorest classes will be enabled to live human lives, and to struggle effectively for still greater benefits. Deprived of the power to amass great wealth through special privilege, the richest classes will obtain and retain their advantages through superiority of ability and socially useful achievement. If this ideal seems to the Socialist inadequate and unscientific, our reply is that we shall cling to it until he shall have demonstrated that his proposals will be practically adequate, and that his "science" is not a conglomeration of pure assumptions, one-sided assertions, and beautiful dreams. Indeed, the aims and expectations just outlined may themselves be impracticable for a long time to come, but they at least do not imply any excessive trust in human nature, nor contradict the laws of economics or the lessons of history.

Since the elements of the social problem have been stated as twofold, the legislative solutions may also be grouped under two headings. The first will comprise those measures which are designed to better the condition of the working classes directly. The goods and opportunities in question here correspond in a general way to what Sidney Webb has felicitously called the "National Minimum" (*Cf. Industrial Democracy*; and *The Contemporary Review*, June, 1908).

1. A Legal Minimum Wage.—While the existing statistics do not tell us even approximately how many American workers are compelled to accept less than living wages, they show quite clearly that the number is astonishingly large. Some four years ago the writer concluded, from a careful study of all the available sources of information, that at least 60 per cent of the adult male wage-earners of the United States in city occupations received less than \$600 a year (*Cf. A Living Wage*,

Chapter VIII.) All subsequent statistics tend to confirm this estimate. Perhaps the most accurate and comprehensive statement of wages ever published in this country is contained in Census Bulletin No. 93, "Earnings of Wage-Earners." A study of its figures will justify the assertion that in 1904 (when wages were about as high as they have ever been in our history) 58 per cent of the three and three-quarter million adult males in our manufacturing industries were getting an annual income of less than \$600 (p. 13). The proportion is probably quite as high in all other non-agricultural occupations. Now, \$600 per year is the minimum upon which a man can support a moderately sized family in any city of the United States, and it is insufficient in very many of the larger cities (*Cf. A Living Wage*, Chapter VII, and the *Standard of Living Among Workingmen's Families in New York City*, by R. C. Chapin, in which occurs this conclusion: "It seems safe to conclude from all the data we have been considering, that an income under \$800 is not enough to permit the maintenance of a normal standard." P. 245). There are, consequently, between four and seven million adult males in America who receive less than the lowest wage required for decent family life. Owing to their greater economic weakness, the proportion of women and children who fail to obtain decent remuneration is probably higher than in the case of the men. These facts contain of themselves all the elements of an acute social problem.

The obvious objection to the proposal to fix a minimum wage by law is that it would not work. This assertion may mean that our industrial resources are not adequate to a universal living wage; that, even though the resources are sufficient, industry could not be successfully reorganized on the basis of such a law; or that, in any case, the law could not be enforced. As to the first objection, the burden of proof is clearly upon those who take it seriously in a country as rich as ours. The second may be urged against every effort of a trade union to obtain the union scale of wages, and against every law fixing a minimum number of hours of labor per day; while the third is in some sense valid against any and every law whatever. If a labor union can establish a minimum rate of remuneration successfully, why may not the civil law be equally successful, so far as the organization of industry is concerned? Inasmuch as no law is obeyed perfectly, the en-

forcibility of any statute is relative. In the case of a law fixing a minimum wage, the difficulties of enforcement are peculiarly formidable, from the side of employer and employee, but they are not insurmountable. They have been so satisfactorily overcome in Australia and New Zealand that these countries have no intention of abandoning their minimum-wage legislation. Moved by the Australasian example, the dominant party in the present British House of Commons has introduced a bill applying the principle to certain of the sweated trades of England. Even if such legislation should prove enforcible and effective in the case of only one-fourth of the American workers who are now underpaid, it would be well worth adopting. It would do more good than any other single measure of labor legislation that is now available. The authority of economists and legislators is, indeed, unfavorable to the plan, but it was likewise opposed to labor organization and factory legislation fifty or seventy-five years ago, and its arguments at that time were tiresomely suggestive of those now used against a legal minimum wage (*Cf. Webb, Industrial Democracy, Part III., Chapter I.*)

Inasmuch as the cost of living is not the same in all parts of America, the proposed legislation should proceed from the State rather than from the national legislature. The only difficulty here is that the minimum wage might be considerably higher in one State than in a neighboring State, where general conditions of living and of employment were practically the same. The result would be to put the industries of the former at a disadvantage. Nevertheless the same condition confronts many other legal regulations of industry, such as, those affecting railway rates, factory arrangements, and the hours of labor. In cases of this kind, as well as in the matter of a minimum wage, uniformity and thoroughness could best be attained through national laws applied and modified by State boards to suit local conditions. This would require amendments to both the State and national constitutions, but such amendments are inevitable as a prerequisite not only to any kind of a minimum wage-law, but to a satisfactory solution of the general problem of industrial regulation. Whether the law be State or national, the work of applying it and of fixing the precise terms of the minimum wage would necessarily be entrusted to commissions, boards of experts, as is now done in the matter of regulating

railroads and other public service corporations. The principle involved and the conditions to be met are the same in both cases.

The proposed law would, of course, apply to the wages of women and children as well as to those of adult males. It would thus have the special advantage of obtaining living wages for classes that are peculiarly unable to help themselves. In his recent excellent study of woman labor, Mr. William Hard has shown that women cannot organize effectively because their stay, as individuals, in industry is only temporary (*Everybody's Magazine*, November, 1908-April, 1909). To remedy this condition he would have their hours and other conditions of labor so changed that they can continue as wage-earners after marriage. The first recommendation is good; the second seems to be unqualifiedly bad. That the married woman's presence and functions in the home, her ideals of motherhood, and her relations to her children, should be revolutionized in the way that Mr. Hard suggests, cannot be accepted by any one who takes an adequate and healthy, albeit "old-fashioned," view of family life. The family cannot be made over in this arbitrary fashion without producing social and moral disaster. At present there are more than five million women engaged in gainful occupations in the United States, and the number is steadily increasing, both absolutely and relatively. In 1900 the number exceeded by one million the number that would have been at work had the increase merely kept pace with the increase in the total female population. The explanation of this disproportionate increase in the number of women in industry is chiefly what Mr. Hard declares it to be, namely, the fact that a large proportion of woman's traditional tasks have been transferred from the home to the factory. Woman is merely following them. It must be admitted, too, that the process is not yet finished, that the proportion of women wage-earners will inevitably increase still further. Nevertheless we refuse to accept Mr. Hard's solution. No matter how many of woman's tasks have been removed from the home, the average married woman who does her full duty well as wife and mother, and who adequately does all the work that can be better done at home than elsewhere, will find her time fully occupied by these during the child-bearing and child-rearing period. After that her labor usually will not and certainly ought not to be required outside

the home. Moreover, if Mr. Hard's plan were followed, the number of women workers would be greatly increased, thus intensifying their competition with men, and giving a further impetus to low wages for both. While they would then be better able to organize than at present, their organization would still be less efficient than those of male workers; and the latter have not succeeded in raising their remuneration to a decent level. Hence the only remedy that seems to be at all adequate to the many-sided evil of woman labor is a legal minimum wage.

Concerning the morality of this measure, whether for men, women, or children, it is sufficient to say that the State has both the right and the duty to protect its citizens in their right to a decent livelihood. In so doing it no more exceeds its proper functions than when it legislates for the safety of life and limb, or for the physical and moral health of the community.

2. An Eight Hour Law.—This legislation would increase the demand for labor in many industries, and improve the physical, mental, and moral health of the workers. At the present time the great majority of laborers work more than eight hours per day. In fact, the only exceptions worthy of mention are the building trades, printing and publishing, mining, and public employments. Even in the two former occupations, the eight hour day prevails only where labor is well organized. The obvious economic objection to the measure is that in many industries it would be followed by a rise in prices and in the cost of production, and consequently by a decrease in the demand for goods. A further result would be either a lessened demand for labor, or lower wages for the same number of workers. On the other hand, if the same amount of product continued to be consumed, and if a large number of laborers were needed to produce it, the price would have to remain the same, and all the laborers would have to be satisfied with lower wages. The total wage payment would be divided among a larger number of persons. This is the usual way of stating the objection, but it overlooks certain important facts. Some consumers would not reduce their consumption proportionately to the rise in price; a part of the increased cost of production would come out of profits, through the elimination of the less efficient employers, the introduction of better industrial methods,

and the reduction of the exceptional gains of monopoly; and, finally, the productivity of the men themselves would be so far increased that in a very large proportion of cases they would turn out as much product in eight hours as they formerly did in ten. Through the operation of these factors it might well happen that the demand for labor would be considerably increased in some industries, without any decrease in wages or any marked reduction in the profits of the most efficient and socially useful employers. Where the eight hour day has been fairly tried, it does not seem to have financially injured either the laborer or the consumer.

Probably its greatest benefits would be outside the region of wages and employment. The laborer would have more leisure for the development of his mental, moral, and social nature, and more opportunity for the rest and recreation that are so necessary in the intense strain of modern industry. When the demand upon muscle, mind, and nerves is so great that in many occupations a man becomes old at fifty, the reduction of the working day to eight hours becomes a dictate of elementary humanity, to say nothing of economic efficiency and race conservation (*Cf. Final Report of the Industrial Commission*, p. 763). Here, again, the verdict of experience is all in favor of shorter hours. John Mitchell declares that the eight hour regulation has done more for temperance in the mining regions than all other influences combined. In this matter of the length of the working day, these words of a conservative writer are well worth pondering: "When machinery is replacing men and doing the heavy work of industry, it is time to get rid of the ancient prejudice that a man must work ten hours a day if he is to keep the world up to the level of the comfort that it has attained. Possibly, if we clear our minds of cant, we may see that the reason why we still wish the laborer to work ten hours a day is the fear that we, the comfortable classes, may not go on receiving the lion's share of the wealth which these machines, iron and human, are turning out" (Smart, *Studies in Economics*, p. 328).

3. Legislation Restricting the Labor of Women and Children.—The effects of this measure would be very similar to those of an eight hour law. The total number of women and of persons under sixteen years of age engaged in gainful occupations, is approximately seven million. It is obvious that neither

of these classes should be permitted to work more than eight hours per day. In certain occupations which are exceptionally arduous, such as operating telephones, the hours ought to be still fewer. Night work ought to be entirely prohibited. Women and children should be kept out of certain occupations for which they are physically or morally unfit. Married women ought not to be permitted to become wage earners except in conditions of great poverty. The wages of women and of young persons ought to be the same as the remuneration of men for the same work. This would be good for the former, but better for the latter. Children should not be permitted to work under sixteen years, except for very special reasons, and, during the school term, no child ought to become a wage earner below the age of fourteen. It would be more humane to the child and more beneficial to society to relieve poverty through other methods. The enforcement of the legislation considered in this paragraph would help women and children by lessening competition, raising wages, conserving health, and increasing opportunity, and would react upon the remuneration of men by diminishing a very difficult and destructive form of competition. It goes without saying that the measures recommended under this and the preceding heads could not be fully applied to agricultural labor.

4. *Laws Affecting Industrial Disputes.*—Legislation is needed to legitimize peaceful picketing, persuasion, and boycotting. The principle of the boycott is employed now and again by all classes, and within certain limits it is entirely lawful morally. Even the so-called secondary boycott, although peculiarly liable to abuse, is not essentially immoral. On this account, and because it is not often likely to be employed, it ought not to be prevented either by statute law or by "judge-made law." Well-meaning persons who oppose any limitation of the power of the judiciary in this matter, commonly forget that practically the only legal warrant for the exercise of such power is a very general principle of the Common Law concerning conspiracy, and a body of precedent created by judges who have attempted to apply this general principle to labor disputes. As applied by English judges, the principle has been called by Thorold Rogers, "the most elastic instrument of tyranny which can be devised"; as applied by judges in the United States, it represents merely an attempt to enforce their own

conceptions of natural equity. But these were and are the conceptions of men who, as Theodore Roosevelt has recently reminded us, were and are unfitted by training, association, knowledge, or sympathy to do justice to the position and claims of the laborer. The British Parliament wiped out the reproach and injustice in 1906, by enacting a law which makes peaceful persuasion and boycotting legal; but in this, as in most labor legislation, European action is far in advance of the United States.

We are far behind some other countries in laws providing for conciliation and arbitration. Most of our State boards have accomplished substantially nothing. The first effective step, the minimum that is worth getting, is the creation of State and national boards empowered to endeavor to settle industrial disputes even before they are invited to do so by either of the disputants. Until the board has exercised its good offices and failed to effect conciliation, both a strike and a lockout should be prohibited. A second step would embody provisions for conciliation, and also for the compulsory investigation of the causes of the dispute, together with the publication of the findings and decision of the board. In most cases a strike or lockout would then be opposed by the power of public sentiment. This is the principle of the Industrial Disputes Act recently enacted by the Dominion of Canada. If neither of these measures proved sufficient, the law could go further and establish not only compulsory investigation and decision, but compulsory acceptance of the decision, as obtains in Australia and New Zealand. The objections to this proposal are formidable, but the experience of these two countries seems to show that they are not insurmountable.

5. Relief of the Unemployed.—In all but exceptionally prosperous times, the amount of unemployment is very large. Averaging the good times with the bad, it seems to be somewhere between eight and fifteen per cent. The first and simplest legal relief measure would be a system of State employment bureaus, such as that existing in Germany. State labor colonies could be of great benefit to certain classes of the unemployed, and would cost the community much less than any system of purely charitable relief. In the third place, there should be a system of State insurance against unemployment, and State subsidies for approved private agencies which provide the same kind of

insurance. In Belgium the government contributes a certain proportion of the benefits paid out by the trade unions for this purpose. The same thing could be done for those unorganized laborers who have contributed to some voluntary insurance society. Probably none of these measures, nor all of them together, would adequately solve this most difficult and demoralizing problem, but they would relieve an immense amount of suffering, and prevent much economic waste, crime, and deterioration of character. And there would still be plenty of work for individual charity and private relief organizations.

6. Provision Against Accidents, Illness, and Old Age.—The contingency of unemployment is only one part of that insecurity which is, perhaps, the most discouraging feature of modern industry, and which almost continuously haunts a very large proportion of the laboring class. Some one has estimated the number of persons killed and injured by their occupations in America last year at 500,000. Not one of our States has an adequate employer's liability law to meet this evil, and all of them are far behind most of the countries of Europe. We are still dealing with industrial accidents on the basis of the antiquated Common Law provisions concerning "the fellow-servant rule," "assumption of risk," and "contributory negligence." These should all be abolished, the employer should be compelled to give reasonable compensation for all injuries received by his employees while at work, and the cost should be passed on in the form of higher prices to the consumer, where it belongs. Each industry should bear the burden of its own risks, whether to machinery, to animals, or to men. The problems of sickness and old age are dealt with differently in different countries. In Germany there is an insurance fund created by contributions from the employer, the employee, and the State. England has a system of old-age pensions entirely drawn from the public treasury. Each system has its own advantages, and the two may be combined, as in Belgium. For the sake of the nation, as well as in the interest of millions of its needy citizens, either or both of these plans ought to be introduced into the United States. To the objections formerly offered by believers in the inhuman and discredited policy of *laissez-faire* serious attention is no longer given by well-informed students.

7. Housing the Working People.—In our cities this problem grows steadily more perplexing and more dangerous. It is at

once a menace to the productivity, the health, the morals, and the contentment of large sections of our working people. As early as 1894, the proportion of slum-dwelling families occupying three rooms or less, was: in Baltimore, 55 per cent; in Chicago, 52 per cent; in New York, 83 per cent; and in Philadelphia, 62 per cent (*Seventh Special Report of the Commissioner of Labor*, pp, 87-88). In the lower East Side of New York, the population per acre was, in 1900, 382; in 1905, 432. Fifty blocks in Manhattan have more than three thousand inhabitants each. As a natural consequence of overcrowding, rents for all kinds of dwellings, especially the poorer houses and tenements, are constantly rising. Among the families studied by the committee appointed by the New York Conference of Charities, rent had increased all the way from fifty cents to five dollars per month between 1905 and 1907. The smaller the income of a family the larger is the proportion of its expenditure for this purpose.

Since private agencies will certainly fail to meet this situation, the cities must undertake the work in the interest of self-protection and elementary humanity. They should not only condemn and prevent unsanitary housing and congestion, but erect decent houses and tenements for the poorest classes. These could be rented or sold, preferably sold, on easy conditions; in some cases at less than cost. The problem of municipal housing has been earnestly attacked by many of the cities of Great Britain, and some of the other countries of Europe.

(TO BE CONCLUDED.)

DANTE AND HIS CELTIC PRECURSORS.

BY EDMUND G. GARDNER.

PART II.

III.

THROUGHOUT these Irish visions of the life after death, we have noticed certain minor features and secondary details that may have contributed to the external form of the *Divina Commedia*; but hardly anything that anticipates, save quite indirectly, its inner spirit. There is no trace of the ethical basis of Dante's *Inferno*, so admirably expressed by Witte: "Hell itself is neither more nor less than the protraction of unrepented sin; the symbolic interpretation of the sinful life."* Neither do we find that essential feature of his *Purgatorio*, according to which the souls rush into the purgatorial pains, setting their wills by deliberate free choice upon them, yearning to be allowed to partake of them, and finding an ineffable solace therein—so that the divine poet seems already to anticipate the great saying of St. Catherine of Genoa: "It would not be possible to find any joy comparable to that of a soul in Purgatory, except the joy of the Blessed in Paradise." †

Again, there is nothing in these visions and legends comparable to the unitive stage in the *Paradiso*, that anticipation of the Beatific Vision of the Divine Essence that crowns the whole work. For this we must turn to the mystics.

There is a pleasant legend of how the ancestor of the Pazzi family carried the sacred fire from Jerusalem to Florence, and was hailed as *pazzo* (madman) for his pains. Such a bearer from East to West of mystical light kindled at far-off shrines was John the Irishman, Joannes Scotus Erigena; and, after doubting whether to pity him as a madman, or to anathematize him as a heretic, the estimate finally settled upon was: *hæreticus putatus est*. Says a mediæval writer: "In certain things he deviated from the path of the Latins, while he fixed his eyes intently upon the Greeks. Wherefore he was reputed a heretic."

* *Essays on Dante*. Translated by Lawrence and Wicksteed, p. 16.

† Cf. *Purg.*, II., 122-133; XXI., 61-69; XXIII., 72-75; and Baron von Hügel, *The Mystical Element of Religion*, Vol. I.

Erigena, beyond comparison the greatest scholar and most original thinker of the Dark Ages, came from Ireland to the court of Charlemagne's grandson, Charles the Bald, about the year 847, as a missionary of the Greek culture that had survived in the island of his birth while almost forgotten elsewhere in the western world. In those days, as Dr. Sandys observes, "the knowledge of Greek, which had almost vanished in the West, was so widely diffused in the schools of Ireland, that, if any one knew Greek, it was assumed that he must have come from that country."* His most recent biographer describes Erigena as an ardent searcher after truth, who "possessed the energy of mind to think out a spiritual theory of the universe in a grossly materialistic age"; "a recipient of the influences of the past," who in many ways anticipated the ideas of the present time.† His chief extant work, *De Divisione Naturæ*, has been called "the one purely philosophical argument of the Middle Ages"; but it is more particularly in virtue of his translation of the mystical treatises of the Pseudo-Dionysius that he must be regarded as one of the chief precursors of Dante.

It is worth noting, too, that, whereas those Irish visionaries whose work we have been hitherto considering prefer to heap up details of unutterable torments of the most repulsive and material kind in hell, Erigena, without definitely departing from the Catholic doctrine of eternal punishment, tends to believe in an ultimate destruction of all malice and misery—thus anticipating, in a fuller sense, the splendid optimism of Juliana of Norwich in her settled conviction that "All manner of thing shall be well!"

In his rendering into Latin and his interpretation of the Dionysian work on the *Celestial Hierarchy*, Erigena opened the treasure-house of angelic lore to western Christendom. From him the philosophers of the West first learned the great conception that is at the basis of all mysticism, and upon which the whole mystical sense of the *Divina Commedia* depends: that the soul's desire and will is made one with the "Love that moves the sun and the other stars,"‡ by the three ways of purgation, illumination, and union. This is ultimately derived from the Dionysian doctrine of the threefold function of an angelic hierarchy, and the effect of the divine light which

* *A History of Classical Scholarship*, I., p. 451.

† Alice Gardner, *Studies in John the Scot*, p. 145.

‡ *Par.*, XXXIII., 145.

they receive and communicate: purifying, illuminating, and rendering perfect: "According to which, each one participates, so far as is lawful and attainable to him, in the most spotless purification, the most copious light, the pre-eminent perfection."* Here, too, we find that particular division of the Angelic Hierarchies into nine orders of Celestial Intelligences—each imitating the Divine Likeness in some special way—upon which the whole spiritual structure of the *Paradiso* rests.

These mystical writings of the Pseudo-Dionysius seem to have first appeared in the early part of the sixth century, and were generally accepted by the uncritical temper of the Middle Ages, albeit the voice of protest was not unheard from the outset, as the work of the Areopagite, the convert of St. Paul. Thus, Dante sees Dionysius among the great theologians that appear in the sphere of the sun, as "he who, in the flesh below, saw deepest into the angelic nature and its ministry"; and, further on, he declares that this is not so wonderful, since he was instructed in such high matters by St. Paul himself: "If a mortal upon earth uttered so great hidden truth, I would not have thee wonder; for he who saw it here above revealed it to him."†

Taking the names of the nine orders of angels, which are practically found in the Prophets and in the Pauline Epistles, Dionysius combined them with the Neo-Platonic theory of emanations from the Divine Being, by making these emanations three hierarchies of celestial intelligences bearing those names given in the Scriptures. According to him, the purpose or meaning of a hierarchy is the utmost possible likeness to God and union with Him, in proportion to the divine illuminations conceded to it; and each angel is as a mirror, that receives the beams of the primal and sovereign light, and reflects them upon all in accordance with the divine plan for the government of the world—thus working to make each created thing, in its degree, like to God and united with Him. The name of each order—Seraphim, Cherubim, Thrones, Dominations, Virtues, Powers, Principalities, Archangels, Angels—shows forth the special way in which it imitates the Divine Likeness by representing some special quality or characteristic in God.

Upon these doctrines of the Dionysian *Celestial Hier-*

* *Celestial Hierarchy*, ch. X. (transl. T. Parker).

† *Par.*, X., 115-117; XXVIII., 136-138.

archy, whether derived directly from Erigena or through the medium of St. Thomas Aquinas (and, in either case, modified by the simplification introduced by the Angelic Doctor, and by a chapter in the *De Consideratione* of St. Bernard), Dante based the spiritual cosmography of his *Paradiso*.

Each of the nine moving heavens represents an upward grade in purification, illumination, and perfection—in detachment, light, and love—towards the divine union in the tenth heaven, the Empyrean, the true Paradise; and each is assigned to the charge and rule of one of the nine angelic orders. The representation of each heaven is largely colored by the special characteristic and function of the angelic order that rules it. In the heaven of the Moon, which is moved by the Angels who are the guardians of individuals and bear the tidings of God's bounty, Dante hears of the freedom of the will as "the greatest gift that God of His bounty made in creating,"* and other matters pertaining to the salvation of individuals. The heaven of Mercury is guided by the Archangels who preside over the destinies of nations and bring messages of special sanctity and importance; here Justinian explains the working of Divine Providence in the whole history of Rome and her Empire, and Beatrice reveals to Dante the sovereign mystery of the Redemption by the Incarnation. In the heaven of Venus, which is swayed by the Principalities, the correspondence is somewhat obscured by the part played by this sphere in Dante's philosophy of love; but, even as the Principalities regulate earthly principality and draw princes to rule with love, so the souls of the purified lovers discourse with Dante concerning the constitution of society and the misgovernment that was bearing sanguinary fruit in the Italy that he had left. In the four higher heavens the souls appear who on earth cooperated in the work of their angelic orders, and were impressed by them to the imitation of the divine qualities that they represent. The great teachers, philosophers, and theologians, in the heaven of the Sun, are associated with the powers who imitate the divine order and intellectual authority in combating the powers of darkness. In the heaven of Mars, the souls of warriors of God form the celestial sign of the Crucifix; for this is the sphere of the Virtues, who are the angelic image of the Divine Fortitude, working signs and inspiring endurance

* *Par.*, V., 19-22.

among men. The Dominations are the likeness of the supreme Divine Dominion; so, in the heaven of Jupiter, which they govern, we have the sign of the imperial eagle formed by the souls of just and righteous rulers. Of the Thrones, Dionysius writes that their appellation "denotes their manifest exaltation above every groveling inferiority, and their supermundane tendency towards higher things . . . their invariable and firmly fixed settlement around the veritable Highest, with the whole force of their powers; and their receptivity of the supremely Divine approach, in the absence of all passion and earthly tendency; and the ardent expansion of themselves for the Divine receptions."* Therefore, in the heaven of Saturn, which they rule, the contemplative saints, led by Benedict and Peter Damian, appear, and the ladder of contemplation reaches thence up to the very Heaven of Heavens.

The name of the Cherubim "denotes their knowledge and their vision of God, and their readiness to receive the highest gift of light, and their power of contemplating the super-Divine comeliness in its first revealed power, and their being filled anew with the impartation that maketh wise, and their ungrudging communication to those next to them by the stream of the given wisdom."† They rule the eighth heaven, that of the Fixed Stars, and here Dante has his first revealed vision of Christ and of Mary, sees the souls that knew most of God, and is examined by the Apostles on the three theological virtues, that his memory, understanding, and will may be prepared for the vision of the Divine Essence.

In the ninth heaven, that of First Movement, Dante beholds all the nine angelic orders as rings of flame encircling God, "dancing round His eternal knowledge in the most-exalted, ever-moving stability," as Dionysius has it. This is the particular sphere of the Seraphim, the angelic order that especially represents the Divine Love, named from excess of love, and subsisting by the fire of love. Here it is shown to Dante how creation illustrates this Divine Love, by Beatrice herself, who had been the supreme revelation to him of love upon earth. And when, in the Empyrean, he actually looks upon the proper forms of the angels in their eternal aspect, the Dionysian theory of their threefold function is translated into the symbolism of color:

* *Celestial Hierarchy*, ch. VII. (Parker's transl.)

† *Ibid.*

"Their faces had they all of living flame, their wings of gold, and the rest so white that no snow can reach that whiteness."* The surpassing whiteness represents their work of purification, their golden wings the knowledge that illumines, the living flame of their faces the love that renders perfect.

In the most striking passage of his famous letter to Can Grande, Dante appeals to "Richard of St. Victor in his book *De Contemplatione*," as the chief modern authority for the power of the human intellect to be so exalted in this life as to transcend the measure of humanity. And in the *Paradiso* itself, among the glowing souls of the great doctors who appear in the fourth heaven, surpassing the sun itself in their brightness, St. Thomas Aquinas bids the poet mark the ardent spirit of "Richard, who in consideration was more than man."†

It was nearly three centuries from the days of Erigena when Richard, Dante's last Celtic precursor, came to Paris. The dark ages have passed away, and we are already in full mediæval times. Peter Abelard is vindicating the claims of human reason, while soon to write in humbleness of spirit: "I would not be a philosopher, if I should kick against Paul. I would not be Aristotle, if that should sever me from Christ."‡ His great opponent, St. Bernard, is about to send vast armies of men to fight for the redemption of the Holy Sepulchre, and then to cry in the bitterness of his heart: "The sons of the Church and they who are called by the name of Christians lie low in the desert, slain by the sword or consumed by famine. Contempt is poured forth upon their princes, and the Lord hath caused them to wander in the wilderness where there is no way. Who knoweth not that the judgments of the Lord are true? But this judgment is an abyss so great that I seem to myself not wrongly to pronounce him blessed who shall not be scandalized in it."§

Richard is thus an exact, probably younger, contemporary of the monk Marcus, who wrote the *Vision of Tundal*, though in comparison with the latter he seems almost a modern thinker. Nothing is known of his early life. Some time before 1140 he became an Augustinian canon in the abbey of St. Victor at Paris, in the records of which house he is described as *natione Scotus*, one *quem tellus genuit felice Scotica partu*—which probably simply means that, like Erigena, he was an Irishman.

* *Par.*, XXXI., 13-15.

† Abelard's last letter to Heloise.

‡ *Epist.*, X., 28; *Par.*, X., 131.

§ *De Consideratione*, II., 1.

The schools of Ireland were no longer what they had been in the days of Erigena, and Richard came to St. Victor's to learn rather than to teach. Here he found his master in the celebrated man whom the later Middle Ages regarded as a second Augustine, and whom Jacques de Vitry describes as "the lutanist of the Lord, the organ of the Holy Spirit," Hugh of St. Victor. Although a German by birth, Hugh himself was not untouched by the Celtic spirit, and had felt the influence of Erigena, upon whose translation of Dionysius he composed a commentary. When Hugh died, in 1141, with the words of mystical achievement, *consecutus sum*, "I have obtained it," on his lips, Richard took up his work. For more than thirty years he went on producing treatises and commentaries, while his fame as a thinker and a teacher spread through Europe. A curious witness to his influence is found in a letter from John of Salisbury to St. Thomas of Canterbury, where the former says that the Bishop of Hereford (Robert de Melun), being a very vain man, might perhaps be flattered and won over from the King's side by a letter of remonstrance from some such scholar as the Prior of St. Victor—whom we know in that year (1166) to have been Richard. The last years of his life were embittered by the struggle of the better part of the canons against the English abbot Ernisius, who was destroying the old spiritual life of the abbey and wasting its possessions. In 1172, Ernisius was compelled to resign his office; and Richard, after presiding over the chapter that elected the new abbot, died in the following year.

Gifted with extraordinary insight into the secret workings of the spirit and with a fervid Celtic imagination, Richard completed what Hugh had begun in building up the fabric of the Church's mystical theology. Unlike St. Bernard, his writings are purely objective, and he professes to know nothing by personal experience of the ecstatic doctrines that he sets forth. "I tell thee," he writes to a friend, "that my mind shrinks from saying anything concerning charity, for I feel that neither my tongue nor heart suffices to treat it worthily. For how can a man speak of love who does not love, who does not feel love's power?"* It is tempting to connect this deliberate suppression of self with the supreme importance that he attaches to the virtue of humility as the very foundation of the

* *Tractatus de Gradibus Caritatis*, ch. I.

spiritual life. He was a profound student of the Bible, which he regarded as the chief test of religious truth, the only sure guard against being deluded in his lofty mystical speculations. Knowledge of self is the high mountain apart upon which Christ is transfigured. This mountain transcends the loftiest peaks of all mundane science, and looks down upon all the knowledge of the world from on high. Neither Aristotle, nor Plato, nor any of the philosophers could find it.* But:

"Even if you think that you have been taken up into that high mountain apart, even if you think that you see Christ transfigured, do not be too ready to believe anything you see in Him or hear from Him, unless Moses and Elias run to meet Him. I hold all truth in suspicion which the authority of the Scriptures does not confirm, nor do I receive Christ in His clarification unless Moses and Elias are talking with Him." †

Richard's great work, to which Dante (as St. Thomas before him) refers as the *De Contemplatione*, is more usually entitled *De Gratia Contemplationis*, or *Benjamin Major*—Benjamin being for him the type of the highest contemplation, in accordance with the Vulgate reading of Psalm 67: "There is Benjamin a youth in ecstasy of mind." The particular passage for which Dante invokes his authority is at the opening of the *Paradiso*, where he declares that he has been in the Empyrean Heaven itself:

"In that heaven which receiveth most of His light was I, and things I saw which whoso descends from on high hath neither knowledge nor power to relate.

"Because, as it draweth near to its desire, our intellect plunges in so deeply that the memory cannot follow its track." ‡

"To understand these things," he says in the letter to Can Grande, "we must know that, when the human intellect is exalted in this life, because of its being co-natural and having affinity with a separated spirit, it is so far lifted up that after its return memory fails it, because it has transcended the measure of humanity." §

And Richard himself writes:

"When by excess of mind we are rapt above or within ourselves unto the contemplation of divine things, not only

* Cf. Shelley: "Their lore taught them not this, to know themselves" (*The Triumph of Life*).

† *Benjamin Major*, cap. 81.

‡ *Par.*, I., 4-9.

§ *Epist.*, X., 28.

are we straightway oblivious of things external, but also of all that passes in us. And, therefore, when we return to ourselves from that state of sublimity, we cannot by any means recall to our memory those things which we have erst seen above ourselves in that truth and clearness in which we then beheld them. Although we keep something thereof in our memory, and see as it were through a veil and in the midst of a cloud, we cannot comprehend nor recall the mode of our seeing, nor the quality of the vision. In a wondrous fashion, remembering we do not remember, and not remembering we remember, whilst seeing we do not behold, and gazing we do not perceive, and understanding we do not penetrate.”*

It could easily be shown that a number of passages and symbolical details in the *Paradiso* come directly from this work of Richard of St. Victor. But Dante's indebtedness to it goes far beyond this, and it is not too much to say that the whole mystical psychology of the *Divina Commedia* is based upon the *De Contemplatione*. Richard shows how the soul passes upward through the six steps of contemplation—in imagination, in reason, in understanding—gradually discarding all sensible objects of thought; until, in the sixth stage, the object of its contemplation becomes what is above reason, and seems to be beside reason or even against it. Irradiated by the divine light, the soul knows and considers those mysteries at which all human reasoning cries out. These are especially the Blessed Trinity and the Incarnation, mysteries which (according to Richard) seem contrary to human reason, but which Dante beholds in a flash of intuition at the consummation of the vision. Again, Richard teaches that there are three qualities of contemplation, according to its intensity: qualities represented by Dante in the revelations of the Earthly Paradise, in the upward passage through the nine moving heavens, and in the crowning vision of the Empyrean, respectively. These are *mentis dilatatio*, an enlargement of the soul's vision without exceeding the bounds of human activity; *mentis sublevatio*, elevation of mind, in which the intellect, divinely illumined, transcends the measure of humanity, and beholds the things above itself, but does not entirely lose consciousness of self; and, lastly, *mentis alienatio*, or ecstasy, in which all memory of the present leaves the mind, and it passes into an ineffable

* Benjamin Major, IV., 23.

state of divine transfiguration, in which the soul gazes upon truth without any veils of creatures, not in a mirror darkly, but in its pure simplicity.

If, in the *De Contemplatione*, we trace the whole mystical psychology of the *Paradiso*, in other works of Richard we find many of the great conceptions that strengthen and bind together the framework of Dante's poem. In his commentary on the *Canticum Canticles*, Richard tells us:

"Through Mary not only is the light of grace given to man on earth, but even the vision of God granted to souls in heaven."*

Thus, at the beginning of the *Inferno*, the Blessed Virgin sends St. Lucy, Lucia, type of illuminating grace, to Dante's aid, when he is wandering in the dark forest, and, at the close of the *Paradiso*, her intercession gains for him an anticipation of the Beatific Vision of the Divine Essence.

Again, in his *De Statu Interioris Hominis*, Richard gives a most sublime exposition of the dignity of free will, the doctrine that runs through the whole spiritual experience of the *Divina Commedia* from the lowest hell to the highest heaven:

"Among all the goods of creation, nothing in man is more sublime, nothing more worthy, than free will. What can be found in man more sublime or more worthy than that in which he was created to the image of God? Verily, liberty of the will beareth the image not only of eternity, but also of the Divine Majesty. By no sin, by no misery, can it ever be destroyed, nor even diminished. God can have no superior, and free will can endure no dominion over it; for to put violence upon it neither befits the Creator nor is in the power of the creature. If all hell, all the world, even all the hosts of heaven, were to come together and combine in this one thing, they could not force a single consent from free will in anything not willed."†

This surely strikes the key-note of the whole *Divina Commedia*, which has been aptly described as the mystical epic of the liberty of man's will in time and in eternity.

IV.

It is noteworthy that Dante himself takes an entirely different attitude towards the two classes of his predecessors or

* *Explicatio in Cantica*, cap. 39.

† *Tract.*, I., cap. 3.

precursors which we have been considering: the writers of visions and the mystics. The former he entirely ignores, declaring that he is to behold the celestial court *per modo tutto fuor del modern' uso*, "by a fashion quite outside the modern usage";* while he implies that no one had ever accomplished such an ecstatic pilgrimage as his: save Æneas, when, in the sixth book of the *Æneid*, he was led by the Sibyl through the realm of shades, to have unfolded to him *res alta terra et caligine mersas*, "things plunged in the depth of the earth and in darkness"; and St. Paul, when "he was caught up into Paradise, and heard unspeakable words, which it is not lawful for a man to utter."† The mystics, on the contrary, especially Richard of St. Victor, St. Bernard, and St. Augustine, he openly claims as his masters, appeals to their authority, and wishes the noblest part of his poem to be read in the light of what they had written before him.‡

The primal poetical source of the *Divina Commedia* is undoubtedly Latin rather than Celtic; the fountain-head must be sought in the poem of Virgil rather than in the Vision of Fursa or the Vision of Tundal. Nevertheless, for some of the external features, the stream absorbed and is in parts still colored by Irish elements, as it flows down into the great ocean of mysticism. But, when we pass to the deeper, more permanent signification of the sacred poem, where it is no longer a debatable question of indebtedness in minor details and particulars, we find writers of Celtic race in the front rank of Dante's precursors; and, through Joannes Scotus Eri-gena and Richard of St. Victor, it may fairly be claimed for Ireland that she provided the spiritual cosmography and the mystical psychology of the crowning portion of the greatest poem of the modern world.


* *Purg.*, XVI., 40-42.† *Inf.*, II., 13-33.‡ *Epist.*, X., 28.

HER MOTHER'S DAUGHTER.

BY KATHARINE TYNAN.

CHAPTER XIII.

WIFE AND HUSBAND.

HE escritoire stood in its place in the little morning-room which Nesta had chosen for herself, because it had long windows opening on a balcony from which one surveyed a lovely stretch of country.

It had been so dark at the Mill House during those years that she had acquired a passionate desire for light. The three long windows gave her plenty of light. Everything in the room was gay and bright. There seemed to be no place there for the ghosts of the house, especially when the child was there—the child whom Lady Eugenia had taken to calling the Golden Girl, who carried the sun with her where she went for her adoring mother. The room was full of the singing of birds and the chatter of the child; and a couple of dogs padded softly about wherever they would. Whatever vague terror other rooms of the house held for Nesta Moore this room had none.

She had shown her husband her great-aunt's gifts to her. He had taken the bank-notes and turned them over between his fingers.

"Shall I put them in the bank for you, Nest?" he asked.

"I had a fancy to keep them just as she gave them to me," Nesta answered.

"You are not afraid of burglars?"

"They would have to break the escritoire before they discovered its secret."

"What about fire?"

"That is very unlikely. I think I will keep them in the place she took them from. Wasn't it strange that she should have talked about my having them in case of an emergency. What emergency could there possibly be for Stella and me?"

"Why none, so long as you have me and the mills at your back. And if you had not me, you would still have the mills. Though I make money quickly, I make it cautiously, too. I don't gamble with your future or Stella's. Even without me that would be safe."

"Nothing would be safe for me without you, Jim. All would be ruin and destruction. My very life hangs on yours."

He seemed to take pleasure in her protestation, and was cruel to her for his pleasure.

"Not now, Nest," he said, pinching her fair cheek. "How satin-skinned you are! You have filled out. When I married you you were too thin—such a little hand, like a bird's claw!"

"I was always delicate. Of course they thought I would die of consumption. I have grown strong on happiness. But really, really, Jim, I could not live without you."

"Then we must die together and leave Stella alone in a cold world."

She shivered; and he was suddenly repentant.

"She would be safe enough with my brothers," he said. "But why should we talk about such things? I am as strong as a bull, and you have become such a robust girl that I hardly know you. There is no fear of consumption now. You eat like a particularly hardy and hungry little bird."

A few days later James Moore came calling over the house for "Nest! Nest!" as he often did when he came in. NESTA was pouring out tea for Captain Grantley in the morning-room, because it was an East-wind day, one of those blighting days which sometimes come in summer when the sky is coppery and there is a parching nip in the wind.

She ran to his call and met him as he came along the corridor to the morning-room. He had been away since early morning, and she had not expected him home so soon.

She flung her arms about his neck and he held her clasped closely to him for a second or two, in that way which made them more like passionate lovers than married people of some years' standing.

"I got back earlier than I expected," he said, "and I have done a good stroke of business, a very good stroke of business. Give me a cup of tea, and, afterwards, put on your hat and drive over to Valley with me. The child, too—wrap yourselves up. It is an unkindly day, although the sun is hot."

They went into the morning-room, where, when he had taken the cup of tea from his wife's hands, he stood on the hearth-rug, his back to the fireless grate and talked and laughed, evidently in high spirits.

He had certainly done a good bit of business. He had seen Mrs. Greene's lawyers and had concluded with them the purchase of the land upon which his mind had been set. The land had cost him a big sum; but he thought it was necessary that he should have it. He had scraped up all the money he could lay hands on so as to finish the transaction.

"If the business is pinched, Nest," he said, "I shall borrow those bank-notes of yours."

She knew so little of his business that she was not sure now whether he was in earnest or jesting; how much the sum might be which he had had to pay for those many acres of wood and pasture; or whether the sum, whatever it was, would strain the resources of the business. It was something he had always kept her in ignorance of, telling her to ask of him what money she would and not to bother her pretty head as to where it came from.

Her husband was in such high spirits that he hardly seemed to notice Captain Grantley's gloom, a gloom which Nesta had been trying in vain to dispel for some time back. As he talked, with his confident, triumphing air, which yet had no faintest touch of braggadocio about it, the young officer glanced at him once or twice enviously.

"You business men have the ball at your feet," he said as Nesta stood up to get ready for the drive with her husband. "I wish to heavens I'd been put into a shop instead of the army. There's no chance for a soldier, especially if he has the luck to be in a smart regiment."

"I should like to see you in a shop," James Moore answered, looking down with humorous enjoyment at the sleek parting of Captain Grantley's hair. "I wonder what you'd have chosen to be, butcher or baker or candlestick maker? I like to think of you in an apron cutting rashers of bacon or maybe measuring out yards of flannel."

"You hulking ass, it isn't that sort of a shop, I mean," said Captain Grantley, his eye lighting to the humor of the suggestion. "You're so beastly rich. You're no friend for a wretched beggar like me."

Nesta smiled as she went out, closing the door behind her. The affectionate, boyish terms on which her adored husband was with the cousin she was fond of exhilarated her. Jim had done more in a few minutes to win Godfrey from his gloom than she in her two or three hours of gentle reasoning. And now, Godfrey was off her hands for the afternoon. As she came downstairs again, holding Stella by the hand, with a couple of warm, light wraps over the other arm, he was just going out—having remembered a promise to play tennis with the Vicar-girls.

"What's the matter with the fellow?" James Moore asked his wife as they drove off in the dogcart, Stella cosily huddled up at their feet. "He isn't half as jolly as he used to be. Any one he doesn't like leaving behind when he goes back—eh?"

"That is just it. It is Lady Eugenia."

James Moore whistled.

"I thought she was engaged to Stanhope," he said.

"It looks like it; but I hardly believe she is or is likely to be. I have thought sometimes that she liked Godfrey: she sends him such wistful looks when he is keeping away from her. Of course Godfrey would be a very poor match for Lady Eugenia Capel; but I don't think she would mind that if she cared. And she would bring her father round in time. He adores her so and has such respect for her judgment."

"If I wanted a woman," said James Moore, "I think I should have her, even if she were already engaged to another man. I suppose it would depend on how much I wanted her. If it were you, Nest, I would fight my way through all the barriers of the world to reach you. But, then, you are my woman—the one woman—there could never have been any other. Of course it would be hard on the other man, but I should do it."

Nesta did not know whether to be delighted or shocked. In fact at the back of her mind she was delighted, as women always are at the masterfulness of the man they love.

"It would be very wrong if I had been really engaged to another man," she began, the ready blushes rushing over her soft cheeks, "but of course I never could have been—"

"And equally, of course, if you had happened to be I should have been obliged to take you away from him; so it was as well there was no other."

He leaned to draw her Indian shawl, which had come only a few days ago with the other gifts from Miss Grantley, closer about her throat.

"Lovers always, Nest, aren't we?" he said.

"Yes, Jim."

Some of those who found James Moore an uncommonly hard man in business matters would have been amazed at this human aspect of him if they could but have looked upon it.

CHAPTER XIV.

THE RIVER.

Arrived at the mills, James Moore handed over his horse to one of the hands to hold.

"I shall be as quick as possible, Nest," he said to his wife. "Will you wait here, or go into the house?"

"Stella wants to see the garden," put in that young person, in the plaintive, appealing voice which neither father nor mother could find it in their hearts to resist. "Stella should like to go see the pretty garden."

"Well Stella shall then," laughed James Moore, lifting her out and then performing the same office for her mother. "I shall come to you in the garden as soon as I am ready to go, Nest. It is a good thought of Stella's."

They had to cross a couple of the wide mill-yards on their way to the garden, which Richard Moore kept in exquisite order, devoting to it every second of the time he could spare from the business of the mills. James Moore was with them as far as the second yard, where he left them, turning away to the little office which he and his brothers still found good enough for the transactions of their ever-increasing business.

It was a relief to Nesta to pass out from the high squares of buildings, on to a quiet stretch of bleaching green. They came out by a low archway, leaving the mills behind. Facing them, beyond the bleaching ground, was the river: beyond that were fields and woods, the very fields and woods, indeed, which James Moore had just made his own. The sunlight lay over the green and velvety place, lit the river where it flowed under its alders, and sparkled in the windows of an old Manor

House, a mile away across the intervening fields, its twisted chimney-stacks outlined against the sky. There were cattle browsing in the fields; and the call of the wood-dove and the songs of many birds came sweetly to Nesta Moore's ear. She was grieved that all this beauty must be swept into the maw of her husband's great business. It would be different when there were mean houses over there beyond the river, and all the trail of ugly things that crowded humanity leaves in its wake.

She said to herself that it was only men who defiled and degraded, not the animals. The quiet-browsing cattle, the sheep that were scattered over the hillside, were part of the beauty of the scene and the hour. How sadly different it would be when the squalid houses were over there! Closing her eyes she had a vision of it—hundreds of little yellow brick houses, built with a horrid sameness. Hundreds of little back yards, showing hideous under-garments flapping and filling in the wind. Intolerable! The nightingale, who had made the evening delicious in the wood and its neighborhood, must go. The birds and the little soft, furry animals and the quiet beasts must all go to make room for the crowded, mean streets of a factory town. It was an outrage against nature.

She was leading Stella by the hand, the child dancing gaily, like one of the many daisies in the grass, in the sunlight. Beyond her ethereal looks she was a sturdy little child and had had less than her share of baby illnesses. And Outwood Manor had done wonders to make her robust. The Mill House had been too dark and stuffy for the child. As she danced along now in the sunlight once or twice she broke from her mother's hand.

Facing the mills, with its back to the river, stood a little white house—three windows above, two below, with a green door in the middle. There was a small cottage-garden in front of it.

As Nesta and Stella went across the green an old woman came down to the little gate, and stood, with a hand over her eyes to keep off the sun, staring at them. As they came nearer she recognized them, and, opening the gate, came to meet them with lively demonstrations of pleasure.

She had a little wrinkled brown face; and her high cap and the apron she wore over her brown stuff gown were as

brilliantly white as laundering and bleaching could make them. She was James Moore's Aunt Betsy who had come over from the North of Ireland many years ago to be with her brother when he got on in the world. She was still the old North of Ireland woman, who had worked in the mill while it was yet a small one and Andrew Moore but working manager. In her humble way she had helped in the beginnings of her nephew's fortune; and he saw nothing amiss with her. In fact, he would, if he could, have had her living at Outwood, would have presented her without a misgiving to the Duchess of St. Germain's and the rest of the county folk, which was in part due to the curious simplicity which underlay his cleverness, partly too, no doubt, to his conviction that James Moore's belongings must be good enough for all the world.

Aunt Betsy had been an alleviation of Nesta's lot during the years at the Mill House. "Puir lassie!" she would say, when Nesta walked across to spend an hour with her, as though she knew the things which were never spoken of between them.

She occupied alone the house where Andrew Moore and his wife had lived and died, a house which preserved a certain sacredness for their children. So it was that Richard Moore stocked the garden, sloping down to the river, with sweets of all sorts and worked there himself by way of recreation, while he left the garden at the back of the Mill House to go wild.

They went in by the little green door and along a passage with boarded floor and white-washed walls shining with cleanliness; and out by another door into the garden. That day of high summer it was a riot of color. So great an abundance of flowers were there that it was only by degrees the orderliness of it dawned on the beholder. There were sweet-peas and gillyflowers, carnations, lilies, roses, pansies and phlox, hollyhocks and snap-dragons, all in fragrant masses. Just within the demure box-borders gooseberry and currant bushes stood in a line, as they had stood when James Moore and his brothers were children. Here and there was a gnarled apple tree. Again there was a little hedge of sweet-briar, a clump of lavender bushes covered with the delicious spikes, a bush of lad's love. One side was a kitchen-garden, which provided both the cottage and the Mill House with plenty of fresh vegetables.

It was a place Nesta loved—when her brother-in-law's shadow was not upon it. Now he was safe in the office, and she was free to delight in it.

The child skipped along before them to the delight of the old woman.

"She grows a strong lass," she said, "a strong lass. Time was I thought tha' would lose her. Others thought the same. I wouldn't wish for bonnier now."

"She grows wild, positively wild," said the proud mother. "I shall have to get a governess to keep her in order."

As they went the old woman picked a flower here and there, collecting them into what she called a country bunch for Nesta.

"I know what tha' hast at Outwood," she said, "gardeners' flowers, very fine, but never a patch on these."

Presently her hospitable instincts asserted themselves and she must return to the cottage to find some milk and home-baked cake for Stella. After she had left them Nesta walked down to the end of the garden by which the river flowed so peacefully. Further on it fell over a weir and was captured and caught into a mill-race to serve James Moore's purposes; but here there was no hint of that destiny. Where it slipped passed the garden the ground curved to either side, making a tiny bay. In the middle of the river the current flowed strongly towards the weir, but nearer the half-moon of water was covered with a fleet of water-lilies.

Nesta stood looking about her holding the child by the hand. She wondered how long James would be. Soon the sun would be setting. But as yet it was bright and warm here in this sheltered place, out of the nip of the unseasonable wind.

There was a step on the path, and she turned about, expecting to see the friendly face of Aunt Betsy. Instead she was confronted by Richard Moore's darkly slouching figure coming along the path.

She had a momentary sensation of fear, she knew not of what. In her terror she let go the child's hand.

Stella, delighted to be free, made a few dancing steps, like a little golden moth. There was a shriek, a splash—nothing where the child had been.

Like a mad thing Nesta Moore sprang after the child. Stella had sunk, just a little short of the bed of water-lilies at

which she had been clutching, but her mother's hand seized and closed upon her hair. Nesta Moore could swim fairly well. She kept herself afloat for a second or two, trying to swim; but she had not counted on the matted roots of the water-lilies which were spread about. Still gripping Stella's hair she turned over on her back, striking out desperately with her feet, so as to free them from the entangling weeds—the child's fingers clinging convulsively to her neck.

But, encumbered as she was with her clothes, she could do little to free herself. Her head sank beneath the water and the oozy slime filled her mouth and nostrils. The noise as of a rushing river filled her ears; then the weight was suddenly lifted from her breast.

She rose again, panting and struggling desperately, and saw with smarting eyes the form of her husband's brother, Richard. In his arms he carried the child, ploughing through the muddy shallows towards the bank. He did not look at her, and only the broad and clumsy back was visible to her. Good heavens! he was leaving her to drown.

The shock made her arms nerveless. She struggled no longer. Again the stagnant water passed, bubbling horribly, over her face. Then the present went away from her into a vague and shadowy distance, in which there was neither pleasure nor pain.

CHAPTER XV.

THE WORD UNSPOKEN.

When Nesta Moore came to herself she was on a chintz-covered sofa in Aunt Betsy's little sitting-room. She lay a minute without opening her eyes and heard the drip-drip of something on the floor. She opened her eyes and looked into her husband's face. It was from his clothing the water dripped. He was wet as a water-dog. The slimy water dripped from his hair and moustache. Where he stood a little pool was forming about him on the clean boarded floor. He was still pale with more than the shock of his immersion.

"You are all right, darling, and the child is all right," he said. "See, she is at your feet, wrapped up in blankets, as

comfortable as a mouse. Can you drink a little more of this stuff?"

He lifted her head, keeping well away from her couch, and held a glass to her lips. She swallowed the brandy obediently, as she would have swallowed anything he gave her. She felt the river-water still in her throat and nostrils, and she was faint and ill. But, thank God! she was safe, and the child was safe. What would Jim have done without them?

"Come now and change, my bairn," Aunt Betsy's coaxing voice said. "See the mischief ye are doing. Ye're making everything as wet as yourself, Jamie. They are all right now. And here are some things ready to put on ye."

But still James Moore delayed, protesting cheerfully that he would have to wait till the carriage could come from Outwood with fresh garments, since it would be quite impossible for him to get into those belonging to his brothers.

He hung above his wife and child in a rapture of joyful thanksgiving because they were safe.

"Look at Stella, Nest," he said. "She looks as if she were fresh out of her bath. Why she has a color and she is laughing, the little rogue. It will never occur again, Nest. I shall have the river fenced. It ought to have been done long ago. I can hardly forgive myself. You were going for the last time when I caught you. And Dick, old Dick, saved the child. We must never forget it for Dick, Nest. By the way, why doesn't he come back? He said he would when he'd changed. Here, give me the things, Aunt Betsy, and I'll see if I can get into some of them. A pretty sight I'll make with trousers up to my knees and coatsleeves to my elbows!"

He went out of the room, holding the bundle of clothes at arms' length. But, having examined them, he decided on the impracticability of getting them on, and stalked off just as he was to the Mill House to borrow a dressing-gown or some easy-fitting garment.

He had never had a serious illness in his life, and very few of the small ills flesh is heir to. He said afterwards that, as he went through the arched passages which led from one mill-yard to another, he felt chilled in his wet clothing. It was quite half an hour before he came back to Nesta's side with a dressing-gown belonging to his brother Stephen wrapped about him. He laughed when Aunt Betsy scolded him for his im-

prudence in having loitered so long in his wet clothes; and reminded her that he had been immune from colds as long as she remembered him.

As they drove home in the brougham which had been sent over from Outwood, Nesta's head reposing on her husband's shoulder, she was full of a strange gloom and horror which she could not cast off no matter how she tried to banish them.

Her memory went back to the accident, or what had been so nearly an accident, with the runaway milk cart. Then she could remember being steeped in a rosy and tranquil happiness in the hours that followed their escape. She and Jim might have been dead or dying or badly injured. Or one might have been injured or dead. And through the mercy of God they were alive and together; and it was exquisite to have escaped out of the danger, safe and unharmed.

Now, she could not be glad. Her lips stirred mechanically, thanking God; but there was a chill horror encompassing her, the horror of that moment in which she had seen Richard Moore go away and leave her to her death.

"Jim," she said, whispering to him, "Jim—what was your brother Dick doing when you came and found me drowning?"

"What was he doing? What an odd question, Nesta! Why, now I come to think of it, I believe he was just doing nothing, but standing holding the dripping child and staring. A few minutes ago I didn't know I knew as much. But now you recall me to it I remember. For a second I did not know you were in the water too. Then I saw you come up. I forgot everything. And how those accursed weeds held me. They had the strength of cables. Nesta—my God!"

For a moment they clung together in a panic of memory. Then James Moore sat upright and shook himself.

"I am like an hysterical woman," he said. "I didn't know I had nerves. Let us forget it and be glad that we are all safe and well.

He smoothed his wife's hair with his fine, capable hand.

"If you had not come, James, I should have drowned?" Nesta asked, in a small, shivery voice. "I should have drowned, should I not? The weeds would have dragged me down and held me fast at the bottom of the river."

"Hush, Nesta. Thank God I came. I sent Dick first to tell you I was ready. Then I thought I must see Aunt Betsy.

I was crossing the bleaching-green when I heard you scream, and my heart was in my mouth."

"I should have drowned, should I not?" she repeated, oddly persistent.

"Unless Dick had come to his senses in time. I remember now how he stood staring. It was too much for him. He was like a man in a dream. But he had saved Stella. We must be grateful to him forever because he saved Stella."

"Yes."

What a small, cold voice it was! Her lips opened and closed, opened and closed. She shared every thought with him. Was she going to tell him that she believed his own brother, whom he loved and trusted, had been ready to leave her to her death? What a monstrous accusation he would think it? Would he not turn away from her as from a mad-woman, full of horrible imaginings? And supposing that, after all, Richard Moore had simply been spellbound, turned to stone, frozen with horror, and so unable to save her? Supposing there was something black and evil in her own mind that made her believe such horrible wickedness in a fellow-creature—and that the one who had saved Stella?

Her lips opened and shut, opened and shut—and remained silent. It was an accusation she did not dare to make. The secret must be between her and her husband in all the years to come; and it lay as chill and horrible in her soul as though she herself had been the murderer in intention.

CHAPTER XVI.

A FORLORN HOPE.

During this afternoon, which had so nearly proved a terrible one for James and Nesta, Miss Sophia Grantley had gone paying visits.

It was a long time now since she had done such a thing. For the last year or so she had been very home-keeping. She seemed to have plenty to do at home, putting her house in order, to judge by the many papers she docketed and filed and destroyed and sent away for safe-keeping during that winter which preceded Captain Grantley's leave. Since the summer

had come in she had taken to a bath-chair, being drawn about the quiet lanes by a trustworthy old servant, who took care not to jar his mistress.

This afternoon, to the amazement of the coachman, he had orders to bring round the landau, a stately vehicle which had not been in use for a long time. Mr. Simmons rather resented the order. He had grown so accustomed to having his time to himself that it seemed the height of inconsideration for the old lady to go out driving at her time of life, and with a nip in the wind, too; and Simmons of late, perhaps because of his easy life, had grown a bit wheezy and asthmatic, and looked upon himself as a man entitled to his well-earned rest.

However, the carriage came round punctually, and Miss Grantley came down the steps supporting herself with one hand on her cane, the other on the arm of a rosy-cheeked, good-natured woman who had succeeded Grice as her maid.

The old butler joined the woman on the steps as the landau rolled away from the long, low front of the Priory.

"She do look fine," said Mrs. Sutton, "a-sitting up there so straight. She doesn't look her years, not by half."

"She has great spirit," said Wilkins, the butler. "Great spirit she has, our Missus. She'll hold her head high no matter how she be suffering till, Mrs. Sutton, till she be carried out in her coffin."

"Dear me, and she do suffer, poor soul, at times some-think dreadful," said the sympathetic Sutton with a sniff.

But even Sutton did not know how much her mistress suffered, nor guessed how near the time was when the indomitable old spirit should yield to the inevitable, and enter upon the last grim fight, which could only be made lying down, which could only end one way.

Miss Grantley had given the order—Mount-Eden. Simmons received the order with a little wonder. In the old days Lord Mount-Eden had been much abroad, and of late years Miss Grantley had not attended to her social duties, so there had been no visiting between them.

During the drive Miss Grantley sat bolt upright. She had never been one for lolling. Time enough to lie down when she must, and that time was not very far off. The carriage went smoothly. The springs were still in excellent order; but once or twice when there was a slight jerk, the old lady set

her lips tightly and the film upon her eyes deepened in intensity.

She was fortunate in finding Lady Eugenia at home and alone. The servant preceded her out to the garden at the back, where the lady was sitting on a grass-plot under a copper beech, with a newspaper on her lap.

When she heard the footsteps on the path she came to meet her visitor, under the pergola of roses which was one of the beauties of the place. She and Miss Grantley were slightly acquainted. Lady Eugenia welcomed the old lady with something like effusiveness, taking her hand to lead her to where there was a group of chairs surrounding that on which she had been sitting.

She put Miss Grantley into the most comfortable of the chairs, and set a footstool for her feet: then stood beside her looking down at her, so tall and smiling and kind, like a gracious young goddess. Yet she had been looking serious enough just before Miss Grantley made her appearance and the gravity was still in her eyes, although her lips smiled.

"It was so good of you to come," she said warmly. "Do you know, I have often wished to call on you, Miss Grantley. I hope papa will be in presently. He and Mr. Stanhope have gone over to Burbridge to find out if there is any more news. Of course you have heard—"

"My dear," said Miss Grantley, interrupting her, "you shall tell me your news later. I want to talk to you without fear of interruption. A dying woman doesn't pay afternoon calls. I want to talk to you about my nephew, Godfrey."

"Your nephew, Captain Grantley?"

Lady Eugenia's brown cheeks were suddenly irradiated.

"He is very much in love with you, Lady Eugenia Capel. No; I'm not his ambassador. Godfrey can be his own ambassador. Only I happen to know that he is in love with you—and that he does not dare show it, because he's a poor man and no match for the Earl of Mount-Eden's only daughter—"

"Papa has enough money," said the lady, with a grave demeanor.

"And because he thinks he has no chance against Mr. Stanhope," Miss Grantley said, watching Lady Eugenia's face with eyes which had suddenly become bright and observant.

"Mr. Stanhope—papa's friend and mine? Mr. Stanhope has no pretensions, I assure you, Miss Grantley. There is some one else whom he worships—"

"If he has not, twenty others have. And my poor Godfrey has barely a penny to bless himself with, as they say. Not that that is anything unusual among gentlefolk. It is not they who have the money now, but tradespeople. And they are received everywhere, even by those who ought to know better. I have always taken a different view. Although my own grand-niece married a man in trade, I wouldn't look at her for years. The Duchess of St. Germain's helped to reconcile me to the designs of Providence. She admires my great-nephew-in-law so very much. They are quite friends. It was a bit of a shock to me at first, for I have not quite dissociated Nesta's husband from his very respectable old father, who used to stand hat in hand when we spoke to him."

"It is such an interesting family," said Lady Eugenia, with a sparkling eye. "Old Mr. Moore's sister still lives in a cottage at the back of the mill. She is a delightfully clean, homely old body, with such a snowy high cap. I have gone with your niece to take tea with her. And Mr. Moore's brothers are so odd and interesting."

"I've always heard they were horrors," said Miss Grantley. "But—James Moore is really a remarkable person. From what the Duchess tells me I begin to understand my great-niece's infatuation."

"The Duchess thinks Mr. Moore a finer figure of a man than even the late Duke," Lady Eugenia said, with a flash of humor, "and she ought to know. Her first husband died just in time to prevent her divorcing him, because she discovered when he went to court that he had no calves to his legs."

Miss Grantley looked at her with the far-away contemplative gaze with which the old sometimes greet the sallies of the young.

Just then a clock in the stable-yard struck, and Miss Grantley's gaze became alert.

"How I am wasting my time," she said, "and at any moment some one may come and prevent my saying what I've come to say. A dying woman doesn't drive about the country for the pleasure of making small talk. Yes, I'm a dying woman, my dear; and I should like to make some one happy

before I go. My great-nephew, Godfrey, is in love with you, Lady Eugenia (Capel)."

She stared hard at the color that once more flooded the lady's cheeks.

"And you are in love with him," she said. "They were wrong who gave you to Mr. Stanhope."

Lady Eugenia's eyelids fluttered nervously.

"Captain Grantley avoids me," she said in a low voice.

"Because he is a high-minded, Quixotic boy. He has no money and you have much. That is why I am not going to wait for my death to give him all I have. It is not much as fortunes go now-a-days, but at least he need not depend altogether on your bounty. Godfrey shall speak."

Lady Eugenia blushed redly and then turned very pale.

"I should like him to speak now," she said; "but perhaps he never will. Perhaps, if he is as I think him, he will think I ought to be free. There is going to be war—and with savages; the worst kind of war. That was the news I wanted to tell you. Gordon is dead in Khartoum. We must talk and think of nothing else now. He will not speak. He will not be thinking of love. Ah, here comes papa."

For the rest of the visit Miss Grantley was strangely silent, so silent that Lord Mount-Eden, when he had returned, wondered why the old lady had come only to sit mum-chance like that. And Mr. Stanhope, who prided himself on a knowledge of what lay behind faces, wished she would speak; wondered what it was, resolution or despair, that sat on the pale old lips so tight together.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

THE WONDERS OF LOURDES.

BY J. BRICOUT.



DURING the past two years unusual attention has been given to Lourdes—the little village of the Pyrenees in which so many marvels have occurred ever since that blessed eleventh of February, 1858, when the Queen of Heaven graciously appeared to the humble Bernadette. Pilgrims have flocked thither in larger crowds than usual. The happenings at the shrine, both past and present, have become once more the object of the most widely divergent views.

What is to be thought of Bernadette's visions and the cures at Lourdes? It will be worth our while to examine these questions thoroughly and without prejudice.

But before we treat the matter directly, it may be well to glance at the attitude of both believers and unbelievers in this connection.

We will not dwell on the "persecutions" or trials to which Bernadette and the first believers in Lourdes were subjected by the civil authorities, among whom were the Mayor, the Police Commissioner, the Prefect, and the Minister of Public Instruction and Worship. Many of the officials who tried to make Bernadette retract her assertions, and to check the popular enthusiasm, were sincere Catholics. Others, while not positively hostile to the Church, did not believe in the supernatural. At any rate, they did not admit that, subsequent to the Gospel miracles, there was any need of Divine intervention in the world.

Science and scientists naturally take a part in the debates provoked by the happenings at Lourdes. They have a right to do so. We have no thought of reproaching them for subjecting the wonders of Lourdes to the most exhaustive investigation. We blame them only because they treat the question too summarily, and subject it to a sort of jugglery.

A few examples will bring out our thought clearly. In its

issue of June 27, 1872, *L'Union Médicale* printed a conference delivered by Doctor Voisin, of the Salpêtrière. In it, as proof that hallucinations very frequently led to insanity, the learned professor asserted that Bernadette, having lost her mind, had been "shut up in the Ursuline Convent of Nevers."

Two months later (Nevers, September 3, 1872) Dr. Robert Saint-Cyr, President of the Nièvre Medical Society, wrote as follows to Dr. Damoiseau, President of the Orne Medical Society:

MY DEAR COLLEAGUE: You could not have applied to a better source for information about the young girl of Lourdes, to-day Sister Marie-Bernard. As doctor to the community, I have long given my care to this young sister, whose delicate health at one time gave us cause for uneasiness. She is now much better, from a patient has become my infirmarian, and has accomplished her duties perfectly. She is slight and frail in appearance, and is twenty-seven years old. Naturally calm and gentle, she tends the invalids very intelligently, and without omitting any of the directions given. She has complete control of her patients, and I have entire confidence in her.

You see, my dear colleague, that this young sister is far from being insane. I would say further that her calm, simple, and sweet nature is not in the least compatible with any such tendency. . . .

One month later, on October 3, the Bishop of Nevers wrote the following letter to the *Univers*:

DEAR SIR: As you very well know, it was asserted some little time ago by a professor at the Salpêtrière, when developing his theory on hallucination, that Bernadette Soubirous, in religion Sister Marie-Bernard, was detained in the Ursuline Convent at Nevers as a mad woman. Will you kindly publish this letter, in which I declare:

1. That Sister Marie-Bernard has never set foot in the Ursuline Convent at Nevers.
2. That she lives at Nevers, it is true, but in the mother-house of the Sisters of Charity and of Christian Instruction, where she entered and remains of her own free will, like any other sister.
3. That, far from being mad, she is an uncommonly sensible person and of unequalled calmness of mind. Moreover,

I have great pleasure in inviting the above-mentioned professor to come in person to verify this triple statement.

If he will be good enough to let me know the date of his arrival, I will see to it that he is put into communication with Sister Marie-Bernard, and that he may have no doubt as to her identity, I will ask M. le Procureur of the Republic to present her. He will then be able to examine her and to question her as long as it pleases him.

M. E. Artus even promised 10,000 francs to Dr. Voisin if he would prove his assertion. The professor remained silent. M. Artus then wrote to him:

Allow me, Sir, to end this discussion by a reflection which is addressed to all those who, like yourself, have the honor to speak to the public, either by speech or in writing. In these conditions, any man who denies or asserts facts of such importance, without due consideration, or accurate verification, commits a social crime, for he falsifies or troubles the conscience of an innumerable class who have neither time nor opportunity to examine the matter for themselves, and who naturally tend to believe those whose duty it is to instruct them.*

Dr. Balencie, now attached to the Medical Office at Lourdes, knew and observed Bernadette from the time of the first apparition. Although a Catholic, he came to the conclusion, in his report to the Prefect, that the young girl was a victim of hallucinations. His testimony, then, has weight. Surely we may trust him when he affirms, with many others, that Bernadette left Lourdes of her own free will, out of humility and also out of a desire to escape the vain and tiring exhibitions which she could not avoid while there.

How many doctors and learned men manifest the same lack of judgment as Dr. Voisin when treating of Lourdes? They imagine that there is nothing more to be said after they have spoken of "the faith that heals" and the power of suggestion. They practically assert that only nervous diseases are healed at Lourdes, or that, at any rate, there is never any sudden restoration of any wasted tissue. Cases are cited which disprove

*The text of these documents is taken from l'Abbé Bertrin's book, *A Critical History of Happenings at Lourdes*. The abbé is a professor at the Catholic Institute of Paris. His book is published in English by Benziger Brothers, New York.

their assertions. They answer that these cases are undoubtedly apocryphal; that they do not exist. They seem to think that their denial ends the matter. It is, to be sure, one way of escaping a difficulty, but it surely is not honest and scientific. The facts ought to be studied at closer range. The question is a grave one, and of supreme importance for our moral and religious life. May we not charge those who flatly deny the evidence of facts, who do not hesitate to contradict themselves by "correcting" or denying their diagnosis of a case, rather than admit a miraculous cure, with falsehood and dishonesty?

One day a girl arrived at Lourdes with a medical certificate, stating that she was consumptive. After a first bath in the piscina she felt cured. Examined at the Medical Office, it was found that there was no longer any lung disease. The evil no longer existed, if it had existed at all.

The certificate which stated its existence was short, but to the point. From motives of prudence the doctor was wired to, to obtain a distinct and certain diagnosis. Nothing was mentioned of the cure which had taken place. The doctor telegraphed back: "She is consumptive."

It became known later that this was also the opinion of other doctors who had attended the patient. Meanwhile the girl returned joytully home, and immediately went to the doctor to obtain a certificate of her cure. He gave her one, but very unwillingly. When she read it she found that he declared her to be cured, but cured of a cold.

The phthisis, certified to in the previous certificate and in the telegram, had developed into a cold! The free-thinker had overruled the doctor and made him lie.*

Those who will not admit the fact of a divine intervention at Lourdes, unless God raises a dead man to life or restores an amputated limb, are both thoughtless and unfair. According to them, the cures that have been effected there thus far are but trifles that do not merit serious consideration. They will believe only on more certain grounds.

How can those prodigies, with which the history of Lourdes is filled, be treated so disdainfully? They are of the very highest value. And what foolish pride there is in demanding that God work this or that miracle to order. "If they hear

* Bertrin, *Lourdes*, pp. 231-232.

not Moses and the prophets, neither will they believe, if one rise again from the dead."

These words are ever true. I know not if God will some day be pleased to work at Lourdes the stupendous miracles such critics ask, but I do know that if these miracles were performed, these same critics would quickly conjure up some other pretext for refusing to find the finger of God in them. "After all," they would say, "why should it be impossible for a dead man to come to life again naturally? Why should not the soul, at times, come back to resume possession of the body it has left, and so reconstitute the living combination called man?" Or another difficulty would be brought forward. "Is the fact itself absolutely certain?" Might it not have been merely an hallucination, due either to hypnotic or auto-suggestion? For it is in this fashion that many have explained the Gospel miracles, such as the changing of water into wine, the multiplication of loaves, the calming of the tempest, the raising of Lazarus from the dead, and the resurrection of Jesus. "Unbelievers are the most credulous of all men," said Pascal. How much wiser is the man of good-will, who loyally admits the facts that have been observed and bravely holds fast to the conclusions that follow from them!

It is not merely scientific men who give evidence of thoughtlessness, and even of bad faith in connection with Lourdes. We will mention here only two names—Zola and Jean de Bonnefon. Zola, for instance, in his book on *Lourdes* gave his readers the impression that it was a true account of what actually took place at Lourdes. The press echoed the claim, yet the book is purely and simply a romance.

Zola never saw Bernadette. He never consulted those who knew her and could study her at close range. What he wrote about her childhood is, on the whole, pure fancy, though he writes as if it were actual truth. He claims that Bernadette was a victim of hallucinations. He also imagines the cures that he narrates, fashioning them according to the needs of his thesis. They are altogether at variance with fact. His heroine, Marie de Guersaint, is a type of the hysterical patient cured by suggestion. His other "miraculously cured" characters, have nothing of the supernatural in their cure. Their cure, if it is a case of cancer, has been gradual and imperfect; if it is a case of bone decay, it has not been sufficiently estab-

lished; if it is a case of consumption, it has not been permanent or real. All that is false. Dr. Boissarie and l'Abbé Bertrin have proved it superabundantly. But how few of Zola's readers will open books like those of Bertrin or Boissarie? They will take Zola's words as truth.

One example will show how Zola plays fast and loose with facts. La Grivotte, whom he pictures with excessive realism, is none other than Marie Lebranchu. But while Marie Lebranchu was instantaneously cured of consumption, which would have soon proved fatal, and has had no relapse in sixteen years, La Grivotte, after a brief improvement which can be explained by suggestion, dies on her return from Lourdes.

This off-hand manner of deriding truth, and daringly cheating his readers, so upset the president of the Medical Office, that one day, when at Paris, he called on M. Zola and said :

“How did you dare to make Marie Lebranchu die? You know very well that she is as well as you or I.”

“What has that got to do with me?” was the audacious reply. “My characters are my own. I can treat them as I like. I can make them live or die as I please. All I have to consider is the interest of my plot.”

I do not know what M. Boissarie then replied, but I know very well that he might have said :

“If you wished to take such liberties you should not have announced to the world at large that your novel is historical. Nor should you have said in the press you were going to expose ‘the truth, the whole truth, the truth which will profit everybody.’ Once the public have received such promises, they have a right to expect their accomplishment. The author is bound to relate the facts faithfully, even if they are contrary to his personal opinions. If, then, a cured woman who maintains her cure is represented as undergoing a mortal relapse, the case is certainly one of perjury.*

Undoubtedly some of the cures at Lourdes—apparent cures—are not permanent. We have no thought of denying that suggestion can afford temporary relief, even to consumptives. What we do say against Zola is, not that he makes La Grivotte suffer a relapse, but that he makes her case the ordinary rule and creates the impression that nervous diseases are the only diseases truly cured at Lourdes.

* *Ibid.*, pp. 347-348.

Zola was embarrassed by Marie Lebranchu's existence. He tried to get this troublesome witness out of the way by burying her in an obscure corner of Belgium. Marie Lebranchu herself, in March, 1908, told about the visit Zola paid her in 1906, four years after her cure:

"He (Zola) said that M. Boissarie worried him all the time about my case, and reproached him for having made me die. He told me that if I wanted to leave Paris, and go to Belgium with my husband, he would see to it that we should not want for anything."

"Then he suggested that you go to Brussels?"

"No; not to Brussels, nor to any other large city. We would have to live in a country-place which he would get for us himself. Then he pulled out his pocket-book, and took a bundle of bank-notes from it. I do not know how much it was, for he did not count them. He held them out to me, saying: 'Here, this will do for your first needs. It will be enough for a month. In that time I will look for what you want and I will myself secure you a place.'"

"Did you accept the offer?"

"For a moment I was tempted to do so, for we were destitute at the time. But my husband, making up his mind quite suddenly, went up to M. Zola, took him by the arm, and threw him out, bidding him go away. M. Zola left and I never saw him again."*

No matter what he may say to the contrary, Zola wrote his novel in order to destroy belief in the supernatural at Lourdes. M. Jean de Bonnefon, in writing his newspaper articles and gathering them into a volume,† aimed at the same end. M. de Bonnefon called himself a Catholic, but he wished to persuade the government to stop pilgrimages to Lourdes.

M. de Bonnefon demands that they be forbidden on the ground of public morality: Lourdes is but a shameful exploitation of human credulity. He calls for it in the name of public health: these sick people travel through France and are always likely to spread contagion. He calls for it in the name of public order: Lourdes is a hot-bed of political reaction. No doubt, he adds, simple people will be grieved by the closing of this "bad place," where they think they see a little corner of heaven

* *Ibid.*, p. 577.

† Jean de Bonnefon, *Lourdes et ses Tenanciers*.

dropped down on earth. But there are cases in which a surgeon will not shrink from performing even the most painful operations.

M. de Bonnefon does not prove his statements. I will not stop to show that Lourdes is not a center of political disturbance, nor a source of infection. There is hardly any one who has taken the editor of the *Petite République* and the *Dépêche* (of Toulouse) seriously in these points. I may be excused, however, for dwelling on what he continually speaks of as "the lie of Lourdes." De Bonnefon writes :

There is no need of a scientist to refute the legend. An historian's notes will do that.

On several occasions he speaks as an historian who has ransacked archives, discovered unedited documents, and holds himself as an impartial critic. The truth is that M. de Bonnefon has done nothing, as a rule, but repeat lying rumors, long in circulation. For example, he has repeated the story concerning the source of the water-supply for the pools and pipes in the Grotto *

On some points, however, he has furnished an unedited document for his readers. Unfortunately all that is interesting in this document bears strong traces of apocryphal origin. First let us hear M. de Bonnefon :

M. Falconnet, a magistrate, worthy of a place in old-time parliaments, was then "procureur général" at the imperial court of Pau. On December 28, 1857, *forty-five days before the first apparition* † he sent the following (unpublished) official note to the imperial "procureur" at the Lourdes court.

OFFICE OF THE PUBLIC PROSECUTOR AT THE IMPERIAL COURT OF PAU.

MY DEAR ASSOCIATE: I hear that certain manifestations pretending to be supernatural and apparently miraculous are planned for the end of the year. I beg you to see to it that a close watch is kept on them. I must know the details so as to judge under what articles of the Penal Code they may be prosecuted. I fear that you can count but little on the local au-

* This groundless and hundred-times-refuted story is to the effect that the water comes from the Gave through skillfully concealed pipes.

† The italics are M. de Bonnefon's.

thorities, either civil or religious. It is our duty to take the necessary steps to prevent a recurrence of scandals like those of La Salette,* and particularly because the religious demonstration conceals a political scheme.

Respectfully yours,

E. FALCONNET,

Procureur général.

During his New Year's receptions, M. Falconnet repeated the suggestions he had made to the Imperial Prosecutor at Lourdes. He then left for Paris and reported the impending events to his superior, the Keeper of the Seals.

Apropos of this matter we will quote l'Abbé Bertrin, who has devoted a few pages of his new edition to M. de Bonnefon's unpublished document.

This document may be characterized in one word. *It is apocryphal.*

We boldly challenge the man who quoted it for the first time, in 1905, to produce the original, or at least to tell where it can be seen, so that the public will be able to prove its existence. The unknown agent, who brought him the copy, played a trick on him. The document never existed.

M. Bertrin concludes his sharp, decisive discussion of the letter as follows :

To speak seriously, it is plain that the whole story aims at making us ridiculous. This "official note" is written in a style that is neither known nor approved in official circles. This extremely important official communication is never heard of until it suddenly puts in its appearance one day after the lapse of half a century. Then there is no telling where it comes from. It is, moreover, astonishing that all the interested officials of the time, among them the supposed recipient of the letter himself, show by their words and conduct that they never even suspected the existence of this document. These suggestions were renewed at a New Year's reception which has been proved fictitious.† The trip to Paris was undertaken by a prominent personage just to give the Keeper of

* La Salette is a village of the Alps. According to the common belief of the faithful, the Blessed Virgin appeared in 1846 to a little boy and girl who were tending their flocks on the mountain nearby.

† It has been proved that M. Falconnet did not hold any reception on New Year's Day, 1858, nor on the days following.

the Seals information about a village rumor. . . . This whole extravagant story is evidently a romance. It is a badly-conceived romance, however, for it is too unreal and its improbability is too evident. A critical mind need not give it another thought. There can be no doubt in the matter. The case is settled.

Eight or ten months have already elapsed since M. Bertrin published this complete refutation, but M. de Bonnefon has not been heard from. Like Dr. Voisin before him, he is silent. He has no answer ready. Once again, however, we are forced to say that, in a certain world, honesty does not seem to be current coin.

To put it briefly, I am of the opinion that the stand taken by the Church and by the faithful with regard to Lourdes is much more correct and honest than that taken by free-thinkers.

I do not mean to say that Churchmen have no reason at all for self-reproach in this, as in other matters. One must be very guileless and childlike to pretend to find absolute perfection here below. We know that men are always men. Even granting that the charges or insinuations of Henri Lasserre, Huysmans, Zola, and Jean de Bonnefon are not entirely groundless, we will not be thereby scandalized. The all-important fact is that the clergy, as a body, have played a part at Lourdes which is approved by good sense, prudence, and honesty.

L'Abbé Peyramale, the pastor of Lourdes, and Mgr. Laurence, the Bishop of Tarbes, began very wisely by holding aloof and by keeping silence. If it was God who was acting through Bernadette, He would easily furnish His credentials. They did not deny, *a priori*, the objective reality of Bernadette's visions; neither did they affirm it off-hand. They waited for incontrovertible proof.

The little girl's sincerity, however, was beyond question. Soon cures were worked by water from the spring which she had revealed. The people, with eager confidence, were convinced that it was the Immaculate Virgin who had appeared to her. On July 28, 1858, more than five months after the first apparition, Mgr. Laurence decided to appoint a committee of investigation. Almost four years more passed by before the Bishop gave his decision, authorizing his diocese to venerate our Lady of the Grotto of Lourdes.

This ordinance has not been left to stand alone. Others have appeared, even quite recently, giving canonical judgment to the effect that certain cures have been wrought through the intercession of our Lady of Lourdes.

Up to the present time, it is true, the Popes have not given any explicit, definitive judgment from which one could conclude that the Church teaches infallibly the supernatural character of the revelations to Bernadette or of the cures at Lourdes. There is no doubt, however, about their private opinion. Pius X., as well as Pius IX. and Leo XIII., believes firmly that they are supernatural. Leo XIII. having authorized an Office and Mass of the Apparition, on November 13, 1907, Pius X. extended the feast to the whole Church. Henceforth it is of liturgical obligation on February 11. M. Bertrin remarks that this is the only happening of its kind in eight hundred years. In all that time no other "apparition" has found entrance into the general liturgy. Many significant indications, furthermore, give ground for the belief that Rome will not delay to "introduce the cause" of the beatification and canonization of Bernadette.

The judgment of Catholics in general, like that of the episcopate, is firm and clear. The excellent works of Père Cros, Dr. Boissarie, and l'Abbé Bertrin—I mention only the best-known—have fully enlightened the faithful. They know that a host of conscientious and well-informed physicians unhesitatingly guarantee the proofs of miracles effected by the Virgin of Lourdes. Two declarations in particular have been the object of widespread public attention.

The first was made by more than a hundred physicians who met on October 21, 1901, under the presidency of the illustrious Dr. Duret, a professor of the surgical clinic in the Catholic Faculty of Medicine at Lille. Dr. Le Bec, the well-known surgeon of St. Joseph's Hospital in Paris, had explained the cure of Pierre de Rudder with the most scrupulous exactness. After an exhaustive study of the case, and with a perfect knowledge of the facts, the assembly voted the following conclusions:

The members of St. Luke's Society, after an examination of the circumstances connected with the cure of Pierre de Rudder, who was afflicted for about eight years with a suppurating fracture of the leg, are of opinion

1. That the complete restoration of the bone, revealed by the autopsy, could not have been effected suddenly by natural means.

2. That the testimony of many eye-witnesses, who visited the sick man immediately before his cure, is sufficient to attest the continuance of the fracture, even if a medical certificate had not been issued, as happened, at that very time. They think, consequently, that this sudden cure ought to be considered a fact of the supernatural order, or, in other words, a miracle.

The second declaration is even more recent. It dates from 1906-1907. At the time that violent attacks were being made against pilgrimages to Lourdes, it was signed by 346 doctors. In it we read:

The undersigned consider it a duty . . . to admit that un hoped-for cures are effected at Lourdes in great numbers, by a particular energy or agency, whose secret formula science does not know as yet, and which it cannot explain reasonably by the sole powers of nature.

The signers of this act of faith are not obscure men. Among them there are three members of the Academy of Medicine, a dozen professors of Faculties, forty-two surgeons and physicians from hospitals, fourteen heads of clinics or laboratories, and forty-two acting or former internes.

In the present paper we simply wish to state that, in view of what we have said about the sentiments of ecclesiastical authorities and competent scholars, Catholics have good reason to believe in the Virgin of Lourdes and in the miracles which her goodness bestows so freely.

They should not be taxed with blind credulity for betaking themselves to Lourdes by hundreds of thousands and by millions. Their confidence rests on sure foundations.

There is, no doubt, something great and high-spirited in the stand taken by the scholarly free-thinker who confronts what is extraordinary with an undiminished faith in the power of science and tells himself that there will come a day in which science will explain and clear up what is now mysterious and apparently superior to nature, just as it has already explained many things that were but lately included in the realm of mystery.

There is something noble in the faith which buoys up and animates so many scientists—a faith often crowned with success. We also share this faith in so far as it is well-founded and legitimate. There is nothing to hinder our belief in the laws of nature and the indefinite victories of science. We reject only the excesses and vagaries of scientific faith. Nature and her laws are always subject to God, their sovereign Author. When He sees fit to do so in His Infinite Wisdom, He is always free to act directly in this world and always able to make His intervention perceptible to men of good-will.

I say to men of good-will. The reason why is because moral and religious facts or reasonings do not impose themselves on men's minds with such constraining force as to take away all possibility of resistance and with it all merit. "I have believed because I have seen," said Dr. Doyous, a physician of Lourdes, a sceptic in religion. He had examined Bernadette carefully and admitted that he was overcome by the facts. Dr. Doyous believed because he had seen, I grant it, but also because the truth did not frighten him. Dr. Balencie, of whom we have already spoken, Dr. Diday, and many others were also men of good-will. They had cast doubt on the miracle of Lourdes. They had denied it, opposed it, and even ridiculed it; but they ended by proclaiming it openly.

Let free-thinkers who willingly acknowledge Bernadette's sincerity and the reality of the cures at Lourdes, have the courage to be perfectly honest with themselves. Let them resolve, sincerely, to accept the whole truth with all its practical consequences. This good-will, we are sure, will open their souls to the sweet influence of the Immaculate Virgin of Lourdes.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

THE SMALL AND NARROW HOUSE.

BY PAMELA GAGE.



THE house is the shell into which the man creeps, that strange erection of one box upon another which has become to him more than a shelter from the wind and weather, which contains all his egotisms, and is spiritual or earthly, according to the nature of its owner. It is something inseparable from the man. He plants his character upon it. Then it becomes home. If it should be only a home for a little while, the body of it belonging to some one who has no more to do with it than that lifeless ownership, the soul of the house, which for the time being is an image of the man's soul, departs from the house with him, and it is soulless, lifeless, till a new owner comes to give it a soul.

When I have been in a house for a time but have had to leave it I have felt that the house was dead and I was closing its eyes when I turned my back upon it. It has been a little death to myself to leave a house which I have informed with my own soul, which has shared so many things poignant and pleasant with me. I have always felt that the house left soulless was like a ghost that cried to one in the still watches of the night to come back and warm it. These square boxes become as so many tabernacles of the soul: within them life is begun and love is brought to fruition. Those walls look upon the tragedies of the soul when one lies awake at night and is solitary after an illness. They are acquainted with death and birth. The spirit is yielded up in them, and they have held the exquisiteness of children and the tenderness of parents and the silent hours of lovers and the communion with God. They become so sacred that it seems a thousand pities they should ever serve for one family after another. They ought to be Holy of Holies: and instead, with the great mass of people, they are but shelters from the wind and rain for three years or five years; and then away to another house. It is no wonder the business of house-building has become degraded, since

what was once a temple is now a shelter for the night. It is fitting that houses should be jerry-built and topple soon to ruins. They are not fitted for what should be a house's high vocation.

You have only to mark the difference between the beautiful old houses that have enshrined the same family for ages and the newer houses that are a public thing. It is not a difference of age and beauty and strong building: it is something more subtle than that. A quite new house, though you lavished on it as much as Solomon did on the building of the Temple, would still be a dead thing: a mere empty shell awaiting its soul. Whereas the old house has a wisdom and venerable charm all its own. It is like a beautiful old, wise mother who knows much and can impart much.

On the other hand, there are houses that are always soulless, and these are houses that one leaves without regret. They are those houses which are built for only temporary habitation, only concerned with the holidays of life, such as seaside châteaux and villas. One feels no more grief at leaving them than at leaving an empty box. One has no memories of them. Whereas, leaving behind a many-hundred-year-old cottage, which we had inhabited for a couple of months, my very heart bled at forsaking it where it stood in its little cottage-garden. The moonlit nights, the exquisite mornings, the singing of birds, the golden summer days, seemed somehow bound up with it. When I left it so much had I lost, by so much was I the poorer and the older. The cottage had a soul, and the little windows under the timbered eaves looked after us as we turned away like the eyes of a friend who is forsaken.

I have always thought that a house which is really a dwelling-place tells you its secrets as you cross the threshold. I think I can tell if love is there and peace. In a house where those who ought to love each other are at variance, on the brightest days I have seen the lurking shadows in the hall and on the staircase. In old houses about London, beautiful in their own way, I have smelt old sins in the rooms and have not been surprised to hear that this or that famous rake or famous courtesan inhabited there. In old houses in the country, with the wind blowing through them and greenness and beautiful distances beyond the windows, I have been aware of the peaceful and simple lives that were lived there. As an old

garden in London smells of the churchyard, while the country garden smells of box and roses, so the old London house, once a country house, hidden away picturesquely in a secluded place, is haunted by the ghosts of old sins.

What gives a Queen Anne house or a Georgian house in a London square or street its curious, old-world dignity? Is it not the beaux and the belles who once inhabited there? When you have entered a house of this sort, insignificant, relatively, outside, within beautiful and spacious, with an ordered, old-world dignity which hears no more of the roar of London than if it were a hundred miles away, it is not the body of the house that impresses you. It is its soul; its soul which has taken on the impression of those dead and gone men and women. No mere adding together and grouping of bricks and mortar, marble and stucco-work, no carpets and curtains, tables and chairs, could give you that sense of a living personality.

I have a fancy, a conviction perhaps, that I know, crossing its threshold, a house in which religion is a living force. It is the something light and bright which meets one at the door of a convent and makes every convent beautiful. I associate it nearly always with rather spare and austere abodes. There are other lightnesses and brightnesses. There is the warmth of a home where the mother is a loving and beneficent influence to her children. I have known such a one and there was a feeling of firelight in it all the year. Now the poor house stands empty, remembering the fire that has gone out. The last time I passed there the gates at which I used to turn in so certain of my welcome had flapping bills—"To Let or to be Sold"—upon them. I came upon it suddenly, arriving there by a road which I had not known passed those gates which had been such a pleasant sight to me as the end of a pilgrimage. The bills were terrible to me, and the empty, unlit house in the midst of its fields and gardens.

There is also a brightness and lightness of country air, especially visible when one has come from the city. It used to hang in those cottage rooms lucent as well-water. It was an absence of course as well as a presence: an absence of the impurities that hang in London air, making it almost palpable; but a sweet, pure presence as well. The lightness and bright-

ness of holiness is another matter. It is so clear that some might find it cold. It attained its perfection doubtless in a small house at Nazareth some nineteen hundred years ago.

I have crossed over a threshold and I have said to myself: "Here lives a saint." I have found it in the little, damp cabin inhabited by an Irish village-dressmaker, who was the prototype of Mary as her sister was of Martha. Martha cooked and washed up, and swept and dusted, and dug in the little garden, and put wall-flowers in an old jam-jar by Mary's bed: for Mary sat in bed, propped up with cushions, and sewed, with the eyes of her soul in the other world, while the eyes of her body were occupied with stitches. She put in a prayer with every stitch, but she was never pietistic. Though she was always sitting at Some One's feet, yet she could talk cheerfully of gores and gathers and frills: and the long horse-face, which ought to have been ugly, was beautiful, ravaged by suffering, unhealthy in color from lack of the open air and the sunshine, yet beautiful always, as though there were a light behind it. She was a much better craftswoman than most of her kind; indeed, it was her devotion to her craft that had laid her low for life—for, sitting up late to finish a wedding dress for a rustic bride, in her green youth she sat on the cold stone flags of the floor, that discomfort might keep her awake, and so contracted the chill which twisted her out of shape. She was humbly apologetic to poor Brother Ass the body for the things she had laid upon it unthinkingly, and while she talked in her soft drawl I saw the lightness and the brightness in the room.

I remember it also in a village post-office, where there was a pretty elderly spinster, with little hectic lights in her cheeks. There my memory of it is associated with the smell of lilies which in Julys long ago used to fill many receptacles. The floor was of clay, but the room had a strange dignity of its own, given it by the few pieces of old furniture which had survived the raids of collectors—a corner cupboard, a spinet with a high fluted back of faded red satin, a sofa with carved lions for feet and a high carved back, some quaint pieces of china and old spotted engravings. There was a beautiful orderliness about everything and the lightness and brightness hung in the air like a curtain, and the smell of the lilies smote sharply through it.

There was another house on a hill where a lady sat at a desk of mornings writing books in which scholarship was matched with a beautiful style. Later in the day she might have been met with in the hospitals or refuges of the town, consoling, helping, uplifting, with her strong, winning, human personality. She was no longer young, but she was nobly handsome, and she had eyes of youth, like Sweet Anne Page, under her banded gray-black hair, and her old husband used to say that her laughter was like a shower of fresh lilies. The house was very austere, hardly any hangings or curtains or carpets, but white floors, a few comfortable chairs, pictures and books, and flowers. I know I came there of winter afternoons with one who was very dear to her, who used to give the signal by three little sharp, glad taps with the knuckles that it was she who stood at the door. But I always see the rooms in white sunshine, without a mote in its brilliance. And it is summer, for a blackbird is singing in the sycamore outside the open window and there is a smell of cleanliness and roses, and I can see the old husband against a background of open window leisurely cutting the pages of a review and calling out now and again to his wife. There is always the lightness and the brightness. That too is fled away after her. As one goes on, the milestones of one's life come to be empty houses.

There is nothing more dreadful than a house long empty, the dead body of a house calling out for the clay to cover it. I remember such a one in childhood, whose sinister aspect used to terrify me. It was haunted and no one would live in it—a dead body in which an evil spirit had taken up habitation. It had been a house of importance, and it was the more dreadful in its decay that it presented a long front of grimy windows, broken in places, curtained by long festoons of ragged cobwebs wherein the solitary spider had become a skeleton. The double hall-door was blistered all over and the grass sprouted between the flagstones of the steps. The flagged area was the receptacle of all manner of obscene rubbish. The long range of barred kitchen windows, coated with dirt, hid one knew not what terror. Even in the broad sunlight one passed it by quaking. People said that an uneaten wedding-breakfast moldered in one of the rooms, that the cheated and betrayed groom had turned the key of the door and walked out a hundred years ago. But an uneaten wedding-breakfast

had never given the house so sinister a look. Like the house in Browning's poem one felt that

"It must be wicked to have borne such pain."

That house is in a city which contains many dead and derelict houses, a city storied out of all proportion to its size. The Modern Spirit has never taken possession of it to oust the Spirit of the Past. It is a city which has slept and dreamt for a long time; and as one walks the wide thoroughfares one is elbowed by ghosts at every step and turn, some beautiful, some forbidding, some bright and heroic like stars in the firmament, others evil and blustering, cowards and traitors. There are as many ghosts in London Town but one is not aware of them, the tide of life runs so fast. Whereas in this city I think of, it is the ghosts who live and the living who are shadows.

