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VOL. LXXXVI. OCTOBER, 1907. NO. 511.

AUBREY DE VERE IN HIS PROSE WORK.

BY KATHERINE BRÉGY.

IT has frequently been proclaimed, and still more convincingly demonstrated, that the writing of verse is the best possible recipe for a good prose style. We find in the poet's use of prose not only an habitual delicacy and picturesqueness (*that* we should have foreseen), but also a notable precision and sense of proportion—as though the use of wings had taught him all the possible graces of walking. It was thus with Aubrey de Vere; whose venerable head shared the glory of a great prose epoch as it had that of a rare poetic revival, and perhaps even more transcendently. We do not claim for him the superb distinction and vitality of Newman's unforgettable prose; nor the musical and emotional qualities of Ruskin; nor the stimulating if pugnacious vigor of Carlyle. But we do submit that his intellectual breadth and seriousness, his poetic sensibility and critical acumen, coupled with his infallibly pure and strong English, and that gracious versatility which we think of as Irish (when we know it is not French), render Aubrey de Vere worthy of a throne beside any one of them—when they shall come to judge the scribes of their Island-Israel!

It was very characteristic of the de Vere household that, at eighteen, Aubrey and his beloved sister used to drive about the woods of Curragh Chase in their pony cart, reading the poetry of Keats, Coleridge, and Walter Savage Landor. Cul-

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ture had become a tradition of the family. But an older and even higher tradition was patriotism—which in Ireland meant love of the *people*. And so it was equally characteristic that young de Vere's first prose work should have been upon no literary or speculative theme, but upon the pressing political needs of the day. "*English Misrule and Irish Misdeeds, Four Letters from Ireland addressed to an English Member of Parliament,*" appeared in 1848, while the famine was still an appalling reality, and English relief measures had about proved their inefficiency. The book is probably little known in these days, although it roused much comment, both favorable and adverse, at the time of its issue.

We should look far indeed for a calmer yet more burning statement of Irish wrongs, or a more masterly arraignment of that baser side of England, which for six centuries "kept vigil for Ireland, while for the rest of the world it generally slept." There is nothing melodramatic in these letters; although that heart-stirring outburst upon the causes of Irish poverty in Letter II, and the later apostrophe to England, with its reiterated burden: "It was your duty— It was your duty—" are noble examples of political eloquence. But for the most part the volume is a simple if impassioned statement of conditions, an inquiry into causes, and a series of suggestions for bettering those conditions. These eleven recommendations of de Vere —including as they do a plan of State-aided Emigration and Colonization, Amendment of the Poor Law, Agricultural Education, improved Sanitation for the Towns, et cetera—prove how practical an idealist the poet and *littérateur* could be upon occasion. But he was no partisan. He believed in union (provided that union meant *equality*) and he wrote as one "attached profoundly, reverentially, and sorrowfully to both countries"—and as nowise disturbed if his statements excited the hostility of either side. Year after year he continued these political writings: pleading as he knew so well how, upon philosophical as well as sentimental premises, against the secularization of Ireland's Church Property; discussing Proportionate Representation (1867, 1868), Constitutional and Unconstitutional Political Action (1881), and so on.

De Vere had from youth been an apostle of Edmund Burke, and in his later years he was no doubt considered rather ultra-conservative. He believed neither in Home Rule nor the Na-

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tional League; and while he still decried injustices to Church property or in the representation of the higher classes, he looked forward hopefully in the conviction that "the great wrongs of Ireland exist no more." In a man so large-minded, the tendency was ever toward the general and away from the particular—toward the sunlight which endures and away from shadows. Doubtless his own personal conviction was best expressed in this singularly beautiful and unworldly passage: "One great Vocation has been granted to Ireland by many great qualifications and many great disqualifications. When Religion and Missionary Enterprise ruled the Irish Heart and Hand, Ireland reached the chief greatness she has known within historic times, and the only greatness which has lasted. When the same Heart and Hand return to the same task, Ireland will reap the full harvest of her sorrowful centuries. She will then also inherit both a Greatness and a Happiness perhaps such as is tendered to her alone among the Nations."* Besides this aim, the practical designs of his more radical compatriots were bound at times to seem unworthy and transitory.

In 1850 appeared the first of de Vere's purely descriptive writings—his *Picturesque Sketches of Greece and Turkey*. They are admirably named, and show throughout an unfailing appreciation, not only of beauty in every form, but of beauty's inner and less obvious significance. We note this quality alike in his dreamful description of the Tragic Theatre at Athens, in his comment upon the "hilarity" of Parnassian scenery, and in his contrast between the *domestic* mountains of England—with their herds and cottages and fruitful orchards—and those southern heights, black with pine forests at their base, while their summits soar into regions of perpetual snow. "It is simply the difference between poetry and poetical prose," de Vere summarizes. The author's tribulations at the Syrian Lazaretto are recorded with that genial Irish humor which winds like a sunlit stream through the story of his wanderings. The "sublime tranquility" of his English traveling companions—"sufficient of itself to keep the ship steady in a storm"—was a constant marvel to de Vere; while the *absence of enjoyment* at a London evening party suggested to him a possibility that the guests were "fashionably repenting, in purple and fine linen," for the sins of their merrier youth.

* Preface to *Inisfail*, 1877.

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But Aubrey de Vere's keenly philosophic and religious tendency was equally manifest. The Eleusinian Mysteries, those most deeply spiritual of Greek devotions, roused his critical and reverent interest; they also brought him face to face with a possible problem. "How are we to account for the extraordinary analogies between truth and fiction—between the guesses of pagan intelligence and the Christian Revelation?" he demands, after acknowledging the many resemblances, both in rite and doctrine, between these ancient mysteries and the faith which succeeded them. "In all these matters there is but one question for a reflecting mind," he answers squarely; "namely, was the later Religion a patchwork of those which had preceded it; or were the early religions of the world, on the contrary, attempts to feel after a truth congruous with man's nature, and intended from the first to be revealed to him?" Such, on all grounds of philosophic reasoning, de Vere deduces as the true solution. "Whatever was deepest in the human heart, and highest in the human mind, sympathized with and inspired after that Religion, which (human only because Divine) is the legitimate supplement of human nature, as well as its crown. To infer that Christianity is but a combination of human inventions, because it satisfies the more elevated human instincts, is about as reasonable as a moral philosophy would be which accounted for the maternal affection by concluding it to arise from a recollection of the pleasure the child has found in her doll."