There the old houses are heavy with secrets. There is one gray and barred which I used to pass often—it was on the sunless side of the square, looking north, and it had a forbidding and prison-like air. It had not been occupied within my memory or the memory of people older than myself. It was one of the town's mysterious houses. After a long, long time an old lady died at a great age in a lunatic asylum somewhere down the country. When her death appeared in the newspapers some very old gentlemen and ladies remembered a dashing, handsome girl who had suddenly dropped out of the gay life of which she was a figure some fifty or sixty years before. It seemed that at the time she was certified a lunatic her estate was put into the hands of trustees, since she had no known relatives. The trustees had put caretakers into the house, an old couple who inhabited the dark, echoing kitchen and had no desire to pass the locked door of communication with the rest of the house at the head of the kitchen staircase. After the old lady's death the house and its contents were to be sold. The auctioneer sent in his men to catalogue the furniture which had remained undisturbed there during all those years. When the hall-door was opened, after considerable difficulty, for the wards of the lock were rusted, they entered, but were driven back by a suffocating odor which made the atmosphere of the house poisonous. Some one had to go before and break a window before it was possible to proceed.

Some strange kind of dry rot had come upon the house; but there must have been dampness, too, for I was told that strange fungi were growing up through the carpets. Everything was rotting and rotten. The house had been furnished with beautiful old furniture, but something had eaten into it and the substantial-looking things crumbled at a touch.

All was extraordinarily noisome, as noisome as an evil swamp, and I was told that the men were overcome by the fumes at first and driven back till the air had blown the poison away. The rooms were all in order till they came to the principal bedroom on an upper floor. There everything was in a disorder that suggested flight. Everything lay as it had been flung down in some wild impulse of flight fifty or sixty years before. The bedclothes were huddled in a heap; the towels were flung on the floor; brushes and combs were in disorder on the dressing-table; the water-jug lay on its side and the water of that last ablution had apparently dried in the basin. The wardrobe was filled with garments that crumbled to dust between the fingers. Very little had survived the mysterious blight upon the house.

As it happened the auctioneer was a man of taste. In the bedroom, half-way under the bed, there was found a box covered in scarlet leather, beautifully tooled and gilt, studded with gilt nails. It was locked and there was no trace of a key. The auctioneer knew the very person to whom the box would appeal, a lady who was a well-known virtuoso. They went through the house together the day before the general public was admitted. The lady was in ecstasies over the box. But she must see the inside of it. Some one was sent for to open it, since no key they could produce seemed to fit it. *Within were the crumbling bones of a new-born baby.* Isn't it like a story by Hawthorne?—one had almost said Poe, but Poe's colors would be too flamboyant. The subtle horror of this story of a house requires more delicate handling than his. They took away the little bones to the Surgeons' College of the city. And the house was pulled down so that the rich man next door might build an addition to his palace. But think of the house holding that secret all those years, and the terrified flight long ago, and the years and years during which the blooming young woman grew old and crazy! Only a superlative genius could do justice to the unique horror and fear

of it. But indeed the things that really happen quite transcend and surpass the imaginations even of genius.

Not so far from where that house was still stands a house and will stand for centuries more if it is but permitted. It is a comfortable, beautiful old house, and it shelters kind and comfortable people. There, while you sit to afternoon tea, the little hostess will tell you of the ghost of the house, a little child-ghost that peers above the banisters and creeps fearfully down the stairs. Then she will whisk away a rug and show you imprinted on the floor the bloody footprint of a little child, just the one little print. No washing has sufficed to remove it. Then she will show you the bullets in the panel above the fireplace where some one had fought at close quarters. For the rest the house keeps the secret of the tragedy, the house, and the little ghost that comes stealing down in the gray of the morning—to kiss papa's dead face, it may be. Well—who knows? And, not knowing, speculation is a stupidity.

Then again there is the house where the lady lived to be very old, and though she had been beautiful died unmarried. They said she had sent a lover to his death by her vanity and hard folly in her hey-day. Whatever she had done she had repented, for she was very devout and very good to the poor, and she was generally mourned for when she died. When at last she was dead, and the look of great suffering had passed from her face, leaving only peace, some one took from her wrist the broad bracelet of black velvet which she had never been without night or day. Underneath it there was the imprint of a hand which had gripped it hard and burnt into it, a livid mark now, but not to be mistaken for anything but the scars of a burn.

But if I were to tell the stories of those old houses I should never be done. Certainly in their outward aspect they show the terror and the mystery which lies behind them as plainly as ever did human face.

And indeed our houses would seem to bear to us something of the relation of the body to the spirit. We inform them with ourselves, and if the tenant be clean and comely the house is cheerful to look upon, like a body that houses a bright soul. But if the tenant be wicked the house has a sinister aspect. And like the body when the spirit has left it, when we leave them our houses are mere cerements and cast off garments no longer fit to cumber the earth.

THE HOURS OF OUR LADY.

BY MARIAN NESBITT.



THE method of honoring our Lady which, in the Middle Ages, was very general amongst the upper classes, and indeed amongst all those who were sufficiently educated to be able to read, was the recitation of her Hours, commonly known as the *Horæ Beatæ Virginis*—or, the Little Office of the Blessed Virgin; and this pious and praiseworthy practice having fallen greatly into disuse, even in the case of very devout persons, a few words on the subject may not be out of place.

First it must be remarked, in passing, that the Roman Breviary contains three forms of the Office of our Lady—one for feasts, one for Saturdays, and one called the Little Office. It was this last which, being both short and devotional, became so general amongst the laity; and which, written in manuscript, and exquisitely illuminated, existed from the sixth century, “though it was revived, as well as revised, in the eleventh, by St. Peter Damian.”

It was also, reliable authorities tell us, one of the earliest books printed. St. Margaret of Scotland was in the habit of reciting this Office “every day”; and, as she died in 1093, it would seem that the movement made some years earlier in the south of Europe, to revive the Office of our Lady, had already extended to Scotland.

In this connection, it must not be forgotten that, until the time of the great religious rebellion, the form of our Lady’s Office in England was usually after the ancient “Sarum Use,” which differed slightly from the Roman form, now so familiar to us; and, in all the Sarum primers certain subjects for contemplation during the recitation of the Office were engraved at the beginning of the different Hours. Though not invariably placed in exactly the same order, the general arrangement of these subjects was as follows: the Annunciation at Matins; the Visitation at Lauds; the Nativity of our Lord at Prime; the Circumcision at Tierce; the Purification at Sext; the Ado-

ration of the Three Kings at None; the Flight into Egypt at Vespers; the Assumption at Compline.

It is interesting to note that the books, whether written or printed with the Hours of the Blessed Virgin, were commonly called primers, because they contained, besides other forms of devotion, elementary instructions on Christian Doctrine, the Creed, the Lord's Prayer, the Angelic Salutation, and the Ten Commandments. We also find the Seven Penitential Psalms, the Litanies of the Saints, the Passion of our Lord, and other beautiful prayers which might well replace many of those in our modern English books of devotion; these latter being, as a matter of fact, far inferior to the ancient primers. Besides the "Little Office," which was the authorized form of devotion to our Lady, a glance into old books shows us another shorter office, called "Of the Compassion of our Lady."

St. Bonaventure, the Seraphic Doctor, whose heart, like that of his holy father, St. Francis, was all on fire with divine love, composed one of these offices of the "Compassion," and a longer one, called a Little Office of the Passion of our Lord. As St. Bonaventure died in 1274, the fact that he composed such offices is more than sufficient confirmation of the verdict given by several authorities on this subject, *viz.*, that Little Offices were in common use from the middle of the thirteenth century at latest.

Another Little Office of the Compassion of our Lady is attributed to Pope Clement the Fifth, A. D. 1305-1314, who granted an indulgence of forty days to all who recited it.

Again, if we examine MS. *Horæ*, and the early printed prayer books and offices of our Lady, together with the Sarum *Horæ* and primers, we cannot fail to notice that, in the greater number of these books, the Hours of the Little Offices of the Holy Cross and the Holy Ghost are inserted immediately after the corresponding Hours of the Office of our Lady, thus proving that they, as well as those of our Lady, were recited daily.

An ancient prayer book, or rather prayer roll, of the thirteenth century, which has been preserved in the miscellaneous records of the Tower of London, gives us a very true idea of the devotion of the period. It contains the first fourteen verses of St. John's Gospel in Latin; an exhortation in French to recite five Paters and five Aves in honor of the Five Wounds of our Divine Redeemer. (This was a favorite devotion in mediæval

times.) Then some French verses, to be used in adoration of the Blessed Sacrament; also a beautiful method of assisting at Holy Mass, comprising sixty-five verses in French, so arranged as to form a sort of litany of supplication to our Lord, with Latin prayers; this is followed by a method of reciting the seven Canonical Hours; some Latin prayers and selections of the Psalms recommended for various occasions; and lastly, a long and most devotional prayer in Latin. What better example could be found of a thoroughly comprehensive prayer book?

A description of this venerable prayer roll has been given in the following words: "It is written on both sides of a narrow slip of vellum (or rather three pieces sewed together), about three inches wide and three feet long, and, when rolled up, about half an inch in diameter, so that it was well calculated for carrying about the person."

The method used by the laity, of participating to some extent in the Canonical Hours, and referred to in the above document, consisted in saying, instead of each hour, five Our Fathers and Hail Marys, with an appropriate prayer. It was very widely practised during the Ages of Faith; and the prayers being in Anglo-Norman verse, were easily committed to memory.

In that deeply interesting old work, the *Ancren Riule*, written in semi-Saxon, in the thirteenth century, very minute directions are given regarding the manner of reciting the Office of our Lady; and it would seem that it was the duty of each nun to transcribe, or make a copy of, the Hours of the Blessed Virgin for her own use, as we find from the following instructions: "Let every one say her Hours *as she has written them*, say every service (*i. e.*, each canonical division, such as Sext, or None) separately, as far as she can in its own time, but rather too soon than too late. . . . At the one psalm she shall stand if she be at ease, and at the other sit, and always rise up at the *Gloria Patri* and bow; whosoever can stand always in worship of our Lady, let her stand in God's Name, and at all the seven hours say *Pater Noster* and *Ave Maria*."

Cassian tells us that the ancient monks of Egypt were permitted to sing their psalms whilst they worked; and we know, from the old rules of their Order, that the Carthusians were allowed to say the Office of our Lady during their hours of labor.

The latter pious custom seems to have been followed in the

Ages of Faith in England, where it was customary to learn the Hours of the Blessed Virgin by heart, and this from childhood, as we find from the instructions to Lytyl (little) John, in the Boke of Curtesay (courtesy) printed by Caxton, about A. D. 1477. This book, which is most interesting, consists of a poem written by a pupil of Dan Lydgate; it contains many admonitions and lessons in manners for a little boy; and gives a vivid picture of what is expected from the son of a gentleman at that period. Lytyl John is told, that after having "with Christ's Crosse" blest himself thrice, he must say devoutly the Pater Noster and "Ave Maria with the holy Crede"; "thenne all the day the better shal ye spede," says the author, adding

While that ye be abouten honestly
 To dress yourself and do on your array,
 With your fellow, well and treatably,
 Our Lady's matins look that ye say,
 And this observance use ye every day,
 With prime and hours; and withouten drede (dread)
 The Blessed Lady will grant you your mede.

It is evident from this that the Little Office might be said during one's daily avocations; also that it was commonly recited with a companion (fellow). The latter fact is again confirmed by a report on the state of England, made by the Secretary to the Venetian Embassy in 1496-97, who draws special attention to the practice.

"They" (the English), he says, "all hear Mass every day, and say many Pater Nosters (Rosaries) in public, the women carrying long strings of beads in their hands, and whosoever is at all able to read, carries with him the Office of our Lady; and they recite it in church with some companion in a low voice, verse by verse, after the manner of religious."

Again, in the statutes of the royal college of Eton (see chapter XXX.), it is prescribed that every morning, "as soon as they shall have arisen," the scholars, whilst making their beds, shall recite the Matins of our Blessed Lady after "Sarum Use" (see *Ancient Laws*, etc., for *King's College and Eton*, p. 552).

The following is an old English Translation of the Little Office of the Blessed Virgin, date about 1400:

I. "St. Mary, Maid of maidens, Mother and Daughter of the King of kings; solace in that we moun (may) have by thee the mede of heavenly kingdom, and with the chosen of God reign without end."

II. "St. Mary, most piteous of all piteous women, holiest of all holy women: pray for us that by thee maiden He take all our sins, that for us was born and reigneth above heavens; that by His charity our sins be forgiven us."

III. "Holy Mother of God, that deservedst worthily to conceive Him that all the world might not hold; with thy meek beseeching wash away our guilt, that we, again bought by thee, may reach the seat of endless bliss; there thou dwellest with thy Son without time."

Everywhere we notice in what esteem this Office of our Lady was held. One example must suffice.

At St. Paul's, London, A. D. 1215, Eustace de Fauconbrigge, Bishop of London, assigned Lauds for the benefit of "poor clerks frequenting the choir, and celebrating the Holy Office of our Lady"; and it was arranged that six clerks should be chosen every day, with one priest of the choir, by turns, to be at the celebration of the Mary Mass—*i. e.*, the Mass of our Lady, and also to say Matins and all other Canonical hours at her altar. "This foundation," we are told, "was increased by the prior and convent of Thetford, in 1299."

That holy bishop and martyr, John Fisher, in his "morning remembrance had (preached) at the month's mind of the noble Princess Margarete, Countess of Richmond and Derby, mother unto Kynge Henry VII.," tells us that every day "this noble and pious lady at her uprising, which commonly was not long after five of the clock, began certain devotions, and so after them with one of her gentlewomen, the matynes of our Lady."

Here we again have an example of the recitation of the Hours of the Blessed Virgin with a companion.

Bishop Fisher goes on to describe how the Countess heard "four or five Masses upon her knees," and spent much time "in her prayers," adding, "daily her Dirges and Commendations she would say, and her Evensong both of the day *and of our Lady.*"

Queen Katherine of Aragon also daily recited the Office of our Lady upon her knees; and of Sir Thomas More, the martyred Lord High Chancellor of England, we read that,

besides "diverse other pious praieres which he himself composed, he used everie day to say our Ladie's Mattins."

"When the Sarum rite ceased to exist in England," says Mr. Waterton, in his deeply interesting work *Pietas Mariana Britannica*, "the Office of our Lady of the Roman use was introduced. Thousands and thousands of copies were printed abroad, principally in the Low Countries. They found their way to England and were well used, as I can testify from several old family ones in my possession, one of which bears the names of four generations by whom it was used."

These handsomely bound, and often exquisitely illuminated *Horæ* frequently contain the armorial bearings, and sometimes even the portraits, of their possessors, who are portrayed on their knees before our Lady, with their patron saints in attendance. They were looked upon as heirlooms, and many bequests of such primers may be found in old wills.

Michael, Earl of Suffolk, leaves (A. D. 1415) his "little prymer which belonged to John de la Pole, my brother"; and in her will, dated August 15, 1446, Matilda, Countess of Cambridge, bequeaths "to my kinswoman, Beatrix Waterton, a gold cross which belonged to my mother, and my green (bound) prymer and a diamond, etc.; to Katherine FitzWilliam a small black (bound) prymer; and to Alesia, Countess of Salisbury, my cousin, my large best prymer" (see *Test. Ebor.*, Vol. II., p. 121).

A reliable authority tells us, when speaking of these interesting old MSS. and printed *Horæ*, that the so-called Bedford Missal is, in reality, the *Horæ* of our Lady, executed for the Regent of France; and, in this connection, it is worthy of note that, up to the time of Louis the Fifteenth, it was customary in France to include in the trousseau of a bride, a pair of beads and a copy of the Office of the Blessed Virgin (see Egron, *Culte de la S. Vierge*, Paris, 1842, p. 174).

In the Ages of Faith it was a widely accepted tradition that our Lady spent "every day" in the Temple from early morning till Tierce, or nine o'clock, "in her prayers"; and the devout men, women, and children of mediæval times, whether rich, noble, and highly cultured, or only sufficiently well-educated to be able to read, believed that, in reciting the Hours of the Blessed Virgin, they did but imitate her example; and, later on, when troublous times came, and cruel laws forbade the invocation of God's most holy Mother, as well as prayers, offices, and hymns in her honor, fervent Catholics would meet

together in some secret place, in order to recite her Hours; though, by so doing, they well knew they were risking both their possessions and their lives.

The histories of holy confessors and martyrs, who suffered during the great religious rebellion, would furnish us with numberless proofs of their devotion to our Lady's Hours. The illustrious Philip Howard, Earl of Arundel, who died in 1595, after eleven years' imprisonment in the Tower for his faith, when entering upon his weary term of captivity, "sent," we are told, "for the *Office of the Blessed Virgin*, and a book treating of the Rosary, to the end that he might the better understand how to say it for the best benefit of his soul."

Again, we read, that his "most excellent wife, Anne Dacres, Countess of Arundel, *said daily our Lady's Office*"; and special mention is made of her devotion to the doctrine of the Immaculate Conception, "to which mystery she was so much affected, that *she made a vow* ever to follow the pious opinion of her (*i. e.*, the Blessed Virgin) being conceived without sin."

In the reign of Elizabeth we find Thomas Wright, Vicar of Seaham, confessing that he says "*daily in his house, with certain others, the Office of the Blessed Virgin*"; thus proving that devout persons continued the practice, despite Penal Laws and the vigilance of the so-called reformers.

An act of Parliament, which received the sanction of King James I., in the year 1605, shows the prevailing bigotry in respect of *Horæ*, etc. These are the words of the document: "And be it further enacted by the authority of this present Parliament, that no person or persons shall bring from beyond the seas, nor shall print, sell, or buy *any Popish prymer, lady's psalters*, etc. . . . And that it shall be lawful for any two justices of the peace within the limits of their jurisdiction or authority, and to all mayors, bailiffs, and chief officers of cities and towns corporate in their liberties, *from time to time to search the houses and lodgings of every Popish recusant convict, or of every person whose wife is, or shall be, a Popish recusant convict, for Popish books and relics of Popery.*"

But enough has been said to prove how widespread was this custom of reciting the Little Office of the Blessed Virgin—how highly it was esteemed by all, whether young or old—and surely, in our own day, no better means of honoring God's holy Mother could be found.

CATHOLIC LITERATURE IN PUBLIC LIBRARIES.

BY WILLIAM STETSON MERRILL.



THE public libraries of this country are administered largely by non-Catholics, while the funds upon which they are maintained come from taxes paid by Catholics and non-Catholics alike. In some cities Catholics have been appointed to positions upon the boards of public library directors and have been instrumental in securing Catholic books for the library. But the number of books written by Catholic authors to be found on the shelves of most public libraries is small, very small, in proportion to the funds contributed by Catholics to the support of the public library and in view of the standing of Catholic authors in the world of letters.

Yet it would be unfair to lay the responsibility for this condition of affairs entirely to non-Catholic prejudice or unwillingness to yield to Catholics the full measure of their rights. The truth is that the Catholics have not been demanding or availing themselves of their rights in regard to the public library. Catholics have not interested themselves so much in the affairs of the public library as have non-Catholics, and this is due partly to the fact that Catholics have not felt so much inclined to make use of it or to permit their children to use it. The reason is, ultimately, the serious concern that Catholics feel for preserving their faith and that of their children. They know that there are books in any public library administered by non-Catholics of which they, as Catholics, cannot approve, and which they are unwilling for their children to read. The clergy, as the guardians of the spiritual welfare of their flocks, cannot be indifferent to the dangers of indiscriminate reading. A Western Catholic Bishop, not long ago, even denounced public libraries as purveyors of irreligious and immoral books. The directors of a public library, knowing that it is supported by the money contributed by all classes and sections of the com-

munity, cannot, if they would, rule out non-Catholic books; and they certainly should not, if they are true to their trust, rule out Catholic books.

Shall Catholics, then, abandon the public library, as they have abandoned the public school, and establish Catholic free-lending libraries under their own auspices and control? Certain libraries now are controlled by Catholics, namely, those connected with Catholic colleges and schools. But the use of these libraries must necessarily be confined to the students connected with the institutions. The establishment of free Catholic libraries intended for the people at large is, under present conditions, impracticable. The administration of a free public library of any kind is an expensive affair. It calls for a suitable building, a librarian and assistants possessed of certain professional qualifications that command fair compensation, and a fund for the purchase, cataloguing, and handling of books to be lent to a large number of borrowers. In many libraries the cost of administration consumes from three-fourths to two-thirds of the income, leaving but one-fourth or one-third to go to books. Only a generous endowment or support out of the public treasury is adequate to maintain a free public library. If Catholics are to have free libraries, they must utilize the libraries that are now maintained at public expense. How shall they do this without compromising their principles?

There are now in the United States of America over 10,000 public libraries containing more than 50,000 volumes each, and fifty-nine of them have over 100,000 volumes each. Most of these libraries are suitably housed, ably administered, and are supported by taxes paid by Catholics as well as non-Catholics. Catholics may, without either compromising their principles or burdening themselves with expense, secure all the benefits to which they are entitled and really all they want (1) by preparing, privately or by co-operation, lists of the Catholic books in each local library; (2) by drawing these books for home reading; and (3) by recommending the purchase of others by the library.

Librarians, when reproached with the small number of Catholic books to be found on the shelves of their libraries, have replied by saying that Catholic books are not called for; and that the purchase of books for the library, being limited

by appropriation, must be made along lines of reading followed by the majority of readers; and the librarians are right. If Catholics do not use the library, or ask for works by Catholic authors when they do frequent it, they cannot expect to find such books there. If, on the other hand, Catholic books are called for, the library authorities are bound to consider such requests, and unless there are good and sufficient reasons for not buying certain books, Catholics can force the hands of the directors by legal action. But, as has been said, a public library serves the needs of its constant patrons, and cannot be expected to concern itself with making propaganda for those who do not put themselves in evidence. Moreover, the efforts of Catholic members of the library board are sometimes not known and appreciated as they should be. A catalogue, recently prepared at Chicago, lists nearly three thousand volumes written by Catholic authors and obtainable at the Chicago Public Library. One well-educated man said to the editor when it was in course of compilation: "Why, are there any Catholic books in that public library?" He seemed to think it scarcely possible that there should be any.

The whole situation was well summed up and some practical advice was given in a resolution passed by the Federation of American Catholic Societies at a meeting held in Detroit, August 2 to 4, 1904. That resolution reads as follows:

As immense sums are annually appropriated from State and municipal funds for public libraries, of which Catholics contribute no small share, justice requires that Catholics receive their proportionate benefit therefrom. To this end we would call especial attention to the following considerations:

(1) Catholic schools, higher as well as elementary, should in fairness enjoy equal privileges in the supply of special class or traveling libraries with non-Catholic schools.

(2) Catholics should insist that public library directors should systematically purchase Catholic books, and wherever librarians are unable to make a proper selection of Catholic books, the Catholic citizen should demand the appointment of such a person as will respect the rights of all.

(3) Catholics should be quick to appreciate the opportunities of such recognition of their rights, use the literature thus provided, and recommend it to others, and in this way meet the objection that Catholic books are not called for.

(4) Finally, that this activity to have Catholic books placed in public libraries be carried on in a systematic manner, chiefly by organizations.

This resolution bore immediate fruit in the publication of *A Comprehensive Catalogue of Catholic Books in the English and German Languages*, compiled partly from lists of fiction by Catholic authors prepared by the International Catholic Truth Society in 1901, and partly from similar lists of books of Catholic origin on history, biography, travel, and other subjects, that had appeared in the columns of the *Catholic Union and Times*. The German titles were taken from the columns of the Buffalo *Volksfreund* and the whole work was edited by the Jesuits of Canisius College, Buffalo. This admirable list covers one hundred pages. The titles are classed under fiction, church history, secular history, biography, travel, philosophy and science, education, Bible study, controversial and devotional books, poetry and drama, essays and Catholic periodicals. Names of publishers and dates of publication are omitted, their place being taken by dotted lines on which it is intended that those who wish to use the catalogue in listing the books in a local library may do so by affixing the call-numbers of the books. In the following year a *Catalogue of Books for Catholic Readers in the Free Public Library of New Haven, Conn.*, was compiled by T. H. Smith, assistant librarian, and published by the San Salvador Council No. 12 Knights of Columbus.

The first list to be based upon the Buffalo list, so far as the writer is aware, was the *Catholic Reading List: A Catalogue of Books (in English) by Catholic Authors in the Chicago Public Library*, compiled by a Committee of the Catholic Writers Guild, published by the Chicago Chapter of the Knights of Columbus, November, 1908. This catalogue comprises, as has been said above, nearly three thousand volumes. In arrangement it follows closely the Buffalo list, but differs from it in giving call-numbers. One hundred copies of this catalogue have been presented by the Knights of Columbus to the Chicago Public Library for use in its reading-rooms and delivery stations, and one or more copies to each of the parish schools, Catholic colleges, convent schools, and other Catholic institutions of Chicago. In typography and style the Catholic finding list

is similar to the regular finding lists of the Chicago Public Library, the idea in making it so being that non-Catholics, seeing it lying around on the library tables along with the other finding lists, may be led to look into it and read some of the books mentioned in it. Aside from the missionary work that such catalogues may incidentally accomplish, however, their main value lies in their being safe guides for Catholic readers in making use of the public library. These pioneer efforts in that direction are bound to be followed by others and to produce good fruit. Only two months after the publication of the Chicago list the Knights of Columbus in Seattle got out a catalogue of the Catholic books in the city library of Seattle.

All of these enterprises were anticipated, however, by the *List of Catholic Books in the Pratt Free Library, Baltimore*, compiled and published in 1900 by Rev. John F. O'Donovan, S.J. The books are classified, call-numbers are given, and numerous useful notes and suggestions upon reading are interspersed through the list by the scholarly compiler.

A few practical hints are in place here as to the best way to go to work to catalogue the books by Catholic authors in a public library. The task should, if possible, be intrusted to some one with a technical knowledge of libraries and methods of preparing lists of books. But such knowledge is not indispensable. Taking the Buffalo list as a basis, the names given in it should be looked up in the alphabetical catalogue of the local library; such titles as are found to be in the library should be copied off upon cards of a uniform size. The author's name, the title of *one* work, its date of publication, number of volumes (if in more than one volume), and call-number should be written on one card. Additional names of Catholic authors, obtained from the Chicago list or elsewhere, may be looked up in the same way, and cards written for such books as are in the library. When this portion of the work is finished, the cards should be sorted or classified by subject after the arrangement given in the Buffalo and Chicago catalogues and the authors' names occurring under each subject should be arranged alphabetically. The cards should then be numbered consecutively and the "copy" is ready for the printer. No copying upon sheets is necessary; any intelligent

foreman, upon being shown one of the catalogues already made, will follow it and will direct the compositor to indent successive titles by the same author instead of repeating the name from successive cards. The headings for the classified subjects may also be written upon cards and inserted in their proper places. Proof-reading should be carefully done, especially as regards the call-numbers of the books. Nothing will injure the prestige of the catalogue in the mind of some borrower more than to receive the wrong book from the library because the list has a mistake in the call-number. A few brief directions for obtaining cards and books from the library should be printed on an introductory page of the list.

Provided with such a list, the Catholic has within his reach a large or small collection of books by Catholic authors which he may borrow for the asking. Doubtless there will be many books lacking in the public library. Catholics should take steps to remedy this shortcoming by drawing up lists of important books by Catholic authors and submitting the list to the library authorities with a request that these books be purchased. The chances are that this request will be not only considered but welcomed as an indication of awakening interest in the affairs of the public library on the part of the Catholics in the community. When it comes to a question of voting annual appropriations for the public library, Catholic sentiment upon the subject is not without weight. If a board of library directors should, however, turn down such a request for Catholic books, then is the time for the Catholics to take active steps in the matter.

What will be the effect upon Catholic literature, it may be asked, of a widespread movement to list Catholic books in public libraries? The effect, it is safe to say, cannot fail to be such as to stimulate and improve it. The more Catholic books are read, the more will they be written, and the greater will be the success of both authors and publishers. Some years ago the question was debated by librarians and publishers as to the effect of public libraries upon the book-trade. The librarians claimed and the publishers came to see that public libraries were in themselves one of the best mediums for the advertising of books. People who see a new book at the public library, or take it home to read, often con-

ceive a desire to own it; or else they become interested in other books which they are led to read through the first one. The result is increased reading, in any case, and increased reading is just what the publishers want.

The reading of books differs from the reading of newspapers. Both are habits; but they call for different capabilities in the reader. Newspapers are written in a style that calls for a minimum of mental effort. Almost any one can read a newspaper with ease; only certain persons enjoy reading books, at least literature outside of fiction. Persons who have not as children acquired the habit of concentration necessary for reading a serious book, will seldom be able to read such books in adult life. Even the reading of a novel, which seems so natural and so easy to those who read fiction habitually, is irksome and impossible to some persons. The appreciation of Catholic literature and the demand for it depends, therefore, very largely upon the habits of reading formed by the children in schools and colleges; if their parents do not care for reading books now, they will never do so, whatever sermons upon the encouragement of Catholic literature may be preached to them. To enlist the interest of teachers in our Catholic schools and colleges in encouraging habits of reading is most essential, therefore, to any widespread increase in the production and consumption of Catholic literature, not to mention any improvement in its literary quality.

Some of the finest scholars and writers in the world are Catholics; some of the best fiction in the world, perhaps the very best, has been written and is written by Catholics. Catholic literature should lead the world in every department. That it does not hold a more prominent place in the world at large is due partly to causes beyond the power of Catholics to influence under present conditions, and partly to the fact that Catholic literature is not everywhere recognizable as Catholic. Who knows which are the Catholic writers of the day outside of a few prominent names? Catholics themselves do not recognize them as their own. The compilation of lists of Catholic authors in every department of literature is the best way to show the world what Catholics are doing in the world of letters. As the facts become better known, the prestige of the Church is enlarged by just so much dissipation of the mists of

ignorance—some of it honest enough ignorance. Non-Catholics do not know us because we do not know ourselves, and because we do not tell what we know and who we are.

No writer will lose in the end by permitting the fact to be known that he is a Catholic. There is to-day in the world no organization or institution with the prestige of the Catholic Church. The man who is afraid to be known as a Catholic is courting the very odium that he dreads. If a man is ashamed of his religion, he can scarcely expect non-Catholics to respect either it or him. The man who glories in being a Catholic will not only be respected for his loyalty, but he may be the means of inspiring respect where before there had been nothing but contempt bred of ignorance.

Catholic literature needs to be "boomed"—if the slang term may be pardoned; and the best way to boom it is to show the world what there is of it. Let every public library in the country be searched for it and let lists be published of what is found, be it much or little. However little there is now will be more as a result of publishing the fact. There is no nobler service that Catholic organizations all over the country can undertake than to make known the Catholic literature in the public libraries of their vicinity and to take steps to increase its extent and use among Catholics and non-Catholics in the community.

PRE-TRACTARIAN OXFORD.

BY WILFRID WILBERFORCE.



THE fascination of Oxford is so keen and so perennial that every book on the subject as it appears is received with peculiar cordiality. This is specially true when the book takes the form of personal reminiscences. Mozley's chatty remembrances of Oriel are still dreamt and pondered over, though we have had them nearly thirty years now. To read them is still like listening to the unstudied talk of an old friend as he sits in his easy chair and tells us of the *tempus actum*. Mozley was old when he wrote them, but Provost Hawkins was still older. Asked what he thought of Mozley's book, Hawkins replied that it was the production of an impudent young man! Age, after all, is comparative.

A few years ago the Rev. W. Tuckwell published some reminiscences of Oxford, which entered a second edition in 1907, and this year he has given us an account of eight Oriel "Noetics" as they used to be called. *Pre-Tractarian Oxford* is the title of the book, a thick, well-printed and well-illustrated volume, dealing with a period that has been somewhat thrown into the shade by the golden age of Newman, Keble, Froude, and the other illustrious members of the Oriel Common Room at the time of the Tractarian Movement.

The "Noetics" sketched by Mr. Tuckwell are eight in number, and all but one—Provost Eveleigh—were personally known to the author, a fact which lends an added interest to his book. The list, besides Eveleigh, includes Provost Copleston, Archbishop Whately, Thomas Arnold, Renn Dickson Hampden, Provost Hawkins, Professor Baden Powell, and the unhappy Blanco White. Of each there is a well-executed and life-like portrait, taken from original oil-paintings, while the frontispiece of the book shows the interior of the Oriel dining-hall, with one of the small-paned, deeply casemented windows, and the tall portraits that hang over the High Table. The scene looks quiet enough in the picture, but it recalls many a quaint

story of olden days—of the dish of “comminuted meat” which, Mozley tells us, used to be provided for the special benefit of Whately, to protect him “against the danger incident to those who talk and eat at the same time.” The scene also reminds us of Newman’s way of putting a stopper upon an indiscreet guest who insisted on broaching the Hampden controversy at dinner. “Let me offer you a hot potato,” said Newman in his most acid tones.

As is well known, Hawkins’ election as Provost was the remote cause of Newman’s delivering, in the University pulpit, the sermons which sent an electric thrill through England. Hawkins had deprived Newman, Froude, and Robert Wilberforce of their tutorship. It was the leisure created by the Provost’s action that enabled Newman to set on foot the great Tractarian Movement. In this matter Hawkins may be regarded as merely the fly in the amber, but his character and great abilities, coupled with the very long period through which he ruled Oriel, confer a distinction which merits for him a wider knowledge, even among Catholics, than he actually possesses.

Edward Hawkins, son of a country clergyman, and grandson of a well-known surgeon, Sir Cæsar Hawkins, was born in 1789. He was sent to school at Merchant Taylors, and in 1807 went up to St. John’s College, Oxford, where, in 1811, he gained the distinction of a Double First. In 1813 he was elected a Fellow of Oriel, a position which he had held for nine years when Newman became a member of the Common Room. In the *Apologia* we see a notable tribute to Hawkins’ character and influence. Newman writes:

He was the first who taught me to weigh my words, and to be cautious in my statements. He led me to that mode of limiting and clearing my sense in discussion and in controversy, and of distinguishing between cognate ideas, and of obviating mistakes by anticipation, which to my surprise has been since considered, even in quarters friendly to me, to savor of the polemics of Rome.

And here I must enter a protest. Mr. Tuckwell has put inside inverted commas, as though it was the full quotation, only a part of a sentence, without any dots to show that words have been omitted. For instance, the quotation just given from the *Apologia* becomes in Mr. Tuckwell’s book:

He was the first who taught me to weigh my words and to be cautious in my statements. He led me to that mode of limiting and clearing my sense in discussion and controversy which, to my surprise, has since been considered to savor of the polemics (*sic.*) of Rome.

Surely the mode of "distinguishing between cognate ideas and of obviating mistakes by anticipation," might be considered to "savor of the polemics of Rome" quite as strongly as the "mode of limiting and clearing." Another instance of Mr. Tuckwell's way of quoting may be cited. In his beautiful, humble way, Newman writes of Provost Hawkins:

I can say with a full heart that I love him, and have never ceased to love him; and I thus preface what otherwise might sound rude, that in the course of the many years in which we were together afterwards, he provoked me very much from time to time, though I am perfectly certain that I have provoked him a great deal more.

The latter clause becomes in Mr. Tuckwell's book, with inverted commas, as though he was quoting Newman's *ipsissima verba*—"He provoked me very often," said Newman, and, he added with a very probable surmise, 'I daresay I as often provoked him.'" This instance of course is not serious, but it is slipshod and irritating. Hawkins and Keble were the candidates for the Provostship made vacant by the appointment of Copleston to the bishopric of Llandaff. Newman considered Hawkins a better man of business than Keble, and though he could not have brought himself to vote against his dear and honored friend, it was probably a relief to him when Keble retired from the contest. "Let good old Hawkins walk over the course," said Keble, and Hawkins did.

Dean Burgon, who never missed the humorous side of life, has told us an incident that occurred when Hawkins had to be installed as Provost. It was the custom then, and perhaps now, for the newly elected Head of Oriel to stand outside the college and knock at the closed gate for admission. The Fellows stood drawn up inside the quadrangle ready to receive him. Newman, as Dean, answered Hawkins' knock by the question: "*Quis adest?*" To every one's astonishment the quavering tones of a female voice replied: "Please, Sir, it's me," and

through the opened gate walked the college washerwoman laden with her basket.

The gate was immediately closed again, and then three loud knocks were heard, and in reply to Newman's question came Hawkins' solemn reply: "*Edwardus Hawkins, Hujusce Collegii Præpositus.*"

Many are the stories of Hawkins' rule. He was a strong, masterly Provost, and guarded his authority with a jealous eye. Possibly he recognized later that his high-handed act in depriving the three tutors led to what he considered the calamity of the Tractarian Movement. That he did so consider it can not be doubted, though as early as 1818, when Newman was a boy of 17, he had preached a sermon on Tradition which ran counter to the teachings of the so-called Noetics. Nearly half a century later, moreover, he condemned the notorious volume of *Essays and Reviews*, "not perceiving," as Mr. Tuckwell remarks, "that their teaching sprang lineally from that of his own Noetic brethren." Notwithstanding these hopeful aspects of his mind, Hawkins was distinctly opposed to Tractarianism—at least when it developed a "Romeward tendency," as Mr. Tuckwell calls it. Hawkins always spoke of it as "the late unhappy movement"—warning people against it in volumes and pamphlets, though, as Mr. Tuckwell observes, it was *impar congressus* against the power of Newman, and, we may add, against the grace and mercy of God. The forty-six years of Hawkins' rule have gathered round them almost innumerable memories and anecdotes.

So long a period of government must inevitably involve drawbacks as well as advantages, and Hawkins' Provostship was no exception. Mark Pattison, though an undergraduate at the time that the Provost was appointed, roundly maintained that the calibre of the men who obtained Fellowships deteriorated from that date, and that the same applied to the undergraduates. Certainly the quality of the degrees suffered by the removal of the three tutors, and Dean Lake charges Hawkins, to quote Mr. Tuckwell's words, "with the dethronement of Oriel from its supremacy among the colleges."

That he was masterful and despotic has already been said, and many are the stories told to illustrate the fact. He gained an undisputed ascendancy on the Hebdomadal Board, the primary legislative authority, and as in great matters so in small,

he made his hand felt, in one instance at least, it must be owned, with scant regard for courtesy and good taste. At his own table a guest, when the conversation turned on a certain magazine, remarked that it contained articles of his own. "I daresay," said the domineering Provost, "there is a good deal of trash published in it."

But a most glaring example of his tyranny was shown by his treatment of an undergraduate, though it is only fair to add that the culprit was already in bad odor through his irregular habits. Hawkins noticed that the ivy in his garden had been brushed aside frequently. He called together the scouts and inquired from them the name of any undergraduate whose trousers had had green on them lately. In this way he discovered the disturber of his ivy and sent him down. On another occasion an undergraduate felt a call to preach in the slums of Oxford. Hawkins forbade him to do so any longer. "But, Sir, if the Lord, who commanded me to preach, came suddenly to judgment, what should I do?" Hawkins, whose mind was used to the burdens of government, replied that he would take the whole responsibility of that upon himself.

One instance of a thing one would rather have left unsaid or expressed differently, has often been told of Hawkins, but it will bear repetition. An undergraduate asked leave of absence to attend the funeral of an uncle. "You may go," said the Provost, "but I wish it had been a nearer relation."

This reminds one of the answer given by the Head of another college, who had made up his mind not to grant any *exceats* during the Derby week. One of the undergraduates made a wager that he would get permission from the Warden not only to leave Oxford but to go to Epsom. "I have an aunt who is very ill, Sir. May I visit her?" "Is she seriously ill?" inquired the Warden. "Very seriously, indeed," replied the shameless boy. "And is she very dear to you?" "Very, Sir." "And where does she live?" "At Epsom," said the undergraduate, unabashed, though he must have thought that the reply would be fatal to his scheme. But the extraordinary want of knowledge on the Head's part saved the situation. "In that case," said the Warden, "I think I may let you go. Had your aunt been living at *Derby*, I could not have given you permission."

"Sharp and shrewd and practical," is the description given

by Mr. Tuckwell to Hawkins, and no doubt it was these qualities which caused him to be chosen for the Headship of Oriel. A man with a business head is more desirable as the ruler of a college than a mere *littérateur*, and though Hawkins was a writer he was a practical manager as well. But his skill in detail prevented that breadth of mind that was so conspicuous in other Oriel men of his time. And yet this much must be said to his credit. His orthodoxy shrank from men like Jowett and James Antony Froude. To the latter he even refused a certificate when he stood for a Fellowship at Exeter College. Sewell, believing Froude to be a High Churchman, got him elected and was therefore disgusted when he published the *Nemesis of Faith*.

A story used to be told in Oxford which, though of course pure fiction, shows how men regarded Hawkins as a good hater. Jowett had been bitten by a dog which was promptly driven from the college. The joke went about the University that Hawkins took in the dog and tended it.

On the other hand, he seems to have shown tenderness to those already belonging to the college who showed signs of deficient orthodoxy. Even when Blanco White fell into Unitarianism and wrote to the Provost to announce the fact, Hawkins refused to accept his resignation; and when poor Clough's faith began to waver, he dissuaded him from resigning his Fellowship.

As stress has been laid upon Hawkins' masterful character, it ought in fairness to be recorded that he not only took pains to become personally acquainted with each individual undergraduate, but that he tried to prepare them for Communion, and he showed his kindness by shielding them from the wrath of tutors when they failed in "Collections." There was one fault, however, that he could not overlook. An undergraduate might hope for mercy for graver offences, but to smell of smoke was unpardonable. He looked upon tobacco with the utmost abhorrence, a fact which probably impaired his popularity with the younger men.

He was a man of abundant charity. As Mr. Tuckwell tells us:

The springs of his private munificence were never dry; no deserving case was ever put before him unalleviated. From the age of seventeen, when they became orphans on their

father's death, he played a father's part to each brother and sister in turn, until they were launched, self-supporting, into life.

It would perhaps be difficult to find a nobler testimony to a man's work than this.

Like Whately he loved children and they returned his love.

At the end of his forty-six years of rule he accepted the Bishopric of Rochester. Here, as at Oxford, he made his authority felt, and when he was eighty years old he wrote to a friend that, owing to the age and infirmity of some of the canons, he found it necessary to give increasing attention to Cathedral business. When the end came he was in his ninety-third year.

I have already mentioned that on the list of so-called Noetics, included by Mr. Tuckwell, occurs the name of Joseph Blanco White. In 1826 he came to live at Oxford, and as he was born in 1775, he was then a man past middle life.

I have no intention here of dwelling upon the earlier years of this unhappy man. If any one desires to know the facts, he will find them detailed in one of Cardinal Newman's Lectures on "The Present Position of Catholics in England." The main features of his early life are probably familiar to many of my readers; that he was ordained priest without a vocation, and apparently against his will, with the result which might have been anticipated; that in the course of time he lost his faith, and was faced with the horrible dilemma of giving up his career and his friends, or carrying on a life of hypocrisy and sham. He choose the former alternative. He left Spain, and in the March of 1810 he landed at Falmouth, and traveled to London. His position was more comfortable than might have been anticipated. He had more than once shown kindness to English gentlemen traveling in Spain, and these were glad of this opportunity to help the lonely stranger. Lord and Lady Holland included him in their sumptuous hospitality; he found an influential friend in Lord John Russell, then a young man at the dawn of his career, while the eminent man of science, Sir Humphry Davy, gave him a cordial welcome to his house.

Nor were the civilities of these great people entirely unselfish, for Blanco White seems to have been a lively and

agreeable talker, though the effect of his conversation was impaired in these early years by his strangely mingled accent of Irish and Spanish. His presence at parties was, however, made particularly welcome by his great musical talent. His skill on the violin was exquisite, and we can well imagine that the brilliant assemblies at Holland House were delighted with his finished interpretations of Beethoven and other masters. His more serious occupations were the editorship of a Spanish journal devoted to literature and politics, in which he wrote articles which are said to have alarmed the dominant party in Spain to such a degree as to beget rumors that they were seeking his life. To these labors Blanco White added a study of Greek. He fastened upon a remark of Addison, that a man can, in due course, master any subject to which he will devote half an hour a day. He tackled Greek, and, at the end of four years, was able to read without difficulty Homer, Herodotus and Plutarch.

At the close of the Peninsular War, the English government gave White a substantial proof of their gratitude for his political writings by endowing him with £250 a year. Freed in this way from the necessity of gaining his daily bread, he turned his attention to a study of divinity. He examined the claims of the Anglican Church, which for the time convinced him, strange to say, and about 1814 he qualified as an English clergyman by signing the Thirty-Nine Articles. He then betook himself to Oxford, where he had access to libraries, only leaving it to undertake the tuition of Lord Holland's son. In 1822 he published a volume (originally written at the suggestion of the poet Campbell) on Spanish life and customs, and another book called *The Poor Man's Preservative Against Popery*. Nobody reads it now, but in case it should come to the hand of some groper among old bookshops, such a one should bear in mind Newman's warning, that though what Blanco White testifies to as being facts within his own personal knowledge and eyesight may be relied upon as true, his inferences as to places and people known to him by hearsay are quite untrustworthy. His truthfulness is not impugned, but his judgment is warped and distorted by prejudice.

The fate of this book, written in disparagement of the Church by a priest who had left her fold, and given to a reading public greedy for anything hostile to Catholics, sup-

plies Newman with a pregnant text upon the insufficiency of truth to support the Protestant view of the Church. Here was a book relating facts detrimental not indeed to her truth and divine origin, but to the conduct and discipline of some of her children in one town in a foreign land, a book "published," as Newman tells us, "under the patronage of all the dignitaries of the Establishment, put into the hands of the whole body of the clergy for distribution at a low price, written in an animated style, addressed to the traditional hatred of the Catholic Church existing among us, which is an introduction to any book, whatever its intrinsic value." But cold fact was not sensational enough for the English Protestant appetite. It did not "catch on," and the wealthy firm which published the book did not care to incur the risk of reprinting it, so that Newman, who sent for a copy for the purpose of his lecture, was unable to get one.

On the other hand, the tissue of lies written by Maria Monk still luxuriates like some rank vegetation in miasmatic soil, and still, to their shame, numbers its readers by the thousand.

In 1826 Blanco White once more settled at Oxford, where he was honored by the degree of M.A. and an Oriel Fellowship. He appeared in the University pulpit, and lectured at the Ashmolean on his favorite subject of music. He speedily made friends with many of the leaders of the Oxford world—with those of Oriel of course where he was a member of the Common Room, and with lesser men of other colleges. He and Newman seem to have been drawn to each other by their common taste for music. Many were the duets they performed together, and the trios with Reinagle and others. Spectators have contrasted the demeanors of the players—the statuesque immobility of Newman, with his steel-cut features and adamant jaw, his eyes aflame with enthusiasm, and the excited gesticulations of Blanco, as his bow flew over the strings.

Newman's impassive violin playing was well illustrated on the celebrated occasion when the messenger arrived to bring him tidings of his election to the Oriel Fellowship. "Very well," said Newman calmly, as he continued fiddling as though the news had no interest for him. It was not until the servant had left the room that he flung down bow and fiddle and rushed off to impart the good news.

It was during his residence at Oxford that Blanco White wrote the famous sonnet which will probably live forever. It has even been pronounced to be the finest in the English or, indeed, in any other language. Its *motif* is wonderfully fine—the fear with which Adam first heard of Night, with its apparent blotting out of “this glorious canopy of Light and Blue.” And the sonnet ends:

“Why do we, then, shun Death with anxious strife?
If Light can thus deceive, wherefore not Life?”

Another sonnet from his pen, though very beautiful, is scarcely of the same calibre. It is written “On hearing myself for the first time called an old man.”

The position of a foreigner in England, and in Oxford especially, is liable to drawbacks. The life of the Common Room is essentially English. It exists probably in no other country in the world, and to appreciate it fully, enjoying its benefits and accepting its disadvantages, is scarcely possible to any foreigner.

Several causes contributed to alloy Blanco White's happiness at Oriel. To begin with, he was foreign. Then his position as Honorary Fellow prevented his having precedence over the newcomers who might be subsequently elected. The mortification of this was increased by the reflection that, one by one, the Fellows who had chosen him would pass away, giving place to strangers who would probably have less appreciation of him; and who (in his case literally) “knew not Joseph.”

Besides this he was a man of sensitive nature, seeing offence sometimes where none was meant, and smarting under it. And even at kindness he was apt to shy. At a Merton dinner he remarked that the bread was nice. One of the Fellows ordered that a loaf should be sent each morning to White's lodgings. This was perfect torture to the sensitive man. He was eating the bread of charity. Yet how could he resent it without giving offence? Then his theological position was a further trial. He disliked Evangelicalism intensely on account of its Calvinistic aspect, and the Low Church party on their side regarded him as a malignant, and managed to hinder him from being employed on the Clarendon Press.

Miss Guiney, in her monumental work on Richard Hurrell

Froude,* gives an interesting but provokingly transient glimpse of Blanco White and Froude. She writes :

Froude at this time was associating a good deal with Blanco White, the Anglicized Spaniard and ex-priest who came to Oriel, aged fifty-one, when Tyler left it, and deeply interested Oriel men with his knowledge of the scholastic philosophy. For some three years he was in great repute among them; his mental gifts were invalidated to them, later, by his aimlessness and instability. To his practical acquaintance with the Roman Breviary, often demonstrated in his own rooms, after dinner, to Froude, Newman, Pusey, and Wilberforce, Hurrell owed much, especially in conjunction with the able lectures on liturgical subjects being delivered by Dr. Lloyd (pp. 46, 47).

Oddly enough, it was Peel's candidature which seems to have put the finishing touch to Blanco White's Oxford happiness, just as it perforated the friendship, afterwards torn by religious differences, between Newman and Whately, and when the latter was appointed to the Archbishopric of Dublin, he invited White to accompany him to Ireland as tutor to his sons.

Though somewhat too impatient to be a successful teacher, he won the hearts of all the children who came into contact with him. One who knew him as a child records the delight she felt in a "little toy canary organ" which he gave her, and "the nurse in Hampden's family, where he frequently visited, encountering him on the stairs with an infant in her arms, told her mistress that the strange gentleman had bent over the child, and blessed it with words so beautiful that they could not fail to do it good." †

A man who had been educated as a Catholic, however imprudent his early teachers may have been, could never find peace or happiness in any form of religion other than that of the one truth. That Blanco White finally severed his connection with the Church of England is assuredly no matter for surprise. The only wonderful thing is how he could so long have been content with a creed so barren and illogical.

In Whately's house he wrote his *Second Travels of an Irish*

* Hurrell Froude. *Memoranda and Comments*. By Louise Imogen Guiney. Methuen & Co.

† *Pre-Tractarian Oxford*, p. 247.

Gentleman in Search of a Religion, in imitation of Moore's book, and as a sequel to it. He also published a pamphlet entitled *Heresy and Orthodoxy*. The working of his own mind, and a casual remark of Whately's about the unsuitability of writings indited in an Archbishop's palace being too radical, caused Blanco White to quit Dublin, much to the grief of the Whatelys. He settled in Liverpool, renounced Trinitarian doctrine, a conclusion to which he had long been tending, and frequented a Unitarian chapel in which Martineau often preached.

From the Royal Bounty Fund he obtained, through the good offices of Lord Holland, a grant of £300, and his personal needs were attended to by a niece who came to make her home with him. The last few months of his life were spent in acute pain and helplessness. He died in the house of Mr. Rathbone, at Greenbank. To the end he kept up an affectionate correspondence with the Whatelys, and he also exchanged letters with John Stuart Mill, Channing, and William Bishop.

His last recorded words are certainly curious, though they may also be called unintelligible: "God to me is Jesus, and J sus is God—of course not in the sense of divines"; a sentence which Mr. Tuckwell regards as the expression of "his twofold ruling passion of devotion and of protest." And the same author finds in Blanco White—as characteristics constituting "the epitome and the apologia of his long remonstrant struggling life"—"a consuming desire to gain religious truth; an equal sense of sacred obligation to make known the truth which he believed himself to have discovered; a deep consciousness of the Divine Presence; a longing for kindred aspiration among his fellow-men, and for social communion with them in worship."

Of some other characters who figure in Mr. Tuckwell's volume a few words must be said.

When Newman gained his Oriel Fellowship Copleston was Provost. His name is enshrined in the *Apologia* in one of those brief passages which, as with the skill of a practised painter, Newman brings before us for a fleeting moment, the gait and words of some man whom he never has occasion to mention again. He writes:

I was very much alone and I used often to take my daily walk by myself. I recollect once meeting Dr. Copleston, then Provost, with one of the Fellows. He turned round, and with the kind courteousness which sat so well on him, made me a bow and said: "*Nunquam minus solus, quam cum solus.*"

A very few years later Copleston was transferred from Oriel to the Bishopric of Llandaff, to give place to Hawkins and all that his election involved. During the twelve years of Copleston's Provostship many notable and interesting events occurred. Among them was the sad episode of Hartley Coleridge's election to a Fellowship and subsequent deprivation.

Hartley was son of the great philosopher and poet, Samuel Taylor Coleridge, the friend of Wordsworth and De Quincey. He inherited his father's genius, and Copleston welcomed him warmly to the ranks of the Oriel Fellows. But at the end of his probationary year his eccentric behavior made it impossible to confirm his Fellowship, and he was rejected. In his dismay, Samuel Coleridge journeyed to Oxford to protest—one of his arguments being that the degree of intoxication of which his son had been guilty, was neither injurious nor disgraceful. He pleaded that there were four kinds of intoxication, and that a distinction ought further to be drawn between intoxication and drunkenness. His ingenuity, however, was thrown away and Oriel knew Hartley no more.

Copleston was a staunch Protestant, a friend of the Reformation, and a liberal subscriber to the Martyrs' Memorial, the graceful erection opposite Balliol. Oddly enough, the windows of the first Catholic Fellow and Tutor at Balliol since the Reformation command a full view of it. The Memorial was put up as the protest of the anti-Tractarians against the volume of *Froude's Remains*,* though the appeal for subscriptions was artfully framed so as to include men of widely divergent views. Their money has put up a very beautiful erection—more beautiful than the lives which it commemorates. One of the so-called martyrs, of course, was the infamous apostate, Cranmer, of whom Hurrell Froude (or was it Frederic Rogers?) said that the best thing he ever heard of him was that he "burned well." Copleston also showed his dislike of "Rome" by adding to the already copious stock of anti-papal sermons which no one

* Mr. Keble called the Memorial "a public dissent from Froude."

now looks at, and by carrying in the House of Lords an amendment against opening diplomatic relations with the Vatican; a piece of insular prejudice which Gladstone found so inconvenient some fifty years later.

He detested "terminological inexactitudes" as fiercely as he, no doubt, regarded the things which have in our days received that title. He condemned the carelessness which confuses "facts"; with "truth." "Truth" implies a report of something that exists. "Fact" means its existence whether reported or not. He distinguishes between "reason" and "cause," "infallible" and "inevitable," "impossible" and "inconceivable." He disliked the common inaccuracies of speech which have surely become sanctioned by custom, such as "the sun sets," "time destroys," and the like. A little passage of arms with Newman is worth chronicling, though neither party could have imagined that its history would survive for over three-quarters of a century. Newman, soon after his election at Oriel, was serving a dish at dinner. "Mr. Newman," exclaimed the precise Provost, "we do not carve sweetbread with a spoon; Manciple, bring a blunt knife."

To exchange the secure, honorable, and comfortable position of an Oxford Head for the hardships and isolation of a Welsh bishopric must have required some courage. But he threw himself with energy into his work, riding on horseback into every corner of his diocese and into some villages where a bishop had never before been seen, that is to say, a Protestant bishop. He died in 1849 after a few weeks' illness.

The least known of Mr. Tuckwell's celebrities is Baden Powell, whose son has made the little South African village, Mafeking, famous for all time, and has caused a new word for riotous junketing to be added to the English language.

Baden Powell was the one man of science on the list of Noetics. In private life he seems to have been possessed of singular charm, and the detailed reminiscences written by his daughter, written expressly for Mr. Tuckwell's book, make delightful reading. He had a perfect genius for teaching children and for captivating their minds. Astronomy, mathematics, music, natural history—all became fascinating, even to little children, under his potent spell.

His ready wit must have made him a delightful companion, and his talent for drawing and caricature enabled him to il-

lustrate it. "Whately used to say," says Mr. Tuckwell, "that Powell's fine sense of humor came out in his drawings more than in his words," and he tells us that he has seen many sketches little valued by the artist, but treasured by Mrs. Powell, showing "facial expression, sit of dress, significance of posture," nearly worthy of Cruikshank. The humorous or witty mottoes beneath these sketches are as clever as the pictures themselves.

Enough has been said, perhaps, to convince my readers that in *Pre-Tractarian Oxford* they will find an interesting and, in some respects, satisfactory record of a little known period. That Mr. Tuckwell views men and events from a point of view totally opposed to that of a Catholic, goes without saying. Readers who sympathize with the Tractarian Movement—those especially who owe to it the happiness of being children of the Catholic Church, will find much to jar upon their most cherished feelings and convictions, but even they will probably allow that Mr. Tuckwell has in some sense filled a gap by sketching, in an agreeable and accessible form, the lives of eight men—seven of whom, at least, are well worthy to be numbered in the list of Oxford leaders.

THE ARTS IN SHAKESPEARE.

BY A. W. CORPE.



WHILE we properly rank Shakespeare, because of his insight into human nature, his sympathetic receptivity, and the wealth of his imagination, the most universal of poets, we must not forget that the creator of "tears and laughter for all time" was necessarily influenced and limited by the circumstances of the age in which he lived. It will therefore assist us, in studying his works, to take these into account. Accordingly, I propose briefly to consider how he stands affected by the arts, science, customs, and culture of his day.

Poetry, in the sense of being the expression of emotion, is necessarily coeval with human nature: the songs of Miriam and Deborah, the hymns of the inspired Psalmist, and other pieces recorded in Holy Writ; the legendary poems of the siege of Troy, and the wanderings of Ulysses, the noble dramas of the Athenian stage; even the glories of the Augustan age of Rome, seem to reach us over an abyss of time, and yet are alive with the same passions and emotions that affect us to-day. With the decline of the Empire, literature declined, and the dark ages have left us almost no record. In Shakespeare's country a few names emerge. Chief among these is Cædmon, who lived in the seventh century, but it was not until about the time of the Norman Conquest that the first germs of English, as we have it, began to make their appearance. Layamon, who lived at the end of the eleventh century, is the most conspicuous name of this period. Layamon is not easy reading; but by degrees, the Anglo-Saxon and Norman French became blended, and by the middle of the fourteenth century we have from the pen of Geoffrey Chaucer a language which, with a little study, the Englishman of to-day can read with facility, and which, enriched from time to time from various sources, has continued, without substantial modification, to our own times.

Here, then, we have the instrument Shakespeare was to use; we are to see in what way he did use it. Poetry has always

demanded a rhythmical language: the earliest Greek poems are in hexameters; the Greek drama used the more severe form of the iambic trimeter, interspersed with choruses of various meters; the Romans used for their epics the hexameter; for poems of a softer description, the elegiac form where a pentameter joined to a hexameter forms a couplet; Horace has familiarized us with odes in a variety of measures. The Romans did not use rhymes until the Post-Augustan age. In England the verse of the Anglo-Saxon period appears to have consisted chiefly in a kind of alliteration without any fixed number of syllables; the Normans seem to have introduced rhymes, at all events rhymes were not used before the time of Edward the Confessor; Chaucer used for his most important work, *The Canterbury Tales*, a ten-syllabled iambic line with rhymes; on other occasions, he used eight syllable iambic rhymed lines, and sometimes with alternate rhymes. During the following years a great variety of meters came into existence; it is only necessary to mention two or three: the fourteen syllable ballad verse, of which an early example occurs in "Amantium Iræ," by Richard Edwards: "In going to my naked bed as one that would have slept," with its refrain: "The falling out of faithful friends renewing is of love." A couplet of these lines, each line divided in the middle, as in "The Nut-Brown Maid," where the eight syllable lines also have leonine rhymes, forms the familiar common meter of the hymnologists; both this and the eight syllable line, with alternate rhymes, were common in Shakespeare's day. Quince, in "A Midsummer-Night's Dream," proposes that the prologue to their play "shall be written in eight and six." "No"; says Bottom, "make it two more, let it be written in eight and eight." An arrangement of fourteen lines of "eights," with a somewhat intricate system of rhymes, constituted the sonnet.

For songs and odes and similar poems, various kinds of verses and stanzas were made use of, according to the fancy of the poet. But by far the most important step of all was the introduction of blank verse, of which Henry Howard, Earl of Surrey, towards the end of Henry the Eighth's reign, appears to have been the originator—at least the earliest known specimen, a translation of part of the *Æneid*, is by him. This innovation appears to have come to England from Italy, where it was probably due to the influence of the Greek and Roman

poetry, which, as we have seen, was independent of rhyme. It gained ground rapidly, and, among the immediate predecessors and contemporaries of Shakespeare, was in common use. Sackville's tragedy of "Gorboduc," the earliest regular work of the kind, was in blank verse; Edwards' "Palamon and Arcite" was in rhyme; Brooke's "Tragical History of Romeus and Juliet" was in ballad meter; but the majority of dramatists adopted the new manner. It will suffice to mention Peele, Kyd, Greene, Marlowe (whose mighty line Ben Jonson celebrates), Ben Jonson himself, Beaumont, and Fletcher, among others. Shakespeare himself, in his earlier plays, makes considerable use of the rhymed couplet; gradually he discarded it, so that its more or less frequency is an important indication of the date of the play. In the later plays it is entirely absent, except occasionally in the closing lines of a scene where it certainly gives importance and dignity. In the poems Shakespeare makes use of the ten syllable rhymed verse in stanzas of various forms. In the songs occurring in the plays, various meters are used.

In connection with this subject, it is curious to note that Dryden, influenced probably by the French style, which came in with the Restoration, strenuously maintained the superiority of the rhymed couplet for the drama. At the end of "Religio Laici" he defends the use of it as "fittest for discourse and nearest prose."

In the preface to his tragedy, "All for Love" (founded upon the same story as "Anthony and Cleopatra"), however, he says: "In my style I have preferred to imitate the divine Shakespeare, which that I might perform freely, I have disencumbered myself from rhyme, not that I condemn my former way, but that this is more proper to my present purpose."

Even Byron, who said: "Prose poets like blank verse, I'm fond of rhyme," used blank verse in his dramatic pieces. We shall probably concur with Tennyson that: "Blank verse becomes the finest vehicle of thought in the language of Shakespeare and Milton."

Harrison has given us a picture of the state of England in the reign of Elizabeth, interesting since it shows the transition from the rudeness of earlier times and the contrast between domestic life of that day and our own; but, as far as Shakespeare's works are concerned, the manners of the times do not

very materially differ from those with which we are ourselves familiar. True, we know that rushes covered the floor even in palaces where we would expect to find carpets, and the tapestry and painted cloths served not only to ornament, but to cover the walls and to exclude draughts; thus, when Glendower tells Mortimer that his wife

“Bids you on the wanton rushes lay you down,
And rest your gentle head upon her lap,
And she will sing the song that pleaseth you,”

we understand that the rushes are no indication of want of refinement in Glendower's castle, and we realize how often the convenient arras may have served to conceal eavesdroppers. In the two or three places in Shakespeare, where the word “carpet” is used, it is used for the covering of a table, as in “The Taming of the Shrew,” for instance, where it is said: “The carpets are laid;” and a few lines earlier: “the rushes are strewed.”

To one thing which Harrison mentions, we should certainly have expected some allusion in Shakespeare, *viz.*, tobacco, the use of which he tells us was held to be sovereign against “rewmes and some other diseases ingendered in the longes and inward partes.” The virtues of the “weed” and the mode of smoking it, or “drinking” it as seems to have been the phrase, are frequently alluded to by his contemporaries, but we search in vain for any reference to tobacco by Shakespeare.

It will scarcely be a matter of surprise if Shakespeare, whose experiences were necessarily confined to the circumstances of his own age and country, should translate the characteristics of foreign countries and remote ages into those of which he was himself cognizant: hence the Moor of Venice is represented as a negro; hence he not only provides Brutus with a clock which strikes the hours, he makes it keep English time; possibly this was a condescension to the gallery; but this can hardly be urged in the case of the artillery at Angiers in “King John.” This peculiarity is by no means confined to Shakespeare; a remarkable instance of a similar kind—in this case deliberately intended—occurs in “Paradise Lost,” where Milton provides the rebel angels with cannon, with which to assail the hosts of heaven.

Shakespeare so seldom allows any trace of his own personality to appear in his dramatic characters, that we should scarcely expect to find in his plays any conspicuous reference to his own art as a poet. The passage in "A Midsummer-Night's Dream," where Theseus ranks the poet with the lunatic and the lover, seems to have a touch of satire in it; but the latter part of the passage:

"As imagination bodies forth
The forms of things unknown, the poet's pen
Turns them to shapes, and gives to airy nothing
A local habitation and a name,"

exhibiting the creative faculty of the "maker," as the old word was, seems to come from Shakespeare's own mind.

When in "As You Like It" Touchstone tells Audrey that he wishes that the gods had made her poetical, she asks with a keenness, which we should have hardly looked for: "I do not know what 'poetical' is: is it honest in deed and word? Is it a true thing?" And then Touchstone admits that "the truest poetry is the most feigning"; and quotes in illustration that "lovers are given to poetry," which, whatever the reason, is equally true to-day. The graceful tribute to Marlowe (quoted from his "Hero and Leander"), which is put into the mouth of Phebe in the same play, must not be forgotten.

In his poems Shakespeare is less reticent: in the dedication of his "Venus and Adonis" to Lord Southampton, he speaks of it as the "first heir of his invention." That he was by no means unconscious of his ability or indifferent to its recognition may be gathered from Sonnet LV.:

"Not marble, nor the gilded monuments
Of princes shall outlive this powerful rhyme."

A passage which seems redolent of Horace's "Exegi monumentum ære perennius," or perhaps Ovid's "Jamque opus exegi." Whether Shakespeare had any acquaintance with the classics in the original, must remain an open question. Dr. Farmer, in the eighteenth century, made an elaborate demonstration, that all Shakespeare's acquaintance with classical literature *might* have been derived from translations. Ben Jonson's allowance of at least *some* Greek would seem to imply the pos-

session of sufficient Latin to read Ovid, whose works would furnish him with all he required.

Shakespeare's references to mythological subjects, are numerous and apposite. To quote a few instances: Richard II. likens his fall to that of "glistening phæton"; Bardolph's complexion reminds Falstaff's page of Althæa's firebrand, which he confounds with the burning torch which Hecuba dreamed she had brought forth; Althæa's brand is again referred to in Henry VI., this time correctly, York declaring that the realms of England, France, and Ireland bore the same relation to his life as did the fatal brand to that of Meleager. Imogen, from whom it appears that reading in bed was indulged in in Shakespeare's day, though possibly not known in that of Cymbeline, had been reading the tale of Tereus—how like her position to that of Philomela—while Tachimo lay concealed in her chamber. Florizel, in "The Winter's Tale," refers to the disguises the gods assumed in the prosecution of their amours.

"The gods themselves,
Humbling their deities to love, have taken
The shapes of beasts upon them: Jupiter
Became a bull, and bellow'd; the green Neptune
A ram, and bleated; and the fire-robed god,
Golden Apollo, a poor humble swain,
As I seem now."

Falstaff, in "The Merry Wives of Windsor," makes a similar reference with regard to himself. Benedick, after an encounter with Beatrice, who, he says, misused him "past the endurance of a block," likens her to "the infernal Ate." Rosalind will be called by the name of "Jove's own page," Ganymede, during the sojourn of Celia and herself in the forest of Arden. One might hardly suspect that in Jaques' comment on Touchstone's punning reference to Ovid, "Oh, knowledge ill-inhabited! worse than Jove in a thatched house," there lay a reference to the fable of "Philemon and Baucis." An allusion to the same story is made by Don Pedro in "Much Ado," in a form which certainly suggests acquaintance with Golding's translation of the metamorphosis. In "Twelfth Night" Sir Toby calls Maria Penthesilea. In "Henry VI." Charles calls the Maid of Orleans Astræa's daughter, probably hoping to see

the return of the Golden Age. In "Lucrece" her smile is said to be so sweet

"That had Narcissus seen her as she stood
Self-love had never drowned him in the flood."

As was to be naturally expected, music, "the exaltation of poetry," is frequently referred to in Shakespeare. True, the emotional, orchestral music to which we are accustomed had not come into being in Shakespeare's time, but the severe, contrapuntal music of previous time had given birth to the madrigal. Chamber music, especially for "chests of viols," was extensively practised, and every decently cultured person, man or woman, was expected to be able to play on the lute, which appears to have formed the usual accompaniment to the voice in song. From the crabbed figures of the contrapuntal schools pure natural melody had been evolved, and it is not improbable that the voice, untrammelled by the exigencies of fixed-toned instruments, adapted to be used in every key, was produced with a purity of intonation which our dulled ears fail to appreciate. Besides general references to drums, trumpets, hautboys, flutes, etc., there are numerous passages which make it clear that Shakespeare was not without some technical knowledge of music. In "The Two Gentlemen of Verona" Julia suggests to her maid, Lucetta, that some love of hers has writ to her in rhyme; she replies:

"That I might sing it, madam, to a tune.
Give me a note; your ladyship can set,"

Julia, quibbling on the word, says:

"As little by such toys as may be possible.
But sing it to the tune of 'Light o' Love.'"

Lucetta: "It is too heavy for so light a tune."

Julia: "Heavy! belike it hath some burthen then?"

Burthen being, of course, the Bourdon or drone-bass. We learn from Margaret, in "Much Ado," that Light o' Love, "goes without a burden."

In "The Taming of the Shrew" Hortensio gives an amusing account of his attempt to teach music to Katharina:

"I did but tell her, she mistook her frets
And bowed her hand to teach her fingering."

Cassio, having directed a band of musicians to play before the castle in which Desdemona is lodged, Othello's servant asks them if their instruments have been to Naples "that they speak i' the nose thus?" and presently gives them money and informs them that the General so likes their music, that he desires them to make no more noise with it, and he sends them away. Shylock also speaks of the nasal tone of the bagpipes. Sir Andrew Aguecheek who, besides his other accomplishments, "plays o' the viol-de-gamboys," must not be forgotten. The affectation of unwillingness, or inability, on the part of singers—an affectation as old as Horace's time—is well ridiculed by Jaques.

Nor are passages wanting in which music is treated of in a serious mood. The lines in "The Merchant of Venice," where Lorenzo tells Jessica that the man who is without the love of music is not to be trusted, are almost proverbial, but the preceding lines are even more impressive. Lorenzo has said :

"How sweet the moonlight sleeps upon this bank!
 Here will we sit and let the sounds of music
 Creep in our ears: soft stillness and the night
 Become the touches of sweet harmony.
 Sit, Jessica. Look how the floor of heaven
 Is thick inlaid with patines of bright gold:
 There's not the smallest orb which thou behold'st
 But in his motion like an angel sings,
 Still quiring to the young-eyed cherubins;
 Such harmony is in immortal souls."

A passage evidently reminiscent of Job. Jessica remarks:

"I am never merry when I hear sweet music."

He replies:

"The reason is, your spirits are attentive."

A touch similar to Jessica's occurs in Sonnet VIII.:

"Music to hear, why hear'st thou music sadly?"

It is interesting to observe that a note of Cassius' dangerous character is that "he hears no music." But the rule does not always hold good. True, Shylock does not seem to have appreciated music, but then neither did Henry Hotspur. After

Glendower had been saying that he had set ballads to the harp, Hotspur says:

“I had rather be a kitten and cry ‘mew’
 Than one of these same meter ballad-mongers;
 I had rather hear a brazen canstick turn’d,
 Or a dry wheel grate on the axle-tree.”

Othello does not appear to have been fond of music. The use of music to affect, excite, or soothe the mind is frequently mentioned. When Bassanio is about to make his choice, Portia will aid him with music and a song. Prospero, when about to renounce his magic arts, requires “some heavenly music.” Paulina, proceeding to animate the supposed statue, exclaims:

“Music awake her, strike!
 ’Tis time; descend; be stone no more.”

In the exquisite scene of Lear’s return to sanity music plays its part and is made the moving power in his recovery. Desdemona, in her distress, recalls how her mother

“had a maid called Barbara,
 . . . She had a song of ‘willow’;
 An old thing ’twas, but it expressed her fortune,
 And she died singing it; that song to-night
 Will not go from my mind.”

And her woman, Emilia, dying, cries:

“What did thy song bode, lady?
 Hark! canst thou hear me? I will play the swan,
 And die in music.”

We might call flowers the poetry of the inanimate world’s beauty—“pure perfection” as the Ettrick Shepherd defined it—but without emotion. Shakespeare’s references to flowers are always sympathetic. Both the poems and the plays contain frequent allusions to them. In “Lucrece” the heroine is pictured lying asleep.

“Her lily hand her rosy cheek lies under,
 Cozening the pillow of a lawful kiss.
 . . .
 Without the bed her other fair hand was,
 On the green coverlet; whose perfect white
 Show’d like an April daisy on the grass,
 With pearly sweat, resembling dew of night.

Her eyes, like marigolds, had sheathed their light,
 And canopied in darkness sweetly lay,
 Till they might open to adorn the day.

The masquers' song in "Love's Labour's Lost," "When Daisies Pied," is perhaps the earliest reference in the plays.

In "The Winter's Tale" a charming scene occurs at the sheep-shearing: Perdita, as hostess, gives to Polixenes and Camillo "rosemary and rue," which Polixenes acknowledges in beautiful language.

It may be noted that Greene's tale of "Pandosto," upon which Shakespeare based "The Winter's Tale," and which he followed to the extent of furnishing a seacoast to Bohemia, does not contain the beautiful scene, nor does the incident of the supposed statue occur in it. Ophelia's song of her true love, whose white shroud was "larded all with sweet flowers"; her mysterious distribution of rosemary, pansies, fennel, columbines, rue, daisies; how her violets withered all when her father died; how she hung over the glassy stream weaving coronets of wild flowers "when down the weedy trophies and herself fell in the weeping brook." How, notwithstanding what was judged to be a "doubtful" death, she was allowed

"her virgin crants,
 Her maiden strewments, and the bringing home
 Of bell and burial."

How the Queen scattered flowers upon her coffin with "sweets to the sweet, farewell!" and how Laertes pictured that from her pure and unspotted flesh violets should spring, are familiar to all.

The fine passage in Henry VIII., where Wolsey soliloquizes:

"Farewell! a long farewell to all my greatness!
 This is the state of man: to-day he puts forth
 The tender leaves of hope; to-morrow blossoms,
 And bears his blushing honors thick upon him;
 The third day comes a frost, a killing frost,
 And, when he thinks, good easy man, full surely
 His greatness is a-ripening, nips his root,
 And then he falls, as I do,

is, according to the critics, by Fletcher, Shakespeare's collabora-

tor in this play. If so, it serves to show how nearly Fletcher could, on occasion, approach his exemplar.

Akin to poetry is the presentation of it, and this leads to Shakespeare's own craft as an actor. The references to acting are not very numerous, but it is evident he had a high ideal of his art. The words of advice to the players have become a commonplace, but his recognition and cordial reception of the actors as old friends, are significant. On Gildenstern's introduction, Hamlet addresses them: "Gentlemen, you are welcome to Elsinore. Your hands—" and further on: "You are welcome, masters, welcome all; I am right glad to see thee well; welcome good friends," and adds personal compliments to certain of them. And later to Polonius: "Good, my lord, will you see the players well bestowed? do you hear? let them be well used, for they are the abstracts and brief chronicles of the time.

Julia, in her character as a page, in a beautiful passage in "The Two Gentlemen of Verona," tells Sylvia how at their pageants at Pentecost,

"Our youth got me to play the woman's part,
And I was trimmed in Madam Julia's gown."

Juliet, about to take the Friar's potion, almost distracted by her apprehensions, reminds herself:

"My dismal scene, I must needs act alone."

The clown's play in "Midsummer-Night's Dream," of course, furnishes material: what beards the actors should don; the bill of properties; the cue, etc. The Duke, in "As You Like It," has said:

"This wide and universal theatre
Presents more woeful pageants than the scene
Wherein we play in."

And the suggestion draws from Jaques the celebrated comparison of the world to a stage. Coriolanus, overcome by the entreaties of his wife and mother, exclaims:

"Like a dull actor now
I have forgot my part, and I am out,
Even to a full disgrace."

Macbeth, finding himself about to be besieged in his castle, is informed of his wife's death. He cries:

“ Out, out, brief candle!
 Life's but a walking shadow; a poor player
 That struts and frets his hour upon the stage
 And then is heard no more.”

Two passages in the Sonnets give an almost painful impression, of the feeling with which the low estimation, actors were held in, affected Shakespeare:

“Alas, 'tis true, I have gone here and there
 And made myself a motley to the view,
 Gored mine own thoughts, sold cheap what is most dear,
 Made old offences of affections new.” (Sonnet CX.)

“O, for my sake, do you with Fortune chide,
 The guilty goddess of my harmful deeds,
 That did not better for my life provide
 Than public means which public manners breeds.
 Thence comes it that my name receives a brand,
 And almost thence my nature is subdued
 To what it works in, like the dyer's hand.” (Sonnet CXI.)

Of painting and sculpture Shakespeare has little to say; occasional mention is made of portraits and miniatures, those of Hamlet's father and uncle at once occur to us. Of the art of sculpture I believe the only reference is to the supposed statue in “The Winter's Tale.” No doubt authority can be quoted for the use of paint on statuary, but it does not belong to the best period of the art; it was obviously necessary here and it serves, incidentally, to heighten the fervor of Leonte's feelings.

In no direction has so great an amelioration taken place since Shakespeare's day as in the medical art. In the direction of science and mechanics hints of progress may be found in Shakespeare which seem almost prophetic; we learn how Ariel “would drink the air before him”; how Puck would “put a girdle round the earth in forty minutes”; the passage in “King John” where Philip, rejoicing in the projected marriage of his daughter, declares that “the glorious sun stays in his course, and plays the alchemist,” might, with a little change in the application, pass for a forecast of photography; Imogen's rapturous wish on hearing that Posthumus was at Milford Haven—“O, for a horse with wings. . . . If one of mean

affairs may plod it in a week, why may not I glide thither in a day?"—has been more than realized by the motor car. But in the case of medicine we feel ourselves carried back to the Middle Ages: the qualities of herbs, mysterious potions, deadly poisons, healing salves, are the *materia medica* of the time. During the Wars of the Roses there must have been numerous opportunities for the exercise of conservative surgery, but the surgeon appears to have little resource beyond blood-letting. Many mentions of the power of herbs occur: Juliet's confessor, Friar Lawrence, is introduced as collecting

"Baleful weeds and precious-juiced flowers.
 . . . for many virtues excellent;
 None but for some and yet all different.

Within the infant rind of this weak flower
 Poison hath residence and medicine power;
 For this, being smelt, with that part cheers each part;
 Being tasted, slays all senses with the heart."

The Abbess, in "The Comedy of Errors," will administer "wholesome syrups and drugs," and aid them with "holy prayers." The Physician in "Cymbeline" endeavors to dissuade the Queen from practising with "poisonous compounds which are the movers of a languishing death." We have the mysterious sleeping potions of Juliet and Imogen. Oberon tells us of the magic juice of the

"little western flower,
 Before milk-white, now purple with love's wound."

Jessica reminds us that it was by night, that

"Medea gathered the enchanted herbs
 That did renew old Æson."

Romeo gives us an amusing description of his visit to the Apothecary: he tells how

"In his needy shop a tortoise hung,
 An alligator stuff'd, and other skins
 Of ill-shap'd fishes; and about his shelves
 A beggarly account of empty boxes,
 Green earthen pots, bladders, and musty seeds,
 Remnants of packthread, and old cakes of roses,
 Were thinly scattered to make up a show."

In "All's Well That Ends Well," the story turns upon the success of a prescription left by Helena's father, whereby the King is cured of a fistula (this is so in the novel in the *Decameron*, upon which the play is founded) after the patient and his physician "are of a mind, he that they cannot help him, they that they cannot help."

Othello had doubtless realized that "not poppy nor mandragora, nor all the drowsy syrups of the world," could relieve the mind roused to jealousy. Lady Macbeth's physician is forced to admit that he is unable to "minister to a mind diseased," or "raze out the written trouble of the brain."

The art of jurisprudence as exemplified in Shakespeare is interesting, not only on its own account, but because several of the references made to it show such a technical knowledge of the subject as to lead to the supposition that Shakespeare must have passed some time in the practical pursuit of the law. Anglo-Saxon and Norman customs had long been fused together, and legal documents were not uncommonly written in English, though many of the Norman-French terms survived, as indeed they do to this day. The principles of land tenure were determined substantially as we know them; on the other hand, the vast body of social and commercial law, and the functions of the Courts of Equity were in their infancy. "The Merchant of Venice," the plot of which turns mainly upon the bond given by Antonio to Shylock, furnishes a complete view of a trial in a court of law of the time.

It would be tedious to make any extended reference to Shakespeare's use of technical law terms. We may accept the dictum of the late Lord Campbell, who, as successively Chief Justice and Lord Chancellor, was peculiarly able to form an opinion, that while the technical terms used in law were of so special a character, that a layman could hardly fail to blunder in using them, Shakespeare has uniformly used them correctly; but a few illustrations may be given: Shylock was to let Antonio have half of his goods for Lorenzo after Shylock's death; this strictly technical expression has reference to a device for avoiding forfeiture, which was the occasion of the famous act of 27th Henry VIII., known as the Statute of Uses. In "Love's Labour's Lost" a particularly technical reference to real property law is made. Boyet asks Maria to "grant pasture" for him, meaning to let him kiss her. "No, no, gentle beast," she

says, "my lips are no common, though several they be." That is to say, her lips are pasture for one person only, and not for all the world. The Countess Olivia, in "Twelfth Night," says: "I will give out divers schedules of my beauty; it shall be inventoried: . . . as, item, two lips, indifferent red; item, two gray eyes, with lids to them." This term, schedule, the use of which is almost exclusively confined to legal documents, occurs in three or four other places. Always in a sense agreeing with its technical use. The seal, the most solemn form of assent to a document deriving its origin from the time when the art of writing was comparatively rare, has survived to the present day. Formerly the seal was affixed to the document by a slip of parchment called the label—a deed executed by Shakespeare himself, with the seals affixed in this way, is preserved in the British Museum. Many references to the seal occur. For instance, Shylock says to Bassanio:

"Till thou canst rail the seal from off my bond
Thou but offend'st thy lungs to talk so loud."

"Here is your hand and seal for what I did," is Hubert's reply to King John, touching the supposed death of Arthur. In one remarkable passage both the seal and label are mentioned together: Juliet, learning from the friar that she must inevitably be married to Paris, says:

"If, in thy wisdom, thou canst give no help,
Do thou but call my resolution wise,
And with this knife I'll help it presently.
God join'd my heart and Romeo's, thou our hands;
And ere this hand, by thee to Romeo seal'd,
Shall be the label to another deed,
Or my true heart with treacherous revolt
Turn to another, this shall slay them both."

In a different vein, we might quote the first gravedigger's famous reference to "Crownner's quest law" and Dogberry's readiness to lay "five shillings on't to one with any man that knows the statues."

In conclusion we may congratulate ourselves on possessing in the works of Shakespeare, a living picture of a period not the least interesting in the history of civilization.

New Books.

THE CATHOLIC ENCYCLO- PEDIA.

The rapidity with which the production of this great work is proceeding might raise a suspicion that celerity is bought at the expense of quality. An examination of this,* as of the preceding four volumes, cannot but convince even the gentle sceptic that there is no ground for such doubt. If this one shows any difference from that of its predecessors, it is that the sense of proportion in the allotment of space is more conspicuous; and that there are no titles introduced which could claim a place only under the most liberal interpretation of the encyclopedia's scope.

There are many articles which have offered the editors an opportunity to manifest the spirit in which they have conceived and are carrying out their task; that is, to combine uncompromising fidelity to authoritative doctrine and traditional Catholic ideals with a due regard for the advance of learning. Probably one of the topics to which many will turn as a crucial instance in this regard is "Evolution." There are two divisions in the treatment of this question; each paper is signed by the name of a writer who has already won respect in the field of biology. A general view of the theory and of the Catholic attitude towards it is given by Father Wassman, S.J. He draws attention to the fact that Darwinism and evolution are not synonymous terms—a piece of information which some well-meaning speakers and writers among ourselves will do well to take note of. The evolution theory, he holds, may be placed on a theistic and Christian basis; and with regard to man's origin he makes concessions that might, perhaps, seem strange to ears attuned only to the note dominant in our apologetic orchestra of thirty, or even fifteen, years ago. On this head he sums up as follows, in answer to the question, To what extent is the theory of evolution applicable to man?

That God should have made use of natural evolutionary,

* *The Catholic Encyclopedia*. An International work of Reference on the Constitution, Doctrine, Discipline, and History of the Catholic Church. Edited by Charles G. Herbermann, Ph.D., LL.D., Ed. A. Paez, D.D., Condé B. Pallen, Ph.D., Thomas J. Shahan, D.D., John J. Wynne, S.J. In Fifteen Volumes. Vol. V. Dioc-Faith. New York: The Robert Appleton Company.

original causes in the production of man's body is *per se* not improbable, and was proposed by St. Augustine. The actual proofs of the descent of man's body from animals is, however, inadequate, especially in respect to palæontology, and the human soul could not have been derived through natural evolution from that of the brute, since it is of a spiritual nature; for which reason we must refer its origin to a creative act of God.

The other paper, by Father Muckermann, is an excellent sketch of the history and scientific foundations of the theory, condensed, with some illustrations, into about fifteen pages. With regard to the arguments offered for animal origin of man, Father Muckermann is more peremptory than his collaborator.

There is no trace of even a merely probable argument in favor of the animal origin of man. The earliest human fossils and the most ancient traces of culture refer to a true *Homo sapiens* as we know him to-day.

An article that, no doubt, will prove of interest and value to non-Catholics is that on "Divorce." The subject has been treated clearly and thoroughly by Father Lehmkuhl. There will be no longer any excuse for a repetition of the misconceptions regarding, for example, the difference between nullity and divorce, or the nature of the Pauline privilege, which so frequently turn up when some opponent undertakes to discuss the doctrine and discipline of the Church regarding matrimony. There is a remarkably concise yet comprehensive sketch, from the religious point of view, of the history of England before the Reformation, by Father Thurston, S.J.; and the subsequent era is taken up by Mr. W. S. Lilly, who tells the story with his usual munificence in the matter of quotations, and manages to record Catholic emancipation without mentioning the name of "that Irish fellow, O'Connell." A group of articles on topics connected with the Oriental Church comes from the pen of Dr. Adrian Fortescue; while M. Boudinhon, the professor of Canon Law in the Catholic Institute of Paris, contributes several on canonical matters, of which the most important is "Ex-communication."

Father Cathrein's article on "Ethics" contains an excellent brief outline of Christian ethics. One regrets, however,

that when treating of the origin of civil authority he omitted—or shall we say avoided?—giving any notice of the democratic doctrine of the scholastics and his illustrious *confrère*, Suarez, that power comes to the ruler from God *through the people*. And it is somewhat arbitrary to lay down as Catholic teaching a view or theory which, while favored by some reputable theologians, is not accepted by others. Father Cathrein explains the lawfulness of polygamy and divorce on the ground that God dispensed, for a time, from the obligations of the natural law; but some eminent theologians do not admit the possibility of any dispensation from the natural law, and solve the difficulties of ancient matrimonial practice in another way. The biblical subjects in this volume are comparatively few, and none of them of the first importance. An able article on “Exegesis,” by Father Maas, S.J., does not mark sufficiently the light which exegesis has been able to draw from the vast discoveries made in ancient archæology during the past century.

As one turns over the pages of this volume one is tempted to enlarge beyond the bounds of a book notice the list of subjects that have been treated with conspicuous ability. But we must resist, and conclude with expressing the conviction that, while microscopic criticism might find some opportunities for stricture, this volume fulfils the promise of the encyclopedia to be a work that will meet the reasonable standards of the learned without neglecting the claims of the uncritical. There are, too, some articles, as, for instance, the splendid one on “Egypt,” that even specialists may study with profit.

CHURCH HISTORY. When the future historian comes to write the story of the revival of Catholic historical scholarship in the nineteenth century he will note the name of Duchesne as the Eusebius of that movement. At length we possess an English version of his study on the early Church,* a study which, besides augmenting and correcting our previous knowledge of the first ages of Christianity, has helped incalculably ecclesiastical history by setting a model of exact scientific method. The work is so well known in the original that it would

* *Early History of the Christian Church From Its Foundation to the End of the Third Century*. By Mgr. Louis Duchesne. Rendered into English from the Fourth Edition. New York: Longmans, Green & Co.

be superfluous here to present any synopsis of its contents or any estimate of its verdicts.

We may, however, observe that in many places Mgr. Duchesne's method destroys in advance arguments urged by opponents against Catholicism and the papacy, by frankly recognizing just how far historic proof is available in our favor; and then refraining from pressing the records to yield what they do not contain. For example, one might cite the dispute regarding Easter between St. Victor and the Asiatics. When the Pope, Mgr. Duchesne shows, undertook to excommunicate the Asiatic churches, St. Irenæus and the other Asiatic bishops resisted him: "though agreeing in the main, with the Roman Church, they could not, for such an insignificant matter, allow venerable churches, founded by Apostles, to be treated as centers of heresy, and cut off from the family of Christ." Yet here, and on every other occasion where the most vital question of the supremacy of the Pope comes into consideration, Mgr. Duchesne brings out the overwhelming evidence that exists for the Primacy. But, at the same time, he carefully insists upon the fact, implicit rather than explicit recognition of the Pope's supremacy is what we generally find. Many zealous defenders of it have weakened their case by disregarding this fact. His exposition of the relations of the Roman See to the other Apostolic organizations is formulated so as to meet the classic objections drawn from this period against the supremacy—

[The special authority of Rome] was felt rather than defined; it was felt, first of all, by the Romans themselves, who, from the time of St. Clement, never had any hesitation as to their duty to all Christendom; it was felt also by the rest of the world, so long as the expression of it did not conflict with some contrary idea, determined by circumstances. In the exercise of her moral authority, an exercise which no one could have defined, the Roman Church was led sometimes to support men, sometimes to cross them. As long as she did not cross them, there was no expression sufficiently strong to express their enthusiasm and respect, and even the obedience they felt incumbent upon them. In the event of conflicting opinion, *i. e.*, in the times of Popes Victor and Stephen, then men did not consider the prerogatives of the See of Peter so self-evident. But in the ordinary course of events, the great Christian community of the Metropolis of the world, founded

at the very origin of the Church, consecrated by the presence and martyrdom of the Apostles Peter and Paul, kept its old place as the common center of Christianity, and, if we may so express it, as the business center of the Gospel.

The corresponding attitude of Rome, he shows, witnesses to the same purport:

Rome kept an eye on the doctrinal disputes which agitated other countries; it knew how to bring Origen to book for the eccentricities of his exegesis, and how to recall the powerful Primate of Egypt to orthodoxy. The situation was so clear that even the pagans were conscious of it. Between two candidates for the episcopal see of Antioch the Emperor Aurelian saw at once that the right one was he who was in communion with Rome. And yet, these relations were insufficiently defined. The fast approaching day, when centrifugal forces come into play, will bring regret that the organization of the Universal Church was not developed so far as that of the local churches. Unity will suffer.

That useful little book *Characteristics of the Early Church** has reached a second edition. It is a very brief conspectus of ecclesiastical history for the first five hundred years. The writer marks the significance of facts bearing upon apostolic succession and the primacy of St. Peter. There would have been a good deal of mechanical, and some labor of research, required if the author had appended precise references to his statements and quotations. But the labor would have greatly increased the value of the book for non-Catholics who find themselves drawn to examine the claims of the Church.

MODERNISM.

Among the more conspicuous of the recent refutations of Modernism may be mentioned that of Père Mamus.† The author, following almost rigorously the lines of the papal encyclical, treats successively the aim of the modernists; the modernists and the Church; the modernists, reason, and religion; the modernists and doctrinal evolution; the modernists and dogma, scholasticism, the divinity of Christ,

* *Characteristics of the Early Church*. By Rev. J. J. Burke. New York: The Christian Press Association.

† *Les Modernistes*. Par Le P. Mamus. Paris: G. Beauchesne et Cie.

and Christianity. Covering thus the two distinct fields, the exegetical and the philosophical, this book has the advantage of being comprehensive. But, on the other hand, neither of the problems receives the thorough treatment which has been given to them by writers who have confined themselves to one or other of the divisions; as, for example, M. Lepin, whose able work was noticed in these columns.

The philosophical errors indicated as the basis of modernism by the Holy Father—agnosticism and immanence—are discussed in two works which have a wider scope than the refutation of modernism, though this issue necessarily falls under review in its proper place. It is instructive to note that while one of these works makes agnosticism its direct target, and the other takes immanence for its subject, each one treats both topics, and merely reverses the rank accorded to them, respectively in the other book. In *Les Deux Aspects de l'Immanence*,* M. Thamiry has a constructive purpose. Recognizing that while absolute immanence means pantheism or monism, there is a partial or relative immanence which St. Paul expressed when he said: "In Him we live, move, and have our being." M. Thamiry undertakes to reconcile with orthodox doctrine the truth which the exaggerated theories of immanence have distorted. In the doctrine of St. Augustine, which was followed by St. Thomas, relative to the existence of seminal principles (*rationes seminales*), M. Thamiry believes there is a key to a luminous theory. He gives to this idea of *rationes seminales* an application far beyond the field of biology. In his hands it is used not alone to explain the origin of life, but also the genesis of our judgments concerning necessary truths and first principles, as well as our assents to dogmatic and moral doctrines—in brief, not alone were *rationes seminales* lodged in matter for ultimate development into life, but there are also intellectual *rationes seminales* in the human mind which play a large part in the constitution of all our knowledge.

The volume directed against agnosticism issues from the Catholic University of Toulouse. The special feature of the work is the unusually large measure of attention and space

* *Les Deux Aspects de l'Immanence et le Problème Religieux*. Par Ed. Thamiry. Paris: Bloud et Cie.

assigned to the psychological [side of the question.* For this reason M. Michelet will repay reading, as the subject has been passed over so lightly by many apologists that their writings fail to meet decisively the errors which they would destroy. This has not escaped M. Michelet's notice: "Convinced," he writes of himself, "that apologetics ought to turn to its profit whatever is legitimate in present aspirations, and whatever is scientific in contemporary effort, the author has judged that as others labor for the divorce of the history of religions from its materialistic interpretations, it is necessary likewise, while rejecting firmly the doctrine of immanence, to maintain the legitimacy and utility of this new science of religious psychology." The character of these two able works indicates that the defenders of orthodoxy are now employing the most efficient tactics; which is to demonstrate that the distorted truths which give error whatever plausibility and strength it possesses, find their natural environment, and can be incorporated, in their pure form into the orthodox system.

DON BOSCO.

As its title indicates, this volume † is the history of but a part of Don Bosco's life and works. It opens with his entry into the priesthood and closes with the year 1866. The author, Father Bonetti, was a close companion of Don Bosco, so that he writes as an eye-witness, and from personal information. His style of narration is charmingly simple and realistic. Anecdotes, incidents of daily occurrence in Don Bosco's career, and the critical trials through which he passed during the Italian disturbances, are woven into a narrative on the most generous scale, and presented with that simplicity which is the perfection of art. Long dialogues and conversations are repeated with the fidelity of a Boswell. Before we have read many chapters we seem to know intimately, not alone Don Bosco himself, but also typical characters among his protégés and most of the persons who conspicuously helped or hindered his loving labors; and the house of refuge in Turin is almost as much a reality for us as it was to the nearest neighbors. Much interesting sidelight is thrown upon Italian events and conditions during the struggle against Austria; and we

* *Dieu et l'Agnosticisme Contemporaine.* Par George Michelet. Paris: V. Lecoffre.

† *History of Don Bosco's Early Apostolate.* Translated from the work of C. Bonetti, S.C. London: The Salesian Press.

meet Cavour himself in comparatively obscure surroundings. Seldom has the work of an apostle of charity found so interesting a chronicler. Chronicle is, perhaps, the most fitting designation for the story; it has an air of directness and *naïveté* that is seldom to be found in our latter-day biographers.

THROUGH RAMONA'S
COUNTRY.

All those who have read Helen Hunt Jackson's *Ramona*, and many who have not, will find Mr. James' book* a delightful complement of

that famous novel.