De Vere's *Recollections*, published almost half a century later, are his sole return to this form of narrative description —unless we include those charming touches scattered through his correspondence. The varied and voluminous letters included in Mr. Ward's *Memoir* are indeed a study in themselves: as a record of friendships, of nascent criticism upon art and literature, and of progressive spiritual experience they are quite indispensable. It cannot be said, however, that they reveal any unexpected phase of de Vere's thought; and many passages were later expanded in his more formal works. To return to the *Recollections:* The chapters upon Manning and Newman, with their intimate pictures of England during the Oxford Movement would alone make the book one of absorbing interest. Then there is that memorable description of the Great Irish Famine. In one vivid snap-shot we see de Vere

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and the shrewd, kind, practical Father T—— in charge of the relief depot—a crowd of hungry, excited peasants without. The problem was how to insure those scant rations of Indian meal reaching the most destitute families. One following another, as long as daylight held, the suppliants streamed into the room, each with his proper tale of woe; de Vere working indefatigably over the lists, the priest using his superior knowledge of the neighborhood, and indicating that they were being "tricked" by an ominously whispered *Transeat*. Another time, riding over to Rathneale, where his brother Stephen was in charge of the relief work, Aubrey was met by a mob of peasants, "rushing out of the town like men flying from an invading foe." The only information he could gain was that they were "speeding somewhere to kill cattle." Dismounting, he climbed to the top of a near-by wall and began to reason and plead with them—being soon joined by a neighboring priest. The people listened, hesitated, and were persuaded to forego the plunder. De Vere warned us in his Preface that recollections were very different from an autobiography, yet we are tempted to find the self-abnegation of these pages more than desirably consistent. After all, the man's character may be divined from what he hides as well as from what he reveals—and merely to look out upon life through his eyes is a benediction.

"More than anything else," de Vere once wrote,* "a great and sound literature seems to be now the human means of promoting the cause of Divine Truth." It was thus that all art—and more particularly that literary art with which his relations were personal and intimate—became to him a vocation of almost sacerdotal responsibilities. Queen herself of the "fair humanities," and handmaid of that holier regent faith, literature possesses no divine safeguard against prostitution. And as the multitude both of books and of readers is increased, de Vere recognized that this prostitution becomes not only more menacing but infinitely more dangerous. In that admirable lecture on "Literature in Its Social Aspects" (originally delivered, at Cardinal Newman's request, before the Catholic University of Ireland), he treats extensively of those "moral relations" which letters must, for better or worse, establish with man. Upon their soundness or their corruption, he declared prophetically, the peace alike of rural village and mighty

* To Mr. Andrew J. George, *cf. Atlantic Monthly*. No. 89.

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city must one day depend. To none was culture a more cherished and sacred thing than to Aubrey de Vere; yet we find him, in a passage full of nobility, declaiming against that specious extravagance which, by deifying literature, would divorce her from human life: "The hero comes before the poet and is the greater poet of the two; for he is the poet in act, not in word alone. He does not lift up his voice, but he lifts up his being; it is his life, not his song, that ascends and draws up many to it. . . . Great men are more than great writers, for their greatness is more inwardly theirs and more diffused throughout the whole of their being. The true poet projects himself forward through the power of imagination, and for the time leaves behind him the meaner part of his nature; the true hero retains the full integrity of his being, and in an unbroken unity of soul *is* that which the other aspires to be."

Happily for us, de Vere brought to the service of these exalted standards a critical equipment almost ideal. Widely read and widely traveled, from boyhood a passionate lover of all that was best in classical and modern literature, he possessed two characteristics still more essential—a genius for sympathy, and sound judgment. Poetry was the favorite, almost the sole, theme of his critiques: poetry ranging all the way from Spenser to Shelley and Coventry Patmore.

Wordsworth he considered pre-eminently the greatest poet of modern times; although he was quick to recognize in Landor's verse much of the "clear outline, the definite grace, and the sunny expansiveness of Greek poetry, and not less its aversion to the mysterious and the spiritual"; while in the "Gaelic string" of Sir Samuel Ferguson's music he took real delight. De Vere's exquisite sensitiveness to beauty is almost as evident in these pages as in his verse, illuminating at every turn their philosophic solidity. His passing comments upon the "unobtrusiveness of true poetry" and the "sweet and large" geniality with which Shakespeare's own nature mediates between the contrasting natures he describes; or his more formal analysis of realism and idealism, those two great offices of literature, "distinct though allied—the one, that of representing the actual world, the other, that of creating an ideal region, into which spirits whom this world has wearied may retire"—these reveal the subtlety of the true critic. But in his definition of sympathy as "but versatility of heart," and of the *song*, so fragmen-

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tary and so difficult, "a mass of closely charged feeling suddenly finding vent catching in its passage a stream of imaginative thought—melting into it, and scattering itself abroad in harmonious words"—we recognize the voice of the poet too. All authentic literary criticism is at least half poetic intuition; and Aubrey de Vere is one among a "great cloud of witnesses" to this truth.

The critic's choice of subjects, when voluntary, is vastly significant of his own character. What, for instance, turned the current of de Vere's affections back to that gentle and now neglected bard of Elfland, Edmund Spenser? In part, the symbolic pageantry of his pages; their glamour of romance and other-worldliness; the poet's high and chivalrous ideals; but far above all, the underlying soundness and spirituality of his philosophy. And the Elizabethan's servility to royal favor, his petty partisanship, his occasionally acrid hostilities, seemed to de Vere accidental, not essential—referable to the spirit of his age, or to "invincible" youthful prejudices. "In many a man there are two men," he tells us sagely, "and in the two there is not half the strength there would have been in one only." Thus in Edmund Spenser he detected the *man* of the Renaissance, but the *poet* of the Middle Ages—painting in his "House of Holiness" an almost perfect vision of higher Christian teaching, at once "doctrinal, practical, and contemplative." It was but one more evidence of that profound and gracious sympathy which raised Aubrey de Vere to such heights of critical, as of vital, understanding: "He could find the ultimate tendencies of the philosophy of men whose lives closed without their becoming aware of the consequences of their teaching"; * as Mr. Walter George Smith has so suggestively pointed out.

That the mediæval attraction was exceedingly potent, de Vere's poetry must already have revealed. The Preface to his *Mediæval Records and Sonnets* is a valuable little commentary upon what he loves to call the "Ages of Faith," pointing out as it does their childlike simplicity in fault and virtue, their imaginative vigor, their reverence for the unseen world, and withal their unconscious joy of life. "To the mediæval mind life was a deep thing—but a light hearted thing also," de Vere notes, "and if Dante, their great Italian representative, was the most spiritual of poets, Chaucer, their great English representative, was

* Aubrey de Vere, *The Messenger*, December, 1904.

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the most mirthful and human-hearted." And there was another attraction, the force of which we should less easily have anticipated, in those strenuous centuries. We are apt to picture Aubrey de Vere dreaming among the sunny fields and stately forests of Curragh Chase, or lovingly immersed in the "heritage of the ages" in his spacious study: noble, serene, and gracious, he becomes to us a half-unearthly figure. All this he was; yet we shall know him very imperfectly if we forget his insistence upon the vigorous, objective side of life. In his Greek Sketches there was an eloquent defense of just warfare, not merely because of its inevitability in any but a sainted community, but also because it tends to rouse the heroic virtues and to "break the chains of conventional littleness," effeminacy and commercialism. In a later essay he declares that "If modern society has reached a higher average of decorous virtue, yet individual robustness—and therefore character—like intellectual greatness, is rarer than it was in ruder times." So it was that the physical prowess of mediæval manhood, its lively sensibility to grief and joy, to love and hate, its power of *moving out of itself* (because ultimately it may thus rise *above* itself), formed, apart from any moral qualities, a very real attraction to de Vere. He had grown impatient of the tameness of modern life—of its conventions and concealments; no doubt he felt with Patmore, although perhaps less radically, that "The power of the Soul for good is in proportion to the strength of its passions. Sanctity is not the negation of passion, but its order."

A critical delight in the English drama came to de Vere almost as a birthright. His father's *Mary Tudor* and his own *St. Thomas of Canterbury* must be numbered among the worthiest examples of latter day dramatic poetry, while the philosophic criticisms scattered through his essays are, in their own fields, equally valuable. Aubrey de Vere loved the drama because of its large *inclusiveness;* because it presented a field for almost every variety of poetry; and most of all because character was conceived in it "by the intuition of a passionate sympathy" and with a vital comprehensiveness appealing at once to the scholar and the man in the street. Conflict was, indeed, essential to it—but the outcome of this conflict must, in poetic justice, harmonize with the great moral laws of the universe. "A perfect tragic theme," he points out, "is one that presents

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us with greatness in all forms. There must be great sorrows, but there should also be great characters; there should be a scope for great energies"—and the catastrophe comes "as a result of great, even though of erring, passions, not of petty infirmities and base machinations." And in historic drama de Vere saw a still more instructive, because a calmer and broader picture of human life: "In Tragedy the problem of life is pressed upon our attention: in the Historic Play it is solved"; and in place of that grim, inevitable Fate which dominated the tragedies of Greece, the over-ruling idea is that of Providence —"a Power from above, not a hand from the Shades—a Providence, not oppressing and subduing man, but working with his strivings while it works beyond them; and thus while it unconsciously vindicates the ways of God, the Historic Drama instructs us likewise in the philosophic lore of nature and of man."

A great deal of terse sense underlies many of these criticisms, as when he observes: "True dramatic genius includes, besides a philosophic insight into character, a certain careless felicity in dealing with externals. This tact is a thing which we always find among our dramatists in the reigns of Elizabeth and James the First, and which in our modern drama—the tradition having been broken—we almost always lack. . . . The soundest philosophic analysis will not serve as a substitute for a shrewd, sharp observation, and that vividness of handling analogous to a hasty sketch by a great painter."

But Aubrey de Vere was too deep and too discerning a critic not to recognize more fundamental reasons for the decay of the literary drama. He attributed this not solely to the sway of science and industrialism in the present age, but to moral deficiencies as well—to its lack of simplicity and earnestness, and of "that intrepid and impassioned adventurousness which desires to watch and join the great battle of the passions on the broad platform of common life"; and again, of "that elasticity of soul which makes renewed vigor the natural recoil from suffering, and a deeper self-knowledge with a firmer self-government the chief permanent results of calamity. These are the heroic virtues of our nature; and the Drama is the heroic walk of poetry. . . . Everything else we may have, things better or things worse, but not this. . . . Dramatic poetry we shall aim at in vain, unless we appreciate those

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manly qualities which are the firm foundation of real life, and therefore of imaginative art."

It was in no small measure because of this splendid virility that Sir Henry Taylor's poetry roused our critic's enthusiastic interest. In no less than five serious and appreciative essays, de Vere has pointed out his friend's "union of vigor with classic grace," his blending of passion and imagination, and particularly his "vivid and practical *reality*," both in character-drawing and poetic treatment. The solidity of that noble tragedy, *Philip van Artevelde*, stood to him as a wholesome corrective of the too prevalent "Art-Heresy," which would exalt the imagination "as the one great poetic faculty, disregarding the relations between it and the moral and intellectual faculties," or the great, vital world of nature. "Reality of thought is ever connected with sympathy for the realities of life," de Vere insists; and his essay upon this drama proceeds to reveal in definite terms his theory of art. It was, briefly, an insistence upon the moral ethos, upon "truth in the form of reality," and upon a sound poetic imagination, which scorns cheap vagaries and all "sensationalism," because it finds eternal freshness and beauty in the springs of a spiritualized human life. "Poetry, though an art, is more than an art; and forms of beauty, if indeed they could be shaped out of a fluent material instead of the everlasting marble, would be worthless as bubbles. Poetry must have a vital principle. Shakespeare, not only our greatest poet, but also, notwithstanding his careless spontaneity, our deepest artist, tells us that 'there is no art, but nature makes that art.' . . . Again, poetry has its relations with moral science as well as with life, and the highest beauty is connected, directly or indirectly, with those deep immutable truths which, however wide the compass they describe, have their anchorage in the lowly ground of veracity and fact. . . . 'I believed, and therefore I spoke,' will ever form part of a poet's credentials, whether his song be secular or sacred."