The author very earnestly explains that *Ramona* is "a mosaic of fact and of fiction." Of fact, because "there is scarcely a statement relating to the country" (Southern California) "the Spanish home life, of description, of the treatment of the Indians, etc., that is not literally true." Of fiction, because "the hero and the heroine are pure creations of the author's brain."

The present volume is largely a demonstration of the former of these two statements. It is a running commentary on portions of the text of *Ramona*, a commentary which gives the writer, who is evidently thoroughly well-informed, an opportunity to make a thorough exposé of the life, the manners, and customs of the South California Indians, and of their *habitat*. The result is an extremely interesting book. It is illustrated with many good photographs.

ENGLAND AND THE
ENGLISH.

Not since a witty Frenchman, some twenty years ago, set the world grinning at the expense of John Bull, has any stranger recorded his

impressions of the "tight little Island" with such racy characterization as this American cousin. This book,† however, is much more serious, deeper, and fairer than Max O'Rell's flimsy caricature. Mr. Collier takes us at once to London, after landing from an American steamer, and plunges into the business of describing and explaining the things, the methods, manners, and types that strike the eye of an American in contrast to his own home experiences. We are informed at once that Mr. Collier does not propose to criticize, but to make a study.

* *Through Ramona's Country*. By George Wharton James. Boston: Little, Brown & Co.

† *England and the English from an American Point of View*. By Price Collier. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

To this plan he sticks throughout; but, without assuming the critic's attitude, he presents facts so clearly that they speak for themselves, and when their testimony is unfavorable to John, John has nobody to blame but himself. The study is taken up, for the most part, with the political and social life of the classes, rather than of the masses, though, of course, Mr. Collier touches upon the latter, generally to give shadow to his picture. The Englishman's self-sufficiency, self-reliance, and underlying selfishness are the features of the national character which Mr. Collier brings out a hundred times in bold outline. Speaking after thirty years' acquaintance with English society, he knows how to interpret the meaning of things which the casual visitor can judge but superficially; and he usually conveys his meaning incisively by comparing or contrasting English with American ways.

His report of the Englishman's attitude towards the Americans who become domiciled in England is unflattering only to these expatriated deserters. "Americans who have become domiciled in England, who give lavishly to charities, who entertain luxuriously, would be surprised to know the attitude of mind of the average Englishman in regard to them. He looks upon them first, as people who have recognized his superiority, and, therefore, prefer his society; but secondly, and always, as renegades, as people who have shirked their duty as Americans." This, Mr. Collier says, is characteristic of the Englishman's own sense of duty; which, he shows, has been a mighty factor in the growth and maintenance of English success at home and abroad. After a short but thoughtful sketch of the origin and development of the national life, Mr. Collier describes, with abundant illustration, the part played in political and social life by the policy of compromise, "the philosophy of subordinating high principles to practical exigencies," and the disinclination to believe that foreigners, whosoever they be, can do anything better than Englishmen. "Are the English dull?" is answered in a very entertaining and instructive chapter, the tenor of which may be inferred from the following passage:

The English have made man and men, and the best method of controlling them, their study without bothering about any preliminary bookishness. Apparently they are not only proud that they do not understand, but also proud that they

understand that it is better not to understand. They have no patience with, and no belief in, the restless intellectual activity of the French, for example. A profound instinct warns them against intelligence, which they recognize as the greatest foe to action.

Dull they are, thinks Mr. Collier, but "out of this root of dullness has grown an overshadowing national tree." Has this national tree entered on its decline? Mr. Collier does not thresh out this acute question. But in his chapter on sport, where he shows the enormous place sport occupies in national interest and expenditure, he suggests that John, the florid and stout-hearted cricketer, horse-lover, and all-round sport, is destined to fall behind in the "scientific game that Germany, Japan, and America are now playing."

England, Mr. Collier says, extensively and with iteration, is a man's country, not a woman's. American women will find many texts for gratitude to Providence that they are not English wives or sisters. But they, or at least a certain class of them, will find that Mr. Collier does not consider that the prominence given to women in the ranks of wealth is a favorable symptom for America. "The English woman knows that tradition, the law, and society demand of her that she shall make a home for a man; the American woman has been led astray by force of circumstances into thinking that her first duty is to make a place for herself." But this class, he concedes, is "a small, very small knot of women in America, but a company so highly-colored, so vociferous, and so advertised, that they stamp themselves on the superficial foreigner as being typical, when, as a matter of fact, they are merely hysterical." In many other places, also, we find a shrewd observation on affairs at home. For example:

The recent discussions about more money for our ambassadors seem to omit the pith of the problem, which is that our ambassadors are not in Europe to play up to a king or to an aristocracy, but to represent the American people. When our ambassadors need a score of flunkies to make a setting for their diplomatic mission they no longer represent America. Franklin, Jay, Bayard, Lowell, and Choate impressed these sensible English people more, and be it said some of them did far more for their country's honor, peace, and prosperity than any millionaire ambassador could do.

The American, and he is legion, who fancies that England gets no return from the immense sums which her aristocracy absorb, will find, here, reason to revise their opinion.

The enormous amount of unpaid and voluntary service to the State, and to one's neighbors, in England, results in the solution of one of the most harassing problems of every wealthy nation; it arms the leisure classes with something important to do, not only their willingness to accept, but their insistence upon the duty owed to the nation by the rich and the educated has, I believe, more than anything else, given them the lead in national predominance that they have held until lately.

One of the grave symptoms showing that this national predominance is threatened, and that England may be at the parting of the ways, is the recent tendency towards encouraging the individual to lean upon the State: "Not until the Saxon ceases to be a Saxon," says Mr. Collier, echoing an idea dominant in his entire study, "will he really take to this kindly and eagerly. If that time ever comes, then, indeed, will the British Empire crumble fast enough." There is a chapter on Ireland, containing a brief review on an unmitigated condemnation of British rule in Ireland; with some intimations that "the Irishman has become far too much imbued with the notion that his business is agitation rather than exertion"—an opinion that would meet with the approbation of the *Sinn Fein* itself. But the value of the book lies not in the author's views on Ireland, still less in the two or three incidental remarks through which he indicates his views on religion, but in the lessons which it has for Americans.

A LINCOLN CONSCRIPT.
BY HOMER GREENE.

In 1863, as the news from Gettysburg reached the intensely patriotic little village of Mount Hermon, in Pennsylvania, the boys of that place voted against permitting Bob Bannister to become a member of their local regimental company. The reason for this disgrace was that Bob's father was an irreconcilable copperhead, who hated the war and denounced Abraham Lincoln.* Shortly after the father was held up to odium at a public meeting, and, within a very short time, was drafted for the

* *A Lincoln Conscript*. By Homer Greene. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company.

Union Army. He refused to obey; Bob tried to settle matters by volunteering in his father's place, but his scheme failed. Under duress the father soon reached Washington, met with Lincoln, who converted him; and soon both father and son were on the firing line away down South in Dixie; whence they returned, in due time, to receive a heart-stirring welcome from their townsmen. A very readable story, with a good portrait of Lincoln as he appeared to those who met him in his shirt sleeves.

DROMINA.

A King of Ireland *de jure*, a King of England *de jure*, a King of France *de jure*; a Gipsy King, an Emperor of Hispaniola, and a Roman Pontiff, *de facto*, with a suitable accompaniment of minor personages, with a stage covering Ireland, Rome, Spain, California, and Hispaniola, bespeak a novel on a large scale,* and one that would take some liberties with history. In truth Mr. Ayscough might easily have made three stories out of the materials which are crowded into one, wherein he strives to enlist the reader's interest in three generations following each other on the scene.

The story opens in Ireland, during the reign of George III., at Dromina Castle, the residence of the McMurogh, the head of a decayed Irish family, and, in his own opinion, the lawful King of Ireland. We are soon in retrospective, and listen to the history of McMurogh's early life and his marriage in Rome to an Italian lady of rank. We meet the Pope of the day, as well as Cardinal Henry Stuart. Returning to the period of the opening, when the McMurogh family is grown up, there comes to the castle grounds a band of gypsies, whose nominal chief, Ludoire, is the son of Louis XV. of France. The young McMuroghs become interested in the gypsies; and soon one of them goes to Spain at the instance of Ludoire's step-mother, the real head of the clan, to negotiate a marriage between Ludoire and the daughter of the King of the Spanish gypsies. The ambassador fails in his mission, but obtains a wife for himself, and becomes a hidalgo in California, where he brings up his son, the future Emperor of Hispaniola, a modern Sir Galahad, who dies a martyr to the Blessed Sacrament. It is almost brutal to present in crude outline the thread of the narrative—for to do so brings out the weak point of Mr. Ayscough's work,

* *Dromina*. By John Ayscough. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

which is loose construction—without a hint of the skill with which each individual link in the preposterously long chain is wrought and ornamented. Each separate part is well executed; it is only the whole that is unsatisfactory. The character of the young enthusiast, who makes himself Emperor, his influence, on Ludoire, and on another still less exemplary individual, is a beautiful conception.

THE RELIGIOUS PERSECUTION IN FRANCE.

Anybody who may have felt inclined to think that there was any semblance of correctness in M. Sabatier's widely circulated views on the Separation in France, cannot do better than read M. Barbier's compendious narrative of the government's procedure, which culminated in the law of separation.* Contrary to M. Sabatier's contention that the French anti-Catholic party desired only to curb overweening clericalism, M. Barbier, by simply stating the facts of the case, proves that the aim of the government has been to destroy the Church and Christianity.

In another brochure † this indefatigable observer and student of the present struggle furnishes an appreciation of the actual situation. He finds many signs that the situation is far from being as dismal as some people have represented it to be. The modernist extremists, he is certain, have exercised but little influence on the clergy, no more on the educated laity, and none at all on the great masses of the people. It is encouraging to listen to M. Barbier's cheerfully courageous note amid so many depressing voices. It is true that he himself states that his friends accuse him of too much optimism. But optimism is often the cause of its own ultimate verification.

THE PRUSSIAN PERIL.

Those who believe that the crimes of nations bring their own punishment may find confirmation of their theory in the present political situation in Europe, where the dominance of Germany crows France, keeps England awake o' nights, leads Austria like a docile Dalmatian coach dog, and has recently administered a sore snub to Austria. ‡ All this

* *L'Église de France et la Séparation.* Par Paul Barbier. Paris: Lethielleux.

† *La Crise Intime de l'Église de France.* Par Paul Barbier. Paris: Lethielleux.

‡ *Le Péril Prussien, au lieu d'un Schelling, des Milliards.* Par Dr. D'Okvietko. Paris: Lethielleux.

situation is traceable, in the opinion of men who echo the judgment of the late Lord Acton, to the obliteration of the Kingdom of Poland from the map of Europe, through the machinations of Prussia, Austria, and Russia, assisted by the connivance of England and France. The latter two countries are now in a position to understand the fatuity of the blunder which has raised Prussia to be the practical dictator of Europe. The logic of events issuing from the downfall of Poland is ably unfolded in a short historical sketch by a Polish writer in French, who takes for his text the expression used by Lord Napier in his note to Prince Gortchakoff, in 1863, when intervention in favor of Poland by France and England was feared by Russia: "England will not sacrifice a shilling in favor of Poland." This pamphlet may be read with interest in the light of an article in the June number of one of our contemporaries, discussing the menace constituted by Poles to the unity of Germany.

The Decree of Pius X., *Sacra*
 DAILY COMMUNION. *Tridentina Synodus*, regarding
 daily, or frequent, Communion,

has not evoked in this country one-half the attention called forth by his pronouncement on Church music. Yet, whether the importance of the matter, or the historical significance of the disciplinary measures introduced by the two documents respectively, be considered, the former decree is incomparably more significant. In view of the fact that Spanish theologians were the first to advance, and the most persistent to maintain, the opinion which the Pope has authoritatively approved, it is interesting to note that Spanish names are associated with the most conspicuous efforts made, through the medium of English, to promote obedience to the mandates of his Holiness. Father de Zulueta, S.J., publishes two earnest little pamphlets on the subject. One is addressed to parents,* urging them not to thwart the explicit guidance of the Holy See by putting obstacles in the way of their children's adopting the practice of daily Communion. He draws attention to the earnestness of the Pope's words; and begs parents to put aside the vain apprehensions which they may entertain, as a result of having been trained in more rigid ideas, concerning the dispositions necessary for frequent Communion.

* *Parents and Frequent Communion of Children.* By F. M. de Zulueta, S.J. St. Louis: B. Herder.

A recent pamphlet similar in tenor is addressed to laymen.* He takes up and answers, one by one, the reasons usually offered by worthy religious persons against approaching the sacred table with what they would consider irreverent frequency.

A more weighty work,† perhaps the most complete treatment of the subject that has appeared, comes from the pen of a Spanish Jesuit, professor of Canon Law and Moral Theology at Tortosa. It has been translated into English by a *confrère*. The most valuable part of Father Ferreres' book consists in a brief review of theological opinions in the Church, bearing on the question of the dispositions necessary for frequent Communion. Though he writes as an enthusiastic advocate of the Pope's measures, he exposes the historical controversy with perfect impartiality; and admitting that, "in support of the view maintaining the necessity of further dispositions for frequent Communion than a right intention and absence of mortal sin, may be cited doctors of the highest repute, eminent saints, and the most brilliant theologians," he cites an imposing list of men remarkable for sanctity and learning, and another of great theologians who maintained the same opinion. Then he recites the roll of those who held the adverse view, beginning with the Jesuits Salmeron and Crestobal de Madrid, who had the honor to be, in opposition to such an impressive array of traditional authority, the first to advocate the doctrine which has now received the highest official sanction. In his detailed commentary, Father Ferreres introduces much historical information, and brings out with precision the full intention of the legislation. He calls attention emphatically to the limitations which the Pope's command places upon the authority of superiors in religious houses and confessors to impose restriction upon their subjects regarding frequent Communion. He reminds priests, who would look with apprehension at a prospective increase of labor in the confessional consequent upon an increase in the frequency of Communion, that daily Communion does not require daily, or weekly, or even monthly confession. This little manual ought to be welcomed as a much needed supplement to our text-books of theology, which on many important points

* *Frequent and Daily Communion, Even For Men.* By F. M. de Zulueta, S.J. St. Louis: B. Herder.

† *The Decree on Daily Communion. A Historical Sketch and Commentary.* By Father Juan B. Ferreres, S.J. Translated by H. Jimenez, S.J. St. Louis: B. Herder.

regarding the discipline of Holy Communion have, as Father Ferreres shows, been rendered obsolete by the Decree *Sancta Tridentina Synodus*.

Another book whose title might convey the impression that it dealt with the papal decree, *The Holy Eucharist and Frequent and Daily Communion*,* does not touch upon discipline. It is a brief exposition of the dogma of the Blessed Eucharist and the Holy Sacrifice, accompanied with devotional reflections.

The nature, necessity, and means of acquiring the virtues of humility and patience are set forth in this neat little handbook † through the medium of a collection of judiciously chosen extracts from the two highly esteemed works from the pen of that revered master of the spiritual life, Archbishop Ullathorne.

MR. LOOMIS' "JUST IRISH."

LEONIA, NEW JERSEY, June 12, 1909.

Father J. J. Burke:

MY DEAR SIR: I have been told that there is a very pleasant review of my new book, *Just Irish*, in THE CATHOLIC WORLD, but that the reviewer says the cover is scandalous—or words to that effect.

My dismay when I saw the cover was very real. I hurried at once to my typewriting machine and asked my Boston publisher to put on a new cover at once; that there was nothing in the book of the green-whiskered stage Irishman variety, and that the cover would be a most successful bar to the sale of the book, as it could not help arousing indignation in Irishmen of all creeds.

My publisher at once changed to a green cover with a golden shamrock, but the books for review had gone out bearing the chip on both their shoulders.

I had too pleasant a time in Ireland to wish to wound any one's sensibilities, and I trust you may see fit to publish this letter.

Yours sincerely,

CHARLES BATTELL LOOMIS.

* *The Holy Eucharist and Frequent and Daily Communion*. By Very Rev. C. J. O'Connell. New York: Benziger Brothers.

† *The Little Book of Humility and Patience*. By Archbishop Ullathorne. New York: Benziger Brothers.

Foreign Periodicals.

The Tablet (8 May): "A Contrast in Disestablishment" shows how the organs of the Established Church, which had nothing to say in behalf of the French Church when it was despoiled, are now loud in their denunciations of what they describe as robbery, when it comes to be applied nearer home.—In the notice of "The Royal Academy" special mention is made of Sargent's "Israel and the Law." By it "America has added yet another work of genius to its treasury of art."—In the reply to the Canterbury Canon, on "St. Anselm and the Immaculate Conception," W. H. K. shows that, although the passage quoted does prove that St. Anselm held that our Lady was "conceived with original sin," yet his whole thought on the subject does not express any such conclusion.—At "The General Chapter of the Redemptorists" Father Patrick Murray, an Irish religious, was chosen as the new General.

(15 May): It is pointed out that in "The Last Consistory" no fewer than 135 new bishops were "precanonized." Ten such consistories, it is said, would give an entirely new hierarchy to the Catholic Church.—"The Discussion on the Budget" centers principally around the beer and land taxes. The former apparently is to come out of the pocket of the poor man, while the latter adds four new ways to the already existing seven, in which the man who buys or inherits land is mulcted.—The Rev. Herbert Thurston, S.J., in his lecture on "Titus Oates' Test" shows up the ignoble source of the King's Protestant Declaration.—In a correspondence in *The Guardian* Dr. James Gairdner makes some very awkward remarks about the "Blessed Reformation," and says that the Establishment was its fundamental principle. The Despotism of the Tudors, and nothing else, banished Papal authority in England.—According to Italian papers his Holiness intends to found in Rome a special "Institute for Higher Biblical Studies."

(22 May): The second reading of "The Catholic Disabilities Bill" has been carried in the House of Com-

mons by a majority of ten.—Under the heading “An Hereditary Giver,” the Duke of Norfolk is spoken of as a national benefactor who is being lampooned because he has accepted \$305,000 for a Holbein which the National Gallery refused to purchase.—The offer of \$150,000 to “The University of Oxford,” on the condition that compulsory Greek be abolished, has been accepted. Greek is now no longer required for a degree in Arts.—The Rev. Herbert Thurston, S.J., writes on the much debated “Miracle of St. Januarius.” The various theories advanced for the liquefaction of the saint’s blood are examined and the writer’s conclusion is that they are not satisfactory.

The Month (May): The celebration of the eighth centenary of the death of “St. Anselm of Canterbury” has led the Rev. Sydney Smith to write a brief synopsis of his life, pointing out how by saintly persistency he secured for the English Church a degree of liberty which the Crown had striven to destroy.—In “Intolerance, Persecution, and Proselytism,” the Rev. Joseph Keating says that the conception which Pagan Rome formed of the early Christians, as being unpatriotic and holding principles subversive of civil liberty, is precisely that which the English ultra-Protestant expresses of his Catholic fellow-citizen to-day.—To show that the old sneer, that the conquests of the Catholic Church in England have been chiefly among women, is without much force, considering the share which women have had in the diffusion of Christian ideals, is the trend of “The Catholic Women’s League” by P.—“Blessed Joan of Arc in English Opinion,” by Rev. Herbert Thurston, S.J. Apparently the earliest mention of her is in the first half of the fifteenth century; since then frequent references are to be found, the majority of which are appreciative.

The International (May): “Social Insurance,” as Dr. Broda sees it, is but a step along the road which ultimately leads to Socialism.—The Rev. J. Campbell discusses “The Economic Aspects of the Women’s Suffrage Movement,” under the various heads of wifehood, motherhood, and woman workers. Give women the vote and you put an end to many of the wrongs inflicted upon the sex.

—To the old traditions of the Hansa League, coupled with motives of self-interest among the seacoast towns, which are on the outlook for naval contracts, Germanicus traces "The Origin of German Naval Enthusiasm." —"The Miracles at Lourdes." Dr. Felix Regnault, of Paris, comes to the conclusion that there are no miracles at Lourdes in the ecclesiastical sense of the word. Now and then, very rarely, curious cases of healing do occur. These he attributes to hypnosis.—"Progress in Photography," by Fernand Mazade, is an account of the marvels brought to light by chronophotography. Views of fishes have been obtained in thirty fathoms of water, while processes such as the growth of plants and the expansion of bodies by heat can be made visible.

The Expository Times (May): Did the Lord appear to Moses in "The Burning Bush"? The writer says He did not, as God cannot be seen by the human eye. It is but an Oriental way of describing the call of Moses to the prophetic office.—That Johannine theology is becoming more and more interwoven into the religious life and thought of the day, is the verdict of the Rev. J. Iverach, D.D., in his review of the Kerr lecture—"The Tests of Life."—The aim of "the Religious-Historical Movement in German Theology," to recommend the Gospel to "the modern mind," is a good one, says the Rev. J. M. Shaw. But we cannot accept from theology any scientific pictures whose purport is to blot out that of the historical Christ.—The misleading "Nomenclature of the Parables" forms the subject of the Rev. R. M. Lithgow's article.—To-day, says the Rev. J. S. Cooper, in writing on "The Virgin Birth," the doctrine is regarded as a proof of our Lord's Divinity. In Apostolic days it was regarded as a proof of His *humanity*.

Le Correspondant (10 May): P. de la Force concludes his "Studies in Religious History." The period he writes on is the disastrous one following upon the Revolution. He portrays the action of Talleyrand and the religious struggle which ensued.—"The Centenary of Essling," by Edouard Gachot, from some unpublished documents, reviews the German campaign and the battles of the

twenty-first and the twenty-second of May.—The evil effects of utilitarianism and commercialism upon the stage are exposed by Felicien Pascal in "The Theater and Money."—"The New Picture Gallery in the Vatican" is described by Pietro d'Achiardi. He gives an account of the improvements and the various schools of painting represented.—That many of the ills that flesh is heir to result from unwholesome food and poor cooking is set forth by Francis Marre in "A Rational Cuisine."

(25 May): Comte Charles de Moüy writes from an academic point of view, on the requirements necessary for the minister who should hold the "Portfolio of Foreign Affairs" in a government.—L. Dufougeray gives "The Unpublished Correspondence of Lamennais" with Madame de Lacaw. Extending over thirty-six years, it reveals the changes that swept over his soul as he passed from religious intolerance to the depths of incredulity.—"History of Religions" is a review of a recent work by Mgr. le Roy on Primitive Religions, in which he takes the ground that religion, to be properly understood, must be traced back to its original sources, in which it finds its best interpretation.—"Exposition of One Hundred Portraits of French and English Women of the Eighteenth Century in the Tuileries," by Léandre Vailat, is a comparison of the methods employed by the masters in the two schools, producing such different results.

Études (5 May): The Editor contributes a short biography of Rev. Eugene Portalie, one of the principals in the recent Portalie-Turmel controversy, who died at Amélieles-Bains on April 20.—A sketch of the life and works of the artist "Murillo" is given by Joseph Tustes.—Xavier Moissant, continuing his essay on "Responsibility," asserts that the Rationalists have signally failed in their explanations of man's freedom and the voice of conscience.—Treating the "Recent Postal Strike" in France, Henri Leroy describes the attitude of the strikers, parliament, and the public, one to another. Then he exposes the causes and consequences of the trouble.—M. Jules Lebreton characterizes the recent work of

Father Lagrange, O.P., *Le Messianisme chez les Juifs*, as a masterpiece.—In his "Bulletin of Ethics" Lucien Roure gives a criticism of some of the views expressed at the recent Congress of Pragmatists at Heidelberg.

(20 May): Jules Lebreton reviews some recent biblical literature. The views of M. Jacquier, in his *History of the Books of the New Testament* are characterized as clear and judicious but by no means original.—"Heroism in the Theater," by Alphonse Parvillez, is an inquiry as to whether the plays of Edmond Rostand are morally uplifting.—Apropos of the recent "Congress in Honor of the Blessed Virgin," held at Saragossa, in Spain, Pierre Brücker urges a similar organization in France.—J. Delattre relates the measures that were adopted at "The Vatican Council" to preserve a holy priesthood.—The "Piusverein" of Austria, its history, and influence, especially on the press, should be an incentive for a similar organization in France.

Annales de Philosophie Chrétienne (May): Charles Danan exposes "The Nativistic Philosophy of Zeno," as opposed to Empiricism. It falls back upon the problem of the antithesis between the one and the many, and for Zeno the idea of any agreement between unity and multiplicity does not exist. For him it is all one or all the other.—"The Devil of Socrates and the Religious Beliefs of Greece," by M. Louis, shows that our ideas of demonology vary with each generation and its way of looking at the subject. In order to understand the "familiar spirit" of Socrates, we must not only study the matter by the laws of psychology, but above all in the light of the religious beliefs of the Greeks as expressed in their theories of inspiration and divination.—"The System of Physics and Metaphysics" is a *mélange* by Ed. Gasc-Desfosses of the theories advanced by distinguished representatives of these sciences. Their views have been collected by M. Thomas of the Lyceum Versailles and published under the title *The System of the Sciences*.

Revue Pratique d'Apologétique (1 May): "Was Pascal a Modernist?" is the question answered in the negative by Clément Besse. In his works he uttered his defiance to

naturalism in religion. No doubt Pascal believed in the intuitions of the heart, but he believed also that God makes the advances.—“The Origin of Christian Apologetic,” by J. Lebreton, treats of the apologetic system of St. Paul as we find it in his epistle to the Romans. Dealing with Gentiles he showed that God, as revealed in nature, with wisdom and power will judge them by Christ.—“The Place of Apologetic in Preaching.” Why, asks A. Picaud, do the sermons of to-day apparently prove so ineffective? We need, to-day, to have the doctrine we preach translated into human life. Therein to a large extent lay the secret of the success of Lacordaire and the Curé d’Ars.—“The Ethics of the Laity, their Source and Results.” The equivocal meaning of the word has disappeared and to-day it stands for war with Catholicism and with Christianity in general.

(15 May): There are two reasons why “Frederic Ozanam” should be remembered by posterity. First because he was the founder of the St. Vincent de Paul conferences, and secondly on account of his apologetic work, which is the subject of Alfred Baudrillart’s article.—In an illustrated article the Abbé Broussolle shows the place occupied by “The Apostles in the Art of the Renaissance.” By degrees throughout Italy we find the old impersonal representations passing away and particular events in the lives of the Apostles are depicted by the artists.—How to reconcile grace with free-will is the subject dealt with by Ph. Ponsard in “Grace and Liberty.” “The Ascension,” as a mystery of faith, justice, hope, and joy, is treated by H. Lásètre.

Revue du Monde Catholique (1 May): Contains a number of continued articles. “Towards the Abyss” dealing with Liberalism in Lower Canada, by Arthur Savaète.—“History of Mormontier,” by Dom Rabory.—“The First Superioress of the Ursulines of Quebec,” by Eugène Grisselle.—Alexander Harmel gives the first chapter of an article on “How La Fontaine Presents His Animals.” The charm and success of his work lie in this, that he loves the animals he describes.

(15 May): “The Ways and Products of the Bees,” by Maurice du Fresnel, gives a minute account of the

geometrical construction of their cells and the marvelous ingenuity displayed. "Henri Lassere," in a measure a founder of the *Revue du Monde Catholique*, is the subject of an article by Etienne Laubarède. The man, the writer, and his work, are in turn taken up and depicted.—"Philosophical Meditation on Man," by Arthur Savaète.—"The French Clergy Since the Concordat of 1801," by M. Sicard.

La Revue des Sciences Ecclesiastiques et La Science Catholique (April): "Itinerary of a Saint." M. l'Abbé E. Roupain, reviewing the life of Jeanne d'Arc, comes to the conclusion that either Jeanne never existed, and her epoch is only a myth, or we, knowing the historical facts of the case, must admit that she was, as she herself said, the envoy of God.—Apropos of "The Miracles at Lourdes," M. Camille Daux considers the diabolical possession and obsession which took place at Hippo, and shows that St. Augustine regarded the cures as miraculous.

(May): "Philosophical Consultation." M. le Chanoine Chauvin answers M. Lablanche, who inquires about personality. The latter claims that certain theologians regard personality as the existence of the rational substance, in so far as this existence is really distinct from substance.—"Unpublished Works of Mgr. Plantier." An account of his journey to Rome in 1858.—Apropos of "The Miracles at Lourdes," M. Camille Daux treats of the Church's attitude towards miracles; also of their evidence in canonization and the methods employed by the Church to determine their credibility.

Stimmen aus Maria-Laach (27 April): "St. Mark at Venice" is the subject of a study by St. Beissel, S.J., on the value of unity of style in church architecture.—I. Bessmer, S.J., concludes his paper on "The Second Sight." He calls special attention, in the examination of a case, to the necessity of ruling out all motives that can be accounted for by other influences.—C. A. Kneller, S.J., discusses the old question of "St. Irenæus and the Church of Rome," apropos of the new interpretation by Professor Harnack of that well-known passage of Irenæus on the Roman See.—E. Wasmann, S.J., shows in his concluding article on "Old and New Re-

searches of Haeckel" that in his latest book this leader of Monism resorts again to his usual insincere methods.

Razón y Fe (May): L. Murillo gives the internal arguments in favor of the authenticity of the book of Isaias, namely, its title, "The Vision of Isaias, the Son of Amos," and the unity of matter and plan of the entire discourse, the uniform elegance of conception and of style, and the prophecies of the last eighteen chapters.—"Evangelical and Modernistic Systems of Morals" are compared by E. Ugarte de Ercilla. The sublimity of the former, its immutability, and the fidelity of the Church in conserving and defending it, are contrasted with the attack upon the "passive" virtues, the autonomy of reason, the "progressive" morality, and the exaggerations of utilitarian pragmatism upheld by the latter.—N. Noguera treats "The Social Transcendence of Raiffeisen's System" and its relations with agricultural progress, social pacification, social evolution, and the representation of classes and of interests.—"Absolution in the Primitive Church," by Z. Garcia, is treated under four points; the faith and discipline, public and private confession and penance.—R. Villada shows the meaning of "The Obligation of Voting Under the New Election Law," and urges Catholics to aid in selecting suitable candidates and in supporting just laws.

España y América (1 May): A South American epic, "Tabaré," is highly praised by P. Rómulo del Campo, who would compare it with the *Odyssey* were it not for the doubtful insignificance of the protagonist and the apparent absence of a supernatural force or fate.—P. M. Vélez shows that "Christian Humility" as taught by the Church, is not opposed to that of Christ nor to the "Know Thyself" of Greek philosophy, and that it does not imply a renunciation of personal endeavor or a love of the beautiful in art and nature.—"The International Politics of Germany," as viewed by P. Graciano Martinez, reveal the quality of German patriotism, the advantages of a European confederation, the efforts of the Kaiser to turn his nation's artistic and metaphysical hegemony into a gun-boat, and some reflections on the Algeciras conference.—P. C. Fernández finds in the de-

fective knowledge of Palestinian geography common to St. Thomas' time a difficulty in his construction of a system of exegesis.—“The Administration of Justice in China,” by P. Juvencio Hospital.—A tale, “John the Galley-Slave,” by P. F. Balzofiore.—Book reviews include Spanish translations of Benson's *Lord of the World* and of Newman's *Development of Dogma*.

(15 May): Admiring the unity and the progressive social efforts of the Catholic clergy in Germany and Belgium, P. Bruno Ibeas appeals for greater organization among the Spanish priests, for insurance societies, for circulating libraries, for mutual assistance in legal matters, for active interest in popular improvements.—P. M. Vélez refutes the charge that the Church inculcates humility in her members in order to enslave their souls, and shows from history her attitude toward the poor.—“The Philosophy of the Verb,” by Felipe Robles, contains the substitution of modes and tenses and the relations in the metaphysical, logical, and grammatical trinities of thing, idea, and word.—P. Gaudencio Castriello, in “An Excursion Through the Province of Hunan,” describes the rich productions of a Chinese region where Augustinian missionaries have been zealously laboring.—In an “Historical Bulletin” P. C. de la Puente describes the numerous recent historical congresses and laments the loss of A. Luchaire, whose works have been of such value to the Church.

Current Events.

France.

It cannot be denied that the French government took a better course in dealing with the second attempt of the civil servants to destroy the whole life of the community engaged in commerce and industry in order to obtain the redress of certain grievances of their own. In the first attempt all the words of Ministers were brave and their speeches eloquent—so eloquent as to be placarded over the whole of France. Their deeds, however, did not correspond. In fact, the result was looked upon as virtually a victory for the strikers. It was not so on the second attempt; every precaution was taken in advance; other means of communication were got in readiness; the latest resources of science were utilized: such as automobiles, and wireless telegraphy; and the services of the military were requisitioned. When the strike broke out, those who took part in it were summarily dismissed, no fewer than 700 postmen being deprived of their places. The Chambers supported the government, and the law for dealing with such derelictions of duty was strengthened. That Ministers and members of the legislature acted so firmly was due more to the good sense of the country than of themselves. The voice of public opinion was so strong as to remove all hesitation. The postmen who began the strike openly defied the law which forbids the *employés* of the State to take part in a strike, because of the special privileges which such *employés* enjoy, and also of the disastrous effects to the whole country which a strike on their part would involve. This notwithstanding, some of the postmen enrolled themselves in a syndicate and entered into association with the General Confederation of Labor, the avowed object of which is, either by a general strike or by more gentle methods, to overturn the present order of things.

The Confederation was called upon to support the postmen by ordering the so-long-threatened general strike. After some hesitation this was done, but the order was given too late, and, better still, was not obeyed. Scarcely any attention was paid to the commands that were given. The strike collapsed, and due punishment was meted out to those who had taken part in it.

But it cannot be said that all is peaceful in the industrial

world. The prospect, in fact, is still gloomy. The seamen in several ports of France have refused to work, and have thereby caused grave inconvenience. The remedies which have been adopted show the governmental character of French methods—how authoritative they are. The mails have been sent by torpedo boats and destroyers, while sailors from the navy have been distributed among merchant vessels, in order that some of them at least may be navigated and their freight saved. Other signs, such as the cutting of telegraph wires, show that the appeasement is superficial. In truth, the fear of more far-reaching disturbance is widespread; and is due to the fact that there is a large organization, the avowed object of which is to revolutionize the existing organization of industry. This organization is the above-mentioned Confederation of Labor. Its numbers, indeed, are not very large, when compared with the vast mass of workingmen. Out of a total working-class population of some nine millions only 900,000 are organized at all. Out of this 900,000 only 300,000, or one-third, are members of those trade unions which are affiliated to the General Confederation of Labor. And of the 300,000 who are so affiliated, there are only 100,000 who are supporters of the general strike which is to bring to an end the existing state. The remaining 200,000 have the same object in view, but wish to accomplish it by a series of gradual reforms.

Small, however, as is the minority of the extremists, it is not to be despised. A few men often work great mischief. And so many friends of France are greatly apprehensive of even the immediate future, especially when there seems for the majority of Frenchmen to be no object of veneration or respect. Religion has been widely rejected, the *bourgeoisie* have now no regard for those whom they once looked upon as worthy of respect; and, in their turn, they are hated by the proletariat. Whatever may be said of liberty, equality and fraternity are still unrealized ideals. But while there are reasons for anxiety, there is also reason for hope. The responsibility of self-government is being ever more and more deeply realized, and calm consideration is being more and more given by larger numbers of the people to the questions which arise. The recent crisis gives proof of this. It was the good sense of the people at large that saved the situation. This constitutes ground for hope.

Although the French government has taken so firm a stand in opposition to the illegal action of the civil servants, it has not adopted a *non-possumus* attitude towards the whole movement, and has not refused to admit that they had real grievances. The well-being of the people has often been sacrificed for the good of a monarch's favorites; but when, instead of a single ruler's dependents, provision has to be made for those of some three or four hundred Deputies to Parliament, the case is worse. And in some degree this is what has taken place of late in France. Owing to the influence of the Deputies, the ranks of the Civil Service have been recruited, and within those ranks promotion has been given, not according to fitness and well-doing, but for political and personal reasons. In this way injustice has been done for many years past. As a remedy for these evils, the government has brought in a Bill which allows the civil servants to combine in their professional interests, and also determines the rules and regulations which are to govern their promotion. It hopes, thereby, to reduce to the lowest the risks of favoritism. Promotion is to be made by the Minister of each department of the public service by means of lists drawn up in co-operation with the servants themselves.

In drawing up the Bill the government claims to have been actuated by the broadest and most liberal spirit. In this way it is giving proof of the practical good sense which does not attempt to rule the actual world on abstract principles. Perhaps it would be more accurate to say that it was the French people as a whole that adopted this course, for it seems clear that it was the commonsense of the nation that, in this instance, made its voice heard and enforced upon ministers and deputies alike the necessity of listening to it. Self-government has its duties as well as its privileges, and of those duties one of the principal is that each and every one should make his voice heard when the necessity for so doing arises.

During the recent crisis in the Near East very little was heard of arbitration or of the Tribunal established by the Hague Conference for settling international questions. It had, however, we believe, some influence, for the spirit out of which the establishment of such a Court grew made the nations less ready to enter upon hostilities, unwilling to affront the general sentiment in favor of peace which was known to exist. A more distinct triumph for the strength of the peace move-

ment is to be found in the fact that Germany and France referred their differences, about the incident at Casablanca, to the Tribunal for adjudication, and thereby avoided, as some think, the breaking out of war. The decision of the Court was given a few weeks ago and has been accepted by both of the parties. On the whole it is more favorable to France than to Germany and some think that it would have been more favorable still if the judges had been strictly logical in the application of the principles which they laid down. They allowed the desire to give something to both sides to temper the rigid application of international law. In consideration of the satisfactory outcome, all are ready to pardon this concession to expediency. There is, however, some reason to regret that a compromise has been made, rather than an authoritative decision given. According to the terms of the decision the German Consulate at Casablanca acted wrongly and through a grave and manifest error, although the Consul himself committed only an unintentional error, while, on the other hand, the French military authorities were wrong, not so much in what they did as in the manner of their doing. General satisfaction has been manifested by the Press of both countries with the settlement.

Very little progress has been made in settling the affairs of Morocco. This is due partly to the continued state of unrest which prevails in States under a single ruler, especially when his possession of the throne is not firmly established. Mulai Hafid's reign has been endangered in various ways. Yet another brother developed aspirations for power. His movement, however, was frustrated in its earliest stage of development, and he has since conveniently left this life. France remains in possession of Ujda and of Casablanca and of the district immediately surrounding the latter place. The number of troops has been reduced, although a fairly large force still remains. The French mission to Fez was only partially successful; but there seems to be widely entertained a considerable confidence in the good faith of the present Sultan. The mission which he has sent to Paris has been well received by the President and the government, and hopes are strong that a complete settlement will soon be made. Then complete evacuation will take place.

The Commission for the examination into the state of the Navy has not yet reported; but many ugly facts are being

alleged, affecting not merely the administration, but also the good fame of contractors of the highest standing. And if the proposals of the Navy Council are accepted by the government France will enter into the competitive race with Germany and Great Britain for the biggest navy. The Navy Council propose that 57 ships of the line shall be built by 1920—to be built at a cost of some 600 millions. The French Fleet would then be about equal to the German Fleet if the arrangements now made are not changed.

It is satisfactory to be able to record an improvement in the vital statistics of France. In 1907 the deaths exceeded the births by 19,892. In 1908 the opposite was the case, the births having exceeded the deaths by 46,441. These figures are, however, not so good as they look, for although there is an increase of births over deaths, it only amounts to 18,067. The balance of 48,266 is due to a decrease in the number of deaths. The effect of the development in 1908 is to augment to 12 for every 10,000 the relative increase of the population, and this compares with an average of 18 for every 10,000 for the years 1901 to 1905, of 7 for the year 1906 and of 5 for 1907.

Germany.

It will be remembered that the majority which supports Prince Bülow is made up of the Conservatives of the Right and the Liberals and Radicals of the Left banded together, in despite of fundamental differences on most points, against the Catholic Centre, in order to deprive it of the position which it so long held as the dominating party in the Reichstag. This *bloc* has worked fairly well for some time, the Radicals and Liberals having shown a wonderful capacity for swallowing principles completely opposed to those for the sake of which they have hitherto existed. But when the financial proposals of the government for raising the large additional taxation of 125 millions a year came up for discussion, it was found impossible to maintain harmony any longer. The Conservatives are very anxious to place most of the burdens which this taxation involves upon the shoulders of the masses of the people, and to prevent its being placed upon their own. We regret to say that the Centre has not proved itself indisposed to help them. Liberals and Radicals

opposed this, and so far as the financial proposals go the majority is no longer in agreement. It is still in doubt whether the government can or will propound a scheme which will restore harmony, and, if not, whether the *bloc* will break up entirely, thus restoring the Centre to its former position of power and influence. Prince Bülow has often proved himself a skillful driver of unruly teams, and people now are looking forward with interest to see how he will manage this time.

The Navy League has not relaxed in its demands, in spite of the heavy burden which the realization of its projects is putting upon the country. It has been holding meetings in which further additions to the Navy are demanded, and, notwithstanding the courtesies, in the shape of mutual visits which have been taking place lately between Germany and England, the German government gives countenance to the League, and therefore, it would seem, to its programme. The special manoeuvres which took place recently at Kiel, in order to show respect to the League, manifests the attitude taken by the government. The election of four out of the seven socialists who were returned to the Prussian Diet has been invalidated on a legal technicality, nor has any sign been given by the government that it intends to redeem its promise of a revision of the Prussian franchise—the worst, according to Bismarck, in the world. The question of ministerial responsibility to the Reichstag, which was referred to a Committee for report, is still left in abeyance; perhaps, some think, it will not be raised again.

The Kaiser has been making a round of visits, two having been paid to the King of Italy, and one to the Emperor Francis Joseph. A fourth has just been made to the Tsar; and there seems reason to think that all of them are likely to have important results.

It is somewhat strange that while in France there is a small improvement in the birth-rate, in Prussia, for the first time ever recorded, the movement is in the opposite direction. The total number of births was less by 10,621 in 1907 than in 1906, and was actually less by 1,058 than in the year 1901. It is, however, still much higher than that of France, and indeed of many other countries, being at the rate of 33.23 per 1,000. The rate stands: 34.00 in 1906; 33.77 in 1905; and 35.04 in 1904. That of England has fallen to 26.3 in 1907, the lowest on record. Calculations have been made that for Germany

the annual excess of births over deaths will soon be 1,000,000; so that in the near future the Empire will number 70, 75, 80, or more millions. At present, however, the excess is about 900,000, and if the criminal disease elsewhere existent spreads into Germans these expectations will fail of realization.

Austria-Hungary.

The annexation of Bosnia and Herzegovina has, indeed, been successfully accomplished. The price, however, in reputation and in money, in the disturbance too of what seemed to be the beginning of settled peace for the much harassed Powers of Central Europe, has been very high. And already this annexation has involved an increase of the many anxieties of the aged monarch, with promises of still further troubles. Dr. Krek, a distinguished Slovene prelate, declared in the Reichsrath that the view taken of the Bank concession which we mentioned last month, by which Bosnian peasants are given over to the tender mercies of Hungarian bankers, was expressed by the formula that the Emperor of Austria had bought from the Turks the inhabitants of Bosnia-Herzegovina and sold them to the Hungarians, and that by this action Austria had utterly discredited herself among the Southern Slavs. The promised constitution, which formed the pretext for the annexation, has not yet been granted, nor, so far, are there any signs that it is on the point of being granted. In fact, the perennial contest between Austria and Hungary seems to be about to break out yet once more; and in Hungary itself the Cabinet crisis has not yet been settled. Hence there are not wanting excuses for the non-fulfillment of the promises.

The jubilations over Austria's one success for many a long year have been accompanied by celebrations of the one victory over Napoleon which was gained by Austrian arms, although this is so little of a victory in the eyes of the French that one of Napoleon's marshals took his title of Prince from the same battle. So small, too, were the results, that within a few days the capital of the Empire was occupied by French troops. There are not a few who in view of the recent action of Austria, which was the cause of so much unrest and which almost led to a European war, would not be very sad if the success may prove as transitory in its effects as was the victory.

The German Emperor's visit to the Emperor-King Francis Joseph is declared by the German Press to be a fitting celebration of Austro-German solidarity and of the victory due to German support which Austria-Hungary has recently obtained. Every subject of Francis Joseph, so it said, knows that his country's success was due above all to the help of Germany, and should rejoice in promulgating the fame of Germanism throughout the world, and in manifesting to all the unshakable strength of the Austro-German alliance. The Austrian way of expressing the matter is rather more pleasing, for while it recognizes the debt which is due to the Kaiser, his support is valued not as leading to domination, but for its having saved the country from war. In the Emperor Francis Joseph's words the Kaiser is welcomed as "the steadfast furtherer of all peaceful endeavors." The love of peace and gratitude for its preservation was also the keynote of the speech which the German Emperor made in reply.

Italy. It is not easy to ascertain the exact attitude of the Italian people towards the other two countries, Germany and Austria, with which she is allied. During the recent Near Eastern crisis it seemed for a time as if there might be a rupture of the Alliance, so far, at all events, as Austria and Italy were concerned, and if this had taken place, as subsequent events proved, it would have involved a rupture with Germany also, for Germany was Austria's backer. Italy's Foreign Minister placed himself on Austria's side, but the speech which he made was censured far and wide, and his resignation was looked upon as inevitable. The feeling of the country was entirely in favor of the Young Turks, and Austria's action was looked upon as jeopardizing the success of their movement. Unfortunately the Alliance has had for one of its results the placing of Italy in some degree at the mercy of Austria, the border fortifications having been allowed to become more or less dilapidated, while the Army has not been kept up to the required standard and even the Navy has been neglected. Consequently, the government has to be prudent and was afraid to offer open opposition to the Austrian plans. Its support, however, was so cold that it is believed the King of Italy received some plain admonitions from the Kaiser on

the occasion of his first visit. It is to be presumed, however, that every point of difference has been settled by the second visit, for the two monarchs, William and Francis Joseph, united in sending a message to King Victor Emmanuel from Vienna to assure him of their unalterable friendship. The Italian Foreign Minister remains in office and as the questions that were at issue have been settled the country will doubtless acquiesce. But measures are to be taken to restore efficiency to the Army, the estimates for a considerable additional sum to be spent upon it having been accepted by the Cabinet, while a much larger amount is to be spent upon the Navy, if the plans of the present government are carried out.

Notwithstanding the spoliation which the religious communities have suffered, their numbers have so much increased that the enemies of the Church are getting alarmed, and in the Italian Parliament a vote of censure was moved. This vote was resisted by the government, which did not deny the facts. It refused, however, to take any action, on the ground that all Italians were entitled to equal treatment and to fair play and that so long as the laws were observed no legal association would be interfered with. Religious associations are to have the same freedom as lay associations. All are to be equal in the eye of the law and enjoy equal freedom and justice. This is the government's ideal as expressed by the Minister of Justice. To share the toleration which is extended to such newspapers as the *Asino* is no great honor, but it is all that the Italian government vouchsafes.

Russia.

The affairs of Russia have not excited much attention, and this is due to the fact that there has been some improvement. The *Duma* is becoming an established institution, and although the limits of its power are circumscribed, yet it is getting the possession of a very real authority, and a yet wider influence. The questions which arise are not questions as to its continued existence, but as to whether the ministry of M. Stolypin will remain in power or be superseded by one reactionary in policy. The question of religious disabilities has been discussed, but the Orthodox Church throws all the weight of its influence against every extension of such liberty. Most of the members of the *Duma*, on the contrary,

support the extension. The Tsar now ventures to appear in public, and he is to pay a visit to France and England in the course of the coming month. The trial of a high police official has brought out the criminal methods by which order (such as it was) was maintained in Russia a few years ago.

Turkey. There have been a half-dozen of Cabinets since the restoration of the Constitution, the latest of which

will have been in power for nearly two months when these lines are printed. The hope that it will be more stable than its predecessors rests upon the fact that it has, if we may believe his public profession of faith, the hearty good-will of the Sultan, and also that it represents the various sections of the Committee of Union and Progress, to whose action the restitution of the Constitution is due. The Committee will not, therefore, be exposed to the temptation of endeavoring to thwart the government or to work, as it has been accused of doing, by unconstitutional methods in order to secure the much-needed reforms. Unless these are made Turkey will be left in as bad a condition under a Parliament as it was under a Sultan.

One of the measures which had to be taken as a consequence of Abdul Hamid's efforts to regain his lost power—the proclamation of a state of siege in the capital—still stands, we believe, in the way of the full enjoyment of constitutional rights, but this is only a temporary expedient and may be justified by the emergency. A number of executions have taken place of the worst of the conspirators, and as a salutary warning their bodies have been exposed in public places in a way highly revolting to Western nations. But each nation knows best its own business, and necessarily acts according to the stage of advancement at which it has arrived. What that stage is in Turkey may be judged by the way in which the Armenians and other Christians were treated in Adana and other places in Asia Minor during the recent crisis. Without the slightest provocation or warning they were attacked by the soldiers with the connivance of the local authorities, acting, it is said, under orders telegraphed from Constantinople by Abdul Hamid himself. The motive for this fiendish action was his desire to discredit the reformed government, to show that it was unable to maintain order in the provinces, at the same

time that he in the capital was carrying out his plans for its overthrow. It must be admitted that he found willing instruments of his cruelty. Towns and villages were set in flames simultaneously throughout a wide district. Thousands of men and women and children were shot by the soldiers. In some cases the women and children were spared, the men being ordered to stand apart, and they were then shot in the presence of their families, for some of whom a worse fate was reserved, as the girls were taken for Turkish harems. Refugees in churches were in one case roasted alive, while in another the victims perished by being thrown into a river.

In one village the soldiers made some sixty men come out one by one and killed them, the onlookers applauding by clapping their hands, while in another the wife of a Turkish governor looked on at the massacre and smiled her approval of the doing of the will of Allah. For four days in many districts the carnage went on, the victims being estimated at from 15,000 to 20,000. Space does not permit us to go into further detail. The awful consequences following upon an individual's lust of power is what is exemplified by these events. That fifteen of the leaders have been executed, and that others are undergoing trial, is satisfactory so far as it goes. We hope it may be taken as an indication that the era of law and order has supplanted the arbitrary will of one-man power.

Persia.

The Committee appointed to prepare an electoral law has taken a long time in doing its work. The delay has been due on this occasion not to the Shah, who has submitted to the demands of Russia and England, but to the unwise demands of the Nationalists. The country has suffered so long from bad government, oppression, corruption, and every kind of debasing influence, that it looks as if no wise men were left. It is now generally admitted that the Shah had some reasons which gave apparent justification for his dissolution of the former Parliament. The demands of its members were unreasonable and their proposals foolish and wild. And, at the present time, there is a repetition of their former mistakes. The possibility of a protectorate being established, as the only way of saving the country from anarchy, is forcing itself upon the attention of statesmen.

THE COLUMBIAN READING UNION.

THE following notice has been sent out by Edward Feeny, National President; Anthony Matre, National Secretary:

The Eighth National Convention of the American Federation of Catholic Societies will be held in Pittsburg, Pa., on August 8 to 11.

Our information from Pittsburg is that elaborate preparations are being made by the Catholics of that city to extend a most cordial welcome to the delegates to the Convention. That staunch friend of Federation, Right Rev. Regis Canevin, D.D., appeals to us to rally, and visitors may be assured of a most hospitable reception in his diocese.

The Convention will open with Pontifical High Mass at the Cathedral.

There will be two great mass meetings at Carnegie Hall, at which addresses will be made by Most Rev. S. G. Messmer, Archbishop of Milwaukee; Right Rev. James McFaul, Bishop of Trenton, N. J., who will speak on the "Apostolate of the Laity"; Thomas B. Minahan, Esq., of Seattle, Wash., on "Federation From a Layman's Standpoint"; Professor J. C. Monaghan, on "Socialism"; Walter George Smith, Esq., of Philadelphia, and others.

We most earnestly urge every National Catholic Organization, Diocesan, State, and County Federation, Catholic Institution, Society and Parish, as far as possible, to be represented in the Convention.

We especially request the bishops and priests of the country to assist in making the coming Convention even more successful than the great gathering of 1908. They can do so by urging representative Catholic laymen to attend as diocesan or parish delegates, or to be with us themselves.

While Federation is essentially a layman's movement, it is primarily intended to advance the interests of our Holy Church. The two great Sovereign Pontiffs, Leo XIII. and Pius X., have blessed the labors of Federation, and its work has the approval of the Apostolic Delegate and the hierarchy of the United States.

Federation is advancing. We want the co-operation of every Catholic to extend its influence. If we hope to make an impression on the social and intellectual life of the nation, Catholics must be united. We invite every Catholic to become an Associate Member of Federation, and thus insure beyond peradventure the permanency of the organization.

* * *

The Editor of the *American Catholic Who's Who* finds that an idea has gained credence in some quarters that the book is to be a mere social register. She wishes to point out that it is not to be a "roll of honor," but a reference book, stating what Catholic men and women are doing, and what positions they hold in Church, college, and the professions.

The proposed work, therefore, is not a social blue book. Its line of inclusion is drawn at what people have *done* for the Church, for education, literature, science, art, and society. Its purpose is to make Catholics better acquainted with what they are doing, and of bringing them into greater mutual acquaintance and unity.

With this better understanding as to the object of the *American Catholic*

Who's Who, the Editor makes an earnest appeal that all who have been asked to send her their record will do so without delay.

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The Nineteenth Annual Report of the Christ Child Society, Washington, D.C., is an emphatic proof of the good and widely extended work carried on by the members of the Society. The efforts of the past year show a remarkable increase both in the number of members and the amount of work which the Society has been able to accomplish. The report for 1909 is not limited to the Washington branch, the mother, so to speak, of the Society, but includes the reports of the different cities in the United States where the Christ Child Society has been established. These reports, one and all, are most encouraging. The purpose of the Society, as our readers know, is to aid and instruct needy children. From year to year the Society grows in scope and influence. It does not limit itself to any one particular work, but branches out in a most praiseworthy way to meet the needs of each particular district where centers for the work have been established.

The Settlement for Italians, undertaken at the request of Cardinal Gibbons, is a most important part of the Society's work, and the zealous efforts put forth in this branch have produced most encouraging results. The work of visiting the hospitals promises to become one of the Society's permanent and fruitful activities.

This great charity is aided in its work by the co-operation of Catholic men and women, by contributions received from contributing members and those interested in promoting the influence of the work, and by the personal, active service of members in the different settlement centers. May the harvest of the coming years be abundantly fruitful.

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The Seventh Annual Report of the Association of Catholic Charities gives a fair idea of the organized charitable endeavors of Catholic women in and about Manhattan Island.

The Reports of the Association show, year by year, an increase in statistics, for a larger number of existing organizations are affiliating one with another, and the work of the central body is more widely extended.

Since the preceding meeting of the Association a National Organization of Ladies' Catholic Charitable Societies was formed.

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Dr. Henry Van Dyke, in a recent letter, gives his views on French universities and university life. He finds that "the chief defect in the university life of France is the lack of a free, healthful, democratic comradeship among the students. They are intelligent, ambitious, hard working. But they do not know how to live together on a wholesome, manly basis. They are not prepared for the business of life by the excellent discipline of learning to regulate themselves in the liberty of a student-republic.

"Nothing is more notable in France than the variety and the sharpness of the political divisions. The French are an extremely logical people, and they carry their theories through to the end. The tolerance and good humor of the American spirit seem to them very strange. It is hard to make them understand that precisely this spirit of 'live and let live' has been the secret of liberty and union in our republic."

BOOKS RECEIVED.

- FUNK & WAGNALLS, New York:
The New Schaff-Herzog Encyclopedia of Religious Knowledge. By Samuel M. Jackson, D.D. Vol. III. Pp. 500.
- CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS, New York:
Social Organization. By Charles Horton Cooley. Pp. 419. Price \$1.50.
- McMILLAN COMPANY, New York:
Misery and Its Causes. By Edw. T. Devine, Ph.D. Pp. 274. Price \$1.25.
- FR. PUSTET & CO., New York:
Holy Water and Its Significance for Catholics. By Rev. J. F. Lang. Pp. 63. Price 50 cents.
- ROBERT APPLETON COMPANY, New York:
The Catholic Encyclopedia. Vol. V. Pp. 795.
- UNITED STATES CATHOLIC HISTORICAL SOCIETY, New York:
Historical Records and Studies. Vol. V. Part II. April, 1909. Pp. 532.
- CATHEDRAL LIBRARY ASSOCIATION, New York:
The Roman Church Before Constantine. By Rt. Rev. Mgr. Louis Duchesne. Pp. 44. Price 10 cents.
- STATE CHARITIES AID ASSOCIATION, New York:
Fifth Annual Report of N. Y. C. Visiting Committee of State Charities Aid Association, 1908. Pp. 68.
- ISAAC PITMAN SONS, New York:
How to Become a Law Stenographer. By W. L. Mason. Pp. 165. Price 75 cents. *Business Correspondence in Shorthand.* No. 7. Pp. 40. Price 25 cents.
- BOARD OF PUBLICATION OF REFORMED CHURCH IN AMERICA, New York:
The Sociology of the Bible. By Ferdinand Schenck, D.D., LL.D. Pp. 428. Price \$1.50 net.
- JOHN J. McVEY, Philadelphia:
Life of John Boyle O'Reilly. By James J. Roche. Pp. 786. Price \$2.
- LITTLE, BROWN & CO., Boston, Mass.:
Red Horse Hill. By Sidney McCall. Pp. 361. Price \$1.50. *The Kingdom of Earth.* By Anthony Partridge. Pp. 329. Price \$1.50. *The Governors.* By E. Phillips Oppenheim. Pp. 300. Price \$1.50. *The Harvest Within.* By A. T. Mahan. Pp. 280. Price \$1.50.
- HOUGHTON MIFFLIN COMPANY, Boston, Mass.:
Choosing a Vocation. By Frank Parsons. Pp. 165. Price \$1. *The People at Play.* By Roland Lynde Hartt. Pp. 317. *Education in the Far-East.* By Charles F. Thwing. Pp. 277. Price \$1.50.
- GOVERNMENT PRINTING OFFICE, Washington, D. C.:
Report of the Commissioner of Education for Year Ended June 30, 1908. Vol. II.
- B. HERDER, St. Louis, Mo.:
Report of the Nineteenth Eucharistic Congress, Held at Westminster September, 1908.
- M. H. WILTZIUS COMPANY, Milwaukee:
Some Incentives to Right Living. By Rt. Rev. Alexander McGavick. Pp. 203.
- CATHOLIC TRUTH SOCIETY, London, England:
The Roman Breviary. By Dom Jules Baudot. Pp. 260. Price 2s. 6d. net. *Sing Ye to the Lord.* By Robert Eaton. Pp. 344. Price 2s. 6d. net. *Auxilium Infirmorum.* By Robert Eaton. Pp. 202. Price 6d. net. *Three Socialist Fallacies. My Catholic Socialist. Secular Solution of Educational Difficulty. St. Aldhelm, Bishop of Sherborne. Aquinas. The Religion of the Athenian Philosophers. The Religion of Unitarianism. The Religion of China. The Modern Papacy. The Religion of the Koran.* Pamphlets. Price one penny.
- LIBRAIRIE CRITIQUE, Paris, France:
Le Discernement du Miracle. Par P. Saintyves. Pp. 352. Price 6 frs.
- BLOUET ET CIE., Paris, France:
L'Existence Historique de Jésus et le Rationalisme Contemporain. Par L. Cl. Fillion. Pp. 63. Price 0 fr. 60. *L'Internelle Consolation Saint Têrèse—Pascal—Bossuet—Saint Benoit Labre—Le Cure d'Ars.* Pp. 66. Price 0 fr. 60. *La Vie et la Légende de Saint Gwennole.* Par Pierre Allier. Pp. 62. Price 0 fr. 60. *Le Principe des Développements Théologiques.* Par Henry N. Oxenham. Pp. 60. Price 0 fr. 60. *La Mission de Saint Benoit.* Par le Cardinal Newman. Pp. 64. Price 0 fr. 60. *Traité du Devoir de Conduire les Enfants à Jésus Christ.* Par A. Saubin. Pp. 62. Price 0 fr. 60. *Le Modernisme.* Par Cardinal Mercier. Pp. 60. Price 0 fr. 60.
- GABRIEL BEAUCHESE ET CIE., Paris, France:
Albert Hetsch. Deuxième Edition. Vols. I and II. Pp. 320. *La Doctrine de l'Islam.* Par le Bon Carra de Vaux. Pp. 318. Price 4 fr. *Le Cœur de Jésus.* Par Marcel Baron. Pp. 320. Price 3 fr. 50. *Vers les Cimes.* Par M. l'Abbé Chabot. Pp. 360. Price 3 fr. *Bouddhisme.* Par L. de la Vallée Poussin. Pp. 420. Price 4 fr.
- I. GABALDA ET CIE., Paris, France:
Essai Historique sur les Rapports entre la Philosophie et la Foi. Par Thomas Heitz.

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IS BISHOP GRAFTON FAIR?

AN ANSWER TO "A REJOINER."

BY LEWIS JEROME O'HERN, C.S.P.



DOCTOR CHARLES C. GRAFTON, Protestant-Episcopal Bishop of Fon du Lac, has published *A Rejoinder** to our article, which appeared in the February number of THE CATHOLIC WORLD, entitled "Bishop Grafton and Pro-Romanism."

The discussion pertains chiefly to Papal Supremacy and Infallibility, and the validity of Anglican Orders. Some apology is due those to whom this answer to Dr. Grafton's *Rejoinder* is addressed for the reiteration of arguments and quotations, which, in this self-same discussion, have been worn threadbare by writers of books and pamphlets innumerable during the past half-century. But such repetition is justifiable when we recall that it is the duty of a teacher to repeat his corrections as long as the willing student, in an earnest endeavor to learn the truth, continues to make mistakes regarding the matter in hand.

Doctor Grafton repeatedly and eloquently assumes the position of an eager pupil, as, for example, in his introductory paragraph:

"I do not write for victory over opponents, or to build up one's own Communion, but solely for the Truth and the Truth's sake. I humbly pray God that whatever I say erroneously

* *A Rejoinder*. To a pamphlet by the Rev. Lewis J. O'Hern, C.S.P. By Charles Chapman Grafton, S.T.D., Bishop of Fond du Lac. Milwaukee: The Young Churchman Company.

may be shown to be an error, and that God will especially bless those who antagonize my writings to the elucidation of the Truth."

This is apparently not idle rhetoric. If Dr. Grafton had circulated his *Rejoinder* among non-Catholics only, or, to put the supposition more strongly still, if he had followed the example of another well-known opponent of the Church, and distributed the *Rejoinder* secretly, his protestations of love for the truth, taken in conjunction with several statements in his pamphlet to which we will have occasion presently to refer, would have had the aspect of insincerity. On the contrary, Dr. Grafton, it appears, has submitted his *Rejoinder* to almost every Catholic priest in the United States. This is really a stirring *auto da fé* in the righteousness of his cause. By the most conservative calculation it must represent an outlay of at least one thousand dollars. The bishop of a poor American diocese does not incur such an expense without mature deliberation.

When Dr. Grafton was contemplating the gift of his pamphlet to the Catholic priests of America, he must have remembered that, naturally, they would be opposed to his conclusions, and that they were to be won, if won at all, only by sound reasoning, and influenced only by unimpeachable authority. And he knew that the Catholic priest is a thoroughly trained logician, and that poor, indeed, is the priest's study which is not equipped at least with a compendium of apologetic literature sufficient to control the most frequently discussed quotations from the Fathers. The conclusion is inevitable that Dr. Grafton sincerely believes in his own arguments, and that he honestly trusts in the authorities he cites. He brings his understanding of the facts concerning Papal Supremacy and Infallibility, and Anglican Orders, to the Catholic clergy of his native land, and says: "I humbly pray God that whatever I say erroneously may be shown to be an error, and that God will especially bless those who antagonize my writings to the elucidation of the Truth."

This makes an examination of his pamphlet full of human interest, and no one can fail to rejoice in every effort put forth to assist so distinguished a seeker after enlightenment.

But it is mere flippancy to pretend that human interest is the only vital issue, preliminary to this discussion, which

hinges on the sincerity of Dr. Grafton's desire for "the elucidation of the Truth." Sincerity alone can justify this polite but genuine contest between professed servants of Christ, in which questions concerning the mind and will of Christ Himself are disputed. Herein the debater who is not sincere insults the self-respect of his opponent, violates the counsels of prudence, provokes a wicked waste of time, and might easily become guilty of irreverence towards God and the Truth of God.

If, therefore, Dr. Grafton's sincerity is not an established fact, any attempt to win him in a discussion of this kind would be as inexcusable as an attempt to make ropes of sand. It is only on the hypothesis of his sincerity that his *Rejoinder* can be considered at all. This makes it all the more imperative that his will to be fair should be established beyond the shadow of doubt.

Now, even a casual perusal of Dr. Grafton's *Rejoinder* acutely raises the question of his fairness, and at times even of his earnestness.

A striking instance is afforded by his paragraph entitled: "Father O'Hern's Witnesses."

In the paper he criticizes, an attempt had been made to conciliate Dr. Grafton by appeal to those who stand shoulder to shoulder with him in his own Church. The writer reasoned plausibly that correction from his own distinguished brethren would be to Dr. Grafton not only more welcome, but also more convincing than appeal to authorities identified with the Church he opposes. It is greatly surprising to find that Dr. Grafton disposes of the opinions, arguments, and citations of his co-religionists by caustic depreciation of the men themselves, summing up his respects to them in the sentence: "A few belligerent flies crawling on the window pane are not going to tear down the house." "What," he says, "do the opinions of these unimportant" (Dr. Briggs, Spencer Jones, Father Paul James) "amount to against the judgments of a great number of learned and saintly Anglican divines, . . . statesmen, jurists, and historians, . . . who have examined and rejected the Papacy?" It is obviously impossible to take up, one by one, this mighty host and compare the credentials of each with Dr. Briggs, Spencer Jones, or the editor of *The Lamp*. Beyond bare mention of their names, Dr. Grafton himself practically ignores the great majority of these men in his quota-

tions. Contrariwise he adorns many of his pages with the name and the words of Dr. Littledale. This is confusing to an outsider who desires to offer congenial authorities to an Anglican bishop. We read in the *Anglican Guardian* (New York, 19 February, 1881) that the most conspicuous features of Dr. Littledale's writings, and of men like him, are, "a pre-tentious, prophetic oracularity; audacity of self-assertion; flippancy of tone in speaking of things sacred, and the astonishing complacency with which they allude to their own labor and learning, and the immodesty with which they contemptuously express themselves of all others in the Church." Bearing this estimate in mind, how could a mere outsider know that Dr. Littledale would be to Dr. Grafton a model of learning and a congenial witness to truth, whereas Dr. Briggs "has not well imbibed the traditions of our Communion," and Father Paul James "has hardly a recognized standing"; in fact both of them are "belligerent flies" ?

Do these distinctions, insisted on by a bishop seeking after "elucidation of the Truth," argue for his fairness and sincerity and good-will ?

Scarcely more engaging is his frequent use of Anglican clergymen "returned from Rome," as witnesses against the Church. Even the man in the street distrusts the bias of an apostate. Are these fairly to be opposed to the distinguished Anglicans we quoted ?

Another authority quoted approvingly by Dr. Grafton is "the Roman Catholic Professor Launoy." * Who is this Launoy ? Let Dr. Rivington tell us :

"Launoy was a writer of most equivocal reputation. Almost all his books were placed on the Index. He was committed to various errors on predestination and grace, besides his opposition to the Papacy. He is accused of altering writers in quoting them with an 'incredible shamelessness.' What authority, therefore, can a man like Launoy be ?" †

Still another authority cited by Dr. Grafton is Du Pin, whom he describes as "one of the most learned writers of the Roman Church." ‡

Now it happens that Du Pin is not "a learned writer of the Roman Church" at all, but a disciple of Launoy, and a

* *Rejoinder*, p. 21.

† *Authority*. By Luke Rivington, M.G. London: Catholic Truth Society, pp. 35-6.

‡ *Rejoinder*, p. 21.

Jansenist. Surely Dr. Grafton would not have thus referred to this writer had he read "Bossuet's Criticisms on Du Pin's History of the Counsels of Chalcedon and Ephesus," for he would have seen that this learned writer "makes free use of altered documents, defective and even false translations, spurious quotations, and wilful omissions of important testimony; that he is especially unfair and evidently so when dealing with the authority of the Roman Pontiff."*

This bitter Gallican should have been quoted by Dr. Grafton as a *pious Anglican*, for he was on intimate terms with William Wake, Anglican Archbishop of Canterbury, and in perfect accord with the Anglican creed, regarding the abolition of confession, religious vows, fasts, abstinences, corporal austerities, the celibacy of the clergy, but, above all, on the doctrine of the Lord's supper, and the rejection of papal authority. For these teachings he was deprived of his chair at the Royal College and his writings were condemned by the Archbishop of Paris and the Sorbonne.

Now, since Dr. Grafton tells us he has "investigated the Papal claims to the fullest extent of his power, and not a book of ability has escaped him,"† we must suppose him to be acquainted with the foregoing facts. But if he is cognizant of them, how can he, with a sincere desire for the "elucidation of the Truth," quote Du Pin as one of the "most learned writers of the Roman Church?"

"THE PRE-EMINENCE OF PETER," in Dr. Grafton's hands, again raises the question of his fairness. We challenge any one not under the spell of Swedenborgianism, to read the topological contrast between St. Peter and St. John, and St. Peter and St. Paul in the *Rejoinder*, and then say, this man is single-minded in pursuit of the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth.

He opens the discussion on page 11 by saying: "It will clear the ground if we begin by admitting the pre-eminence given to St. Peter in the Gospels and the first portion of the Acts." This leaves us rather unprepared for the declaration found on page 14: "Pre-eminent as was Peter, there is no question of the greater pre-eminence of John." Still again we are surprised to read, on page 16, that "St. Paul outranks Peter in the gifts of pre-eminence bestowed upon him."

* *The True Faith of Our Forefathers*, p. 107.

† *Rejoinder*, p. 7.

Is it possible that Bishop Grafton really means to tell us that SS. Peter, Paul, and John were each and all, individually and collectively, simultaneously and equally, *pre-eminent* in the Apostolic College?

Pre-eminent means "first in rank, or merit; to hold the first place"; and surely all three could not be first and hold the first place at one and the same time.

Dr. Grafton tells us that St. Peter's true pre-eminence consists in this: that "he was the representative of the old dispensation within the apostolate," while St. John represents the new.* This is proven because "St. Peter, like unto Israel, joined in covenant with God, is the married man, while St. John is the virgin disciple." †

The same rule, of course, would hold good to-day, and, therefore, the married bishops and clergy of the Anglican Church are the representatives of the old dispensation, while the bishops and clergy of the Catholic Church, followers of the virgin disciple, represent the new. Dr. Grafton will surely not blame us if we push his principles to their logical conclusion.

In his efforts to minimize the pre-eminence of St. Peter in the New Testament Dr. Grafton continues:

"Father O'Hern says there are four lists of the Apostles in the New Testament, and Peter's name appears at the head of each list. Here he falls into error. In St. Matthew's Gospel St. Peter is mentioned as first, *but after this, then the order given, as in the second chapter of Galatians, verse xi., is 'James, Peter, and John.'*" ‡ (Italics are ours.)

Let us see who has fallen into error. There are about five and twenty places in the Gospels and the Acts where the name of Peter occurs together with the other Apostles, *and in every single case* the name of Peter stands first. There is *only one place* in Holy Scripture where St. Peter is not mentioned first in rank, and that is the following passage in Galatians, referred to by Bishop Grafton:

"And when James, Cephas, and John, who seemed to be pillars, perceived the grace that was given unto me, they gave to me and Barnabas the right hands of fellowship" (Gal. ii. 9).

When describing the Transfiguration, St. Matthew says: "And after six days Jesus taketh Peter, James, and John his

* *Ibid.*, p. 17.

† *Ibid.*, p. 13.

‡ *Ibid.*, p. 16.

brother, and bringeth them up into a high mountain apart" (Matt. xvii. 1. King James' Version).

Again, when describing Christ's departure for Gethsemane, St. Matthew says: "And He took with Him Peter and the two sons of Zebedee" (Matt. xxvi. 37. King James' Version).

What justification is there for the insinuation that *after this* (his first enumeration) St. Matthew uses the order, James, Peter, and John?

Dr. Grafton has accused the learned Dr. Briggs of being "very superficial in his comment on the New Testament about St. Peter."* We are left the sad alternative either to believe that Dr. Grafton, in the foregoing comment on St. Matthew, is himself superficial, or else that he is unfair.

Undoubtedly there was some special reason for this unusual order found in Galatians. Very probably St. James was the first of the three *seen* by St. Paul, and St. John the last. Anyhow, this order is so unnatural that, in commenting on the passage, Tertullian, Chrysostom, St. Jerome, St. Ambrose, and St. Augustine quote St. Paul as saying: "Peter and James and John." †

The distinguished Protestant critic, Tischendorf, gives the names of no less than *eight* of the oldest MSS. of Holy Scripture, in which Peter's name is written first in this text (in Galatians) and he quotes the Syriac, the Coptic, the Armenian, and the Ethiopic versions as giving the same order. ‡

In John, i. 44, Andrew and Peter are not named as Apostles, but as citizens, and in I. Cor. the order is that of the ascending scale, thus giving Peter the place of honor.

Another consideration to be borne in mind is this: It is an established principle of exegesis that an isolated or obscure text must be interpreted in the light of those that are numerous or transparent. Any other system would upset the whole theology of the Bible. Here we have a single instance which must be interpreted in the light of five-and-twenty which are perfectly clear.

"THE THREE TEXTS."

In his examination of the "three texts upon which Rome builds her pretentious claims to the Supremacy" Dr. Grafton argues as follows:

* *Ibid.*, p. 10.

† *The True Faith of Our Forefathers*, pp. 173-175.

‡ *N. T. Grace, Lipsiæ*, 1872, p. 635.

"Now what does this rock refer to, Peter or Christ? Our Lord says: 'Thou art Peter (or Petros) and upon this rock (Petra) I will build My Church.' The two words are of different genders; therefore, as Peter or Petros is of the masculine gender, and Petra, feminine, Petra cannot refer to him."*

"Now what does this rock refer to?" Dr. Grafton asks, "Peter or Christ?" *Not* to Peter, because Peter is masculine and Petra is feminine, he argues. *Ergo*, it refers to Christ. This, he says, the Apostles would naturally infer—presumably at the expense of saying that Christ is feminine. This may, or may not, be logic. Just now we are chiefly concerned with the inquiry whether it is sincere effort after "elucidation of the Truth"?

"Nor is the argument answered," continues Dr. Grafton, "by saying our Lord spoke in Syriac or Aramaic, for in this language the same distinction of gender is preserved." Dr. Döllinger pleased the Prelate of Fond du Lac by "repudiating the Papacy and dying excommunicate." Is he equally pleasing in his statement: "The Greek translator of the Aramaic text was obliged to use *Petros* and *Petra*; in the original, *Cephas* stood in each place, *without change of gender*. 'Thou art a stone, and on this stone,' etc., *Cephas* being both name and title" ? †

Robert Wilberforce, commenting on this text, says: ". . . in Syriac, as appears at present from the Peschito version, the term in each member of the sentence is identical. Had St. Augustine, for instance, known that our Lord's words were: 'Thou art Cepho, and on this Cepho I will build My Church,' he would not have employed the argument he does in his *Retractions*." ‡

Dr. Grafton assures us that he has read the work from which these passages are quoted. Was it insincerity or bad eyesight which caused him to adopt the contradictory statement? Dr. Thompson reminds us that insincerity has been a temptation to others. Commenting on this passage he says: "Protestants have betrayed unnecessary fears and have therefore used all the *hardihood of lawless criticism* in their attempts to reason away the *Catholic* interpretation." §

* *Rejoinder*, p. 18.

† *England and the Holy See*. By Spencer Jones, M.A. Longmans, p. 104.

‡ *Ibid.*

§ *Monotesseron*, p. 194.

THE APPEAL TO THE FATHERS.

Having proved that Christ could not have referred to Peter in Matt. xvi. 18, Dr. Grafton appeals to the Fathers to prove that his own interpretation is the correct one.

"The majority of the Fathers," he says, "refer the rock to Christ or Peter's confession of His Divinity. The quotation Father O'Hern makes from St. Cyprian, that 'He who forsakes the Chair of St. Peter, upon whom the Church is built, let him not feel confidence that he is in the Church of Christ,' is stated in the ante-Nicene Christian Library . . . as undoubtedly spurious."*

Perhaps it will be news to Bishop Grafton to learn that two of the greatest living patristic scholars regard this quotation as undoubtedly genuine.

A few years ago Dom John Chapman, O.S.B., made a careful examination of the earliest extant copies of St. Cyprian's letter, and, as a result, declared that it was St. Cyprian himself who made the marginal notes under dispute. The treatise by St. Cyprian on "Unity" was first written against Felicissimus of Carthage, and later a copy was sent to assist Pope Cornelius to quell the Novatians in Rome, and this copy contained marginal notes that were finally embodied in the text. This opinion has been endorsed by Dr. Harnack as follows:

"In my judgment, the author (*i.e.*, Dom Chapman) is right. . . . *The interpolation is St. Cyprian's own work* . . . the conclusion forces itself upon the critic verily as the most probable solution. One may not only say it is unimpeachably certain, but one is justified in maintaining that it rests on the soundest proof. *It is no longer open to any one to treat the group of passages as a discreditable Roman forgery.*" †

Dr. Grafton's attempt to discredit the testimony of St. Cyprian is most unfortunate, for almost invariably where the saint refers to St. Peter, it is in these words: "Peter, upon whom the Church is built." Let us look at some of these passages from St. Cyprian:

"Peter, on whom the Church had been built by the Lord Himself." ‡

"There speaks Peter, upon whom the Church was to be built." §

* *Rejoinder*, pp. 10 and 20.

† *The Prince of the Apostles*, p. 128. Garrison, N. Y.: The Lamp Publishing Company.

‡ Ep. lv. *ad Cornel.*, p. 178.

§ Ep. lxix. *ad Pupian.*, p. 265.

"There is one baptism and one Holy Ghost, and one Church, *founded by Christ our Lord upon Peter*, for an original and principle of unity." *

"For not even did Peter, whom the Lord chose the first, and *upon whom He built His Church*," etc. †

"For first to Peter, *upon whom He built the Church*, and from whom He appointed and showed that unity should spring." ‡

"Peter, likewise, *on whom the Church was founded* by the good pleasure of the Lord." §

"*Upon that one (Peter) He builds His Church*, and to him He assigns His sheep to be fed." ||

Origen is the next Father taken up by Dr. Grafton, whom he tries to make a witness against Peter's Supremacy.

But Origen, likewise, proves a singularly refractory witness.

"Peter," he says, "was, by the Lord, called a rock, since to him is said: 'Thou art Peter, and upon this rock I will build My Church.'" ¶

"Peter, upon whom is built Christ's Church, against which the gates of hell shall not prevail, has left behind him but one epistle that is universally acknowledged." **

"See what is said by the Lord to that great foundation of the Church: 'O Thou of little faith, why didst thou doubt?'" (Matt. xiv. 31). ††

Dr. Grafton refers to a passage in the works of Tertullian but neglects to tell us that it was written after Tertullian had become a Montanist and had left the Church. We presume that even Dr. Grafton, who has written a whole book †† to prove that he is not only a Christian, but a *Catholic*, will hardly accept his doctrine from Tertullian the Montanist.

Speaking of the passage in question Dom Chapman says: "This treatise is about his latest and most spiteful, written when he had been some twenty years outside the Church." §§

Tertullian, when a Catholic, wrote as follows: "Was anything hidden from Peter, who was called the *rock* whereon the Church was to be built; who obtained the keys of the king-

* Ep. lxx. *ad Januar. et Ep. Numid.*, p. 270.

† Ep. lxxi. *ad Quintum*, p. 273.

‡ Ep. lxxiii. *ad Jubaian.*, p. 280.

§ *De Bono Patientiæ*, p. 494.

|| *De Unitate*, p. 397.

¶ T. III., Comm. in Matt., n. 130, p. 927 (*Alib. Tr.* 35).

** T. IV., in Joan., Tom. V., p. 95 (*Ex. Euseb.*, H. E., VI., c. 25):

†† T. II., Hom. V. in Exod., n. 4, col. 2, p. 145.

§§ *Christian and Catholic.*

§§ *Bishop Gore and the Anglican Claims.* Longmans, Green & Co. P. 50.

dom of heaven, and the power of losing and binding in heaven and on earth?"*

"I presume him (Peter) a Monogamist, by the *Church, which built upon him, etc.*"†

Dr. Grafton further states that St. Hilary is "among the Fathers who held that Christ, or the confession of His Divinity, was the rock."‡ But St. Hilary protests in these words: "For it was with Him so sacred a thing to suffer for the salvation of the human race, as thus to designate with the reproachful name, Satan, Peter, the first confessor of the Son of God, *the foundation of the Church*, the doorkeeper of the heavenly kingdom, and in His judgment on earth a judge of heaven."§

"The fear excited in the Apostles by the lowliness of the Passion (so that even the firm rock upon which the Church was to be built trembled), after the death and resurrection of the Lord ceased."||

"O happy foundation of the Church, and a rock worthy of the building up of that which was to scatter the infernal laws, and the gates of hell, and all the bars of death."¶

Dr. Grafton claims St. Basil on his side, but we have the following testimony from this Father: "When we hear the name of Peter . . . we at once . . . think of . . . him who on account of the pre-eminence of his faith received upon himself the building of the Church."**

"One also of these mountains was Peter, upon which rock the Lord promised to build His Church."††

St. Ambrose is taken up next. What could have tempted Dr. Grafton to cite this Father, who was so staunch a "Papalist," utterly escapes our comprehension. We could give pages of quotations from St. Ambrose in favor of Peter's Supremacy, but will have to content ourselves with the following: "It is that same Peter to whom He said: 'Thou art Peter, and upon this rock I will build My Church.' Therefore, *where Peter is, there is the Church.*"‡‡

"For how could that be agitated, over which he, Peter, presided, in whom is the foundation of the Church?"§§

* *De Præscript. Hæret.*, n. 22, p. 209.

† *De Monogamia*, n. 8, p. 529.

‡ *Rejoinder*, p. 21.

§ Tract. in Ps. cxli., n. 4, pp. 502-3, t. I.

|| Tract. in Ps. cxli., n. 8, p. 603, t. I.

¶ Comm. in Matt., c. xvi., n. 7, pp. 749-50.

** T. I., p. I., 1. II., *Adv. Eunom.*, n. 4, p. 340.

†† T. I., p. II., Comm. in Esai., c. ii., n. 66, p. 604.

‡‡ T. I., 5n Ps. xl., n. 30, pp. 879-80.

§§ T. L., *Expos. in Luc.* L. IV., n. 70, 71, 77, pp. 1353-4.

“For they have not Peter’s inheritance who have not Peter’s chair.”*

Dr. Grafton quotes St. Augustine as saying, in his Retractions, that “Christ was the rock”; but since his interpretation was based, as he tells us, on a mistaken view of the Syriac language, we must agree with Wilberforce in saying that “had St. Augustine known that our Lord’s words were ‘Thou art Cepho, and on this Cepho I will build My Church,’ he would not have employed the argument he does in his Retractions.”

Here is a passage St. Augustine never retracted, and no Catholic of to-day could express the teaching of the Church more concisely:

“I am kept in the Catholic Church by the consent of peoples and nations. By an authority begun with miracles, nourished by hope, increased by charity, confirmed by antiquity. By the succession of priests from the Chair of Peter the Apostle—to whom our Lord, after His resurrection, gave His sheep to be fed—down to the present Bishop. In fine, by that very name of *Catholic* which this Church has alone held possession of; so that though heretics would fain have called themselves Catholics, yet to the inquiry of a stranger, ‘Where is the meeting of the Catholic Church held?’ no one of them would dare to point out his own basilica.”†

St. Cyril of Alexandria is cited by Dr. Grafton as referring the rock to “the most firm faith of the disciples.”‡

The distinguished scholar, Waterworth, however, says: This passage “is not Cyril’s, but by another author subsequent to St. Cyril.”§

This opinion reaches a high degree of probability from a consideration of the following passage from St. Cyril: “He suffers him (Peter) no longer to be called Simon, . . . but by a title suitable to the thing; He changed his name into Peter, from the word *Petra* (rock); for on him He was afterwards to found His Church.”||

Again we find St. Cyril addressing Pope Celestine as “Archbishop of the Universe.”¶

Would Dr. Grafton thus address his Holiness, Pope Pius X. ? Dr. Grafton quotes St. Gregory the Great in a passage

* T. II., *De Pen.* L. V., c. vi., n. 33, p. 399.

† *Con. Ep. Manich.*, I., 5-6.

‡ *Rejoinder*, p. 22.

§ *Faith of Catholics.* Vol. II., p. 47.

|| T. LV., *Comm. in Joan.*, *in loc.*, p. 131.

¶ *Hom. in Deip.*, p. 384, *ed. Aubert.*

which must be sorely strained to seem favorable to the Grafton idea. St. Gregory, of course, is unequivocal in his teaching, as, for example: "By the voice of the Lord the care of the whole Church is committed to Peter, the head of the Apostles."*

Has Dr. Grafton never read the famous passage from Milman in reference to the times of St. Gregory? "It is impossible to conceive what had been the confusion, the lawlessness, the chaotic state of the Middle Ages, without the mediæval Papacy; and of the mediæval Papacy the real father is Gregory the Great."

Even Dr. Littledale does not lay hands on St. Jerome, as Dr. Grafton boldly does. We commend to Dr. Grafton this from Littledale: "The most direct and cogent passage in favor of Papalism in the whole of the Fathers is this from St. Jerome, in an epistle to Pope Damasus, written A. D. 376: 'I speak with the successor of the Fisherman and the disciples of the Cross. I, following no chief save Christ, am counted in communion with your Blessedness, that is, with the chair of Peter. On that rock I know the Church is built; whoso eats the Lamb outside this house is profane.'†

We have now examined Dr. Grafton's chief witnesses among the Fathers, and find that all are in perfect accord with Catholic teaching. If they have at times referred to Christ as The Rock on whom the Church is built, it is in that *primary* sense, admitted by all Catholics, and which St. Paul had in mind when he wrote: "Other foundation can no man lay than that is laid, which is Christ Jesus."‡

"It must be clearly understood," says Father Ryder, "that we in nowise reject the application of The Rock to Christ, or to faith in Christ. We maintain that such interpretation does not at all militate against its application directly to St. Peter; not indeed to his person, but to his office."

St. Peter is the *secondary* foundation, so made by Christ Himself—the visible Head on earth, representing the chief and invisible Head, Jesus Christ in heaven.

THE FORGED DECRETALS.

Our seeker after truth tells us that the real basis of the Papacy is not to be found in Scripture at all, or in the Patristic

* Lib. IV., Ep. 32.

† *Plain Reasons Against Joining the Church of Rome*, p. 194.
‡ I. Cor. iii. xi.

interpretation of the Petrine texts, but in the "*Forged Decretals* which Gratian worked into the Canon Law of the Church." He continues: "We ask our readers: Do you think that Almighty God, if He wanted to develop the supremacy of the Pope, would have resorted to man's lies to do it? Does God need man's lies to carry out His plans and do His work?"*

The *Forged Decretals* themselves furnish the best answer to Dr. Grafton's question, for the Papacy was in full bloom centuries before the *Decretals* were thought of, and continues in undiminished vigor long after these forgeries have been discovered and rejected. But what is the history of the *Forged Decretals*? When were they compiled, and where and by whom, and why?

It is admitted that they cannot have originated earlier than the year 845, nor later than 857. From end to end they proclaim their birthplace to have been not Rome but Western France. It is plain, too, that these *Decretals* were not the work of Rome or Rome's Bishop. Their compiler was either a provincial bishop or one acting in his name and for his benefit. Modern writers are agreed that the immediate object of the *Decretals* was to win respect for Episcopal authority. If they sometimes touch on the prerogative of the Pope it is never in the interests of Rome, but always in those of the bishops. The *Decretals* did not obtain any official footing until the middle of the eleventh century, and never exercised any serious influence on the government of the Church. So far as we have been able to ascertain, there is no writer of to-day, except Dr. Grafton, who holds that Papal Supremacy was built up through the instrumentality of the *Forged Decretals*. Dr. Gore, Anglican Bishop of Birmingham, though he has written bitterly against the Catholic Church, does not agree with Dr. Grafton in his allegation that "crimes innumerable, the greed of worldly power, *forgeries and lies*, marked the rise of the Papacy."† (Italics are ours.)

Bishop Gore decisively declares: "No one can fairly contemplate the greatness of the Papacy, or consider how vast the position it occupies in the whole of history, without being satisfied that it is something more than could have ever been created by the ambition or power of individual Popes or by the evil forces of injustice and fraud. It is one of those great

* *Rejoinder*, pp. 30-31.

† *Ibid.*, p. 30.

historic growths which indicate a divine purpose latent in the tendencies of things and the circumstances of the world."*

This statement should really be taken as final, for Bishop Gore would not have conceded so much unless historic truth and the consent of the world's scholarship had compelled it. Nevertheless, we offer it to Dr. Grafton only tentatively, having no means at hand whereby we can know whether Dr. Gore belongs in Dr. Grafton's mind to the corps of belligerent flies.

PETER IN ROME.

Was Peter in Rome? This question has been considered for the last twenty-five years as thoroughly disposed of and settled. But, "consider the evidence," cries Dr. Grafton. "Holy Scripture does not state that he was there. . . . And can you suppose that Almighty God will condemn His children . . . for not submitting to the Papacy when He does not tell us that Peter was at Rome?"†

"The church which is at Babylon saluteth you,"‡ is one of St. Peter's own contributions to Holy Scripture. The *Speakers' Commentary*, edited by the Anglican Archbishop of York, makes the following comment on this text:

"We have to remark . . . that all ancient authorities are unanimous in the assertion that the later years of his (Peter's) life were passed in the west of the Roman Empire. *We find an absolute consensus of ancient interpreters that 'Babylon' must be understood as equivalent to Rome.* We adopt without the least misgiving this explanation of the word as alone according with the mind of the Apostle and also the testimony of the early Church."

Again Dr. Ellicott, Anglican Bishop of Gloucester and Bristol, in his commentary on the same text, says: "*Nothing but Protestant prejudice can stand against the historical evidence that Peter sojourned and died in Rome.*"§

Rev. William W. Whiston, an Anglican theologian, says: "*That St. Peter was at Rome is so clear in Christian antiquity that it is a shame for any Protestant to have to confess that any Protestant ever denied it.*"||

In reply to Dr. Grafton's assertion that "there is slight

* *Roman Catholic Claims*, p. 106.

† *Rejoinder*, p. 28.

‡ I. Peter v. 13.

§ *The Bible Commentary*, *loc cit.*

|| *Memoirs*, 1750.

evidence for St. Peter's being at Rome,"* we submit the names of the following non-Catholic writers who unanimously agree that Peter *was* in Rome, and died Bishop of Rome: Credner, Bleek, Wieseler, Meyer, Hilgenfeld, Rebab, Mangold, Grotius, Cave, Lardiner, Whitby, Macknight, Hales, Claudius, Mynster, Schaff, Neander, Steiger, De Wette, and Lightfoot. But why multiply authorities? "Nay, an' thou'lt mouth, I'll rant as well as thou!"

ANGLICAN ORDERS.

Dr. Grafton solemnly tells us that the new form of ordination was introduced into the Edwardine Ordinal, not because the so-called Reformers had any idea of denying the "Catholic doctrine of the Eucharist, *but because the old one was ambiguous.*" †

This is really a remarkable statement when we pause to consider how the change itself, *because of its ambiguity*, plunged the Church of England into a state of chaotic confusion regarding the priesthood, from which it has never since emerged. Few clergymen of the Anglican Church to-day agree as to just what the powers of the priesthood are. Some, like Dr. Grafton, are copy-cat Catholics, laying claim to everything the Catholic priest holds, while others are out-and-out Protestants, denying everything, and each claiming that his interpretation is the true one.

"We think," Dr. Grafton continues, "we have fairly answered Father O'Hern's misstatement that the Anglican Orders had been pronounced invalid by the Greeks, Russians, and Old Catholics." ‡

What answer does Dr. Grafton give? *The private opinion of private individuals* in these various churches. Now the fact that these *individuals* consider Anglican Orders to be valid no more proves that such is the official teaching of their Church than the fact of Dr. Grafton's belief in the Real Presence proves that such is the official teaching of the Anglican Church. It is a matter of historical record, which Anglicans know but too well, that these Churches have never officially recognized the validity of Anglican Orders. Let us hear the testimony of the one living scholar, best qualified to speak, who has examined all the original documents in the Vatican library concerning

* *Rejoinder*, p. 28.

† *Ibid.*, pp. 49-50.

‡ *Ibid.*, p. 43.

Anglican Orders, and whom Dr. Grafton will not dare to accuse of making a *misstatement*:

“The early English Reformers rejected the Sacrifice of the Mass and all that the notion implied—altars, vestments, and priesthood. They drew up a rite of ordaining ministers, in which, by exclusion, this notion was strongly emphasized, and which was wholly different from the ancient Catholic rite. Further, there can be no doubt whatever that those who were responsible for drawing up the rite, and those who first used it, would have rejected with scorn and by the use of the strongest language, any idea of making bishops and priests in the Catholic sense. Why, therefore, will their successors in religion—the members of the English Established Church, or those bodies which sprang from it—take it amiss if Pope Leo XIII., as the result of his examination of the question, came to agree with their forefathers in all this, and declared that, in his opinion, they succeeded in their design? He is not, be it remembered, the first who has come to this decision; for *the same judgment had already been passed upon the validity of Anglican Orders by the Greeks and Russians, and by the Jansenists and Old Catholics.*”*

Dr. Grafton must have heard of that embarrassing little affair in connection with the Pan-Anglican Congress of 1908. Dr. Blyth, Anglican Bishop of Jerusalem, on that occasion, addressed a communication to the Eastern Patriarch of Jerusalem regarding the “formal recognition between the two churches of the validity of Holy Baptism and Holy Orders.” Here are some extracts from the answer of the Jerusalem Patriarch:

“We cannot give an affirmative reply to the question contained in this communication about the validity of Baptism and Orders in the Anglican Church. . . . We have belonging to us men who have looked deeply into these questions, and have demonstrated, both from canonical and other considerations the impossibility of the complete recognition of the validity of both these Sacraments *which are consummated in the Anglican Church after a method of its own.* . . . Various reasons do not permit the Eastern Orthodox Church to accept, without being on her guard, the validity of the Baptism of Anglicans. . . . The same reasons hold good in relation to

* *The Question of Anglican Ordinations.* By Abbot Gasquet, O.S.B., D.D. Notre Dame, Ind.: The Ave Maria Press.

the question of the Orders of Anglicans. . . . *Our Church . . . has the profoundest sentiment of rigid orthodoxy, and that which is befitting in order to preserve this deposit uninjured.*" (Italics our own.)

The general drift of this letter convinced the Pan-Anglican Congress that Rome was not solitary and alone in its distrust of Anglican Orders.

Though we have been able to analyze only a few of the leading statements made in Dr. Grafton's *Rejoinder*, we have ourselves begun so seriously to doubt the perfect sincerity of Dr. Grafton's desire for "elucidation of the truth," that we must await further assurances from him on this point before we can proceed.

The quotation from St. Cyprian, with which our former article* closed, was rejected by Dr. Grafton "as undoubtedly spurious." We shall close this one with a quotation *which we know to be genuine*: The writer is a Jesuit, as staunch a representative of the Catholic mind as St. Cyprian himself. In speaking of the dishonest methods which often characterize the adversaries of the Catholic Church, he says:

"To give their accusations some show of plausibility, they have had to tamper with the text or grossly misrepresent the author's meaning. Sheer ignorance would be a poor palliation of such conduct, and the conviction is forced upon one that writers like Dr. Littledale" (and must we insert, like Dr. Grafton, too?) "make playthings of the minds of men. They trifle with human weakness and have recourse to the old device: 'Cry it loud, my masters, and cry it often; there must always be some who cannot, and some who will not, investigate the truth of your assertions.'" †

* "Bishop Grafton and Pro-Romanism," THE CATHOLIC WORLD, February, 1909.