The most affectionate and perhaps the most memorable of de Vere's critical achievements remains to be considered. "It is indeed as a friend of Wordsworth, and as one who from youth to age has endeavored to make known to others the transcendent value of his poetry, that I should wish to be remembered, if remembered at all,"* he wrote, with that pro-

* *Cf. Atlantic.* No. 89, *ut supra.*

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found and unconscious humility which we note again and yet again. Among those who prize the heritage of "whatsoever things are true, whatsoever lovely," Aubrey de Vere could not soon be forgotten, even had he penned no line upon his great contemporary. None the less, this Wordsworthian affinity is rightly conspicuous. He was able to interpret the poet and seer, not solely because of his long and close friendship or his critical appreciation, but because of a remarkable similarity of temperament. De Vere *understood* where another equally capable critic must have guessed, and in the older man's work he saw many of his own poetical and spiritual ideals fulfilled. His two great Wordsworthian essays (there are various minor ones) are those upon the *Genius and Passion* of the poet's work, and upon its *Wisdom and Truth.** The former is probably the more valuable, because its premises are less obvious. Scarcely any one will care to question the high and philosophic truthfulness of Wordsworth—"neither the wisdom of the schools nor of the world, but of life"; while his genius, and especially his passion, are less recognized by readers of an opposite temperament. "No quality belongs to his poetry more eminently, if we exclude from passion all that might more properly be termed either sensuous instinct or sensational energy," de Vere protests; and it must be admitted that he makes good his case. Pointing out the imaginative passion of Wordsworth's Nature passages, the intellectual passion of many of his patriotic and philosophic poems, and the profound and subtle emotional insight of poems like "Michael" or "Margaret," our critic concludes that the whole, not a part merely, of Wordsworth's nature was impassioned; that in his truly inspired moments he attained "that *white heat* of passion which to colder natures appears but as snow."

All this is high and original criticism, and a very real service to students of English poetry.

Throughout de Vere's appreciation of Wordsworth's poetry there runs a personal element both charming and explanatory. There is, for instance, the story of his first vital intercourse with the master through the pages of "Laodamia": "a new world, hitherto unimagined, opened itself out, stretching far away into serene infinitudes," he tells us, and his boyish en-

* This essay, "The Wisdom and Truth of Wordsworth's Poetry," appeared first in THE CATHOLIC WORLD. Vol. XXXVIII. Pp. 738 *sq.* Vol. XXXIX. Pp. 49, 201, 335.

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thusiasm for Byron fell away "like a bond broken by being outgrown." From this allegiance he never wavered; and when, in 1841, de Vere visited the English Lake country, he and Wordsworth became close friends. The memories of his visit at the poet's simple home; of their mountain walks together, when the "high priest of Nature" discoursed of life's great realities—of Christian faith, of friendship and poetry and the beauty of earth and sky—were ever after among the most precious of de Vere's possessions. The old poet's egotism was utterly ingenuous, yet it seldom excluded a just appreciation of others. "I have hardly ever known any one but myself who had a true eye for Nature—one that thoroughly understood her meanings and her teachings," he once exclaimed to de Vere, "except one person, . . . a young clergyman called Frederick Faber, who resided at Ambleside. He had not only as good an eye for Nature as I have, but even a better one; and he sometimes pointed out to me on the mountains effects which, with all my great experience, I had never detected." It was, of course, the future convert and Oratorian to whom this reference was made.

At another time de Vere learned the secret of that "*veracity*" and "*ideality*" which characterized Wordsworth's Nature descriptions. He took no picturesque inventories; but as he walked he noted all that surrounded him "with a reverent attention" and a joyous, understanding heart; after several days much would indeed have been forgotten, but the "ideal and essential truth of the scene" would remain fixed in his memory. "It was because he was a *true* man," de Vere concluded, "that he was a true poet; and it was impossible to know him without being reminded of this. . . . It was plain to those who knew Wordsworth that he had kept his great gift pure, and used it honestly and faithfully for that purpose for which it had been bestowed."

All great thoughts are ultimately related, and a passage like the following indicates how near literature, well and wisely studied, may bring the student to fields of higher because holier knowledge. "Thought without truth is but serious trifling" de Vere writes, in splendid contradiction of some recent philosophies: "There is no subject which will not suggest innumerable thoughts to as many different minds, or to the same mind in its various moods. Of these thoughts, while many are

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perhaps at first equally imposing, nine out of ten will too probably prove unsound. It is by the inspiration of genius, and of a right mind, that a poet is drawn toward the true thought, and warned away from the rest. One of his chief functions is to vivify the True, and so to strengthen and cleanse the minds of men by the inbreathed virtue of imagination as to raise them above the illusory. Our intellectual strength is in proportion as we realize true thoughts."

Truth was indeed that Holy Grail of which Aubrey de Vere's life was one long quest, and divine truth was as the blood within the chalice. From early youth his religious sensibility seems to have been profound; and while his logical faculties may almost be called sleepless, he never fancied them competent to usurp the place of a higher power. "It is the whole vast and manifold being of man—his mind and his heart, his conscience and his practical judgment, his soul and his spirit—that Divine Truth challenges," he asserts in one of his most masterly essays.* The appeal of spiritual verity was to the *will* and the *intuitive sense*, and to that "spiritual discernment" which must be added to the understanding before it can apprehend what is above its comprehension. Thus mystery is inseparable from religion, since religion is a presentment of the Infinite to the finite mind of man; but faith, in the last analysis, "so far from being belief on compulsion, is in the highest sense a spiritual *act*, and an eminently reasonable act, though also more than reasonable."

"Revelation," he tells us in another essay,† "is not, as some fancy, a bond half-broken and hanging loose about us, but a supreme hope rich in gifts still in store for us. . . . For four thousand years and more, man was allowed to put forth all the strength of his faculties, and to show to what he could attain, and what was his limit. Then the primal promise, that of the Incarnation, was fulfilled, and the gates of a spiritual universe were flung open before him."

Although we may trace in it the influence of Coleridge, most of the above was written not in de Vere's youth, but when he had become a master of Catholic theology. How he came into citizenship of that "city not made with hands" is a vitally interesting story; and while his *Recollections* maintain a certain delicacy on this, as on all personal topics, they deal with it frankly and simply. He had been educated as a mod-

* *Subjective Difficulties in Religion.* † *The Great Problem of the Nineteenth Century.*

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erate High Churchman; and from boyhood on through the great Tractarian Movement his attachment to the Anglican Church was as ardent and absorbing a thing, he tells us, as the patriotism of Wordsworth. But as events wore on, when the prohibition of Tract 90 and the Gorham decision upon Baptism had begun to frustrate the return to ancient Catholic teaching—a conviction grew upon de Vere that his English Church was but a fallible and incomplete *school of thought*, national at best, and in no true sense a "branch" of Universal Christendom. Equivocations, compromises, evasions, would not do for a mind of his temper. He saw but two alternatives—to discard the whole Church idea in its nobility and sacred beauty, or to submit in honest loyalty to Catholic authority. De Vere gave two whole years to this final consideration; and although his studies were pursued without anxiety or excitement, the opposition of many among his closest friends imparted a sacrificial loneliness to the period. At last a glory as of full sunlight broke upon the pilgrim's way, and his conclusion was reached. It was that "Church Principles were an essential part of Christianity itself and not an ornamental adjunct of it; and that they were external, not as our clothes are, but as the skin is external to the rest of our body. The Apostles' Creed had affirmed three supreme doctrines which included all others—namely, the Trinity, the Incarnation, and the Church. What God had joined it was not for man to separate. God's Church was created when God's revelation was given. . . . She is the temple of the Holy Spirit who descended upon her at the Feast of Pentecost. That Pentecost was no transient gift. . . . It is the witness of that Divine Son to His whole revelation; and that witness which alone can be borne to the successive generations so long as a Church, organically and visibly as well as spiritually one, affirms the one Truth through the one Spirit. This is what makes schism a grave offence; apart from this the charge would be unmeaning." Another and equally illuminating thought is referred to in one of de Vere's letters to Sara Coleridge—the suggestion that certain degrees of spiritual understanding were attainable, not by the individual mind, but by "that collective unity which is called the Church." To make use of this supplemental consciousness of Christendom "no more involved the suppression of the individual mind than the use of the telescope involves the loss of one's eyesight": to reject it "reduces the

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Church to the littleness of the individual, instead of imparting to the individual the stature and the faith of the whole mystic body." *

Aubrey de Vere's most important theological essays have been collected in a little volume called *Religious Problems of the Nineteenth Century*. Besides these there are a few less formal pieces of devotional and philosophic prose—his discourse on sainthood for instance, and on *The Human Affections in the Early Christian Time*. This very beautiful prose-poem purports to be an epistle written, A. D. 410, by the Eremite Ambrosius to Marcella, a young virgin about to become a wife. Something of its charm may be gathered from these fragments: "On all sides Infinitude doth gird us in; and all virtues are infinite. By nature the terrestrial life is the lower; but grace consecrateth nature and raiseth the low. . . . Faith keepeth vigil on the mountain; and again, in the valley Faith lieth down and taketh her rest, because the Lord sustaineth her. From innocence thou goest, but unto innocence. Thou advancest from virtue to virtue—from the virginal honors unto the matronly . . . from the straiter commune with God to the wider commune with God. . . . The ties of mortal life image the ties of the life immortal—for what else mean we when we say that God is our Father, and Christ our Brother?" If more than one of de Vere's poems may be called theological disquisitions, this modest little "epistle" should certainly rank as an epithalamium of surpassing grace and loveliness.

It was a strange providence that during the same years of the century just passed, English-speaking peoples beheld three powerful yet vastly different apologists, working for the advancement of Catholic truth. They were all converts: John Henry Newman, Isaac Hecker, and Aubrey de Vere. Newman's appeal was to the past: to Patristic evidences, to the unity (including of course, the development) of primitive Christian faith. Father Hecker's appeal was to the present: to the natural laws upon which the supernatural rest, to that "heart's hunger and soul's thirst" which vital Catholic truth alone can satisfy. To Aubrey de Vere there seemed no past or present in religious experience. In theology, as in all departments of thought, he was a *psychological* critic. His appeal was to the

* This same theory is expanded in de Vere's essay on *The Philosophy of the Rule of Faith*.

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intuitive sense and "spiritual discernment" first of all; and then, because Catholicity included these, to authority and to human nature. And he regarded life and art from a standpoint equally soulful. His own intensely spiritual nature, and long habits of analytic thought, necessitated this. We find him making fine and delicate distinctions in words (which are always at the same time distinctions of thought) as between reasoning and reason, pleasure and enjoyment; we find him pointing out how "in Coleridge's poetry the reasoning faculty is chiefly that of contemplation and reflection; in Wordsworth's the meditative and discursive prevail"; we find him weighing the Elizabethan drama by psychological standards, where Ruskin would have used ethical, and Arnold esthetic values. And throughout his entire critical work, we notice the moral and artistic elements constantly interpenetrating. All minor verities, whether of sense or intellect, resolved themselves into one immutable and comprehensive truth; and man, however minutely studied, became a symbol of mankind. De Vere has observed that the Greek knew no landscape, although he delighted in detached objects of natural beauty. He himself saw all details as part of some glorious whole; nor could his view stop short of the distant horizon. In a measure, this comprehensiveness is part of all criticism, but with de Vere it was a distinct characteristic. It almost became the measure of his "personal equation"; and it goes far toward explaining why he could so thoroughly interpret Spenser or Wordsworth, while of Patmore's poetry he was merely appreciative and not illuminating. De Vere was unusually quick to recognize traces of a solid, universal greatness; he was less sensitive to beauties of an exotic or esoteric character.

> We live by Admiration, Hope, and Love;
> And, even as these are well and wisely fixed,
> In dignity of being we ascend—

These words, loved by de Vere and chosen as the text of his *Essays Chiefly on Poetry*, strike the keynote of his attitude towards letters and toward life. His criticism as a whole was overwhelmingly constructive; and while ever fearless in denouncing "sensual" or "sensational" literature, materialistic and unsound philosophies, and whatever wars against the soul's

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life, he still and to the end "enjoyed praising as inferior men enjoy sneering."*

In the matter of style, de Vere's prose is almost impeccable. Its charactetistic merit is one of philosophic dignity and clearness, but it possesses lesser merits as well, as in the passages where we are reminded of the elusive nicety of Walter Pater—or those others (notably at the opening of *Literature in its Social Aspects*) where the splendid musical harmonies of Sir Thomas Browne seem floating about us. Always it is noble, and even its merriment has a note of the sedate. This comes less from self-consciousness—which, indeed, would have corrected it—than from a scrupulous preoccupation with the matter rather than the manner of his discourse.

We have earlier spoken of Aubrey de Vere's versatility. If we consider this as a temperamental quality—as a practical form of sympathy and imagination—we recognize its presence as very real, and in one sense an explanation of his close and varied friendships. But still, it is less notable than his earnestness or his consistency or his unworldliness. If we refer to his literary work—in itself only part of his life—it is far otherwise. We find this one man bequeathing us eloquent political briefs, literary and theological criticism of the first order, delightful reminiscences, and a whole body of high and noble poetry. And instead of rejoicing (after the fashion of some) in his own plenitude of power, de Vere seems to have been so absorbingly interested in other things and other people that he scarcely thought of himself at all. His genius was almost as unconscious, and almost as spacious, and altogether as soaring, as one of the great English cathedrals. It is difficult to describe him briefly, save by transposing Steele's immortal tribute and declaring: *To have known him was a liberal education!*

* This was de Vere's own comment on Landor.