† Salvator M. Brandi, S. J., *The Catholic Mind*, November 22, 1903, p. 32.

HER MOTHER'S DAUGHTER.

BY KATHARINE TYNAN.

CHAPTER XVII.

THE SHADOW OF FEAR.



SOME months had passed since that afternoon when Miss Grantley had called upon Lady Eugenia Capel, and had returned to find her nephew putting his things together with an air of breathless hurry.

"I am going to offer myself for active service, Aunt Sophia," he said, looking up at her from the portmanteau into which he was laying all manner of things higgledy-piggledy. "I hope I shall be accepted. I'm tired of being a carpet-soldier. I want to win some glory if I can."

She sat down heavily in one of the chintz-covered chairs. He was too excited to notice how stone-gray was her face, and how a perspiration had come out in little beads upon it.

"I am going up to town to-night, lest I should lose my chances," he said. "I wouldn't be left at home for anything. Fancy going back to India to play in gymkhanas and dance at Government House when there is fighting to be done. I have never had an opportunity before. I want to win glory if I can."

She gazed at the handsome head bent now in the task of getting an ill-packed, over-full portmanteau to close. By some strange intuition she could read his heart. If he had said: "I want to win glory for my dear" she could not have understood more plainly. His face was irradiated. Of late it had been gloomy.

"Why didn't you get a man to do that for you?" she asked. "You are ruining your clothes; yet you were always so particular about them."

"In time of peace," he said; "now it is time of war. I had to do it myself. I couldn't stand by while a servant did it."

I shan't need very much. I am leaving most of my things behind."

"Yes, my dear boy. You will find them all when you come back."

She was tolerably certain that he would not find her; but the house was to be his. He would find it waiting for its master. She would leave it so that the servants should stay on—they were old and faithful servants. She almost opened her lips to speak; then closed them again. She would not send him away with the knowledge that he was leaving her to die alone. Why, for the matter of that, she had lived alone. Even to Godfrey she had been chary of manifestations of affection. She had sheltered him in youth and paid for his education; but she had not tried to keep him at home with her as another lonely woman might. He had gone into the army, and when the time came for his regiment to go to India he had gone with it. He had chosen the life of soldiering for himself, and she had not protested, nor urged, as a softer woman might, the claim of her loneliness. Now that he was to have his first chance of active service, she was not going to hamper and hinder him with the thought of a sick old woman of his blood, who had been like a mother to him, dying alone.

"You will say good-bye for me to all my friends?" he said, standing up and shaking himself. "Nesta was out driving with Moore when the news came. I couldn't wait till they got back. I will write from town. I am very glad that you and Nesta are reconciled. You will miss me less."

"Now you are talking nonsense, Godfrey. Nesta and I had never much in common. I shall miss you, of course; but you will come back. And, now, where do you suppose I have been?"

"I haven't been thinking about it. But to be sure you have been driving. You keep too much at home. It will do you good being out this glorious weather. I wish you could go out more."

"I went to call on Lady Eugenia Capel."

He was busy with his despatch box, fitting a key carefully into the lock, but the color came to his cheek, and Miss Grantley saw it.

"She is in love with you, Godfrey," she said.

He dropped the bunch of keys with a rattle.

"You are mistaken; she is in love with Stanhope," he said frowning.

"She is in love with you."

"Did she tell you so?"

"Now I come to think of it, I don't believe she did. But we talked of you, and she was a woman in love. Godfrey, all I have will be yours. I was going to give it to you even in my lifetime, that you might be happy with her."

He came over to her and kissed her.

"You are too good to me Aunt Sophia; you always were," he said. "But, of course, I could not let you strip yourself of your money for me. I confess I have been presumptuous enough to lift my eyes to Lady Eugenia Capel. If I live to come back I shall have something to offer her—I shall be less unworthy."

Two months had passed and Miss Grantley was dead and buried more than a month. The Priory, with the old staff of servants, stood waiting for the new master. She had not died in loneliness. Nesta Moore had been often with her—would have been with her constantly, if it were not that the dying woman seemed to prefer Lady Eugenia Capel, with whom she had formed a close tie of friendship, bewildering to the uninitiated.

She had died, as she had hoped to do, almost without lying down; had returned to her Maker, as she had desired, unmarked by the surgeon's knife. She had gone very quickly in the end, the merciful end hastened by a week of bitter weather in which she had taken a chill.

Nesta had been with her at the last. An hour or two before she died she awoke out of a doze, and her eyes were bright.

"You have that five hundred pounds I gave you, Nesta?" she asked.

"I have it quite safely."

"Keep it safely. How can we tell but you might need it? You are as safe as any mortal can be; at the worst, Godfrey would take care of you. But I might have made it more. I hope I did not do wrong in not making it more."

Nesta assured her that she had not done wrong; and Miss

Grantley listened, looking at her with eyes in which the brightness died like a sinking candle-flame.

When all was over, Lord Mount-Eden and his daughter went away on a tour round the world which had been planned for some time and only postponed by Lady Eugenia's determination to stay with Miss Grantley to the end. No one could say that the young lady did not need the change. She had looked harassed and worried out of all proportion to such a thing as the quiet dying of an old woman who was no kin to her and but a recent friend. Few suspected her absorption in the news from the seat of war, where already there had been two bloody engagements and Captain Grantley's name had once been mentioned in despatches.

But she was of the heroic stuff, and she would not keep her father when he was anxious to go; so they had been gone some weeks before the time came when Nesta Moore was first smitten by her great fear.

James Moore had taken a chill that summer evening, when he had plunged into the river to save his wife and afterwards had delayed to change his wet garments. He had taken a chill, to his own indignant disgust; but, while he was obliged to admit that he was more vulnerable than he thought, nothing in the world would induce him to treat himself like any ordinary mortal.

An unpleasant little cough settled on him, which became worse with the approach of winter. He had never been ill in his life; and he was as difficult to manage as such men are apt to be. He would not take doctors' stuffs; he would not stay indoors and nurse his cold; he would not take any of the ordinary precautions.

Just at that time the mills had received their first Government contract. The hands were working overtime, and fresh hands had to be brought in. Houses were springing up in many directions to receive the newcomers. Shops were being built to supply their needs. A Methodist meeting-house had arrived, and a Baptist was in process of building. Valley was busier than a hive. There were to be baths, recreation halls, a laboratory, a library, for the use of the hands. James Moore had gone for his plans to a certain garden-city built by a Northern manufacturer for the use of his employees. He was going to make Valley a wonder of its kind.

"The hands will serve me twice as well if they're healthy and contented," he said to his brothers, who were somewhat alarmed at the great proposals, "and I am quite willing that they should be the better of our prosperity."

All the time his cough increased and grew upon him. When he had a fit of coughing in their presence, his brothers would look at each other with such haggard faces as would win any one's pity. They had asked him in vain to see a doctor.

"It is the woolen stuff and fluff in the air makes me cough," he said. "I shall be all right in a day or two."

He was not one to be persuaded against his will. The time came when the brothers looked in each other's faces and acknowledged with bitterness in their hearts that an appeal to the woman they detested and misjudged was the only way.

Dick Moore had avoided Nesta more markedly since the day when, to please her husband, she had thanked him with averted eyes for saving her child. He had muttered in reply something about Stella being "Jim's kid," as though Nesta might think that it had been done for her. So it was Stephen that came on the embassy. Stephen, who could be so gentle with birds and animals, who might perhaps in the beginning have liked Nesta if he had not been so much influenced by the other.

"You should make Jim see a doctor," he said, shuffling from one foot to another. "He has a nasty cough."

"Do you think I haven't asked him?" Nesta returned, black fear coming down like a cloud upon her heart.

"If you want him to live," said Stephen scowling, "you'll use women's ways to get him to listen. Might happen the cough 'ud turn to pneumonia. Make him see a doctor."

If he had been looking at her he would have seen the fear in her face; but her husband's brothers never looked at her when they were in her presence.

"I shall do my best," she said, in a small, terrified voice. "Indeed I have tried; but he wouldn't listen to me. You think the cough is so bad as—all that?"

"If you cared as a wife should care," Stephen Moore said, without lifting his head, "you wouldn't ask: 'Is it so bad?' You'd know how bad it was."

But Nesta scarcely heard him. If she had thought of him

at all, she would have taken the speech as a part of the ill-conditioned attitude of the brothers towards her. But in the terror that had come upon her there was no room for any other thought than that her beloved was in danger.

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE SECRET JOURNEY.

To think that they—the two who hated and misjudged her—should have had to plant that sword of fear in her heart. She wrung her hands when she thought upon it. She had been comforting herself with false comfort, because he was strong and big and bonny and had never had an illness in his life. And because he had given reasons for the cough, such reasons as had not deceived his brothers, and had put her off with promises that when spring came and the great rush of things was over they would go away to the South, just themselves and the child. They would have their long-postponed honeymoon: in the clear air, under the spotless skies, he would get rid of the dust that was in his throat. She must be patient. In a little while he would do all she asked. Now he was too hard-pressed. There was no time to see a doctor—no time to be careful.

Aunt Betsy came in on Nesta when she was in the cold grip of the fear. She had made a great expedition for her, because she, too, was anxious about Jim's troublesome cough.

"Put your arms about his neck, dearie. Coax him. A man can't resist the wife he loves as Jim loves you, if she but takes him the right way. My bonny boy!" said the old woman, and the falling note on which she concluded made Nesta tremble like a leaf.

She pleaded with her husband at the first opportunity; and this time her pleading was not in vain. He confessed at last that the cough had left him with a certain lassitude, which was a new thing in his experience. He had heats at night and awoke tired. Yet there was something he must do before he could find time to rest. He was buying out a rival company; taking over their premises; going to run their mills with his own. It entailed a deal which he could delegate to no one.

"Let it be safely accomplished, Nesta," he said, "and Madeira will soon make me all right. But I will see a doctor if you like. You shall take me up to town next week. Wait till I see—Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday—I think I can manage Friday."

She was glad to get so much from him, and did not press him further; only living in terror that, after all, he might not go to the doctor's on the Friday.

However he did, and she went with him. It was characteristic of his attitude towards her that he saw the doctor alone, leaving her in the waiting-room.

It seemed a long time that he was away from her, behind that deeply-recessed, mahogany door, in the wall covered with a red flock paper, which was as a door to the judgment-hall to Nesta. She sat listening with her very heart for the turning of the handle in the door which should preface her husband's coming back to her. She sat at a table covered with the Christmas numbers of papers and magazines, gaily-colored and with an intention of jollity. There were other people in the room. A pale child opposite to her lay against his mother's arm with an air of weakness, and could not be induced to look at the gaily-colored pictures. Every time he coughed his mother pressed him a little closer to her side and a tremor shook her frame.

At last the door, which had let out so many reprieved or sentenced to death, opened and James Moore came out. He smiled at Nesta as he came towards her; but to her terrified fancy he was pale. Yet his whisper was reassuring.

"Nothing too bad, little one," he said. "I've got to be careful and we must spend the spring out of England, since we can afford to do it. Doctors are great humbugs. If you were to believe them, the poor man would never recover, for the poor man could not do the things they prescribe for their patients; yet, I daresay, the poor man pulls through as often as the rich."

"Did he say you were to rest?"

"He gave me that impossible prescription. I shall not rest while I am here. But after Christmas we shall get away somewhere where I shall find it easy to laze. We will loaf through the spring, you and I and Stella. Where shall it be, Nest?"

During their lunch at a smart hotel and in the train going home they talked of where the spring should be spent; and at intervals the cough shook James Moore's big frame.

"It is nothing, nothing," he said. "You shall see how I will throw it off when I get out of this murk."

But Nesta was not satisfied. At night when her husband slept, his sleep broken now and again by the rattling cough, she lay awake, contemplating or trying to contemplate, for her soul shrank back in panic, the wreck and ruin of a life without Jim.

After a day or two she could not endure the suspense, and, since business took her husband away for the better part of two days, she made an expedition to London on her own account and saw the lung specialist.

"Your husband," he said, looking at her kindly, "has a splendid frame and a splendid constitution. With care he should throw off the cough which he has unfortunately contracted. A cough is always a serious matter if it continues."

He looked at her for a moment as though considering. Then he asked if there was consumption in James Moore's family.

"You are not to be frightened by the question," he added. "We doctors have to search in all possible directions for facts that may have a bearing on our patients' health."

"I have never heard of such a thing," Nesta said. "I used to be very delicate myself, and it was feared that I might be going into consumption, but I have grown very strong since then."

"You look perfectly healthy," the doctor said slowly, "perfectly healthy. Let me see your husband again before he goes. He promised me another visit. And do not delay about getting away. It has been an open winter so far. We may expect the bitter weather after Christmas."

"I will do my best," said Nesta, only half-comforted. "But I cannot always make my husband do what he wills not to."

The doctor laughed.

"No, indeed, I should think not. A very dominant man, I should say. A most remarkable and striking personality."

When Nesta arrived in a crush of travelers at Burbridge, the station for Outwood, she was too occupied with her own

thoughts to take much heed of the press on the platform along which she hurried, to the little gate that led out into the wet country road. The visit to the doctor was a secret one, to be hidden from her husband, so she kept her veil down, and in the mourning she was wearing for her great aunt, she might easily have escaped observation in the ill-lit, small station.

As she hurried along, her head bent before the wind, she did not notice Dick Moore coming towards her on the pathway. She brushed against him in fact, and hurried on faster than before. She was not accustomed to be out in the darkness by herself and she was vaguely frightened of those who were out with her.

After he had passed her he turned round and stared—stared a second—and then followed her. Up the steep incline from the railway station into the Main Street of the little town. In front of the inn, the Three Widgeons, which had lately put on a new red-brick front that sadly marred its ancient beauty, she stopped and lifted her veil the better to read the legend on one of the windows which told that posting was done by the inn. Her face was full in the cheerful light that streamed from the bar-parlor and the man lurking in the shadow watched her with an expression which was the incarnation of hatred.

CHAPTER XIX.

THE END OF ALL THINGS.

The small sense of comfort which Nesta derived from her visit to the doctor did not last her long. Her husband came back from his expedition, a little weaker, more languid; his cough more persistent. Rest and care were the only prescription the doctor had given him; they seemed impossible to him, so long as this business of the amalgamation of the mills remained unsettled.

For the next few weeks he worked with feverish activity, as though he foresaw the night close at hand when he might not work. It was always a little while longer, a little more to be done, and he would let Nesta take him away to the South and a long, long rest.

Meanwhile it became ever more and more apparent to those about him that a term was coming to the strenuous life. His

wife carried a heart heavy as stone in her breast. His brothers were so haggard and piteous that they would have moved her to tears if she had any tears to weep. She had none to weep for them or for herself. She said to herself that when the hour came in which Jim should be taken from her she must surely die, and what, then, would become of the child? Only for the child she would have taken comfort from the atrophy that seemed to have come upon her life, the loss of appetite and sleep, the weakness, the weariness. If she and Jim could only go together! But then there was the child. What would become of their child, hers and Jim's, if both father and mother were taken?

The day came, all too soon, when James Moore confessed himself beaten.

One morning, after a restless, exhausting night, he thought he would like to stay in bed.

"I shan't be too long dying, Nesta," he said. "I want you to remember me big and strong and the happiest fellow in the world having you, not as a sick and querulous invalid. That London doctor told me I had the symptoms of consumption. He talked of cures and the natural vigor of my constitution and so on. He said I was the last man in the world to be a victim to consumption, and wondered how the foe could have slipped in past such well-guarded gates. Well, Nesta, we shall not dislodge him now. He has the keys of the fortress. But I have made things right for you and the child. Stella will be very rich one day. I have been killing myself securing her fortune, and I am dead-tired."

During the weeks that were left he talked much in this strain. His wife sat in dumb despair, which took little heed of the things he said about his money. If only she and Jim could tramp the world together—in rags, but together—she would be the happiest woman in the world. Without him, without her darling, her hero, her king, she would be forever desolate.

The brothers came and went, took his instructions about one thing and another—for his mind was yet clear and fixed upon his business—and, standing by his sofa or his bed, had the burning, unslaked eyes of souls in torture. They were uglier than ever, lean and haggard and fierce; and their efforts to step softly in the sick room and to subdue their rough

voices, which in these days were cracked and hoarse, moved the little brown, kind, pious nurse to the profoundest pity. It was one of the saddest cases Sister Mary had ever met with in all her professional experience, the great, splendid, beautiful man galloping along the road to the grave and leaving such broken hearts behind him.

The light burnt fiercely while it lasted. It was not far from extinction when James Moore forced his wife to listen to and to understand what he had to say about the disposition of his affairs. He sent away the nurse for a little while with orders that they were not to be disturbed. It was late afternoon and the darkness had fallen except for a band of blood-red light which lay in the west beyond the tree-tops, and showed through the diamond panes of the window. There was only firelight and the shaded lamp in the room; and the splendor in the sky deepened and grew more lustrous in color and was reflected on the walls of the bedroom.

Sitting by the bedside, with her head upon her husband's pillow, Nesta Moore remembered that evening, barely a year ago when she had first seen Outwood Manor; and there had been just such a boding sky as to-night filling all the windows with phantom fires. She remembered how in this room she had had a foretaste of what she was now enduring. She remembered how James Moore had said that they would banish the ghosts and set up their own hearthfires in the house. Well, they were but adding another to the ghosts of the house, a ghost of ruined happiness as terrible as any that the old house had known in all its years of existence. Now she knew why she had been terrified. The old ghosts they had banished for awhile had come and sat down by their hearth, and the fire they had lit upon it was dust and ashes, dust and ashes.

"You had better let this house, Nest," the dying man's voice went on. "You would be lost in it without me. Stella can live in it when she is grown up and married. I should not like it to be sold. You must live where it will be least lonely, dear. I shall not fetter you in any way. You always hated Valley. You can get quite beyond sight and hearing of the mills, if you like."

She shivered as though he had struck her. A low moan of wind rose and shook the doors and windows and cried in the chimney.

"It will be a rough night," he sighed, "and I shall go out with the turn of the tide. Those two poor fellows will be here presently. You must be good to them, Nest. This will nearly kill them. They have lived in me, never for themselves. They have missed all that men care for, their only interest in life being to serve me. Had ever man such devotion?"

He paused, tired out with the speech he had made, painfully and with painful breaths between the words. She felt that she ought to speak, but what could she say that would not disturb his dying moments? She could have forgiven them because they loved him, but they would never forgive her. Through all the dazed misery of those last weeks she had seen that they looked at her with hatred. What had she done—poor woman—except to love their brother who had loved her—that they should hate her so much?

She kissed his hand instead of speaking; and after a little the laboring voice began again.

"They will take care of you, Nest, of you and the child. I have left you entirely in their hands. Poor little child, what would you know of business matters? They will toil for you and the child as they have for me. And you will have no risks, Nest, no risks at all. I have taught them to be wise and prudent. They will not do big things as I would have done; but they will not waste my work. They are free to act as they will. They know all my wishes regarding you. You will be safe in their hands."

She lifted her face from where it had lain and it was paler than before. The scarlet from the west lay now in great gouts and splashes on the bed and the bed-curtains.

"Do you mean, Jim," she said, "that we shall be altogether in their hands, Stella and I?"

For herself she would not have cared. For the child, even in this moment of desolation, she could plead and struggle against his indomitable will.

"That is it, Nest. I leave everything in their hands. It will be just as though I were there and watching them. It will be Moore Brothers still."

"Jim, Jim," she groaned, "do not leave me to them. They hate me. As much as they love you they hate me. They wrong me in their thoughts."

He raised a weak hand to stroke her hair.

"You never understood them, Nest; you never did them justice. They are as faithful as my dog. Because they are ugly and misshapen, so that no woman will ever love them; because they are set apart by their unlikeness to other men; those things ought to make your pitiful woman's heart gentle to them."

"Do not leave us to them, Jim; do not leave us to them. They will have no mercy on me," she cried.

"I thought I was doing my best for you," he said curling a ring of her hair weakly about his finger. "What does a tender child like you know of business? Why, they would not dare play me false. They will do all the work for you, and you must get as much into the sunshine as you can, as much as you can, without me."

He closed his eyes, and there was a strange sound in his breathing which terrified the wife. The flare of the window had reached his pillow, turning it red as blood.

"I did not know—you would mind—so much—" he said, with a greater feebleness than before. "If there were time to call Lee here I would—since you wish—give you a controlling interest. Send some one—for him. I am tired. Lie down beside me, Nest, as we have lain during those happy years."

She nestled close to him, and his face was wet, wet and cold. He was asleep. The brothers came too late. The solicitor, hastily sent for, came too late. He lingered through the night still sleeping, and, as he had said he would, went out with the turn of the tide.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

A PROGRAMME OF SOCIAL REFORM BY LEGISLATION.*

BY JOHN A. RYAN, D.D.



SO much for measures directly in favor of the working classes. Let us now consider some legislative projects which aim at benefiting the whole body of consumers by limiting the power of exceptionally favored industries and capital to obtain excessive prices and excessive profits.

1. Public Ownership of Public Utilities.—Under this head are included national and State ownership of railroads, express companies, telegraphs, and telephones, and municipal ownership of gas and electric lighting, water-works, street railways, and telephones. The chief benefits expected from this change are better service, lower charges, equal treatment of all patrons, and better conditions for employees. Better service is likely, because a publicly owned utility is more responsive to the people's needs, and will meet these needs more effectively than a private corporation which is not subject to competition. Lower fares will be possible, inasmuch as the service can be provided at cost, and the cost itself can be lowered owing to the cheaper rate at which capital can be borrowed. Equal treatment of all patrons will give a larger measure of industrial opportunity, and remove the chief agency through which monopolies have been created and competition crushed. Employees will be better treated, as is always the case in public employments. Another very probable good effect would be the narrowing of the field for private investment, and the consequent tendency toward a general fall in the rate of interest. Competition among private capitals would be more active than it is at present. The arguments against public ownership are, indeed, weighty, but many of them—for example, the one drawn from political corruption—can be urged with greater force against private ownership. Perhaps the most decisive general answer to these objections is the fact that the policy of public ownership is gaining ground every day in every country, and that

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no country now enjoying it has any thought of reverting to the other system. At any rate, the obstacles to the introduction of the proposed system in this country are so numerous and varied that it can be accomplished only gradually, so gradually that both friends and foes will have ample time to anticipate and counteract its dangers.

2. Public Ownership of Mines and Forests—Both the states and the nation should retain the ownership of all mineral and forest lands that have not yet been alienated. The mines should be leased at a fair rental per ton of ore removed, and the same principle should be applied to the forests. It was a great mistake to have sold any of these lands outright, for the compensation received by the State has been, on the whole, utterly inadequate, and a comparatively small number of private individuals have reaped enormous and unnecessary profits. One of the richest and most necessary of the minerals, anthracite coal, has passed into the control of a monopoly which exacts exorbitant prices from the consumer; while climatic conditions have been adversely affected, and a lumber famine is threatened as a result of the reckless and wholesale destruction of the forests.

3. Adequate Control of Monopolies.—The case of most natural monopolies has already been considered under the head of public ownership. With regard to those which are not based upon natural advantages—for example, the Steel Corporation and the Standard Oil Company—three courses are open to the State. The first is to permit them to charge whatever prices they please, so long as they do not use illegal methods of competition. This is the plan at present in use, but it is obviously untenable and intolerable. If a corporation can employ fair methods toward its competitors and still become a monopoly, it must be regulated in the interest of the consumers. History shows that human beings cannot be trusted to use such great power justly. The second plan would prevent the evil by preventing its cause, that is, it would prohibit any corporation to control more than half of the business in which it was engaged. This method approves itself to all those who believe that the economies of a monopolistic combination are not an adequate substitute for the benefits of competition. They would have competition enforced, as it were, artificially. Yet if the saving to be effected through mere concentration, combination, and great masses of capital is as large as some authorities assert

(the question is still an open one) the theory and the method just described ought to be rejected. It would seem preferable for the State to permit all monopolies that, without either natural advantages, special privileges, or unfair methods of competition, arise in obedience to the so-called "laws of industrial evolution," but to extend to the consumer some of the benefits of combination by regulating prices.

This could be done by a government commission similar to the commissions that now regulate railway rates. In both cases we have the same principles and substantially the same difficulties. To those who are still under the tyranny of an exploded *laissez-faire* philosophy this proposal may seem revolutionary, but to those who have some acquaintance with economic history and who try to see the facts of industrial life as they are, it will appear quite natural and quite rational. In an address delivered just ten years ago on "American Trusts," Professor Ashley said: "I see nothing for it but that, in countries where the monopolizing movement is well under way, the Governments should assume the duty of in some way controlling prices" (*Surveys Historic and Economic*, p. 388). Even President Gary, of the United States Steel Corporation, recently suggested this method to a committee of Congress. To the obvious Socialist objection, that the State ought to own these "evolutionary" monopolies as well as those natural monopolies which are called public utilities, there is an equally obvious answer. The former industries are more complicated and probably much fewer than the latter, and we do not want to multiply the industrial functions of the State unnecessarily. When the Socialist theory of the inevitable concentration and monopolization of all industries has been demonstrated, and the policy of State regulation of prices has failed, it will be time enough to consider the experiment of State ownership of artificial monopolies.

4. Income and Inheritance Taxes.—Both these forms of taxation, especially the latter, are in vogue to some extent in this country. They ought to be made universal. And the rate at which the tax is levied should be progressive; that is, increasing with the amount of the income or bequest. For the larger a man's income or wealth, the less important are the uses to which he devotes all of it above a certain minimum for necessities and comforts, and the smaller is the sacrifice

that he will make by giving up a given per cent of it (*cf.* A. Vermeersch, S.J., *Quæstiones de Justitia*, pp. 108-129). Obviously the rate should not progress indefinitely up to a point where it would be confiscatory or dangerous to the spirit of enterprise. At a certain limit it should either become fixed, or its *increments* should begin to decrease. The precise limit which should mark the maximum rate is a matter of detail that need not be discussed here, but it might, consistently with morality and expediency, be higher than it is in any country at present. Mr. Carnegie's proposal of fifty per cent for the largest inheritances seems very high, indeed, although the rate of the inheritance tax would properly be higher than in the case of incomes. Through these forms of taxation a large part of the burdens of government would be transferred from classes that are overtaxed to classes that are now undertaxed, and the State would be able to undertake necessary works of public improvement, such as waterways and good roads, and provide insurance for unemployment, sickness, and old age. In a word, distributive justice, both as to public burdens and public benefits, would be more nearly realized than at present.

5. Taxation of the Future Increase in Land Values.—This proposal is much more important in cities, especially in the greater cities, than in agricultural districts. Frederick C. Howe, a high authority, estimates the increase in land values in New York City between 1904 and 1908 at \$786,000,000, and during the single year of 1908 at \$284,000,000, or \$120,000,000 in excess of all the city's expenditures for that year. It seems altogether just that a considerable portion of this increase, which is created by the community, should be recovered by the community. As a result taxes on production and on the necessities of life could be materially lowered or perhaps abolished, and the city would have a fund for civic and social improvements, especially for housing the poorer classes. Increased land values, which make rents high, would thus partially undo their own evil effects. Nor would this tax be an unfair discrimination against land; for other forms of property do not, as a rule, increase in value without the expenditure of labor. Where they seem to do so, the increase can in most cases be traced to the land with which they are connected. It is proposed to tax the future increases in land values, not those that have occurred in the past. To take the latter or

any part of them by this method of taxation would in the majority of cases be to confiscate values that have been fully paid for by their actual possessors. It has been said that the tax should appropriate "a considerable portion" of future increments in value, for there are reasons both of equity and of expediency why it ought not to take the entire increase. What proportion should be taken, and what exemptions and modifications should be made, are matters of detail. In Germany, where the system has been very widely adopted and is being rapidly extended, the highest rate is thirty-three and one-third per cent. (Some account of the plan and some discussion of its moral aspect will be found in *Stimmen aus Maria-Laach*, October, 1907, by F. Rauterkus, S.J.)

6. Prohibition of Speculation on the Exchanges.—While this proposal may at first sight seem of insufficient importance to have a place in a programme of social reform, it points to a change that is greatly needed on moral as well as economic grounds. Among the moral evils attendant upon speculation in stocks and produce are: the development of the gambling instinct in thousands upon thousands of persons who would never have indulged that instinct through the more ordinary and publicly condemned practices; the cultivation of a desire to get money through lucky deals and the manipulation of existing wealth, instead of through new wealth produced by personal labor, and the consequent inability to appreciate any ethical difference between the two kinds of gain; and the conscious or unconscious participation in the numerous forms of dishonest manipulation which are almost continuously practiced upon the exchanges. The chief economic evils are the formation of "corners" or monopolies in stocks, commodities, and the necessaries of life, and the creation of artificial and unjust prices; the unjust depression of the prices of stocks and produce, with the resulting hardship and injustice to the possessors of these properties; the absorption of immense sums of capital that are needed for productive commerce and industry; and an unhealthy inflation of general prices which sometimes hastens the arrival of a financial panic. The exchanges have legitimate and important functions as markets for securities and produce that are sought as a permanent investment and for consumption; but they ought not to be used for transactions in which the purchaser of the thing ostensibly

bought has no intention of getting genuine possession of it, but merely desires to make a profit from its changes in price. Such operations are essentially wagers, are utterly unproductive, and comprise the great majority of all the transactions on the exchanges. In the interest of the moral and economic health of the nation they ought to be prohibited by law.

Some of the readers of these pages will not improbably call this programme "Socialistic." They have a right to do so if they have the right to construct their own definition of Socialism, or to apply the term to every extension of the industrial functions of government. But if they are reasonable and reasoning beings they will not forthwith condemn it on this sole ground. A proposal may be discredited, but it cannot be refuted by the easy and indolent device of calling it a bad name. On the other hand, if Socialism is to be understood correctly, in the sense in which it is accepted not only by its advocates but by all who try to think and speak precisely, none of the measures outlined above is Socialistic, nor do all of them together constitute Socialism. They fall far short of collective ownership and management of all the means of production. Another reason why they are not Socialistic is because they are not to be introduced by the Socialistic method. Indeed, the genuine Socialist would probably treat this programme with more contempt than the doctrinaire individualist. For the first principle in the Socialist platform of method is that the system can never be realized until the control of government has passed into the hands of the working class. Hence the contempt of the thorough-going Socialist for what he calls the "capitalistic State Socialism" of New Zealand. He does not recognize these State activities even as steps in the direction of genuine Socialism. And he would pass the same judgment upon the present programme, so long as it was to be brought about by a government not in the control of the working class.

Nevertheless, the programme is perhaps paternalistic, and unduly restrictive of individual liberty. Paternalistic it may be, but it is not opposed to sane individualism. As said above, you cannot rightly condemn a proposal merely by hurling inappropriate epithets at it recklessly. The only individual liberty worthy of the name is that which offers to the individuals of the community a reasonable measure of opportunity. Any

system of individual liberty, however specious in theory, that in practice enables a few exceptionally favored persons to exploit and oppress large numbers of their fellow-men, is a delusion and a mockery. It is neither an individual nor a social good. Judged by these tests, our programme seems to be sound. Its proposals do not exceed a reasonable amount of economic opportunity. To secure this to all its citizens is as truly a function of the State as to protect the property of those who happen to have property. To those citizens who have little or no property, economic opportunity is much the more important consideration. And it is a commonplace of politics that the State is concerned with the welfare of all.

No attempt will be made here to indicate which of these measures is the most important, nor which ought to be adopted first, nor how soon any of them may safely be introduced. The aim has been merely to describe all the legislative proposals that seem sound and worth striving for at the present time. Every one of them is in force in at least one country; a great many of them exist together in one or more countries, as in Australasia and Germany; and no country shows a disposition to abandon any of them. While the arguments offered in favor of the different measures in these pages have been of necessity very general and far from adequate, they constitute at least a respectable presumption in favor of the whole programme. If it were put into operation it would probably cause the social problem, upon which so much precious thought, energy, and apprehension are now expended, to assume comparatively insignificant proportions. In the meantime it suggests a practical ideal for all who believe that the problem cannot be solved without a considerable increase of activity and co-operation by the State.

THE WONDERS OF LOURDES.

BY J. BRICOUT.

II.

BERNADETTE'S VISIONS.



IN our preceding article we told how the happenings at Lourdes were viewed by unbelievers and by the Church. We wish now to give a more detailed study of Bernadette's visions and of the marvelous cures that followed.

With reference to Bernadette's visions two questions may be asked :

Granting that Bernadette was undeniably sincere, can we say as much for Abbé Peyramale and the first actors in the drama of Lourdes ?

Was not Bernadette herself the dupe and victim of a sickly imagination ? Were the apparitions she spoke of anything more than unconscious hallucinations ?

I.

Free-thinkers themselves readily attest Bernadette's sincerity. That cannot be questioned. Even if she had conceived a desire to mystify the world, how could this simple, uneducated girl have worked out her plan ? The many shrewd, searching inquiries to which she was subjected would have speedily exposed the lie ; she would have become confused and would have given contradictory answers. Moreover, she was too simple, too frank, too retiring, too humble, too disinterested to have thought of any such deceit. She spoke of her visions only when questioned, and then spoke of them without the least vanity. She would never accept even a trifling present for herself or her family, though they were poor. During the twenty years that she lived after the visions, she never for a moment manifested any hesitancy in her belief that the apparitions were real, and she died repeating : " I saw her ; yes, I saw her."

We know well that there are knaves in the world. How

many mediums, for example, are only clever sleight-of-hand performers or simply common cheats? History also reminds us of remarkable liars. Such a one was the celebrated Magdalen of the Cross, a Franciscan sister of Cordova, thrice abbess of her convent in the beginning of the sixteenth century. Out of pride, and a keen desire to pass as a saint, she inflicted on herself the Stigmatic wounds; persuaded her companions for eleven years that she never took any food, though she was secretly procuring it all the while; and succeeded for thirty-eight years in deceiving the court nobles, the greatest theologians, the Bishops, and the Inquisitors of Spain.

In the long run, however, even the most skillful mediums are caught in some flagrant act of trickery and dishonesty. Magdalen of the Cross* herself closed her career, when seriously ill, by publicly acknowledging her lie. The dissimilarity between Bernadette and such impostors should be noted. They were clever, fairly educated, very vain, and very self-centered. Bernadette had none of these traits.

But why insist on her sincerity, when even Zola and Jean de Bonnefon leave it unquestioned? It will be better to take up at once what M. de Bonnefon, at least, denies—the honesty of Abbé Peyramale and those ecclesiastics who were concerned in the first events at Lourdes.

The reader remembers M. de Bonnefon's "discovery," which we discussed in our first article—the famous unpublished letter which he thought sufficient to prove beyond contradiction that the Virgin's appearing to Bernadette was "known beforehand, was expected, planned, and worked out by an organized society." The reader remembers also the judicial arraignment of M. de Bonnefon's unpleasant air of mystery, and the very significant silence in which he has taken obstinate refuge. Since he does not answer the reasonable objections made against his position, since he fails to tell his opponents where he found that famous unpublished document, whose authenticity he will not let them investigate, we have the right to set aside his assertion.

M. Jean de Bonnefon brings forward a second piece of evidence in support of his thesis. This testimony † is not an

* For further information about Magdalen of the Cross, see *Les Graces d'Oraison*, by R. P. Auguste Poulain, S.J., p. 336.

† Zola also mentions Abbé Ader's presentiment, but he does not make him an accomplice of Abbé Peyramale (*Lourdes*, pp. 99-101).

“unpublished” document, but it was “solicited” and “interpreted in a” very “original fashion.” It is the *Traveler’s Guide to Lourdes*, by Barbet, who was a teacher at Bartiès when Bernadette made a rather mysterious stay there (in 1857). We trust a somewhat lengthy quotation from de Bonnefon will not be thought out of place :

Bernadette did not go to school, but she faithfully followed Abbé Ader’s catechetical instructions. In those days of official piety, the schoolmaster, under ecclesiastical supervision, taught catechism when the priests were unable to do so. As a consequence, Barbet saw Bernadette and took notice of her. A frank and imprudent chronicler, he writes as follows :

“During Bernadette’s last stay at Bartiès, where I was teaching, she attended catechism classes in the Church.

“One day the pastor, Abbé Ader, a very pious priest, being indisposed, asked me to hear the catechism lesson for him. When it was over, he asked me what I thought of Bernadette. I answered :

“ ‘Bernadette finds it hard to remember the catechism word for word, but she makes up for her defective memory by the care she takes to get hold of the inner sense of the explanations. She is a very pious and modest girl.’

“ ‘Yes’; said the Abbé, ‘you have the same opinion of her as I. She seems to me like a flower of the fields, breathing forth a divine fragrance. When I look at her,’ he added, ‘I have often thought of the children of La Salette. Surely, if the Blessed Virgin appeared to those children, they must have been simple, pious, and good like Bernadette.’ *

“Some weeks later I was walking with Abbé Ader along a road outside the village. Bernadette passed by with a flock of sheep. Abbé Ader turned several times to look after her and then, resuming the conversation, he said :

“ ‘I don’t know what it is that comes over me, but every time I meet that child, it seems to me I see the little shepherdess of La Salette.’ ”

The honest, pious teacher, himself a devout worshipper at the Grotto, concludes the revelation, the bearing of which he does not realize, with the following words :

“A little while later Bernadette returned to Lourdes and found herself in communication with the Queen of Heaven.”

Thus does the good Barbet prove that Abbé Ader, at Bartiès, exercised a hypno-suggestive influence on Bernadette’s

* The italics in this quotation are M. de Bonnefon’s.

imagination and prepared her for the apparitions. It is hard to admit that the Abbé had, six months in advance, an *intuition* of events that were to take place on February 11, 1858. It is more natural to believe that the good apostle labored to make Bernadette a new shepherdess of La Salette—one who would not be self-conscious, and who would be free from the entanglement of a shepherd accomplice. Moreover, the proprietors of the Grotto were not slow to see the danger to which they were exposed by the imprudent Barbet's *Guide*. They long ago purchased the edition and it seems impossible to find on sale a single copy which contains the above-quoted passage.

I do not know whether M. Jean de Bonnefon is exact in saying that the "proprietors of the Grotto" bought up the issue of the *Guide*. There are many reasons to distrust his most positive assertions. Besides it is quite hard to believe that the shrewd "proprietors" of Lourdes committed themselves to the useless destruction that he mentions. I am likewise unable to say whether or not he tells the truth about Abbé Ader's movements. M. de Bonnefon continues:

It is likely that the prudent churchman (the pastor of Lourdes) chose an intermediary for the suggestive control of Bernadette. This agent was the innocent victim's confessor at Lourdes.

In an unpublished report of M. Dutour, the Imperial-Procurator at Lourdes, under date of April 14, 1858, we find this curious note:

"It is now known that an ecclesiastic, her confessor, has a great influence on her conduct; that she speaks to him outside of the confessional about what she does and what is done to her, and that he advises her after this fashion: 'They cannot keep you from going to the Grotto; go there without fear.' If the Virgin tells Bernade (*sic*) a secret, it is M. l'Abbé Pomian who authorizes or forbids its publication. He will say to her: 'That is a secret which ought to be kept for the person who will undertake to build a chapel. . . .'" *Secrets*, just as at La Salette.

And why not? Why should the Virgin be forbidden to do at Lourdes what she has done elsewhere? Why suspect and accuse Abbé Pomian on such flimsy pretext? He hears Bernadette's confessions and counsels her; consequently, he has ex-

exercised and still exercises a hypno-suggestive influence on her, just like Abbé Ader. What splendid reasoning!

M. Jean de Bonnefon belongs to the school of Anatole France. M. France, writing about Joan of Arc, said: "It ought to be so; therefore it is so." M. de Bonnefon thinks and speaks about Bernadette in exactly the same fashion. And both of them imagine, or at any rate, try to make their readers believe, that they are real and reliable historians.

There is nothing to be gained by following up M. Jean de Bonnefon's story. His assertions of a personal character are not backed up by even the slightest proof. God Himself has undertaken to prove the reality of Bernadette's visions by the miracles worked at Lourdes.

II.

Bernadette, as we have seen, was sincere, and was not influenced by hypno-suggestion. But was she not the sport of her own nerves? Those who do not believe in the supernatural at Lourdes unhesitatingly affirm that she suffered from hallucinations. They say that the fact is evident.

Evident, indeed, it does seem, for those who deny, *a priori*, all possibility of the supernatural. The Virgin Mary *could not have appeared* to Bernadette; THEREFORE Bernadette *could not have seen* her. But it has not been proved that miracles are really impossible.

An attempt is made to advance other arguments. There have been many mentally deranged patients in our hospitals, who have imagined that they saw God, Christ, the Virgin Mary, or St. Anthony of Padua.

We know this as well as anybody, but it does not prove Bernadette a victim of hallucinations and we will very soon see that she is altogether different from the visionaries to whom she is likened. Bernadette's father, it is further asserted, was a drunkard; she herself suffered from asthma, and the sort of life she led at Bartrès was such as to develop in her the germs of hysteria.

What is the real truth with regard to all this? First, as to the statement that her father was a drunkard. M. Jean de Bonnefon makes the assertion, but he does not prove it. As he is the only one who says so, so far as I know, I confess I am not convinced of it. But, even if it were the truth, the

conclusion drawn from it would be extravagant. Do we not all know children of intemperate parents who never suffered the slightest hallucination? The daughter of a drunkard is not necessarily hysterical.

Nobody denies that Bernadette was afflicted with asthma. We must remember, however, "that the asthmatic condition developed much later on, in consequence of repeated attacks of bronchitis, caught on the banks of the Gave to which strangers continually led her."* Besides, how many asthmatic patients there are who are not at all given to hallucinations!

As for Bernadette's visits to Bartrès, they were much briefer than has been maintained. The facts about them, too, are quite different from the fables that have been written on the subject. What has been written about the telling of marvelous tales in Bernadette's presence by Abbé Ader or some other priest; about the reading of pious or fanciful books before her; about the vigils in which she took part before the altar of Bartrès, is very far from being proved.

As a matter of fact, there is nothing to prove in all this that Bernadette was a victim of hallucinations.

Taking the offensive, we can go further and show positively that Bernadette saw what she thought she saw.

We know with certainty that Bernadette was well-balanced, and of an unaffectedly gay disposition. There was nothing extraordinary, nothing sickly about her piety. She was neither morally nor physically predisposed to hallucinations—to mystical hallucinations.

Moreover, on certain days, the apparition in white did not manifest herself, though Bernadette waited for her and called for her. Auto-suggestion, consequently, did not create the image which filled her whole being with ravishing delight. After July 16, 1858, she never saw the apparition again. The Virgin, who cured so many other sick people, never healed her infirmities.

During the vision Bernadette is fully self-possessed. She speaks to her comrades; relights her candle; goes and comes like one in a normal state. One who suffers from hallucinations acts mechanically and as if under the exclusive control of an idea which has possession of him. Finally, contrary to what generally happens in the case of those who suffer from

* Boissarie, *Les Grands Guérisons de Lourdes*, p. 519.

hallucinations, Bernadette did not become insane and God Himself has deigned to guarantee by miracles the supernatural reality of the apparitions.

The thousands of miraculous cures which have followed the apparitions at Lourdes have guaranteed their divine character. In our concluding article we will dwell on those marvelous cures and show their supernatural origin. At present it will be enough for us to point out the intimate connection between them and the apparitions. It is by invoking the Virgin who appeared to Bernadette, and by using water from the spring which she pointed out, that these cures are effected. Is not this a guarantee, given by God Himself, that the apparitions were genuine?

With this question of Bernadette's visions two others are closely connected, one as to the name under which the "Lady" appeared to her, and the other as to the type of Madonna which she made known to the world.

"I am the Immaculate Conception." This is the title under which the apparition made herself known to Bernadette. M. Bertrin writes:

Those words had never been spoken in her presence before, and in her childlike simplicity she had no knowledge of the profound dogma they express. It was at this time that, through fear of forgetting the unfamiliar expression which she wished to report faithfully to the priest at Lourdes, she kept repeating it to herself all along the road. But she pronounced it wrongly as she repeated it. That afternoon she went to M. Estrade's house and told him what had happened in the morning. "When she had finished," said M. Estrade, "my sister corrected the word 'Conception' which she had just treated so badly. The child started, turned to my sister, and asked with frank embarrassment: 'But, Mademoiselle, what do those words mean?'"

Besides, continues the learned author:

Bernadette had also discovered, or rather she had seen, a new type of Madonna, and a type as beautiful, if not more beautiful, than the most famous Virgins of the great Renaissance artists.

Neither at Lourdes nor at Bartrès, the only places in the world that she knew, had the dear child ever seen any statue which resembled what she described, either as a whole or in

the details. It was all revealed to her. If one does not want to believe that, one must admit that she made it all up herself. That would be contrary to every scientific observation made of those under hallucinations. I say that her Madonna is as remarkable for beauty as for newness. It must not be judged simply by the marble model which the sculptor Fabisch fashioned according to her descriptions—the statue in the Grotto in the niche above the wild-rose bush.

Whether it is due, as M. Fabisch said, to the artist's inability to reproduce an ideal, even his own, or to the poor child's inability to find in her plebeian tongue the precise words needed for a good description, the statue was not a faithful reproduction of the image that she had always kept alive before her eyes. When she saw it, she exclaimed :

“It is beautiful, but it is not she. Oh, no! The difference is as of earth from heaven.”

It has never been known that a victim of hallucinations discovered or invented really beautiful things. At most, by combining elements stored up in memory, such a one might create some strange monster or some old novelty. Experiences gained in hospitals and the “revelations” of mediums have proved this repeatedly.

Just here I might call attention to one or two considerations that are too commonly neglected. I had occasion to dwell on them before in my essay on Joan of Arc, but it surely will not be superfluous to treat them briefly again.

A vision may be real, even though it is not *exterior*, that is, is not perceived by the eyes of the body; even though it is simply *imaginative** or perceived by the imaginative faculty. A material object is really perceived but without the help of the eyes. There are likewise *imaginative* words; real words, remember, but perceived by the imaginative sense without the help of the ear.

Suppose then—what has not been and never will be proved—that the Immaculate Virgin was not physically present at Missabieille; suppose even that, in the absence of her sacred body, her likeness was not directly imprinted on the retina of Bernadette, even then Bernadette's vision would not necessarily have been an hallucination—the creature of a disturbed brain.

* The word *imaginary* is not so good as *imaginative* in this connection, because it may be ambiguous.

In such a case it might well be that the Virgin or God acted directly on the young girl's interior imaginative faculty to produce in it words and sights that would be real, though simply imaginative. Between these imaginative words and sights and hallucinations of sight and hearing there is a great gulf. It is enough, then, for us to prove unequivocally that when Bernadette said she saw the Immaculate Virgin, she really did see her.

It is equally important to note the fact that a vision may have a supernatural origin and yet may contain a human element which is, as it were, the private, personal, individual stamp of him who has the vision. "It may happen in a vision," writes Father Poulain, who is particularly competent in these matters, "that the human mind will retain the power of co-operating to a certain extent with the divine action. It would consequently be a mistake to attribute the knowledge thus gained, *entirely* to God. At times it is the memory which pushes forward its recollections; at other times it is the inventive faculty which acts." The same author condemns as false the principle: "A revelation which is not diabolical is either *entirely* divine or *entirely* human." History and psychology seem frequently to justify his assertion.

If, then, it were shown that Bernadette, before her visions, had heard of the Immaculate Conception or had seen an image of the Immaculate Virgin, one would not have ground for the conclusion that she had merely manifested what was previously in her sub-consciousness, and that there was nothing supernatural in the apparitions at Lourdes. Bernadette would have co-operated to a certain extent with the divine action—only that and nothing more. God makes Himself all things to all men. He does not disdain to adapt Himself to the human instrument which He uses.

The essential point is that we have solid reasons for believing in the supernatural origin of Bernadette's visions. The most important of these reasons is to be found in the unnumbered miraculous cures so intimately bound up with the apparitions. To them we will devote the whole of our third and last article.

(TO BE CONCLUDED.)

A LOST DOG.

BY MARY AUSTIN.



MARGARET AVERY was an artist in a very small way. She illustrated advertisements for the ladies' papers. Now and again, if she was extra fortunate, she sold one of her sketches of children. The drawings were delicately whimsical. Only one man had discovered how charming they were. Had he lived he would have given Margaret her chance, for he was the editor of a magazine; but he died after a few days' illness, during a winter in which influenza was rampant; and Margaret lost her one influential friend.

Since then she had become innured to disappointments. She sent in drawing after drawing to obdurate editors, only to have them declined. She would walk with them to the office to save postage, and she would call back a few days later for her answer. The liveried officials who live in the mahogany-boxes behind the guillotine-windows marked "Inquiries" grew quite accustomed to Margaret Avery's gentle, timid face and shabbily-clad figure. Nearly always there was a roll of paper to be returned to her when she called the second time.

She had her mother to look after as well as herself. Mrs. Avery was a delicate semi-invalid who helped Margaret all she could to eke out the starveling pittance which was all Harold Avery had been able to leave his wife and daughter, although he had at one time been an artist of repute. She did type-writing when she could get it to do; she worked at an exquisite embroidery which would always fetch its price if only one could do enough of it; but it was very, very slow work and very wearing on the eyes; and so many people were satisfied with the machine-made article that the money for the embroidery was hard-earned.

Mother and daughter had a tiny flat in a mean street in Fulham. It was not so bad if one could but get away from the neighbors and the noises of the streets. Their sitting room window opened on a little balcony in which it was possible

to grow a few flowers in pots and boxes. Unfortunately it overhung the street, so that the flowers grew very dusty and very parched—for they were on the southward-looking side of the street.

There was a tiny kitchen, an infinitesimal bath-room, and two little bedrooms side by side. The flat had been decorated with some idea of prettiness; and if it had not been for the houses that pressed closer and closer to them, the jangling pianos, the street-organs, the noisy people in the adjoining flats who sometimes quarreled and sometimes were merry, the screaming of the children when they were let loose from the big Board-School at the back of the flats, they could have been happy. It was a neighborhood that hardly slept one hour out of the twenty-four. There was hardly that much interval between the last light going out in the houses and the arrival of the early morning milk at the big dairy around the corner.

The noise was the one intolerable thing to mother and daughter; but they did not talk much about it. They had made two or three moves in search of a quieter neighborhood since they had been compelled to settle in London, but none of the changes had brought any improvement; if there was not one thing there was another; and Acacia Gardens, if it were not for the noise, afforded them a cheerful little refuge.

Mrs. Avery used to sit nearly all day on the sofa by the window while she worked at her embroidery. Beau, her little King Charles, used to lie at her feet and keep her company while Margaret was out. The little flat was wonderfully clean and neat. Poor as it was, everything had the daintiness one associates with ladies. They did all their work themselves. Some time before Margaret was expected home Mrs. Avery would put away her embroidery, covering it over with a clean muslin cloth, and would set the table for their simple meal. It was very simple indeed—perhaps no more than an egg and a cup of tea, with a little fruit in the season when fruit was cheap. But there was always a flower or two in a glass; and always the daintiness, the purity, that made the little meal inviting when Margaret came in, dead-tired and discouraged.

During the quiet hours when Mrs. Avery worked at her embroidery—she was always glad when she embroidered rather than did typewriting—she thought incessantly of Osiers, the

cottage in the country, where she and Harold and the child had lived so peacefully for twenty years. Osiers stood in six acres of orchard and garden. It was a wonderful place, especially in the spring of the year, when the daffodils and narcissus danced in myriads under the orchard trees; when the pale primroses lay in drifts; and later, when the ground was blue as the sky with the wild hyacinths and the boughs were the most wonderful rose and white; when the great trees that ringed round the little demesne showed the exquisite pale leafage and the blackbirds and thrushes sang their love-songs all the day. She thought incessantly of Osiers; and she put into her embroidery her thoughts of the flowers and birds, wherefore it ceased to be formal and conventional and had something of the wild grace of life.

One day she had a great stroke of good fortune as she counted it, for she got a new customer for the typewriting: and this time no dreary circulars, no law folios and such things as usually came to her share, but a novel by a writer who was not indeed popular, but was something better.

It was almost as good as the embroidery to typewrite Mr. Bellairs' MS. It was a difficult handwriting to start with—all dots and dashes, and queer up-and-down lines; but after a little study of it Mrs. Avery came to understand it, helped, perhaps, by her interest in the story.

Considering all that she had passed through and her years of ill-health she was really a very youthful person at heart. She adored love-stories and would read all she could get, in all the time she could give to them. Many times Margaret had discovered her mother over a book with tears in her eyes; and, because of those ready tears, she could hardly read aloud the things that touched her, while Margaret worked.

She had been obliged to read all manner of books, for at the Free Library one took what one could get. But she knew what was good, and she was like a child escaped from town and running in the fields after daisies and buttercups, over Anthony Bellairs' *Comedy of Summer*. She read the manuscript through before she typed it. While she was typing it she read bits aloud to Margaret.

"Isn't it delicious?" she would cry in an ecstasy. "Wouldn't any one think he knew Osiers? Just listen to this where he describes a night of May and the nightingales."

"He is evidently a real country-lover," said Margaret. "I wonder why he should live in Clifford's Inn? I suppose he goes to the country for week-ends."

"It is not the same," Mrs. Avery said. "To get the full sweets of the country you must live there all the year round."

She sighed as a hawker cried raucously along the street; and the Board-School children were let free with a babel of noise that for the time put reading aloud out of the question.

It was June now, and the two women, mother and daughter, wore the look of fatigue, the fainting, withered look of a flower that wants water, which always came to them with the high summer and increased until October brought the cool weather. There was no margin of their slender resources to enable them to go to the country or the sea. A day in the fields near London, or in Epping Forest when no Bank Holiday was in sight, was as much as they could procure, and these left them thirsting more and more for the country.

One day Margaret came home with an interesting piece of news to tell. She had been waiting at the office of one of the illustrated papers for the usual roll of returned drawings when a gentleman had asked for the editor. He gave his name, "Mr. Bellairs," and he was shown up at once with an effusiveness very different from the way she was accustomed to be received. The liveried gentleman had spoken to one of the clerks—

"That's Anthony Bellairs, the novelist," he had said. "I was to show 'im up at once. Time was we used to keep 'im waiting like the others; but times is changed."

Margaret had glanced with shy curiosity at Anthony Bellairs. Though she was unaware of it, her expression was a most flattering one. Anthony Bellairs was an unspoilt, unspoilable person.

"Poor little thing!" he thought to himself as he went up the stairs to the editor's sanctum. "She has a face like a primrose—a primrose in an east wind. I wonder why she looked at me like that."

He was curious enough to ask as he passed out the name of the lady who had been standing at the desk when he came in. The official remembered with an effort.

"She's a Miss Avery," he said. "We sometimes use a droring of 'ers, but not hoften."

"Avery." Anthony Bellairs had some association with the name, but he was half-way home to his rooms in Clifford's Inn before he recalled that it was the name of the typist to whom, on the recommendation of a very good fellow, a cleric who had been a chum of his at Oxford, he had sent his latest MS. It was unlikely there could be any relation between them. Avery was not an uncommon name. He wondered what sort of a hand Mrs. Avery was making of his work. He hoped she wouldn't botch it and give him a lot of trouble. It was a nuisance that poor Tomlinson, who had worked for him for seven years and understood his writing perfectly, had broken down just at this time and been ordered to take a complete rest—a rest which, by the way, Mr. Bellairs had been instrumental in procuring for him.

Margaret gave a vivid account to her mother of Anthony Bellairs' looks. It was wonderful how much she had contrived to see in that one shy glance. The handsome, clean-shaven face and bright eyes, the soft, dark hair tossed away from his forehead—he had taken off his hat as he came in from the glare of the streets—the brown suit he was wearing, the air as of a chained athlete; she could describe them all.

Mrs. Avery listened with an indifference which at last forced itself upon Margaret's observation.

"What is it, Mumsie?" she said, pulling up short, midway in her description of Mr. Bellairs. "What is the matter?"

"It is Beau, Madge. He has not been well—not himself at all. He has been so uneasy, so restless. And he shivers. He is growing very old."

"He has a chill," said Margaret, "or he feels the hot weather, like the rest of us. Poor little Beau, he is old—I was eight years old when he came to us. Twelve years is quite a great age for a dog."

That night Beau died quietly in his sleep.

At first Mrs. Avery was quite grieved. She cried for the faithful companion of so many years, little Beau, who had been with them at Osiers, who had never wanted to leave her skirt.

For a day or two Margaret, too, was depressed. Her mother seemed to have lost so many things with little Beau. His death seemed to bring back the older, greater sorrows. At Osiers he had been a frolicsome puppy; and Harold Avery had been alive, and they had been happy. And now

Beau was dead ; she was old and a widow, and she and poor Madge were living in a London slum, just keeping the wolf from the door. What was to happen to Madge when she was gone ?

The morning of the third day after Beau's death her tears were dried. A thought had come to her in the midst of her grief of the great goodness of God Who had sent her such a loving friend for twelve long years. She looked up at Margaret quite brightly as she told her of the strange, sudden consolation that had come to her.

"I am really quite happy about the dear little fellow," she said. "And now—I am going to finish Mr. Bellairs' MS. to-day. I feel quite cheerful and ready for work."

Margaret was immensely relieved. She had a certain expedition in her mind. She had sold a drawing for a better price than she had hoped for. They were going to have something good out of it. To-day her mother might finish Mr. Bellairs' novel. To-morrow they would put up a modest lunch, take the train out into the country, and spend the day in the fields. And there would be a little addition to their party of which as yet Mrs. Avery knew nothing.

Mrs. Avery was a born dog-lover. She had said that she would never have another dog after Beau ; but even as she said it her eyes contradicted the speech. She would open her arms, her daughter knew, to some poor homeless dog who would find heaven in her ownership and protection. Margaret remembered the old days at Osiers, when every halt and blind and hungry and hurt dog found its way to her mother's care and physicking. She remembered her mother's quixotic interferences when she thought a dog was being ill-treated. She was quite sure of the reception awaiting the dog she should bring home.

At the Home for Lost Dogs the obvious strays, those who had a home somewhere and some one who grieved for their absence, glanced at her indifferently and then returned to their attitude of watching and listening for the face and the step that should lift them from depths of despair to heights of rapture. Not one of them seemed interested in Margaret.

"Many of them will be claimed," the official said. "For the others we shall be able to get homes. These are well-bred dogs."

They walked on. There broke out a terrific clamor, hundreds of dogs climbing the sides of their enclosure, yelping piteously to her to take them and care for them, their poor eyes a passion of entreaty, of hope, of anticipation, of despair.

She was hurrying past quickly. It was more than she could endure.

"A few of these poor chaps may find homes," the official said kindly. "The majority are just homeless strays. The kindest thing for a homeless dog is to let him die painlessly—"

Margaret hardly heard him. Her attention was attracted by a small white dog who stood apart from the clamor and the shrieking. While she looked at him he turned a grave somersault; then, standing on his hind legs, he begged prettily, working his little paws eagerly as though he prayed her to have him.

"You pretty creature!" said Margaret, her heart going out to him. "Please may I have him? He deserves a home because he begs so prettily."

"Oh, that one," said the official. "I was rather hoping you'd take a fancy to that one. He's a pretty little chap, and he has been some one's pet at some time, or he wouldn't have these tricks. But he's a mongrel—a cross between a poodle and a terrier."

"I don't mind a bit," said Margaret. "He's a dear. Please let me have him."

The dog did an ecstatic cart-wheel as though he knew. She moved on a little way, her hands to her ears, her eyes averted from the piteous crowd of dogs. In a few seconds the dog was brought to her, made hers for the sum of half-a-crown.

She had to walk home, since the busses would not admit the dog, and when she tried the experiment of putting him down he followed at her heels as though he dreaded losing her.

She opened the door with her latchkey when she arrived, and went in quietly. Her mother was sitting with her head outlined against the door that led to the balcony. Somewhere over the tops of the houses the sun was setting; but it was prematurely dusk in the noisome, wind-swept street. The figure against the open doorway looked lonely and sad.

"See what I have brought you!" said Margaret going up to her mother and depositing the dog in her lap. He leaped

and frisked about Mrs. Avery as he had done with Margaret, but making not a sound.

"What a dear!" said Mrs. Avery. "Do light the lamp and let me see him. Where did you get him? And is he really for me? But, oh, Margaret, do you think I ought to have him Beau would be so jealous if he could know."

"Ah, well, he doesn't know, dear little dog!" Margaret said, lighting the lamp. "And you owe it, because one dog made you happy, that you should rescue another from death, and homelessness, that is worse than death to a dog. I got him at the Dogs' Home. You should have seen those other poor things. I wished I could have bought them all."

"He will be such company for me when you are away," Mrs. Avery said, capitulating. "I am sure little Beau would have wished me to be happy, and forgotten about himself. Now, what shall we call him?"

They called him Rough, he was such a fuzzy thing, from head to foot, more of the wire-haired terrier than the poodle in his looks, but with the trained intelligence of the poodle.

As the days passed he proved a great acquisition to the little household. Poor Beau had been old, and of late asleep nearly all day, whereas Rough was young and full of pretty tricks and a thorough gentleman in all his ways. When Mrs. Avery took her slow walks abroad to do the marketing Rough followed closely at her heels. When she kept the house he was quite content to do likewise. All the time they were indoors, while she was busy, he lay in a chair, watching her with bright, attentive eyes. If she was inclined to play with him, he was quite ready to play.

This cheerful companionship seemed to work wonders for Mrs. Avery. She seemed much less of an invalid than before Rough had come. One day she even got so far as to cross the bridge and get on to the open space beyond, where there was a fresh breeze from the river and one could sit in the shade of trees. She had not attempted such a journey before and it delighted Margaret while it frightened her a little. "Of course," Mrs. Avery said by way of explaining her temerity, "it was cruel to a dog to keep him shut up among houses."

They had had Rough about three weeks. Long ago Mr. Bellairs' typescript had been completed and sent home; but no word had come from him. Margaret was certain he was

out of town, as was every one who could afford to be. He was at the sea or in the country, on the moors or the mountains. It was late July now and hotter and dustier than ever. There were days when even Rough seemed to feel the heat, when he was content to lie all day and watch his new mistress instead of playing his tricks for her pleasure. The sky was molten; the houses so many ovens that gave back at night the heat they received all day. People prayed for a thunderstorm; the hapless people who must stay in town. And Mrs. Avery, sitting languidly at her embroidery-frame, was quite sure her work had failed to please Mr. Bellairs, since he had not written, had not paid the starveling sum she had asked for the work.

Margaret, who had been working at home all day, had taken Rough for a walk as far as the Green. She had come back along the sun-baked streets with a lagging step.

Approaching her own door she became aware that there was some one standing at the door, waiting to be admitted, a tall, loosely-knit figure in a brown suit, at the sight of which her heart gave a leap of excitement. It was surely Mr. Bellairs. He had come himself with the cheque. She wondered how long he had been waiting. Mrs. Loftie, who occupied the ground-floor flat and was supposed to open the door, was rather deaf. She hurried forward to open it with her latch-key.

Then an extraordinary thing happened. Rough, who had been lagging at her heels, suddenly uttered a piercing yelp of joy and flew to Mr. Bellairs, leaping on him with the most extravagant demonstrations of affection. Was Rough gone mad? But, no; or, at least, Anthony Bellairs was quite as mad. For he had picked up Rough and was holding him in his arms, the dog's two paws upon his shoulders, the little head buried in his neck. He turned a face of joyous delight to the girl.

"Where did you get him?" he asked. "My little Trust? I have been heart-broken since I lost him a month ago. He must have been stolen for the sake of his silver collar. I haven't been able to do anything because of his loss."

"I bought him at the Dogs' Home," Margaret said; and her face fell. "We shall be very sorry to lose him. My mother especially had grown very fond of him. She lost her old dog recently. She has not many joys in her life."

"Ah; but you can hardly contest the fact that he is my dog, seeing that he shows it so plainly. Don't you, Trusty?"

The words sounded cruel.

"He seemed very fond of us," Margaret said without looking at him. "If I had not bought him he would have gone to the lethal chamber."

She was opening the door as she spoke.

"You wish to see my mother, sir?" she said, as she pushed open the door. "She has been hoping to hear that you were satisfied with her work. She will be greatly grieved about the dog."

"Do not let us tell her, just yet," he said. "Trusty has always been gracious. He won't forget his new friends even if the old are dearer."

His eyes were very kind as they rested on Margaret's spiritual little tired face, as she looked back at him gratefully. She had done him an injustice; he was kind; what a pleasant, courteous, charming voice he had!

He put down Trust at the sitting-room door. The dog repaid his confidence in him, for he trotted before and jumped up to Mrs. Avery, reclining on her sofa.

Bellairs glanced round the poor room, charming with its suggestion of refined womanhood. It pleased his fastidious taste. Mrs. Avery, with the little old fichu of embroidered muslin draped round her thin shoulders, was an image of delicate ladyhood.

"This is Mr. Bellairs, Mother," said Margaret. "We met on the doorstep."

A shy color came into Mrs. Avery's cheek and she looked at him with the expression in her eyes which Margaret's had held for him on the day of their chance meeting at the office of *The Upper Ten*. He bowed low over her hand.

"I was so glad, so privileged," she said, her color coming and going, "to type *A Comedy of Summer*. But I've been afraid the work was ill-done."

"On the contrary," he said, "it was incredibly well-done. If you could know what I have suffered in the past from incompetent, unsympathetic typists and secretaries, and I have lost the one who understood my writing. When I read your letter, and what you said about the book, I said to myself that at last I had found the ideal secretary."

"Oh!" said Mrs. Avery, her pale face suffused with pleasure. "I was afraid I ought not to have expressed an opinion. It was not like a typist—"

"It was not in the least like a typist," he agreed; "but it pleased me. Not only did you understand my hieroglyphics, but you understood my point of view. I was coming to thank you, only I had lost a friend. It put everything out of my head."

"Ah, I am sorry—"

"But I have found him again," Mr. Bellairs went on, rather to Mrs. Avery's bewilderment. She had not noticed that the dog had deserted her and was fawning quietly about the visitor's feet. "And—I have an odd proposition to make to you. I have just taken a country cottage in Hertfordshire. I want a secretary. Would you be willing to undertake the position? There are a good many things I shall want looked after. A man is very helpless with servants. I shall not overtax your strength. A book a year—"

Her eyes looked at him longingly.

"Hertfordshire," she repeated. "We used to live in Hertfordshire. I should love it. But my daughter?"

"There will be plenty of room for her at Osiers. I am often away. You can have your own apartments. You will look after things for me, and type my MS. when I am working; see to my correspondence. I shall not intrude upon you too much."

Osiers! Did she hear aright?

"You are very good, sir," she said, lifting herself up on her elbow. "It sounds too good to be true. And I have nothing really the matter with me. Only I have had so much trouble. And Osiers—did you say Osiers? Our old house was called Osiers. It was near King's Abbey. I love it better than any spot in the whole world."

"Ah—what a coincidence. How lucky that I should have stumbled on the place, and in the time of daffodils, else perhaps I should not have thought of it. It is rather in disrepair. You shall advise me about its restoration. How very glad I shall be to be the means of restoring you to your old home!"

While he said it he looked at Margaret with a half-shy gaze.

"It seems the mercy of God that I should be at Osiers again before I die," said Mrs. Avery in tears.

He looked directly at Margaret now.

"You will put no bar in the way?" he said imploringly. "You shall see just as little of me as you will. It will make your mother so happy. And I am under a great debt to you." He was caressing Rough's hard little head. "I have not been able to do any work since I lost Trusty. I can see before me a time of perfect peace, with a secretary who can read my writing and will stand between me and women-servants."

His voice had a coaxing sound in it which was wonderfully pleasing to the tired girl's ear.

"I can only say that it is too good to be true. I am sure I shall wake up and find it a dream. Such fairy stories do not happen in real life."

"Ah, but they do, sometimes," Bellairs replied, his eyes fixed on Margaret's happy face. "Even more wonderful things might come to pass." He hurried up, as though he had been guilty of an indiscretion. "And now, when will you be ready to come? I shall send some one to pack up for you. You can take whatever you will with you of course. But anything you do not particularly care for I should sell. You can furnish your rooms as you will at Osiers."

"But you may send me packing for a more efficient secretary," Mrs. Avery said, between laughing and crying.

"Ah, no"; he said, with that air which made him delightful to women. "I know how to appreciate the gifts of the gods. You must not leave me—and Trust. You must make us happy."

His dark eyes glowed and lightened. They sought for Margaret's eyes and met their gaze. It was as though heart spoke to heart.

THE END OF A LONG JOURNEY.

BY J. PRENDERGAST, S.J.

I.



IN the *Cosmopolitan* for May, 1909, there began a series of articles dealing with the teaching in American universities. To sum up the first article in the words of the editor himself: "In hundreds of classrooms it is being taught daily that the decalogue is no more sacred than a syllabus; that the home as an institution is doomed; that there are no absolute evils; that immorality is simply an act in contravention of accepted standards; . . . that the change from one religion to another is like getting a new hat; that moral precepts are passing shibboleths; that conceptions of right and wrong are as unstable as styles in dress."

This summary seems to be adequately borne out in the spirit, and sometimes in the letter, by the statements that follow from the professors of many colleges and universities. Professor Blackmar, of the University of Kansas, teaches that the "standards of right perpetually vary in social life." Professor William G. Sumner, of Yale, asserts that ethical notions are "mere figments of speculation," and "unrealities that ought to be discarded altogether." Professor William James, of Harvard, contributes his article to the creed of destruction, that it is possible to spoil the "merit of a teaching by mixing with it that dogmatic temper, which by unconditional thou-shalt-nots changes a growing, elastic, and continuous life into a system of relics and dry bones." Professor Zueblin, of Chicago, declares that "there can be and are holier alliances without the marriage bond than within it."

It is needless to quote further in order to show the general trend of the teaching which seems to have invaded the American universities from the Atlantic to the Pacific. Its note is clearly anti-Christian and destructive. One asks: "Can these men imagine that they are advancing civilization by tearing

down its morality?" Surely all advancement must be along constructive, not destructive lines. Above all else, civilization, as we know it, is built upon ethics, whether it be Chinese, Græco-Roman, or Christian civilization.

When Washington insisted upon this fact in his Farewell Address, he simply reiterated the warning of all history. Savagery, with its immorality and decadence, is the natural outcome of such doctrines as these, as in fact it has been historically the outcome, when the Goth and the Vandal overran the corrupt Roman State. These professors are doing from the spiritual side what the anarchist and the bomb-thrower are attempting to do by natural force. The destructive doctrines, however, which constitute their spiritual bombs in the warfare against Christian civilization, are more forceful than dynamite for shattering the edifice of Christian society. Bombs do but destroy the framework; these doctrines destroy the plan. Such men and such doctrines made a wreck of the "grandeur that was Greece and the glory that was Rome." Such men and such doctrines will inevitably wreck any civilization over which they gain sway. And they seem to be in a fair way of gaining sway, if the article describes exactly what is taking place.

"The student takes in ethics as he absorbs Euclid and equations. Automatically the teachings of the professor sink into the student mind. What the scholar in the chair of authority says is gospel. He is usually a man of force and genius and often magnetic. He has a following. Some of the classrooms are so crowded that seating room is at a premium." If in all this we could but act the part of disinterested spectators and complacently wait for the catastrophe, which, if "history be philosophy teaching by example," is philosophically certain! But we cannot be disinterested. What should rouse us from our apathy, if we are apathetic, is the absorbing fact that we happen to be members of the civilization which they are striving to wreck. In shaking down the temple of Christianity on their heads, these Samsons of destruction are going to bury with them, in the ruins, you and me. If they are going to succeed the outlook is very black indeed for us. It might well move us to pray like St. Augustine of old, when the Vandals were thundering at the gates of Hippo, that God might take us before the destruction came. But let us hope that greater things are in store for our present America than the addition of

a chapter to the history of the Mound Builders over whose dead civilization the savage hunted and fought.

In a sense it is to be feared that much mischief is already done. For such doctrines as these, more often than not, come after the fact, and seek to justify in theory what has been actually accomplished. Indeed one of these professors has explained that these were not doctrines, but simply statements of conditions as they are. Therefore, when it is said "the notion that there is anything fundamentally correct implies the existence of a standard outside and above usage, and no such standard exists," the professor is not to be held to mean that God did not give the commandments, but that society at present is acting as if He had not given them. This is but too sadly true, in the case of divorce, for instance, or race suicide. Against all this one barrier remains still, the same that broke the onset of barbarianism upon the Roman State and with the remnants of culture constructed modern Europe, the Catholic Church. She is acting to-day as a check upon this wild onslaught directed not against a Church, if they but knew it, nor a State, but against Christian civilization.

The writer of the article in the *Cosmopolitan* looks upon these American professors, apparently, as a sporadic upgrowth. He is inclined to have no concern with the origin of their teaching. But they are not original thinkers, far from it. Their doctrine is the product of the German university of the last century, where many of them in fact have studied.

Of those men quoted in the *Cosmopolitan*, Professor Sumner, of Yale, had studied in Göttingen; Professor Bogart, of Princeton, in Berlin and Halle; Professor Willet, of Chicago University, in Berlin; Professor Coe, of the Northwestern University, in Berlin; Professor Patten, of the University of Pennsylvania, in Halle; Professor Veditz, of George Washington University, in Berlin and Leipzig; Professor Fetter, of Cornell, in Halle and Wittenberg; Professor Ross, of Wisconsin, in Berlin; Professor Mathews, of the University of Chicago, in Berlin; Professor Zueblin, of Chicago University, in Leipzig.

And these men form the second generation sent forth from the German mother-home to do, or rather undo, the Christian edifice, as in the former generation Charles A. Briggs, sometime professor in the Union Theological Seminary of New York, and before-time of Berlin, has undone it before them. All this

teaching, immoral and subversive, is nothing sudden, but the end of a long journey. To give my readers an idea of its length, with its grand halting-places, this article has been written.

II.

Some fifteen years ago the writer of these lines sat in the *Aula Maxima* of the Royal University of Berlin, listening to Adolph Harnack, the foremost of non-Catholic Church historians. Harnack is worth listening to. In fact, one must listen to him, for the magnetism of the man prevents any other outcome if one fall within the range of his voice. Restless, now standing and bent forward, now sitting on the edge of the desk, but never in his chair, this lecturer, typically un-German in manner and typically German in method, urged his facts and his conclusions upon his hearers, who formed far and away the most numerous of any class in the University. Among those hearers filling up the front benches and drinking in the German words of the master with open American ears, sat a line of American students for the ministry. Congregationalists were there, and Episcopalians and Lutherans and Presbyterians; every Church had sent its disciple to be brought abreast of the latest religious thought in the *fin du siècle* land of modern religious teaching. And they heard things strange to Christian ears. Now and then the professor shocked their orthodox Protestantism by a sudden dive in the direction of Catholicity.

“My friends” (I translate from notes) “the idea that the Papacy is a late development in the Church, is false, false! It was there already at the beginning of the third century.” But such shocks were rare. The sentences and views that went to undermine altogether their belief in the divinity of Christ were far more frequent. We must not suppose that Harnack comes out with what the Germans would call *plumpe atheistische* assertions. No, for is he not himself a Lutheran minister, a teacher moreover in the stronghold of Lutheranism, the Royal University of Berlin? But he gives it clearly to be understood, and drunk in by the young Americans and others at his feet, that the belief in the Godhead of Christ is very crude. (He would be sadly behind the times, instead of stand-

ing well in the forefront of intellectual leaders of Germany, did he teach anything else.) For Lutheran Germany is rotten to the core with infidelity.

It would be well if our American apples had not been placed in German barrels and had not come into contact with this corruption. But there they have been placed and thence the rottenness passes, through American professorial chairs and pulpits, to our American life—the good tidings that there are no good tidings, the gospel of no gospel. Such is the immediate genesis of our “new thought” in America. It is neither new nor American. It is “made in Germany.” But let us now make a backward march through the years and investigate this modern phase of religious thought at its source. We shall find that it ought rather to claim the honors due to hoary antiquity than those of the debutante. It is older than Christianity and though utterly defeated by Christ at His coming, it has never ceased to fight.

Such an investigation furnishes us as well with an interesting evidence of what the Protestant movement ever was and whither it legitimately tends.

This last phase of development is no belated straggler from the Protestant main line of march. It is but the farthest camp beyond Luther, for his army, like John Brown's soul, “keeps marching on.”

III.

That we may discover whence Protestantism came, we must travel back to Italy and the beginnings of the movement which is called comprehensively “the Renaissance.”

The complete reason for that awakening of humanity from its reposeful quiet in the bosom of Catholicity, which took place in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, it is impossible to assign. Nay more, just how much of each of the many reasons brought forward contributed to the effect may never be told. One would dwell on the Crusades with their importation into Europe, by the returning armies, of much Eastern degradation. Another would look gravely upon the Avignon exile of the Papacy and the great Schism of the West as a mighty solvent of the reverential bonds between humanity and the Catholic Church. But certain it is that one thing con-

tributed wonderfully to the awful license of thought and of action which has come out of the Renaissance, and that was pagan Greece. Greek art, Greek literature, in a word, Greek civilization, passed over with the Renaissance into Italy. Too great emphasis cannot be laid upon the literary aspect of the Renaissance. It furnished the spirit of revolt with a philosophy, a literature, and a defense. There is no doubt that this spirit is, to use the scholastic phrase, the "form" of Protestantism, as the remnants of Catholic doctrines and practice contained in it are its "matter." The paganism of the Renaissance strangely fed and encouraged it. For paganism is a mixture of culture, monstrous superstition, and boisterous contempt for its gods, accompanied by an inner revolt against the dictates of conscience enshrining the moral law. (If we seek contemporary authority for that statement, let us turn to the first chapter of St. Paul's Epistle to the Romans.)

Paganism, therefore, provided not so much a system—for revolt has no system—as an atmosphere in which Protestantism found itself quite at home. The Renaissance was the revival of paganism. Before it anything like a general interest in what we now term classic learning, had almost died out of Europe. A few forgotten Greek manuscripts lay covered with dust in some monastic library, a few Latin authors were still cursorily scanned; but there was no thorough and intimate knowledge of the Greek or Græco-Roman modes of feeling and thought. A deeper draught came to Italy under Petrarch; with him the great humanist movement began. In its intellectual value as a mind-training, the writer is not at present interested. The Jesuit Order adopted it, used it through a careful selection of classic authors as their chief instrument in forming youthful minds. How far they succeeded or failed with their instruments, it belongs to others to say. It is with its aspect as a moral and religious solvent of old Christian ideas that I am now concerned. For be it known that the humanists as a body made no careful selection, as did the Jesuits, of the classics they perused. Martial, Tibullus, Catullus, Ovid's *Arts Amandi*, Aristophanes, all were eagerly devoured. The result was, to quote the words of Owen, that "were we to sum up in a single word the literary and philosophic proclivities of Italy in the fourteenth and following centuries, we could hardly select a better word than paganism. It seemed as

if the disembodied spirit of the old classical world had again risen from its tomb, and, invigorated by the repose and oblivion of centuries, was preparing to renew its life-and-death struggle with Christianity." (*Sceptics of the Italian Renaissance.*)

Now there are two ways of regarding this "disembodied spirit of the old classical world." Here is one of them from John Addington Symonds, assuredly capable of describing it: "Like a young man newly come from the wrestling ground, anointed, chapleted, and very calm, the Genius of the Greeks appears before us. Upon his soul there is no burden of the world's pain; the creation that groaneth and travaileth together, has touched him with no sense of anguish; nor has he yet felt sin. The pride and strength of adolescence are his—audacity and endurance, swift passions and exquisite sensibilities, the alternations of sublime repose and boyish noise—grace, pliancy, and stubbornness and power, love of all fair things and splendors of the world, the frank enjoyment of the open air, free merriment and melancholy well beloved" (Symonds, *Studies of the Greek Poets.* Vol. II., p. 363).

Behold a sympathetic pagan's view of paganism. Against this, place the words of St. Basil, and you see looming up dimly through all Greek civilization the gigantic misshapen spirits of which the Psalmist said: "The gods of the heathen are devils." I translate St. Basil's *Address to Young Men* as literally as may be: "We shall not, therefore, praise the poets, who revile, who scoff, who picture lust and drunkenness, nor follow them when they bound all happiness by a plentiful board and loose songs. Least of all shall we attend when they discourse of the gods, enumerating of them many, nor these agreeing: for brother opposes brother; parent, child; and the children again wage war against their begetters—implacable war. As for the adulteries of the gods and their loves, and chief of all of Zeus, as they relate, which one might well blush in attributing to the beasts of the field, let us leave them to the stage."

There is another view of paganism, and, strange as it may seem, I venture to assert that if my readers can read as well between the lines of the first view, as along them, they will find the second already there. This was what the Renaissance readers did. Add to this the utter irreverence with which the Greeks treated their gods, an irreverence manifested for

example in *The Frogs* of Aristophanes, where the drunken Dionysus plays the arrant coward and buffoon, and you have the ingredients that seasoned the draught prepared by paganism for the Renaissance and by it deeply quaffed. But open, unvarnished statements of the fact, except in magazine articles by some young enthusiast, are difficult to find. It is put rather in a gently guarded way, as, for example, Walter Pater puts it in his preface to *The Renaissance*: "The care for physical beauty, the worship of the body, the breaking down of those limits which the religious systems of the Middle Ages imposed on the heart and the imagination," this is the mildly delicate method of stating that there grew up an utter looseness of thought upon what had before been considered the essentials of Christianity, and, as a concomitant and consequence, a more utter looseness, if that were possible, of life.

In Boccaccio, Macchiavelli, Pietro Aretino, the Italian phase of sensuous defilement is most vividly portrayed. Of necessity I must leave it there, for to instance examples of immorality from Macchiavelli's *Mandragola* or Aretino's *Cortigiana* would be of no benefit. But of the effect upon religion we may say a few words. It is one more instance of the Scriptural warning, "Into an evil mind wisdom enters not, nor dwells it in a body subject to sin," that these sensuous devotees of the Renaissance soon corrupted their philosophic ways as well. "Cautiously, but yet clearly enough," says Pastor, the historian, of the book of Lorenzo Valla *On Pleasure*, "and with seductive skill, the Epicurean doctrine was put forward as defending a natural right against the exactions of Christianity. Nature is the same, or almost the same, as God" (Pastor, *History of the Popes*. Vol. I., p. 15). Do you recognize anything modern here? In this same work Valla describes continence "as a crime against kind nature." This too needs no manipulation to modernize it. "In christening their children," says Symonds, "the great families abandoned the saint of the calendar, and chose names from mythology" (Symonds, *Revival of Learning*, p. 396).

Hector, Achilles, Lucrezia, Hannibal, these became fashionable. Parallel with these our Violets, Luthers, Homers, and Daisies. God became *Jupiter Optimus Maximus*,* Our Lady of Loreto, *Dea Lauretana*,† Peter and Paul, *Dii tutelares Romæ*,

* Jupiter Best and Greatest.

† The Loretan Goddess.

“the guardian divinities of Rome.” Cardinal Bembo recommends some one not to read the Epistles of St. Paul for fear of spoiling his Latin style. And yet it is a far cry from all this, foolish as it is, to the doctrine with whose description I opened this article. Let us pass on to the next halting-place of the march toward the point where “the change from one religion to another is like getting a new hat.”

IV.

It would require a book to tell how the Renaissance passed slowly over into France, beginning with the sixteenth century. Its promise of fair fruit was realized in the wondrous Augustan Age of Louis XIV. That long reign of over half a hundred years is filled with mighty names in the drama, the pulpit, the field of criticism. You have, too, the court overflowing with the evidences of the Renaissance spirit, in its unbridled license of intrigue and polished debauchery, but one thing is yet lacking, for though there peep forth faces that are strangely marked with unchristian lines, for example, that of Molière, the reign of Louis XIV. remains Christian and Catholic.

It needed a further evolution to show the full venom of the poisoned cup this reign had been drinking. The next step came with one born almost at the close of Louis' reign, François Marie Arouet de Voltaire. “I am tired,” said he, “of hearing it repeated that twelve men were enough to establish Christianity. I want to show them that one will be enough to destroy it.” In so far as a keen intellect, prepared thoroughly for the work, alas, by the full classical training that the Jesuit could give, was able to accomplish it, he fulfilled his promise. A thorough pagan, more willing as is evidenced in this drama of Mahomet to glorify the Mussulman than Christ, he threw off every mask of Christianity. For example: “The most probable inference from the chaos of histories of Jesus written against Him by the Jews, and in His favor by the Christians, is that He was a well-meaning Jew, Who wished to get influence with the people. . . . It is probable that, like all those who choose to be the head of sects, He got some women on his side, that several indiscreet discourses against the magistrates escaped Him, and that He was cruelly

put to death. . . . It is certain that His disciples were very obscure, till they met some Platonists in Alexandria who supported the dreams of the Galileans by the dreams of Plato."

Here is the true ring of Goethe and the Tübingen School. The trouble with Voltaire, however, was that he was too bitter, too evidently bent on destroying. In so far he had gone beyond his brief as a true Renaissance spirit, for the mark of Renaissance work is a genial absence of any too evident vehemence in pulling down Christianity. Its effect is rather brought about after the manner of a beautiful stream, which trickles along a fragrant meadow bank, undermining slightly here, until a flower looses its roots and drops into the current, washing away a handful there, but making no boast, nay, rather making light of its own destructiveness. This Voltaire did not. He was not yet the right Mephistophelian mixture of doubt. He was too acrid, had too little of that "sweetness and light" that belongs to the Greek genius "anointed, chapleted, and very calm," who would usurp the place of Christ. Such an exponent was yet to seek. One more march and we shall find him, the coryphæus of modern paganism, Johann Wolfgang von Goethe.

V.

Born in 1745, at the time of the full influence of France on Germany, Goethe drinks in Renaissance ideas almost with his mother's milk. At twenty-nine he is an editor writing of theology and reducing all dogmas to one, that of "love," which he most industriously exemplifies in his own person by falling in and out of love as often as the unwholesome, but graphically realistic, soldier of the *Barrack Room Ballads*. He writes a drama for lovers, "Stella," which defies free-love. Here are all the elements of a true Renaissance prophet. If he has but the culture requisite, he may stand "anointed, chapleted, and very calm" and point the way from Christ to Jupiter Optimus Maximus, the benign heathen All-Father, with great hopes of success. Culture he has to the full. He writes the most beautiful of poems, and the most sceptical, "Faust." He writes of light and of crystals and of anatomy. He is director of the theater for the Duke of Weimar; writes the

plays and trains the actors; he is prime minister for the Duke as well. Here is another of those many-sided geniuses that the Italian Renaissance once brought forth, re-incarnated in Germany to finish the work they began. He finds his fatherland Lutheran and leaves it what it is now, unbelieving, honey-combed with infidelity. A sigh goes up from hellenized Germany for the lost divinities of Greece in that diabolically beautiful poem of Schiller, "Die Götter Griechenlands." How exquisitely it opens:

Da ihr die schöne Welt regieret
 An der Freude leichtem Gängelband,
 Selige Geschlechter noch geführet,
 Schöne Wesen aus dem Fabelland!
 Ach da euer Wonnedienst noch glänzte
 Wie ganz anders, anders war es da!
 Da man deine Tempel noch bekränzte,
 Venus Amathusia!

While the smiling earth ye governed still,
 And with rapture's soft and guiding hand
 Led the happy nations at your will,
 Beauteous Beings from the fable-land!
 Whilst your blissful worship smiled around,
 Ah! how different was it in that day
 Whilst the people still thy temples crowned,
 Venus Amathusia!*

It needed but some theological school to complete, on pseudo-scientific lines, the undermining by this Titan of what was left of German Christianity. "The Tübingen School," rising up in his later days, supplied the want. With it came the biblical criticism which has done its best to make of the Gospels a debris of wreckage, floating together from shattered fairy tales; of the Epistles a lot of clever forgeries in party interests; of the Catholic Church a colossal imposition upon humanity, built on the distorted life and misrepresented plan of a well-meaning mixture of imposture, fanaticism, and folly, labelled Jesus of Nazareth. The American universities for the last fourscore years have outvied one another in the work

* This is Browning's attempt at translation.

of destruction. It is at the breasts of this mother, modern German criticism, that our professorial babes have been avidly sucking, hundreds of them, in these late days, and thence returning, for the furthering of the great cause. Where will it end? It ended in France on the memorable tenth of November, 1793, in the enthronement of the Goddess of Reason, represented by a variety actress, within the once Christian Cathedral of Notre Dame. It was saved from a like disastrous ending in Italy only by the Council of Trent, with its drastic reforms, and by a sainted pope, Pius V., who saw to it that they were carried out. It needs no prophet, then, to see its outcome, were it allowed to run its course here in America. It was this paganism, festering and foul, that undermined the stability of Græco-Roman civilization and made it an easy prey for the barbarian hordes from beyond the Danube. But as Christianity, with its life-giving doctrine, saved the remnants of that wrecked civilization and built them up into modern Europe, so let us hope and pray that it will take the many remnants of good left in our Protestant doubt and decay, and build them up into a great Christian America.

A MODERN SAINT.

BY THE COUNTESS DE COURSON.



ONLY four years ago, in 1905, there died at Lille, in the north of France, an old man whose long life is full of valuable lessons. It goes far to prove that humility and prayer, more than much talk, are the secret of real usefulness; that the most opposite characteristics may be united in a soul without contradiction or clashing, provided they are mellowed and harmonized by grace; that one who was essentially a mystic and a contemplative became, by a curious and uncommon combination, an excellent man of business, and a first-rate organizer.

It, indeed, seldom happens that successful business capacities go hand in hand with a supernatural spirit; it was so, however, in the case of M. Philibert Vrau, the subject of the present sketch, commonly called "the holy man of Lille." At a time when the religious condition of the French Catholics is fraught with anxiety, the example of M. Vrau has peculiar meaning and value. It helps the harassed children of the Church to realize that, in order to fight the good fight, they have but to use the weapons that God Himself has put within their grasp. If they cannot dispose of such large sums of money as seemed to flow into the hands of M. Vrau merely to be directed into the channels of charity, they possess, as he did, other means as safe and as sure. He performed his task and achieved success less by his princely generosity than by a strenuous personal effort and an absolute self-effacement that may be practiced by all.

As our readers know, Lille stands high among the manufacturing towns of the north of France; it is now distinguished no less by the activity and intelligence of its manufacturers than by the depth and earnestness of their Catholic spirit; and this last development is due, in a great measure, to the silent old man, now dead, whose day-dream was the sanctification of his native city.

Philibert Vrau was born at Lille in 1829. His father was

the possessor of a factory for the manufacture of sewing-thread, which, in spite of his efforts, was only moderately successful. His mother, a Parisian by birth and education, was intelligent and refined, and, like many of her countrywomen of the middle class, was gifted with a remarkable capacity for business. She was in all things her husband's right hand, and, though she had had no previous training, she materially helped him by her good judgment and advice. Madame Vrau was, moreover, a devout Catholic, and trained her son in the practices of her faith, but, although he was pious as a child, Philibert, as a young man, seems to have been led away by the free-thinking spirit of the day, and during several years he ceased to fulfill the duties of a religion that, illogically, he continued to respect.

In 1854, however, he became once more a practical Catholic, and, curiously enough, his conversion was partly brought about by practices that have since been condemned by the Church. Together with many of his contemporaries, Philibert Vrau indulged in the pastime of table-turning, which, at that moment, was all the fashion in France. In the eyes of even devout Catholics it seemed at first a harmless amusement, but, by degrees, the incoherent and sometimes blasphemous answers given by the so-called "spirits" excited suspicion, and finally the practice was condemned. What impressed Philibert was the homage paid, almost unwillingly, by the spirits to the truths of the Catholic faith. Other more healthy influences helped him on his upward path; his mother's prayers, the example of his father who, after years of neglect, returned to the practice of his religion, and, last though not least, the advice and sympathy of his friend, M. Camille Ferón, a young doctor, who eventually became his brother-in-law and partner.

It was in the summer of 1854 that Philibert Vrau became once more a practical Catholic, and almost immediately, with the thoroughness that marked his character, he expressed his wish to become a priest or a religious. Out of deference for his parents he gave up the execution of this cherished desire. His father became involved in grave financial difficulties and Philibert, being his only son, was naturally expected to share his cares and responsibilities.

The sacrifice of what he believed to be his vocation was a

sharp wrench to M. Vrau, but, having once made up his mind, he turned his face steadily towards the object that Providence seemed to have set before him, put his shoulder bravely to the wheel, and, with the assistance of Camille Ferón, who married his sister, he raised the "Maison Vrau" to the summit of prosperity. It seemed as though God wished to reward his servant's generous self-sacrifice by pouring temporal blessings on one whose heart was too firmly set on things spiritual to be weighted down by earthly riches.

After the death of his father, in 1870, Philibert's responsibilities increased. In accordance with her husband's wish, Madame Vrau remained the nominal head of the firm; her son and son-in-law were her devoted helpers and the three worked together in perfect harmony. A large portion of their profits were given to the Church and to the poor.

Although he scrupulously fulfilled his duty as one of the heads of the "Maison Vrau," Philibert's favorite interests were of the supernatural order. All that touched the honor of God, the welfare of his neighbor, was of paramount importance in his eyes. The list of the great and good works, begun and safely carried out by this extraordinary man, would fill pages, yet—and in this lay his chief characteristic—although his money, his influence, and his strenuous work were everywhere felt, he seldom appeared in public. He never filled any position that was merely one of honor, and sought, above all things, to pass unnoticed. One who knew him well has told us how, when at the cost of untiring labor, a great undertaking had been set on foot, its prime organizer suddenly disappeared; others came forward and reaped the success and glory, but M. Vrau, to whom the work in hand owed everything, was nowhere to be found.

He was one of the chief benefactors of the Catholic University of Lille; he established Catholic clubs and schools, built churches and hospitals, created institutions of every kind calculated to promote the spiritual and temporal welfare of the working classes, of those especially who were employed in the "Maison Vrau"; but perhaps the work he loved best, because it appealed to the mystical and contemplative side of his nature, was the Nightly Adoration of the Blessed Sacrament, which, through his endeavors, was established at Lille, whence it spread to all the large towns in France.

He was also one of the originators of the Eucharistic Congresses, the last of which took place in London in September, 1908. These Congresses were a delight to him, but, though he devoted himself heart and soul to their organization, he carefully kept out of sight when the work he had originated was certain to succeed. Besides the enormous sums that he spent to promote these public acts of faith and charity, M. Vrau's private donations were magnificent, but his biographer is unable to give even an approximate idea of the amount expended. He was ingenious in hiding his good works; many a struggling priest was surprised to find an anonymous gift of thousands of francs in his letter box; other subscriptions or donations were sent in the name of Madame Vrau, or else of an "anonymous well-wisher," whose personality was easily guessed at, although none of his friends ventured to approach M. Vrau on the subject.

As years went by, his humility became deeper, his personal habits simpler, his hours of prayer longer. During his mother's lifetime, he shared her house, but after her death he retired to a tiny room, resembling the cell of a monk rather than the living-room of one of the wealthiest men in Northern France. It was in this bare little room that he died. As time went on his brother-in-law and his sister with their son, M. Paul Ferón-Vrau, took the responsibility of the firm off his shoulders in a great measure. Their spirit and their methods with regard to their subordinates were the same as his, and under their direction the "Maison Vrau" continued to be an ideal *usine*, where the rights and duties of both employers and workmen were considered in a spirit of Christian justice and charity.

The greater liberty he now enjoyed enabled M. Vrau to devote more time to his works of charity; they gradually absorbed his life and, in spite of his constant efforts to pass unnoticed, this small, unassuming, poorly-dressed old man became the best known and most respected citizen of Lille. He loved his birthplace, as he loved his neighbor, with a love wholly supernatural; and the dream of his life was that Lille should become a city of saints. It was to forward this purpose that he built churches and schools, established associations and confraternities, and laid so much stress on the Adoration of the Blessed Sacrament.

He was singularly active and every minute of his busy day was devoted to his self-imposed duties, but he believed in prayer more than in mere human activity and all his great works, the foundation of the Catholic University, the organization of the Eucharistic Congress, etc., were preceded and accompanied by long hours of silent prayer.

Although the salvation of his fellow-citizens was his dearest wish, M. Vrau's interest extended to the whole Church; he was almost as well known at the Vatican as in the streets of his native city and, in spite of his humility, the magnificence of his gifts to Peter's pence occasionally became public. As years went on his favorite virtue of humility wrapped round him more closely than ever, and when, only two years after his death, Mgr. Bannard, the eminent French author, undertook to write his life, he found neither letters nor papers to help him in the fulfillment of his task. The workings of M. Vrau's mind, the outpourings of his soul, the miraculous graces which he is supposed to have received, all these things might be guessed at by the witnesses of his daily life; but no written notes remained to serve as landmarks. He never wrote about himself, and spoke still less.

It was consistent with these habits of reticence that when, in the spring of 1905, Philibert Vrau fell dangerously ill, he made no deathbed adieus and expressed no high-flown or edifying sentiments. Those who watched by his side during long weeks of agony, noticed the ecstatic look of happiness that illumined his worn features when, every morning, he received Holy Communion. They marked, too, his gentle thoughtfulness for others, the absence of any word of complaint, but on the whole he revealed little or nothing of what was passing in his soul. He lay quite still and silent—absorbed in prayer.

The end came on May 16, 1905; it was a singularly peaceful death; he had received the last Sacraments with perfect consciousness and breathed his last sigh while making the responses to the Rosary, which his family recited at his side.

The works of faith and charity that were originated by M. Philibert Vrau are still carried on by his nephew, M. Paul Ferón-Vrau, whom he loved as a son and who is one of the leading French Catholics of our day. Not only has he devoted enormous sums of money to keep up the foundations that owe

their existence to his uncle, but he has assumed new responsibilities in the service of the same cause. M. Paul Ferón-Vrau has lately bought the fine "hotel de Condé," once the property of the princes of that name, and placed it at the disposal of the Archbishop of Paris, whom the Government, as our readers know, has robbed of his palace. He is also the head of a gigantic undertaking, *la bonne Presse*, which, by promoting a wide diffusion of healthy literature, endeavors to counteract some of the evil influences that are undermining the faith of the French people.

The traditions of unstinting charity and whole-hearted devotion to the Church that were so dear to M. Philibert Vrau, are cherished by his nephew and representative; who is, moreover, deeply imbued with his uncle's methods in carrying out his great undertakings. A personal knowledge of *la bonne Presse* has taught us that its leader, one of the wealthiest and most influential of the French Catholics, is also one of the most unassuming. The spirit of the "holy man of Lille," humble, silent, and prayerful, pervades the work.

THE SOUTH ISLES OF ARRAN.

BY ETHEL C. RANDALL, PH.D.



HOW few there are who know the Arran Islands in the Bay of Galway as they are! They have stood for centuries upon centuries. To-day they are the survival of the strongest portions of a shore line that once shielded Lough Lurgan from the ocean's fury by a barrier from Witches' Head to Travor Bay. Now, as then, they rear their sullen crests full-fronted against the Atlantic to sentinel the middle western coast of Ireland, a last bit of terra firma between it and America two thousand seven hundred miles across a turbulent Atlantic.

To-day these islands—Inishmore, Inishmaan, and Inisheer—with Tory Island and its neighbors off the coast of Donegal, form the last stronghold of the Irish Gaelic tongue. District and county alike in Ireland have submitted to the inevitable and become English-speaking. Though there are villages in Galway, Connemara, Donegal, and the Rosses, where Gaelic is to a limited extent the language of the cottagers, it is rare to meet a peasant who cannot make himself at least understood in English. The very old people profess "to have no English," and now that the Gaelic League has awakened a latent patriotism and loyalty of regard for things that are Gaelic, the young men and women would give much were they able to make a like declaration. But on the islands I speak of, how different! Cut off from Galway by a stretch of choppy sea that often for weeks at a time defies the coracles of the islanders, they lie sea-girt and alone, a fitting mausoleum to entomb what must have seemed, a few years since, the relic of Celticism, a solemn nursery wherein to foster that which a fresh hope cherishes as the adolescence of a reborn Gaelicism.

The approach to the islands, if one should contemplate a stay there, is a matter for consideration. If one goes to Inishmore only, the simplest aspect of the problem presents itself, since the large island boasts a wharf, and, in consequence, is open to traffic except when occasionally weather-locked. If,

however, Inishmaan or Inisheer are the goal, then arrangements must be made beforehand by letter or through some one connected with the islands, as there is no means of entertainment for strangers at either place. A faint idea of the primitive conditions existing on the smaller islands can be gleaned when it is understood that there is no ships' landing of any sort whatsoever, no public-house of any description upon either, no priest, clergyman, doctor, nurse, no guardians of the law; and upon Inisheer, no post-office nor telegraph-station. Yet several hundreds of human beings inhabit each rock-heap, are born here, marry and are given in marriage, live their austere lives to a close, many of them without ever having set foot upon the adjacent islands, and find a resting place in a tiny plot of consecrated ground under the shadow of a chapel built from the stones of St. Kenery's Oratory. Unbelievable, you say, at a distance of only twenty-eight miles from a town the size of Galway. Perhaps, but the truth notwithstanding.

We boarded the diminutive steamer plying across Galway Bay between the town of Galway and the islands one Saturday noon. A cold blue sky arched over us, and the typical haze that so often and so tantalizingly obscures the view except on days favored of fortune was absent. Once away from the low-browed heights over which Galway rambles, the country spread itself in panorama before our eager gaze. The Bay hedged us in a semi-circular basin of tumbling water rimmed by Connemara's twelve great peaks—the "Twelve Pins of Benabecola"—that dominated the view to leeward, by the wooded prominences of the Galway hills behind us, and by the tiers of the Burren of Clare that project into the bastion-like cliffs of Moher at Miltown Malbay, bluff and sterile to the port side.

As yet we could see nothing of the islands beyond a remote, wavering line of gray along the horizon when the marine glasses were trained to a certain quarter, but two-thirds of the way out the breeze freshened till patches of clear blue reflection glazed the trough of the waves, and almost at the same instant the islands came into view in the guise of squat, black hummocks that even as we looked evolved into a wilderness of crags manifesting no signs of habitation. The wild water climbed to the very scarp of the cliffs, receding with reluctant movement suggestive of the forced retreat of an animal of

prey. The chill of things forsaken enfolded them in a desolate grandeur as provocative of pity and dry-mouthed terror as any human tragedy. We saw no mode of approach to the islands and said as much. Then some one pointed out a covey of dark flecks upon the face of the permanent way, which we had taken to be gulls or sea-mews, with the explanation that they were the curraghs coming to take us ashore. Yet this did not wholly reassure us, for even such small boats as these appeared to be could not land near those cliffs. Presently, however, the channel which the steamer was following carried her within the curve of an elbow of Inishmaan, and the gray façade unbent to disclose a wedge of shelving beach.

The boat slackened speed at a distance of about half a mile from the island, since it could not go with safety nearer the impaling rocks. Scarcely had she begun to sway dizzily to the swell, now that she was lying to, when like a swarm of insects the curraghs drove under her forefoot. There were fourteen of them, each manned by three rowers who mingled their torrent of hails in Irish with the shouts and commands and greetings from our ship, *The Duras*, as one by one the curraghs watched their opportunity to dart alongside. Oars and boat-hooks were brought into play to keep their canvas-covered craft from being dashed to pulp against our hull. The time available for work was limited to that in which a roller, curling deck-high, would hold the curragh poised on a level with the railing. The skill displayed was amazing: Barrels of flour, bags of wool, sacks of dried fish were transferred from steamer to curragh, and from curragh to steamer, with a dexterity that excited our admiration.

A last curragh that had been riding on her oars while the others were loading and scurrying away now came up. The oarsman stationed amidships was voluble in some command or explanation unintelligible to us. Before I realized it, stalwart hands grasped me under my arms and I was swung lightly over the rail and seated upon it, my feet dangling over the water. I looked for the little boat, leaning as far over as the restraining arms of the man holding me would permit. The little craft was sinking into the furrow ploughed open beside the steamer, down! down! as one sinks into space and eternity in a dream, without visible motion and with incredible rapidity.

I expected it to disappear wholly in some cavern of the ocean, but in mid-flight it reversed and began its ascent on the long, leisurely swell of the water. The men in the bow and stern were ready with their oars braced to keep the proper distance from the hull. As the steamer lurched I lost my balance as I thought; but it was merely that the arms above had swung me clear and let me go. The standing rower straightening himself, caught me before my feet could touch the bottom of the curragh. "Sit there," he ordered, indicating the steamer trunk of my friend. He left me to be placed there bodily by the boy in the stroke-seat, while he turned his attention to the safe disposal of my companion. Then, amid the laughter and cap-waving of our late fellow-passengers and the screech of the whistle, we were off with a sweeping pull of six great oars that edged the boat's nose on, leaving the *Duras* to churn the water into a welter of froth as she caught her course for Aranmore.

The men struck a northerly course, and before we realized that we were making any considerable headway, the stretch of shingle within the jealous frame of stone was staring down upon us like the gaze of a great, blank face from the rim of a bonnet. Though midsummer, the sun filtered through the air with that appearance of long, slant rays which we associate with autumn. The stillness that rimes with such days was emphasized by the barrenness of the land. So, I thought, must have been the first glimpse of the island to the saints who sought upon its menacing shores peace of mind and long days of uninterrupted devotion. My longing to tread the rocks trodden by those ancients quickened with every sweep of the oars.

The entire population had seemingly congregated to welcome back the currachs, as if some breath of the wider life represented by the little steamer might be wafted to them. The little group drew back to allow us the freedom of the pathway. For a moment we stood, hesitating, uncertain what to do, till a tiny girl in a scarlet kirtle and plaided shawl came forward timidly to slip her hands into ours and greet us with the beautiful salutation, *Beannact leat!* "Blessings upon you!" She "had English" she told us, and we were to stay with her mother who had remained at home that she might give us blessings as we crossed her threshold; besides, Seumas would

bring up our bags, and would we be pleased to come this way. The islanders smiled and bowed their welcome, nodding approval of Ethna's action and her flow of quaint, musical English. They fell into a parti-colored train behind, their subdued voices and rich laughter intermingling pleasantly to our ears as we wended our painful way up the slope. The roadway was possibly three feet wide, and was made of small chunks of stone the size of one's fist, sharp and penitential to walk upon. Walls of loose, flatish stones, piled one upon another without cement, rose on both sides of us to a height of two and a half or three feet. Nothing gave evidence of human dwelling, unless the network of stone hedges similar to those defining the pathway could be considered such, and to all intents and purposes the track ran unincumbered the length of the island.

Our progress was necessarily slow. Finally the road forked abruptly and the village came into view. It consisted of straggling rows of cottages facing one another, stone-walled, slate-thatched, lying sheltered under the backbone of the island, where it rears a lofty forehead crowned by Fort Connor, or, as the Irish has it, *Dun Conchobhair*, one of two ancient raths which date from the dawn of Gaelic history. A step farther, and we were well into the street. The majority of cottages are set back a few paces from the road to allow for a patch of stony ground or a yard of flag between the front door and the inevitable stone-wall which is now and again dignified by a little wooden gate. Some ten or twelve were white-washed, all had doors painted red. Gardens are unheard-of, since on the whole island there is not a tree to break the monotony of the cluttering rocks. Occasionally the flanges and platforms of stone are screened by straggling willow and hawthorn bushes and furse of stunted growth, or overrun with trails of ivy draped and festooned in picturesque abandon. The grooves in the flags yield exquisite maiden-hair fern, green the year round, rock-roses, large-eyed daisies, and an infrequent bluebell. Along the water's edge a kind of grass, commonly known as "bent-grass" because slanted inward by the sea-wind and weight of salt from the spray, grows sparsely; but of verdure, as we understand the term, the island has none.

Well on toward the end of the street we came upon a terrace of four houses commanding a view of the ocean. At the third of these a stout young woman waited in the doorway

till Ethna had ushered us through the gate. Then she hurried forward with a little bustle and flurry to pour out softly-spoken welcome and greeting. At nine o'clock the man of the house came in with several companions from the fishing and gave us welcome to his home. As he was wet through we left him to the luxury of a supper of potatoes and milk served in a creel and piggin on a low stool before the fire. A backward glance into the kitchen showed us the dresses of the woman and child vying with the brilliant coloring of the yarn looped from peg to peg along the walls. On the dresser opposite the fireplace were crowded odd bits of crockery from Galway.

Mrs. Cahal was seated beside her husband on a four-legged stool about a foot high placed directly in front of the miniature pyramid of peats on the flagged hearth. Ethna was tucked away on a bag of salt in the farther corner of the chimney-piece, under a canopy of bream hung up by the tails to dry in the smoke. With every fresh supply of turf the flames whipped zig-zagging up the chimney-throat, so that the corners of the room were startled out of their obscurity for a moment. The place stood revealed in all its unstudied harmony of tints and arrangement. The shadows of the group about the hob were elongated behind them. Now and again, by the fantastic shifting of the flames, these shadows were thrown upon the rafters, where the large oval fish baskets were suspended, the creels, the drying nets, and the lines of rye-straw ropes that serve with a wooden rack or two in lieu of wardrobes.

As the days passed the women visited us and dances were made in our honor. Now a true Irish *ceilidh* is a gathering where the spirit of sociability rules supreme. On the day of the party we would don the fanciest waists forthcoming from our steamer trunks—this after a hint from Mrs. Cahal as to what was expected of us—and set off at dusk in her company. Arriving at our destination we would be conducted at once by the woman of the house to the seat of honor, usually the square canopied bed to the left of the fireplace. When all the bidden guests arrived they were seated according to rank and age upon the bed, the chairs, the table (if there were such), the stools, the up-turned baskets, and the piles of nets. Whoever else cared to crowd in was quite as welcome, nor was any objection made to the children who swarmed in

silent and admiring groups about the unglazed windows and doorway. Some one who can lilt is brought forward to a place near the hearth among the *colliaghs* and aged men, when there is no musician, and the evening might be said to have commenced. The onlookers would flatten themselves against the walls—the ladder used in ascending to the loft, the spinning wheel, and everything likely to obstruct the floor having been previously removed—and the dancers take the floor in a four or eight-hand reel, a “fairy” reel danced by four girls and two men, the “Waves of Tory,” the *Rinka Fada* or “Long” dance.

As the dancing becomes more furious the fire would be drowned out, the back door opened to admit the pungent, clinging night air, and several additional oil-lamps brought in from next door and hung upon a hook high up in the stone wall. These would magnify a hundredfold the homeliness and cheer as their wavering streaks of light, intensified by the fluted tin reflectors, fell through the open door upon the gritty drizzle without. If for a moment or two there was a lull, some old man or boy would take the floor in a jig, or a girlish treble would shrill into a song startling with wild crescendos breaking in upon a monotone burden, or an old woman would croon and her voice would blend with the dirge of the waters that grieve day and night about the islands. Then the dancing would recommence with vehement stamp and shuffling of sandaled feet upon the earthen or flagged floor, with quick, impetuous swirl that wreathed the crimson kirtles into semblances of huge exotic blooms, and rhythmic lacing of figure into figure—all to the exulting “Ouf! ouf!” that lifts the tune from measure to measure and rallies the mettle in the flying feet. At half-past ten or eleven o’clock at latest, the *ceilidh* would break up. In a trice after the guests had gone the kitchen would be swept and restored to its accustomed order, and the borrowed lamps, chairs, and what not, returned to their owners’ cottages.

The social life of the Aranites is extremely simple. Cut off as Inishmaan is from the mainland, except for precarious fair-going, and from all intercourse with Inisheer and Inishmore beyond the most casual, the islanders are thus thrown back upon their own resources in matters of work and play alike. Their island is to them the world. Galway, Dublin,

America—I put them in the order in which the Aranite invariably speaks of them—are other worlds, unexplored, only vaguely known, and hence untilled fields for romance suitable for the evening's story-telling.

At best the islanders are mere beneficiaries upon the bounty of a capricious ocean. The men fish morning and night, winter and summer, at every opportunity of going to sea, because the land, for which they pay an annual tax or rental of between two and three thousand pounds, would not support them. And, since the curraghs afford the only means to that end, the wonder is that the toll of the sea is not heavier. On the oceanward side of the islands, in calmest weather, the spindrift plays and the water grinds and drills the friable rocks. The cliffs have come to resemble the reaches and pilasters of a vast cathedral. In squally weather the Puffin Holes—caverns reinforced by apertures near the brink of the cliffs—suck the pounding waters into their clefts to hurl them as from mighty catapults in soaring columns mast high, that, toppling, disintegrate and sheet the drop of the height with cataracts of powdering, steely water. But again, there are oftentimes days and weeks at a stretch when the men are storm-stayed. Then if the sea should come up, one sweep of its arm is sufficient to engulf the patches of grain, that after months of toil have been brought to harvest. From whatever angle the physical eye sees them the islands appear always as if lying in shadow; but to the mental eye of those who know their people they lie in a shadow deeper than any cast by the gloom of a gray day.

One murky afternoon when the fog smoked over the ocean we landed upon the big island from Inishmaan. After a detour of the pier we reached the highroad that, beginning here, traverses the entire length of the island, and branching at some little distance farther up in the town of Kilronan, circles the bight which is guarded at one tip by the wharf and at the other by the village of Killeany, a matter of approximately two Irish miles. This road is macadamized and on the straight line runs nine miles. Once well upon the highway we passed the doors of cottages like those on Inishmaan, but dark and straw-thatched and untidy. Next came the public-houses, two-storied, rough-cast; then the constabulary barracks, beautified by beds and window-boxes of portulaca. Farther on we passed

the Protestant church standing isolated and barren, with its three-quarter face turned from the road as if protecting its handful of pitifully bare graves from the stare of the passer-by. Then we came upon an irregular line of the familiar white-washed cottages behind low stone walls.

One cottage, noticeable among its neighbors for a deeper front yard with a superb fuchsia tree rioting in a wealth of crimson blossoms, was charmingly situated. Immediately in front of it across the road was the manse of the Protestant minister, built in a little hollow and so smothered in trees—almost the only trees on the island—that merely the roof could be glimpsed from the over-looking road. On a clear day the sea in the distance gambolled and sparkled, or shone glimmeringly like the surface of a mirror when the mists enveloped the water.

As it persisted in raining for the next few days, we were forced to content ourselves with the aspect of life and manners afforded by the immediate surroundings. We spent the greater part of our first days, therefore, installed in the doorway under the eaves or in the sitting-room window, either of which commanded a view of the roadway. The trees in the hollow of the minister's grounds beyond swayed their moisture-laden branches almost on a level with the street. Women and girls, with buckets on their heads, went down to the spring hidden among the trees, to reappear and go their ways up or down. Many were old, too old for work, some wore short Galway flannel skirts, some were barefooted and barelegged; the majority, however, had long skirts of dark material, their feet were incased in brogans, their heads and shoulders shrouded in large black shawls.

Men in tiny Tam-o'-Shanters of Galway manufacture sauntered past, pipe in mouth, in twos and threes. Young boys, unchildishly sedate, went by in charge of the two-wheeled carts stacked high with peat or sea-weed, or driving a cow or a handful of skinny black goats along the road, or astride the diminutive donkeys that could scarcely walk under their loaded panniers of water, bream, or drift-wood. Babies, clad in a single garment, laughed and gurgled on the roadside under the feet of the passers-by. Larger children ran across and backward and forward in tag and races, and half-grown girls, who had seen service in Dublin possibly, or in Galway, stepped

by infinitely less picturesquely clad than the fisher-girls of a like age.

We noticed at once, and were surprised by, the change in the physiognomy of the people of Inishmore from that of those in Inishmaan. The former are slighter in build on the average, and their faces are more mobile and darker. The women's, especially, are indicative of the difference that even a few years of modified environment can effect. The people of the middle island gaze into the future with calmness and self-control, and their faces mirror the reserved strength and steadfastness of their character and outlook. The people of Inishmore, on the contrary, having glimpsed a wider view, gaze out nervously from their eager souls, the old solidarity of their lives shaken by the new and untried element of civilization. We noticed, also, that grown girls and young men were rarely to be met with. Where are they? we asked. We heard in reply the answer we were ever hearing throughout Ireland, "Gone to America."

The very young passed our door with a glance of curiosity from under their black brows at the "ladies from America," whither they are resolved to go. The old would set their water-pails down upon the stone paling, or slip the strap from their shoulder, and with hesitating step come up the little path to hear, possibly, a word of a son or daughter that had been driven by the home-poverty and lack of work to put the ocean between him or her and the family hearth. Numbers never wrote or sent word back as to their whereabouts, and it was difficult to know how to answer. Yet many others sent glorified accounts of the successes they were enjoying, with many a five and ten dollar bill, and many a promise to return soon on a visit. And there are mothers in Ireland who daily watch for the boat or train that they may slip the kettle on the hob to have a fresh drop of tea against the chance of their boy or girl coming that day, as I know one mother did day in and day out for years.

Those whom I have been mentioning are the islanders proper, so to speak. But there is another class of permanent residents upon Inishmore—the constabulary and the coast-guardsmen. These, with their wives and children, stay the proscribed term of years, going at appointed hours upon their rounds by road or shore as duty demands, knowing the islanders,

but not mingling with them or ever becoming an integral part of their lives. They are as familiar figures here as in the larger towns on the main seaboard. On any week-day one may meet them cycling to and fro, while on Sunday they are conspicuous as they wend their way to the Protestant church, past the multitude of islanders going in the opposite direction to Mass in the chapel. Since as a general rule they are English, or at least North of Ireland, they are better situated than the majority of Aranites and know something of the world. Over and above all, however, the fundamental barrier is the one of difference in temperament. From our vantage-point at the window we saw the native with a quiet deference, real or assumed, pass and re-pass the alien, physically almost touching, mentally worlds apart, separated by all for which a difference of ages of tradition can account.

Inisheer for several reasons does not have the interest for travelers that its sister islands possess. Being nearer the mainland than either—cut off from Doolin in Clare by the South Sound at a distance of only five miles—it has progressed in the ways of civilization as taught in the *Claddagh* and at the fairs, to the detriment of its former beautiful, self-absorbed, self-sufficient life.

Such are the South Isles of Arran. Grim, severe, they lie with ribs of rock exposed to view through their entire length and breadth. As we look upon their cold, rocky surface, their shores racked by the insurgent seas, we feel that they were fitter abiding-places for the restless hordes that first came to them than for the anchorites whose incumbency justified their description as a place where are interred the remains of "innumerable saints, unknown to all save Almighty God alone," and won for Inishmore the title "Ara-Naoimh" or "Ara of the Saints," and for the islands "Isles of the Saints."

CHURCH AND STATE IN FRANCE.

AFTER THE BATTLE.

BY M. J. COSTELLO.



IN the persecution against the Church, waged by successive governments in France during recent years, events have followed thick and fast since Waldeck-Rousseau raised the shibboleth of the "Ministry of Republican Defense." We wish first to review very briefly some of those events.

Waldeck-Rousseau, when Prime Minister, brought in his Associations Law, which was meant to control the religious communities; at least so said its author when he found that in the hands of his successor, M. Combes, the religious of both sexes were compelled to leave the country. The Prime Minister, a pathetic figure as he arrived for the last time in the Senate, uttered these useless words:

"Il ne fallait pas transformer une loi de controle en loi d'exclusion." It was too late. Many fair-minded men were not opposed to certain just restrictions upon the religious communities; but the power of the former Premier had departed; a partisan was in the saddle, and he meant to ride until his steed stopped from sheer exhaustion. Then came the visit of President Loubet to King Victor Emanuel II. Pius X. protested against what was considered an insult to the Head of the Church. A Protestant ruler might visit the Quirinal were he so minded, but the Chief Magistrate of a Catholic nation could not do so without offending the Sovereign Pontiff. It has been stated that the protest sent to the other Powers was worded differently from that which was sent to France. The French Minister to the Vatican was recalled; the Papal Nuncio was sent away from Paris; and for the first time the "Eldest Daughter of the Church" had no diplomatic representative at the Vatican. The Concordat, or agreement entered into between Napoleon on the one hand and Pius the Seventh on the other, was abrogated. Pius the Tenth refused to accept corporations (*Associations Cultuelles*) as proposed by the Govern-

ment for the holding of church property. Papal letters were also issued against what is known as the law of 1881, which classed meetings for divine service with ordinary secular meetings; that is to say, assemblies that might be dismissed at will by the police.

Next followed the expulsion of Monseignor Montagnini, who had been secretary of the suppressed nunciature. Now the Government is busy taking away the last vestige of property held by the Church under the old system; to wit, pious foundations or money left for Masses for the dead.

It is obvious, and indeed the leaders boast of the fact, that the fight is against Christ and Christianity. M. Viviani, the Minister of Labor, used the following words in the Chamber of Deputies on November 8, 1906:

Altogether, first our fathers, then our elders, and now ourselves, have set to the work of anti-clericalism, or irreligion; we have torn from the people's soul all belief in another life, in the deceiving and unreal visions of a heaven. To the man who stays his steps at set of sun, crushed beneath the labor of the day and weeping with want and wretchedness, we have said: "Behold these clouds at which you gaze so mournfully, these are only vain dreams of heaven." With magnificent gesture we have quenched for him in the sky those lights which none shall ever again rekindle. Do you think our work is over? It begins.

M. Viviani is the man who, with indifference to the feelings of many of his compatriots, went to live in the house from which the late Cardinal Richard, Archbishop of Paris, had been evicted.

Here is an extract from a speech in the Chamber of Deputies by the eloquent Jean Jaures, whose name is synonymous with the extremest kind of socialism:

If God Himself appeared before the multitude in palpable form, the first duty of men would be to refuse Him obedience, to consider Him not as a Master to Whom all should submit, but as an equal with Whom men may argue.

We quote again from a well-known mouthpiece of the ministerial majority:

The triumph of the Galilean has lasted twenty centuries; it is now His turn to die. The mysterious voice which once in the mountain of Epirus announced the death of Pan, to-

day announces the end of that false God Who promised an era of justice to those who should believe in Him. The deception has lasted long enough; the lying God in His turn disappears.

Equally emphatic against the Christian idea are the following words of M. Briand, Minister of Education:

The time has come to root out of the minds of French children the ancient faith which has served its purpose. . . . It is time to get rid of the Christian idea.

That Cardinal Merry del Val should speak of the battle as a "War against Christ" was to be expected. And yet Prime Minister Clemenceau declares that never as long as he is in office will a church door be closed. France's Prime Minister will doubtless keep his word. But since the law (Article V.) prohibits the giving of religious instruction to children between the ages of five and thirteen who are inscribed in the parochial schools or destined to enter such, it is obvious that, if this law be observed, the coming generation will not be Christian. The indications are, however, that this law is to be honored more in the breach than in the observance.

The present condition of the Catholic Church in France is not that of disestablishment. There has been no State Church in France. Lutherans, of whom there are 65,000; Calvinists, of whom there are 500,000; and Jews, of whom there are 100,000, received State aid as did the Catholics. Neither can existing conditions be fairly described as a separation of Church and State. For, as the witty Harduin of *Le Matin* expresses it, the State is separated from the Church, but the Church is not separated from the State. Another writer sums up the situation, saying that the law, while separating, would separate without separating. M. de Pressense tries to express the actual condition by the formula "A free Church in a sovereign State."

Against mere separation there is not now, and there was not at any time, serious objection. The insuperable obstacle is that the State will not allow the Church to go her way in peace, but at every turn harasses her with the charge that she refuses to form corporations (*Associations Cultuelles*) in which to vest property. On the other hand, the Vatican continues to declare *urbi et orbi* that such corporations, or associations cannot be formed without violating sacred rights belonging to

the very life of the Church. These societies, says Cardinal Merry Del Val, would be organizers and directors of Church worship. The Cardinal's contention is that those who wish to make an end of Christianity cannot be permitted to direct and control its worship.

Thus it has come about that there is a deadlock between Church and State so far as the holding of property is concerned. As the law stands at present Catholics, as such, cannot hold property in a corporate capacity. The State says that the Church refuses to form corporations (*Associations Cultuelles*) required by law for the holding of property. Hence, the property of the Church becomes *bona derelicta*, and consequently reverts to the State. The same reasoning may, of course, be applied to all property acquired in the future by the Church.

The Church contends that the corporations (*Associations Cultuelles*) demanded by the State are in formal contradiction to the principles of the Catholic religion. The official position of the Church was enunciated by Pius X., in an Encyclical dated January 6, 1907. It says:

To declare Church property ownerless by a certain time, if, before that time, the Church has not created within herself a new organization; to subject this creation to conditions which are directly opposed to the divine constitution of the Church and which the Church is, therefore, obliged to reject; then to assign the property to a third party, as if it had been goods without a master; and, finally, to assert that by such action the Church is not despoiled, but only that property which she has abandoned is being disposed of—all this is not only to reason like a sophist; it adds derision to the cruelest spoliation.

On this line of reasoning fifteen thousand Catholic schools, all the property of the religious communities, the churches, seminaries, presbyteries, bishops' houses, endowments, have been taken over by the government. The reasoning applied to religious communities differs somewhat, however, from that by which other Church property is being made to revert to the State. These religious communities or associations have, it is argued, been dissolved by the State. As they no longer exist, they cannot hold property. Therefore, the property, being without any legal owner, must go to the State. The Socialists

give the property rights another twist. They defend their vote by saying that the State has rights over all property accumulated collectively by a group of citizens.

Priests are still being evicted from their presbyteries. In those districts where the mayor and local authorities are favorably disposed, the clergy-house is let at a reasonable rent; where the authorities are hostile, the clergy are being forced to seek domiciles elsewhere. The money left for Masses or pious foundations will also be passed over to the State very soon. M. Briand reasons in the usual way. As the Church refuses to establish corporations (*Associations Cultuelles*) to take over this money, the money is without an owner. But Paul Constans justifies the Socialists by a process of reasoning which frightens property-holders. He says:

This law will serve as a precedent. It is a partial appropriation of private property for the benefit of the whole, an establishing of benevolence, a community of interest for the whole nation.

All that now remains to represent the property left to the Church by the Concordat, and of the enormous amount of property accumulated since, is the use of the churches, and the use is had not by right, but by toleration. The loss is so enormous as to be almost incredible.

Let us suppose that Catholics were to buy or to build new places of worship. These could be taken from them without any compensation, according to the existing law. As a matter of fact new parishes are being established. A few months ago Monseigneur Amette, co-adjutor to the Archbishop of Paris, laid the foundation stone of a new church at the important suburb of Suresnes. Suppose King Alfonso of Spain were to make a present of a pulpit to the parish church wherein he worships when in Paris, as King James the Second presented the now historic pulpit to the church in St. Germain-en-Laye. The King of Spain's gift would not belong to the Church, because there is no *Association Cultuelle* to own it legally. To a foreigner it is incomprehensible why the French Catholics, who form by far the majority of the population, should permit themselves to be outside the law as far as holding church property is concerned. And the surprise deepens when we remember that Catholicism is still the religion of the bulk of the French people, at least in the great events of their lives. Nearly all the

thirty-eight millions of nominal Catholics are baptized, make their First Communion, are married and buried according to the rites of the Catholic Church. That eminent journalist, the late M. Cornelly, used to say that the Frenchman will defend everything by his vote except his religion. His political leaders teach him that the Catholic Church is the enemy of the Republic. Certainly the late Leo XIII. taught differently. He saw that the monarchy was dead in France, and to the late M. de Blowitz, the Pontiff said:

“L’Eglise du Christ ne s’attaché qu’ a un seul cadavre, à celui qui est lui-même attaché sur la croix.”

If the Republic presses heavily upon a certain section of the people the fault lies in part, and chiefly, with the voters who do not take sufficient interest in parliamentary life, and partly, also, with the constitution. There is no constitution as in the United States, and there is no time-honored custom as in England, to check the rule of the majority in the French Parliament. Hence the rule of that majority is an absolute monarchy in France. So little interest do the voters of France take in elections that in those of 1898 and of 1902 the number of votes for the elected were less than the combined number of those who abstained from voting and of those who lost their votes for one reason or another. The following suggestive figures are taken from a study by M. Henri Avenel entitled *How France Votes*.

	<i>Votes obtained by the Elected.</i>	<i>Votes not Represented.</i>
1881	4,776,000	5,600,000
1885	3,042,000	6,000,000
1889	4,526,000	5,800,000
1893	4,513,000	5,930,000
1898	4,906,000	5,633,000
1902	5,159,000	5,818,000

The Church has now to depend entirely upon the voluntary contributions of the faithful. No uniform system has been adopted for the collection of these contributions. That they are entirely voluntary is certain, and any attempt to coerce the people by refusing the ministrations of the clergy has been frowned upon by Rome. To all, poor as well as rich, however, is given an opportunity to contribute. The 50,000,000 francs which constituted the budget set aside by the State for

the Catholic Church before the Separation Law was only a modicum of the expenses required to carry on the works of the Church in France.

It was estimated that the Church in France received annually from all sources, including the National Government, local grants, legacies, donations, the *casuel*, etc., 450,000,000 francs. Now, Peter's Pence and the Foreign Missions, to which France contributed more money annually than all other nations together, have to suffer. And for the first time in her history we see a Pope, instead of receiving money from France, sending a gift of 100,000 francs to the Catholic Institute of Paris. The richer dioceses, like those of Paris and Lyons, help the poorer ones.

Some of the clergy have taken to secular callings in order to support themselves. Hence we find some priests breeding poultry; others, birds; others, rabbits; others, edible snails. One finds curés who are tailors, or upholsterers, or bookbinders, or photographers, or turners, or bicycle-makers, or manufacturers of sewing machines. Here a priest makes "inviolable envelopes"; there, one sees a clerical compositor, or an ecclesiastical printer of visiting cards. Some curés are painters and sculptors and live by the brush and by the chisel. The working curés have formed a Union and have founded a newspaper to protect their interests. The Abbé Louis Ballu, curé of Parnay, Maine-et-Loire, has published a work entitled *Trades Suitable to a Priest of To-day*. The Abbé Pelissier, now a clock-maker, has voiced the spirit of the working priests this wise:

I ignore this season of persecution. I repair clocks, sewing machines, watches, locks, and toys. I bind books. The anti-clericals respect me and patronize me. I charge them less than others in order to prove that a priest is a good man.

The suppression of the *Budget des Cultes* has brought about no reduction in taxes. The taking over of the property of the Church has not furnished money for old age pensions. It was the promise of these which made the people accept so quietly the spoliation of church property. They allowed churches, schools, convents, monasteries, presbyteries, seminaries to be taken; they stood by with comparative calmness when Byzantine reliquaries brought home by knightly crusaders, massive gold ornaments adorned with gorgeous gems, remonstrances which are masterpieces of the gold-workers' art, votive offer-

ings of powerful seigneurs, of wealthy bourgeois, of the humble, of the infirm, the guilty, the despairing, were all inventoried and handed over to the State or the Commune.

On October 14, 1900, Waldeck-Rousseau first used the expression *Le Milliard des Congregations*. This whetted the appetite of the multitude, and the masses held out their hands for the loaves and fishes just as the greedy nobles grasped at the monasteries in the days of Henry VIII. But the people have to go away empty. Not a single promise has been kept, and the billion of which Waldeck-Rousseau spoke has vanished into thin air. The sales of the church property have left no money in the State exchequer and the billion has dwindled down to a mere rhetorical flourish. The sales of this enormous amount of property do not seem to be regulated either by statute law or by common law. Rather does it seem to be dominated by a desire to keep the cash. When the religious communities were broken up individuals asked that the dowry they brought when entering be returned. The receivers or officials invariably refused. Banks, butchers, bakers, in a word, all creditors, since the suppression of the religious communities, are refused payment on the ground that as these communities did not legally exist they could not legally contract debts.

By request of Ex-Prime Minister Combes, a commission has been appointed by the senate and is now investigating what has become of the proceeds of the sales of church property. M. Combes declares he never thought that the law which he applied so vigorously could have resulted in such a series of scandals and forgeries. Take the property of the Grande Chartreuse, for example, the members of which are now settled at Tarragona in Spain. That property was estimated at 40,000,000 francs. When it was all sold and the officials paid, the State received 7.50 francs. Some of the officials have not yet turned in their accounts, and tales are told where the expenses of the sale exceed more than the proceeds.

The new order has resulted in notable loss for the cities where the churches are regarded as public monuments. The city of Paris, for instance, had to pay last year the sum of 2,745,000 francs for the upkeep of her churches. Why? Because the law of December 9, 1905, makes the city of Paris a present of the churches. I quote from a recent report of M. de Selves, Préfect of the Seine:

The city of Paris is proprietor of the religious edifices, subject, however, to the reserve that she leave to the faithful the gratuitous use of them. She is proprietor of the churches, temples, and synagogues, just as she is of the moon and stars. She can look at them in passing. Her people, sentimental and sceptical, would never forgive the city were she to allow the old church walls which are her pages of history in stone to fall to pieces.

Before the separation Paris paid only 250,000 francs a year towards the repair of the churches.

French Catholics had not been accustomed to contribute directly to the support of their own clergy. Nevertheless the Church has never died out in any country for lack of money.

The injury inflicted upon the material side of the Church seems to have quickened it spiritually. Last Christmas the churches were not large enough to hold the number of worshippers who would assist at midnight Mass. The renowned Madeleine had to close its doors at half-past ten, although divine service did not begin until midnight. During Holy Week the churches were crowded, and again on Easter Sunday they were too small. Parishes, formally too large for thorough spiritual ministrations, have been divided. This was not easy in the past, as an act of Parliament was required to create a new parish and a decree of the Council of State to open a chapel. The present situation further shows that Gallicanism is dead; that schism is impossible; and that neither Bonapartists nor Royalists have any reason to expect co-operation from the Church. The Church has now much more liberty. It is no longer necessary to get government permission for the promulgation of Papal briefs and encyclicals. The police authority over churchmen is much less, and bishops may meet in council without going to the government for permission. They can go to Rome to consult the Head of their Church without first obtaining the authorization of the civil authorities, as was required by the organic articles of the Concordat. The Church is rid of the slavery of the Concordat and the clergy are no longer State functionaries. The Pope can now select his own bishops, whereas formerly he was compelled to preconize those chosen by the State. The bishops can now choose their parish priests, and they need not present them to the State to be accepted.

New Books.

When, only a short generation ago, the study of comparative religion was taken up scientifically, our theologians were inclined to treat it as essentially a demonstration against supernatural revelation, and, consequently, a form of investigation in which Catholic scholars could not, in conscience, participate. The character of the pioneers in the science, and the frame of mind in which they conducted their studies, excused this view. But a little reflection and experience were sufficient to reverse the first judgment. Divine Revelation has nothing to fear from truth, wheresoever truth may be found; and it is quite in conformity with the traditional teaching of the Church that even the most corrupt religions contain some relic of primitive revelation, or elements which are the true expression of the human soul *naturaliter Christiana*. Let but the study of comparative religion be pursued without prejudice, and its results fairly interpreted; then its findings cannot but add a new testimony to the teaching of Jesus Christ.

This later view has borne fruit in the institution of chairs of comparative religion at some of our Catholic centers of learning; and has caused the work to be taken up by many of our scholars. The importance of not leaving this branch of investigation to be monopolized by the enemy is becoming daily more obvious. It has been said—and the assertion is quoted by the Catholic Truth Society in the initial number of its series of Lectures on the History of Religions,* that the battles of the future between faith and unfaith are to be on the fields of psychology and comparative religion.

Unfortunately as yet we possess in English an extremely meager supply of works on this subject, written from the Catholic standpoint; while popular works of this kind from able scholars who ignore or deny the supernatural are increasing daily. For these reasons the Catholic Truth Society of London deserves our gratitude for having undertaken a series of short popular pamphlets, or lectures, treating of the various great religions of the Ancient World, and many forms of modern religious thought. The projected series will consist of thirty-

* *History of Religions*. C. T. S. Lectures on the History of Religions. London: The Catholic Truth Society.

two numbers, which will doubtless be extended. The following lectures have already been published: *The Study of Religions*; *Syria*; *Egypt*; *Greece*; *Athenian Philosophers*; *Early Rome*; *Imperial Rome*; *Methraism*; *The Hebrew Bible*; *The Early Church*; *Thirty-Nine Articles*; *Modern Judaism*; *Unitarianism*. Those in the above list which have been submitted for review in THE CATHOLIC WORLD—*China*; *Egypt*; *The Study of Religions*; *Athenian Philosophers*—are written by priests who are all competent scholars in the subjects which, respectively, they have treated. Necessarily the note of the treatment is extreme condensation in the case of ancient religions; for each writer has to handle the historical changes of thousands of years, and a perplexing variety of ideas and practices. But careful and methodical arrangement has helped to meet this difficulty. Even apart from their apologetic value, and considered merely as contributions to culture and general information, these publications deserve, and will no doubt obtain, wide circulation among the reading laity. They will serve as a needful corrective to much exceedingly dangerous literature that, in periodicals and in our public libraries, is being thrust into the hands of the people. They will probably serve, too, to stimulate in many of the clergy who have the necessary leisure a desire to follow up, in larger works, this interesting and useful study. Those who wish to do so will find ample guidance to extensive reading in the well-selected bibliographies attached to each lecture.

Does any priest feel inclined to question whether such an academic subject as the comparative study of religions is really being presented in such form as to attract popular attention, and, thereby, become a danger that those who bear the responsibility of directing souls ought to be in a position to cope with? If so, let him examine *The Shelburne Essays** which, as its title-page indicates, is a study in religious dualism. This is no heavy manual or tome appealing only to the student, like a volume of Jastrow or Hopkins. The work is that of one of the most accomplished of American literary critics and reviewers; its pure and simple style is the vehicle of wide learning digested into deep and serious thought; Mr. More's range of philosophic and religious knowledge is immense; while

* *The Shelburne Essays*. By Paul Elmer More. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

his power of analysis compels admiration even when we dissent most emphatically from the results which it reaches.

On a superficial view the essays might seem to be a collection of unrelated topics. Indian Philosophy; St. Augustine; Pascal; Sir Thomas Browne; John Bunyan; Rousseau; Socrates; and Plato—is not this a list which suggests immeasurable divergence rather than proximity in religious thought? Before, however, one has followed Mr. More far into the dissertation on Indian philosophy (The Forest Philosophy of India; and The Bhagavad Gita), the dominant idea on which he constructs his synthesis strikes the eye. Before we attempt to extract it, we may parenthetically observe that Mr. More's interpretation of the religious significance of the Upanishads controverts the prevailing opinion, that this philosophy is distinctively pantheistic. On the contrary it is, he insists with incisive argument, fundamentally dualistic. Together with minor authorities, Mr. More holds, Deussen made the mistake of torturing into the mold of his own hard intellectualism, the Indian expression of what, at bottom, was a religious human experience. Prepossessions derived from Spinoza and Kant must not be injected into the Upanishads. They are not metaphysical disquisitions; the truth of the Upanishads lies in the vivid consciousness of a dualism in our own nature.

Here is no room for pantheism, and no word is more apt to give a false impression of the early Indian philosophy than the term "monism" which is so glibly applied to it.

With terse accuracy Mr. More describes the genesis of pantheism:

For what, in the end, is pantheism or religious "monism"? It is either a vague and lax state of reverie, or, if pronounced, as a consistent theory of existence, an attempt to fuse together the metaphysical denial of one phase of consciousness with the mythological projection of man's aspiring spirit into the void. It is thus a barren hybrid between religion and philosophy, with no correspondence in our emotional or rational needs. To say flatly that God is all, and that there is nothing but God, is simply a negation of what we know and feel.

The *idée mère* of Mr. More is that the consciousness of evil, the sense of sin, the conviction which St. Paul expressed when he spoke of the two laws fighting within him, is the funda-

mental religious fact, which, innate and ineradicable in the soul, has been the root of every form of religion that has ever arisen on this earth—"the spiritual history of the human race as the long writhing and posturing of the soul (I mean something more than the mere intellect—the whole essential man, indeed) to conceal, or deny, or ridicule, or overcome, this cleft in its nature." As he discusses the Bhagavad Gita, St. Augustine, Pascal, Rousseau, Bunyan, and the other religious or philosophic thinkers, Mr. More's preoccupation is to examine how each has given expression to this consciousness of the moral and spiritual conflict within the soul, "the sense of that deep cleft within the human soul itself which springs from the bitter consciousness of evil."

As we read Mr. More, we inevitably recall the chapter of the *Apologia* in which Cardinal Newman eloquently argues that this fact points unmistakably and unswervingly to the doctrine of original sin. Sad to say, it leads Mr. More, not to Paul and Christ, but to Socrates and Plato for a solution of the problem; or, rather, to some practical rule of life; for Mr. More leaves the great problem without attempting an answer. One cannot but regret this conclusion as one feels the earnestness of the man, and his keen spiritual hunger, which he frequently voices with eloquence; as, for instance:

When once the sting of eternity has entered the heart, and the desire to behold things *sub specie æternitatis*, when once the thirst of stability and repose has been felt, for that soul there is no longer content in the diversions of life; and try as he will to conceal from himself the truth, with every pleasure and amid every distraction, he tastes the clinging drop of bitterness.

Again he writes in a similar strain:

To one whose eye has opened, though it be for a moment only, upon the vision of an indefectible peace, there is henceforth no compulsion that can make him rest satisfied in passing pleasures; the end of desire has devoured its beginning, and he is driven by a power greater than the hope of any reward "to fast from this earth."

This book reflects a frame of mind not rare among men who, like Mr. More, have found that the wells of their ancestral Protestant faith have dried up under the scorching winds

of modern criticism. But their religious instincts have remained vigorous enough to make them shun the bleak void of agnosticism, or the sty of materialism, or the temporary but illusive promises of humanitarianism, and they endeavor to dig for themselves wells in the wilderness. How can theism be presented to them? By metaphysics? They smile at metaphysics as placidly as they do at, to use one of Mr. More's phrases, "the babble of pragmatism." By the moral argument? But here is an acknowledgment of the sense of responsibility as the pivotal fact of the life of man going hand in hand with the reduction of the belief in a personal God to "a projection of man's soul into the void." This phase of contemporary religious unrest emphasizes the truth that, as far as one may judge, the belief in a personal God—and what other conception of God is worthy of the name?—can be safeguarded only by the historic proofs for the Divinity of Jesus Christ, and for the authority of the Church which He founded.

THE REVIVAL OF SCHOLASTIC PHILOSOPHY.

This is a respectable and respectful volume, bearing the impress of the printing press of a great secular university, and treats of scholastic philosophy.* One is led to think of George Henry Lewes, the historian of philosophy, who, scarcely a generation ago, dismissed scholasticism as a farrago of nonsense which, he added, without losing his sense of self-respect, nor, it would seem, the respect of the scholarly world, he had never read. This unmistakable proof of revival tempts one to drop into quotation from *The Second Spring*. The main purpose of this work is to relate the story of the movement, brought to a successful issue by Leo XIII., to restore scholastic philosophy. As a necessary preamble to a proper understanding of that story the writer first presents a synopsis of the philosophy, in seven chapters. If he stops short of playing the part of advocate, he equally declines to undertake that of adverse critic, and he exposes the main tenets of scholastic doctrine with lucidity, impartiality, and a thorough grasp of the matter; not entirely without a tinge of sympathy. In several places—notably where he draws the distinction between hedonism and

* *The Revival of Scholastic Philosophy in the Nineteenth Century*. By Joseph Louis Perrier, Ph.D. New York: The Columbia University Press.

Aristotelian eudæmonism—he is at pains to remove erroneous conceptions that have prevailed regarding the system; and, conversely, he drives his scalpel deep into some of the weak points of antagonistic theories.

The history of the movement he opens with a chapter treating of the forerunners of the neo-scholastic movement, beginning as early as the time of Bossuet and Fenelon, and spreading in Germany and France throughout the eighteenth century, only almost to die out towards the beginning of the nineteenth. To Sanseverino he rightly assigns the honor of having been the first man to call before the tomb "Lazarus, come forth." Then Mr. Perrier relates, with fidelity, the action of Leo XIII., beginning when he was Bishop of Perugia; the resistance offered by the most distinguished Jesuits of the day to the Pope's first measures in Rome; Leo's insistence and final triumph. Next follows a review of the revival in the various countries of the world, in the course of which Mr. Perrier enumerates almost every publication worthy of note, whether book or magazine article, that appeared anywhere, expounding or discussing scholasticism or scholastic doctrine. The remarkable acquaintance which he shows with the literature of the subject is further manifest in an opulent bibliography of one hundred pages. The initiated will, perhaps, indulge in an occasional smile as they note some of the appreciations of works and their authors; but they will admit that if Mr. Perrier errs at all it is always on the side of generosity.

Altogether the book is remarkable, not alone as a tribute to the space which scholasticism occupies in the mind of the learned world to-day, but also as a piece of scholarly research and erudition.

A PLURALISTIC UNIVERSE.

By William James.

one who is in a position to judge of the comparative merits of the various Harvard faculties, that the one which enjoys the least prestige in the academic world is the faculty of philosophy. The quality of Professor James' latest work* could hardly be offered as a peremptory argument for or against this estimate. It is an attempt to answer the question which divides philosophers into two camps: Is the ultimate reality one or several? Is Being a unity or a

* *A Pluralistic Universe*. By William James. New York: Longmans, Green & Co.

manifold? Mr. James declares against monism; and, in the introduction of his exposition, reviews the present position of philosophic thought in England. There, he claims, a reaction from the trend towards idealistic monism has set in. He institutes a contrast between the materialistic and the theistic way of looking at the universe. His presentation of the strictly theistic conception is drawn on scholastic lines. But, failing to give due consideration to the reservations and qualifications attached by scholastics to their main principle of dualism, he holds them responsible for conclusions which we vehemently repudiate. In describing the scholastic doctrine of creation he dwells upon the principle of transcendence to the exclusion of the other equally important doctrines of the relation of the First Cause to secondary causes. In the light of the recent storm raised over the statements made by Bishop McFaul, regarding the atmosphere of non-Catholic universities, the following passage is worthy of note:

The theological machinery that spoke so livingly to our ancestors, with its finite age of the world, its creation out of nothing, its juridical morality and eschatology, its relish for rewards and punishments, its treatment of God as an external Contriver, an "intelligent and moral governor," sounds as odd to most of us as if it were some outlandish savage religion. The vaster vistas which scientific evolutionism has opened, and the rising tide of social democratic ideals, have changed the type of our imagination and the older monarchical theism is obsolete or obsolescent.

In fact, although defending theism against monism, the professor puts forth such a view of the relation of God to things, and especially to the human mind, that his theism is little better than monism in masquerade. True, he rightly and vigorously protests against the illogical character of the monistic doctrine that the universe is one with the absolute, and that the absolute is perfect.

The *ideally* perfect whole is certainly that whole of which *the parts are also perfect*—if we can depend on logic for anything, we can depend on it for that definition. The absolute is defined as the ideally perfect whole, yet most of its parts, if not all, are admittedly imperfect. Evidently the conception lacks internal consistency, and yields as a problem rather than a solution.

Another point which he makes, with elaboration, against the monists is, that they are bound to concede that there exist some differences between the absolute and its various components, and differentiations among these parts themselves; and in making this admission the monist is inconsistent with his first principle.

A lecture is devoted to Fechner, to emphasize the value of this philosopher's doctrine that conscious experiences freely compound and separate themselves; and then the professor, taking this as a text, in a lecture which is the most valuable portion of the book, proceeds to show how Hegel and his intellectualist followers have made the far-reaching mistake of assuming that objects are as completely distinct and isolated from one another as are the concepts by which the mind represents them to itself. Pursuing this principle of the inadequacy of concepts to things, in his own fashion, beyond the just mean, Professor James retraces the steps which led him to abandon intellectualism in order to find in M. Bergson a leader who conducted him into pragmatism. This theory he touches upon only incidentally. Within the space of a page he states its main tenets in a way that uninitiated readers will find much more clear than the diffuse exposition which he has given of the system in the series of lectures professedly devoted to it.

A conception of the world arises in you, somehow, no matter how. Is it true or not? you ask.

It *might* be true somewhere, you say, for it is not self-contradictory.

It *may* be true, you continue, even here and now.

It is *fit* to be true, it would be *well if it were* true, it *ought* to be true, you presently feel.

It *must* be true, something persuasive in you whispers next; and then—as a final result—

It shall be *held for true*, you decide; it shall be as if true, for *you*.

And your acting thus may in certain special cases be a means of making it securely true in the end.

This is pragmatism in a nutshell. The neatness of the formula simplifies the task of confutation. What I may think and desire to be true may be in flat contradiction to what you may think and desire to be true, what then? Must we assume

that one or the other of us is in error? not at all, according to Professor James; we may both have the truth—another way of saying that there is no such thing as truth at all.

BROWNING AND ISAIAH. To many lovers of Browning and
to many lovers of Isaiah these
By Arthur Rogers. two names would suggest a con-
trast; while more would, probably,

deny that any common ground sufficient to institute a contrast could be found between the Seer of Israel and the greatest of the Victorian poets. The author of the "Bohlen Lectures" for 1908, which are here presented in book form,* undertakes to establish a parallel between them. Or, perhaps, in order to give him the credit of success, we might consider his aim to have been the discovery of some striking points of contact between these widely removed poets. In the opening lecture Mr. Rogers maps out a field of thought and emotion common to poetry and religion. Religion, as he conceives it, is the going out of man to God; his coming to himself among the husks of matter, and claiming for his own the Father's home from which he came.

Poetry, on the other hand, is "man's highest thought about himself—the world he lives in, the problems which he has to face. It is inevitable that such thought should, sooner or later, lead to God." In a rapid survey of the world's great literature, Mr. Rogers cites some examples in confirmation of his assertion. Then he discusses the position of Isaiah among the Hebrew prophets; the conditions of the times in which he delivered his message; what manner of man he was; and the success which attended his mission. Similarly, the literary antecedents of Browning; the influences which formed him; his relation to the earlier and the contemporary great English poets are surveyed by Mr. Rogers, who pronounces some excellent criticism along the way. He takes up the charge of grotesqueness so frequently urged against Browning, and, while admitting that there is some basis for it, and that the grotesqueness sometimes jostles elbows unpleasantly with the sublime, he holds that Browning sins only venially in this respect. Of the other charge of pedantry Mr. Rogers acquits Browning completely; for Browning's seeming pedantry rises from

* *Browning and Isaiah*. By Arthur Rogers. New York: Longmans, Green & Co.

the fact that he unconsciously assumed his prospective readers to be as well informed as himself. Likewise, his obscurity is due, generally speaking, to his addressing a weighty message only to those who have ears to hear it.

The main resemblances between Isaiah and Browning are their common fight for righteousness, their sense of an overruling Providence, and faith that the justice of God will be vindicated. "With each of them there is the same enthusiasm of living, the same vigorous utterance, the same appreciation of the worth of what they have to do; with each of them is the same wide vision, the same instinct of catholicity." The argument of Mr. Rogers in support of resemblances between the characters, and between their respective times, are frequently somewhat strained; but as the main gist of his brief may be condensed into the statement that both the Hebrew and the Englishman were men of high moral purpose, unbending honesty, and independence, he certainly makes out his case. The value of the book is at least as much in its critical *obiter dicta* as in its development of the comparison which it proposes.

The public to whom Captain
THE HARVEST WITHIN. Mahan is known only through the brilliant list of works which have given him a unique rank as the first of naval historians will doubtless be surprised to find him giving to the world a book of an entirely different character*—one touching the deepest things of the Christian soul. Yet there ought not to be any room for wonder on finding that a Christian gentleman, eminent in a noble profession should have profound religious sentiments and principles; and that, if he be gifted with the power of literary expression, he should seek to exhort and edify his fellows by communicating his religious reflections and experiences. It is a severe stricture on the times if we are surprised to find a successful and eminent man of the world also a man of piety.

Captain Mahan informs us that the essays or papers which he presents are merely fragmentary and occasional thoughts. But although there is not any obvious methodic arrangement, there is a thread of unity running through all the chapters.

* *The Harvest Within.* By A. T. Mahan, D.C.L., LL.D., Captain U.S. Navy. Boston: Little, Brown & Co.

His recurrent purpose is to show that Christ, as pictured in the Gospels, is the Way, the Truth, and the Life, worthy of our supreme love and devotion. The writer exhibits great familiarity with the Holy Scriptures, keen spiritual insight, and earnest piety, which express themselves fervently. He insists sometimes on the individualistic side of religion to an extent beyond that which Catholic teaching can approve. But he by no means favors the doctrines of unqualified individualism. One of his most interesting chapters inculcates the necessity of corporate unity and worship among believers. He writes:

The life of the Christian is the life of a member of an organic body, which has a life of its own distinct from, and superior to, the aggregate lives and wills of its members. The life of the body is not separate from that of the members, but it is distinct. It will continue though any one of them dies; yet, though thus independent, the maintenance of this life in full vigor requires, like the other purposes of God, the active co-operation of men who are members of the body. He who withholds prayers due to others, injures each and in each all. In each instance he injures also Christ. Thus St. Paul says: If one member suffers all the members suffer with it.

Many pages might be cited containing nothing but Catholic spiritual doctrine—a fact which makes one regret the more that the writer's scheme of the Christian life does not embrace the principle of authority. One would wish also to see a more categorical affirmation of the Divinity of Jesus Christ, "true God and true man." However, taking the book as it stands, we must welcome it as an offset to the sad evidences which abound on all sides of the widespread decay of all Christian faith that is rapidly reducing non-Catholic Christianity in our country to agnosticism or naturalism. A book of this kind from the pen of a distinguished layman will exert an influence among wide circles that would be impervious to the professional divine.

A miscellaneous gallery of worthy
SOME GREAT CATHOLICS. men and true is to be found in
this little volume.* The writer has
not indicated on what principle his selection is made; and nobody is likely to surprise his secret. The list of sketches con-

* *Some Great Catholics of Church and State.* By Bernard W. Kelly. London: Relfe Bros.

tains the names of Camoens, Sobreski, Bishop Hay, Daniel Rock, Orestes Brownson, Cardinal Manning, Marshal McMahon, Fénélon, Richard Crashaw, Garcia Moreno, and Lord Russell of Killowen, among others of equally diverse origin and achievement. The sketches are so very well composed that their brevity—two or three small pages is the average length—provokes one to indulge in a little mild indignation against the author for not having been a good deal more generous in his measure.

We are accustomed to statistics arrayed for the purpose of conveying in impressive form the rapid growth of the Church in America during the last half century. But more instructive for this purpose than any statistical display is the story of Bishop Machebeuf's missionary career* from the day that he entered the West, in 1839, till his death, in his See of Denver, in 1889. For the greater part of this half century Father, afterwards Bishop, Machebeuf labored amid privations and trials, with an apostolic zeal and success that place him among the great missionary bishops of the American Church. To indicate, in a word, the extent of his labors, it may be said that the history of his life is at the same time a history of the Church in Colorado and a great part of New Mexico; while its earlier chapters relate work done in Ohio under missionary conditions.

Though Father Howlett modestly disclaims any pretension to picture the spiritual side of the bishop, he nevertheless does justice to Machebeuf's sterling character; and loyally vindicates it against some misrepresentations. He speaks with the authority conferred by twenty-four years' acquaintance with the man. One of the imputations that he meets is that Bishop Machebeuf failed to become wealthy—not, even if it were proven, a charge which St. Peter or St. Paul would consider an unpardonable crime in a bishop. Father Howlett deserves thanks for having placed the edifying story of Bishop Machebeuf's life safe from the waters of oblivion, and for having put into permanent form a record of value for the general history of the American Church.

* *Life of the Right Rev. Joseph P. Machebeuf, D.D., Pioneer Priest of Ohio, New Mexico, Colorado, and First Bishop of Denver.* By Rev. W. J. Howlett. Pueblo, Colorado: The Franklin Press Company.

The high position attained in the
MADAME SWETCHINE. Parisian society of her time by
 Madame Swetchine was not due

to any of the qualities to which the other women whose names have become famous in the history of the *salons* owed their success. She was a foreigner, a Russian by birth; she was destitute of outward attractions, and had little conversational or social brilliancy; her literary abilities were not of a high order, if one may judge from her more sustained efforts. Her letters, indeed, claim a more favorable judgment; yet they cannot pretend to inscribe her name on the immortal list headed by Madame de Sevigné. She was, withal, the valued friend of some of the most intellectual people of her day—De Maistre, De Tocqueville, Montalembert, Madame Récamier, and Lacordaire. Miss Taylor* defines happily the secret of Madame Swetchine's power: "Her popularity, due, in part, to the grace and charm of a woman of the world, was probably to be laid still more to the account of the inexhaustible patience and kindness at the service of all who stood in need of them, and a sympathy so great that—to use Marivaux's definition: '*votre affaire devenait réellement la sienne.*'" Miss Taylor has compiled a selection of pithy and epigrammatic sayings, drawn chiefly from among Madame Swetchine's stray notes, with a few from her essays and letters. They show a vigorous, sound judgment, close observation of life, and a deeply religious nature. Miss Taylor's translation is as good, probably, as could be made. But characteristic French thought turned into English is a skylark in a cage. The book is an appropriate contribution to the "Science of Life Series," consequently a companion volume to *Health and Holiness*, of Francis Thompson, and *The Science of Life*, of Mrs. Craigie.

The secular priest engaged in pa-
RULES FOR PASTORS. rochial work will find a wise and
 sympathetic counsellor in the anon-
 ymous author of this little volume.† It first discusses the priestly
 dignity, the rule of life proper to a pastor, the importance

* *The Maxims of Madame Swetchine.* Selected and Translated, with a Biographical Note, by I. A. Taylor. St. Louis: B. Herder.

† *Rules for the Pastors of Souls.* From the German. By Rev. T. Slater, S.J., and Rev. A. Rauch, S.J. New York: Benziger Brothers.

of a systematic disposal of time, and the just medium to be observed regarding the care of one's health. Then it passes on to the behavior that the priest ought to observe towards the various classes of persons with whom he comes in contact relatives, the housekeeper, brother priests, the members of his flock, the civil authorities, and persons of a different faith. The writer is a man of wide experience and prudent judgment; and he speaks in a tone of earnest piety that adds weight to his advice and warnings.

With a sympathetic and kindly eye

THE PEOPLE AT PLAY. Mr. Lynde has observed closely the chief forms of public recreations in which the working classes seek relaxation from the strain of toil and the congestion of the tenement house.* He invites us first to the "Home of Burlesque," the cheap theater sordid enough it is, in its material make-up; and its vulgar repertoire, full of "dat quick, snappy stuff," is beneath criticism. But it must be said that, as Mr. Lynde describes it, with ample illustration, it is not vicious. Whatever may be the character of the audience, the play usually inculcates the homely virtues of honesty, loyalty, and self-sacrifice. The thunders of applause are ever at the call of the family affections, and the pruriency which runs rampant in some of the fashionable theaters is unknown. From the theaters we pass to the amusement parks, the dime museums, the moving pictures, the biographs, and the innumerable varieties of nickel-catching devices, whose name is Coney Island. In a chapter entitled "Society," Mr. Lynde describes the career of a typical working girl, from the day of her emancipation from maternal control—her Declaration of Independence was her first pay envelope—till she is the despot of a hardworking husband. The path she treads is marked by many pitfalls into which some of her sisters irretrievably fall, as our guide, with delicate reticence, allows us to understand. There is a fund of close observation seasoned with a fair sense of humor in Mr. Lynde's descriptions of the life of the poorer classes; and only the misanthropist will be able to read this book without feeling an increase of sympathy for the hard lives of the toilers, and a more pronounced disposition to look with tolerance upon their shortcomings. The book would lose nothing by the elimination of

* *The People at Play.* By Rollin Lynde Hart. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company.

the last chapter, which is devoted to baseball; for the subject, as Mr. Lynde treats it, scarcely harmonizes with the other scenes of the "short and simple annals of the poor."

IRISH FOLKLORE.

One of the standing complaints of the champions of Ireland is that her immense wealth of natural resources has never been properly exploited. Until recently a similar charge might be made in the world of literature. Since the collection and study of the folklore of various peoples have become the pursuit of grave *savants* seeking in that direction for light upon prehistoric times, almost every country has been laid under contribution. Yet the inexhaustible store preserved orally among the Irish peasantry has scarcely been tapped. The rapid changes which are going on in Ireland threaten to sweep away this treasure-house, unless these quaint, eerie old tales, so redolent of Gaelic other-worldliness are soon preserved in type. The recent literary movement in Ireland has extended to this field. The latest contribution,* small in quantity but of exquisite quality, comes to us by the somewhat circuitous route of an English village. The collector writes:

When I first opened eyes on a Saxon world—a small exile of Erin at one remove—the village was almost an Irish one. The "neighbors" had put the saw through the cottage doors of their quarter, and made "half-dures," over which to chat the more conveniently of warm evenings. In colder weather you fumbled vainly for the latch from without—that is if you were not "wan o' the neighbors' childer." If you were, you sagaciously pulled a thong hanging through the latch-hole. The door opened as if by magic, and you walked in saying: "God save all here." "God save you kindly," was the response, and you sat down unbidden, and as of right, on the best seat and nearest the fire.

In such surroundings did Mr. Hannon pick up this collection of stories from the lips of Yellow Dan. This personage was "a quaint and very holy little handful of a man, who had been half-fisherman, half-cottier, somewhere Bandon way, till the 'bad times' came. Then the great hunger drove him to

* *The Kings and the Cats*. Munster Fairy Tales for Old and Young. Written by John Hannon. Illustrated by Louis Wain. New York: Benziger Brothers.

England, and he eventually drifted into an orchard district of the Thames valley, with many other famine exiles." The book is tastefully bound and illustrated.

COUSIN SARA.

By Rosa Mulholland.

With a few glimpses of Italy to enliven the somber effect, the scene of Miss Mulholland's latest story* is laid in the vicinity of unromantic, commercial Belfast. The moral of the tale, for Miss Mulholland is old-fashioned enough to hold that a novel ought to contribute something more in return for the reader's time than a thrill of excitement or esthetic satisfaction, is that the simple life and the things of the mind, rather than riches, are the way to a contented life. The heroine is the daughter of an impecunious old military officer, who, to eke out his means, tries his hand successfully at mechanical invention. In the course of the story his invention is stolen by a young man, the black sheep of the circle. This man has already wickedly ruined the character of another young fellow, his rival in the good graces of their patron and employer. The injured hero, in whose veins flow the artistic blood of Italy, leaves the uncongenial atmosphere of a Belfast counting-house to cultivate in Italy his talent for painting. Sara, who loves the artist, is wooed but not won by the temporarily successful rascal. Nemesis comes through the medium of the stolen invention—literally a case of *Deus ex machina*; and, after witnessing a repentant deathbed, we watch the curtain descend on a happy bridal party. The story rolls along in the leisurely fashion which may be traced back to Jane Austin, if not to Richardson. Before it is finished, we become so well-acquainted with the characters that they acquire distinction, though the drawing is not conspicuously bold.

For those who have read the *Rejuvenation of Aunt Mary* there need

IN A MYSTERIOUS WAY.

By Anne Warner.

be no recommendation of Anne Warner. Her latest book, *In a Mysterious Way*,† overflows with humor; although hilarity does not stand foremost, as in her previous work. In a vivid and entertaining story of rural life, we get some fine delineations

* *Cousin Sara*. A Story of Arts and Crafts. By Rosa Mulholland. New York: Benziger Brothers.

† *In a Mysterious Way*. By Anne Warner. Boston: Little, Brown & Co.

of character. The heroine, if not always pleasant, wins us to love her and to admire her ideals, as do the minor characters in the tale—in a mysterious way.

THE WHITE SISTER.
By Marion Crawford.

The latest work* of the distinguished novelist, F. Marion Crawford, is decidedly the work of a practised hand, though it does not measure up to the author's full literary power. The extreme simplicity of his style, his skill in handling the most complicated situations, oftentimes save *The White Sister* from being entirely melodramatic, in spite of the fact that the heroine is, in turn, an heiress, an outcast, a nun, and a wife. The hero—if we can so call a man capable of the deeds perpetrated by Giovanni—is also, in turn, a lieutenant in the Italian army, a bondsman in Africa, a desperate lover, and a figure in the explosion of a dynamite magazine. But Mr. Crawford saves his literary reputation by refusing to become theatrical. The characters in the book are strong and clear-cut. The story abounds in delicate touches of feeling and serious thinking, is powerfully presented, and gives play to Mr. Crawford's talent for handling dramatic situations. He puts Angela, the White Sister, through a series of most trying circumstances, and although the probabilities are a little strained at times, and Catholic sensibilities a little ruffled, we remember the artist's claim of privilege. Through the whole story the strength and dignity of Angela claim the attention and admiration of the reader, but this admiration suffers shock in the concluding chapter. It is difficult to realize why Mr. Crawford lessened the strength and power of his story by bringing Angela and Giovanni together as he does. This last chapter is, to us, wholly disappointing. Mr. Crawford's nuns may not be just the kind that live in real convents, but they are entertaining creatures and will scarcely do harm to any one.

A new edition of the ancient and celebrated Bridgettine Breviary has just been published.† Years have been spent upon its preparation and it comes to us as an exceptionally worthy example of press work and of binding. The work will be of interest to priests and to religious communities. The original manuscript from which this edition was compiled belongs

* *The White Sister*. By F. Marion Crawford. New York: The Macmillan Company.

† *Breviarium Sacrarum Virginum Ord. SS. Salvatoris, vulgo Sanctæ Birgittæ*. Romæ: Desclée et Soc.

to the fifteenth century; it may, indeed, date from the fourteenth. The breviary contains all the canonical offices of the entire year according to the Bridgettine Rite. The present publication is the fruit of the labors of the nuns at Syon Abbey, Chudleigh, South Devon, England, and copies may be obtained by addressing that abbey.

Poetry written for a purpose is never poetry of a high order. When a writer uses verse as a deliberate and studied mean for an ulterior end he is almost inevitably predestined to failure. And the office of a reviewer in this particular instance is the more painful because the purpose of the present volume is so eminently worthy. The author * seeks to cultivate among his readers a love of mental prayer, in which endeavor he will surely have the sympathy of every right-minded man. His verses are devotional, exact, and thoroughly orthodox; and as endeavors to present in pleasing language the great truths of religion they are praiseworthy. But they lack the essential notes that go to make true poetry. For the verse that really leads, and we might say that almost drives, one to mental prayer, we need but go to Crashaw, or Coventry Patmore, or Francis Thompson, not to mention other great Catholic poets. Nevertheless we cannot but wish, with the author of this volume, that some may find his verses helpful.

There is a scarcity of popular literature on the significance of the sacramentals of the Church, so we welcome the publication, *Holy Water and its Significance for Catholics*, translated from the German by Rev. J. F. Lang. The booklet presents the teaching of the Church, and it is a comparatively complete exposition of the subject. It is published by Fr. Pustet & Co., of New York.

The latest edition of *Short Answers to Common Objections Against Religion*, by Mgr. Segur, shows that over three hundred thousand copies of the little book have already been sold. The work deserves a wide circulation. The price is but fifteen cents and it may be obtained from the International Catholic Truth Society of Brooklyn, New York.

This same Society has issued a pamphlet of forty-eight pages, *Religious Unrest—The Way Out*, a series of comments on

* *Spiritual Verses as Aids to Mental Prayer*. By the Rev. J. B. Johnson, M.A. New York: Longmans, Green & Co.

the lectures of the Rev. A. G. Mortimer, D.D., Philadelphia, by J. A. Lafferty.

A new paper edition of the able and practical lectures of Father Damen has just been published by the Catholic Record Publishing Company of London, Canada.

Latin Pronounced for Church Services, by Rev. E. J. Murphy, is intended for those who have no knowledge of Latin. In this publication the sounds of the Latin words are so presented to the eye, that children, who have learned to spell and pronounce primary words, will be able to sing the Latin services correctly and distinctly by sight or after a few readings. The book will find a broad field of usefulness in choirs, schools, and sodalities.

Latin Pronounced for Altar Boys, a like publication, is a very practical handbook for boys who are learning to serve at Holy Mass. Both books are published by the Christian Press Association, New York.

A manual for the sick entitled, *Auxilium Infirmorum*, published by the London Catholic Truth Society, comprises some thirty-six chapters of readings for the sick. They are to give help and encouragement to those who suffer, and we think them admirably suited to their purpose.

How to Become a Law Stenographer, by W. L. Mason, published by Isaac Pitman & Son, New York, is a practical aid in securing a familiar knowledge with law work. It is compiled in an able manner and will be of valuable service to individual stenographers as well as to teachers preparing students for legal work.

Style Book of Business English, by H. W. Hammond, is another of Pitman's useful and practical commercial publications. It is not an exhaustive treatise, but has for its purpose the object of correcting many defects in English made by beginners in correspondence and typewriting.

Business Correspondence in Shorthand is one of a series of booklets containing forty business letters in model shorthand with the usual English consulting key.

Foreign Periodicals.

The Tablet (12 June): "Mr. Carnegie's Gift to France." On the assumption that war between the French and Anglo-Saxon nations has become impossible, Mr. Carnegie has set aside a sum of \$1,000,000 to form a fund for the benefit of French heroes.—"Did the Church of England Reform Herself?" For an answer the work of Dr. Lingard on *Anglican Continuity* is cited, in which the author shows that the Reformation was really the work of the civil power.—"The Island of Saints." That England, like Ireland, was once known by this name is proved from a speech of Pius IX.'s and also from Leo XIII.'s *Epistola Apostolica ad Anglos*.—Apropos of "The Miracle of the Liquefaction," a correspondent asks what sensible benefit, such as we find in the case of other miracles, accrued to the human race from the miracle under consideration?

(19 June): "The Welsh Disestablishment Bill" has been withdrawn, with the Government's assurance that it will be the first measure proceeded with next year.—A victory for "The Dutch Catholics" in the General Election is reported. A remarkable feature of the polling has been the rout of the Socialists.—Writing on "The English Church Pageant" an Eye-Witness draws attention to some historical and liturgical inaccuracies, and asks why St. Dunstan should have used two croziers and walked about the country wearing a pallium?—For incitement to resistance against the law the Clemenceau Government has begun the "Prosecution of Cardinal Andrieu."—In refutation of Mr. Birrell's statement that "no Irish Protestant becomes a Roman Catholic" several distinguished names are mentioned.

(26 June): "London Protests Against the Budget" in a meeting which is said to be unparalleled in its history.—"An Incitement to Schism" is to be found in the action of the President of the French Republic, who signed over the Church of Sains-les-Fressin to the *association cultuelle*. The head of this body is an excommunicated priest.—Under "Correspondence from

Rome" it is reported that the professors in the new Biblical Institute are to be nominated by the General of the Company of Jesus; it is not, however, supposed that they will be exclusively Jesuits.—“Vandalism in Rome.” Attention is drawn to the action of Commendatore Boni in destroying ancient Christian churches for the sake of unearthing one scrap of antique bronze or a little inch of paganism.

The Month (June): Dom Bede Camm, O.S.B., in “The Founders of Beuron,” furnishes a brief history of the life of the Right Rev. Dom Placid Wolter, whose loss the whole Benedictine Order is mourning.—In “Enigmas for Darwinians” J. G. advances some difficult problems for the champions of Natural Selection to solve.—“A Report on Moral Instruction” is a review of a book by Gustav Spiller, in which he has gathered most of the Moral Instruction Syllabuses of the various countries of the world. The reviewer, S. F. S., while admitting the value of the compilation, claims that its conclusions cannot be accepted as satisfactory to Catholics.—The Rev. Herbert Thurston, in “Obsolete History,” objects to some of the statements made by Mr. Percy Dearmer in commenting severely on Innocent III.’s dealings with King John.—The effort made by a number of French publicists to inaugurate a system of social reform by publishing a series of tracts bearing on the subject is explained in “L’Action Populaire.”

The Expository Times (June): That the Epistle to the Hebrews was written by a woman or if not by a woman alone, by a man and woman together, “Aquila and Priscilla,” is regarded by Dr. Rendel Harris “as an entirely reasonable hypothesis and capable of strong support.”—Apropos of the discovery of a cemetery of new-born infants at Gezer, Professor Driver asks the question: Is there evidence for the Foundation Sacrifice in Israel? He thinks so and gives his reasons.—Dr. Conybeare’s latest book, *Myth, Magic, and Morals*, attempts to make a distinction between the real Jesus of the Gospels and the “fictitious” Christ.—That Abraham proposed sacrificing his son not on Moriah but on Sinai is suggested by the Rev. Gordon Clark in “The Site of the

Sacrifice of Isaac."—Professor Grützmacher, of Heidelberg, gives a short biography of Synesius, "Bishop of Cyrene," the pupil of Hypatia, and one of the most remarkable personalities of his age.

The International Journal of Ethics (July): "Moral Education: The Task of the Teacher" is a refutation, by J. S. Mackenzie, of the statement "that virtue cannot be taught at all."—"Moral Education: The Training of the Teacher" is a discussion, by Mrs. Millicent Mackenzie, on the preparation necessary for the teaching of morals. Teachers must be given the *material* for moral instruction as well as be trained to use it.—In "The Nietzsche Revival" Herbert L. Stewart declares that nothing quite so worthless has ever attracted so much attention from serious students of the philosophy of morals. The rhapsody of Zarathustra is the hollowest cant of a canting age.—That the countries where no remarriage is allowed show a lower standard of marital faithfulness than is shown in the countries that grant absolute divorce for serious causes, is the opinion of Mrs. Anna Spencer of New York in "Marriage and Divorce."—Mrs. Husband, in "Women as Citizens," appeals to her sisters to defend the family, for the home is the center of the morality of the nation.—"The Right to Property," by Professor Hoffman.—"The Ethical Element in Wit and Humor," by Rev. B. Gilman.

The International (June): Some of the changes likely to result from the invention of aerial machines are discussed by Rodolphe Broda in "Aerial Navigation and Civilization."—That Mr. Lloyd George has triumphantly succeeded in his "First Budget," where he was confidently expected to fail, is the opinion of L. G. Chiozza Money, M.P.—"Austria's Rule in Bosnia and Herzegovina." If the proverb that "where there is plenty of light there are also deep shadows" holds good anywhere, it may certainly be applied in connection with the future of the above provinces.—Francis de Pressené, in "The European International Situation," shows that the transformation of Turkey into a Great European Power would tend to establish a lasting and universal peace.—That a "Pan-American Railroad" is no mere fantastic chimera

of the brain, but an idea the realization of which is making rapid headway, is exposed by Dr. R. Hennig.

The Irish Ecclesiastical Record (June): That "English Civilization" in the eighties was not what it is generally vaunted to be is the purport of R. Barry O'Brien's article.—"Early Modern Socialists," by "The Editor," reviews the work of the French equalitarians, beginning with Babœuf and ending with Proudhon. The pernicious effects of their teaching are to be seen in the present day as expounded by the socialist Hervé and the anarchists of Barcelona.—The enormous disproportion between religious and anti-Christian journals in France is shown in "The Catholic Press in France." One of the greatest mistakes made by the Catholics was that they underrated the value of the press.—The subject of "Glimpses of the Penal Times," by Reginald Walsh, O.P., is Father Randall McDowell, O.P., who died in Newgate, Dublin, in 1707.—W. H. Grattan Flood gives a short biography of "St. Richard of Dundalk," a study of whose life appeared in this journal forty-four years ago.

Le Correspondant (10 June): In "The Rivalry of England and Germany," Albert Touchard says that England can, by reason of her greater power at sea, destroy her rival's fleet and paralyze her trade. Germany's object is to get a base of operations. Such a base she hopes to find in the Belgian port, Anvers, and the road from Berlin to Anvers passes through Paris.—Emile Faguet reviews a book of M. Gaston Strauss on *The Principles of Renan*. Renan was an aristocrat by birth and education. This latter being clerical and idealistic colored all his work.—Apropos of the new edition of *The Memoirs of Cardinal Richelieu*, published by the Historical Society of France, Robert Laodlée gives a sketch of the impressions produced by a preliminary study of the manuscripts.—In "Germany and Ourselves" Jean Vézère dwells on the unpatriotic spirit which has already worked such harm in France and contrasts the two countries in this respect.

Études (5 June): Yves de la Brière defends "The Primacy of St. Peter in the New Testament" against Orthodox

Protestants, Rationalists, and Catholic Modernists. In "The First Catholic Impressions of St. Augustine" M. Louis de Mondadon shows that the saint saw in philosophy not a barren exercise of a single faculty but the first step towards perfection by a perception of the unity of the whole.—Under "Latin America" Joseph Burne-chon treats of Brazil and its capital, Rio de Janeiro. The panorama in the bay baffles description and out-rials in beauty that of either Naples or Constantinople. If "Feminism" means the regarding of woman as another man then the writer, Pierre Suan, is opposed to it. On the other hand, the movement which has as its object the improvement of woman's position is in accordance with the teachings of Christianity and the practice of the Catholic Church.—In "Dante Alighieri" Louis Chervoillot reviews two recent works on the poet by Frenchmen: *The New Life* and *The Divine Comedy*.

(20 June): In "The Primacy of St. Peter" Yves de la Brière shows that the text "Thou art Peter" is historical and not the work of a redactor, elaborated little by little between the passion of our Lord and the writing of the Gospel.—"From Hamid to Mahomet V." is an account of the recent *émente* in Constantinople. With Hamid absolutism disappeared and Mahomet gathered around him the most popular leaders of the State.—The interest manifested to-day in "The Religious Question" evidenced by the number of recent works bearing on the subject is, Lucien Roure believes, a most happy omen.—Louis Mariès writes on "The Discovery of the Odes of Solomon" which, together with the eighteen Psalms of Solomon, form an apocryphal literature, containing many allusions to the life and work of our Lord.

Revue Thomiste (May-June): P. Mandonnet, O.P., continues his account of "The Authentic Writings of St. Thomas," as found in the catalogues of Ptolemais of Lucca and Bernard of Guidon.—Writing on "The Evidence of Credibility" P. Et. Hugueny, O.P., draws attention to two classes of belief. The one which depends for its assent on what is known of the veracity of the witness—

the faith of science; the other which confines itself to the evidence without considering its guarantee—the faith of authority.—Mgr. A. Farges, in “The Fundamental Error of the New Philosophy,” states two corollaries, the one drawn from the nature of substantial being, the other from the pretended cinematograph knowledge of M. Bergson.—In “Reasoning on Contingent Matter in Modern Science” T. Richard, O.P., points out that to many savants of to-day the interest of science rests in the fact of its uncertainty and instability.—“Human Liberty and Divine Foreknowledge,” by M. M. Morard. —“Humanism and Pragmatism,” by E. Brumas.

Revue Pratique d'Apologétique (1 June): “The Morals of Modernism” are exposed by A. Scalla in his critique of the Force-Ideas of M. Fouillée, according to which ideas are the principles of actions. The ideas which are the highest in theory are also the most forceful in action. —The contention of the apologists of the second century that Christian miracles were of a supernatural and beneficent character, as opposed to those of the Gnostics, which were useless and purely natural works of magic, is the subject of J. Lebreton’s “The Beginnings of Christian Apologetic.”—Henri Lesêtre writes on “The Fête of God,” known in the Church as the Feast of Corpus Christi, as a development of the worship rendered in the Holy Eucharist.—To save the reputation of “Charles Perraud” from the slur cast upon him by the Abbé Houtin in his book—*A Married Priest, Charles Perraud, Honorary Canon of Autun*—is the object of Alfred Baudrillard.—“Hindooism and Christianity,” by G. Bardy.

(15 June): “The Beginnings of Independent Morals” is traced by Joseph Dedieu to the threshold of the Renaissance, when the coalition recognized in the Middle Ages between the facts of moral conscience and the precepts of the Gospel, began to be broken up.—René le Picard, writing on “Faith and Freedom,” quotes the words of Pascal addressed to the libertines of the seventeenth century: “I should soon have given up the pleasures, say they, if I had the faith, but I say to you, you would soon have had the faith, had you given up the

pleasures."—"The Sacred Heart." The institution of the feast, its object, and meaning, are exposed by H. Lesêtre.—In "Brain and Thought" Ph. Ponsard answers the question whether the statement that where there is a brain we have a thinking being, and where it is lacking, intelligence and thought are equally lacking, supplies an argument for materialism.

Annales de Philosophie Chrétienne (June): J. Guéville points out, in "The Philosophy of Hamelin," that the distinguishing note of present-day philosophy is the return to metaphysical speculation, and in the explanation of the passage from the abstract to the concrete and from determinism to free will Hamelin has largely demonstrated his abilities as a dialectician.—"The Social Aspects of Catholicism" is a study, by Charles Calippe, of Ferdinand Brunetière, who recognized that the true antidote for the individualism of to-day was to be found in the Catholic religion.—In "The Origin of Religion," J. Reche reviews Reinach's recent work *Orpheus*, in which the latter traces the beginnings of all religion to animism, totemism, and magic. At the same time the writer admits that among Catholics the science of religion is for the most part neglected.—Louis Cons writes on the conferring of "The Nobel Prize" on Rudolf Eucken, professor at Jena, whose philosophy shows a certain analogy to that of pragmatism. The writer sees in the recommendation of the committee a reaction against the teaching of Nietzsche.

La Revue Apologétique (June): "The Holy Eucharist and Social Action," a paper read at the Eucharistic Congress, London, by M. Arthur Verhaegen, showing the effects of our Lord's teaching on modern society.—J. Fontaine, S.J., writes on "Modernistic Sociology" and quotes as opposed to it the arguments of Leo XIII. and Pius X.—"Occultism" deals with the third of the conferences delivered by Father de Munnynck, on the dangers of the subconscious, which from being of great utility can become, he says, when improperly handled, the occasion of great loss, involving ruin to our character and personality.—"The Christianity and Aristocracy of the Roman Empire," by L. Antheunis, shows how the former

differed from all other religions in that it embraced the slave, the freedman, and the patrician.

Revue du Monde Catholique (1 June): "Towards the Abyss."

In this contribution Arthur Savaète traces the source of the evil to Gallican errors and ruses employed by the liberals to gain the ascendancy.—"The Spanish Apologists of the Nineteenth Century" continues the teaching of Juan Donoso-Cortés, giving his definition of liberty and the deductions to be drawn therefrom.—The biography of "The Venerable Mother Marie of the Incarnation," first Superior of the Ursulines in Quebec, is brought to a close.—"Fontaine and the Presentation of His Animals" is continued.

(15 June): "Towards the Abyss" discusses the conditions existing at Laval, Quebec, and Montreal, under the archiepiscopate of Mgr. Taschereau.—M. P. At exposes the supernatural character which dominates the philosophy of Donoso-Cortés, making all questions, whether political, social, or economic, depend on theology for their solution.—"The Feminist Movement" is, says Théodore Joran, proving itself to be the real enemy of woman. From a true viewpoint the cause of woman cannot be separated from that of man.

Stimmen aus Maria-Laach (28 May): Father Cathrein, in "The Modern Doctrine of Evolution as a Working-Theory of the World," shows to what conclusions this system logically leads and how it inevitably destroys the highest ideals of mankind.—That the charges frequently brought against Catholic charities of wrong and harmful motives are based upon a misunderstanding is exposed by H. Pesch in "Catholic Charity and its Adversaries."—M. Reichmann enlarges upon a late publication of Dr. K. Weiss on "Escobar as a Moral Theologian and His Mistreatment by Pascal."—In "Life" O. Zimmermann discusses the aspects of life as viewed by modern materialism and pantheism, and shows that they fail to make good their claims, for they neglect the spiritual and thus deal only with a part of human nature.

Biblische Zeitschrift (II.): Professor Fell, of Münster, in "The Biblical Canon of Josephus," shows the difference be-

tween the four-fold division of the biblical books and the triple division of the Jews. The reason for the difference may be found in the fact that Josephus wrote simply from the viewpoint of history and suited the arrangement to the minds of his Greek readers.—Professor Engelkemper, of Münster, explains the fact that in spite of the prohibition of Deut. xiv. 1 and Lev. xix. 27—"Not to Cut Oneself nor Shear One's Hair for the Dead"—we find the practice mentioned by the prophets and indulged in without reproof.—Professor Franz Feldmann, of Bonn, maintains "The Unity of the Book of Wisdom," and refutes Weber's assumption of four different authors.

La Scuola Cattolica (May): B. Enrico writes apropos of the question "Of the Provincializing of the School."—"The Classifications of the Old Testament" considers the order of creation as mentioned in the first chapter of Genesis.—D. Bergamaschi contributes the last chapter of the article "Judas Iscariot" as he appears in legend, tradition, and the Bible.—B. Nogara gives some information about "The New Vatican Picture Gallery."—"A Scholastic of Sane Modernity," is the title of an article on G. Rossignoli by a former pupil, R. Pasté.—"Pscopathy in its Relations with Moral Theology" is concluded in this number.

Razón y Fe (June): In his second article on "Patriotism" R. Ruiz Amado studies the application of the principles already formulated by José de Pereda and Jacinto Verdager. The latter's poem, "La Atlantida," is said to be the greatest hymn of modern times to the Spanish fatherland.—Zacarias Garcia refutes, in "The Practice of Penance in the Early Church," the statement of Harnack that it did not exist during the first two centuries.—*My Social Vocation*, by Count A. de Mun, is reviewed by M. Noguer with some notes on the relation existing between Christian Democracy and the French Republic.—E. Ugarte de Ercilla, in "The Centenary of Darwin," shows how few of his theories are widely accepted to-day and exposes the weakness of his arguments for natural selection and the relation between instinct and intelligence.—"The Real Position of Molina,"

in the famous controversy over the relation of grace to free will and of the attitude of Clement VIII. towards him, has been made clear, says José M. March, by the discovery of Molina's original manuscript, copiously annotated by his Holiness.

España y América (1 June): Rómulo del Campo outlines in detail the story of the South American epic, "Tabaré."—"All for Spain" is a protest by Graciano Martínez against the title, "a moribund nation."—"Order is the same as beauty. Both the details and, more especially, the whole of the universe exhibit order. Evil, that is the ugly, necessarily arises as contrast," says E. Negrete, continuing "The Æsthetic Ideas of St. Augustine."—C. Fernández, in "The Exegetical System of St. Thomas Aquinas," makes clear the two ways in which Scripture teaches, by words and by figures, giving rise to literal and to mystical interpretations. Historical events in the Old Testament may have an allegorical meaning in the New.—"The Administration of Justice in China," by Juvencio Hospital, treats of the dungeons and of corporal punishments, especially by flogging and machines of torture.—"Neologisms and Poetry," by Father de Mugica. A poem on the four great Spanish dramatists in dialogue form by Jesús Delgado.

(15 June): "The Origin of the Sacraments," says Santiago García, was, according to the Church, Christ Himself; according to the Modernists, they were instituted by the Church to excite religious sentiment.—"The Legend of El Dorado," and its connection with the religious rites at the lake of Guatavita, by M. Rodríguez H.—"The Philosophy of the Verb" continued.—M. Vélez distinguishes "Christian Humility" from hypocrisy and pharisaism.—"Capital Punishment in China" is inflicted for murder, grave-robbery, and rebellion; its form is strangling or decapitation. Its use, like that of torture, is growing rarer under the control of law.

Current Events.

Germany.

The conflict which has so long divided the various parties in the German Reichstag has resulted in the dissolution of the *Bloc*, formed some two years ago by Prince Bülow for the purpose of depriving the Centre, that is the Catholic Party, of the commanding position which it had held for many years. A further result has been the resignation by the Prince of the Chancellorship of the German Empire, which he has held for ten years. It will be remembered that the Prince was displeased with a vote of the Centre, allied for the occasion with the Social Democrats, calling for economy in the German South West Africa, that he denounced it and them as unpatriotic, and that under the influence of the feelings thereby excited he secured a majority, although a very heterogeneous one, for what he was pleased to call a National policy. In pursuance of this policy Conservatives and Radicals banded together in an alliance against the Centre, with the hope of being able to work together in all matters relating to foreign affairs and of keeping their differences on internal affairs in abeyance.

But the national policy has involved the imposition of a large addition to the burden of taxation, and it then became a question upon whose shoulders this burden was to be placed. In their plan the government strove to adjust it equitably and delivered homilies concerning the duty of every class to make sacrifices for the well-being of the country. But whether it was that the government's plan was not so equitable as it was meant to be, or whether it was that the parties were at fault and unwilling to bear their share of the load, the government's plan was rejected by the Committee of the Reichstag to which it was referred. The Conservatives thought the amount which was to be paid by landed property too great and strove to place it upon industry and commerce, a thing by which the Radicals were aggrieved. The Centre, whether from conviction or from political motives, sided with the Conservatives, and by so doing formed a new majority.

There are those who see in the defeat of the Radicals the closing chapter in the history of German Liberalism. The

numbers of the various parties going under this name have been gradually diminishing, and they only held their place in the recent *bloc* by yielding everything substantial to their opponents. The class which they represented was more numerous than that which for a time they overthrew, but just as selfish and as indifferent to the interests of the people at large. This is now being discovered and the political insight of Prince Bismarck is being verified. He is said to have justified the introduction of universal suffrage by the plea that it would be the ruin of the Liberals and of their leaders the Professors, whom he hated with the sincerity of a squire and of a practical man. It is not easy to understand the action of the Centre in supporting the Conservatives, unless it be merely a political move, for the Centre is in the main representative of working people, although it has a sprinkling of the nobility in its ranks. Pure devotion to principle is perhaps as rare in Germany as in other countries. But, as Count Posadowsky, the former Imperial Minister of the Interior, recently declared, the title of any party to lead a people is a higher sense of duty and greater readiness to make sacrifices. The Conservatives have been conspicuous in the recent contest in looking for some one else to make the sacrifices supposed to be required and it is not altogether satisfactory that for any reason soever the Centre should have helped them in their schemes.

The relations between Germany and Great Britain form an endless theme for discussion and have been brought into prominence by the visit which the German Emperor has recently paid to the Tsar at Reval. Many misgivings were felt on account of this visit, especially in Russia where it was feared that the *entente* now existing with Great Britain might be weakened. It has been more or less the fashion hitherto to belittle the importance of these exchanges of communication between the titular heads of the nations, in the belief that wars now spring from the conflict of national interests, but it is beginning to be seen that these meetings are not without a bearing on the course of events. At all events there is reason to believe that the meeting which King Edward had with the Tsar at Reval in the spring, and the belief that an arrangement detrimental to Germany had been made at that meeting, was one cause, at least, of Germany's warm support of Austria-Hungary during the recent crisis and of the interven-

tion with Russia which led to the sudden change in the policy of the Tsar. That after so great an affront the Tsar should have invited the German Emperor to Reval seemed to some to be an indication that the former was about to yield himself once more to German control—a control which would involve a change in the existing relations between Russia, France, and Great Britain. These apprehensions, however, seem unfounded, nor were they shared in the best-informed circles. So far as can be ascertained the object (and the result) of the meeting was, without prejudice to the maintenance of the alliance with France and the *entente* with Great Britain, to secure a good understanding with the two neighboring Empires, and to avoid a change in the broad lines of European politics.

Russia is not at present strong enough to enter upon a conflict with either Germany or Austria. Without becoming subservient to either or to both, she wishes to be on friendly terms with them, but recognizes that without France and without England she would be in a position of inferiority which her legitimate pride would not long permit her to endure. On the other hand France and Great Britain, having no wish to break the peace, have not the least desire to interfere with the existence of the most friendly relations possible between Russia and the two Central Empires of Europe. Ever since, more than a year ago, Baron von Aehrenthal inaugurated his railway policy, but especially since the lawless annexation of Bosnia and Herzegovina, relations between Russia and Austria have been of the coolest. No representative of the Tsar went to congratulate the Emperor Francis Joseph on the occasion of the celebration of his Jubilee. If the visit of the Kaiser has diminished this tension, and there are some signs that such has been the result, not one of the Powers will find reason to complain. Hearty friendship, mutual trust, a pledge of peace between the two countries, as well as of the general peace—these are the ideals of the Tsar. So he declared in toasting the Emperor. Cordial friendship, confidence, peaceful sentiments, belief in the high wisdom of the Tsar, were the assurances given in reply by the Emperor. What was said in private by the Emperor and the Tsar or by their respective Foreign Ministers has not been disclosed, but there seems to be no reason to think that the meeting will involve any notable change in the present state of things. Speaking at Ham-

burg a few days afterwards the Emperor declared that the Tsar and he were agreed that their meeting was to be regarded as a powerful confirmation of peace. They felt themselves as monarchs responsible to God for the weal and woe of their peoples. They desired to lead them as far as possible upon the path of peace and to raise them to prosperity. They would always strive as far as lay in their power, and with the help of God, to promote and preserve peace.