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ARNOUL THE ENGLISHMAN.

*AN HISTORICAL ROMANCE OF THE THIRTEENTH CENTURY.**

BY FRANCIS AVELING, D.D.

CHAPTER I.

PROLOGUE.

RE the sheep all folded, Brother?"

The voice was a strong and masterful one; a little rasping, perhaps, in its decided accent of Norman-French; the speaker, a powerful, well-proportioned man in the prime of life. His brown habit, of a coarse woolen material, hung straight from the shoulder to ankle, with a narrow strip of the same cloth before and behind, and was held in at his waist by a leathern girdle. The keen moorland air had given a patch of color to either cheek; otherwise his face, like his voice, proclaimed him what he was—a Frenchman. His eyes were dark and restless, his nose aquiline, his bearded lip and chin of such a stamp that it needed his dress, as well as a certain habitual placidity and repose in his bearing, to proclaim him a lay brother of the famous Cistercian house of St. Mary of Buckfast.

In sharp contrast to him was the brother whom he addressed. A little, wizened old fellow, whose wrinkled and puckered face, tanned like a skin by long exposure to wind and sun, spoke of the wild moors, of yellow gorse, and purple heather. His twinkling eyes looked over the stone walls of the fold and rested with a certain pride and affection upon his flock. It was his boast that he had never lost a single lamb; that he knew every inch of the vast moorland pastures belonging to the Abbey; that he could lead his sheep through fog and mist, straight as the bird's flight, from point to point of the desolate expanse, until they were safely enclosed in the great fold of Brent Moor. And there was something in his boast, too. The brothers told strange tales of Brother Peter, this quaint little lay brother whose patched

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and repatched habit hung always awry, and whose shrewd eyes twinkled under a rugged thatch of eyebrows and hair that had once been red, but were now bleached to a nondescript sandy-gray.

"He had a familiar . . ." "Not so pious as he might be, . . . and had dealings with the little folk of the moor." So some of them said. But Brother Gregory was nearly right when he said, in his sing-song drawl, that Brother Peter knew his sheep as well as if they were Christians. He told them where to go, to be sure, and there they went, obedient to their shepherd, just as Brother Gregory's bees obeyed him, staying in their hives when he whispered to them that a monk of the Abbey was dead.

Brother Gregory was a man of the soil, too, like Brother Peter.

He tended his bees behind the Abbey Church, in the fair green meadows that slope down gently to the Dart; and he, if any one, ought to know. For, like Brother Peter, he was very close in touch with Nature, and understood a great many things that the wise choir-monks could not learn, try as they might, from the great tomes in the Scriptorium. But Brother Peter lived closer to Nature even than Brother Gregory. Up in the great heart of the moor, where Nature herself breathes and palpitates, he had lived from his boyhood—save when he went down to the great Abbey to learn his Paters and his Aves and to make his novitiate as a lay brother of the Cistercian Order. He knew where the speckled trout lay in the shallows of the little rivers that purl and dash and bubble over the bosom of Dartmoor, and when the silver salmon were coming back again from their journey to the sea, to flash and leap from pool to pool until they reached once more the sandy gravel beds where they first wriggled out of the egg. He knew —none better—the favorite haunts of the red deer, and where the bees went to find the sweetest honey. Every beast and plant and stone of the moor he knew—and loved. He was a moor-man born and bred. But he loved none so well as his own sheep. They were, for him, part and parcel of the whole —just as he was himself. So, perhaps, Brother Gregory was not so far wrong when he said that Peter's sheep understood him.

"Yes, Brother"; he answered simply.

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"And none of them missing?" queried his interlocutor.

"None, Brother"; replied the little man dreamily, as if in answer to a catechism. And indeed he had the same questions to answer whenever he brought the sheep home to Brent.

"Then, Brother, be in and eat and get what rest you can. To-morrow is the feast-day of our Lord the Abbot; and all the brethren are bidden to the Abbey. Gyst, the cotter, will stay here with the serfs. But we must be up betimes, for it is a long cry from Brent to the monastery in time for Mass. All the country-side will be there to-morrow to do honor to the Lord Abbot; and they say the Bishop himself will come from Exeter to be present. Haste thee, Brother! Thy sheep have no further need of thee—now."

"Yes, Brother"; said the little man meekly, as he turned to enter the low stone building that served as a cell for the monastic grangers and shepherds of Buckfast sojourning on Brent Moor.

Brother Basil, for it was he who had charge of the settlement on the moor, stood for a few moments looking out over the sloping hills that billowed away from the height on which he stood. The setting sun cast long black shadows across the moor. Here a vivid patch of yellow caught its rays and flamed into a golden prominence; and there the shaded purples of the heather faded in sombre contrast. In the far distance a rugged tor stood out, black and defiant against the mantling glory of the spring sky; erect and solemn, like a sentinel guarding the outposts of the world. A silver stream, gilded by the yellow rays, wound in and out among the hills; here and there lost in the shaded greens of the breaking foliage where the trees that leant over its surface grew the thicker, but always reappearing in a shimmer of ripple and fall as it descended to the ocean.

Brother Basil drew a long sigh. Not that he was at all sentimental, for he was as devoid of sentiment as the great tor standing out before him in the paling light. But he had been taught that Nature reflected its Maker; and he always sighed when he composed himself to his prayers. Where Brother Peter's eyes would have sparkled all the more, and the curves and puckers deepened upon his weather-beaten face in a contented smile, Brother Basil looked grave and sighed. But then, Peter was in touch with Nature and mixed up his religion with

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his herding. He had the faculty of seeing the beauty of the world and of seeing beyond it as well; whereas Brother Basil had to make a conscious effort of faith when his mind traveled from what he saw to what he was taught lay behind it. Hence the sigh.

The hum of the bees was growing less and less audible. The sheep, settling down for the night, ceased wandering aimlessly around the fold. The sunlight paled; and a rosy glow heralded the cold, clear twilight of the moor. A little bell rang out from the gable of the cell; and Brother Basil, crossing himself as he did so, turned to enter it. For a short time a murmur was heard, monotonous and soothing. The brothers and their serfs were at their night prayers. Then silence and the night descended together; and the tor kept solitary watch in the moonlight, as the world whirled on towards another day.

CHAPTER II.