The desire, however, to promote and to preserve peace does not bring with it any relaxation in making preparation for war. The next act of the Emperor was to send his warmest congratulations to the director of the Vulcan works at Stettin. Those form a notable addition to already existing works for building warships, and are intended to accelerate the conflict with Great Britain which so many in both countries look upon as all but inevitable. The Navy League is not relaxing in its endeavors, and as it has returned to the unity which General Keim's assault upon Catholics had weakened, there is reason to look for an extension of its influence. While the English Navy League does not number 100,000, that of Germany is almost a million. All these citizens of the German Empire are banded together of their own accord to insist upon the strict fulfillment of the terms of the Navy Law, and if these terms are to be departed from, it is to be in the direction of further expansion. Any proposal for limitation is scouted as an impertinence. The duty of the League is declared by its manager to be "to co-operate in the construction of a Navy strong enough to make war seem to the strongest Sea Power a hazardous venture." Inasmuch as special marks of the Imperial approval were given to the League on the occasion of its last meeting, it is scarcely fair to blame this strongest Sea Power for maintaining its strength.

Efforts are being made to counteract the tendencies that lead to war. Visits have been paid to Germany by representatives of the party which may be considered the most powerful at the present time in England—the Labor Party. Those visitors have been better received, strange to say, by members of the Imperial Cabinet than by the organizations of the Labor Parties. Religious influences have also been brought to bear. Ministers of various denominations, including, we believe, some Catholics, have been engaged in making a return

of the visit which was paid last year to England. A warm welcome has been given in both cases, but no one can tell which is going to gain the upper hand—the advocates of peace or the advocates of war. Passion and accident, not reason, will decide. Those best informed with regard to the German people and their views are convinced that all ranks are united in the determination to build a great navy, and that no consideration as to expense will deter them from carrying out this determination. It is not acknowledged that in building the navy there is any offensive object; it is meant for defense. But defense of what? On this there is no general agreement; there are those, however, who include among the things to be defended world-wide developments and certain political aspirations which will not be acceptable to other powers. But whatever the object may be, there is no doubt that it has been the occasion for a strong movement for a closer union of the various states which make up the British Empire. Apprehension and fear have been aroused, and all the colonies are determined, in one way or another, to contribute to the common defense. What precise shape this defense will take is to be determined at the Conference of representatives from every part which is about to assemble.

France.

The postmen and the other officials of the State having resumed work, and having accepted the conditions imposed upon them, French citizens were looking forward to an uninterrupted pursuit of their ordinary avocations and enjoyments, when all of a sudden the stable boys broke out into revolt, and all was turmoil and confusion once more. On the occasion of the race for the Steeplechase Grand Prix at Auteuil the horses which were going to take part in the race were waylaid by fourteen or fifteen stable hands, who forced their attendants to take them back to the stables. The expectant crowd on the race course were so irritated by the disappointment that rioting took place and both the military and the police had all they could do to restrain them from violence. In fact, the impression produced upon the masses was greater than in the more serious strike of the postmen. M. Berteaux, a former Minister of War and at the present time a Vice-President of Chamber, lent his countenance to the

proceedings of the stable boys and became the champion of their wrongs, and even the Minister of Labor, M. Viviani, promised his support for their claims. On the other hand the government has been severely criticized for allowing the anarchy, at present existent in France, to be made manifest before the eyes of foreigners and of the *élite* of the fashionable world. "Our factories are sacked, our homes are invaded, bonfires are fed with the chattels of workmen who claim the right to work, as at Corbeil, at Mazamet, and at Méru"; such is the state of France as it appears to the eyes of opponents of the government. Even its friends are not without anxiety. They recognize that deep down beneath the surface there is intense dissatisfaction with the existing order, of which the recent troubles and the ever-recurring acts of *sabotage* are but tokens. And they do not see their way to a remedy. Least of all are they willing to resort to those measures of repression to which their critics urge them. The pensions bill and the income tax bill, which are before the Legislature, do not seem to make much progress. It looks as if the country were on the eve of a serious trial. Perhaps the General Election due next spring may afford a remedy.

In a sphere even higher than the stable yards of French sportsmen evidences of wrongdoing have been disclosed. The Parliamentary Commission appointed to investigate the state of the Navy has issued its report, a volume of some 1,000 pages, dealing with contracts, guns, ammunition, construction, docks, administration, and other kindred subjects. Rumors have been current for some time that all was far from being well, but these were treated as gross exaggerations. The Report, however, confirms the worst of these rumors, and is a formidable indictment which fully justifies the many criticisms in Parliament and the press. In naval construction proceedings were found to be frequent which the Commission declared to be prejudicial to the public finances and incompatible with any kind of rational, methodical, or rapid construction. The arsenals are not in a state to carry out with sufficient rapidity the repairs that are necessary, the mechanical equipment being inadequate and out of date. Contractors have their own way in the works executed for the Navy. The guns of many ships are without their due supply of shells, and in some cases this supply has not been even voted by Parliament. Docking ac-

commodation for the large ships is totally lacking. "The various branches of the administration are," according to the Report, "wanting in unity of views and purpose, in methods and in defined responsibility; neglect, disorder, and confusion too frequently prevail." In the judgment of one of the representatives of the Right the Report is an evidence of the fact that Republicanism is leading France to the abyss, and has led to the unexpected resignation of M. Clemenceau.

In addition to all these troubles, the Budget for 1910 shows a deficit, although not of a very large amount—some twenty millions of dollars. The Minister of Finance, M. Caillaux, seems to be a very careful calculator of ways and means, and proposes to distribute the additional necessary taxation in a way in which it will not be felt as a great burden by any particular class.

France too is afflicted with a revision of the Tariff and with the tedious debates such a revision involves, although they are not likely to be so long drawn out as our own have been. The latest revision was made in 1892. The present is said to be necessary on account of a certain system of specialization adopted in the last Tariff of Germany, which resulted in French goods being discriminated against as compared with the products of those countries with which Germany had concluded treaties of commerce. French exports to Germany were declining in value. Not the least of the bad effects of a Tariff is that it renders it almost impossible to take an interest in public affairs during the long periods of time occupied by the discussion upon it.

All who are anxious to obtain exact information as to the part which France took in Europe in the first half of the last century will be glad to learn that the Foreign Office archives have been made available for research up to the date of February 23, 1848, in the case of papers embodying political correspondence, memoirs, and documents. Consular correspondence will, for the present, be made available up to no more recent a date than 1791, and this only in installments and from the beginning of next year. The reason for keeping these consular documents in reserve is thought to be the extremely unpleasant personal observations which they record.

Some surprise was felt when it was announced that the Emperor Francis Joseph had bestowed upon President Fallières

the Grand Cross of the Order of St. Stephen, the highest of all the Austrian orders. Close observers, however, of the events which took place during the recent Balkan crisis did not share that surprise; for it had not escaped their notice that while France co-operated with Great Britain and Russia in calling Austria to account for her breach of the Treaty of Berlin, she was not as zealous or earnest as the other two Powers. It now transpires that the French Ambassador at Vienna had learned that the chief delinquent was Prince (now, in virtue of his delinquency, King) Ferdinand, and that Baron von Aehrenthal was more sinned against than sinning. The declaration of the independence of Bulgaria and of the annexation of the provinces had indeed been arranged between the two Powers, but it was not to be effected at the time when it actually took place. Prince or King Ferdinand forced the hand of the Austrian Foreign Minister, and drove him by premature action into a position which he would not have chosen. The French Ambassador, on account of a more intimate knowledge of the whole circumstances, formed a more lenient judgment of Baron von Aehrenthal's conduct than did those who were ignorant of the facts; and this influenced the home government. Hence the unwonted mark of esteem conferred upon the President, perchance the Austrian Archives, when they are opened to the public (should this ever take place), will furnish further rectifications of what is supposed to be current history.

This may be the place to correct misstatements that were made with reference to the conduct of the Russian Grand Duke Vladimir, who died a few months ago. When the troops fired on the people in St. Petersburg, on what is now called Bloody Sunday, at the beginning of the recent internal struggle for a better state of things, it was said that this was done by his commands, and the Grand Duke, in consequence, was exposed to the utmost odium and popular hatred. It now appears that he was quite innocent and always condemned the deed. The order was given by a subordinate, the Grand Duke being ill at the time.

Austria-Hungary. The Coalition Cabinet, although it resigned more than two months ago, still remains in office, for it has been found impossible to find a successor. The King is unwilling to entrust power to a Cabinet which would consist

of members of the most numerous party in the Parliament, inasmuch as he disapproves of its aims. These aims are to separate Hungary, in all but one respect, from Austria, and the party is, therefore called the Independence Party. It wishes to have no bond of union between Hungary and Austria except the person of the King-Emperor. His Majesty summoned a member of the Liberal Party, now in a small minority, and allowed him to invite a small number of the Independence Party to enter into the proposed Cabinet; but not one of the latter would listen to the proposal. On this account the King has been obliged to suspend all efforts to form a government which shall carry out in Hungary that establishment of universal suffrage which has been so long promised. The attempt will be renewed in the autumn, and it is expected that a renewal of the struggle between Austria and Hungary will then take place. The bill incurred on the occasion of the annexation of the Provinces will have to be met; Hungarians will not pay their share unless some of their old demands are granted.

Russia.

It is for the first time in many years that the Tsar has been able to leave Russia and to make a round of visits. For some time he has been practically imprisoned, as he did not venture to travel even in Russia, so great was the hatred felt for him by large numbers of his subjects. And now that he is going abroad to visit the President of the French Republic, the King of England, and perhaps the King of Italy, it is a sign of the times that to large numbers of the people of those countries his visit is by no means welcome. In England especially the strongest protests have been made against the reception of one who is called a blood-stained tyrant. This feeling is not hard to understand, but it is, in a large measure, unjust; for Nicholas II., powerful though he may be, cannot all at once overcome the accumulated evils of centuries and alter methods of government which have been handed down for generations. There is reason to think that he is sincere in his desire to make all possible changes in the right direction; and, better still, that he has in no small degree succeeded. While the monarch himself is to be received on board ship, the Deputies of his Parliament have been welcomed with open arms, have been fêted and banqueted,

and received with every possible honor. They have shown their loyalty to their sovereign by the protest made by them against the utterances of the English Labor Party.

Although great efforts were made during the session of the *Duma* to drive M. Stolypin from office, and to place a support of the old *régime* in power, these efforts have been unsuccessful. The session of the *Duma* came to an end in the middle of June, and it is beginning to look as if it had become an established institution. Nor are its labors without effect, for many reforms were made during the session just concluded, notably an Agrarian Bill and the laws of religious freedom. Moreover, although its control over the Budget is very limited, yet it was able to effect considerable savings.

Italy.

Signor Giolitti's ministry still remains in office, all efforts to displace it having proved unsuccessful.

His success is due less to his own ability or to the value of the work done by his Cabinet than to the fact that there is no regularly constituted opposition. What opposition there is is made up of two extremes, unable to form a government in the event of the fall of the present one. And while dissatisfaction is felt that many wants of the country are not met, yet it is admitted that Signor Giolitti is an able administrator, although it is generally recognized that there has been great mismanagement of the relief works following upon the recent earthquake. Strange to say he is denounced for having entered into an alliance with those who are called Clericals.

It is hard to form a judgment as to the character of the relations between Austria-Hungary and Italy. During the recent crisis there is no doubt that the people of Italy condemned Austria's action, but this feeling may have passed away, especially as the Austrian and Hungarian governments have now consented to take part officially in the jubilee exhibitions in celebration of Italian unity, which are to be held at Turin and Rome in 1911, a thing which they had refused to do last year. The celebration of the fiftieth anniversary of the battle of Majenta, in which the French and the Sardinians defeated the Austrians, was so natural and inevitable that the latter could not reasonably take umbrage on that account.

For many years past the Budget has always shown a sur-

plus; this year, however, there is a deficit, although it is not very large. Extra expenditure on the army, the navy, and for railway construction has caused the balance to be upon the wrong side.

Turkey.

The Turkish dominions have been enjoying an unwonted degree of peace and rest. Some indeed of the Albanian chiefs have been giving trouble, and it has in consequence been necessary to make use of the services of the military to preserve order; but the Macedonian bands no longer roam; the Bulgar no longer murders the Greek; while the Serbs have slain only one Bulgarian. For many years there has not been such an uninterrupted period of repose. The Cabinet of Hilmi Pasha still retains office, and so far as is known the Young Turks do not seek to exercise any longer a power which is not compatible with constitutional government. But the problem to be solved is of unparalleled difficulty.

There has been no such thing as a nation in the regions dominated by Turkey. The only unity has been that of geographical territory; but this has contained a multitude of races opposed to one another in every way. The state of the Balkans has made this evident to the most casual observer. But things are worse in the Asiatic dominions. Mesopotamia, for example, is inhabited by Arabs and Kurds, Armenians, Syrians including Nestorians, Chaldeans, and Jacobites, a few Greeks, Circassians, and Georgians, Jews, Gypsies, and a race of Yesidis or Devil-Worshippers. Some of these races are still nomads, some semi-nomads, while others are dwellers in villages or towns. They differ in language, custom, and dress. If the new Parliament succeeds in effecting any semblance of unity it will indeed have worked a miracle. But it is worth the attempt. Absolute government has reduced to ruins and poverty a country which once fed and nourished the richest Empires of the days of old. The new government has already taken steps to reclaim the district of Mesopotamia. A commission has been sent to make plans for its irrigation; if fertility can be restored, perhaps the various races will find in its cultivation a common pursuit tending to bring them closer together.

A question which is perhaps even more urgent than this one of bringing into harmonious action so many various races, is that of ways and means. For the last thirty years of Abdul Hamid's rule he was engaged in plundering his people, and all the

revenues had diminished except those which had been handed over to the foreign Public Debt Commission for the service of that debt. The establishment of the national finances upon a solid footing, and beyond the reach of a robber sovereign, is an all-essential condition of future stability. The first public budget has been introduced into the Turkish Parliament and was so satisfactory to all its members that it passed through the House in a very short time.

The most acute question of all, however, has been that of Crete. This island, it will be remembered, while remaining under the sovereignty of the Sultan, is administered by a Commissioner appointed by the Sultan on the nomination of the four Powers. These powers have maintained troops in the island for the maintenance of order. During the first years of the recently-entered-into arrangements the Commissioner at the head of the island's affairs was Prince George of Greece. His administration was not successful in every respect, and on his resignation he was succeeded by M. Zaimis, a private gentleman, who had once held office in Greece. His success has been so great that about a year ago the Powers announced their intention of removing their troops from the island. Last year, when Bulgaria declared itself independent, Crete voted for its own annexation to Greece, and since that time the taxes have been collected in the name of King George. The Four Powers, however, not wishing to have this question added to the others then requiring settlement, prevailed upon both Crete and Greece to hold the annexation in abeyance upon the understanding that when the proper time should arrive they would be rewarded by their support. The time has now come, and the settlement of it seems to be even more difficult than before. On the one hand the Turks have, under the new constitutional *régime*, the sympathy which was lacking when Abdul Hamid reigned, and the Powers do not wish to do anything to bring the new order of things into discredit. Moreover, the Young Turks have at heart the strengthening of the Empire and public opinion has declared that war is preferable to any further loss of territory. In fact they wish to diminish the privileges already bestowed on the Cretans and have sent a Circular to the Powers to that effect. On the other hand the promises made to Greece and to Crete, that the desire of annexation would be considered, seemed to necessitate action in a sense contrary to the wishes of the

Young Turks. The arrangement made seems to be in favor of the latter. The troops are to be removed. The promise was definitely made and it is to be kept; but each of the four Powers in turn is to keep a guardship to maintain order, and the Sultan's flag is still to fly as a sign of the maintenance of his sovereign rights. This settlement cannot be looked upon as agreeable either to the Turks or the Greeks and is evidently a mere postponement of the matter.

Persia.

The deposition of the Shah was perfectly justified, for he had proved himself thoroughly unworthy of trust. Three several times he had sworn to respect the Constitution granted by his father; twice he perjured himself, and it is hardly to be expected that his third oath could be trusted. His conduct, while it cannot be excused, may be explained by the unjustifiable proceedings in the first Parliament, and by the still more unjustifiable projects cherished by some at least of its members. Among these was the deposition of the ruler, and it is hard to find a sovereign so virtuous as to acquiesce in his own extinction, however desirable it may be in view of the public good. In this instance it was not quite clear that the good of the country would be furthered in a notable degree by the advent to power of some at least of the supporters of the parliamentary *régime*. Not a few among them seriously expected to be released from the payment of taxes. Whatever the excellencies of parliamentary government may be, freedom from taxation cannot be reckoned among them. When such elements have to be dealt with, when the country is bankrupt, and Russia and Great Britain and Turkey are on its borders, not anxious to intervene indeed, but having it in their power to do so should their interests be thought to demand it, the youthful Shah (or rather his advisors) has an anxious time before him. There is a very strong feeling of patriotism manifested by resolute opposition to all intervention from outside; but it remains to be seen whether it will be wisely guided. The new electoral law, after a long process of elaboration, was signed by the deposed Shah, but not promulgated. Doubtless it will soon be put into effect, and the second Parliament elected.

THE COLUMBIAN READING UNION.

THE CHAMPLAIN TERCENTENARY.

THE past month has been filled with memories of Champlain, that intrepid Frenchman whose name lights up the early pages of North American exploration and conquest.

One of the most notable celebrations of the Tercentenary of the discovery of Lake Champlain was held at Plattsburg, N. Y., July 7, when President Taft, Governor Hughes, Cardinal Gibbons, and a host of other distinguished priests and laymen gathered at the Catholic Summer-School, Cliff Haven, to pay honor to the memory of the French explorer.

The week of celebration was opened on July 4 with special services in all the churches. At Cliff Haven Pontifical High Mass was sung in the open air on the banks of Lake Champlain. It was an impressive sight. The officers of the Mass were: celebrant, the Rt. Rev. Thomas F. Hickey, D.D., Bishop of Rochester; assistant priest, the Rev. D. J. Hickey, of Brooklyn; deacon, the Rev. John P. Chidwick, of New York; sub-deacon, the Rev. John T. Driscoll, of Fonda, N. Y.; master of ceremonies, the Rev. John F. Byrnes, of New York. His Eminence Cardinal Gibbons delivered the sermon. Other distinguished prelates present were: the Rt. Rev. John J. Collins, D.D., Bishop of Jamaica, W. I.; the Rt. Rev. Charles H. Colton, D.D., Bishop of Buffalo; the Rt. Rev. Patrick Ludden, D.D., Bishop of Syracuse; the Rt. Rev. John Grimes, D.D., Co-Adjutor of Syracuse; the Rt. Rev. H. MacSherry, D.D., of South Africa; the Rt. Rev. M. J. Lavelle, V.G., of New York; and the Rt. Rev. D. J. McMahon, D.D., of New York.

Cardinal Gibbons in his sermon paid a tribute to the fire of apostolic zeal which burned so brightly in Champlain's deeds and referred to him as the pathfinder of that noble band who explored our lakes and forests "with the torch of faith in one hand and the torch of science in the other."

The coming of President Taft was the crowning event of the celebration in Plattsburg. A reception was tendered the President, Governor Hughes, and Cardinal Gibbons at the Champlain Summer-School and the auditorium was crowded. In a brief address the President dwelt upon the sweeping away of those barriers which fostered narrow prejudices and denominational bigotry, and said that we are reaching that point where we can appreciate the great heroes in Christian virtue and faith and profit by the examples they have set us. Of Champlain he said that he was a man whom all nations might honor.

"He is not a man with respect to whose history you have to pass over something in silence. All his life could bear the closest examination; and he brings out in the strongest way those wonderful qualities shown in the fifteenth, sixteenth, and seventeenth centuries by Spaniards, Englishmen, Frenchmen, and Portuguese, who braved these dreadful terrors of the sea,

circumnavigated the globe in little cockleshells, and carried the standard of the then civilization into the farthest forests and into the dangers of the most distant tropics.

“I think it is well for us to go back through the history of all nations, in order that our own heads, a little swelled with modern progress, may be diminished a bit in the proper appreciation of what was done by nations before us, under conditions that seemed to limit the possibility of human achievement, but limitations that were overcome by the bravery, the courage, and the religious faith of nations that preceded us in developing the world.”

At Fort Ticonderoga the Champlain celebration took on an international aspect with the presence, besides the President, of Ambassadors Bryce and Jusserand, of Great Britain and France respectively, Vice-Admiral Uriu, of Japan, American and Canadian troops, and a distinguished company of visitors. Senator Root spoke glowingly of Champlain and pointed out the influence of the discovery of the lake upon the great struggles which followed. The keynote of all the addresses was the peace of nations.

Samuel de Champlain was born in 1567, at Brouage, France; he died in Quebec, Christmas Day, 1635. The son of a ship captain, he was early trained in the principles of navigation. After army service in France he made a voyage to the Spanish settlements in America and in a report of this trip suggested for the first time the construction of an isthmian canal, which, he said, would shorten the voyage to the “South Sea by more than 1500 leagues.” In 1604 he came out for a second time to New France, and in four voyages explored the Bay of Fundy and the New England coast as far as Vineyard Sound. Returning to France, he came out again in 1608 as Lieutenant-Governor and on July 3 began the foundations of the City of Quebec. It was in the following year, accompanied by a band of Montagnais, Huron, and Algonquin Indians, in an expedition against the Iroquois, that Champlain discovered the lake which bears his name. From this forward he was the central figure in those incessant Indian wars which had such important consequences in after years and which have forever made the Champlain country memorable in North American annals.

Parkman, in his *Pioneers of France in the New World* (Boston, 1865), says of Champlain: “Of the pioneers of the North American forests, his name stood foremost on the list. It was he who struck the deepest and boldest strokes into the heart of their pristine barbarism. . . . The *preux chevalier*, the crusader, the romance-loving explorer, the curious knowledge-seeking traveler, the practical navigator, all found their share in him. . . . His books mark the man—all for his theme and purpose, nothing for himself. Crude in style, full of the superficial errors of carelessness and haste, rarely diffuse, often brief to a fault, they bear on every page the palpable impress of truth.”

In an address delivered at Fort Ticonderoga on July 6, Hamilton W. Mabie said of Champlain:

“A gentleman by birth and training, he was brave and hardy; of great strength, calm in danger, resourceful and swift in action; strict in discipline, but always just and kind; a Frenchman in his blitheness of spirit and a cer-

tain inextinguishable gayety which hardship could not dim, he was a man to be loved and honored. No more chivalrous or gallant figure appears in the New World story. He belongs with the Founders and Builders, and rightly bears the proud title, the 'Father of New France.'"

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DR. WILSON AND HARVARD.

President Woodrow Wilson, of Princeton University, delivered the Phi-Beta Kappa oration at Harvard last month. He devoted his attention to the American college, and the gist of his remarks, as reported by the newspapers, was that ". . . we have now for a long generation devoted ourselves to promoting changes which have resulted in all but complete disorganization, and it is our plain and immediate duty to form our plans for reorganization. We must re-examine the college, reconceive it, reorganize it. It is the root of our intellectual life as a nation. It will be found to lie somewhere very near the heart of American social training and intellectual and moral enlightenment."

The humor of the situation may not be at once apparent. But imagine President Taft addressing a gathering of Cooper Union Socialists on the beauties of the republican form of government; or Mr. Asquith, in England, explaining to the suffragettes the advantages of the woman who refrains from the ballot, and you taste somewhat of the pleasantry of an address to Harvard upon the old-time function of the college.

The lately retired President of Harvard University, Dr. Charles W. Eliot, has, since 1869, been the apostle of the new learning in this country, and has stood for just those things which Dr. Wilson so emphatically condemns. Under Dr. Eliot and the "Elective System" it has become possible for the young man of fifteen or sixteen to "elect" his future career in mathematics, biology, or political science, and so to order his subjects of study that history, languages, or *belles lettres* will not interfere with his progress in triangles, nerve-cells, or the theory of values.

The lopsidedness of minds developed after such a fashion is less apparent to the eye than the abnormalities that sicken us in the circus side-shows, but it is not less real on that account. Education on any such plan is a cheat and a misnomer and a vile servility to the money-getting spirit of the day.

". . . The object of the college, as we have known and used and loved it in America," says Dr. Wilson, "is not scholarship (except for the few, and for them only by way of introduction and first orientation), but the intellectual and spiritual life. Its life and discipline are meant to be a process of preparation, not a process of information."

The fine savor of these criticisms lies in the fact that they were spoken in Harvard, to Harvard men, and at a Harvard function; their force, in that they come from a man who is not unacquainted with Dr. Eliot's achievements as an educator and who has had seven years of practical experience in directing a large university. No critic of Harvard or its late president has spoken a more sweeping condemnation of the elective system than Dr. Wilson uttered in the following paragraph. Speaking of what the college under the old *régime* gave its students, Dr. Wilson said:

“Men were bred by it to no skill or craft or calling; the discipline to which they were subjected had a more general object. It was meant to prepare them for the whole of life rather than for some particular part of it. The ideals which lay at its heart were the general ideals of conduct, of right living, and right thinking, which made them aware of a world moralized by principle, steadied and cleared of many an evil thing by true and catholic reflection and just feeling; a world, not of interests, but of ideas.

“Such impressions, such challenges to a man’s spirit, such intimations of privilege and duty, are not to be found in the work and obligations of professional and technical schools. They cannot be. The work to be done in them is as exact, as definite, as exclusive as that of the office and the shop. Their atmosphere is the atmosphere of business, and should be. It does not beget generous comradeships or any ardor of altruistic feeling such as the college begets. It does not contain that general air of the world of science and of letters in which the mind seeks no special interest, but feels every intimate impulse of the spirit set free to think and observe and listen. The object of the college is to liberalize and moralize; the object of the professional school is to train the powers to a special task.”

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DARWIN AND LOUVAIN.

On the eve of its own seventy-fifth anniversary the University of Louvain has sent a delegate, in the person of Professor H. de Dorlodot, D.D., D.Sc., to Cambridge to be present at the celebration of the centenary of Charles Darwin’s birth.

In an address on behalf of the faculty of Louvain, Dr. Dorlodot expresses the pleasure of the university in participating, with other scholarly bodies throughout the world, in rendering honor to the illustrious naturalist. Whatever may be the difference of opinion as to Darwin’s theory of natural selection, no naturalist, he thinks, would refuse to-day to accept evolution, or fail to appreciate the necessity of explaining by these laws the actual organic world.

A power of analysis of innumerable facts, close logic, and a scrupulous fairness are the traits which Dr. Dorlodot attributes to Darwin; and to have preserved these in face of the unfair attacks made upon the theory of evolution by unenlightened naturalists and theologians is an evidence of that fine courage which crowned his mental powers. Darwin, says Dr. Dorlodot, established the truth—foreseen by the mind of Augustine—that God, in creating the world, endowed it with the powers requisite for its development. He completed in this the labors of Newton.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

THE CENTURY COMPANY, New York:

Antonio. By Earnest Oldmeadow. Pp. 581. Price \$1.30 net.

COCHRANE PUBLISHING COMPANY, New York:

Where the Fishers Go. The Story of Labrador. By Rev. P. W. Browne. Pp. 366.

CATHOLIC SUMMER-SCHOOL PRESS, New York:

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PRESIDENT ELIOT AMONG THE PROPHETS.

BY FRANCIS P. DUFFY, D.D.



HE venerable President of Harvard University doffed his academic robes only to assume the mantle of the prophet. In an address delivered on July 22 to the students of the Harvard Summer-School of Theology, he outlined the religion of the future. He does not claim, however, that he possesses any of the charismata of the Hebrew seers; nor even, with the Highland bard, that "the sunset of life gives mystical lore." On the contrary, he has no confidence in any "mystical" means of attaining to knowledge of the future. The President Emeritus of Harvard University is nothing if not scientific in his methods of religious prognosis. Science sits to-day in the seat of Moses. It is not fond of the formula "Thus saith the Lord God"; though it is no less emphatic in its pronouncements than those who enjoyed that certain source of knowledge.

Fortunately for our peace of mind, we have all been learning of late to keep a steady head when our would-be masters of all things terrestrial and celestial point out what way the world is infallibly tending. The prophets, one finds, are so uniformly certain, and so inevitably conflicting. Mr. Edward Bellamy assumed the part of Isaias, and pictured the lions and lambs lying down together. Mr. H. G. Wells offers "Anticipations" showing present conditions going on as they are until

raised to the *nth* power, and Mr. G. B. Shaw shows them topsy-turvy. Mr. G. K. Chesterton, in impish mood, pictures a return to a flamboyant mediæval parochialism. And Father Benson, in apocalyptic rather than scientific spirit, hears the winding of the trump of doom.

When one has read half a dozen prophecies about the future of the world, one has reached a condition of philosophic calm. One begins to rank them with prophecies about sports or politics—the results of the Olympic games or a Presidential election. It is especially easy for Catholics to be calm in the face of the most violent and infallible seers. The Church has seen so many changes of dynasties and governments, has kept so incredibly young through so many Olympiads, has survived so many foretellings of doom, that her children have learned by experience to trust only in one prophecy. It runs: "Behold I am with you all days even to the end of the world." For minds fixed on so firm a basis, Dr. Eliot's vaticinations take their place as the opinions of an able man who has had a large share in shaping the views of one section of the community on the present religious tendencies of his own set as he perceives them. They are worthy of attention as showing what certain influential men believe, or do not believe, at the present moment; but whether they give a true picture of the religious attitude of the generality of men a hundred years hence is, to say the least, matter for discussion.

But first of all let us turn to his prediction itself. The citations are from the best report of the lecture available at present—that in the Boston *Transcript* of July 22. The text is somewhat abbreviated, but in no wise distorted:

Religion is not fixed, but fluent, and it changes from century to century. The progress in the nineteenth century far outstripped that of similar periods, and it is fair to assume that the progress of the twentieth century will bring about what I call the new religion. The new religion will not be based upon authority, either spiritual or temporal. As a rule, the older Christian churches have relied on authority. But there is now a tendency toward liberty and progress and, among educated men, this feeling is irresistible. In the new religion there will be no personification of natural objects; there will be no deification of remarkable human beings and the faith will not be racial or tribal.

In primitive times sacrifice was the root of religion; even the Hebrews were propitiated by human sacrifices. The Christian Church has substituted for that the burning of incense. It will be of immense advantage if the religion of the twentieth century shall get rid of these things, for they give a wrong conception of God. A new thought of God will be its characteristic. The twentieth century religion accepts literally St. Paul's statement: "In Him we live and move and have our being." This new religion will be thoroughly monotheistic. God will be so immanent that no intermediary will be needed. For every man God will be a multiplication of infinities. A humane and worthy idea of God then will be the central thought of the new religion. This religion rejects the idea that man is an alien or a fallen being who is hopelessly wicked. It finds such beliefs inconsistent with a worthy idea of God. Man has always attributed to man a spirit associated with but independent of the body. This spirit is the most effective part of every human being.

The new religion will take account of all righteous persons—it will be a religion of "all saints"; it will reverence the teachers of liberty and righteousness, and will respect all great and lovely human beings. It will have no place for obscure dogmas or mystery. In past times to the sick and downtrodden death has been held out as compensation; will the new religion make such promises? I believe that in the new religion there will be no supernatural element; it will place no reliance on anything but the laws of nature.

It will admit no sacraments, except natural, hallowed customs, and it will deal with natural interpretations of such rites. Its priests will strive to improve social and industrial conditions. The new religion will not attempt to reconcile people to present ills by the promise of future compensation. I believe the advent of just freedom for mankind has been delayed for centuries by such promises. Prevention will be the watchword of the new religion, and a skillful surgeon will be one of its ministers. It cannot supply consolation as offered by old religions, but it will reduce the need of consolation.

Pain, formerly, was considered a just punishment; but now human suffering will be attacked surely and quickly. Anæsthetics have done away with the idea that extreme pain is in any way expiation for possible sin. The new religion will not even imagine the "justice" of God. The new religion will laud God's love, and will not teach condemnation for the mass of mankind. Based on the two great commandments of

loving God and one's neighbor, the new religion will teach that he is best who loves best and serves best, and the greatest service will be to increase the stock of good-will.

Love and hope are very inspiring sentiments, and the new religion will strengthen them. It will foster a new virtue—the love of truth. It will not be bound by dogma or creed; its workings will be simple, but its field of action limitless. Its discipline will be the training in the development of co-operative good-will.

There are now various fraternal bodies which to many persons take the place of a Church; if they are working for good, they are helpful factors. Again different bodies of people, such as spiritualists and Christian Scientists, have set up new cults. But the mass of people stay by the Church. Since there will be undoubtedly more freedom in this century, it may be argued that it will be difficult to unite various religions under this new head; but such unity I believe can be accomplished on this basis; the love of God and service to one's fellowman. There are already many signs of extensive co-operation; democracy, individualism, idealism, a tendency to welcome the new, and preventive medicine. Finally, I believe the new religion will make Christ's revelation seem more wonderful than ever to us.

We shall now strive to get a clear idea of all this by arranging the points under the categories in which our own more careful theological thinkers are wont to treat the content and scope of religion. God is retained, but in a rather vague, Pantheistic fashion. Free will is not touched on. He asserts the spirituality of the soul, but is very unsatisfactory on the subject of immortality. Future punishment is denied, but future reward is not asserted; rather, there seems to be a definite rejection of any hope of consolation in life beyond the grave. There is no indication of form of worship except that there must be "a worthy idea of God," and "love of God," and the keeping up of "natural hallowed customs." Of course if they are given only a natural meaning, rites such as baptism and matrimony will be no more "hallowed" than rolling eggs at Easter or popping corn at Hallow E'en. There is no indication of any church organization for the new religion, except that it will "take account of all righteous persons," and will aim at "co-operative good-will." The general ethical ideals, so far as they go, are Christian. No very definite schedule of

moral behavior could be expected in so brief a space. But it is noteworthy that holiness is not given a place among the effects of religion. These are: advancement of progress and liberty; improvement of social and industrial conditions; increase of good-will; and the lessening of bodily ills.

When we come to consider it on its negative side we get a clearer conception of how far the new religion is removed from what most men have hitherto considered religion to be. It makes no pretence to be a divine message. It is a product of human speculation, and may change with the years. Notwithstanding this, Dr. Eliot announces it with a certain air of finality—a characteristic inconsistency of the “anti-dogmatic” type of mind. On its principles, however, the new religion is merely tentative and temporary. There is no divine revelation (the phrase “Christ’s revelation” can hardly be taken in the theological sense) and no divinely constituted religious authority; no solution from on high of the riddles of existence, no mysteries, no faith, no creeds; no priests, no sacraments, no means of forgiveness—no sins to forgive, so far as one can see. The doctrine of original sin is stated in terms of Calvinism. New England thinkers of the advanced type, by the way, seem never to have heard of any theology except that of Calvinism. Dr. Eliot rejects the fall of man, and with a note of scorn, as if he had some private sources of enlightenment on the mystery of evil which are denied to the rest of us. No form of worship is suggested. Dr. Eliot confesses that sacrifice has been connected with religion in the past; but he considers it unworthy in any form. Incidentally, his remark about incense as the form of sacrifice in the Christian Church shows how scandalously uninformed is this University president with regard to the older religions which he sets aside in such summary fashion. Even prayer seems to have no place in the new scheme. “I believe,” he says, “that in the new religion there will be no supernatural element; it will place no reliance on anything but the laws of nature.” Considering the harsh evolutionary philosophy of survival of the fittest, which is back of the modern view of these laws of nature, it is not surprising to find him acknowledging that his religion “cannot supply consolation as offered by the old religion.” Nor is there any word of salvation, whether from sin in this world or from annihilation in the next. Dread of God’s justice is de-

nounced as unworthy; but no moral sanction is offered in its place. And, as noted above, the ideal of holiness which has attracted the highest type of religious character among Jews, Buddhists, and Mohammedans, as well as among Christians, seems to be altogether beyond Dr. Eliot's religious horizon.

Before beginning our criticism of this scheme of religion, let us undertake the pleasanter task of indicating, with proper reservations, how far we Catholics can find ourselves in agreement with it. We admit a growth in knowledge of the content of religious truth from age to age; but we reject as absurd the idea that progress is made by a silly process of uprooting and planting anew to suit the fancy of changing generations. In our concept the tree of truth planted by Christ is still fresh and vigorous, thickened by rings of solid growth deposited by the Christian centuries, pruned in every age by the care of saints and doctors, and producing ever fresh foliage and fruit for the protection and nourishment of each generation according to its needs. Secondly, the idea of a religion that is not tribal or racial is in the very concept of "Catholic." So too is reverence for all teachers of liberty and righteousness and truth, wheresoever they may be found. This broad catholic spirit is the spirit of our greatest leaders—St. Paul and Justin Martyr, Augustine and Aquinas, Bossuet and Newman.

One admission also we may freely make to Dr. Eliot—that progress along some lines has been retarded in the past by misunderstandings of the Sacred writings or by a form of reliance on Providence which God never intended for free agents. But this is only a small item in the count. A student of European history with larger views than Dr. Eliot would be much more impressed by the fact that orthodox Christianity supplied the motives and created the moral conditions which alone made progress and liberty possible. It remains to be seen whether his system of naturalism will supply humanity with the principles of right and the motives for unselfishness which alone will keep alight the torch of civilization. So far as Dr. Eliot himself is concerned, the matter is easy. He was born an heir to the Christian tradition, so he finds it easy to hold to the Christian ethics even while overthrowing the foundations on which they have been built. His hold on them depends, however, not on a logical nexus with his main line of

thought, but on the bonds of habit. He takes over the Law of Love from Christianity, but ascribes to it neither divine authority nor supernatural sanction. Does the history of the race or a study of humanity as it is lead to the belief that the altruistic element in man is strong enough to stand on its own feet? How long will this principle of unselfishness hold its own in a religion whose main features are a God Who does not care and a system of nature which makes progress by survival of the fittest? Mr. Balfour discusses this point in a familiar passage of his *Foundations of Belief*. His argument is directed against those who have gone farther in their rejection of religious beliefs than Dr. Eliot, but it will apply to all cases of the surreptitious adoption of the ethical dogmas of Christianity by systems which "place no reliance on anything but the laws of nature."

Biologists tell us [he writes] of parasites which live, and can only live, within the bodies of animals more highly organized than they. For them their luckless host has to find food, to digest it, and to convert it into nourishment which they can consume without exertion and assimilate without difficulty. Their structure is of the simplest kind. Their host sees for them, so they need no eyes; he hears for them, so they need no ears; he works for them and contrives for them, so they need but feeble muscles and an undeveloped nervous system. But are we to conclude from this that for the animal kingdom eyes and ears, powerful muscles and complex nerves, are superfluities? They are superfluities for the parasite only because they have first been necessities for the host, and when the host perishes the parasite, in their absence, is not unlikely to perish also.

So it is with persons who claim to show by their example that naturalism is practically consistent with the maintenance of ethical ideals with which naturalism has no natural affinity. Their spiritual life is parasitic; it is sheltered by convictions which belong, not to them, but to the society of which they form a part; it is nourished by processes in which they take no share. And when those convictions come to an end, the alien life which they maintained can scarce be expected to outlast them.

But it is as an experiment in prophecy that Dr. Eliot's pronouncement interests us most. Granted human nature and

history, is his the kind of religion which has prevailed or will prevail? This shall be the main question for our discussion.

At the outset, our confidence in Dr. Eliot as a prophet is somewhat diminished by the discovery that the *new* religion which he announces is, in its main tenets, a fairly old religion, as Protestant sects go, and one in which his son is a minister. What he offers as the religion of the future is a watered down Unitarianism, with the addition, as one critic remarks, of a dash of Esculapianism, *i. e.*, the cult of physical well-being. The fact that the proposed scheme of religious thought resembles a form of Unitarianism gives us a basis for gauging Dr. Eliot's trustworthiness as a prophet. It would appear that the present situation in the intellectual Protestant world is most favorable to Unitarianism. For men who have lost belief in positive authoritative religion, yet are striving to retain some belief in God with reverence for Christ as a moral guide, it would seem to offer an inviting haven. Yet it is confessed by its friends that it has failed to grasp the situation. A number of eminent and worthy men have found satisfaction in its simple creed; but it shows no mark of being one of the world-religions. It is no sufficient answer to say that Unitarianism is contented to spread itself as a spirit, and is comparatively indifferent to success as a religious organization. If it were destined to be a prominent factor in the religious future of the race it would already have developed along the lines both of organization and of proselytism. Such has always been the story of dominant ideas. In nature, flabby, undeveloped organisms and lack of fecundity do not lead us to expect either the dominance or the permanence of a species.

The fact of the matter is that Unitarianism lacks the initial impulse of a rising faith. There is not enough leaven in it. Most of those who come to it reach it along the path of denial, which is ever a downhill road. Those who stay have too little confidence in the religious truths they have retained to be very active in propagating them. And most such men are carried along by momentum further down into agnosticism about religion and lack of belief in the permanence of moral ideals. On the other hand, if the element of belief in them retain its hold, it is likely to lead them back to a fuller religion than Unitarianism affords. In an article written a few years ago in the *New York Review*, Mr. Wilfrid Ward men-

tions what he calls "a very curious experience" of the most illustrious of English Unitarians, Dr. James Martineau.

His [Martineau's] deep spirituality—which has been compared to that of such great mystics as Augustine and à Kempis—was coupled with a certain readiness on the intellectual side to follow the speculations of the biblical and historical critics of the extreme left. Toward the end of his life he had a very singular experience in consequence of the double influence which he thus exercised on his disciples. He found some of the men whom he influenced most deeply on the ethical side, passing from their early Unitarianism to an acceptance of the Incarnation. And he found those who were most closely in sympathy with his destructive criticism losing more or less completely that spiritual and mystical type which was in his eyes by far the most important element in religion. In some cases they appeared to lose all belief in Theism itself.

Dr. Eliot's type of religion is not stronger than Dr. Martineau's. It is weaker in every point which gives strength to religion. We do not find in the programme of the American thinker any insistence on the "spiritual and mystical type" which was so important in the religion of his English brother. On the contrary, the more recent set of views marks a step further towards the definite abandonment of religious beliefs. Men whose cultivation has consisted largely in the development of the critical faculty are prone to the mistake that the modicum of religion which they choose to retain after critical analysis is going to persist as the religion of the future. But they began wrong by excluding from their investigation the very elements which constitute the religious nature in them—awe and reverence, and humility and simplicity, and the sense of sin and the instinct for prayer. As a result of their methods, the residue of religion grows less and less, until it threatens to vanish into thin air. The gold of revelation, piled in huge ingots in the Church's treasury, has been beaten and rebeaten under the mallets of Protestant private judgment and rationalistic criticism until nothing is left but the glitter. No wonder that Newman speaks of "the all-corroding, all-dissolving scepticism of the intellect in religious inquiries," and announces the need of a divinely constituted authority to repel its ravages.

The fate of religion [depends (humanly speaking) on reli-

gious men. It is not a matter to be settled by the leisure speculations of a retired professor. It depends on men of religious enthusiasm like St. Paul, men of simplicity of heart like St. Francis, men of meditative piety like Newman. It matters not how dark the clouds of unbelief may lower, or that there be but one prophet left that has not bowed the knee to Baal. What professor in Antioch or Athens in the first century of our era believed that an obscure Jewish sect would in three centuries dominate the Empire? The incipient rationalistic spirit of the twelfth century was met and overcome by the religious revival of the mendicant friars who finally, in the persons of Aquinas and Bonaventure, took possession of the Universities. In the days of Shaftesbury and Toland it would have seemed an easy prophecy that a form of Deism not unlike Eliotism was destined to control the stream of English thought. If there were such a seer, he failed to see the depths of the human soul, or to foresee John Wesley.

Dr. Eliot predicts a new kind of religion—what he should be able to promise first is a new kind of man. The old *genus homo*, as we meet it in history-books or on the street, is not of a sort to worship a multiplication of infinities or look on surgeons as sacred ministers performing holy rites. Mankind will have a real religion, or none at all. It wants a God to love and fear and pray to. Its religion must be a message from on high, which will give light in dark places and strength in temptation and consolation in the trials and losses of this life. And it will have its dogmas too. A creedless religion is a thoughtless religion. The only valuable religious elements in Dr. Eliot's plan are dogmas. His Pantheistic God is a dogma, his ideal of progress is a dogma, his law of love is a dogma. Even his denials are dogmas; but these are not valuable. It is true, as Chesterton says, that "the modern world is filled with men who hold dogmas so strongly that they do not even know they are dogmas."

It is not the dogmas we object to. So long as he advances positive dogmas he is, to some degree, helpful. But the bulk of his message is too commonplace and this-worldly to deserve the sacred name of religion. How can it fulfill the functions of the ancient faith? Will it satisfy the mystic longings of the saints for communion with God? Would any man be willing to die for its principles? Is it a religion for

the world-weary and the disconsolate? Does it afford any curb for passion or help in time of temptation? Has it any future as a popular religion—with its devotion to abstract ideals, and its academic regard for ancient customs? What kind of hymns will it produce? How far will it fulfill the social service rendered by older religions of holding in check the brute passions of humanity? We fear that the pontiff of the lecture hall would find to his consternation that the conclusions drawn from his careful utterances by the rough, practical logic of the mob is that there is an end to moral sanction; there is no God, at least none worth troubling about, and, in the expressive phrase of the day, "The lid is off."

The new religion will neither satisfy the needs of religious natures nor hold the allegiance of those who through various causes are forsaking the ancient faiths. It is a house built half-way down on a steep and slippery hillside and below it lie the quagmires of agnosticism and pessimism. Those who would escape to solid ground must rise on the wings of faith.

Dr. Eliot attempts to speak in the *rôle* of Isaias. But his voice is the voice of Jeremias. His blessings are dooms. He sings of the victories over this world, but the discerning ear detects the minor chords which sound the passing of every hope that has sustained the noblest and best of human kind. Like Matthew Arnold on Dover Beach one hears "the eternal note of sadness." Is this man of books—five-foot shelf or Harvard Library of books—is he the seer who perceives in vision the hopes, the aspirations, the destinies of humanity? Or have we a return of the ancient days "when the word of the Lord was precious, and there was no manifest vision"?

He quotes from St. Paul's speech at the Areopagus. Is he with St. Paul or with those to whom he spoke—those who derided his message of faith, who prided themselves in their knowledge of philosophy and life, who saw in themselves the teachers of the world, but whose reign was to be so short, whose wisdom was to be overthrown by the gospel of this Jewish zealot?

History repeats itself. Many things change, but the mind of God and the nature of man remain. Macaulay, in a passage too well known to require citation, speaks of the wonderful vitality of the Catholic Church. Newman presents the same idea with his usual reticence of statement.

There is only one religion in the world which tends to fulfill the aspirations, needs, and foreshadowings of natural faith and devotion. It alone has a definite message addressed to all mankind. . . . Christianity is in its idea an announcement, a preaching; it is the depository of truths beyond human discovery, momentous, practical, maintained one and the same in substance in every age from the first, and addressed to all mankind. And it has actually been embraced and is found in all parts of the world, in all climates, among all races, in all ranks of society, under every degree of civilization, from barbarism to the highest cultivation of mind. Coming to set right and to govern the world, it has ever been, as it ought to be, in conflict with large masses of men, with the civil power, with physical force, with adverse philosophies; it has had successes, it has had reverses; but it has had a grand history, and has effected great things, and is as vigorous in its age as in its youth. In all these respects it has a distinction in the world and a pre-eminence of its own; it has upon it *prima facie* signs of divinity; I do not know what can be advanced by rival religions of prerogatives so special.

I have stated that mankind will have a real religion, or none at all. Here is a real religion, a strong religion. It teaches, not as the ancient or modern scribes, but as having authority. Its doctrines and ideals are based on divine revelation, on the spiritual experiences of the saints, on the wisdom acquired by its dealings with all classes and races of men for nineteen hundred years, all formulated by men of giant intellect and true religious spirit. It is a religion which answers every need and gives room and play for all sane developments of the religious element in man.

And if prophecy be in order, then on every basis which men may take for the discernment of the future—divine oracles, the lessons of history, the law of survival of the fittest, the conclusion is always the same—the religion of the future is—the religion of the past.

HER MOTHER'S DAUGHTER.

BY KATHARINE TYNAN.

CHAPTER XX.

FLIGHT.

THE funeral was over. The brothers and the wife were in the library at Outwood waiting for Mr. Lee to read the will to them. NESTA sat pale and still in her deep black; the two brothers, who had mourned with a grief savage and inconsolable, sat huddled up in their places, looking down as though they would conceal their bloodshot eyes.

The solicitor seemed oddly nervous.

“My friend and client, Mr. James Moore, taken so untimely from us, has left a curious will, a will against which, I may say, I strongly advised him. He had unbounded confidence in you two gentlemen, his brothers, and for some curious reason he wished his wife to be disassociated from the business. There is no explicit provision in the will either for you, Mrs. Moore, or for the child, although I understood from my client that there was an implicit trust with which his brothers were thoroughly acquainted. I remonstrated with him over the terms of the will, explaining to him that the absence of his wife’s name from it might be open to misunderstanding. I may say I remonstrated very forcibly with him, explaining—I am sure you will excuse me, gentlemen—that the law takes no cognizance of the bona-fides of trustees, but looks to have everything securely tied up and stated so that there can be no loophole of escape. Your brother, gentlemen, seemed to think that Mrs. Moore would understand, would be quite willing, that she and her child should apparently be outside the will. I do not need to tell you, gentlemen, that my late client’s personalty is very small. He had sunk everything he could lay hands on in the various branches of his business. He seemed to think that Mrs. Moore would be relieved at being out of the business. At the last my client sent for me,

I understand, to make an alteration in this part of the will; but, unfortunately, I arrived too late. I will now proceed to read what I consider a very extraordinary will—one which I think Mrs. Moore would be quite justified in attempting to set aside, if it were not that she shares, I am sure, her husband's immense confidence in his brothers—a confidence which, I have absolutely no doubt, will be entirely justified."

Nesta listened to the long preamble with stony composure. In the horror which had come upon her nothing very much mattered, if it were not for Stella; and she supposed that Stella's interests would be safe with her uncles. Yet her mind went wandering back stupidly and aimlessly to the uncles of legend and history: to the uncles of the Babes in the Wood; to Crookback Richard; she thought of Prince Arthur and his piteous appeal to Hubert; of the Babes dead in the Wood.

She came back out of her twilight wanderings to find that the lawyer was reading the will. There was very little of it: no mention of her or of the child; no legacy to any one; all went to the testator's beloved and faithful brothers, Richard and Stephen Moore, who understood his wishes in regard to his property, whom he trusted implicitly to carry them out.

"A very strange will, gentlemen," said the lawyer, laying back the parchment on the table. "If you were not men of honor and conscience, why—the habit of the law is to trust no man implicitly. I am quite sure the widow and child of your dead brother will be as sacred to you as they were dear to him."

He had his misgivings, which he imparted later on to the wife of his bosom.

"The best advice I can give you is always at your disposal," he said to Nesta, holding her cold little hand in his a little longer than formality required.

"I didn't like leaving her with that odd pair," he said to Mrs. Lee in the coziness of their evening chat together. "There is something of the Caliban about them, especially about the elder one. So strange that the brother should have been such a splendid looking fellow. I never saw anything like their grief for him. There is something of the animal about it, half-touching and half-repellent. Richard's eyes burnt like coals as he listened to the will."

"I am sure they will do their best for her," the wife said

consolingly. "Of course I can't imagine a business man making such a will. Supposing they married and had children of their own, they might be tempted to ignore that sacred trust."

"Apparently he trusted them not to marry," said Mr. Lee. "The law in its wisdom likes to put people beyond the reach of a temptation such as that."

Meanwhile, after he had gone, the three who had loved the dead man so passionately sat on in their places as the lawyer had left them. Nesta would have got up and gone away. She was afraid of her husband's brothers, and Richard's gaze upon her seemed to compel her to remain where she was.

There was not a sound in the room but the ticking of the clock on the mantelpiece and now and again the fall of a coal upon the hearth.

The air of the room grew tense with what was coming. It seemed an age to the frightened woman, so helpless and alone in this strange, desolate world, before Richard Moore spoke.

"You heard what was in the will?" he said at last gratingly.

She nodded her head.

"He left you in our hands," the harsh voice went on. "Well, we knew what he did not. It was not right that he should die loving you, you ——!" He used a foul word, and the color leaped to her face. His brother came and stood by him, trying to soothe him.

"We knew what he did not," he went on, his voice rising, "how you played him false. We let him die in peace without that knowledge. Wasn't it enough that you should have married him and sucked the healthy life out of him, planting your own disease upon him, without cheating and deceiving him too? You had a lover; we watched you with him. We saw you at your infernal tricks. You may have had more than one for all we know. Do you think we are going to work so that your man may come back and marry you and enjoy the fruits of his labor and ours while *he* lies in the grave?"

She uttered a faint cry.

"How dare you?" she said, "how dare you? I knew how wicked your hearts were towards me, but I had no idea of the depth of their wickedness. If he were only here!"

She had stood up and she grasped the table as though she needed support.

"If he were here!" repeated Richard Moore. "He is in the grave, where you sent him. Haven't we seen you grow fat and sleek while he wasted. You are his murderer. He is dead and there is no one like him. The child is like you, no health in her miserable little body."

"That is where you are wrong, Richard Moore," Nesta said facing him. "She is sound and sweet. There is not a drop of blood in her sweet little body that is not wholesome. You lie when you say that I had disease; I had no disease, only fragility which they feared might lead to disease. If I grew strong with Jim it was because of my happiness. I had been the loneliest child alive. As for the rest of what you say, it is a lie that could only have come out of hell. I have never thought of any man but my husband."

The two pairs of eyes looked at her with a cold hatred and disbelief.

"We saw you in another man's arms, not once but twice. What brought you to London in his absence, when he was dying on his feet"—for an instant Richard Moore choked—"that you might be rich?"

"I went to see his doctor, to hear what he had to say."

"An honest woman does not go on honest errands hidden in a veil and creeping about alone at night."

For a second she wavered. What good was there in defending herself. If an angel from heaven came to speak for her they would not believe.

"We let him die in peace, not knowing the light woman he had married," put in Stephen Moore.

Again she lifted her drooping head.

"If you had dared to tell him," she said, "he would have struck you in the face. I too held my peace when you, Richard Moore, left me to drown; you, indeed, a murderer in heart. I could not bear to tell him what thing it was he loved and trusted. Nature marked you both well, and he ought to have read the signs: he ought to have read the signs."

She looked at them unflinchingly, eye to eye. She seemed to have lost fear of them.

"Now," she said, "go. I have borne too much. Go out of the house, which yet is mine."

"Not till we have said our say. Stephen and I have talked over what we should do. The power is all in our hands. I was for turning you out; you could go to your lover. But Stephen is not as good a hater as I am. Stephen asked for mercy for you, which you do not deserve. You are to go away from here. As long as you live decently and remain unmarried we will allow you three hundred a year. It is too much money for you that killed our Jim."

"Go!" she said, pointing to the door with her finger.

They went towards the door. Then Richard Moore came back. "You can pack up and go as soon as you like," he said. "We propose to place the child at school. We shall try to forget that you have a part in her."

"You mean to take Stella from me?"

"She will be better without you."

All her spirit had deserted her now. She looked at the two with a terrible pallor spreading over her face. All at once she was mortally afraid. Panic had seized hold upon her. She never stopped to ask herself if it was likely they could take the child from her.

She heard the door close behind them, and for a few seconds she sat in the chair into which she had dropped huddled up and quaking. Why, if they had power over Stella, they might kill her. Words hummed in her brain.

"Grief takes the room up of my absent child,
Sits in his place, lies down, and plays with me."

She reached out for one of the decanters which stood upon the table, from which Mr. Lee had helped himself before starting out on his journey. Neither Richard nor Stephen Moore ever touched strong drink. She poured herself out something, which happened to be brandy, and drank it; it steadied her nerves and stopped the chattering of her teeth.

She stood up and looked about her in a stealthy way, then opened the door of her morning room which opened off the library and passed within.

Between the windows that overlooked the broad green terrace stood the escritoire which had been Miss Grantley's gift. She locked the door of the room before she went to the escritoire. Her fingers felt for the spring of the secret drawer,

and, having found it, she drew it towards her. A little drawer suddenly sprang out. Within it were the folded notes.

She examined them one by one, glancing now and again at the windows fearfully lest she should be observed. But no one came that way.

Having counted the notes she put them in the bosom of her gown. Then she went upstairs to the nursery where Stella sat on the floor, playing as seriously with her toys as though she knew the house was one of mourning.

"Has Daddie come?" she asked, looking up with a sudden hopefulness which told pathetically of how heavily the hours had dragged. "And will you take me to him, Mummy? You never come near Stella now, and she's so lonely."

Nesta Moore snatched up the child and held her to her heart—while the nurse looked on with a respectful stolidity.

"I shall keep Miss Stella with me to-night, Baines," she said. "You wanted a day or two off to see your mother. If you would like to go to-day you may."

Some time during the night Nesta Moore took her child and fled into the wide world, where they could be together.

CHAPTER XXI.

THE WICKED UNCLES.

There were probably a good many people who would have helped Nesta Moore and defended her if she had not made her rash flight, gentle and simple folk as well, among the latter of whom must be counted Aunt Betsy.

She indeed took an unexpectedly strong stand in the matter of Nesta's disappearance. She did not say all she thought, because she had her family pride as well as the best of them, and was as averse from washing the soiled linen of the family in public as Lord Mount-Eden himself might have been.

Still, as she would have said herself, she knew what she knew. She had always known there was something strange and abnormal about her two younger nephews. She had seen with surprising clearness their jealousy and suspicion of their brother's wife. It was something she laid before the Lord in those long prayers of hers which had the fluency and eloquence of the old Covenanters. "Puir lads," she would say, "puir lads, Thou knowest, Lord, they were twisted at the birth if not before it.

Lay it not to their charge, and do Thou, Prince of Light, turn Thy lantern upon the darkness of their thoughts, that the rank and evil weeds growing there may perish before Thy glory."

When word came to her of Nesta's disappearance she wrung her hands in blind agony of apprehension of things she dared not think upon. However her worst apprehension did not last long, for Nesta's flight was traced as far as the railway station and the early morning train to London. Further than that the trail did not go. Nesta and the child had disappeared into the world of London as completely as though the earth had opened and swallowed them up.

When the terms of James Moore's will were known there were those who found an unpleasant significance in the wife's dispossession and flight. "There must have been a reason for such an extraordinary will," people said. Some who had known Nesta and liked her were indignant over the business, till they forgot all about it. If Lord Mount-Eden and his daughter had been at home public opinion might have been stirred to more purpose; but by the time they came back to Mount-Eden Nesta Moore was, so far as the county was concerned, dead and buried.

Richard and Stephen Moore asked nothing of the county; were unconscious of its praise and blame. The work of extending the business of Moore Brothers went on unflinchingly. The two worked as though for the smile and praise of him who was gone. They would never have his initiative, his brilliant daring. They could follow the lines he had laid down for their direction. Outside them they could not go. In business they were essentially safe men, reminding Aunt Betsy of the man who had laid away his talent in a napkin.

From the time of Nesta's disappearance there was little communication between the aunt and the nephews. Things went on outwardly much the same, except that Richard Moore no longer tended the garden which had been his delight, but sent some one to do it in his stead. The brothers came to the cottage at intervals to see that their aunt wanted for nothing. She kept her hale well-being, her rosy cheeks, her blue eyes, long past the three-score-and-ten; but when she looked at her nephews her glance, in latter years, had something oddly implacable about it.

The years passed, to all appearance, quietly, with little eventfulness. The brothers were a little more stooped, notice-

ably grimmer, more haggard than when they had sunned themselves in the light of their adored brother's conquering manhood.

Nesta Moore had been gone half a dozen years from her home, and so short is human memory, that people were beginning to forget even her story, though here and there some one pointed to one or other of the brothers as a man who had never recovered the shock of his brother's death. People remembered James Moore far better than they did his wife. He was not one to be easily forgotten.

Then, for the first time in six years, Stephen Moore came face to face with the lady who had been Lady Eugenia Capel. She had married Godfrey Grantley the year after Nesta's flight, the young gentleman having come home unexpectedly soon, short of an arm but covered with glory. The rumor of her marriage, which had taken place abroad, had reached the Moores some time after it was an accomplished fact. It had been a curious source of bitterness to them; as though she had been their brother's wife and had forgotten him. "And for a one-armed man, too!" they said to each other. And so he had been in love with Lady Eugenia while he carried on with Jim's wife. Then he could not have cared for her after all. It could only have been lightness and folly, not what they had suspected. Was it likely that a man with Lady Eugenia in his thoughts should trouble himself seriously about *her*? They did her a grudging justice in that regard at least; they had enough against her even when they had acquitted her of worse than lightness.

They met by Aunt Betsy's bedside. A cold winter snap, which had brought bronchitis with it, had at last obliged this indomitable old soul to lie down. At last she had consented to have the service of a maid, which she had steadily refused for many years. There was a nurse in the room, a brown-faced, gray-haired little woman, whose eye twinkled whenever it fell on Aunt Betsy.

"She detests me," she explained to Lady Eugenia, "because I'm what I am. As she says, she has always done for herself. But she is going to like me before I am done with her. I have never had a patient yet who didn't like me and want me to come back."

"Some folk know how to blow their own trumpets," Aunt Betsy said grimly between the wheezing fits.

Lady Eugenia smiled at the infectious humor of the nurse's little face, wrinkled into fine lines of laughter as she stood with her head, bird-like, on one side, contemplating her in-appreciative charge.

At that moment Stephen Moore came into the room. Before she had observed his presence she was struck by the change of expression in the sick woman's face. Grim as it had been, there had been an underlying suggestion of shrewd humor about it. Now it was as though a shadow had fallen; and, looking up, Lady Eugenia saw Stephen Moore.

He was, if possible, uglier than ever; yet there was something not wholly dislikable in his dark face—a look of suffering which made Lady Eugenia sorry for him. His shoulders were more bowed than of old, as though they bore a burden. His eyes, dark in their hollows, looked at her with an expression almost of fear.

Her first impulse was to bow coldly. She had her own opinion of the brothers who had received James Moore's wealth and enjoyed it while his wife and child wandered, heaven knew where, on the face of the globe. She lumped them all as mad—the man who had made the will and the men who had benefited by it. But something in Stephen Moore's expression touched her generous heart. Impulsively she extended a hand to him. He took it awkwardly and a dark flush came to his haggard cheek.

Certainly Stephen Moore did not look as though he had benefited by his brother's disposal of his property; he did not look as though he enjoyed it. He was shabby and dusty. Not the least bit in the world like one of the owners of a great and thriving business concern.

Lady Eugenia, after her fashion, swung round from detesting the Moores to defending them.

"Believe me, Godfrey," she said, "there is some mystery at the root of it. Anyhow, they are getting no good from their ill-gotten gains. This one looks quite tragical; and I caught sight of the other in his counting-house as we crossed the mill-yards—there are acres of them. The other one, the Crookback Richard one, was sitting in the gaslight. It was full on his face. There was something *macabre* about it. He'll either kill himself or some one else—or he'll end in a mad-house."

Godfrey Grantley, who had come home with the intention,

even so late, of sifting the mystery of poor Nesta's disappearance, had the bottom completely knocked out of his case.

He saw both brothers. Richard had explained things, with a hand half-across his eyes which left his face in shadow. The disappearance of their brother's wife had been a great blow to them. They had done all in their power to discover her and the child, who would of course have been heiress to the property which James had founded, which they only held in trust. James had known he could trust them. James would not have his wife involved in business matters. Perhaps he thought she might marry again and the control of the mills pass away from them who were the rightful heirs of his ideas. But everything was for the child. She must have known it. They were in the most unhappy position as administrators for a little mistress who was lost. So much they had stated by letter to Godfrey Grantley when, after his return from India, he had heard of his cousin's disappearance. Now it impressed him as the formal letter-writing had not done. The two were so obviously unhappy that it was impossible to think of them as villains in the enjoyment of an inheritance not rightly theirs.

Talking it over with his wife they came at last to the conclusion that Nesta's grief at her husband's death had turned her brain. It was quite true that the search for her had been thorough. There had been hardly a stone left unturned when the search at last was given up, and the mystery of Nesta Moore's disappearance relegated to the mysteries which are destined never to be unravelled. There was abundant evidence of the thoroughness of the search.

Once persuaded of this fact, Captain and Lady Eugenia Grantley were prepared to make amends for their former distrust by believing nothing but good of the brothers. They were ready to become their champions and friends. Lady Eugenia was indignant when the Duchess of St. Germain, who had a kindly memory of Nesta Moore and her handsome husband, and could not be persuaded that the brothers were not at the root of the mischief, asked her one day: "And how are the Two Wicked Uncles?"

"I hate cynicism in an old woman," she said hotly to her husband. "It is just because they are not good looking. The Duchess swears by beauty, and says frankly that a really ugly person must have a bad conscience as a really beautiful person must have a beautiful soul."

"The Duchess is a philosopher, my dear," said her husband. "To be sure there are different ideas of beauty. She is really a wise old woman. She says that after thirty our faces are our own to do with them what we will; and she is right."

"How pleased papa would be to hear you," his wife said. "You are growing serious enough to go into Parliament, as he wishes you to."

And then she added gravely: "As for those two Moores, the Duchess ought to see them when they are off guard. If they are sinners, they are repentant ones."

"Our point is that they are not sinners," her husband reminded her.

"And see how devoted they are to Maurice," his wife remarked with true feminine illogicality. "The Duchess ought to see them with Maurice. No one who was really wicked could be so devoted to a little child."

CHAPTER XXII.

THE HAND OF THE LORD.

A curious friendship indeed had sprung up, almost at the first meeting, between the Grantleys' dark-haired, gray-eyed boy and those queer misanthropes, as the county considered them—Richard and Stephen Moore.

They were not men to fail to be pleased by Lady Eugenia's holding out the hand of friendship to them. Few people, indeed, could resist Lady Eugenia when she willed to please.

Both men had been sensitive from childhood about their own ugliness. It had made them shrink from the fellowship of their kind. It had driven them for solace to animals and birds and flowers. Even in children's eyes they dreaded to see the knowledge of their ugliness. If Nesta Moore had not shrunk from them the night her husband brought her home this story perhaps need never have been written.

There was nothing but friendship and sympathy in Lady Eugenia's eyes. They basked in her favor, they, who had never known what it was for a woman to look at them as though she found them anything but most displeasing. And here was the handsome, spirited boy, with his mother's eyes, looking at them with the same frank liking of hers. Yet there was nothing in them to attract a child. Grim, ugly, shabby,

silent, most children would have turned away from them. Little Stella had always been afraid of them, sensitive doubtless to her mother's feeling. But from the day the brothers took Maurice Grantley over the mills, the young autocrat riding in turns on the shoulders of the two, while all the furnace doors were opened and all the machinery set in motion to please him, from that time his conquest of the two brothers was assured.

In time, and a short time, they were the slaves of the imperious boy. They took to visiting at Mount-Eden. Lord Mount-Eden found them well-informed and original when he took the trouble to explore their minds; but they did not go there to interest Lord Mount-Eden. They went there for the sake of the woman and the child.

The time came when the two brothers spoke to each other the thought that was in their minds.

"There's none to succeed us here," said Richard, the master-spirit, "and I'm not—" he paused and went off on another tack. He had not been well of late. There was a root of unhealth beneath the abnormal personality of the twin-brothers. He had an idea he was not going to last very long, and he had been on the point of saying it, but pity for the one who would be left alone stopped the words before they had passed his lips. "Failing James' child, and I think, I think"—a curious yellowish paleness crept over his face as he spoke—"we must look on her as dead. *She*"—they never named Nesta more explicitly—"she would have drowned herself and the child perhaps. I think if they lived we must have come on their tracks. Failing James' child, why shouldn't the property go to Lady Eugenia's son? They might rear him up to business. The young 'un has a love for the machinery. Six years old! He won't be so long growing up. You could see to it, Steve, that he was trained."

He stopped abruptly, conscious that the thing he did not wish to say had slipped from him; but his brother did not seem to notice. He was looking before him with a well-pleased smile.

"'Tis what I've thought of, Dick," he said. "He ought to have been Jim's son. That father of his is but a whippersnapper, but look at the mother! It'll be more heartsome-like to think of him following us in the business."

"I think we must take it that Jim's wife and child are

dead," Richard Moore went on. "That being so, there is no one we need think of but ourselves and our own wishes. But the lad must succeed us at the business. I won't have it sold or going to pot. It must be the condition."

"They'll agree to it fast enough," said Stephen joyfully. "There isn't so much money going there, Dick. That old Lord Mount-Eden, he's a bit of a mug. He drops a tidy bit, one way or another, over his investments. Never mind for that; a cleverer man's the richer. What are mugs made for but to be fleeced?"

However, these fine schemes for the converting of Maurice Grantley into a business man were checked by later happenings. In a very little while afterwards it was apparent to everybody that Richard Moore was not going to live. Indeed, once he took to dying he did not make much delay about it. He was going to die as he had lived, self-contained and solitary; but the one thing that grieved him was his brother's desolation.

"Poor Steve," he said to Lady Eugenia, who was a constant visitor to the bare, gaunt little room where the owner of great riches lay dying. "What will the poor fellow do without me? I am the elder by an hour, and I've stood between Steve and the world. What did I care about the world? If it hated me I hated it; I taught Steve to adore Jim as I did. Jim was enough for us while he lived. He'd have been living now if he hadn't taken the consumption from his wife. She fattened on his strength. Think of a man living with a woman who was sucking the very life out of him, giving him her death and taking his life. He should have married you."

The audacity of the dying man did not strike Lady Eugenia. She was a woman of the world and she knew that women of her class often married rich humbly-born men who had not James Moore's great qualities to recommend them. She ignored the end of the sentence. What he had said about Nesta had been a shock to her.

"Surely you are mistaken," she said. "I knew Mrs. Moore was delicate as a girl—my husband has told me. Such a girl might conceivably have gone into consumption; but she had outgrown the tendency. She was quite healthy, although she looked fragile. So was the child."

"If Jim had married you he would not have died," the sick man said with an air of finality. "Why should he have died?"

He was as strong as a bull. A wetting would not have killed a man like that."

Then he spoke to her of his own and his brother's intentions regarding her son. They had grown very confidential in those hours when he lay dying.

"If Jim's daughter ever should be discovered she would have a right to a partnership," he said. "Steve will see to that. She wouldn't be in the business. I don't believe in women in business. But she should have a share in the profits."

"It is too soon to talk about such things," Lady Eugenia said. "You are very generous to Maurice, my friend, and I appreciate your goodness. But your brother is yet a young man. He may marry and have children of his own. If things should come to pass as you desire, and we were ever to discover your brother's child, we should take care of her as our own."

"Steve won't marry. We never thought of women, he and I. Poor lad, where is the woman who would look at him for himself?"

"There are many who would," Lady Eugenia said eagerly. She was not sure that she wanted her little Maurice bound by the dead hand of the Moores, that she liked the idea of a business career for him. "Many would. You've never given women a chance, Mr. Moore. I doubt that the handsome man is as well-loved as the man who is—less handsome."

"We frightened Jim's wife the first time she saw us," he went on in a low murmur, as though the sleep of lassitude was fast overtaking him. "It was never anything else with her as long as she lived. We began to hate her for that and because she wasn't good enough for him. He ought to have married you."

He wandered off in snatches of talk. Perhaps he had an impulse of confession, for some of the things he said might have been pieced together by an astute listener; but Lady Eugenia was not particularly astute. Neither would she have felt that the babbling of a dying man should be taken as evidence against him. Why half of it might be dreams for all she knew.

Stephen Moore's desolation after his brother was dead and buried drew out all her womanly pity. It set her to the natural woman's resource, match-making. There was a distant cousin of her own, very poor, not young, although comely enough in a faded way, who had known for long the bitterness of eat-

ing other people's bread, and was just beginning to realize that with the departure of youth even that would be measured out to her less willingly. Lady Eugenia could trust Helen Savile. There were plenty of people who might be willing to marry Stephen Moore for his money; but she could trust Helen's pity, her gentleness, her compunction, her gratitude.

The marriage was made, and proved to be a most happy one while it lasted, which was just five years, all told. Helen had done wonders in the way of civilizing her Caliban. To be sure he had always been more promising material than Richard; and he adored his wife and was like clay in her soft hands.

For five years they lived in what was an ecstasy of happiness to Stephen Moore. Everything was changed for him. They lived at Outwood Manor in a style that befitted their wealth. It was wonderful how much of the uncouthness and ugliness slipped away from Stephen Moore in his wife's transforming hands.

Then—she left him, with only a delicate baby for all comfort.

When Lady Eugenia, greatly pitying, saw him for the first time after his wife's death, she could think of nothing to say. Helen had left such utter wreck and ruin in the place where she had been light and comfort to one very lonely soul.

He lifted his haggard eyes and looked at her.

"It is God's punishment," he said, "for our driving out Jim's wife. Dick only thought of Jim. The feeling that Jim knew killed Dick. I had no right to marry her with that in my past. And now I have lost her. God does not sleep."

This revelation Lady Eugenia did not share with her husband. Shocked and distressed as she was by it, it did not exclude pity for the afflicted man. It made a more terrible element in the crushing sorrow that had overtaken him that he recognized in it a just punishment for sin.

And there was the helpless child. For the sake of the child, if not for his own, the father must be uplifted. Lady Eugenia Grantley was a good woman; and in a good woman's way she had a tenderness for the sinner whom she had been the first to lead towards the light.

SCHOLASTIC CRITICISM AND APOLOGETICS.

BY W. H. KENT, O.S.C.



ALTHOUGH it is now considerably more than a year since the appearance of the *Syllabus Lamentabili* and the subsequent Encyclical *Pascendi Gregis*, the interest excited by these important Papal documents has scarcely abated and their influence may still be traced in current theological literature. As might have been anticipated, the weighty words of the Holy Father were welcomed by a crowd of Catholic writers and aroused a storm of hostile criticism in other quarters. And in the books, pamphlets, and articles, in papers and periodicals, there is already a large body of very various literature on the subject of Modernism and its Pontifical condemnation.

In all this, it is scarcely necessary to add, there is much that must needs give pain to the Catholic reader, for he will find the authority of the Holy See flouted and its decisions rejected or misrepresented, not only by outside critics but by some of its own subjects. And, on the other hand, it must be confessed that here again, as often happens, the Church has not always been fortunate in its defenders and in the exuberance of their loyalty or their just indignation against foes of the faith. Some writers and preachers seem to have overlooked the dangers of hasty judgments or reckless language.

The censure of the Holy See is a grave, judicial act, and it is surely a pity that our wild words or that early rejoicing should give to it the appearance of a party triumph. No doubt there are occasions when severe censure is needed. It is only right to rebuke the insolence of open foes or to expose the subtle and insidious tactics of others. But, on the other hand, it is possible to do harm by harshness as well as by undue levity and unworthy weakness. We must all desire that those who have been censured by the Holy See should make their submission and accept its decisions. Yet some of us are rather apt to forget that every hard word hurled at their heads, every harsh interpretation put upon their acts or writings, must needs make that sacrifice of submission more difficult, and may even have the effect of goading them into rebellion.

There is a passage in Cardinal Pallavicino's *History of the Council of Trent* which over-zealous hunters of heresy might well take to heart. It is when the historian is speaking of Luther's first opponents and expressing his fear that by calling him a heretic before the time they may have made him to become one: *v. g.*, "questa [contradizione] forse dall' Echio sar-ebbesi potuta far meno acerba, affinché giovasse non tanto d'armi contro al nemico, quanto di fiaccola verso ad errante. Forse i contraddittori col dichiararlo Eretico prima del tempo il fecero diventare" (lib. I., cap. 6). The Cardinal, it may be well to add, modestly admits that there may have been good ground for the line taken by Eck and his fellows. But the mere possibility of thus driving an opponent into heresy should be enough to cause some searching of heart among militant champions of orthodoxy.

Nor is it only by violence and bitterness that harm may be done, however indirectly and unwittingly, by those who are endeavoring to defend the faith. The most reasonable argument may be misunderstood; nay, the just and legitimate judgment of ecclesiastical authorities may be misapprehended and have a disastrous effect on those who thus misconstrue them. Students of Church history will readily recall occasions on which the most certain and necessary decisions have been misapprehended in this manner. No orthodox Christian will for a moment question the authority of the Council of Chalcedon, one of the first four councils which St. Gregory likened to the four Gospels. No synod assuredly has spoken with greater authority or has left us more luminous definitions of doctrine. Yet from the first a large body of Copts and Syrians and Armenians have been led to believe that it rejected the great doctrine laid down at Ephesus; and in like manner the misguided champions of Three Chapters imagined that Constantinople had condemned Chalcedon.

There need be no question as to those who at the outset really held the doctrine which incurred condemnation, *e. g.*, Eutyches or Nestorius. We are concerned rather with the large body of men who were misled because they thought the Church had condemned something which she had in no wise condemned. And the question is whether what happened in the fifth century may not in some measure repeat itself in our own days. One may ask this question, it may be hoped, without incurring any sinister suspicion. For in England, if not elsewhere, it has been confidently asserted that the recent Pon-

tifical decisions condemned the doctrine of Cardinal Newman, and many of the most stalwart champions of Catholic orthodoxy have hastened to vindicate his name and dispel this unfortunate delusion, and in this they have been supported by the highest authority.

It is clearly possible that what has occurred in his case may also occur in regard to other matters. And there may be delusions yet more disastrous in their results than in this imaginary "condemnation of Newman." It is hardly necessary to add that in this we are not thinking of a like mistake in regard to any other individual. For though the supposed censure of some living writer might possibly give more pain to personal friends, we do not suppose that there can be any one man, living or dead, whose condemnation would work so much harm in the Church as that of John Henry Newman. The mistake I here have in view is something wider and deeper than any personal matter. And it may possibly appear in the sequel that it is by no means an imaginary danger. Indeed it is hardly too much to say that its presence may be felt in many of the violent invectives that have been written in the past year against the ecclesiastical authorities. From the nature of the case this charge is something more vague and indefinable than the alleged condemnation of a book or a person. But it may be conveniently expressed in some such phrase as "the condemnation of the historical method and scientific criticism."

There is no need to suppose that either in this case or in that of Newman there was anything like wanton misinterpretation. As we all know, the alleged condemnation of Newman was a delusion. But it is only fair to remember that there are some facts that may at any rate serve to explain its origin. For though the Papal documents do not condemn the writings of our great Cardinal, they do condemn certain doctrines which, on the surface, bear a more or less remote resemblance to his philosophy of faith and his theory of doctrinal development. And, on the other hand, it cannot be denied that his theories on these subjects have been viewed with disfavor by some of our scholastic critics.

In the same way, it may be observed that the recent Syllabus and Encyclical do, indeed, condemn many views which have been put forward in the name of scientific criticism, and, on the other hand, they clearly give fresh support and further sanction to that time-honored scholasticism which is very com-

monly associated with a wholesome contempt for modern methods of historical and scientific study. In these circumstances, it can scarcely surprise us to find that some good people come to the conclusion that the Church has condemned modern methods of research and scientific criticism, and that Catholics are now constrained to shut their eyes to the light of science and the logic of facts and must fain be content to follow musty mediæval methods.

Something of this kind is certainly the cry raised by many assailants of the Encyclical. And, on the other hand, the indiscreet and indiscriminate attacks on higher criticism from a very different quarter must naturally help to strengthen this strange belief in the mind of many unwary readers. In most cases it may be hoped that it is an honest blunder and not a wilful distortion of facts for a controversial purpose. The primitive Protestant, whose crude interpretation of the Sacred Text is rejected by Catholics, cries out that we are going against the Bible itself; and in much the same way the modern critic is rather apt to identify his own conclusions with historical criticism itself; and when the Church rejects them, he feels that she is condemning the truth of history and the principles of scientific criticism.

But a little further reflection might serve to remind him that it is possible to make a false application of true principles. And if we are to be told that the condemnation of so many conclusions of the critics is tantamount to a rejection of modern criticism itself, it may suffice to say that, on the same grounds, we shall have to admit a condemnation of scholasticism and of casuistry, *quod est absurdum*. For it would be easy to draw up a long list of propositions set forth by scholastics and casuists which have incurred condemnation. This fact, which must be familiar to all who are acquainted with the classic works of Viva and d'Argentré, may serve to suggest a further reflection. If scholastic writers adopt so many divergent views, and occasionally fall into errors which incur deserved censure, there can be no question of any wholesale acceptance of a system of teaching.

There is obviously some freedom of choice and some need of critical discrimination, so that the prospect of a return to scholasticism is scarcely so alarming as some of its modern assailants are apt to imagine. It would, no doubt, be idle to deny that there are some very real and deep differences

between mediæval and modern methods. And it may be freely allowed that some of the modern writers who reject or condemn scholasticism have some real knowledge of the subject of their censure. Much the same may surely be said of some of the chief champions of the older systems, and uncompromising opponents of modern methods and new philosophies. None the less, I venture to think that very much in recent controversy on these matters is the outcome of misconception and mutual misunderstanding. And too often it will be found that the champions, on both sides, have been fighting with phantoms which, in reality, are the work of their own overwrought imagination.

The modern writer who rudely condemns scholasticism has seldom anything like an accurate knowledge or a just appreciation of the rich and varied literature left us by the mediæval masters, and in the same way the theologian who passes judgment on German philosophers or Dutch higher critics has seldom made any serious and intelligent study of their writings. I am very far from suggesting that such a study would serve to remove all grounds of censure, or all cause of controversy between the champions of the old theology and the votaries of the new criticism. But if both sides will see their opponents as they really are, and not as they appear in a mirage of misapprehension, their censures, we may be sure, would be more just, their arguments more effective, and there would, at any rate, be more reasonable hope of some satisfactory solution of the great problems.

It might do something to clear the air and to remove much of this misunderstanding and a little needless acrimony, if we could make a calm and candid examination of recent critical and philosophical literature. And possibly such an examination might serve to show that even those writers who have gone wrong have sought to serve the truth, that they have not been guilty of all the faults that hasty critics have ascribed to them, and some of them have done good service to science which may live when their errors are buried in oblivion. Be this as it may, the task would be one of great difficulty and delicacy. And I fancy that it would prove a far more profitable enterprise to pursue the other phantom form—not the criticism which is denounced by reactionary theologians, but the “scholasticism” which is the bane and the bugbear of critics and other lovers of science and friends of prog-

ress. And possibly it may prove that in the end this more modest and orthodox inquiry will also serve the purpose of the other and show that there is really much in modern critical science and philosophic apologetics that is in no wise condemned by the Church or her great scholastic theologians.

This view of the matter has been already suggested at the outset of this article. For the title, "Scholastic Criticism and Apologetics," is a sufficient indication of the fact that scholasticism is not, as some suppose, incompatible with scientific criticism and rational apologetics—that is to say, the criticism which is a candid and fearless search for truth, and the apologetics which seek to set forth the truth in a form and fashion adapted to the minds that are to receive it, and make appeal only to evidence and principles which they already acknowledge. Those who know scholasticism only from modern misrepresentations, or from the necessarily imperfect sketches given in compendious manuals or works of reference, may imagine that it has little in keeping with this true scientific and philosophic spirit, and may associate it with an unintelligent and indiscriminate acceptance of tradition and an uncritical use of conventional arguments. But this mistake is not likely to be made by any one really familiar with the writings of the mediæval masters.

So much has been written in recent years in praise of St. Thomas Aquinas, that it might seem that there can scarcely be any one of his rare gifts and merits that has not already received adequate attention. Yet, though the subject has of course been touched upon by biographers and panegyrists, one fancies that something more might be made of the service he has rendered to critical scholarship and rational apologetics. This notion may well seem strange to many modern readers, for his name has long been the watchword of the party supposed to advocate obscurantism. And it is certainly the fact that he and his fellow-Schoolmen held many opinions now accounted obsolete, and accepted many documents rejected by modern criticism. But those who take this as a proof of obscurantism betray a curious inability to distinguish between a principle and its successful application in particular cases, and, I may add, a want of a sense of proportion and the principle of relativity. A man who in an age of absolutism advocates some modest measure of popular liberty may give more

unmistakable proof of a liberal and progressive spirit than a democrat of to-day who holds the opinions of the last generation. And in the same way, many *soi-disant* critics of the present time, who take their criticism ready-made from popular manuals and works of reference, cannot compare in this matter with those who boldly made some fresh steps in earlier ages. For, in spite of their mistakes, which were largely due to the limitations of their time and to the character of the evidence at their disposal, these mediæval Schoolmen often show more signs of the true spirit of critical scholarship than those who now visit them with a censure which is essentially an uncritical anachronism.

Curiously enough, it is in a matter which is too often taken as a primary instance of scholastic ignorance and lack of discriminating criticism—to wit, in his attitude to the Aristotelian literature—that St. Thomas gives us the most striking proof of his critical and scholarly spirit. To the Schoolmen of that age these works of Aristotle were chiefly known by imperfect, Latin versions made from the Arabic which, in many instances, owed its origin to a Syriac rendering of the Greek text. Many important works of Greek philosophers were extant only in the original or in Arabic versions inaccessible to Western scholars. And to add to the peculiar disadvantages of the time, the voluminous writings of Aristotle were mixed with a mass of spurious works of Neo-Platonic origin. In these circumstances, if St. Thomas had been the typical scholastic obscurantist of modern controversialists and critics, he would have contentedly accepted the barbarous and imperfect versions that came before him and have taken the spurious treatises as genuine writings of Aristotle. But instead of this, we find him acting for all the world like a true critical scholar. The actual task of translating from Greek or Arabic did not, it is true, come within his province. But he urged his friend, the Flemish Dominican, William of Morbeka, who was a master of both those tongues, to make further translations. And it is possibly to that assistance that we owe the preservation of certain tracts of Proclus, which are only extant in Morbeka's Latin version.

Moreover, St. Thomas clearly saw the importance of having a direct rendering from the Greek of Aristotle instead of a secondhand translation through the medium of Arabic. And

at least in the case of one of the books wrongly ascribed to Aristotle—to wit, the celebrated treatise, *De Causis*—the saint in his commentary distinctly rejects this error and assigns the work to its true source, and shows that it is translated from an Arabic abbreviation or adaptation of a work of Proclus the Platonist (*Proculi Platonici*). In the course of his commentary, St. Thomas makes good use of the longer work of Proclus. And it is significant that he also illustrates his text by citing Pseudo-Dionysius, a writer whose Neo-Platonic doctrine and whose close connection with Proclus have since been established by modern scholars. The fact that one important principle has been adopted by St. Thomas from this very book, *De Causis*, in spite of its plainly recognized Platonic origin, may be fairly cited as a sign that he was by no means a blind and servile follower of Aristotle, while his patient and intelligent study of a book which had already been burnt in Paris as a source of heresy serves to separate him from the crowd of uncritical Churchmen.

I have spoken more especially of St. Thomas because of his pre-eminence among the mediæval Schoolmen and the high sanction given to his teaching by ecclesiastical authority. In this way he is the natural representative of the scholastic writers. But it may be well to add that he was hardly the most critical and scholarly man among his contemporaries. In some branches of learning, as we have seen, he was surpassed by his friend and brother in religion, William of Morbeka; while in the matter of critical principles, we must surely assign a higher rank to Roger Bacon. The great Franciscan is perhaps better known by his services to science—though, if one may judge from the buffoonery of a recent Oxford pageant, even these are far from being properly appreciated.

But it is to be feared that far less attention is paid to the scholarly instinct and sound critical judgment manifested in his writings. Assuredly those who know his works, and those of other writers of his time, need feel no alarm at learning that the Holy Father has sent us back to the philosophy of the Schoolmen. For the honor paid to the mediæval masters may serve to show that whatever errors of critics may be condemned, the Church can never censure or reject the primary principles of historical criticism.

Much the same may be safely said in regard to the anal-

ogous question of apologetics. It would seem to be a popular impression that scholasticism is something in the nature of a rigid, cast-iron system allowing no sympathetic adaptation to the special needs of the age or of individual minds. It has, one would suppose, a set of arguments as fixed as the bed of the inexorable Procrustes. And, on the other hand, those who would fain have a method of apologetics adapted to modern minds are forthwith condemned as dangerous innovators. And woe betide the rash defender of orthodoxy who ventures to adopt principles or arguments from the writings of alien philosophers.

But here again we may be permitted to ask what is the practical example left for our learning by the prince of mediæval Schoolmen? And, curiously enough, we find an effective answer to this question in his treatment of the aforesaid Neo-Platonic and Psuedo-Aristotelian book *De Causis*. No work of Dutch critics or German philosophers has better cause to be regarded with suspicion. And, as we have seen, the authorities of Paris, being presumably fearful of heretical "infiltrations," took the prudent precaution of committing the volume to the flames.

St. Thomas, on the contrary, adopted a very different course. Instead of seeking the rude ordeal of material flames and faggots, he passed its pages through the refining fire of his discriminating criticism, and happily some gold of truth was separated and saved in the purifying process. For it was in those pages of the Arab Platonist that he found that pregnant principle of Proclus which furnishes the key to his own theory of knowledge, and gives us, let me add, the true basis of rational apologetics. "Whatever is received, is received after the manner of that which receiveth it." This principle, which is used by St. Thomas to explain how material things are known by the mind in an intellectual and immaterial manner, admits of many applications in other fields of religion and philosophy. We are reminded of it when St. Augustine tells us how, in the mystery of the Divine Incarnation, the Word which was the food of angels became milk for the little ones; or when St. John Chrysostom says that because we are made of soul and body, the spiritual grace of the Sacraments is given to us under visible symbols.

On the same principle, again, we may explain many of the

minor variations in theological thought or language in divers places or ages or local schools and systems. The same Catholic theology is found living in the simple hearts of Irish peasants or the subtle minds of theologians, it is found alike in literal Antioch and mystic Alexandria, amid the golden eloquence of the Fathers and the dialectic metaphysics of the mediæval Schoolmen—and everywhere *recipitur ad modum recipientis*. But, what is more to my present purpose, the same principle is of primary importance to the apologist who would offer to those outside the Church a defence of the faith that is in him.

The reception of the argument is conditioned by the precious knowledge, beliefs, habits of thought in those who are to receive it. And if it is to have any effect, it must be adapted to the special needs and special limitations of those to whom it is addressed. We may see a practical application of this principle in the opening pages of the *Summa Contra Gentiles*, where St. Thomas dwells on the different methods to be adopted in dealing with erring Christians, with Jews, and with pagans, or unbelievers. With the first, one may fairly adduce arguments from the New Testament. With the Jew we may appeal to the Old Testament only. But it would be idle to do this with those who do not accept the authority of either Testament. And what he says here of particular arguments may be illustrated by the character of his own writings regarded as a whole. There is much in them that comes from the early Fathers, much that is an abiding possession for Christians in after ages. Yet it may be safely said that the Angelic Doctor was pre-eminently a man of his own time who understood its spirit and knew its dangers, and his teaching is, for that reason, specially adapted to meet the needs of those whom he was addressing.

It will be well for modern apologists if they can follow his practice, and at the same time hold fast to his principles. It is, at any rate, some solace to those who are wearied and bewildered by the wild words of unbelieving critics or uncritical champions of orthodoxy to breathe for a while the serener air of other days and learn the lessons left by the masters of scholastic criticism and apologetics.

SIX OXFORD THINKERS.*

BY WILFRID WILBERFORCE.

THE very title of this book is attractive. Oxford is essentially the home of thought as well as of lost causes; and when an observant writer, whatever be his own views, sets out to depict the inner lives of half a dozen Oxford men who have made a conspicuous mark in the world, his book is certain to attract a large circle of readers.

Of the six careers here discussed, those of Newman, Church, and Anthony Froude, are naturally the most interesting to the ordinary reader. Walter Pater lies in a region too remote from the generality of everyday people to gain anything beyond a very limited audience; Lord Morley, as an observer and thinker, has been eclipsed to all except studious and doctrinaire politicians, by his character as a contemporary statesman; while the place of Gibbon, as an historian and man of thought, has become either too well defined or too devoid of interest (according to the temper of each individual reader) to command any enthusiastic reception.

It may reasonably be doubted whether the *Decline and Fall* is now read by eight men out of any given twelve, and it is probably quite safe to assert that still fewer readers are familiar with Pater's *Renaissance Studies*, his *Sebastian Storck*, his *Marius the Epicurean*, or with Lord Morley's book *On Compromise*.

Morley's name, indeed, will, in all probability, go down to our children as that of the biographer of Gladstone, though it may occur to some of them to wonder how it was that a writer of such nebulous views in religion should have been chosen, out of all possible biographers, to depict the career of a statesman whose mind was of a tone so essentially ecclesiastical. Perhaps, on the other hand, this seemingly incongruous choice

* *Six Oxford Thinkers*: Edward Gibbon, John Henry Newman, R. W. Church, James Anthony Froude, Walter Pater, Lord Morley of Blackburn. By Algernon Cecil, M.A., Oxon., of the Inner Temple, Barrister-at-Law. London: John Murray, Albemarle Street.

emphasizes, as much as anything could, the change which had passed over Gladstone when his political ideals had thrown him into partnership with the militant Nonconformists, and had severed him forever from the associations of his early manhood. It was difficult to recognize in the disestablisher of the Irish Church of 1869, in the friend of Chamberlain and Schnachorst of 1880, and in the chosen leader of Nonconformists of 1892, the "rising hope," as Macaulay called him "of . . . stern, unbending Tories," who made his name as the author of *Church and State*.

It may well be doubted whether, at the end of his long career, he cared to be reminded of the ideals which had engaged his mind in the late thirties. That he remained to the last hour of his life a man of conscience and integrity, I for one have no doubt, but the radical change in his ideals and the drastic disorientation of his political views, were at least enough to make the choice of Morley as his biographer less incongruous than it would otherwise have been. A curious story is told of Gladstone's Oxford life. He had taken his Degree, and had paid the customary farewell visit to the Head of his College. The next visitor was talking to the Head about him. "Gladstone is a clever man, we shall hear of him again." "Yes"; replied the Head, "he's a clever man and will make his mark. But his conscience is so subtle that the time will come when people will say that he has no conscience at all." That Head had far-seeing eyes.

It could scarcely be expected that the author of *Six Oxford Thinkers* should have anything new to say about Newman. But the fascination of his career is so great that its treatment by each successive writer is a welcome feature in a book. And there is one observation, not in its ultimate meaning new, which I do not remember to have seen stated in that precise form before. The remark is quoted from Dean Church, and its tenor is that the touchstone of Newman's teaching, and the remote cause of his conversion, was the distinction which he perceived between the ideal "gentleman," as the world accepts that word, and the follower of Christ. "For it is," says Mr. Cecil, "as Newman perceives, of the essence of a gentleman—one who is that and no more—to be great in small situations and deficient in the supreme moments of life. Pilate and Gallio and Agrippa were gentlemen, and they missed their opportunities because

they were just that and nothing beyond it. Like their modern antitypes, they hated scenes, emotion, extravagance; they feared ridicule and disliked responsibility; they avoided clashing opinions and colliding sentiments."

There is truth in this, of course, and yet there would seem to be something wanting too. It is easy enough to choose out men like Pilate and the others, but, to go further afield, what about the scores and hundreds of soldiers and sailors who, while fulfilling the worldly definition of gentlemen, and while devoid of any supernatural qualities, are nevertheless emphatically *not* "deficient in the supreme moments of life," but display in such moments the most exalted self-abnegation and courage? At the time of the Crimean War, it was observed that the men who most distinguished themselves by their cheerful endurance of hardships amid the terrors of the Russian winter, were just those who, in London Society, had seemed to be fit for nothing but to lounge in ladies' drawing-rooms and display their taste in neckties and gloves. And it does not seem unreasonable to say that a man possessing nothing higher than mere worldly and natural honor, might be willing to risk his life and perhaps his reputation, rather than stain his ermine as a Judge, or disgrace his country as a soldier.