In the fairest valley of the fair land of Devon lay the Abbatial house of Buckfast. The Dart, born of the rills and rains far up on the head of the moor, to which it gives its name, here brought its turbulent career to a close; and flowed gently and peacefully through the green meadows that showed evidence of monastic toil and care. Save when the melting snows or a summer freshet goaded it to fury, and it rose black and angry to gnaw at the roots of the great trees that lined its western bank, its placid flow laved shelving earth carpeted with violets and primroses and shaded by coppices of noble oaks and beeches.

It had seen the beginning of the famous monastic house. Long before the monks came to Devon its bosom had mirrored other human forms than those that now walked up and down beside it, clothed in cowl and scapulary. The rude cave-dwellers from the south, the strange inhabitants of the stone circles hidden away high up in the fastnesses of the moor, had hunted and fished along its banks from source to estuary. Their wild eyes had peered into its glassy pools; they had waded across its shallow fords, tracking the deer and the otter, and thrust their barbed spears into its waters where the salmon lay, rank on rank, their tails all pointing to the sea, long, long before. They had hunted and slain each other, and then they

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had been slain themselves, or gone away; for a new race, with dark, matted locks and wild, hunted eyes, came, flying, from the east. They wore the skins of wild beasts and were streaked and pied with paint, and they fled ever westward, through the bracken and the heather, towards the land of the setting sun. Then came others in their wake, speaking a strange language —a dogged, warlike race, sturdy and strong, armed with stout javelins and shields, and wearing helmets on their heads. And they, too, fished and hunted and trapped and snared—but seldom, for they were few and had the town of Exeter to hold; and they warred with those that had gone before whenever they rose against their conquerors and held the country for themselves and for the honor of their great, far-off city. Then they withdrew, peaceably enough, and fair-haired men came to fish and hunt along Dart. Last of all came the monks, a quiet and peaceful race. They did not carry bows or javelins; but they sang songs as they cut down the branches of trees and wove little dwellings for themselves on the flat land that bordered Dart. Nor did they make war. Always singing, they hewed out the gray rock from the hillside, and built, or tilled the fertile soil and sowed and reaped; until a tiny stone church was built and a house for the black monks of St. Benedict. And so they worked and built and died for over three hundred years—never making war, never slaying, but always singing—till they, too, passed away and the gray monks of Savigny came to take their place. And the gray monks did the same things as the black monks. They toiled and quarried and built and sang; for they were peaceful-minded too, and had no thought of war. And the people round about ceased from slaying, also, and from all desire of war. Last of all, a hundred years before our story opens, the gray monks of Savigny disappeared and the sons of St. Bernard came from Citeaux, in white robes and black scapulars to build and plow and sing just as their predecessors had done. Old Dart had seen it all and remembered it all. As abbot had succeeded abbot, it saw the stately pile of masonry rising, the house and its dependencies growing, towers and buttresses and walls springing from the greensward up to the blue sky; the great arched gateway built, and the heavy, iron-studded gates hung; and bells brought and blessed and set in place in the tower. And then at night time, when the river slept under the cold moon, and in the early

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morning and throughout the day, it heard the silver tones pealing out across woodland and moorland, and the rise and fall of the monks' voices in the Abbey Church, and the lowing of the kine in the higher meadows, and the ring of steel upon stone, and the click and whirr of looms.

What it could neither see nor hear, the bees told it, or the swallows, as they came skimming over its bosom from the monastery eaves. The bees sang, and the swallows whispered of the flocks and herds on the far-off moors of Holne and Buckfast and Brent, and of the great wealth of the Abbey and the number of its retainers, of stately ceremonial and gorgeous pageant, when the incense clouds rose and drifted out through the open windows of the church to mingle with the incense of the flowers without, and when the tapers twinkled like stars on the altar of St. Mary.

All these things Dart knew, and more; for it was very old and wise. But it knew and loved best the peace and quiet that reigned in the valley since the monks had come; and it murmured a vow to the flowers and grasses as it passed to do its best to be peaceful and quiet too. Only when the waters came together on the Moor, Dart rose hissing and angry; and tore down the valley a solid wall of sullen, moor-stained water, carrying away with it branches and whole trees, and sometimes, when it claimed its human heart, a dead man; tearing pebbles and boulders from the bank, chafing, gnawing, grinding at its stony bed, wearing away the rock in polished grooves and strange, deep cauldrons, as it rushed, mad with rage and cruel in its forgetfulness, away from the sodden moor. Still, Dart did not often forget its promise; and when it did, it was not so much its own fault as the moor's.

This morning the sun rose over a peaceful river. The highest branches of the trees just stirred in the gentle breeze. Not a ripple ruffled the calm water. The monastery bells were calling the brethren to the first hour of prayer. The cows were gathered at the gate of the byre, their udders swelling with rich Devon milk, waiting for the cow-herd. By the riverside stood a boy, his whole being, for the moment, intent upon the fish in the pool beneath him.

Arnoul de Valletort was a near relation of the Abbot of St. Mary's; and since the death of his father, eight years before —his mother had died shortly after his birth—had lived and

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studied at the Abbey. Save when he stayed with his only brother, the secular priest of Woodleigh by the Avon, or went, as he had only once or twice done, to the episcopal city of Exeter, he knew no other world than Buckfast; and he desired no other. When his father died, the Abbot had placed him among the alumni of the order. It was no less the wish of his brother than that of his monastic kinsman; for what was Sir Guy to do with a young boy to look after, when he had his parish to claim all his time? He had lived the life of study and routine that the others lived—rising with the sun, working his allotted hours in the fields, learning his task of grammar or plainsong, and lying down on his hard pallet, healthily tired and sleepy, as soon as he had kissed the Abbot's hand and got his blessing with the rest, when the last office of compline was over.

And so from a pale-faced, timid boy of ten, he had grown into a hearty, strong, and well-knit lad, ready either to become a novice or to leave the precincts of the Abbey for the great world without.

Abbot Benet, his kinsman, had watched over him with an especial care. He had long been studying him for signs of a vocation to the monastic life; but, though he was undoubtedly of a happy, industrious disposition, and gave evidence of a very real affection for both the house and the brethren, he seemed to have no very great wish or inclination to become a monk.