To maintain as much as this, however, is by no means to disagree with Mr. Cecil's statement that Newman "saw that the gentleman, considered as such, worships only (if he worships at all) 'a deduction of his reason or a creation of his fancy,' while the other [kind] is from the first in the presence of a Person, to Whom all thoughts and actions are referred for praise or blame"; or that this antithesis was "the key that unlocked the lowest door of the treasure-house in his deep-seated being." And he adds that Newman "could not find in a society, which, in its efforts after Christianity, never lost sight of culture and social order, anything that would remind him of the shepherdless multitudes that went out to seek Christ on the hills of Galilee, nor in the trimming diplomacy of an Established Church, which sails always a little behind the times, an ark strong enough to protect the Kingdom of God against the all-invading flood of liberal thought." One does not exactly see what there need be in the pursuit of Christian virtue inconsistent with an attention to "social order," but the "trimming diplomacy" of the Protestant Establishment was un-

doubtedly one among the many proofs that showed Newman that it was no part of God's Church.

The very fact that Oxford as a rule pursues the quiet, unruffled ways of peaceful Conservatism, fits it admirably to be the starting-place of great Movements. A man with new ideas has no difficulty in making himself heard, however little he may be welcomed by the powers that be. Like one who raises his voice in the silence of a cloister, he is necessarily listened to, and at the moment that the Oxford Movement began, young men were looking about for something new. The genius of Newman and Hurrell Froude supplied them with as much as they had bargained for, and more besides.

Mr. Cecil gives us an agreeable account of the well-known tale—the story that one never tires of hearing. He gives us also a somewhat close analysis of the *Via Media*, with which I need not trouble my readers, seeing that, in Newman's own words, it was "absolutely pulverized," by the words of St. Augustine, "Securus judicat orbis terrarum."

The *Essay on Development*, also analyzed by Mr. Cecil, besides its intrinsic value, displays Newman in the intensely interesting light of the creator, in ecclesiastical history, of the theory by which Darwin made his name in physiology. When he wrote this book, Newman had for some time been on his deathbed so far as Anglicanism was concerned. In its final stages, his Anglican life diminished in inverse ratio with the growth of the book, and in its unfinished state the *Development* had given the *coup de grâce*, in more than one sense of the word, to its author. Then came the never-to-be-forgotten 9th of October, "a wild and tempestuous day, when the heavens seemed broken with weeping," and Father Dominic came to receive him into the Church. On the very same day, as symbolists like to remember, Rénan left St. Sulpice.

One of Mr. Cecil's most interesting sections in his criticism of Newman is that which deals with his style. He is probably right in saying that it is in the *Apologia* that its full beauty and exquisite refinement appear most conspicuously. Its whole workmanship is the purest gold, not polished and glaring, but soothing and mellow. Upon this priceless surface appear from time to time, without labor and simply because the subject calls for it, those gorgeous ornaments which in the literary jargon of to-day are called "purple passages." These are noth-

ing else than the clusters of jewels, the lavish bunches of gems that set off the golden groundwork. The indefinable grace which he could throw upon the most everyday topics, in sentences composed of the simplest words, has never been equalled. It gives a distinction to what he writes which makes any ordinarily good style seem banal, commonplace, and even vulgar. Dealing as he does with serious and often very deep subjects, Newman has a unique method of bringing his thoughts before his readers with unsurpassed clearness and in language of absolute simplicity. The unstudied music of his periods tunes one's soul to a pitch that makes the writing of any one else harsh, ungainly, and irritating. Even in the noiseless blade of his mordant irony one can detect the pity, which he cannot altogether hide, for its victim. In the outpouring of his soul one can hear the sort of anguished wail which some recollection has wrung from his heart. But all is simple, natural, yet restrained. He never speaks in superlatives. One might almost add that he never uses the conventional expressions that custom has staled. His words are sometimes so nearly colloquial, even on the gravest subjects, that in the case of any other writer they would run the risk of being thought unbecoming and flippant. With Newman they are simply convincing and redolent of dignity. Then there is that special characteristic of his writing that one may call the cumulative feature. He wishes to impress us with some idea, and this he does with clauses and epithets of ever growing power, one strengthening and reinforcing the other, like strokes of a hammer, each one an argument in itself, until, at the end of the sentence, one pauses, overwhelmed, in breathless acquiescence. Of what other writer can this be said? What other has this compelling, subduing, conquering force?

An instance of each of Newman's literary methods could be culled from the *Apologia* alone. That book indeed is the one that taught his fellow-countrymen more about him than any other. It let them into the secrets of his mind. It appealed to their generosity, and the appeal was not made in vain. The very fact that his judges were his own countrymen gave Newman special confidence: "I consider, indeed, Englishmen," he wrote, "the most suspicious and touchy of mankind; I think them unreasonable and unjust in their seasons of excitement; but I had rather be an Englishman (as in fact

I am), than belong to any other race under heaven. They are as generous as they are hasty and burly, and their repentance for their injustice is greater than their sin."

The people of England answered the appeal by listening without prejudice to what Newman had to say, and then they agreed to forgive him for becoming a Catholic—albeit his conversion had dealt a blow to the Church of England "from which," writes Disraeli, "it is still reeling."

But the *Apologia* accomplished something beyond this. Not merely did it bring the heart of England to Newman's side, but it affected the very language. Writers became unconsciously colored by it. There was no willing imitation. Indeed, of all classical writers, Newman is the least easy to imitate; but just as he expressed his meaning to a hair's breadth, colloquially and in phrases easily grasped, so in turn the diction of writers who differed *toto cælo* from Newman, became chastened and refined by the pure and limpid stream of his matchless style.

Mr. Cecil very beautifully observes: "Devoid of all show and glitter, *simplex munditiis*, always very plain and neat, it made its way because it was the vehicle of thoughts that much needed to be spoken; and only afterwards did men realize that the vehicle itself was beautiful. The proof of its excellence, if proof be required, is that it is impossible to caricature it. Newman was so great that he was able to model it on its antithesis. As in his teaching he set up the simplicity of the primitive Church against the splendor of the Roman Empire, so in his style he chose the household words of common talk to rebuke the classical tongue of Gibbon and Johnson. Rolling sentences and majestic periods had to give way before the filtered language of the street and the market-place. His limpid English was the purest current in the stream of imaginative writing which Carlyle and Ruskin had set in motion, and which, as has lately been suggested, served in the end to confuse the true functions of poetry and prose. Newman at least never fell into fault, never framed turgid or tumultuous sentences. Like Bunyan he was a conservative liberator, and freed the language from a certain stiffness of diction, whilst preserving for it an easy dignity. Nor is it any accident that these two writers of the purest English were deeply religious men."

In summing up his beautiful essay, Mr. Cecil makes a re-

mark that, to a Catholic, is full of pathos. The only possible comment it can evoke is a prayer that one who sees so much may one day see more. "For those who agree with his main contention," he writes, "—that a pursuit of the highest attainable life is the only guarantee of a right judgment in all matters of spiritual importance, that as he was fond of saying '*non in dialectica complacuit Deo salvum facere populum suum*'—and who yet cannot follow him into the Church of Rome, the difficulty remains (and it is a very great one) that a man of such purity, goodness, and self-devotion should have fallen into error in the very maturity of his powers."

The transition from Cardinal Newman to Dean Church is easy and natural. To begin with, he was one of Newman's most intimate friends, and though the two did not meet for nineteen years after the celebrated day when Church called at the Observatory, "to see the last" of his great and revered leader, the long separation was accidental and circumstantial rather than deliberate or planned.

Richard William Church was born in the year of Waterloo, and was therefore Newman's junior by fourteen years. In 1833 he went up to Wadham College, Oxford, where his life was at first a very solitary one, as is so often the case with freshmen, especially with those who have not come from a public school. He gained the great distinction of a Double First in 1836, in which year he also began to attend the sermons which Newman was then delivering at St. Mary's. The famous one entitled "Ventures of Faith" seems to have made a great impression upon him. "It seemed to him, as he looked back, to have been in some sort the turning point of his life," remarks his biographer, Miss Mary Church. Two years later he stood as a candidate for an Oriel Fellowship, at that time the greatest prize in the university. One of the unsuccessful candidates was Mark Pattison, afterwards rector of Lincoln College. The pleasantest passage in that most melancholy Autobiography of Pattison is his observation on Church's candidature.

"I presume," he writes, "that Church was Newman's candidate, though so accomplished a scholar as the Dean need not have required any party push. I have always looked upon Church as the type of the Oriel Fellow; Richard Michell said at the time of the election: 'There is such a moral beauty about Church, that they could not help taking him!'"

“Moral beauty” seems to express exactly what one feels about Church, and it fits in so completely with the love that Newman bore him. At the time of his election to the Fellowship, the Oxford Movement was passing out of its early stage. It was not till the following year, however, that Newman’s confidence in his ecclesiastical position began to be shaken. As yet no “ghost” had appeared, and Church’s daily companionship with him laid the foundations of the friendship which was to last unimpaired to the end. One sentence in a letter written during the long vacation of 1840, throws light upon the intimacy between them. “Really,” he writes, “if folks knew how pleasant Oxford is in the long vacation I think they would spoil the quiet by coming up here. . . . Newman, Rogers, and myself compose the residents at Oriel now, and we have it very cozily to ourselves.”

But this was only the calm that preceded the storm. Seven months later saw the publication of the famous Tract No. 50. The history of its conception has often been told. Its object was to calm the minds of those who were disturbed by the Thirty-Nine Articles—the Forty Stripes save one—that each member of the university had still to sign as a test of orthodoxy. The new Tract was intended to show that the Articles were capable of a Catholic interpretation even on those points on which they had seemed to be most hostile to Catholic teaching. I am, of course, using the word Catholic in the sense in which the Tractarians understood it. It is curious to hear that Newman was quite unprepared for the storm which greeted the publication of the Tract, as were several of his friends, including Henry Wilberforce and Keble. Ward, on the other hand, anticipated trouble, and the event proved that he was more than justified. To men who had trusted to the Articles as a potent weapon in their warfare against the Tractarians, it must have been unspeakably galling and exasperating to find this very weapon wrested from their grasp and turned to the service of their foes.

Golightly, the great opponent of the Tractarian School, set on foot the agitation. He began by giving himself heart and soul to spreading the Tract both in Oxford and in the country. The number of copies that he ordered was so great that the publisher had difficulty in supplying the demand. Within a few weeks the sale of this shilling pamphlet was such that

it enabled its anonymous author to purchase a goodly library. Golightly's next step was to get one of the Heads on his side. Through the Warden of Wadham, a memorial was drawn up, signed by the four senior Tutors, Churton, Wilson, Griffiths, and Tait, afterwards Archbishop of Canterbury. This letter called upon the editor of the Tracts to disclose the name of the author of No. 90. The said editor politely acknowledged the receipt of the letter, and there the matter rested. But this was a mere preliminary canter. The next step was a meeting of the Heads. But they had other business apart from the Tract, and this, combined with the curious fact that many had not even read Tract 90, led to the meeting separating without any hostile step being taken. Another meeting followed, and this time the question was referred to a committee. Meanwhile Newman set to work on an explanation of his Tract, taking care to let the Heads of Colleges know that he was doing so. Without waiting for its appearance, however, they passed a resolution that "No. 90 suggested a mode of interpreting the Articles which evaded rather than explained them—which defeated the object, and was inconsistent with the observance of the statutes." This resolution was carried by a majority. It resulted in Newman writing to the Vice-Chancellor, acknowledging the authorship of the Tract. Of course there was no sort of obligation for him to do even so much as this. The meeting of the Heads was an informal affair, involving no official act of the university and carrying no weight except such as was involved in the individual opinion of each of its members. Newman's acknowledgment called forth a very kind letter from his Bishop, asking him not to discuss the Articles any more in the Tracts.

It was not long before No. 90 produced its effect upon Church's academical position. His thorough agreement with the principle of the Tract made him, as an honest man, ask himself whether he could still retain his Tutorship. In a manly, straightforward letter to Provost Hawkins, he avowed his opinion and offered to resign his important post. The Provost offered him time to consider the matter, but Church replied at once that he could not honestly accept the suggestion, knowing as he did that his view on the question was unchangeable. It is quite clear that both the Provost and Church were acting in a way most creditable to themselves. Hawkins

was doing his best to retain Church in the Tutorship, even going so far as to offer to submit the case, as a hypothetical one, to the Vice-Chancellor, while Church, on his side saw clearly, and acted on the knowledge, that he could not lecture to undergraduates in a sense hostile to the view of those who had appointed him, nor could he lecture inconsistently with his own view of truth. A dilemma such as this could have but one conclusion, and Church ceased to be a Tutor.

But events more momentous were at hand. A crisis was becoming daily more and more imminent. A sermon delivered by Pusey from the university pulpit, was condemned, and its author suspended from preaching for a period of two years. This was in the summer of 1843, while in the following September Newman resigned St. Mary's, and retired to his hermitage at Littlemore. In 1844, the Proctors were Mr. Guille-mard, of Trinity College, and Church himself. The duties of the Proctors were at that time even more arduous, and their powers more extended than they are at the present day. They are still responsible for the quiet of the streets and places of public resort, but only so far as the undergraduates are concerned. In 1844 they also had the control of the police, and Church's account of his experience on first taking office is worth quoting: ". . . One goes at night to a vaulted room underground, as dreary looking and grim as a melodrama would require—table with pen and ink, feeble lamp, and sundry cutlasses disposed round the walls. One sits down in great dignity at a table, and then the police are marched in by batches of six. They enter like robbers or conspirators in a play, all belted and great-coated, looking fierce. 'All quiet last night?' passes your lips. All their heads begin to bob, as if they were hung on springs, and without any stopping, for three or four minutes, all their voices commence repeating: 'All quiet, sir,' as fast as they can; and when they have lost their breath, *exeunt* all bobbing. The first time I was present I fairly lost my gravity, as I should think most of my predecessors must have done before me" (Extract from a letter to his mother).

It was destined that Church's Proctorship should be signalized by an act that has made it forever memorable. In July, 1844, William George Ward had published his celebrated book on *The Ideal of a Christian Church*. If Tract 90 had caused a

storm, it was little wonder that Ward's book should create a veritable tempest. The Tract only professed to explain that the Articles admitted of a Catholic interpretation. The *Ideal* went far beyond this, for its author boldly declared that, in signing the Thirty-Nine Articles, he claimed the right to hold "the whole cycle of Roman Doctrine!" Language such as this could scarcely be passed over, and in the following December the Hebdomadal Board determined to submit to Convocation three resolutions: (1) The condemnation of Ward's book; (2) The deprivation of his Degrees; (3) The investment of the Vice-Chancellor with a new power, enabling him to require any member of the university to prove his orthodoxy by subscribing to the Articles in the sense in which they were both first published and were now imposed. The third resolution was so unpopular, that it had to be withdrawn, and in its place was substituted a resolution condemning Newman's Tract.

Convocation met on the 13th of February, 1845. Seldom if ever had Oxford witnessed a scene of greater excitement. The streets were thronged with graduates who had come up from the country to vote on one side or the other. The space outside the Sheldonian Theater, in which Convocation was to meet, was blocked by an anxious and curious crowd. Inside the theater every seat and every passage was crammed with those whose position gave them the right to be present. The day was one of bitter cold. Sleet and snow, borne on the wings of a north wind, poured in showers throughout the day, but it failed to subdue the courage of the undergraduates and others whose interest in the day's proceedings had been wrought up to the highest pitch. This patient crowd could hear the dull roar of groanings and cheers which came from the interior of the theater, and no doubt intensified their interest.

The scene within was exciting in the extreme. Ward had had permission to address the assembly in English, and his vigorous words stirred his hearers to an enthusiasm of opposition or assent. As all the world knows, he was condemned. Then came the proposition to censure Newman's Tract. This, too, would undoubtedly have been carried, but for the famous intervention of the two Proctors. At the critical moment Guillemard and Church rose, and the former, the Senior Proctor, pronounced in stentorian tones the fateful words: "Nobis Procuratoribus non placet."

Shouts resounded through the building of "Placet" and "Non." "The Dean of Chichester threw himself out of his doctor's chair and shook both Proctors violently by the hand."

"Without any formal dissolution, indeed without a word being spoken, as if such an interposition (as the Proctors' veto) stopped all business, the Vice-Chancellor tucked up his gown, and hurried down the steps that led from the throne into the arena, and hurried out of the theater; and in five minutes the whole scene of action was cleared."*

Whether from conviction or from a love of the unusual and a feeling that a persecuted man had been saved, the undergraduates assembled outside the theater raised loud cheers for the Proctors—a most uncommon event, for these functionaries are generally regarded by undergraduates as their natural foes. The Vice-Chancellor met with a reception correspondingly hostile, being hissed and even snowballed by the crowd. Ward, of course, after his courageous defence, met with a regular ovation, the cheers which greeted his exit from the theater changing, however, in a moment to loud laughter, when he slipped and fell headlong in the snow, his books and papers being scattered in all directions.

Church's comment upon the memorable events is found in a letter to his mother: "The only thing to relieve the day has been the extreme satisfaction I had in helping to veto the third iniquitous measure against Newman. It was worth while being Proctor to have had the unmixed pleasure of doing this."

To the last hour of his life Newman never forgot this service, and it is probable that its memory increased the affection that he felt for Church. More than a quarter of a century after the event, he dedicated to his friend the new edition of his *University Sermons*, in words of tenderness that must have gone to Church's heart. "For you," he writes, "were one of those dear friends resident in Oxford—who in those trying five years, from 1841 to 1845, in the course of which this volume was given to the world, did so much to comfort and uphold me by their patient, tender kindness, and their zealous services in my behalf. I cannot forget how, in the February of 1841, you suffered me day after day to open to you my anxieties and plans, as events successively elicited them; and much less can I lose the memory of your great act of friendship, as well

* *Edinburgh Review*, April, 1845, p. 394.

as of justice and courage, in the February of 1845, your Proctor's year, when you, with another now departed, shielded me from the 'civium ardor prava jubentium', by the interposition of a prerogative belonging to your academical position."

Again and again, as years went on, Newman and Church were each other's guests. It seemed quite a natural thing for the great Oratorian, in his occasional visits to London, to make the deanery of St. Paul's his headquarters, where he was an ever welcome visitor. And Church was more than once the guest of his old friend at Edgbaston.

Mr. Cecil discusses Church in the threefold character of scholar, statesman, and saint. His scholarship was certainly sound and accurate. Greek and Latin of course he knew well, as is sufficiently proved by his Double First. From his boyhood he had been familiar with Italian, and Mr. Cecil goes so far as to say that he must have been in his time the leading Dante scholar in England. Of course he was, alas! to the end of his life a thorough Anglican, but it is admirable to observe how courageously and steadfastly he maintains the truth that spiritual greatness transcends all merely human and earthly excellence. Mr. Cecil gives three instances of this. Speaking of Dante, Church uses this true and beautiful language:

"No one who could understand and do homage to greatness in man, ever drew the line so strongly between greatness and goodness, and so unhesitatingly placed the hero of this world only—placed him in all his magnificence, honored with no timid or dissembling reverence—at the distance of worlds below the place of the lowest saint."

And again, speaking of Newton, and extolling his work and genius in the loftiest terms, he immediately warns his readers that "St. Paul in one order of greatness—the greatness of goodness—was immeasurably superior to Newton in another."

Statesmanship seems a somewhat strange quality to predicate of a man who was first a parish clergyman and afterwards a Dean of St. Paul's, but Mr. Cecil gives some justification for the use of the word. As he readily admits, capacity must here stand for performance, but he claims for Church "all the qualities which are required of one who has to make wide and far reaching decisions. Best of all he had patience, the virtue which Pitt marked down as ~~the~~ ^{the} essential for a statesman." It was Church, too, who was one of the founders of the *Guar-*

dian newspaper, which so long represented all that was best in Anglicanism. His high character was admitted on all hands. Unhappily he remained what he had been at Oxford, what Newman had made him, a Tractarian. To a Catholic, indeed, it must ever remain a mystery, insoluble and sad, that a man should see so much that is true, and remain blind to its logical sequence. The only explanation is that Faith is a gift, and that God has vouchsafed it to some and not to others. One of the earliest of Newman's sermons that Church heard was, as we have seen, the celebrated one on "Ventures of Faith." The impression it made on Church was never forgotten by him. "In a memorable sermon," he tells us, "the vivid impression of which still haunts the recollection of some who heard it, Newman gave warning to his friends and to those whom his influence touched, that no child's play lay before them; that they were making without knowing it the 'ventures of Faith.'" To him the New Testament was a very severe, as well as a hopeful book, and nothing was to his mind more certain than that the punishment of unforgiven sin would be "something infinitely more awful than we had faculties to conceive of." And as he walks through the streets of London and observes the thousands of human beings, each with his own individuality, he longs to know something of their history, their good and bad qualities, and he asks himself why it is that "of all the countless faces which he meets as he walks down the Strand, the enormous majority are failures—deflections from the type of beauty possible to them."

That he had imbibed a great deal of Catholic spirit, is clear. Tractarianism, indeed, as we know, was founded on antiquity, and Church, a typical Tractarian, had more than a touch of ancient austerity. Mr. Cecil indeed puts this down to "a strong vein of Puritan severity," and he holds that he was "the most English, perhaps, of all the Tractarians." I think it can hardly be doubted that "a vein of Puritanism" was present in all or nearly all the Tractarians, due, probably, to the fact that their very piety was inherited from their Evangelical forefathers.

Protestant as he was, he was conscious of the sense of bewitchment which Rome casts over most men of education, not merely the enchantment of its beauty and the glamour of its associations, but the intangible conviction that it was holy

ground. "I had," he says, "the feeling that it is the one city in the world, besides Jerusalem, on which we know God's eye is fixed, and that He has some purpose or other about it—one can hardly tell whether for good or evil." The final words rather spoil the effect of the rest.

In August, 1890, Cardinal Newman died. The news affected Church with a peculiar sorrow. "By those near the Dean," writes Miss Mary Church, "it was always recognized that Newman was a name apart, the symbol, as it were, of a debt too great and a friendship too intimate and complex, to bear being lightly spoken of, or subjected to the ordinary measures of praise or blame."

The younger man survived his revered friend four months. In December, 1890, Dean Church's beautiful life came to its peaceful end. By his own wish he was buried at Whatley, in Somerset, where he had labored for many years as a clergyman, before his appointment to the Deanery of St. Paul's. According to his special desire, six beautiful lines from the *Dies Iræ* were engraved upon his tomb:

Rex tremendæ majestatis
 Qui salvandos salvas gratis,
 Salva me Fons pietatis.
 Querens me sedisti lassus,
 Redemisti crucem passus,
 Tantus labor non sit cassus.

In saying a few words about James Anthony Froude, I shall scarcely be expected to discuss the two subjects with which his name is principally associated, namely, his *History of England* and his books on Carlyle. Both subjects are too large to be treated at the close of an article such as this. What one chiefly feels about Froude is a wistful regret that he should have drifted so far from his ancient moorings. As the younger brother of Hurrell, he was thrown, in his boyhood, into the very heart of the Tractarian Movement, but it is probable that the very fact of his being Hurrell's brother, tended to make him revolt from that brother's teaching.

It is said, too, that his early youth was soured by injudicious treatment. He lived in an age when a kind of Spartan hardness was thought to be the best method of training boys.

Nowadays, perhaps, we have gone to the other extreme. Anyhow, Froude's boyhood was motherless, and seems to have been unhappy. After spending three years at Westminster School, he went to Oxford, his Undergraduate years being haunted by the dread that he was destined to fall a victim to the family scourge of consumption. Under the influence of Newman and Hurrell, he necessarily imbibed Tractarian views, and in due time he took Deacon's Orders in the Church of England, and gained a Fellowship at Exeter College. This enviable position he owed in part to Sewell, who regarded him as a promising High Churchman. Hawkins, with more penetration, had refused him a certificate for the Fellowship, and when Froude published his *Nemesis of Faith*, Sewell was correspondingly furious. The book raised such a commotion at Oxford, that its author withdrew from the university. He traveled in Ireland and there came across an Evangelical clergyman who was a gentleman and a man of conscience. That he combined these qualities with a hatred of Tractarianism, seems to have startled Froude. It is, perhaps, scarcely wonderful that to one whose religious beliefs rested upon this or that man, instead of being rooted in the infallible and irrefragable authority of a Divine Teacher, the fact of two equally earnest and devout men holding widely divergent views should come as a shock to his convictions. This seems to be the meaning of those striking words that Froude puts into the mouth of his hero in his *Nemesis of Faith*: "The most perilous crisis of our lives is when we first realize that two men may be as sincere, as earnest, as faithful, as uncompromising, and yet hold opinions as far asunder as the poles."

The keystone of that remarkable sentence and the explanation of the "crisis" which it indicates, are contained in that one word "opinions." *Quot homines, tot sententiæ*. What Froude needed was the anchorage of infallibility, without which the ship of the soul will drift upon the sea of opinion, rudderless and hopeless. When he had lost faith in Newman's teaching, he began to study Carlyle, and we read in Mr. Cecil's book, that he felt "obliged to look for himself at what men said, instead of simply accepting all because they said it." For himself he solved the problem by becoming a free-thinking Protestant, and a staunch defender of the Reformation. That he retained a wistful remembrance of what had existed in the

ages of Faith, is sufficiently shown by a passage in his *History* which is worth quoting, if only to give a specimen of his beautiful style. He is speaking of the epoch which followed the mediæval times. "The paths trodden by the footsteps of ages were broken up; old things were passing away, and the faith and the life of ten centuries were dissolving like a dream. Chivalry was dying; the abbey and the castle were soon together to crumble into ruins; and all the forms, desires, beliefs, convictions of the old world were passing away, never to return. A new continent had risen up beyond the Western sea. In the fabric of habit, which they had so laboriously built for themselves, mankind were to remain no longer. And now it is all gone—like an unsubstantial pageant faded; and between us and the old English there lies a gulf of mystery which the prose of the historian will never adequately bridge. They cannot come to us, and our imagination can but feebly penetrate to them. Only among the aisles of the cathedral, only as we gaze upon their silent figures sleeping on their tombs, some faint conceptions float before us of what these men were when they were alive; and perhaps in the sound of church bells, that peculiar creation of mediæval age which falls upon the ear like the echo of a vanished world." Something of the pathos of Froude's life was seen in his expressive face. The strong, manly features, deeply furrowed in his old age, the far-away look of his eyes, the sad, almost tragic expression of his whole countenance, were enough to disarm enmity and to soften criticism.

Death found him in his home on the rock-bound Devon coast that he loved so well. Two death-bed sayings of his are recorded. "Shall not the Judge of all the earth do right?" is one of these, and it seems to bear out what Mr. Cecil declares was his prevailing principle: "Though He slay me, yet will I trust in Him." And in some of his last conscious moments he repeated those words of Shakespeare:

"To-morrow, and to-morrow, and to-morrow,
Creeps in this petty pace from day to day
To the last syllable of recorded time,
And all our yesterdays have lighted fools
The way to dusty death. Out, out, brief candle!
Life's but a walking shadow, a poor player

That struts and frets his hour upon the stage
And then is heard no more."

His mission to South Africa makes one feel that as a statesman he might very probably have made a great name, and the business of politics would have withdrawn his mind from theology, in which he took the wrong side. As it was, he was handicapped in his essay in politics by the fact that, as a man of letters and not of action, he was more theoretical than practical. He will probably go down to history as one of the purest writers of English of his time. His style is to the last degree captivating.


The happiest time of his life was most likely that which he spent as Professor of History at Oxford. While holding this post, he occupied the agreeable house at Cherwell Edge, which, since his death, has become the Convent of the Holy Child. What used to be Froude's study is now the nuns' chapel, silent and peaceful, with the Blessed Sacrament on the Altar. This surely is one of the most striking contrasts that time has ever brought about!

Mr. Cecil has given us a book full of interest and suggestion. In many places he carries us with him, and in points where we differ from him we can still appreciate his point of view. He is never little or trivial, while his bent of mind is such as to make his Catholic reader hope that the day will yet come when he will enter a brighter light, and become one of the Household of the Faith.

THE CHURCH AND THE WORKINGMAN.

BY JOHN A. RYAN.

"Even though it be only a dream, I like to indulge the thought that some day the Church of the poor will lead them out of bondage, and prove to the unbelieving world its divine mission" (From a private letter of a well-known Catholic social reformer).

HE viewpoint indicated in this sentence is sufficiently frequent among Catholics to justify a brief reconsideration of a somewhat hackneyed topic. Among the Protestant churches that display any considerable amount of vitality, the tendency is rapidly growing toward a conception that identifies religion with humanitarianism, while the majority of non-churchgoers who admit that religion has any useful function probably share the same conception. In such an environment it is not a matter of surprise that many Catholics should exaggerate the social mission of the Church.

The Church is not merely nor mainly a social reform organization, nor is it her primary mission to reorganize society, or to realize the Kingdom of God upon earth. Her primary sphere is the individual soul, her primary object to save souls, that is, to fit them for the Kingdom of God in heaven. Man's true life, the life of the soul, consists in supernatural union with God, which has its beginning during the brief period of his earthly life, but which is to be completed in the eternal existence to come afterward. Compared with this immortal life, such temporary goods as wealth, liberty, education, or fame, are utterly insignificant. To make these or any other earthly considerations the supreme aim would be as foolish as to continue the activities and amusements of childhood after one had reached maturity. It would be to cling to the accidental and disregard the essential. Scoffers and sceptics may contemn this view as "other-worldly," but they cannot deny that it is the only logical and sane position for men who accept the Christian teaching on life, death, and immortality. Were the Church to treat this present life as anything more than a means to the

end, which is immortal life, it would be false to its mission. It might deserve great praise as a philanthropic association, but it would have forfeited all right to the name of Christian Church.

Having thus reasserted the obvious truth that the Church's function is the regeneration and improvement of the individual soul with a view to the life beyond, let us inquire how far this includes social teaching or social activity. Since the soul cannot live righteously except through right conduct, the Church must teach and enforce the principles of right conduct. Now a very large and very important part of conduct falls under the heads of charity and justice. Hence we find that from the beginning the Church propagated these virtues both by word and by action. As regards charity, she taught the brotherhood of man, and strove to make it real through organizations and institutions. In the early centuries of the Christian era, the bishops and priests maintained a parochial system of poor relief to which they gave as much active direction and care as to any of their purely religious functions. In the Middle Ages the Church promoted and supported the monastic system with its innumerable institutions for the relief of all forms of distress. Under her direction and active support to-day, religious communities maintain hospitals for the sick, and homes for all kinds of dependents. To take but one instance, the Church in America collects money for orphan asylums as regularly as for many of her purely religious objects. As regards justice, the Church has always taught the doctrine of individual dignity, rights, and sacredness, and proclaimed that all men are essentially equal. Through this teaching the lot of the slave was humanized, and the institution itself gradually disappeared; serfdom was made bearable, and became in time transformed into a status in which the tiller of the soil enjoyed security of tenure, protection against the exactions of the lord, and a recognized place in the social organism. Owing to her doctrine that labor was honorable and was the universal condition and law of life, the working classes gradually acquired that measure of self-respect and of power which enabled them to set up and maintain for centuries the industrial democracy that prevailed in the mediæval towns. Her uniform teaching that the earth was given by God to all the children of men, and that the individual proprietor was only a steward of his possessions, was

preached and emphasized by the Fathers in language that has brought upon them the charge of communism. The theological principle that the starving man who has no other resource may seize what is necessary from the goods of his neighbor, is merely one particular conclusion from this general doctrine. She also taught that every commodity, including labor, had a certain just or fair price from which men ought not to depart, and that the laborer, like the member of every other social class, had a right to a decent living in accordance with the standards of the group to which he belonged. During the centuries preceding the rise of modern capitalism, when the money-lender was the greatest oppressor of the poor, she forbade the taking of interest. Among her *works* in the interest of social justice and social welfare, two only will be mentioned here: the achievements of her monks in promoting agriculture and settled life in the midst of the anarchic conditions that followed the downfall of the Roman Empire, and her encouragement of the Guilds, those splendid organizations which secured for their members a greater measure of welfare relatively to the possibilities of the time than any other industrial system that has ever existed.

To the general proposition that the Church is obliged to inculcate the principles of charity and justice both by precept and by action, all intelligent persons, whether Catholic or not, will subscribe. Opinions will differ only as to the extent to which she ought to go in this direction. Let us consider first the problem of her function as teacher.

The Church cannot be expected to adopt or advocate any particular programme, either partial or comprehensive, of social reconstruction or social reform. This is as far out of her province as is the advocacy of definite methods of political organization, agriculture, manufactures, or finance. Direct participation in matters of this nature would absorb energies that ought to be devoted to her religious and moral work, and would greatly lessen her influence over the minds and hearts of men. Her attitude toward specific measures of social reform can only be that of judge and guide. When necessity warrants it, she pronounces upon their moral character, condemning them if they are bad, encouraging them if they are good. They come within her province only in so far as they involve the principles of morality.

With regard to the moral aspect of existing social and industrial conditions, the Church does lay down sufficiently definite principles. They are almost all contained in the Encyclical, "On the Condition of Labor," issued by Pope Leo XIII. Passing over his declarations on society, the family, Socialism, the State, woman labor, child labor, organization, and arbitration, let us emphasize his pronouncement that the laborer has a moral claim to a wage that will support himself and his family in reasonable and frugal comfort. Beside this principle let us put the traditional Catholic teaching concerning monopolies, the just price of goods, and fair profits. If these doctrines were enforced throughout the industrial world the social problem would soon be within measurable distance of a satisfactory solution. If all workingmen received living-wages in humane conditions of employment, and if all capital obtained only moderate and reasonable profits, the serious elements of the problem remaining would soon solve themselves.

But the social principles here referred to are all very general in character. They are of very little practical use unless they are made specific and applied in detail to concrete industrial relations. Does the Church satisfactorily perform this task? Well, it is a task that falls upon the bishops and the priests rather than upon the central authority at Rome. For example, the teaching of Pope Leo about a living-wage, child labor, woman labor, oppressive hours of work, etc., can be properly applied to any region only by the local clergy, who are acquainted with the precise circumstances, and whose duty it is to convert general principles into specific regulations. In this connection another extract from the private letter cited above may be found interesting and suggestive: "If the same fate is not to overcome us that has overtaken—and justly—the Church in Europe, the Catholic Church here will have to see that it cannot commend itself to the masses of the people by begging Dives to be more lavish of his crumbs to Lazarus, or by moral inculcations to employers to deal with their employees in a more Christian manner." There is some exaggeration in both clauses of this sentence. The defection of large numbers of the people from the Church in certain countries of Europe cannot be ascribed to any single cause. Some of its causes antedate the beginnings of the modern social question; others are not social or industrial at all; and still others

would have produced a large measure of damaging results despite the most intelligent and most active efforts of the clergy. When due allowance has been made for all these factors it must still be admitted that the losses in question would have been very much smaller, possibly would have been comparatively easy to restore, had the clergy, bishops and priests, realized the significance, extent, and vitality of modern democracy, economic and political, and if they had done their best to permeate it with the Christian principles of social justice. On the other hand, where, as in Germany and Belgium, the clergy have made serious efforts to apply these principles both by teaching and action the movement of anti-clericalism has made comparatively little headway. At any rate, the better position of the Church and the superior vitality of religion among the people in these two countries, can be traced quite clearly to the more enlightened attitude of their clergy toward the social problem.

The second clause of the quotation given above underestimates, by implication at least, the value of charity as a remedy for industrial abuses. It cannot, indeed, be too strongly nor too frequently insisted that charity is not a substitute for justice; on the other hand, any solution of the social problem based solely upon conceptions of justice, and not wrought out and continued in the spirit of charity, would be cold, lifeless, and in all probability of short duration. If men endeavor to treat each other merely as equals, ignoring their relation as brothers, they cannot long maintain pure and adequate notions of justice, nor apply the principles of justice fully and fairly to all individuals. The personal and the human element will be wanting. Were employers and employees deliberately and sincerely to attempt to base all their economic relations upon Christian charity, upon the Golden Rule, they would necessarily and automatically place these relations upon a basis of justice. For true and adequate charity includes justice, but justice does not include charity. However, the charity that the writer of the letter condemns is neither true nor adequate; it neither includes justice, nor is of any value in the present situation.

Let it be at once admitted that the clergy of America have done comparatively little to apply the social teachings of the Church, or in particular of the Encyclical "On the Condition

of Labor," to our industrial relations. The bishops who have made any pronouncements in the matter could probably be counted on the fingers of one hand, while the priests who have done so are not more numerous proportionally. But there are good reasons for this condition of things. The moral aspects of modern industry are extremely difficult to evaluate correctly; its physical aspects and relations are very complicated and not at all easy of comprehension; and the social problem has only in recent times begun to become acute. Add to these circumstances the fact that the American clergy have for the most part been very busy organizing parishes, building churches and schools, and providing the material equipment of religion generally, and you have a tolerably sufficient explanation of their failure to study the social problem, and expound the social teaching of the Church.

The same conditions account for the comparative inactivity of the American clergy in the matter of social *works*. Up to the present their efforts have been confined to the maintenance of homes for defectives and dependents, and the encouragement of charitable societies. In some of the countries of Europe, particularly Germany and Belgium, and more recently France and Italy, bishops and priests have engaged more or less directly in a great variety of projects for the betterment of social conditions, such as, co-operative societies, rural banks, workingmen's gardens, etc. Obviously activities of this kind are not the primary duty of the clergy, but are undertaken merely as means to the religious and moral improvement of the people. The extent to which any priest or bishop ought to engage in them is a matter of local expediency. So far as general principles are concerned, a priest could with as much propriety assist and direct building societies, co-operative associations of all sorts, settlement houses, consumer's leagues, child labor associations, and a great variety of other social reform activities, as he now assists and directs orphan asylums, parochial schools, St. Vincent de Paul societies, or temperance societies. None of these is a purely religious institution; all of them may be made effective aids to Christian life and Christian faith.

The necessity for both social teaching and social works by our American clergy is very great and very urgent. To this extent the sentence quoted in the body of this paper is not

an exaggeration. There is a very real danger that large masses of our workmen will, before many years have gone by, have accepted unchristian views concerning social and industrial institutions, and will have come to look upon the Church as indifferent to human rights and careful only about the rights of property. Let any one who doubts this statement take the trouble to get the confidence and the opinions of a considerable number of intelligent Catholic trade unionists, and to become regular readers of one or two representative labor journals. We are now discussing things as they are, not things as we should like to see them, nor yet things as they were fifteen or twenty-five years ago. Persons who are unable to see the possibility of an estrangement, such as has occurred in Europe, between the people and the clergy in America, forget that modern democracy is twofold, political and economic, and that the latter form has become much the more important. By economic democracy is meant the movement toward a more general and more equitable distribution of economic power and goods and opportunities. At present this economic democracy shows, even in our country, a strong tendency to become secular if not anti-Christian. Here again we are dealing with the actual facts of to-day. Consequently, unless the clergy shall be able and willing to understand, appreciate, and sympathetically direct the aspirations of economic democracy, it will inevitably become more and more unchristian, and pervert all too rapidly a larger and larger proportion of our Catholic population.

DID THE CHURCH BURN JOAN OF ARC?

BY J. H. LE BRETON GIRDLESTONE.



WHENEVER a bishop in France invites the faithful to his Cathedral to celebrate a festival in honor of Joan of Arc, there is certain to be found in some local paper a protest against the cynicism of the Church who claims to-day as her glorious ornament the victim whom she formerly excommunicated. Posters may be read on the walls "against the clergy taking possession of this glorious memory, against this shameless exploiting of her by the clerical party." In the towns in which there is a statue of the Maid, the Masonic lodge lays at its feet a crown, like that recently seen at Paris which bore the inscription: "To Joan of Arc, heretic and lapsed, abandoned by the Royal party, burnt by the Church." But the indignation of the free-thinkers attains its height when it sees the Church claiming Joan so far even as to place her upon the altar. "What!" they say, "was not Joan of Arc proclaimed by the judges at Rouen heretic, lapsed, sorceress; did she not die in revolt, cursing the priests, her executioners?" A free-thinking author has even gone so far as to say, "Joan's anti-clerical sentiments point her out as the fitting patroness of free thought." M. Delpech, senator, formerly president of the council of the Masonic order, in a pamphlet of which 50,000 copies were printed, tries to prove the impudence of that religion which, after having martyred the Maid, exploits her prestige for its own purposes with the populace.

All these accusations are unjust. It is true that the judges who condemned Joan were, for the most part, priests and that their president was the Bishop of Beauvais, the infamous Cauchon. But the priests do not represent the Catholic religion. When the priests are bad, in revolt against the Church, when they act without its authority and usurp a jurisdiction which it refuses them, they are its enemies and it is not responsible for their misdeeds. One might as well say that the Reformation was the work of the Church and had the Church's

approval, because its author was a Catholic monk! In this article we hope to show:

- (1) That the Rouen judges represented the University of Paris with its personal enmity against the Liberator of France;
- (2) That they in no way represented the Church, but acted indeed rather in revolt against it;
- (3) That the Church has nothing to reproach herself with in regard to the heroine's martyrdom.

I.—IT WAS THE UNIVERSITY WHICH ORDERED JOAN'S DEATH.

Dr. Richer wrote in 1628: "The University of Paris threw the first stone of scandal at the Maid." Now that all the documents are better known, we understand why the Sorbonne threw its stones with such fury. Let us see first of all the reasons which made it so act, the causes of the furious hate which it showed against the innocent girl.

A. Why the University Hated Joan.—For a quarter of a century the forces of life and the resources of France had been in the hands of England; she it was who distributed the bishoprics, canonries, rich prebends, benefices, and all the lucrative situations. For this reason the University had turned to the English king, flattering him with shameful servility. It had condemned and dethroned the little King of Bourges, too poor to satisfy the ambition and greed of its professors. It had placed its teaching and intellectual authority, which was considerable, at the service of England. The University was the life and soul of the Burgundian party, which was sold to England, and had even partly turned public opinion towards England. Its great work had been the treaty of Troyes, which it had prepared and inspired, seven of its doctors having drawn it up. Henry of Lancaster, the victor of Agincourt, was recognized as King of France in that treaty, and Charles the Dauphin was declared, with all of his lineage, ineligible for the crown; France became an English colony. Suddenly Joan appears. She declares that right is on the Dauphin's side, and that consequently God is with him. She claims to have been sent from heaven to place him on the throne of his ancestors, and to drive away Henry Plantagenet.

Joan is in direct opposition to the University. If she finds credit in the country, and if she supports her affirmation by victories, the *Alma Mater* is stricken to the heart, convinced

of treachery and imposture, and the whole building of miserable lies falls to the ground. And, as a matter of fact, the Maid triumphs, each of her successes, at Orleans, at Patay, at Troyes, being a wound to the proud University which it will not forgive. The doctors represent the English party, while Joan is the incarnation of patriotism. She ruins their prestige, while the consecration at Rheims destroys their great work, the treaty of Troyes. Here we have the real reason why these wretched men hated her with a deadly hate.

Cauchon was the man who played the chief part in the crime committed at Rouen. Now Cauchon was one of the most illustrious sons of the University of Paris, and in addition to the reasons which his colleagues had for hating the Maid, he had certain others peculiar to himself. First pupil, then doctor, and finally, in 1403, rector of the University of Paris, he joined the party of Caboché in 1412 and 1413. Proscribed as traitor, malefactor, and murderer by the Armagnacs, he took refuge with the Duke of Burgundy, John the Fearless. He returned to Paris with his party, and was one of the instigators of the treaty of Troyes in 1420. In reward for his services, England and the University jointly nominated him to the bishopric of Beauvais, 4th of September, 1420.

But, lo and behold! Joan of Arc turns the tide of fortune against the English. Cauchon is, of course, irritated and furious, like all his University colleagues, but soon a personal reason envenoms his hate. Beauvais declares for the King of France, and in 1429 drives out its unworthy bishop. This is the result of Joan's success, consequently Cauchon attributes his disgrace to her, and vows deadly vengeance against her.

B. The University Wreaks Vengeance upon Joan.—While waiting for the moment when it can take vengeance upon Joan, the University falls savagely upon a poor little peasant girl, Pieronne or Périnaik of Brittany, who, after having faithfully served Joan of Arc, had the misfortune to fall into the hands of the Parisian doctors. She had the audacity to declare that the Maid had been sent by God, and for this crime was burnt alive at Paris on the 3d of September, 1430, as her 'mistress' accomplice. All honor to the poor little Breton girl, too little known nowadays, Joan of Arc's humble servant, who bore witness before her by shedding her blood for the truth and for her country.

But if the University showed such savage fury towards a girl who was but the shadow of Joan, what would it not do when it got the prey itself into its power?

On the 24th of May, at Compiègne, Joan fell into the hands of John of Luxembourg, lieutenant-general of the Duke of Burgundy, ally of the English. The news arrived at Paris on the 25th, and the University immediately organized public rejoicings. On the next day it wrote a letter to the Duke of Burgundy asking him to give Joan to the English. It charged Cauchon, one of its former rectors, and at that time Bishop of Beauvais, to write another letter to John of Luxembourg claiming the captive. "Send her here to the Inquisition," it said. It was impatient at Luxembourg's delay and urged him on. At length he gave way, selling his prisoner to the English in November, 1430.

But the University was not yet satisfied; it wanted to get Joan into its clutches. On the 21st of November it wrote to Cauchon telling him to have Joan brought to Paris, and it wrote to the same effect to the King of England. The request was not granted; but still it did not let go of its victim, it followed her to Rouen. As soon as the trial commenced, it sent to Rouen six of its doctors, the best qualified to maintain and, if need be, excite the zeal of the Bishop of Beauvais, and force the English to condemn the innocent girl. Three of them had been, like Cauchon, rectors of the University. They are the inspiring soul of the hideous drama, stimulating the English against the accused girl, and watching to see that she does not escape their vengeance. That this is so is shown by the fact that Cauchon and the English shelter themselves always, whenever they make a decision, behind the authority of the *Alma Mater*. These doctors of the University are, together with the Bishop of Beauvais, the persons really responsible for the heroine's death, and they should be known.

Thomas Courcelles was rector of the Sorbonne from the 10th of October to the 16th of December, 1430. He had urged Luxembourg to give Joan up to the English, and at Rouen he was one of her bitterest enemies. When the tribunal discussed the question whether she should be put to the torture or not, only three monsters voted for the torture and he was one of them.

William Erard, also a rector of the University. He was made rector for the first time in 1421, and had been named

again to that post four or five times subsequently. He was sold to the English, body and soul. In the famous sitting held in the Rouen cemetery, on the 24th of May, six days before Joan's death, he dared to address her as heretic, schismatic, sorceress, and monster in a harangue which was equally hypocritical and impudent.

John Beaupère was rector of the University of Paris in 1412. He was one of those who drew up the treaty of Troyes, and was a devoted supporter of the English against France.

Nicholas Midi. At Rouen it was he who was entrusted with the duty of persuading Joan to own herself guilty by exhortations known as *caritatives*. In spite of his hypocritical eloquence, he failed, but in a final *caritative* he uttered the last insult against the angelic child at the moment when she was about to die.

Nicholas Loiseleur, doctor of the University, an ardent friend of England, was very hostile to Joan. He died suddenly soon afterwards.

John d'Estivet, Canon of Beauvais, appointed by Cauchon to be Joan's accuser. He was a violent and vulgar being, and prevented Joan from receiving Communion, and even from going into the prison chapel.

In spite of the activity of its delegates, the trial was not sufficiently expeditious for the University, and it sought to hasten the end. An occasion offered. The Council of Basle was to open on the 3d of March, and the Sorbonne nominated five delegates charged to represent it there. But in spite of their desire to be present at the opening of the solemn assembly, the delegates decided to go first to Rouen to stir the judges out of their lethargy. They arrived on the 3d of March. For a week they deliberated with their six colleagues on the answers of the accused girl, these answers being so orthodox, so wise, and so luminous that they feared she would be acquitted. They decided that it would not be safe to let her appear before the fifty judges who had presided at the sittings until then, and finally they managed to arrange that she should only be questioned before seven or eight carefully chosen witnesses.

At the same time they drew up twelve articles, a false summary of the pretended confessions of Joan. They took this document to Paris, and laid it before the learned Corporation which *qualified* the prisoner's answers, *i. e.*, marked against

each of them an atrocious judgment describing Joan as cheat, traitress, sorceress, heretic, monster thirsting for blood. The five delegates returned to Rouen bringing these qualifications, and also two letters, one for the English king and the other for Cauchon, adjuring these two persons to hasten the sentence of death. These various documents and the urgency of the doctors of Paris removed all the judges' scruples and decided the condemnation.

It is thus abundantly clear that the murderers of Joan of Arc were the doctors of the University of Paris. Without them the English would never have burnt her, but merely have kept her prisoner.

II.—THE UNIVERSITY IN NO WAY REPRESENTED THE CHURCH.

We have just seen that Joan's judges represented the University. From this it might be concluded that the Catholic religion was guilty, for the Sorbonne was composed of distinguished priests, it was one of the most important organizations in the Church and a center of light and learning. But to draw such a conclusion would be most false. The celebrated University shows itself in a most unfavorable light from the patriotic point of view, when it was turned against its country by the ambition and greed of its professors. And from the religious point of view its position is equally bad. Its attitude towards the Church, whether outside the trial or during the trial itself, is such that instead of being its instrument it is rather its adversary. The University of Paris acted throughout the whole affair as the enemy both of its country and its Church.

Let us consider three proofs of this.

A. The Judges of Joan Were in Revolt Against the Church.
—They could only represent the Church if, firstly, in their ordinary conduct they were priests truly Catholic, orthodox, submissive in heart and soul to the Holy See; in a word, in perfect communion with the Church in ideas and sentiments; and if, secondly, in the trial itself, they acted in virtue of a certain jurisdiction and according to canonical rules. But if, on the contrary, it is proved that these priests were half in schism, half in revolt, against the Church which they wished to upset and revolutionize, it would be as unjust to see in them its representatives, as it would be to regard Luther, the Catholic monk, as its mouthpiece. We arrive at the same conclusion if we show that, so far from having exercised a regular juris-

diction, they usurped their power and wished to withdraw Joan of Arc from the Church's real tribunal.

The University of Paris had long been known for its schismatic tendencies. One of its most famous doctors, Peter Plaoul, said to Charles VI., that the diocese of Rome was like the diocese of Paris, and that consequently the Pope was as any other bishop; that his executive power was inferior to the king's authority; that the Pope could err, and that the Church alone, assembled in council, was infallible. At Constance three hundred doctors of the University of Paris brought about a decision to the effect that the Council was superior to the Sovereign Pontiff. This was more than a usurpation by the episcopate of the authority of the Holy See; it was an outbreak of clerical democracy against the Pope's monarchical authority, because it was twenty thousand clerics arming themselves with the right to vote, and seeking to alter the Church's constitution.

The Rouen judges, who were Sorbonne doctors, shared these heterodox sentiments. They sought to overturn the order established by Christ by substituting their authority for that of the Roman Pontiff. Many of these men professed the same errors later on at Basle, going to the Council held there that same year.

This synod of Basle was schismatic not merely, as is sometimes said, after its transference to Ferrara in 1437, but from its very opening, as the Pope himself declared. In its earliest sittings its members, and among them the doctors of Paris, decreed without any right or shadow of reason that they constituted an ecumenical council, though they had present only a dozen bishops or mitred abbots! When they learnt that the Pope had dissolved the assembly, they refused to separate, declaring themselves the representatives of the Universal Church and superior to the Pope. The revolt became more and more acute, until at length it became grotesque. The members summoned Eugenius IV. to appear before them to answer their charges, and as he did not come they deposed him, excommunicated him, and delivered him over to the secular arm to be burnt like Joan of Arc. Finally they elected in his place the antipope, Felix V.

The University of Paris was the moving spirit of this council. It was thoroughly imbued with the schismatic spirit, and its delegates had already brought this same spirit to Joan's trial. Can it be said that such men represented the Church

against which they conspired? Many of our Rouen acquaintances were among the rebels of Basle. Thomas Courcelles, who had just brought about the Maid's condemnation, was the oracle of the council, and the soul of the opposition to the Holy See; he is known as the author of the most audacious of the decrees, *Decretorum Basiliensium præcipuus fabricator*. Quicherat calls him the father of Gallican liberty. Can it be said that this man, the enemy of the Pope, the mainstay of the antipope, the precursor (as he has been called) of Luther and Calvin, was a true representative of the Church which he betrayed and rent in pieces? William Erard was also one of the fathers of Basle, and one of the most violent adversaries of the Holy See. Is he the Church? Nicholas Midi did not go to Basle, but he corresponded with the rebels from Paris and encouraged them, defying Rome from Paris. Is he the Church? John Beaupère and Nicholas Loiseleur were among the most obstinate supporters of Basle; are they the Church? At Rouen, it is true, they had not yet openly declared themselves schismatics, but they were so already, not merely in heart, but also (as we shall see) in deed and in word. They were the enemies both of their Church and their country.

A very simple argument will show us how unjust it is to identify them with the Church. They were Frenchmen, but no one would say that they represented France, or that France in their person condemned Joan of Arc. Why not? Because they had repudiated France, and gone over to the foreigner's service. In like manner, although they were priests, no one could say that they represented the Catholic and Roman Church, for they had denied it and gone over, morally if not officially, to schism and to serve the cause of schism.

B. In the Trial Itself the Judges Had no Jurisdiction.—Doubtless the bishops and inquisitors were judges of the faith; so far as that goes Cauchon and his assessors had a right to summon Joan to their tribunal to examine her sentiments and her deeds, but only with the greatest justice and the greatest kindness. Soon, however, an event of the highest importance took place which completely annulled this jurisdiction. It was an uncontested principle that, in matters of faith, when an accused person made an appeal to the Pope, immediately and *ipso facto*, all other jurisdiction but that of the Roman Pontiff was abrogated, and the person who had made the appeal belonged to no jurisdiction but that of the Holy See, to which

he had the right to be taken. What took place in such circumstances was the same thing that happened when, under the Roman Empire, a man had said: "I am a Roman citizen and I appeal to Cæsar"; by the mere fact of his appeal he escaped from the power of the governors and had to be taken to Rome.

Now Joan of Arc was one day inspired to say: "I appeal to the Pope"; and by virtue of this appeal she ceased to be in the jurisdiction of Cauchon and the other Rouen judges. This circumstance was brought up later at the rehabilitation trial in 1455, and it was then declared that it made the trial of 1431 null and void.

But even in 1431 Joan's judges were conscious of the canonical illegality and the usurpation of jurisdiction of which they had made themselves guilty, and the answer which they made her, far from excusing them, shows them yet further separated from the Church and yet more unworthy to represent her. They told her that the Pope was too far away, and that moreover the Church was not with the Pope but "with the clerks and people who have cognizance in this matter," *i. e.*, with the gentlemen of the University of Paris. They act upon a schismatic principle, and that knowingly, for they allow that they are acting, not merely without the Pope's authority but in spite of his authority, for they disdain it. They are furious at Joan's appeal, which upsets all their plans; having entered upon the way of evil they determine to continue in it to the very end. The tribunal constituted by them is irregular, incompetent, without authority, in rebellion against the Church. Once again, on these further grounds, they are not her representatives. It was not the Catholic religion which condemned and burnt Joan of Arc; it was a *latrocinium*, an assembly of brigands in schism from the Church.

In every age these evil priests have existed, but they have never been regarded as representing the Church they dishonored. Judas was a priest, a bishop even, since he was an Apostle, but does he represent the Apostolic College and the Church? The great heresiarchs were almost all monks, priests, or bishops—Arius, Macedonius, Eutyches, Nestorius, Donatus, Luther, Calvin—but do they represent the Church? Well, then, no more do Cauchon, Courcelles, Loiseleur, and d'Estivet represent the Church. These men do not belong to the Church, for by their acts they put themselves outside it.

C. *The Testimony of Joan.*—In this matter of the responsibility for Joan's martyrdom, there is one testimony which is not sufficiently examined, and that is the testimony of Joan herself. She knew as well as any one who was responsible for her death; she saw better than any one who were her real enemies. Did she herself, then, attribute her death to the Catholic Church?

The enemies of the Church think sometimes that here they can score a victory. Not only, say they, did Joan regard the Church as guilty of her death, but she even cursed it, dying in revolt against this sect of bloodthirsty bishops and priests. Before dying she drew herself up to her full height and thus addressed the Church in the person of its bishop: "Bishop, it is through you that I die." But there is a confusion here which Joan's own words easily dispel. So far from having accused the Church, she seems to have taken trouble to exonerate it before posterity. So far from dying in a state of rebellion, she solemnly affirmed with her last breath her love and respect for religion; her love and respect, I say, but not her pardon. She never thought of pardoning the Church, for she never imagined the Church had done her harm, and three facts prove this.

The first fact is her appeal to the Pope. She clearly did not regard the Rouen tribunal as representative of the Church, since she claimed a higher jurisdiction; and she showed that unmistakably when she said to Cauchon: "You who pretend to be my judge." She considers the Pope to be her true judge and her true father. Rome is in her eyes the supreme authority, the sovereign justice; in a word, the Church is the mother to whom she confidently appeals.

The second fact lies in those well known words, spoken by her just before her death, and which clearly explain her thought. When she cried: "Bishop, it is through you that I die," she immediately added these words which give us her exact meaning: "If you had put me into the prisons of the Church," she said, "and entrusted me to ecclesiastical guardians, instead of handing me over to the secular power, nothing of this would have happened." Could she have expressed her thought more clearly? "If the Church had judged me," she practically says, "it would not have condemned me. But the Church has not dealt with me, for you have not allowed my appeal. I have *not* been entrusted to *ecclesiastical* guar-

dians. It is you, Bishop, who have torn me from my mother the Church and given me over to the secular power, *i. e.*, to the lay power which is putting me to death." Joan, so far from accusing the Church and cursing it, longs after it, and complains that she has not appeared before its tribunal.

Now for the third fact: it shows us how infinitely far away she was from the sentiments of rebellion attributed to her by the Church's foes. When the infamous Nicholas Midi said to her: "You are a Saracen"; Joan started with anger at the insult to her faith and her heart, crying: "I am baptized; I am a good Christian and I shall die a good Christian." Again on the 17th of March she made this magnificent profession of faith: "I love the Church and desire to support it with all my power and to die for the Christian faith." Is that the cry of one in revolt? On the contrary, it is the testament of a saint who dies in the faith and love of the Catholic, Apostolic, and Roman Church. If Joan were with us now, and could read those pages in which the French Freemasons congratulate her on her rebellion against the Church, and propose to take her as the patroness of free thought, she would raise herself in indignation against them, as she formerly did against Nicholas Midi, and say to them: "I am no more free-thinker than Saracen; I am still the good Christian whom your precursors burnt." For the false judges of Rouen had very much more in common with the unbelievers of to-day than with the Church of their own time.

Artists may attempt to mislead public opinion by painting beside the stake where Joan was burnt the purple cassock of a French bishop and the scarlet of an English cardinal, two men who represent nothing but the basest human passions, but they will never be able to paint the white robe of a pope stained with her blood, and he alone represents the spotless honor of the Church.

III. THE CHURCH HAS NOTHING TO REPROACH HERSELF WITH IN REGARD TO JOAN'S DEATH.

But if the Church had nothing to do with the Maid's martyrdom, can we say that it always did what it could for the poor child? If we examine the question with an open mind we shall see that it could not have acted otherwise. Let us consider its attitude towards Joan before, during, and after the trial at Rouen.

A. Before the Trial.—The Church is accused of being opposed to all private inspiration, which it regards as contrary to its authority; it claims to have a monopoly of revelation from heaven and Protestantism has disputed this claim in maintaining the soul's right to hold direct intercourse with God. Joan claimed that right, it is said, and was therefore regarded by the Church as a rebel. As a matter of fact, the Church only rejects private inspiration when it is the offspring of pride and is in contradiction to the authentic revelation of God, because God cannot contradict Himself. When the revelation comes clearly from heaven, so far from opposing it, the Church approves of it, and teaches that the soul which has had the honor of receiving it ought to believe in and obey it. And this is what it did for Joan. The prelates and priests who examined the young girl at Poitiers recognized the supernatural character of her "voices," and told the king that he could trust her. We possess several of their reports, and they are models of prudence. The Church could do no more; it was with sympathy and tenderness that it saw the child clearly sent by heaven to France. It walked with her, blessed her, and sustained her.

B. During the Trial.—We have already seen that the bandits who usurped her authority did not represent the Church. Happily not all the Rouen judges were miserable wretches like Cauchon, Courcelles, and Loiseleur, but unfortunately the evil ones prevailed by virtue of their audacity, while the good who declared for the Maid were driven out, persecuted, or reduced to silence.

Amongst the good judges, Houpeville was thrown into prison; the canonist Lohier was obliged to fly, or he would have suffered the same fate as Joan; the canon Fontaine opposed for some time the bloodthirsty rabble, but he also had to fly; Isambart de la Pierre, a Dominican, was threatened with death. Others, less prominent and therefore less exposed, were of the opinion that Joan should be sent to be tried by the Holy See. But the most influential and most noisy of the University professors prevailed.

Besides these good priests, Joan's powerless friends who sought in vain to save her at Rouen, there was the Church as represented in France by the other bishops and at Rome by the Pope. But what could it do? It could not interfere, for communication was slow and distance distorted the events tak-

ing place. No one could know or even suspect the illegalities and infamies committed at Rouen, and it was naturally supposed that everything was happening according to the rules of justice. When at length the designs of the judges were known, it was too late to interfere. And moreover who could have acted efficiently? Nothing less than a military force could have snatched their prey from men who felt themselves strong in the protection of the English army, and who claimed to be acting with authority. The Church did not save Joan of Arc because it was absolutely powerless to do so.

C. After the Trial.—Later on, in 1455, the Church rehabilitated Cauchon's victim. At the request of Joan's family, Pope Calixtus III. ordered the revision of the trial of Rouen; and this revision, begun in 1455 at Notre Dame in Paris, was finished the next year at Rouen. One hundred and thirty witnesses were heard, light was thrown upon the matter, the verdict of Cauchon was solemnly annulled, and Joan proclaimed innocent. Without this fresh trial and these official depositions, sought for and collected by the Church, the calumnies of the Rouen trial would never have been cleared up and dispelled for us. It is the Church, then, who has made the memory and the glory of Joan safe from the attacks of lies and insults.

But why, it has been asked, did the Church wait five and twenty years before doing justice to the Maid?

We must bear in mind the character of those times, the habitual slowness of the courts of law, a slowness explained by the temperament of a generation less in a hurry than ours and by the difficulty of communication. Allowance must be made for political complications, for the danger of irritating the English, for the necessity of letting tempers grow calm and of allowing light to come out of the obscurities of a process the issues of which had been purposely entangled and confused. Moreover the Church could only commence the revision of a trial after an appeal to annul the verdict had been made to it; the first step had to be taken by Joan's family. Was the mother of the Maid indifferent to her daughter's memory? No, the delay was due to the force of events. Even so, it would be unjust to blame the Church which could not go faster than the family itself.

Even at the time, moreover, when the Church undertook the retrial of the case, she had to face difficulties for which

she deserves credit. In carrying it out, she gave great annoyance to the English government, which had ordered all its agents to support the justice of the condemnation; to the Duke of Burgundy, who owed her a grudge for it; to the University especially, as being the chief culprit. Nay more, she laid bare the iniquities of a large number of priests, and thus gave her enemies a handle of which modern free thought has not failed to avail itself in abusing the clergy. Yet she did not hesitate to encounter these risks, because she only wished for truth and justice. The Church merely did her duty, no doubt, but courage was needed to fulfill it.

The Church then has nothing to reproach herself with in regard to the Maid; but heresy and free thought cannot say the same. The Gallican and half-schismatic University wished to besmirch the memory of the pious young girl by burning her body, and the University is the chief culprit. Protestantism broke the monuments and statues of the heroine in the past; Voltaire, the father of unbelief, tried to defile her in a filthy book; the Revolution forbade her festivals, and the Empire restored them; the Freemasons have at one time insulted her, at another time glorified her with praises, worse than any insults, as misrepresenting her mission and taking from her her halo of sainthood. The Church alone has the right to be proud of Joan.

Articles have been written which say that no one party ought to claim Joan. "She belongs to all," in the hackneyed phrase of the day. But Joan does not and cannot belong to a party which blasphemes her faith, denies her God, scoffs at the ideal which dominated her life. To the free-thinker who would lay hands upon her, as to the soldier who tried to outrage her in her prison, she cries out: "Back, wretch, and respect me." Joan belongs to us, Christians, because she belonged to the great family of believers up to the very moment of her death. She belongs to us, because we alone can explain her mission, as she herself explained it, by voices from heaven. She belongs to us, because we alone leave to her that supernatural inspiration which she claimed. She belongs to us, lastly, because the Church alone can praise her without stint or qualification.

TALLY-HO.

BY PAMELA GAGE.



MR. THOMAS COLLIER, going down the steps of Beechcroft House on a gray March morning, was quite unconcerned as to whether Tally-ho had won the Waterloo Cup or not.

The thing with which he was concerned was that he had just succeeded in getting a dying man's signature to a will which dispossessed his favorite nephew, and that it reposed very snugly in his bag at that moment.

He might be excused for looking as though he had seen a ghost when an outside car drove rapidly in sight and there lit down from it the very youth who had just been dispossessed. Jack Hartigan was a pleasant sight enough to most people, but Mr. Collier would at this moment just as soon have seen the devil.

"How is he?" asked Jack Hartigan eagerly. "And has he heard about the Cup?"

Mr. Collier turned pale and then red.

"He is unconscious," he said, "and I do not think he will ever be conscious again. We were not thinking of dogs and coursing. I daresay the news has reached the village. They were carousing there last night, and I know that all the stable-boys and kennel-men were absent. Beechcroft was empty except for a couple of servants and the nurse and myself. I sat with my poor old friend."

Jack Hartigan's eye fell on the black bag and he smiled.

"You've been making a new will I see, Mr. Collier," he said suavely, "a will by which my Cousin Rody, who report says is engaged to your daughter, succeeds to Beechcroft. Not that I care about it. But I wanted to see the dear old man while he could know me. Why didn't you send for me?"

"It was no business of mine to send for you." Long lines of rose had come out in the eastern sky. Momentarily the day was brightening; and the light revealed the long, sinister, mean face of the attorney and the malignity of his gaze. "My poor friend had no wish to see you while he was conscious. You can force your presence upon him now he can no longer forbid you the house."

For a moment Jack Hartigan's usually simple and friendly face wore such an expression that Mr. Collier stepped quickly to one side.

"Because you filled his ears with poison against me," the young man said with a quietness which seemed full of omen. "Because you dared to smirch my love for Alice Fitzgerald. I know you, you villain, and the stories you brought him. If you had told them of Rody they might not have been so easy to disprove."

With a hurried movement Mr. Collier put several feet between himself and Jack Hartigan. The outside car which had brought the latter was not yet out of sight and hearing. He whistled shrilly and started out in pursuit of it.

"Bedad, he doesn't make a bad sprinter," Jack Hartigan said to himself with a somewhat mournful humor. "It would be better than Lisdoonvarna, so it would, for Tommy, if he was to meet me often and me in a bad temper!"

He turned about and glanced sadly round the velvety lawn, off which the mists were rising as the day grew brighter. The flower-beds were revealing their brightness of crocus and tulip out of the mists. One or two tall elms and a magnificent copper beech were thickening with buds. Beyond the park and its many ancient, twisted May-trees, rose the mountains dark against the eastern sky. The sun just looking over the mountains suddenly sparkled in the distant river. At one side was the walled garden, a delightful place of flowers and fruit, in their season. Beyond a bare shrubbery were the stable-yard and the kennels.

"Poor Uncle Tony!" said the lad to himself with a pang of compassion. "It's hard for him to be leaving it all on such a morning. And never to know that Tally-ho has won the Waterloo Cup. The poor old man, I wish they could have kept him conscious for that."

He turned the handle of the house-door as he had turned it familiarly for so many years, and went into the hall where the furniture he knew like the faces of friends glimmered in the early dimness. There was the cold, pure air of early morning and early March in the house. The doors that gave upon the hall were closed. There was not a sound in the house, but as his foot touched the first step of the stairs something hurled itself down upon him in a rapture of fawning and whimpering.

"Ah, Nell, old girl," he said, fondling the spaniel's silken head. "So you haven't forgotten me! But it is a sad hour, isn't it, that I come back in?"

He went up the carpeted stairs to the wide corridor above, the dog fawning about his feet. He glanced at the old-fashioned clock, which showed the ages of the moon and the day of the month, as he passed. The hands pointed to half past six o'clock. While he stood there it struck the hour huskily.

Before he could knock at the door of his uncle's room it was opened and an elderly woman came out, who displayed a joy almost as extravagant and just as quiet as the spaniel's at sight of him.

"Glory be to God! Master Jack, is it you?" she said, lifting her hands. Her rosy cheeks were streaked with tears and her vividly-blue eyes had red rims about them. "Sure he's nearly gone, the poor master! And none of his own near him! If it wasn't for me and Tim Carmody 'tis left alone he'd be while the fine lady sent for from Dublin is havin' her naps. An' 'tis nappin' she is most o' the day now except whin the doctor's expected. Not that she minds *him*. He wasn't here yesterday at all. Wasn't it Crom Races? 'The man's practically moribund,' says he, the night before last. There was a way to spake o' the poor masther, him that was proud enough to put his legs under our mahogany in the good old times."

She lifted her white apron to staunch the fast-running tears.

"And where is Master Rody, Mary?" Jack Hartigan asked sternly.

"Och, the sorra wan o' me knows. Somewhere he oughtn't to be, I'll take me oath o' that. The last day he kem the poor master was just fallin' into a sleep. He was terrible wake, but he had the stren'th to ring the bell. 'Take this man away,' he says, whin Tim answered it; 'he has drink on him.' 'Twas only be the inducement of the drink we got Master Rody to go quite. He went off that evenin', glory be to God! an' we haven't seen him since."

"Your message only found me yesterday. I wish I had been here sooner. I've traveled ever since to get here in time."

"Without bite or sup. I know you, Master Jack," said the woman affectionately.

"Never mind me, Mary. I can do very well till the house is stirring. Let me see him. Is he alone?"

"He is, Master Jack, except for his poor oudl Mary. That

hussy of a nurse is gone to her bed. She was away to it the minute Mr. Collier, bad luck to him! was out o' the house. I'll call up Tim and he'll have a bit of breakfast for you in next to no time. Sure it 'ud do *him* no good for you to be starvin'. He always liked every wan to ha' their fill of mate an' drink. He wouldn't turn a beggar from his door."

She preceded him tip-toe into the big room where the great four-poster stood in which Anthony Glynn had been born, from which his soul was about to wing its flight.

While Jack Hartigan stood by the side of the bed she went softly and drew up the blind. The light came with a rush into the darkened room. All the birds were singing now and a young hound barked from the kennels and was answered by the throats of the pack.

Jack Hartigan, looking down at the face on the pillow, broke into a sudden hard sob. The face was so altered from the old, weather-beaten, rosy face that had so often beamed love and confidence into his own. His breast heaved. He covered his face with his hands. It was all so bitterly wrong. The old man had cared for him more than for any one in the world; and he had returned the love in full measure. Then had come Alice Fitzgerald, the gray-eyed, dark haired, milky-skinned daughter of a neighboring farmer. No match perhaps for a nephew of Anthony Glynn, his favorite nephew, the heir in all probability to Beechcroft. The heir of Beechcroft should marry into a family the equal of his own.

But—it was not the *mésalliance* that Anthony Glynn so bitterly resented. The *mésalliance* was something he had not thought of. Proud, obstinate, prejudiced as he was, if he had seen Alice Fitzgerald, he might have acknowledged that Jack was right to forget the social differences. Alice's father, Michael Fitzgerald, would have smiled at the idea of a Fitzgerald being below a Glynn; but there was no end to the folly and vanity of some of those who claimed descent from the old families.

Anthony Glynn had heard the tale of Jack's infatuation for the farmer's daughter from one who knowingly or unknowingly contaminated the innocent romance.

Old Anthony had raved and sworn. The Glynns had always walked cleanly among their humbler neighbors. He would have no shame, no scandal, no disgrace. By heavens! if one of his blood should wrong any innocent girl he would kick him from the doors of Beechcroft, which would never again open to receive him.

Hiding his working face even from the loving old servant who stood watching him, now and again putting her apron to her eyes, Jack Hartigan recalled his own bitter answer that day. His uncle's view of his love-affair seemed the foulest insult to the noblest and purest of women. He had said as much to the flushed, threatening old man, and had flung himself out of the house—to earn money so that he might ask Alice Fitzgerald to be his wife. He had been dealing in horses since—the one thing he knew anything about—and he had been in England when Mary Hogan's message had followed and found him.

A touch on his arm attracted his attention.

"Don't take on like that, Master Jack," Mary said in a trembling voice. "The poor master's not gone yet. Tim says he won't go—not yet. The dogs hasn't howled. Sure the world knows that the bastes can tell when there's a death comin'. *Nor* the banshee. The banshee always followed the family. She was keenin' round the house the night your grandmother, Lord rest her! died. Ah, here's Tim, Master Jack. Isn't it good for sore eyes to see Master Jack, Tim, even at a sorrowful time like this? Sure he's starvin', God help him, and perished with the cowl."

Jack Hartigan shook hands with the old butler silently. He could not trust himself to speak.

"There was bad work doin' last night," said the old butler gloomily. "I wish you could ha' come before, Master Jack. That — Collier, God forgive me, he was shut in wid the master; an' none about only her from the hospital. Was it likely *he* could make a will?" He indicated the scarcely breathing body. "Yet he had him propped up an' guidin' the hand of him not an hour ago, an' herself an' Larry Fagan from the kennels writin' their names for witnesses. I'm glad I never had any scholarship. There's great villainy in it sometimes. As I was goin' up to bed I met Collier comin' down, an' he grinnin' to himself. Thinks I: 'You're ugly enough, my bucko, without that.' I'm afeared you're out o' the will, Master Jack."

"I'm afraid so, Tim. But I'm not the kind money sticks to. What matter about it? I think more of the grief of seeing him lying there, and we not friends at the last."

"He was axin' for you the very last night he had his wits. It was what made Mary write to you. She was afeared of her

bad writin' that it 'ud never reach you; but she daren't trust another. You know Tally-ho has won the Cup, Master Jack? And to think he wouldn't live to know it!"

The two went away and left the young man alone with the dying man. He stood looking down at the quiet face, his own working. The old man was very nearly gone. Hardly a breath fluttered on his lips. Leaning to listen Jack Hartigan could not hear him breathe. And to think that he was dying without knowing that Tally-ho had won the Waterloo Cup!

Jack had an odd impulse. He looked half-shamefacedly about the room before he acted upon it. The spaniel, lying on the hearthrug, watched him with an eye of tempered rejoicing. He stooped his lips to the dying man's ear. If he could only reach him with the tidings he could not help feeling that his soul would go the happier on its journey. Anthony Glynn had been so proud of Tally-ho, a dog of his own breeding and rearing. And to think that he was bringing home the Cup, and Anthony Glynn not to know it!

"Tally-ho has won the Waterloo Cup," he said, with low distinctness, into the dying man's ear. "Can you hear me? Tally-ho has won the Waterloo Cup. Major Skeffington's Surely Not second; Sir Gilbert Woburn's Water-Wagtail third."

As he bent his head he listened. He had an irrational fancy that now, at last, he could hear his uncle's breathing, a faint, trembling breath, as of one agitated.

He spoke again.

"Tally-ho has won the Waterloo Cup. He will be here this evening. It was a splendid finish."

There was something in the face as he peered into it like the trouble of the gray eastern sky before the dawn breaks. He could not be sure how much of it was due to his imagination. For a second or two he watched the face in an anguish of suspense. Once he almost thought an eyelid fluttered; then—he was not sure. Was Anthony Glynn dying?

He rushed to the bell. Before he could reach it the door opened and Mary Hogan came in.

"Do you see any change in him, Mary? For God's sake look closely at him and say if you see any change in him. He looks to me as though consciousness were coming back to him."

"There's a change in him, sure enough," cried Mary. "Sure Tim's right. The dogs never howled. Myself I stuck

to the banshee. Is it likely he'd die an' she never let a screech out of her? Here's the brandy, sir. I'm thinkin' 'twas the lady herself had more of it than the poor master ever had. An' him used to his few tumblers of punch every night."

The brandy was poured generously into Anthony Glynn's mouth. Some of it ran out again, but some of it was swallowed. In a short space of time there were hot-water bottles packed all about the body which already had the chill of death. Some one had gone, riding hard, for the doctor. Apparently no one thought of the nurse, sleeping soundly after her night's vigil.

The breath came back into the frozen body; the heart went on again pumping blood through the veins; slowly, painfully, the pulses could be discerned growing momentarily stronger. And presently Anthony Glynn opened his eyes.

"Ah, Jack, is it you, my boy?" he asked wearily. "And is it true that Tally-ho has won the Cup?"

"It is quite true."

They gave him some nourishment and he sank off again to sleep; while from the kennels the dogs, going out for exercise two and two, broke into joyful yelping.

Three days later Anthony Glynn was able to sit up. When that time arrived, contrary to all custom, he had Tally-ho brought to his bedside, where he all but wept over the hound's silky head.

A little more time and he was ruling the world about him from his bed, with the old dominant strength. He was talking of the chances of the Cup next year. He was driving his nurse hither and thither and keeping Jack incessantly by his bedside, with an affection which refused to be robbed of the sight of him for a moment. Yet a little longer and there was an exquisite outburst of spring; and all the crocuses were up in the beds and the snowdrops whitened the shrubberies, and under the bare orchard trees the daffodils were beginning to peer. Anthony Glynn in a bath-chair was out on the lawn, where the dogs, old and young, were brought in couples for his inspection, and his hunter, Paladin, came to him to be caressed.

But before that time came he had sent for another lawyer than Mr. Collier, who had been summarily dismissed, and had made a new will.

"Sure I never meant to cut you off, Jack," he said. "I

didn't know what that blackguard was making me do at all, at all. Wouldn't I have been the sorrowful man, whatever the Lord intended for me, if you hadn't called me back to undo what they'd made me do?"

There was a great peace and sweetness over Beechcroft while the master crept slowly back to life and health. Rody had taken it into his head to enlist, so the trouble of him was off the place; and Mr. Collier consoled himself as well as might be for the loss of a client and a son-in-law.

It was a beautiful April day, with primroses in sheets on all the banks and the wild hyacinths springing in the grass, when Anthony Glynn went out driving for the first time after his illness. The people came to the cottage-doors, and called out to him: "God bless your Honor and keep you as well as you are to-day!" which pleased Anthony Glynn, who liked to stand well with his neighbors. Now and again one called out: "Hurroo for Tally-ho!" which delighted the old man. The neighbors they met in carriages or riding or walking stopped to say how glad they were to see Mr. Glynn about again and how sadly lonely the country had felt during his illness.

To these latter he would say, laying a trembling hand on Jack's knee:

"Here is the boy that called me back to life. "I'd have been in Killpadraig now if it wasn't for Jack."

Then the faces would smile on Jack Hartigan, who had always been well liked and was liked still even by those who had daughters to marry and thought it a dreadful pity that Jack should have entangled himself with a farmer's daughter and quarreled with his uncle about her. Indeed to some of them the very evident reconciliation between uncle and nephew brought new hope. Surely the young man had seen the folly of his ways and had given up thinking of a girl so much beneath him.

At Drumkeeran Crossroads, Nick Flynn, the coachman, would have turned to the left towards Knockshambo, for home; but Anthony Glynn shouted at him to take the other road, the one that runs to Kilsheilan.

A mile down the road was a gray stone wall overhung by elm trees, a wide open gate, a lodge, and a winding avenue going to a long, low farmhouse. As they came near the place Jack Hartigan turned red, for there Alice Fitzgerald lived.

He had not seen her for a long time, for neither of them would meet clandestinely; and Michael Fitzgerald had taken Anthony Glynn's attitude towards the love-affair badly, the worse that they had always had a liking for each other.

"Turn in," said Anthony Glynn, as they reached the gates.

The astonished coachman did as he was bidden. Jack looked an amazed question into the old face. Anthony Glynn gave him back a look full of love. And there was Michael Fitzgerald himself, square and sturdy, coming through the white lawn gates of the white house to meet them.

"I'm glad you're better, Mr. Glynn," he said, lifting his proud gray eyes to the face of the man who had hurt him in his tenderest point.

"Thank you, Mr. Fitzgerald. I have brought this lad of mine to see your girl. Let us talk over things. I've come to my senses. You see, I've been near death. Give me your hand, man."

Michael Fitzgerald's hand met his and the two closed in a firm grasp. They looked in each other's eyes and each recognized in the other a man after his own heart.

After that, to judge by the way Anthony Glynn hastened the marriage, one would have thought that Alice Fitzgerald had been his own choice for Jack. He was enraptured with the calm, queenly girl, who looked at the world with such a shining serenity in the depths of her glorious gray eyes, who was fashioned as he held a woman ought to be fashioned, no puny creature, but a gracious, nobly-formed woman, healthy as she was beautiful, and fitted to be the mother of children who should carry on his family if not his name.

He was extremely anxious for the marriage to take place, and would hardly give the bride or the bride's family time to make the preparations they thought needful. It was as though he dreaded that something should happen to prevent the marriage.

Nor would he hear of any honeymoon except the briefest. A week at Killarney and then back to Beechcroft. What more could they want? There was time enough for them to see the world when he was dead.

They yielded to him in everything. He had never been quite the same since his illness. He had never quite recovered his old rosy color nor seemed to belong to life as he had of

old. Looking at him they were fain to acknowledge that it might be only a respite after all, only a respite.

So the marriage took place with a haste as though something were urging them: "Hurry! hurry!" The bridal pair had their brief honeymoon and were back at Beechcroft before June was out; and Anthony Glynn, for all that he looked to have but a brief tenure of life, went about the house and the gardens, the kennels and the stables, with a quiet peacefulness of aspect that impressed every one who saw him. He had changed from a dominant, blustering personality, whose presence was like the West Wind, into a quiet, peaceful old man.

The doctor confessed that he could find nothing wrong with Mr. Glynn, that there was no reason he should not live to be ninety. But Anthony himself shook his head.

"I ought to be in the churchyard, by right," he said to his nephew, whom he never liked to be far from him in these days; "only you called me back; and the Lord let me come, to set things right for you and so that I might die happy. If I might only live to see a son of yours, Jack, and to know that Tally-ho had won the Cup a second time I could die in peace. I'd have nothing more left to wish for."

The autumn was long and golden, followed by a mild winter; and Anthony Glynn showed no sign of failure. To be sure he was guarded with watchful love against the rough winds and the cold and the rain; and he seemed to like to be so watched, he, who in the old days, could never be induced to take any care of himself. He had become greatly attached to Jack's placid, motherly young wife. In these days, Jack and Jack's wife made up the sum of his human world. Beyond them he cared for his horses and his dogs, and especially for Tally-ho. It would be a strange day indeed when Anthony Glynn ceased to care for his horses and dogs.

The time turned round to the Waterloo Cup day. The old man was in a subdued state of excitement from the time the dog and his train of attendants had departed. He had two or three younger dogs running; but of them he hardly thought. His whole interest was centered in Tally-ho. He stood out on the lawn to see the dog, carefully wrapped up, depart.

"Bring home the Cup, Tally-ho," he said. "Bring home the Cup! There's a deal of Irish money on you, my beauty. If you win this time you shall have a gold collar."

And the sleek, intelligent creature looked at his master as though he understood.

The night before the fateful day young Mrs. Hartigan brought a beautiful male child into the world. The old man was wild with excitement and joy.

"Only let Tally-ho win the Cup now," he said, "and I shall live to be ninety, as Conolly says I might. I wonder what time the telegram will come."

He would have the child brought to his bedside in its father's arms that he might see it.

"Call him Anthony Glynn," he said. "And let him be Anthony Glynn and not Anthony Hartigan so that there may be still a Glynn at Beechcroft, when I am gone."

He was too much excited to sleep during the night. The next morning he looked so tired and frail and old that they kept him in bed. Alice was doing well, and the child was all that could be desired. It was as much good luck as should come in one day, he said cheerfully; and yet he added: "God send that Tally-ho may bring home the Cup!"

After breakfast Jack Hartigan read the papers to him with the latest news from the course. All Ireland had gone mad over Tally-ho. There were sensational reports of the extent to which the dog had been backed.

The old man slept fitfully at intervals during the morning. The day turned round slowly for everybody to evening. Dr. Conolly had come in a friendly way to see how his patient was bearing the strain.

"It is trying him badly," he said to Jack Hartigan. "Despite yesterday's happy event, which ought to have given him a fillip, he seems to have lost strength rapidly. I *hope* the dog will win."

That was a calamitous day for Ireland, for Tally-ho, having done well in the early running and raised the hopes of his backers to fever-heat, suddenly and ignominiously failed at the last.

About six o'clock Jack Hartigan stood by the old man's bedside, the fateful yellow envelope held in a hand that trembled.

"You'll set young Anthony against it, sir," he said.

"Tally-ho's beaten?"

"Yes, the dog made a good fight, but—"

"He's not out-classed, Jack," said the old man eagerly. "He'll live to do well for Ireland another day. He's a good dog, Jack; I never bred as good a one. Never a better one was bred between the four seas of Ireland."

"I'm sure of it, sir. It was an accident his being defeated."

The old man turned about with his face to the wall; and, after looking at him for a moment in sad silence, Jack Hartigan turned away and went on to his wife's room. He wanted to tell her that the old man was taking it better than they could have hoped.

The corridor was dark as he went along it, and outside the blackbirds and thrushes were singing deliciously on the bare boughs. It had been a mild day and all the windows stood open to the soft wind.

With his hand on the door-handle of his wife's room he paused a second. There arose from the kennels outside a strange, uncanny chorus of howling that froze his heart as he heard it. Turning back, he met Mary Hogan, running along the corridor to the master's room.

"Do you hear the dogs, Master Jack?" she cried. "The master's gone."

There was no time to rebuke her superstition. She was in the bedroom before him. Anthony Glynn had not stirred from the position he had assumed when he turned away from his nephew's sympathy. But there was a new rigidity in the shape under the bedclothes.

"Don't frighten him," said Jack Hartigan hastily, coming to her side.

The room seemed full of the uncanny howling of the dogs. The moonlight lay on the floor. As he stepped towards the bed the shadow of something that glided by the window lay on the moonlit floor, appalling him.

"Is it frighten him?" said Mary Hogan, rapidly pressing her hand down the master's face. "Is it frighten him? God help him! he'll never be frightened nor sorry in this world any more. Tally-ho brought him back to us: and Tally-ho has took him away from us. Go to the mistress, Master Jack, and I'll see to him."

THE WONDERS OF LOURDES.

BY J. BRICOUT.

III.

THE MIRACULOUS CURES.



It is truly soul-stirring to see those who have been miraculously cured, marching in procession during the national pilgrimages to Lourdes. Last August three hundred and sixty-four of them returned to Lourdes to render thanks, and to bear public witness to the reality and the permanence of their cure. How can any one dare deny, in the face of that cloud of witnesses, that numerous cures are effected, and effected through the intercession of our Lady of Lourdes?

I.

The facts exist; they are real. The contrary can be maintained only on the unreasonable supposition that thousands of honorable men and women, as well as thousands of conscientious and competent physicians, have been grossly deceived. The work of the "Bureau of Medical Verification," established in Lourdes itself on the Rosary Esplanade, would also have to be ignored.

Formerly religious, aided by four or five physicians, gathered the accounts of cures and edited the testimony. Their collections filled the first twenty volumes of the *Annals of Our Lady of Lourdes*. It was in 1882 that the "Bureau of Medical Verification"—the miracle clinic—was established. Those in charge of the place were not afraid of scientific light or observation. The certificates and papers brought to Lourdes by those who are sick are verified by graduate physicians, and the sick who desire it are themselves examined on their arrival. If a cure is announced, the Bureau, unmoved by the enthusiasm of the crowd, immediately subjects the patient to a rigorous examination.

Several doctors are officially connected with the Bureau, but care has been taken to throw its doors wide open to men of ability—particularly to doctors, whether believers or unbelievers, foreigners or Frenchmen.*

It is probable [M. l'Abbé Bertrin justly writes] that there is no other clinic in France so open to visitors or so much frequented.

From 1890 to 1908 (exclusively) 3,673 doctors, 697 of them from abroad, have visited the Bureau of Medical Verification. The names are all registered. They make an imposing and probably a unique collection. Since 1896 there have been on the average between two and three hundred doctors present every year. In 1907 they numbered 342. Some days there were as many as sixty in the office. No matter what their personal opinions, they were all at perfect liberty to see and to question the sick people who came to have either their maladies or their cures verified.

It even happens frequently, on days when there are big crowds, that the President of the office calls out at hap-hazard: "What doctors will take the trouble to examine this case, either in a private room or in the hospital?"

Whoever wishes to do so may accept the invitation. Though it is not known whether they believe in miracles or not, their report is accepted by the official doctors of the Grotto.

Some years ago an English physician, Dr. Henry Head, stayed at Lourdes while the big pilgrimages lasted. He came equipped with special appliances for examining eyes and ears and for different analyses. He even had a photographic outfit. He was a Protestant, but he was let do exactly as he pleased. He not only followed the discussions with the utmost freedom, but he took copious notes and questioned the sick himself. . . . On leaving he wrote the following note to the President of the Bureau:

"I would like above all to offer my sincere and cordial thanks to the authorities at Lourdes. They have granted to me and to other doctors every facility for a free and independent examination of the sick. All that we could have

* "All parts of the world send representatives to Lourdes. The English and Americans come in great numbers. Protestants are interested in our work. A letter from Japan asked for an account of our cures for the purpose of making them known to the most famous physician there who wishes to study and to pass judgment on what we observe here while he waits for an opportunity to come to Lourdes."—Dr. Boissarie. *Les Grands Guérisons de Lourdes*, p. 12.

asked for was freely and generously accorded us. I will take care to acknowledge publicly the hospitable welcome I received and the courtesy shown to me, a stranger. As regards the medical examination of the cures, it is a pleasure to say that I am perfectly satisfied with the way in which certificates of sickness are handled. Nothing can surpass the conscientious care with which the value of each certificate is weighed."

These cures, subjected to a careful and an impartial examination, are followed up with scrupulous attention. If the sick person who has been cured remains at Lourdes for several days, he is examined every morning and evening by the Bureau. More than that, if the case is a grave one, the Bureau sets on foot a minute inquiry in the patient's own home district, and has him return to Lourdes during the next few years, so that it can be proved that the disease has not come back. Our belief in Lourdes rests, then, on scientifically observed facts.

The national pilgrimage alone brings a thousand sick people to Lourdes every year. Dr. Boissarie, president of the Bureau of Medical Verification, asserts that these sick persons furnish an average of a hundred cures. That is at the rate of ten per cent and in a very short time, for hardly any of the sick stay more than two or three days at Lourdes. There certainly is no hospital with a like average of cures. "In a hospital filled with our patients," adds Dr. Boissarie "a hundred complete cures would not be secured without treatment in three days, nor in a year. . . . Everything, then, is different, results and methods alike." The cures reported in the *Annals of Our Lady of Lourdes* and in the *Records* of the Bureau of Medical Verification, have been carefully added up. From 1858 to 1907, inclusively, there were 3,803 cures, with a yearly average of 145 during the last fifteen years. There were 198 in 1904; 141 in 1905; 115 in 1906; and 101 in 1907.

These figures call for some important observations. First it must be remarked that the number of cures obtained at Lourdes is at least double what we have just read. Many of those who are cured, either for lack of time or to spare themselves the annoyance of a public examination, never appear at the Verification Office. Still those are real cures and the special accounts of pilgrimages in which they are recorded can be trusted.

In the second place, the reader has surely noticed that the number of cures the last two years is less than that of the preceding years. That proves that the exact figures are given out with scrupulous conscientiousness, and that no attempt is made to deceive the public. But one should not conclude from this that the cures are surely fewer than before and that the glory of Lourdes is on the wane. The notable falling off in numbers during 1906 and 1907 is chiefly to be explained, it seems, by the fact that the Bureau of Verification is becoming—and very wisely—much more exacting. For example, it rejects more and more the cures of nervous ailments. On this point M. l'Abbé Bertrin writes as follows:

During the past four years no more than 15 nervous cases have been recorded. Fifteen out of a total of 450 different cures! In our preceding statistical table, covering the period from 1858 to September 1, 1904, there were 255 out of a total of 3,353. In other words, up to 1904, the cures of nervous diseases formed a twelfth or a thirteenth of the whole; while in the last four years they constitute only a thirtieth.

One out of 30. One out of 13. These figures call for notice. It is frequently thought that none or almost none but nervous ailments are cured at Lourdes. The contrary is the truth. Out of 3,803 sick who have been cured at Lourdes only 270 suffered from nervous disorders.

Tuberculosis in its various forms furnishes a far higher proportion. There have been 747 cures of such diseases, including tuberculosis of the lungs, the bones, and intestines, white swellings, lupus, Pott's disease, and hip-disease. In addition there have been cures—to give only a partial list—in 583 diseases of the digestive organs and their appendages; 96 of the circulatory system, including 55 of the heart; 161 of the respiratory organs—bronchitis, pleurisy, etc.; 54 of the urinary system; 137 of the spinal cord; 500 of the brain; 129 of the bones; 191 of the joints; 38 of the skin; 111 tumors; 481 of a general character; and sundry others, including 148 of rheumatism; 25 of cancer; and 45 of open sores.

We call particular attention to 51 blind people who have recovered their sight; 30 deaf who have regained their hearing; and 17 dumb who now have the power of speech.

II.

"The facts exist; but the explanation of them is incorrect," declares Bernheim, the illustrious head of the School of Nancy. To explain them as miraculous, Bernheim and his followers maintain, is not to explain at all. Cost what it may, that explanation must be rejected. Miracles are not possible: history proves them simply the unexplained. History proves nothing of the sort. Both history and philosophy teach that there is a God, a personal God, Who retains a royal freedom to intervene in this world whenever His infinite wisdom judges fit. History on its side, the Gospel history especially, resists all the assaults of destructive rationalistic criticism and bears witness to the reality of the Savior's miracles. Now, the power and the goodness of God have not declined since the blessed days in which Jesus Christ went about doing good. To-day, as nineteen centuries ago, God is our Father, a compassionate, all-powerful Father. He can hear our prayers; He can understand the cry of our misery; He can comfort and heal us.

That one should not try to explain events as miracles unless the facts require it, and every other explanation proves insufficient, is a perfectly legitimate demand. We do not cry "Miracle" lightly, nor without grave reason. We do not believe in the miracles of Lourdes until we have weighed the value of purely natural explanations.

Those who deny the miracles of Lourdes seek an explanation for these wonderful cures either in the coldness of the water, in auto-suggestion, or in the healing breath of the crowd.

But none of these explanations can possibly account for the facts.

The Lourdes water does not contain any peculiar elements. It is like the water usually found in mountains which have abundant calcareous deposits. Its curative power, therefore, must be in its temperature and in the sharp reaction produced by the cold.

It may be that, if doctors dared to try the experiment, an ice-cold bath would save some sick people "in certain circumstances." It may be that many of the cures at Lourdes could be explained fairly well in this way. But it is evident that such cases would be comparatively few. No other proof is needed than the evidently decisive one that during the last fifteen or twenty years many of the cures wrought through the intercession of our Lady of Lourdes have been effected with-

out immersion in the bathing pools. It would surely be absurd to give the sovereign action of a cold bath credit for the cures effected in the processions, before the Grotto, in the chapels, or by the mere application of a compress of Lourdes water, or by drinking a few drops.

"The healing breath . . . which exhales from the crowd in the acute crises of faith." What is it? It is well styled an "unknown force." Perhaps it does not even exist, save in the creative fancy of an imaginative Zola. But let us be generous and admit, for the sake of argument, that a force, comparable to animal magnetism, transmissible from one individual to another, really exists and is in play at Lourdes. Let us admit that this force is doubled, increased ten-fold even, when it emanates from a crowd, greatly over-excited by the desire for a miracle. But how many cures there are, related in the *Annals* or in the *Official Records*, or elsewhere, which cannot be explained in this way.

I have just read a recent work by Dr. Moutin, an ardent practitioner of therapeutic magnetism. The book is entitled: *Human Magnetism, Hypnotism, and Modern Spiritualism*. What he says, especially in Chapter VIII., about the cures effected by magnetism, is quite significant. It is a far cry from the few cures, or ameliorations of certain diseases, chiefly nervous, which have been obtained by these methods after a prolonged treatment, to the thousands of cures, very few of them in nervous cases, which have been frequently obtained at Lourdes with startling suddenness.

We must say [writes Dr. Moutin] that in cases of solution of continuity or ankylosis magnetism is powerless to effect a cure. It is useless to add that certain chronic maladies are not amenable to magnetic treatment.

There is no need of treating chronic cases several times a day. A half-hour's treatment daily will be enough. The patients ought to be told that the treatment will take a long time, for if they are to be cured at all it will be only after months of daily attention.

Human magnetism—the radiating and external force in question—will not explain the greater part of the cures at Lourdes. Most of those cures would be absolutely untouched by such an explanation, for they have been effected under conditions utterly at variance with those demanded by the most ardent partisans of magnetism.

With what we have thus far said most people will readily agree, for the cures at Lourdes are usually ascribed to another cause. In general the healing force is sought, not outside, but within the patient himself. The word "suggestion" comes to our minds at once.

Suggestion, auto-suggestion, the faith that saves, the faith that heals.* These terms are forever on the lips and the pens of those who treat of Lourdes.

And many superficial readers, after finishing Zola's *Lourdes* or a newspaper article, are fully convinced that they have fathomed the whole matter. Nobody is cured at Lourdes, they tell us, in a tone that brooks no reply, except those afflicted with nerve troubles, and they are cured by auto-suggestion.

Let us examine that assertion more closely. "Nervous diseases!" exclaims Dr. Boissarie. "Nowhere are they better known or more carefully studied than at Lourdes." Charcot, in his most recent work, *La Foi qui Guérit*, declares: "The doctors charged with the verification of miracles—men of unquestioned good faith—know well that there is nothing beyond the reach of natural laws in the disappearance of hysterical paralysis. Those accidents are matters of daily observation with them and they are perfectly in accord as to their nature." Moreover, does anybody really imagine that we have had to wait till the end of the nineteenth century to find out the influence of the nerves? The Church has long known the existence of nervous diseases and has been carefully on her guard against ascribing their cure to any divine or miraculous agency. Pope Benedict XIV. in his treatise, *De Servorum Dei Beatificatione et Beatorum Canonisatione*, lib. IV., art. I., cap. xiii., n. 14, wrote as follows more than a century ago on the cure of hysterical patients: "It will be very difficult to maintain that these cures are miraculous. Promoters of causes of beatification and canonization have sometimes tried to do so, but I have never seen them succeed."

The physicians at Lourdes, as I have already remarked, have always been and are now more than ever inspired by this justly distrustful spirit of the Church. They set aside relentlessly every case in which there is any doubt or even the barest suspicion as to the influence of the nerves.

* Here in America the terms mind-cure or faith-cure are generally used to express the ideas contained in the phrases of the text. The underlying thought of them all is that of the influence exerted by the mind on the body.

If they do record the cure of some nervous diseases it is only because they cannot be really explained by natural forces. It would be a mistake to imagine that all nervous disorders can be cured by suggestion, or in a hypnotic sleep—a state in which suggestion seems to reach its maximum of efficiency. Bernheim himself admits that psycho-therapy is usually ineffective in dealing with hereditary, constitutional neurasthenia; in treating neurasthenia which is caused by a defective nervous system, and, consequently, in the treatment of innumerable resultant diseases. At most some improvement is effected in these cases, and, as a rule, it is not permanent. The same is true in regard to epilepsy and the real St. Vitus' dance. It is to be noted, furthermore, that suggestion never cures suddenly. It is the common teaching of the masters of psycho-therapy, such as Bernheim, Delbœuf, and Wetterstrand, that time is an indispensable factor, that the hypnotic sleep should be kept up for weeks and months. One can understand then why the physicians at Lourdes, however sceptical they may be, have paid attention to those cures of nervous diseases which have been effected under conditions in which the most renowned specialists declared a cure impossible.* “There are forms of hysteria that kill,” writes Dr. Boissarie in his strong style, “and they are never cured instantaneously except at Lourdes.” He is right, then, in holding that such cures are miraculous. He remarks further, and very rightly, that a nervous subject may suffer like anybody else from an organic lesion. Take the case of a nervous woman who breaks her leg or becomes a consumptive and is cured of this trouble at Lourdes. Will anybody dare to maintain that her cure comes from the nerves and from suggestion? A nervous person might even be a paralytic, and yet the paralysis would not necessarily have a nervous origin. It might be, and in some cases is, organic.

We must call attention, finally, to the fact that a disease which is purely nervous at the start, ends, if prolonged, by leading to real organic lesions. Rheumatism is a functional disorder. If it disables a limb long enough, hip-disease will set in. A secondary organic lesion will be grafted on a functional trouble, and the disease, according to Bernheim, will be incurable by suggestion.

* Here is the list of nervous diseases cured at Lourdes: neuralgia, 65; sciatica, 24; epilepsy, 16; hysteria, 53; St. Vitus' dance, 15; neurasthenia, 82; exophthalmic goitre, 5; hallucination, 2; obsession, 2; catalepsy, 6.

Now all these maladies of whatever sort, organic as well as nervous, are cured at Lourdes, and at times they are cured instantaneously.

Dr. Boissarie's two books and that of M. l'Abbé Bertrin, from which I have quoted at length, are devoted in great measure to the narration and interpretation of the manifold cures of organic diseases which have been obtained through the intercession of the Virgin of Lourdes. Let a man of good faith read those works without prejudice. Unless I greatly deceive myself, he will be convinced.

There he will read these pointed declarations of Bernheim, Wetterstrand, and the most prominent practitioners of suggestive therapeutics. "Suggestion cannot reduce a dislocation. . . . It cannot reduce an inflammation; nor stop the development of a tumor; nor arrest a process of sclerosis. Suggestion does not destroy microbes, nor does it close up a circular ulcer of the stomach. . . . Suggestion cannot restore what has been destroyed. . . . I do not mean to say that this grave disease (consumption) can be cured by suggestion. . . . Hypnotism has no more effect on kidney troubles than other kinds of treatment." It is just the same with epilepsy and all "those cases that have an organic origin."

It is clear, then, that the cold water and animal magnetism and suggestion are incapable of effecting such wonders—I was going to say, such resurrections.

But it is argued that great bursts of emotion, of fear, of joy, of wrath, suddenly whiten the hair, cause jaundice, convey disease, and even produce death. Does faith, after all, even a lively faith, secure at Lourdes under another form any more incomprehensible or more extraordinary results? Bernheim and other masters agree, as we know, that a vivid emotion has never effected a lasting cure of neurasthenia, epilepsy, or similar ailments except at Lourdes. Above all, that such agency has never effected cures suddenly. Neither has it cured tuberculosis, bone decay, nor any of those organic diseases which we have seen disappear at Lourdes under truly singular conditions. There is, then, an essential difference between the effects produced by the stress of emotion or by the imagination, and the marvels of Lourdes.

But, it is said, "suggestion works at Lourdes under very superior conditions, conditions immensely more favorable to

success than those that can be found anywhere else." Even if this were true, suggestion, for the reasons already given, could not explain the great cures at Lourdes. Is it to be maintained then that there is no suggestion at Lourdes? I will not argue, as some of our apologists do, that there is no suggestion at Lourdes, or that auto-suggestion is only an exception there. Zola has, beyond a doubt, greatly exaggerated the environment by which an effort is made, so he says, to exercise suggestive influence on the sick. Generally there is nothing particularly impressive in those surroundings. That is certain. Nevertheless it is true that suggestion, auto-suggestion at least, can be met with, and is met with, at Lourdes. But the conditions there are not specially favorable for its exercise. For example, hypnotic sleep, a peculiarly propitious condition, is not induced at Lourdes.

We must remember also that many of the cures at Lourdes were worked when every sort of suggestion was really lacking. That was the case with all small children, children still at the breast, unable to understand and consequently incapable of being persuaded or of being influenced by suggestion. It was the case with Lucie Faure, who did not hope to be cured of an ulcer of many years' growth. She went into the piscina simply to please her companions. To give only one more instance, François Macary, a carpenter of Lavaur, had a like experience. He gently bathed his varicose ulcers with Lourdes water, said a calm, short prayer, and was cured in his sleep.

It is further objected that no matter what Bernheim may think, suggestion can cure and has cured sores, and that in a very short time. Young doctors "have a suspicion that many of these sores are of a nervous origin. . . . That would be simply a case of a poorly nourished skin. These questions of nutrition are still little studied. . . . And it has been proved that faith-healing can cure sores perfectly, certain false forms of lupus among them." Charcot found an historical account of a sore healed by faith in 1731. More recently, in 1895, a professor at the University of Moscow was cured of a scap disease in the same way. But it must be remembered that even if the nervous origin of most sores was nothing more than a fantasy, it would not follow that suggestion could cure them suddenly. The processes of nutrition, of healing, of restoration, and the production of cells cannot be accomplished naturally without the help of time. The wound mentioned by

Charcot took eighteen days to heal, and the sick man was not able to go out and ride in a carriage till 48 days later. The Moscow professor "had no visible sore. His ailment consisted in a suppuration of hair follicles, and showed itself in pustules which were only skin-deep." Besides, two or three days were required for the cure. What a difference between these cures and that at Lourdes of Joachime Dehaut. To use his own expression, his leg was "literally rotten." The sore on it was a foot long and there were complications of gangrene and bone decay. On September 13, 1878, the wound was completely healed by a single bath in the piscina. Next day, during another bath, his deformed foot and his crooked leg straightened out; his knee resumed its normal shape; and the dislocation of his hip was reduced.

Finally this charge is made: "You reason as if the natural explanations that we suggest are exclusive; as if each one—to be held good—has to account for each and every case. It is enough to have one explain what another does not—the cold bath, for instance, to explain what is not explained by suggestion or by psychical emanations and vice versa. It may also happen, in some instances, that these three forces act simultaneously and so bring about the marvelous results that we know." We answer: It is not necessary that each one of these forces should explain each and every case. We admit that a man may try to explain by one what cannot be explained by the other two. We admit further that one has a right to believe that when these three agencies co-operate they produce results that no one of them, taken alone, could produce. What then? The instantaneous renewal of tissues remains no less utterly inexplicable. It is one of those cures which neither cold water, nor suggestion, nor the vital fluid—whether working singly or in concert—have ever effected or ever will effect. It does not avail to appeal to the "unknown." To be sure, we are ignorant of many things, but we know enough to assert that multitudinous generations of cells cannot be produced in a second. As a consequence we know that a tissue cannot be renewed, restored, or healed in the twinkling of an eye.

The Church has not acted hastily in judging that the Immaculate Virgin appeared to Bernadette, and that the great cures at Lourdes are really the work of God.

New Books.

THE SCORE.

By Lucas Malet.

It may be an uncommon way of beginning the notice of an up-to-date novel, but we cannot help saying that in certain instances the

ancient chorus of the Greek tragedies might still be employed to advantage. For such a chorus, while it did not reveal, unfolded in part what was to come, gave warning of the fearful catastrophe about to befall, and admonished the reader to steel himself for the shock. We repeat that, after reading Mrs. Harrison's latest work,* we wish she had employed something or somebody that would stand for the chorus. Anthony Hammond, with his cryptic warning to Lucius Denier, certainly does not; and, moreover, he is one of the principal *dramatis personæ*.

The novel is tremendous, all-absorbing in its theme; intensely powerful, direct, and brief in its action, as is tragedy itself; baldly simple in the fewness of its characters—there are but four—and in its great reticence; yet artistic realism holding the reader spell-bound while sin rips the world asunder, while the voice of Nemesis is heard through her daughter the night, while vengeance comes, stern, unrelenting, terrible—while the holy ones of God sing in hope: "Because with the Lord is mercy and with Him is plentiful redemption." That no one can, with impunity, whether he thinks he may or not, violate the laws of God's universe; that such violation must be paid for perhaps far off, but surely somewhere and somehow by the offender, is the theme of Mrs. Harrison's powerful work. It is not the moral of the book; it is the lesson of life, as the book portrays life. The story will seem to most readers exceptional in its construction, and perhaps altogether too cryptic in its telling. But to us it has the bigness, the thoughtfulness of the old Greek tragedy; and it excels in the very point in which the Greeks themselves excel. For impressing upon us a primary truth and arousing us to something of a sense of how far-reaching our actions are it is exquisitely and effectively done. Like Poppy St. John the book has its ideals and never loses sight of them, though, as in the case of

* *The Score*. By Lucas Malet (Mrs. Mary St. Leger Harrison). New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.

Poppy St. John, they are not always realized; like Lucius Denier it is animal and brutal at times; like Anthony Hammond it is gay, cynical, learned; like the dying man in the hospital, reconciling; and through him it is saved to human and Christian (for are they not both the same?) optimism.

Few of the novelists of the present day have the soul or the spiritual sight to handle such a theme as this book handles; few have the power, and fewer still the courage, for the universal doubt and the universal questioning of every positive law; the universal love for the puerile, the silly, and the superficial, lead the novelist to come down to the public and buy his daily bread. Mrs. Harrison has shown immense courage, and while her book deserves a wide circulation, we shall be surprised if such a blessing comes to it. What a different place the world would be if we really read with thoughtfulness such novels as this and brought home to ourselves the *lex æterna*—the eternal law of God. A better and brighter world it would surely be. And we say this although *The Score* ends with a tragedy—or rather with the greatest triumph that life can know—the triumph over self, even when self has been deceived and tortured and maddened with injustice. Such a triumph and only such a triumph routs Nemesis itself.

Poppy St. John of the *Far Horizon* comes to us again with her free, easy ways, and yet her unalterable belief in and faithfulness to the ideals that Dominic Iglesias had begotten in her soul. Two men seek the favor of her affections: Anthony Hammond and Lucius Denier. To refuse the former is no difficulty for Poppy St. John. But the latter is powerful, primitively masculine, knows how to love, has wealth and position, and marriage with him means rest, security, and freedom from work and anxiety for Poppy St. John. "Yet are these the highest things?" Poppy St. John is compelled to ask of the night. The night answers that there are higher things yet, and the night gives spiritual light. Poppy refuses, but not without a great struggle, the offer of Lucius Denier. She leaves the country hotel where she has been stopping and goes back to London. So ends the first part of the volume: "Out in the Open." When the reader is out in the open he feels safe and he understands, for he sees not the hidden and the most important laws of life. The second part of the book is entitled: "Misere Nobis," and is occupied entirely with the

confession, to a priest, of a young man dying in a hospital in Italy. He tells the story of his life from its infancy. As he progresses the reader gradually begins to understand. Poppy St. John is dead, but this man telling his sin is her son. Lucius Denier pays for his sin. Sin brutal and unrepented comes as sudden death upon him. Sin lays its harsh hand on Anthony Hammond. Sin crushes both because they have accepted sin as master. But with the son of Poppy St. John it is different. She indeed has been a mother in the larger sense. He conquers self and the passions of self. Through the sacrament of penance and the priest who stands between man and God he finds reconciliation with his own humanity and with humanity's Savior; and as one of Israel he is redeemed from his iniquities.

It is needless to say Mrs. Harrison's book is not for children.

Miss Jessica Marguerite King West,
THE BRIDGE BUILDERS. from Lone Wolf, Arizona, may
By Anna Chapin Ray. not be directly descended from
"Daisy Miller," but one doubts
whether there are many left of the "Misses Woolly-West" who
say, when dinner is announced: "I'm so glad; I am nearly
starved. You only need to live in a boarding house to get up
a stunning appetite. I could eat nails by this time."* One
is a little sorry for her mother, shelved by this exuberant con-
fident of a hearty father, and regrets that it had to be a vil-
lainous French mannikin who should take her down and clear
away the dust of her expansive loneliness. Willis Asquith, the
engineer, "stamped with the indescribable seal of being Some-
body in Particular," introduces us to the Quebec bridge, after
whose collapse he is rescued by Jessica; mistaking her friend-
ship for love, he makes a futile proposal and retires, with his
life like the cantilever span of his dreams, "magnificent but
terribly pathetic." Kay Dorrance, the American novelist, who
wins her affections, seems to be a healthy, earnest fellow, with
his literary past well hidden. They form an interesting group,
even if a little conventional, with no great moral or religious
struggles, but with active life lit by beams of humor. A few
more touches of pathos to bring out some "wordless messages"
might have deepened by contrast Miss Ray's enjoyable por-
traits.

* *The Bridge Builders.* By Anna Chapin Ray. Boston: Little, Brown & Co.

MARRIAGE A LA MODE.
By Mrs. Humphrey Ward.

The latest novel of Mrs. Humphrey Ward* will not add appreciably to her literary reputation; but it may be set down on the credit side of her moral balance-sheet as an offset to *Lady Rose's Daughter*. It is a protest against divorce. Or perhaps, one might say more correctly, it protests against the tendency of American women of wealth to have recourse to the divorce court when marriage becomes merely irksome or disagreeable. Daphne Floyd, a young American heiress, with a fad for art and a decidedly independent spirit, falls in love, somewhat hastily, with a young Englishman, Roger Barnes, whom she meets in Washington. The first act is filled out with Roger's old uncle, whose rôle is to bring out the contrast between American and English ideas of social life and character. After her marriage Daphne goes to reside in England. Soon after, notwithstanding that her husband is a very decent sort of a fellow, who loves her wisely if not too well, she becomes tired of her surroundings, and chafes under the diminished independence which married life imposes on her. The arrival of a woman to whom Roger, before going to America, had proposed marriage, leads to jealousy; and Daphne, though she has really no grounds for serious complaint, nurses her spite, because she desires to be free once more. With the help of a confidante she manages to scrape up enough evidence to obtain a divorce in America. After she leaves her husband he—still a married man according to English law, broken-hearted by his wife's defection and the loss of his beloved little daughter, whom the mother has carried off with her—goes to moral perdition. Daphne settles down in her own country as a philanthropist and a leader in the Feminist movement—a movement which, by the way, finds no favor in the eyes of Mrs. Ward.

The story is crude, and shows unmistakable signs of haste. Roger, though his physical perfections are described twenty times over, is but a lay figure, unreal and wanting in individuality. Daphne, though more carefully drawn, is far below Mrs. Ward's best work; and when, after the divorce, the capricious, self-willed young lady, with an inheritance of passion and fire derived from her Spanish mother and Irish father, is

* *Marriage à la Mode*. By Mrs. Humphrey Ward. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co.

metamorphosed into one of the strong minded, short-haired New England type, we feel that Mrs. Ward has been more intent to point the moral than to adorn the tale.

Since the vogue of the chronicles of Ruritania, some imaginary kingdom or principedom in South Eastern or Central Europe has been a favorite country for our melodramatic novelists. Hither Mr. Anthony Partridge carries us, in a story* as active as a volcano, to follow the fortunes of a Crown Prince, who, with the reputation of a debauché, is, nevertheless, a man of high ideals and a lover of the people. Eluding the vigilance of the reigning monarch and his chief of police, he is the heart and soul of a movement which culminates in a Rebellion and the metamorphosis of the Crown Prince into Mr. John Peters, the happy husband of a young lady of American blood, who has played a conspicuous part throughout the drama. A book that will hold the attention of the class of readers who are endowed with a love of the spectacular, and do not bind their favorite author to a strict account regarding the unities or the probabilities.

In a recently published pamphlet,†
 A PLEA FOR ANGLICANISM. for gratuitous distribution, advocating the claims of Anglicanism, its Right Reverend author expresses the opinion that if some of the views which he entertains were to become known to American Catholics some of these might thereby be won from their allegiance to Rome. If we knew of any Catholic layman who entertained any sympathy with the claims of Bishop Grafton on behalf of Anglicanism, we should prescribe as an antidote the Bishop's own pamphlet. It is directly addressed to Anglicans who experience any leanings towards Rome. In his introductory pages the Bishop defends Anglican Orders on the ground that the Edwardine form retained the proper Episcopal minister, with laying on of hands. "For at the laying on of hands the Bishop said: 'Receive the Holy Ghost,' and using our Lord's own words, made mention of the sacerdotal power of absolution, which belongs exclusively to the Priest-

* *The Kingdom of Earth.* By Anthony Partridge. Boston: Little, Brown & Co.

† *Pro-Romanism and the Tractarian Movement.* By Charles Chapman Grafton, S.T.D., Bishop of Fond du Lac. Milwaukee: The Young Churchman Company.

hood." But what about the essential sacrificial power of the Priesthood? On this all-important point the Bishop is as silent as is the Edwardine ritual. He proceeds to urge, in the old fashion, the old objections against Catholicism—the venality of the Papacy, the cult paid to the Mother of God, Purgatory, the opposition of the Papacy to liberty; and he does not disdain to exhibit as official teaching some of the overstatements and rhetorical expressions found in popular books of devotion.

Drawing, as a triumphant argument, a parallel between Anglican and Catholic teaching, he says that the Anglican clergyman stands on the immovable rock of Holy Scripture and speaks with heaven-sent authority. Well, on this rock there is scarcely standing-room at present in the home of Anglicanism for the clergyman who, in perfect conformity with the rulings of the head of the Anglican Church, the Archbishop of Canterbury, considers it lawful to celebrate a marriage between a man and his deceased wife's sister, and the other clergyman who, in harmony with the loudly and persistently expressed tradition of Anglicanism, declares such a marriage to be an abomination in the sight of God. He extols the Anglican Church for her motherly tenderness in following the *via media*—a policy which permits men who deny the Virgin Birth to stand on the same rock with men who hold this truth to be an essential of Christianity; as a specimen of the fashion in which the Bishop deals with our doctrines we may take the following passage on Revelation: the Roman theory he writes, "holds that the Holy Spirit, dwelling in the Church, may utter through it new truths which the Fathers of the Church knew not." We cannot believe that the worthy man who undertakes to enlighten his brethren on the teachings of Catholic faith has never read for himself the theology in which those teachings are set forth, yet it seems equally impossible to believe that any person could have done so without learning that one of the first principles of dogmatic theology is that Revelation closed definitively with the Apostles, and that, consequently, the Holy Spirit makes no new revelations in the Church. But there are in Bishop Grafton's pamphlet, small as it is, many other evidences that he does not understand our Church's claims and teaching and that he has not read with dispassionate judgment the history of his own.

For the benefit of some few of MISERY AND ITS CAUSES, our readers it may be necessary to explain certain particular qualifications possessed by Professor

Devine for the undertaking of an examination into the causes of misery and dependence among our poor.* Besides being Professor of social economy at Columbia University, General Secretary of the Charity Organization Society, Lecturer in the New York School of Philanthropy, and Editor of *The Survey*, our author has been intimately connected with three recent important investigations into the conditions of living and employment in New York and in Pittsburg; and, moreover, for a dozen years now he has had an active part in numerous inquiries and enterprises calculated to prepare him for the present discussion.

He seeks to explain not the ultimate origins of unhappiness, but the immediate causes of that obvious and more or less avoidable misery which thrusts itself urgently upon public attention in these times. With this aim he considers the important and interesting question :

whether the wretched poor who suffer in their poverty are poor because they are shiftless; because they are undisciplined; because they steal; because they have superfluous children; because of personal depravity, personal inclination, and natural preference; or whether they are shiftless and undisciplined and drink and steal and are unable to care for their too numerous children because our social institutions and economic managements are at fault. I hold that personal depravity is as foreign to any sound theory of the hardships of our modern poor as witchcraft or demoniacal possession; that these hardships are economic, social, transitional, measurable, manageable. Misery, as we say of tuberculosis, is communicable, curable, preventable. It lies not in the unalterable nature of things, but in our particular human institutions, our social arrangements, our tenements and streets and subways, our laws and courts and jails, our religion, our education, our philanthropy, our politics, our industry, and our business.

It may be well to say that our author does not deny that in certain instances misery is but the penalty of indolence and

* *Misery and Its Causes*. By Edward T. Devine. New York: The Macmillan Company.

wrongdoing; but he maintains the thesis that social maladjustment is, in the main, responsible for the misery prevalent in our modern commercial and industrial communities. Nor is he revolutionary with regard to existing institutions. He desires to point out things as they are and he hopes to awaken the social conscience of his fellows to an earnest and practical effort to make things better.

Clearly Professor Devine's outlook is wide. Whatever he sets down in his book as the result of observation, or the analysis of facts, goes to show that he is clear-headed, vigorous, practical, and zealous for justice. Written with eloquent simplicity, his book is adapted to teach and to inspire all those who care for the serious things of life. It suggests a whole social philosophy, built upon facts, adjusted to actual conditions, vivified by a Christian spirit of righteousness.

IMMANENCE.

As indicated by the title,* this new volume of the distinguished professor of the Catholic Institute of Paris, deals with the important problem of intuition, of its place and *rôle* in our knowledge and life. Having exposed the genesis of the new movement, which considers intuition as the fundamental means for us to come in contact with reality, Abbé Piat presents in three successive chapters the data of intuition in our external perception, in theodicy, and in ethics; and at each step he shows its insufficiency. Without inductions or deductions our external observation is sterile; without the exercise of reasoning we cannot arrive at a true idea of God, and what is called the intuition or the vision of God or the experience of the divine remain without meaning and control, exposing us to all the illusions of our imagination. The attempt to found a morality on merely intuitive data has led, and was bound to lead, to bankruptcy in ethics. We must come to a belief in the beyond through metaphysics, if we are to find a solid foundation for such belief. In a last chapter the author shows how intuition, if it is useful for everything, suffices however for nothing. It is necessary to have recourse to reasoning, to the concepts; these concepts have a real value in relation to reality. They present this reality in-

* *Insuffisance des Philosophies de l'Intuition.* Par Clodius Piat, Docteur des Lettres, Agrégé de l'Université. Paris: Plon-Nourrit et Cie.

adequately indeed, because we are finite in our knowledge, as in our being, yet they have a truly objective value.

This bare analysis shows the interest both of the question exposed and of the criticism and solution of the author. It is, indeed, a good defence of human reason and of the value of reasoning. As he well says, such theories as those exposed will not last, yet they are apt by their charm to sow trouble in the minds of some students. Those who know the former greater works of the author, will find in this work also originality of thought, or at least originality of presentation of old thoughts, and at the same time originality and strength of style. An exacting critic would perhaps demand more detailed development in certain places, and accuracy at least in certain expressions—as that of symbolism.

ETHICS.

May a book dealing with sociology be placed under the title of ethics?

Probably the great majority of teachers and students of sociology in this country, and in most others, would reply: Certainly not. And, indeed, if one examines the vast literature of that embryo science, one will scarcely find a single publication that would yield on analysis any moral residuum, out of the economic and social data and theory which make up its contents. Needless to say this kind of sociology is alien to Catholic teaching, since that teaching holds that the primary factors in the economic and social question, whether in practical life or in the realm of scientific theory, are the moral and religious principles which must be fixed as the starting-point for any safe and permanent solution.* A timely volume, which illustrates this truth, has just been published in France by an eminent Sulpician, and it might be translated into English with great advantage to Catholic students and others privately or professionally interested in the question of Socialism. It treats extensively the right of private ownership from the moral point of view. The main divisions are: legitimacy of private ownership of land; legitimacy of private ownership of capital; origin of private ownership; manner of acquiring property; extent of this right; limitations to which it is subject, and duties attached to it. There is no lack of

* *Traité de Sociologie d'après les Principes de la Théologie Catholique. Régime de la Propriété.* Par L. Garriquet. Paris: Bloud et Cie.

books and other publications in which the principles of private ownership, as fixed in moral theology and brilliantly set forth by Leo XIII. in *Rerum Novarum*, is urged against Socialism. But some popular expositions of the doctrine have been so one-sided that they are more likely to strengthen leanings to Socialism than to make converts from its ranks. The principle that the right of ownership rests on the right of every man to a living and the fruit of his labors is insisted upon as if it alone settled the problem. No notice is taken of the fact that unlimited private ownership, as a system, may lead to conditions that deprive the multitude of the indefeasible primary right to a decent living. So the principle cuts both ways; and, unless regulated by some other principles, finds itself committed to the negation of itself. One of the merits of Father Garriquet's treatise is that it gives due consideration to the limitations imposed on private ownership, and the duties not merely of charity, but of strict justice, which ownership entails. He cites not only doctrinal declarations of the highest authority regarding these limitations, but also some of the significant practical steps taken by Popes to enforce justice in this respect. Several Popes in the Middle Ages disregarded the fundamental idea of Roman law, that the right of ownership in land is absolute and uncontrolled.

In 1241 Celestine IV. granted to any one whosoever the right to enter on and cultivate the third part of any land which its owner left untilled. Two centuries later Sixtus IV. authorized all and singular to appropriate a third part of any lands left uncultivated in the Patrimony of St. Peter, even though the proprietors were ecclesiastical corporations. Even as late as 1783, Pius VI. renewed and enforced these ordinances of his predecessors. Pius VII. at the beginning of the last century, in the teeth of violent opposition from the wealthy classes, put into execution the decrees of his predecessors, and levied heavy fines on land owners who refused to cultivate their lands. The truly effective way to meet the pernicious, anti-religious forces of Socialism is to dissociate from them the economic question which gives them strength, and then to demonstrate that Christian principles condemn what is evil in present conditions as vigorously as does the Marxian propaganda. This work of Father Garriquet is a step in the right direction.

The moral argument for the existence of God and the practical implications of that truth are expounded with clearness and direct application to the prevalent agnostic frame of mind by M. Serol, whose connection with the *Révue Philosophique* has ranked him among the conspicuous defenders of Catholic truth in France.* He takes as his starting-point the enunciation of St. Thomas, that there is one fundamental precept of the natural law known to all men, which implicitly contains all the others: *We must avoid evil, and do good*. Then he proceeds to a psychological analysis of tendency and desire, pointing to their natural correlative good; and he shows that only the religious solution can provide a satisfactory theory of these elements of human nature, and the life that flows from them. Prescinding from the respective intrinsic merits of this and the metaphysical argument for God's existence, this one, when adequately treated, as it is in this volume, is much more likely to make an impression on the average unbeliever of to-day. As Cardinal Newman has observed, unless we have some common ground to start upon with our antagonist, any attempt at argument is futile. Now the most inveterate sceptic will grant M. Serol's first principle—we ought to do good, and shun evil—whereas, if you would essay any of the metaphysical arguments, you will very likely be stopped with a request to prove your self-evident principles.

The Catholic Truth Society publishes in a small volume † about a dozen essays, formerly issued in separate numbers, dealing with the relations of science to religious truth. The book deserves to be bound in cloth of gold. Every one of the papers that compose it discusses, with competent knowledge, some crucial point in the question of the compatibility or the opposition between science and faith. The temper in which the discussions are carried on is in contrast with that which, at least until recently, pervaded and nullified a good deal of the effort made by defenders of the faith. Father Gerard, S.J., the most extensive contributor to this volume, describes this attitude and its consequences so precisely that his words may be quoted as a not unnecessary warning to

* *Le Besoin et le Devoir Religieux*. Par Maurice Serol. Paris: Beauchesne.

† *The Catholic Church and Science*. London: Catholic Truth Society.

some whose zeal for truth surpasses their other qualifications for the rôle of its defender.

While the apostles of unbelief are loud-mouthed and confident, laying down with assurance what they declare to be the law, the defenders of orthodoxy are too often either timid and apologetical, or strenuous in the wrong way—exhibiting their want of acquaintance with the true nature of the teachings they undertake to refute. In either case much harm is done. The impression is produced that we can meet our antagonists only by misrepresenting them, and that if we venture to look them fairly in the face we are inevitably forced to make a pitiable display of our impotence, and have to content ourselves with a feeble attempt to show that after all the case against us is not absolutely proved, but that some loophole of escape may yet be found. This is not the temper which is likely to vindicate the ways of God to men.

These essays do not exhibit those deplorable tactics. The writers know the locus of the topic they take up, and direct their attack not against impregnable scientific truth but against the misrepresentations of popularisers, or the unwarranted speculations of scientists who, forgetting their own first principles, presume, if we may borrow a phrase from Sir Oliver Lodge, to dogmatize out of bounds.

That a second edition of Dr. Walsh's fine work* to the glory of the thirteenth century should already be called for is proof that the reading world is willing to reopen the case for the Middle Ages, and to listen to a fair presentation of the evidence which hitherto Protestant and other non-Catholic influences have persistently falsified. Dr. Walsh presents his readers with an immense array of facts that serve to show the wonderful activity that reigned in all departments of intellectual and social life during the thirteenth century. While he occasionally advances claims that would be reduced by a severe court, the great mass of his evidence is unassailable, and cannot fail to work a change of opinion concerning the Middle Ages among those who have accepted without question the traditional libels and caricatures on that age which have passed for history.

* *The Thirteenth Greatest of Centuries*. By James J. Walsh, M.D., Ph.D., LL.D. Second Edition. With Emendations and an Appendix. New York: Catholic Summer-School Press.

THE PSALMS.

A well-founded reproach to our devotional literature is that it sadly neglects to draw upon the inexhaustible stores of the purest spirituality which, according to the universal acknowledgment of the Church's Doctors, are to be found in the Psalms. These sublime prayers require, generally speaking, some explanation and paraphrase in order that their beauty and depth may be understood by those unfamiliar with the works of the commentators. And the commentaries themselves are not written in a form to serve the needs of the multitude. A more suitable form of exposition has been followed by Father Eaton in a book* which cannot be too highly commended. It contains fifty short, eloquent discourses on as many of the Psalms. In each discourse the leading idea of the Psalm is set forth, explained, and applied to the religious duties and the moral needs of everyday life. For instance, Psalm cxxvi., "Unless the Lord build the house they labor in vain that build it," is the basis of an instruction on conformity to the will of God; Psalm xxxi., "Blessed are they whose iniquities are forgiven, and whose sins are covered," without losing its characteristic thought, expands into a simple, eloquent discourse on the Sacrament of Penance. While the book is meant as an aid to private devotion, the preacher will find it a helpful friend.

In selecting for diffusion in the form of a handy little pamphlet an English translation of Mgr. Duchesne's synopsis of the historical evidences for the primacy of the Roman See in the first centuries of the Church, the editor of the Cathedral Library Association shows that he possesses a just appreciation of one kind of reading that ought to be represented much more liberally than it is in popular Catholic libraries. This essay of Mgr. Duchesne† was originally published in a large work dealing with the separated churches. A translation of it, which is now reproduced, appeared in the *Catholic University Bulletin*. In a comparatively small space Mgr. Duchesne has arranged every piece of evidence bearing on the primacy of Rome up to the reign of Constantine; and

* *Sing Ye to the Lord*. Exposition of Fifty Psalms. By Robert Eaton, Priest of the Birmingham Oratory. London: The Catholic Truth Society.

† *The Roman Church Before Constantine*. By Mgr. Duchesne. New York: The Cathedral Library Association.

interpreted convincingly every fact and testimony bearing on the subject. The greater part of the evidence is drawn from Eusebius; but the witness of the professed historian is supplemented and corroborated by arguments drawn from the writings of St. Clement, St. Irenæus, St. Cyprian, and Tertullian. Those who are familiar with Church history will admire the clearness and cogency with which the case is set forth by the master, and those who are not can congratulate themselves on having provided for them such a knowledge of the question as, without Mgr. Duchesne's services, could be obtained only by much persistent reading of books which seldom lighten the labor of the student with any charms of literature.

SOCIALISM

By F. Wayland-Smith.

Apart from the question of the intrinsic worth of Mr. Wayland-Smith's latest pamphlet on Socialism,* it is deserving of praise because of its character and scope. It is entirely occupied with economic facts and forces, to the exclusion of all philosophic theories. The divorce of purely economic from religious, or rather anti-religious, Socialism is a matter of paramount importance for religion; because no greater mistake could be made than to identify the cause of Christian truth with the prevailing evils against which economic Socialism protests. This compact little pamphlet is useful and interesting reading. In his introductory chapter, "Getting the Viewpoint," Mr. Wayland-Smith observes that great changes are impending, that the present relations between capital and labor are inevitably destined to undergo far-reaching modifications. Hence prudence dictates that we should prepare for the emergency by studying whatever facts exist that may provide us with some guiding light for the approaching crisis. Let us study the conditions in the countries where, more than in any others, the Socialistic principle has been substituted for the competitive or selfish principle; in other words, let us examine the results which the supremacy of the labor power has wrought in Australia and New Zealand. In the Australian Confederation the labor party is supreme; it has enacted, and it enforces, a code of legislation which has for its objects to shorten the hours of labor, to abolish compe-

* *Shall We Choose Socialism?* By F. Wayland-Smith. Kenwood, N. Y.: F. Wayland-Smith.

tition, and to control the growth of large fortunes. While in sympathy with the workingman's efforts for his betterment, Mr. Wayland-Smith frankly exposes the tendency of labor to become just as tyrannical as capital, and he describes the undesirable as well as the desirable, effects following from the suppression of competition, the enforced introduction of what the opponents consider an undue proportion of leisure in the life of the toiler. Some of the most instructive facts gathered here illustrate how the severe restrictions imposed to limit the hours of work, cause much hardship to many of the class whose interests these regulations are meant to safeguard.

The Preachers whom Doctor Mc-RELIGION AND POLITICS. Dermott takes to task* in three lectures are the Protestant clergymen who made the remarkable letter of President Roosevelt to M. I. C. Martin, regarding the loyalty of the American Catholics, the occasion for an appeal to the declining spirit of bigotry in this country. The first lecture was directed against the manifesto issued by the Protestant synods; the other two are replies to a Philadelphia minister who supported the attack in his pulpit. Dr. McDermott expresses, more diffusely, and with an admixture of unimportant parenthetical exchanges, such as almost always creep into a controversy of this kind, the sentiments and principles laid down with such lucidity and good taste by Cardinal Gibbons in the article which he contributed on the same topic to one of our leading periodicals.

A few months ago M. Houtin published, in France, a volume under the sensational title, *Un Prêtre Marié*. The book professed to offer unimpeachable documentary proof that the late Chanoine Perraud, a brother of Cardinal Perraud, had been for many years, during which he exercised the ministry, a married man; and that the Cardinal, while aware of the fact, had elevated him to the dignity of Canon in his Cathedral and permitted him to continue the exercise of the ministry. The Abbé Perraud had, at the time of the Vatican Council, been a close friend of Père Hyacinthe,

* *The Preachers' Protest*. By the Very Reverend D. I. McDermott. Philadelphia: Peter Reilly.

better known afterwards as M. Loyson. After the latter had left the Church the Abbé Perraud continued to maintain friendly relations with him. Some letters of the Abbé to his friend were, in defiance of the opposition of the Abbé's literary executor, entrusted to M. Houtin, who made them the basis of his calumnious charge. In the course of his book M. Houtin endeavors, on utterly inadequate grounds, to create the impression that Père Gratray and the saintly Henri Perreyve were in sympathy with M. Loyson, who threw off the Dominican habit in order to enter the world and take a wife. This refutation shows that the correspondence offered in support of M. Houtin's assertions does not bear the construction placed upon it, and triumphantly vindicates the memory of the Cardinal, his brother, and his two friends. M. Houtin's charges have been accepted and widely circulated by the press not only in France, but also in England, and, to a less extent, in America. Of course, however, not a line of notice will be taken of the answer,* by the greater number of the organs which propagated the scandalous charge.

THE DIVINE STORY
By C. J. Holland, S.T.L.

This life of our Lord,† intended for young persons, comes as near to the ideal as we can reasonably hope for. It is the Gospel itself presented in a current, continuous, narrative form, which adheres strictly to the data of the Evangelists, unalloyed by the introduction of any legendary matter, or imaginative amplification. The author, wisely eschewing the example of foreigners, has confined himself to presenting a paraphrase of the inspired text, and to the introduction, wherever necessary, of such explanations regarding customs, institutions, persons, and situations as are necessary or useful for the proper understanding of the history. These explanations, and the *mise en scène* of the events, though unencumbered by the introduction of any learned disquisition, or professional treatment, are laid down on the lines of accurate scholarship. Though the book professes to be for the use of young persons, it may very well aspire to serve the laity at large.

* *A Calumny Refuted. Charles Perraud, Perreyve, et Père Gratray.* Par Quelques Témoins de leur Vie. Paris: Bloud et Cie.

† *The Divine Story.* By Cornelius Joseph Holland, S.T.L. Providence: Joseph L. Tally.

RIGHT LIVING.

As its title indicates,* Bishop McGavick's volume is one of moral instruction. It consists of a number of instructions on everyday duty; solid in thought, plain in language, and adapted to the conditions of the American life.

CATHOLIC CHURCHMEN IN
SCIENCE.

By James J. Walsh, Ph.D.

Against the charge that the Catholic Church is hostile to science, Dr. Walsh continues, in a second volume,† to reply by presenting biographies of staunch Catholic ecclesiastics and laymen who hold high rank in the roll-call of scientists. The present volume contains interesting biographies of Albertus Magnus, John XXI., Guy de Chauliac, Regiomontanus, and several other distinguished astronomers, as well as some clerical pioneers in electrical science. The Doctor is a veritable encyclopedia of information in this field; and the cogency of the facts is nowise diminished in his presentation of them.

COSTUME OF PRELATES.

By John A. Nainfa, S.S.

The newspaper reporter who, a few months ago, when giving an account of an ecclesiastical function, informed the public that at the end of the procession came the bishop himself wearing the thurifer on his head, was, perhaps, an extreme type of the innocence that prevails in secular circles concerning the nomenclature of ecclesiastical vesture. Yet a great many people, well-informed on all that concerns the essentials of Catholic faith and discipline, make mistakes but little less ludicrous than the one just mentioned when speaking of the various pieces of the costumes worn by Church dignitaries of different distinctive grades and by the same personages on different occasions. Few, even among the clergy here, but will be surprised at the complexity of the etiquette which prescribes how a Prelate is to dress in order that he may appear, on all occasions, in the garb suitable to his rank and the circumstances of the moment. A proper acquaintance with these regulations is acquiring increasing importance among ourselves. Father

* *Some Incentives to Right Living*. By the Right Rev. A. I. McGavick, D.D. Milwaukee and New York: The Wiltzius Publishing Company.

† *Catholic Churchmen in Science*. By James J. Walsh, Ph.D. Philadelphia: The Dolphin Press.

Nainfa says: "With the exception of Italy there is no other country in which the proportion of Prelates is larger than in the United States. Now these Prelates would naturally desire to have their official costume conform as far as possible to the rules and prescriptions of the Church with regard to its color, shape, trimmings, etc.)* He claims no more than his due when he adds that "they will find this manual at least useful as a book of reference in matters of the costume which they are privileged to wear." The instructions of Father Nainfa will enable them to acquit themselves properly through every ascending degree of the ecclesiastical ladder to the Roman purple, and even to the throne of the Fisherman himself. A more humble and more extensive utility of this erudite little book will be for the benefit of the inferior clergy, whom it informs regarding the proper form, color, trimming, etc., of birettas, "rabbis," surplices, and other articles of ecclesiastical dress.

LITTLE ANGELS.

By Rev. M. Russell, S.J.

Like countless poets, preachers, philosophers, Father Russell has essayed—with what success who shall say?—to console the weeping which was heard in Rama, when Rachael wailed for her little ones; in this regard all the world is Rama, and Rachel's name is legion. The writer has thrown together, without any effort at methodical arrangement, a miscellaneous collection of original and borrowed reflections, in prose and verse, on the death of little children.† A considerable portion of the contents is of a personal nature; for some of the letters and papers which make it up were first called forth by the death, at the age of five years, in 1864, of the first-born child of the late Lord Russell, the Chief Justice of England. Forty years separate the two parts into which the book is divided; and in the latter part the writer avails himself of the privilege of age to indulge in retrospection and reminiscence which dwell chiefly upon family personages and associations. He has gathered, from widely different—and in some instances, little known—sources, many beautiful and consoling thoughts on the death of young children.

* *Costume of Prelates of the Catholic Church According to Roman Etiquette.* By the Rev. John A. Nainfa, S.S. Baltimore: John Murphy Company.

† *Little Angels: A Book of Comfort for Mourning Mothers.* By Rev. Matthew Russell, S.J. New York: Benziger Brothers.

ESSAYS.

By Thomas O'Hagan.

Four essays, which during the past few years have appeared in some of our Catholic periodicals, from the pen of a Canadian writer, whose name is otherwise not unknown here, are the principal content of this neat little volume.* The first paper is a pleasant and highly appreciative study of Tennyson's "Princess." Mr. O'Hagan makes the poem a text to express his views on the feminist question. Higher education for women, and intellectual development on the generous liberal lines; so runs his thesis. But "the true mission of woman is, and will always continue to be, within the domestic sphere, where she conserves the accumulated sum of the moral education of the race, and keeps burning through the darkest night of civilization upon the sacred altar of humanity the vestal fires of Truth, Beauty, and Goodness." In "Poetry and History Teaching Falsehood," the author cites apt illustrations of the perversions which the bias against the Catholic Church propagates in non-Catholic literature. He has also something worth while to say on the mistaken method of making the study of literature in the schoolroom a mere intellectual analysis instead of training the pupil to grasp and appreciate the spirit of poetry. In a final essay he makes a plea for the Avignon Papacy on the ground that it contributed brilliantly to promote the Renaissance.

THE FAR EAST.

The Far East in this title † must be understood in a large sense; for Dr. Thwing's educational survey scans not alone far Cathay and its neighbors, Japan, Korea, and the Philippines, but also India. The writer attempts, in a book somewhat small for the subject, a survey of the character of popular education in these various countries; and of the forces at work in them to promote or mar the intellectual and moral progress of the peoples. The Doctor's analysis of the situation is not minute; his forecasts somewhat vague and conjectural. On the whole, he inclines to believe that Western influences, especially Christianity, will succeed in raising the East to a higher level of moral and intellectual

* *Essays, Literary, Critical, and Historical.* By Thomas O'Hagan. Toronto: William Briggs.

† *Education in the Far East.* By Charles F. Thwing, LL.D. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company.

life. That this account of a vast subject leaves much to be desired for thoroughness may be judged from the fact that it scarcely makes mention of the Catholic Church, or of the work her missionaries have done and are now doing in these countries.

HUMBLE VICTIMS.

The names associated on this title page* are both rich with recollections. The author is the nephew of Louis Veuillot, and successor to his uncle in the editorial chair of the *Univers*; while the translator is the daughter of Charles Gavan Duffy, the Young-Irelander who, after being sent into penal servitude for life because of his patriotism, rose at length to be prime minister of an English colony in the land upon which he first stepped as a convict. The book is a collection of edifying stories, artistically told, for young people. Many of them are drawn from the time of the French Revolution. All are lively vignettes of French life among the humbler classes; and they present vividly the play of influences for and against religion which are at work to-day.

The name of Labrador suggests to
THE STORY OF LABRADOR. most people only stormy seas, an inhospitable coast bound in perpetual fog and almost perpetual ice. A perusal of Mr. Browne's interesting little book † will dispel this error, and, not unlikely, inspire a desire to see for oneself this land of the near-midnight sun. The book is not remarkable for descriptive power nor, in fact, any conspicuous grace of style. But it is packed full of detailed information, topographical, historical, industrial, and social, concerning the people and their surroundings, their mode of life, the products of the soil and the sea. Every step that a tourist can take, and every detail that might contribute to secure his comfort or satisfy his curiosity, is recorded with the fidelity of a Baedeker.

**Humble Victims*. By François Veuillot. Translated from the French by Susan Gavan Duffy. New York: Benziger Brothers.

† *Where the Fishes Go*. The Story of Labrador. By the Rev. P. W. Browne. New York: Cochrane Publishing Company.

Foreign Periodicals.

- The Tablet* (3 July): Consideration given the "Sunday Closing Bill" in House of Commons.—"The Oratory School—50 Years After"—a brief history of the famous school founded by Cardinal Newman.—Review and criticism of an article in *The Nineteenth Century* on "The Fallen Birth-Rate Among the Upper Classes."—"The Reality of Spirit Phenomena" reports a series of seances recently held at Naples.—"Educational Notes" tell of the much fairer treatment of Catholic schools by the London Education Committee as elected by the municipal reformers.
- (10 July): Synopsis of debates on various features of the Finance Bill in House of Commons.—Account of the last service in the Old Lincoln's Inn Fields Chapel. Vale-diction of the Archbishop. *Résumé* of the achievements of the Catholic party in Belgium, under the caption "A Catholic Government Jubilee."—Review of Volume V. of *The Catholic Encyclopedia*.—Notes from the first number of the *Acta Pontificii Instituti Biblici*.—Recep-tion of the Ambassadors of Mahomet V. at the Vatican.—Index of *Tablet* articles, January–June, 1909.
- (17 July): A motion made in the House of Lords, "That it is expedient that jurisdiction to a limited extent, in divorce and matrimonial cases, should be conferred upon county courts in order that the poorer classes may have their cases of that nature heard and determined in such courts."—An appreciative article on the life of the late Lord Ripon.—Anglican partici-pation in the Calvin celebration evidences, thinks a writer, how at the psychological moment "all the chil-dren born of the Reformation group themselves together and by all the instinct of their common birth, cry: 'All one family we.'"—Abbé Gasquet's Sermon, "The Benedictines in England," preached on the occasion of the golden jubilee of Belmont Cathedral.
- The Expository Times* (July): The "Koine," a short article on the question of New-Testament Greek.—Consideration of Dr. Neville Figgis' claim (The Gospel and Human Needs) that the present-day problem for Christianity is

“anti-Christian religiousness” and not materialism or agnosticism.—“Recent Criticism of the Synoptic Gospels,” by Principal W. C. Allen.—“Was St. Peter ever in Rome?” Some reflections on Monsignor Duchesne’s answer to this question, in his *Early History of the Christian Church*.—Materials to help in the study and appreciation of I. Peter, iii., 15.—Under “Recent Biblical Archæology” Stephen Langdon, Oxford, writes of the “Letters to Cassite Kings” as published by Dr. Hugo Radaw.—“The Life of Faith,” by Rev. W. W. Holdsworth.

The Month (July): The initial article by Rev. J. H. Gollen gives us “Some New Lights Upon St. Ignatius of Loyola.”—C. C. Martindale reviews “Two Histories of Religions.” The one review is an appreciation of M. Dufancq’s work: *Avenir du Christianisme*, a comparative study of pagan religions and the Jewish; the other is a consideration of M. Reinach’s *Orpheus*. The latter C. C. Martindale regards as “unscientific in aim and method.”—B. W. Devas writes on “Lay Work at Boys’ Clubs.”—Dom Bede Camm, O.S.B., concludes his paper, “The Founders of Beuron.”—Rev. Joseph Keating writes an article entitled “Impressions of Father Gerard Hopkins, S.J.”

The Church Quarterly Review (July): “The Union of South Africa and the Native Question.” A study of the problems suggested by the movement for a United South Africa.—“John Calvin: An Historical Estimate,” by the Rev. A. T. S. Goodrick. In his introduction Mr. Goodrick deplores the want of candor on the part of many of Calvin’s biographers.—“The Royal Commission and Poor-Law Reform: The Majority Report,” by the Rev. W. A. Spooner, D.D. Causes of failure, conditions during its working, consideration of the chief recommendations of the Commissioners for the reform of the existing law are discussed.—“Westminster in the Twelfth Century: Osbert of Clare,” by the Very Rev. J. Armitage Robinson, D.D.—“The Reunion Problem: A ‘Scottish Episcopal’ View,” by the Very Rev. T. I. Ball, LL.D., makes the third of a series of articles on the question of union of the Established Church of Scotland with the Scottish Episcopal Church.—“The Greek Contribution

to Spiritual Progress," by Miss H. D. Oakeley.—"Darwin and Modern Thought."

The International (July): Dr. Rodolphe Broda in an article entitled "The Female Suffrage Movement" points out that the adoption of this policy has proven satisfactory in Australia, New Zealand, and Finland.—"Turkey after the Crisis," by Charles Roden Buxton, describes the difficulties of Turkey in her endeavor to maintain a constitutional form of government.—Laurence P. Byrnes, writing on "Agricultural Co-operation in Ireland," traces the slow but steady growth of the system of co-operation for the distribution of dairy products.—"The German Poor-Law System," by Dr. Heinrich Reicher, discusses the manner in which the different German institutions care for needy persons and infants.—Ferdinand Buisson has an article on the "New Education" in France, in which he criticizes the present system inaugurated by Jules Ferri.—"Higher Grade Schools in Denmark," by Holger Begtrup, describes Christian Flor's novel scheme for educating the adult peasants in Denmark.—Abbé Paul Naudet presents "A Liberal Catholic View of Lourdes," in which he considers the various hypothetical explanations advanced for the cures; shows wherein they err; and draws the logical conclusion.—Cimon T. Z. Tyan has an article entitled "Newspapers in China."

Dublin Review (July): The value, in the conversion of England to the Faith, of a Catholic assimilation of the King James' Version of the Bible; the necessity of the study of Hebrew modes of thought and expression; the rightness of literary criticism of the sacred narrative; its popular diffusion are discussed under "The Literary Aspects of the Old Testament," by Canon William Barry.—"Politics and Party," by Lord Hugh Cecil. The evils in the House of Commons, namely: obstruction and arbitrary closure of debates. The decay of interest can be remedied by the creation of a "persuadable" element and by renewed free debate.—In a similar strain the Editor applies the principles of Edmund Burke on party action to the general question of the value of party allegiance and its apparent opposition to individual

thought and sincere deliberation.—“The Failure of the Workhouse” is acknowledged. Its promiscuity breeds immorality; its slackness, pauperism; its confused administration, now waste, now want. Mrs. Crawford feels that the present system should be ended, but that proposed substitutes hide grave dangers, especially to poor Catholics.—W. H. Mallock, in “A Century of Socialistic Experiments” in America, shows that these communities can continue only through the suppression of the private family and the family affections, whether by enforced celibacy or by the abolition of marriage and the substitution of temporary unions.—Mgr. Moyes begins a study of “St. Anselm of Canterbury” and his struggle for the freedom of the Church.—The importance of woman has been “in balancing, criticizing, and opposing the coercive or legal and the collective or democratic conceptions of government.” By demanding the ballot she has surrendered her power. Mr. G. K. Chesterton “weeps” for this modern surrender.—“Lord Curzon and Oxford Reform,” by F. F. Urquhart.—“English Catholics in the Eighteenth Century” is a eulogy and *résumé* of Mgr. Ward’s *Dawn of the Catholic Revival*—Alice Meynell says that “Swinburne’s lyrical poetry” exhibits “a poet with a perfervid fancy rather than an imagination, a poet with puny passions (but quick to voice those of others), a poet with no more than the momentary and impulsive sincerity of an infirm soul, a poet with small intellect—and thrice a poet.” His power lies in the affluence of his vocabulary and in his enthusiasm for the landscape and the skies.

Le Correspondant (10 July): Mgr. Baudrillart continues his studies of Catholic Universities with those at Dublin, Quebec, Washington, Beirut in Syria, Fribourg in Switzerland, and the recent establishment at Madrid.—“The Three Polands,” submitted to Austria, Russia, and Germany; the police terror, the massacres, the prisons, the espionage; the organized calumnies added by Germany to fiendish persecution; the social and political rôle of Catholicism—these form the theme of Marius Ary-Leblond.—Political and economic crises in modern Chile; picturesque Santiago; a war-like history and

a splendid army are described by Prince Louis d'Orléans et Bragance.—Paul Delay exposes the uselessness of the fortifications around Paris.—The story of "Watch-making" from Peter Heinlein to Louis Leroy, by Leopold Reverchon.—"Aunt Aymée," a novel by Noël Francès, is concluded.

(25 July): René Vallery-Radot describes the identification by the Duc d'Aumale of the town of Alesia with the site of Cæsar's victory over Vercingetorix.—"Public Spirit in Germany," by H. Moysset. Catholics, Democrats, and Socialists unite in demanding suffrage, universal, direct, secret, and equal for all.—H. Bremond contributes "The Tennyson Centenary," a literary meditation rather than a didactic study.—Prince Louis d'Orléans et Bragance continues his articles on Chile, treating its politics, finances, industries, religion, and the position of its women.—Marius Ary-Leblond concludes "The Three Polands," discussing the religious persecution.—Letters of Henri de Latouche, a journalist under Louis Philippe, edited by Joseph Ageorges.—"Sonnets" upon four Roman statues, by Charles de Rouvre.

Études (5 July): The authenticity of the *Tu es Petrus* text is insisted upon by Yves de la Brière.—*De Frequenti usu Sanctissimi Eucharistiæ Sacramenti Libellus*, a little book published in 1555, and again in 1909, is reviewed by Paul Dudon.—Descriptions of the "Massacres at Adana" are contributed by several missionaries.—That the Canticle of Canticles was written before the Exile, and that it is an historical poem in allegory, are some of the conclusions noted by Gabriel Havelin, in reviewing a recent work by P. Joüon.—Albert Condamin urges upon his readers the nebulous state of our knowledge of the early religion of the Chaldeans and Assyrians.—Paul Geny notes the recent works dealing with Platonism—Aristotle, the Stoics, and Plotinus.—J. M. Dario reviews the recent thought and research on St. Thomas and Thomism; Roscelin and Anselm; Bonaventure, Roger Bacon, Duns Scotus.

Revue du Clergé Français (1 July): In its bearing upon liberal Protestants as well as upon Modernists separated from the Church, J. Bricout considers the question: "Are

They Still Christians?"—Father Godet contributes a biography of J. A. Moehler, the great German ecclesiastical historian of the early part of the nineteenth century.—J. M. Vidal writes of "The Religious Movement in Italy," a movement inaugurated by Pope Pius X. for the improvement of the seminaries.—L. Wintrebert treats briefly the relation of the Church's teaching to the doctrine of evolution.—An article entitled "Social Movements," by Ch. Calippe, discusses the mental attitude of the rich to the poor, the depopulation of France, and similar questions.

(15 July): "The Personality of St. Thomas Aquinas" is the reprint of a discourse delivered by E. Bernard Allo, O.P., at the University religious ceremony at Fribourg.—In "The Stages of Rationalism in its Attacks upon the Gospels and the Life of Jesus Christ," P. Fillion considers Baur and the Tübingen School.—Abbé Paul Thone analyzes "The Principle of Autonomy" defined by A. Sabatier.—A pastoral letter of his Eminence Cardinal Mercier, Archbishop of Malines, treats of the "Duties of Conjugal Life."

Revue du Monde Catholique (15 July): In this issue appear the continued articles of M. Sicard, treating of the "French Clergy Since the Concordat of 1801."—"La Fontaine's Pictures of Animals," by Alexander Harmel.—"The History of Marmoutier," by Dom Rabory.—"Towards the Abyss," by Arthur Savaète, dealing with the Bull of the Sacred College of the Propaganda relative to the University of Laval.—"The Mysteries of the Inheritance of A. T. Stewart of New York," by Denans d'Arctiques, relating details of the great merchant's last testament disposing of his vast possessions.—Theodore Joran's views, as continued in the "Feminist Movement," might well have been summarized in the saying of the Princess of Ligne: "Let men make the laws and we women the morals."—In his article on the "Spanish Apologists of the Nineteenth Century," Father At shows how the conflicting testimonies of the Socialists, on the great problem of evil, serve as effective weapons for their own destruction in the hands of their Catholic opponents.

Revue Bénédicte (July): D. G. Morin comments on a "Pris-

cillianist Treatise on the Trinity," recently discovered in an unpublished document, manuscript 113 of the Laon catalogue.—“An Old Gregorian Missal” is the title of a liturgical study by D. A. Wilmart. Fragments of Codex Casinensis 271 are shown to be from the authentic Roman Missal of the seventh and eighth centuries which was of Gregorian origin and the predecessor of the Sacramentary of Pope Hadrian.—“The Trial and Disgrace of the Carafa” is concluded.—The ravages wrought by Jansenism in the Benedictine Congregation of St. Maur are suggested by a series of letters.—D. P. de Meester continues his papers on “Orthodox Theology.” The present one deals with the Providence of God; its Relation to the Problem of Evil; The Foreknowledge of God; Predestination.

Revue Pratique d'Apologétique (1 July): “The Resurrection of Jesus Christ,” says E. Mangenot, was attested in St. Paul's view by six apparitions (I. Cor. xv.); however hard these may be to localize in time or place, they are historical facts. Their nature was corporeal, not purely psychical; the efforts to prove St. Paul an epileptic, who mistook an hallucination for a reality, are futile.—Mgr. Douais, in his letter on “Apologetics,” calls this science the “introduction to faith.”—“Recent Converts,” continued by Fr. Alexis Crosnier. This article deals with Oliver George Destrée, a fervent admirer of pre-Raphaelite art, a critic and writer of poems. His attention was turned to the Gospels by St. Francis and Tolstoy; he entered the Benedictine monastery at Maredsous, to the great astonishment of Young Belgium. He has published in allegorical verse the story of his conversion.—J. Bousquet describes “An Association of Priests” founded in 1876 by Abbé Chaumont under the patronage of St. Francis de Sales.

Revue des Questions Scientifiques (July): Editorial congratulations to the University of Louvain.—“Albert de Laparent and His Scientific Work,” by Charles Barrois. This scientist, editor of the *Revue de Géologie*, has recently died, crowned with honors.—Dr. L. Vervaeck treats of “Finger prints. The scientific bases of the dactyloscope and its use in criminal cases.”—A. Vermeersch,

S.J., shows that a lowered birth-rate is fatal to social progress.—“Ports and their Economic Function.” Four writers treat at length the histories of New York, Puteoli (which yielded to Naples after the reign of Emperor Theodosius), Shanghai, and Zeebrugge (in Belgium).—Articles on “The Correspondence of the Retinal Impressions Received in the Act of Sight.”—“Problems in Aviation.”—“Canadian Dairies.”

Chronique Sociale de France (July): M. Charles Calippe reviews *An Effort at Synthesis of the Catholic Social Doctrines*, by M. Lorin. Quoting M. Lorin: “Everything in Catholicity speaks of the idea of fraternity. . . . All devotions of the Church indicate that its members are of one great family. The Pater Noster; the application of the name Mother to the Blessed Virgin Mary. Even the Papacy, the living expression of the Divine Paternity, is the concrete affirmation of the human fraternity.”—“A New Social Law in Holland,” by M. A. Van Den Hout.—A bill proposing to eliminate night work and Sunday work in bakeries was introduced by the Minister of Industries. Many arguments are put forth in defense of the bill.—“In the Country of Billions,” by H. Cetty, speaks of the debts of German cities.—“Gardens for Workers in the Country,” by Abbé H. Bourgeois, tells of the giving of land to those in need.—“A Proposal to Revise Custom Houses,” by Max Turmann.—“Light on the Mountain Tops,” by Rémy, a retreat at the old Chartreuse du Haut-Don.

Stimmen aus Maria-Laach (July): “Strikes and Lockouts,” by Heinrich Pesch, S.J. The author points out the economic and social dangers of these forms of social control, which breed class-hatred; but he admits their legitimacy for just and weighty reasons, when peaceful means have failed, when the result is practical of attainment, and when violence is not employed.—Julius Bessmer, S.J., begins a discussion of “Telepathy.”—“The History of Prayer-Books,” by Stephen Beissel, S.J., from the psalters used by Charlemagne to those of the thirteenth century.—Victor Cathrein, S.J., discusses “Ethics and Monistic Evolutionism.” The logical results of this doctrine are the destruction of the moral order, the

denial of purpose in life, and the placing of murder on the same level as the killing of animals.—“Giacomo Leopardi, the Poet of Pessimism,” by A. Baumgartner, S.J.

La Civiltà Cattolica (3 July): “The Masonic Religion.” Fifty years ago Freemasonry in France claimed to be tolerant, reverential, teaching faith in God and in the immortality of the soul; to-day, as openly stated by Mr. J. D. Buck in his “Genius of Freemasonry and the Thirteenth Century Crusade,” the Mason everywhere “is, or ought to be, an enemy of Popery; the indifference and supineness of many Masons on this point must mean either ignorance, folly, or cowardice.”—“St. Clement and the Miracles of the Old Testament.” A. Harnack, in a recent paper, endeavors to depict the mind of the Holy Pontiff as regards these miracles. He claims that St. Clement never attributed any religious value to them, since he was silent as to their importance. Fr. Hermann Van Laak, S.J., refutes this argumentation and reveals the great esteem of the Pope for these miracles.—“The Palazzo di Venezia in Rome,” continued.

(17 July): “Adversaries of Capital Punishment.” Father A. Ferretti defends the death penalty against Rabaud and Beccaria.—“St. Anselm of Aosta and His Work in England.” A short sketch of the man, the religious, and the master of the spiritual life.—Fr. Savio, S.J., treats of Pope Pius X.’s “New Condemnation of Modernism.” In the second part of the Encyclical *Communium Rerum* the Holy Father calls Modernism “the synthesis of all heresies,” shows its danger to the Church, and completely confutes its sophisms.—“The Second Century of Mabillon. A Retrospect,” continued.

Razón y Fe (July): Juan Antonio Martinez says that there has been formed by Father Henry Watrigant, S.J., a “Library of the Exercises of St. Ignatius.” It is located at Enghien, Belgium.—“The Moral Influence of Raiffeisen’s System” of rural banks has been great and good. Vice has decreased, mutual interest has awakened.—Continuing his discussion of “The Holy See and the Book of Isaias,” L. Murillo disposes of the arguments

against the possibility of prophecy.—“The Psychology of Patriotism” shows it to be a rational form of love, mingled with passion.—E. Portillo continues “Differences Between Church and State Regarding Royal Patronage in the Eighteenth Century.”—“The Immorality of the Theater” is assisted, says V. Minguaga, by inefficient legislation.—P. Villada, in answer to “An Objection Against the Censorship of Newspapers,” shows that articles, even on religion, there printed among those on other topics, do not fall under the Constitution “Officiorum.”—“Twelve Years of Radio-Activity,” by J. M. del Barrio, is concluded.

España y America (1 July): The first of a series of articles on “Mendel and His Scientific Work,” by P. Antonio Blanco, deals with the life and personality of the illustrious Augustinian.—The decay in agricultural resources and results has led to the organization of a “Universal Co-operatives” bank. The causes of the decay and the statutes of the bank are described by P. Bruno Ibeas.—“The Exegetical System of St. Thomas.”—P. Velilla de Tarilonte writes on the “Commercial Importance of China.”

(15 July): P. Bruno Ibeas concludes his articles on “Co-operatives,” approving the efforts of Sr. Espiel to introduce new agricultural methods, to furnish safe and reasonable loan establishments, and to promote federation and morality.—“Christian Humility,” as P. M. Velez shows in his closing article, does not lead to the fanaticism of inertia, loss of interest in life and in the welfare of one’s country and one’s friends.—Felipe Robles continues “The Philosophy of the Verb.”—“The Apostle St. James and the Basilica of Compostela,” by P. Juan M. López.—P. Juvencio Hospital sends “A Traveler’s Notes from China.”—Encyclical on the Centenary of St. Anselm continued.

Current Events.

France.

Holders of high office in the State ought to be as detached as religious. M. Clemenceau, after having been in power for a longer time than any former premier, had every prospect of retaining office for an indefinite period. Only the week before he fell he had received from the Chamber of Deputies an endorsement of his policy by a vote of confidence of 345 to 90. Even on the very night on which the adverse vote was given there was not until within some twenty minutes any expectation of what was to follow. The mishap was due to his own bad temper and want of self-control. M. Delcassé, it seems, has been a long-standing critic and opponent of M. Clemenceau, and he found in the state of the navy, which has just been revealed, an opportunity of making an attack in no measured terms upon the head of the government, and of laying upon him the whole responsibility. He made a speech in which he accused the Premier of criminal neglect of duty, a neglect which had led to a state of anarchy in the naval department; of levity also and of weakness of will. M. Clemenceau was so stung by these taunts, that he lost self-control and entered upon a series of accusations, declaring that M. Delcassé was responsible for having led France, by his over-ambitious schemes, to the semi-capitulation involved in the act of Algeciras. This made M. Delcassé still more angry and he proceeded to call to the Prime Minister's remembrance, and to that of the Chamber, a long list of M. Clemenceau's previous misdeeds and to enumerate his own services to the country. The latter certainly were not inconsiderable, for the high position which France now holds in Europe is largely due to the diplomacy of M. Delcassé. The agreement with Spain, the agreement with Italy, and the agreement with England were made by him. The mediation which put an end to the war between Spain and this country, the intervention which prevented on the occasion of the Dogger Bank outrage, a war between Russia and Great Britain, and the preparation of the *entente* between France and England were his work. The speech of M. Delcassé, in which he recounted all these achievements, won for

him the sympathy of the Chamber, a sympathy to which effect was given by a vote after M. Clemenceau's reply, and in consequence of that reply. For he accused M. Delcassé of having brought the country within a hair's breadth of war without having done anything to prepare for any such eventuality by taking military precautions, although he had been informed by the Ministers of War and of Marine that they were not ready for war.

By 212 votes to 176 the order of the day accepted by the government was rejected, and the end came of M. Clemenceau's tenure of power. His resignation, however, involved rather a reconstruction of the ministry than an entire change of government or of its policy. Within a few days M. Briand was able to form a new ministry, which contains within its ranks an equal number of old and new members, half a dozen of each. The recently appointed civilian head of the Naval Department has been replaced by an Admiral, and one General has followed another in the War Department. M. Briand himself is a revolutionary Socialist, and is the first Socialist of that type that has ever been the head of a government; two of his colleagues also are Socialists. Revolutionary Socialists though they all are, they are not of the extremist type, for if they were they would not be willing to accept office.

In addition to his office of Prime Minister, M. Briand is at the head of the Departments of the Interior and of Public Worship; as Minister of the Interior he will have control of the preparations for the General Election which is to take place next spring. One of the most significant results of the change of ministry is the elimination of M. Simyan, to the dislike of whom the recent strikes of Post-Office officials was due. His office has been abolished, and at the head of the Department a Socialist, M. Millerand, has been appointed. Whether this is an indication of a change of policy towards these officials remains to be seen. That no change in external policy is likely to be made is shown by the fact that M. Pichon remains at the head of the Foreign Office. The Church in France being now placed on a voluntary basis, it is not easy to see what work M. Briand has to do as Minister of Worship.

Capitalists do not grieve at the departure of M. Caillaux, the Minister of Finance, the author of the Income Tax which has so long been threatened, to which the wealthy are so

bitterly opposed; but they do not yet know how M. Cochery, the new Minister, will act in this matter. The appointment of Admiral Boué de Lapeyrère, as Minister of Marine, puts an end to a ten years' term of Civil Heads of the Naval Department, a period during which the navy has been declining in efficiency. He is said to be a keen disciplinarian and has inaugurated his *régime* by a wholesale removal of the chiefs of the Naval Departments. The Chief of the General Staff, the Director of Naval Ordinance, the Director of the Fleet in Commission, the Director of Naval Construction, the Controller-General, have all been superseded. A reorganization has been effected in the highest department of all by the appointment of a permanent Under-Secretary of the Navy. So many changes have never taken place before in modern French history. They show that a new era is to be entered upon, and that the government intends to fulfill the promises which M. Briand made in his first ministerial declaration, that there should be a complete reorganization of naval administration.

In all other respects it is continuity that has been promised. The Old Age Pensions Bill, which has been for so long a time before Parliament, is to be earnestly pushed forward. The Income Tax Bill also is to be carried through the Senate. The way for a Reform Bill is to be prepared by trying at the approaching municipal election the system of proportional representation in order to give to minorities at least some voice in legislation. The Bill regulating the status of civil servants is also to be proceeded with. Various other measures were announced indicating the adhesion of the New Cabinet to the line marked out by M. Clemenceau.

After M. Briand's speech the Chamber declared itself satisfied by a vote of 306 to 46. It then adjourned until October, and left the new government in peaceful possession of power.

One of the most remarkable of M. Briand's declarations was that he was an enemy of persecutions, a believer in liberty, and a disbeliever in the repression of religious ideas or forms of worship. And yet, as it will be remembered, it was he who carried through the Chamber of Deputies the Separation Bill. He went on immediately to affirm that he would not permit any encroachment upon the work of laicization which was being accomplished by the Third Republic; that, on the contrary, it would be unswervingly defended. It was his intention, too,

to govern: the Chamber must be content with the right of control and of legislation. It seems somewhat difficult to harmonize into one consistent whole these various declarations.

The visit of the Tsar to Cherbourg, where he was met by President Fallières and M. Pichon, the Foreign Minister, has, it is said, strengthened the alliance with Russia, if it stood in need of strengthening—a thing which is denied. All agree in affirming that it has removed every obstacle to the preservation of peace by making it clear to any one who might be willing to make war how closely united are the enemies with whom he would have to cope. The balance of power is now so well established by the union of Russia, France, and Great Britain, that no room is left for the domination of any one Power. The attempt to attain or to retain such domination is the only thing that would disturb Europe at the present time, and when it is seen how difficult the accomplishment of such a task would be it is less likely that the effort will be made. The visits made by the Tsar to M. Fallières and to King Edward are looked upon as having had this result.

The Courts of Law have decided that the government was right in refusing to allow the Post-Office officials to form a trade union and that it was illegal for them to make such an attempt. This right is declared to belong only to private individuals, and not to civil servants. As to the right to strike, the Court holds that it is preposterous for State employees to arrogate this to themselves, as they are the employees of the nation and have special privileges which are not possessed by the working classes. This judgment shows that the course adopted by the government of M. Clemenceau in its treatment of the strikers was, to say the least, legal.

Germany.

About a week before M. Clemenceau relinquished the French Premiership, Prince Bülow retired from the German Chancellorship. With many differences, there was substantially the same reason for the departure of both—neither had succeeded in satisfying the representatives of the people. The Bill for the reform of the Finances of the Empire, and the plan adopted by the Prince for raising additional taxation, did not meet with the approval of the Reichstag. It

was so fundamentally altered, notwithstanding all the efforts of the Prince, and altered too by the parties in the Reichstag that are supposed to be especially deferential to the wishes of those in authority—the Conservatives and the Centre—that the Prince could no longer, with the self-respect which he felt was due to himself, remain at the head of affairs. While, therefore, as a matter of form, a German Minister of State is accountable only to the Emperor, yet as a matter of fact he must be able to secure the confidence of the people and their representatives in order to continue in office. At least in this instance this is shown to be the real situation. Whether, therefore, the Committee which is now sitting to discuss the question of ministerial responsibility ever reports or not, or whether a formal change is ever made or not, is not a matter of great importance. For it will in great probability be brought to pass, in Germany as in England, that all real power will fall into the hands of the holders of the purse.

The Chancellor was not the only one to resign, the Minister for Finance took the same step. The plan for the permanent reform of the German finances had to be abandoned; a more or less makeshift scheme of taxation was passed. These new taxes have gone into effect, and have resulted, so there is good reason to think, in a further spread of dissatisfaction. A by-election has taken place for the Neustadt division of the Palatinate, which has been held for forty years by the National Liberals and has resulted in the return of a Social Democrat, a member of the party which is almost in revolt against the existing order. It is universally recognized that the result reflects the hostility of increasing numbers of the people to the new taxes, and that this hostility may lead to the increase of the power of the party to which the government is most opposed.

The new Chancellor, Dr. von Bethmann-Hollweg, belongs to a different class from that which has supplied former Chancellors. He is not exactly a plebeian, but he is not a member of the aristocracy or of any of the more or less privileged classes to which Prince Bismarck, Count von Caprivi, Prince Hohenlohe, or Prince Bülow, his predecessors, owed their origin. His grandfather was a professor, his father a landed proprietor. If he is a Jew, as has been said, a still farther departure from tradition has been made. The services

which he has hitherto rendered to the State were, until he became in 1905 the Prussian Minister of the Interior, in the ranks of the administration. He is not supposed to have any intimate knowledge of Foreign Affairs, and there are those who say that this was one reason for his appointment, as the Emperor will be almost forced to act in the capacity of Foreign Minister. The new Chancellor has the reputation of being patient and diligent, able to make correct speeches in defence of any government measure, to have a keen eye as to the trend of public opinion. Prince Bülow's *bloc* has been destroyed, it having been dissolved into its elements. The coalition of the Conservatives with the Centre is declared by the former to have been merely temporary. The Liberals and Radicals are in hopeless confusion. As the Reichstag is not sitting, no one can tell upon which of its many parties the Chancellor will rely; but every one can see that he will have no light task in finding parliamentary support.

Austria-Hungary.

No progress has been made towards the formation of a new government to take the place of Dr. Wekerle's; nor has anything been done to give to Bosnia and Herzegovina the measure of autonomy which was promised when they were annexed. The heir apparent, the Grand Duke Franz Ferdinand, is said to look forward to the confederation of the various races of which the Empire is made up, and hopes to find in it a remedy for the many evils from which the country suffers. There are others who, seeing the success which has attended that method in this country, hope to apply it to the whole of Europe. A gentleman, it is said, has been traveling through the capital cities of Europe trying to convince the present holders of power to subordinate themselves to one supreme ruler with limited powers, and to bring all the nations into one confederation to form the United States of Europe. This seems almost ridiculous; but if a few years ago the prediction had been made that Russia and Turkey would have parliaments in any shape or form, and that members of these parliaments would be received abroad with greater honor than either Tsar or Sultan, such a prophet would not have been widely believed.

Russia. But this is what has taken place. The Tsar has been paying a visit to the King of England and was

received with all due honor by him and by the government. But it is very doubtful whether he would not have been insulted if he had set foot in any town of Great Britain. Many protests were made against his being received at all. In Parliament and out of Parliament, in the public press, and at public meetings called for the purpose, these protests were made. It was the Labor Party, the representatives of the working people, that was most energetic and outspoken. But remonstrance was not confined to it. Bishops like Bishop Gore, scientific men like Sir Oliver Lodge, members of Parliament not belonging to the Labor Party, authors, editors, and a few Peers joined in an effort to dissociate the government from extending to the Tsar any welcome. On the other hand, the deputies from the *Duma*, who had come a short time before on a visit to England, were received with open arms; the government, the universities, and the masses of the people everywhere, vied with one another in showing them honor. The reason for the difference was that the Tsar was looked upon as responsible for the numerous executions which have been taking place in Russia during the past two or three years, for the incarceration without trial of tens of thousands of innocent men and women, and for the horrible administration methods which are still maintained in Russia. How far the Tsar is responsible for this cannot be decided; persons in his position are, unless they are men of wonderful force of character, more often rather the victims than the controllers of the systems of which they form a part. Nor can it be denied that the Tsar is the giver of a measure of representative government, and that he has resisted the many efforts which have been made to suppress it.

In any case, notwithstanding all the opposition which was offered, the Tsar was received by the King. It may have been a choice of evils; that it was felt to be more important to maintain the balance of power in Europe by the union of Russia, France, and Great Britain than to act as human sympathies suggested. The internal affairs of Russia were not the concern of the King or government of Great Britain. The visit is said to have resulted in yet another consolidation

of the forces which make for peace. It is to be followed by visits to the King of Italy and to the new Sultan.

Spain.

It seems to be certain that there have been disturbances in Spain; but as the government took the usual course of the weak, and tried to suppress the truth by a severe censorship, imagination was given full play, and every kind of contradictory statement made. All Catalonia was, it was said, in open revolt, the army disaffected, the Republicans were on the point of rising, the Carlists were assembling with Don Jaime at their head. Don Jaime, however, was no nearer than his home in Austria, from which he issued a manifesto saying that he never would be guilty of such a crime as exciting a civil war. He was ready indeed to be the savior of Spain, whose King was becoming, he said, unpopular, and whose Queen was not liked. According to several accounts in Barcelona a large number of churches and convents had been burned, women and children being numbered among the perpetrators of these deeds, monks and nuns had been killed, some even at the foot of the altar, and outrages too horrible to mention had been committed. According to another, that of a well-known Deputy and an eye-witness of all that had taken place, there had been no murder, robbery, outrage, or pillage at all. No nuns had been in any way harmed or insulted. Some convents indeed had been attacked, but this was done with the object of freeing the nuns from what the people looked upon as a miserable life. No prisoners had been shot. The army had behaved splendidly. There was no separatist movement whatever. All that took place was the result of an outburst of feeling consequent on the departure of the reservists. Which of these is the true account it is, of course, not within our power to decide. There is, however, too much reason to think that the Deputy is altogether too much of a minimizer.

It seems clear, however, that in Spain there is a very strong feeling against war. Other countries have their peace societies, but on the least provocation the war frenzy predominates. Spain, so far as we know, has no peace society, but is hard to move to arms. The present conflict seems to be due to the opening of mines in territory which is outside of that which

belongs to Spain, in the neighborhood of Melilla and within the territory of the Riffs, a warlike Moorish tribe, who object to mines and to the railway which was being built from Melilla. They showed their dislike by killing some workmen who were building the railway. For this the Governor of Melilla felt called upon to chastise them, a task which has proved more difficult to accomplish than was expected. All parties in Spain, however, have come to think that national honor is involved and are determined to push forward operations to a successful conclusion.

Turkey.

There has been so far very little change in the state of affairs in Turkey. Hilmi Pasha's ministry still retains the management, although there is a movement said to be promoted by the Committee of Union and Progress to supersede it by one more in accordance with their own ideas. It is to be feared that the Committee is seeking to grasp all the power of the State, and thereby to stand in the way of real constitutional government. In fact, the expectation of the establishment of such a government cannot be said to be strong; the most that can be said, so far, is that Turkey is on the road towards its attainment. It is upon the army that the present order rests, and although the soldiers are said to favor a constitutional form of government, yet the military spirit is essentially so opposed to such restraints, that doubts may be entertained of the persistence of this feeling. In fact, the martial law which was to have lasted for only a few weeks, has been extended until next March, and this too without any reason having been given. The visit which has been paid to England by a large number of the members of the Parliament, and the exceedingly warm reception which was given to these visitors, may prove to have had a counteracting influence.

The real spirit of the Young Turks has been manifested in the effort which they have made to re-assert Turkish authority in Crete. That authority for many years has been merely nominal, and even that nominal authority was cast off by the Cretans last autumn. Were it not that the Powers sympathize so strongly with the new *régime* in Turkey, they would have, in all probability, acquiesced in the action of the Cretans and have allowed Greece to annex the island. The Powers now stand

between Turkey and Greece, and will not allow either to have their own way. Turkey is ready to go to war and so are the Cretans. So strained a situation cannot last long.

Persia.

The news from Persia is very meager. As a compensation for not serving his country the ex-Shah is to receive more than one hundred thousand dollars a year, and is therefore about to take his departure. This has given his former subjects some degree of relief. A greater degree would be felt if the Russian troops would depart, for all Persians deeply resent every kind of foreign intervention. No doubts are entertained about the good faith of Russia; in fact conspicuous good faith has been shown, for the strongest pressure was put upon the representative of Russia to bring the troops into Teheran during the recent troubles, to which he refused to yield. Little anxiety is felt that in this respect all will turn out well. But whether any degree of union can be brought about among the jarring forces within the country itself seems rather doubtful. The Parliament has not yet met, seems not even to have been elected. Anarchy is spreading on all sides. The boy of nine years cannot, of course, control affairs. Whether a strong, honest, and able guide can be found to bring about peace and order remains for the future to disclose.

THE COLUMBIAN READING UNION.

THE HUDSON-FULTON CELEBRATION.

ONE is apt to forget, in the midst of a great anniversary pageant, the names of men whose deeds were not so opportunely cast as to coincide with large colonizing movements and the outreachings of trade to a new continent. Eighty-five years before Henry Hudson explored the river which bears his name, Verazzano sailed into New York harbor. A year later, in 1525, Gomez, another early navigator, called the Hudson the River of St. Anthony, and it is so charted on some early maps.

This earliest known, and in all likelihood first European, name of the Hudson brings home to us a reminder of the temperament of that other day. We have rivers and cities and falls and lakes of the Holy Sacrament, of the Trinity, of the Holy Spirit, of the Sacred Heart; and hundreds of others—some lost, as this of the Hudson, and some preserved to us—which bear the names of saints. One cannot help contrasting the spirits of the two ages. No one can take up, regardless of his knowledge of European history, an early map of the Americas without discovering in its very place-names the one great cause which sent men forth in tiny cockleshells upon unknown seas. And one may be forgiven for doubting to-day whether the discoverer of the North Pole will fall upon his knees, take possession for his country Cross in hand, and dedicate the spot to Our Lady of the Snows.

There is much virtue in opportuneness. In 1609 began a twelve years' truce between the Netherlands and Spain. The little Dutch Republic was the manufacturing and commercial center of Europe, and Amsterdam, whence Hudson set sail, was the greatest shipping-port of the world. The Dutch East India Company, which figures so largely in the explorations of the Hudson River, was composed of six branches known as the Chambers of Amsterdam, Zeeland, Delft, Rotterdam, Hoorn, and Enkhuizen. It was in the employ of this sixteenth-century promoting company that Hudson undertook the voyage in his ship, *De Halve Maene*, a tiny craft, as we think to-day, about 75 feet long and 17 feet wide.

After an unsuccessful attempt to find a northeast passage, Hudson turned his prow towards the American coast in the belief that there was a sea between Virginia and New England which would give entrance to the Pacific Ocean. The exploration of the great river which now bears Hudson's name is a familiar story. It is thought that the *Half Moon* went up as high as Albany. The explorations occupied a month and the identification of the course depends much upon the recorded descriptions of the country.

The coincidence of two anniversaries such as those of Hudson and Fulton is very happy. Surely no two names are more closely connected with the Hudson River. On the one hand we have the Englishman in the service of a great Dutch commercial company, a skilled, fearless seaman, favored by a season of peace and industrial expansion, who bears to the outer world tidings of a new land—"a very good land to fall with and a pleasant land to see." On the other side we have Robert Fulton, born of Irish parents in Little Britain (now Fulton), Lancaster County, Pennsylvania, a man of fine mechanical talent, of no mean skill as an artist, and to whose inventive genius we are indebted for the development of steamboating, and for pioneer

work with submarines, torpedoes, and inland canals. These are no inconsiderable achievements for the close of the eighteenth century.

Fulton was not the first to invent a steam-propelled boat even in America. John Fitch tried an awkward vessel, propelled by rows of oars, on the Delaware, in July, 1786. As a matter of fact, Fulton's was the fifteenth invention of a steam craft, but his great merit lies in this, that he was able to establish steamboating on a firm basis and for all time. The history of this form of navigation begins with Fulton.

Fulton's historic voyage up the Hudson drew thousands of citizens to the shores of the river to jeer at what they called "Fulton's Folly." No one believed that locomotion after this fashion was possible, and an awe came over the watchers as the *Clermont*, with Fulton at the helm, drew out into midstream and moved up the river.

In these days, accustomed as we are to palatial, sea-going hotels, the following description of the *Clermont* possesses considerable interest :

"The original *Clermont* was 150 feet long and 13 feet wide, with 7 feet depth of hold. She drew 2 feet of water. Her hull (below the deck) had wedge-shaped bow and stern, cut sharp to the angle of sixty degrees. In horizontal plan her sides were parallel and she was almost wall-sided, being a very little wider on deck than on the bottom. Her bottom was flat with no keel and she had two steering-boards or lee-boards to prevent drifting sideways. She had two masts, but no bowsprit or figurehead. She had two cabins, one forward and one aft. The tiller by which she was steered was at the back end of the after cabin, so that it was difficult for the helmsman to see what lay ahead. The engine, which was made in England, was amidship between the two cabins and was uncovered. The boiler was of copper. The paddlewheels, 15 feet in diameter, were uncovered, which resulted in drenching the passengers, and no guards protected the wheels from collision. Later, the paddlewheels were covered. To turn around, one paddlewheel was disconnected. The flywheels of the engine were outside of the hull forward of the paddlewheels, and revolved the same way. On one occasion, when one of the paddlewheels was disabled, it is said, paddles were attached to the flywheel and the voyage continued." *

It is hard for us who live in a day that has lost its faculty of wonderment—who have seen the marvels, and touched them with irreverent hands, of the camera, the telephone, the wireless telegraph, the aeroplane—to appreciate the importance of Fulton's achievement. And it is much to be feared that, knowing the whole earth round, and appropriating without effort the hard-won secrets of nature, we have little conception of the hardihood, the unflinching courage, the iron determination required to put gaily out as Hudson did with an unknown sea before him and a cut-throat crew behind.

If the great pageant, to be held in New York from September 25 to October 9, under the direction of the Hudson-Fulton Celebration Commission, but lifts us out of ourselves and our surroundings and brings us to a better understanding of those other days, to a keener appreciation of the fact that we are finishers of the work begun in hardship and disappointment by other sturdy hands—it will be well worth while. It is good to go back. A self-sufficient present argues many things—but most of all ingratitude.

* *Hudson and Fulton*, by Edward Hagaman Hall, L.H.M., L.H.D.

CATHOLIC BOOKS IN PUBLIC LIBRARIES.

Possibly no article published within the last six months in *THE CATHOLIC WORLD* has caused such widespread comment as that entitled "Catholic Books in Public Libraries," by William Stetson Merrill, in the July issue. The article has been reprinted in full and in part a dozen or more times in Catholic papers throughout the country, considerable discussion and comment has been stirred up in their columns, and we have received a number of letters from our readers telling of work that has been, and is now being, carried on in different cities in the cause of Catholic reading.

All this only goes to show that oftentimes excellent work is being done in many quarters of which we are quite in ignorance. And when we fully realize this, the pity of it comes home to us that each one of us, more or less isolated as we are, should be obliged to struggle with the same difficulties and make the same mistakes without being able to profit by the experience of other workers in the same field. One of the best results of this article of Mr. Merrill's is that it has made many earnest and successful workers in the library field known to each other. This is bound to produce good results.

The number of letters we have received on the ways and means of increasing, and making better known, the Catholic books in public libraries is most encouraging. It shows what a deep interest there is in this work throughout the country. We regret that all these letters cannot be published. The following, however, is representative:

MILWAUKEE, WIS., July 21, 1909.

Editor of *THE CATHOLIC WORLD*:

The article of Mr. Merrill on "Catholic Literature in Public Libraries," published in your July number, page 500, contains important suggestions. Also, it caused considerable discussion in the secular press and interviews with public librarians. There is no doubt that all the public libraries contain a great number of good Catholic books, some of which have not been called for since they were placed upon the library shelves. Therefore, the librarians of public libraries have had little encouragement from Catholics to buy Catholic books. This condition induced the Milwaukee Council, No. 524, Knights of Columbus, to publish the first (excepting Father O'Donovan's) and most numerous list of Catholic books in a public library. Since the publication of the Milwaukee K. C. catalogue, nearly fifty other K. C. Councils in the different parts of the United States have prepared catalogues of the books in their local public libraries. Copies of the Milwaukee K. C. catalogue have, on requests of librarians, been sent to nearly all parts of the world, including India, Australia, New Zealand, and the Ladrone Islands. At a national meeting of librarians, the Milwaukee K. C. catalogue was mentioned, and subsequently nearly every public librarian in the United States asked for one or more copies, which were furnished, until the edition became exhausted. . . .

Dr. Peckham, the Milwaukee City librarian, has been especially attentive to the Catholic demands for books, and he has put in many books that he has seen favorably mentioned in Catholic periodicals. In the catalogue of Catholic books in the Milwaukee Public Library there are listed about 4,000 volumes, and since it was published in 1903-4, about 400 additional

volumes of the latest and best Catholic books have been placed in the library. . . .

There should be some Catholic clearing house for catalogues, which would form a very useful department of the Catholic University at Washington. Why should not the University take care of that work? Also, it would be a very praiseworthy thing for the editors of newspapers and magazines that review books, to send copies of their reviews to the catalogue clearing house at the University. Finally, the University might issue an annual catalogue of all Catholic books, either with suggestions or without comment.

C. M. SCANLAN.

In reference to Mr. Scanlan's remark about a collection of book reviews, it may be worth while to call attention here to the fact that in each bound copy of *THE CATHOLIC WORLD*, in addition to the index to articles, there is a full index to the new books reviewed. The value of this will be at once apparent when it is pointed out that over two hundred and fifty works were reviewed in the Book Department of *THE CATHOLIC WORLD* during 1908-09. A complete file of *THE CATHOLIC WORLD* will therefore be a valuable aid to any one who takes up the work of cataloguing Catholic books.

The press comments on Mr. Merrill's article were all very favorable and furnish three very practical considerations. First, that the listing of Catholic books is a most efficient means to arousing an interest in them, both on the part of Catholics themselves and on the part of librarians. Second, that there are many times numbers of Catholic books on public library shelves uncalled for and unknown. Third, that active interest manifested by Catholic readers in their own literature will be met half-way by librarians and lead to a larger purchase of Catholic books.

While it is quite true that in some quarters there has existed, and still exists, a discrimination against Catholic books, and while Catholics at times have with difficulty induced public libraries to admit a fair proportion of Catholic works, this prejudice, happily, is not often encountered. It is the exception rather than the rule and is gradually disappearing.

The practical, work-a-day counsel, then, is: Catalogue the books! This is a task which Catholic young men and women can set their heads and hands to with the sure knowledge that they are doing lasting work. One hesitates to say where it is most needed, in the small towns or in the large cities. What is certain is that it is badly needed everywhere. It will bring our people to a familiarity with their own literature which it would be well-nigh impossible to acquire in any other manner. Catalogue the books!

* * *

AMERICAN FEDERATION CONVENTION.

The Eighth annual convention of the American Federation of Catholic Societies was held in Pittsburg on the 9th, 10th, and 11th of August. It is regarded as the greatest gathering in the history of the organization since its founding in Cincinnati, December 11, 1901. Over five hundred delegates attended the sessions, and a distinguished gathering of members of the hierarchy, among whom were Bishops Canevin of Pittsburg, McFaul of Trenton, Fitzmaurice of Erie, Hartley of Columbus, and Maes of Covington.

As a plan of campaign for the coming year resolutions were adopted regarding profanity and the Holy Name societies; the indecent theater; war against the white slave traffic; negro and Indian missions; support of Catholic papers; Catholic Church extension; observance of Sunday; adhesion to the Church in all questions concerning socialism; opposition to divorce; civic loyalty of Catholics; offenses against public morality; abolition of any and every religious test in all employment; religious instruction in education; compensation for secular education given in the Catholic public schools; support of Catholic elementary schools, academies, colleges, and universities; Catholic literature in libraries; clean journalism.

Prior to the regular business sessions of the Convention a mass meeting was held on Sunday evening, August 8, in Carnegie Hall. A large audience was present and addresses were delivered by a number of prominent members of the Federation. Bishop Canevin spoke of the purpose of the Federation and Mr. Walter George Smith, of Philadelphia, welcomed the delegates, declaring that they could not go back too often to the origin of the Federation.

At a second public meeting, held on August 10, Bishop McFaul, who has been prominently identified with the Federation ever since its inception, spoke of the power of the press, adding a word of warning about present conditions in this country. He said:

"Let me announce it deliberately and with all the emphasis possible that the time has come when infidelity and immorality are stalking abroad in our land, and that it behooves all Christian people, Protestants and Catholics alike, to forget their petty jealousies and differences and, although holding fast to their religious convictions, to unite, to stand shoulder to shoulder, forming an impregnable barrier to anti-Christian doctrines and pagan morals."

BOOKS RECEIVED.

- HARPER & BROTHERS, New York:
Jason. By Justus Miles Forman. Pp. 357. Price \$1.50.
- BENZIGER BROTHERS, New York:
A Homily of St. Gregory the Great on the Pastoral Office. By Reverend P. Boyle. Pp. 24.
- DOUBLEDAY, PAGE & CO., New York:
Marriage à la Mode. By Mrs. Humphrey Ward. Pp. 324. Price \$1.20.
- LA SALLE BUREAU OF SUPPLIES, New York:
Sixth Reader. De La Salle Series. Pp. 480.
- SHERMAN, FRENCH & CO., Boston, Mass.:
Confession; and Other Poems. By May Austin Low. Pp. 47. Price 80 cents net.
Love, Faith, and Endeavor. By Harvey Carson Grumbine. Pp. 76. Price \$1.
- B. HERDER, St. Louis, Mo.:
The Roman Breviary. By Dom Jules Baudot. Pp. 260. Price \$1 net.
- M. H. GILL & SON, Dublin, Ireland:
The Mass in the Infant Church. By Rev. Garrett Pierse. Pp. 197. Price 3s. 6d.
- SANDS & CO., London, England:
The Holy Practices of a Divine Lover. By Dame Gertrude More. Pp. 216. Price 75 cents net.
- KEGAN PAUL, TRENCH, TRUBNER & CO., London:
The Berlin Discussion of the Problem of Evolution. By Erich Wasmann, S.J. Pp. 266.
- MANRESA PRESS, Roehampton, S. W., England:
Index to the Month. Pp. 108. Price 3s. 6d. net.





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