And so, on his sixteenth birthday, the Abbot sent for him to the chapter house, and, in company with his brother, Sir Guy, reasoned quietly with him about his future. It was then decided, by both the Abbot and the priest, that he should leave the alumnate forthwith and go to live with one of the secular dependants of the Abbey. He should go daily to Mass and to the school in the cloister, where he should finish his grammar, dialectic, and rhetoric, and begin the studies of the quadrivium. In the meantime, his future would be thought of. He might, perhaps, be sent to Oxford or to Paris, if he proved himself studious and worked well. There was sufficient patrimony, at least, coming to him from his father's estate, to enable him to study and fit himself for some benefice or other, or for some good position in the world. But he could hope for little more than that. And so the Abbot gave him his blessing, and his brother spoke kindly to him, as he always did, and encouraged

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him to do his best, and he took his few belongings from the alumnate, and went out through the Abbey gates with a little sadness of heart, as being no more one of them, and yet with a strange and exulting sense of freedom and expectancy, as having at least stepped over, once for all, the threshold of the great world.

The two years that he had lived with Budd, the granger, had added maturity to his form and bearing. He had been faithful to his brother's wishes and to the Abbot's commands; regular and painstaking in his studies; and he had made considerable progress in them all. But it had not been all books and studies. He had found time, too, to roam about the woods and along the streams, to ride far up past Holne by the bridle tracks that led across the sky-girt moorland, to race, with his great deerhound—a gift to him from Sir Guy—from Buckfast to the still black pool that lies, silent and mysterious, under the overhanging branches of its solemn trees, a mile above the Abbey, and throw himself, the dog following him, into its refreshing coolness. Budd had taught him how to snare the rabbits that had their warrens in the waste ground over the river, and showed him how to bait the otter traps with fish. He had learnt the habits of many of the moorland creatures and knew how to lie full-length on the bank of the stream, his arm plunged shoulder deep in the cool water, his fingers moving gently under the belly of some great trout that lay, all unsuspecting of his danger, with his head pointed up stream.

As he stood, this bright spring morning, bending low over the silvery salmon pool, he was a perfect picture of health and strength. Lithe and agile, with muscles hardened by healthy exercise, face, throat, and arms tanned to a deep brown, he looked much older than his eighteen years. His head was bare, and his dress, of some loosely fitting homespun, open at the throat, reached only to his knees. He bore a curious resemblance to his kinsman the Abbot, save that his brown hair was long and straight, carelessly thrown back from his broad forehead, whereas the Abbot's head was shaved in the monastic fashion, so that only a crown of short, curling hair was left above his ears. But the features were the same; large gray eyes that looked out frankly and fearlessly from under strongly marked brows, a regularly formed, but rather prominent, nose, and a squarely cut chin that spoke of resolution and courage.

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The expression of his face in repose was, perhaps, a trifle too serious. Only when he spoke he habitually smiled, and his parted lips showed two pearly rows of regular teeth.

"Well, there's no getting another," he said to himself, as he saw the great bar of silver he was watching flash up to the head of the pool, "and Father Abbot must be contented with one. But it's the finest fish taken this year, and fit for the table of the Lord Pope himself."

He lifted aside a little heap of bracken as he spoke, and discovered a noble salmon, fresh run and still palpitating with life, beneath it.

"A fine fish, indeed," he went on, as he lifted it and turned to go towards the abbey, "and worthy of St. Benet's Feast. The Abbot will eat you, my beauty; and the nobles sitting at the high table will eat you; and the Bishop will lift up his two fat hands and declare he never saw so fine a fish; and he will eat you, too. That's worth living for, isn't it—and worth going down to the sea and up to the moor and growing and fattening for, and being caught, too—to be eaten on the Feast Day of St. Benet and to be praised by the Bishop?"

As he neared the cluster of buildings, outhouses, barns, and workshops, that crowded about the gateway of the Abbey, he saw the first-comers straggle in, and, taking his fish straight to the kitchen, he gave it to the cook, with express injunctions as to how it was to be dished and served at the repast. Then, retracing his steps, he sat down beside the porter's lodge and watched the stir and bustle of the gathering crowd. First came the cotters and grangers, peasants from the outlying districts and brethren from the moorland farms and folds—on foot for the most part, though some of them rode astride shaggy ponies; peasants coming singly, or in groups of three or four, some of them with their wives and daughters—the kerchiefs of the women lending further color to the assembly; peasants in black and gray and green; and monks in their habits of brown and white; Cistercians and black-robed Benedictines; and there were two Franciscans who had been preaching a pardon nearby, with bare feet and knotted ropes about their waists. The approaches to the monastery and the space within the gates took on the appearance of a fair. A pedlar stood just outside the gates chaffering and bargaining over his wares. Buxom maidens smiled and blushed at their bashful swains, who nudged each

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other and blushed and grinned back in their turn. Cider was flowing already, and hydromel, that sweet, stinging drink that the old monks knew so well how to make. Brother Gregory tramped up, hot and dusty from his long walk, though he had set out from the cell on Brent well before the sun appeared over the eastern hills. Little Brother Peter was at his side, dusty, too, but as fresh and cool as ever. The lines about his pursed up little mouth were cut deep as with a chisel, and his eyes danced and twinkled as they fell upon the motley crowd. Arnoul knew most of the newcomers well. He had lived among these simple folk since he was a child, and had a kindly word and jest for all.

Then the knights and nobles began to arrive to the tune of jangling bits and trampling hoofs. Pomeroys and Cliffords and Tracys—all had some brother or nephew professed at St. Mary's, and came to grace the feast and do honor to the Lord Abbot.

There rode Sir Robert de Helion, bland and smiling as ever, one of the greatest friends and benefactors of the house; and there, on his great black war-horse, Sir Sigar Vipont, Knight of Moreleigh, his brow contracted and his thin lips pressed closely together; beside him rode his only child, Sibilla; the Sheriff of Devon, with his lady; Guy de Briteville and his son-in-law, Ralph de Chalons, of Challonsleigh, were there; Sir William Hamlyn of Deandon, who for twenty years had never missed riding in to the feast from his home up by Widdecombe on the great moor; and who, with his customary generosity to the Abbey, was even now providing the greater part of the cost of enlarging the church, already crowded by the growing community, brought with him his near neighbor, Michael de Spitchwick. Knights and nobles with their ladies, squires with their dames—Arnoul knew them all and named them all but Vipont, against whom he had a grudge; for the knight, quick tempered as he was handsome, had beaten him sorely years before for some boyish trespass in the woods of Moreleigh. Sibilla he had not seen since first he had come to the monastery; but now she burst upon his sight like a vision, and he thought he had never looked upon anything half so beautiful before. Forgetful of his dislike of Vipont, he turned and followed them with his gaze into the courtyard of the Abbey. It was involuntary, unconscious. He hardly knew what he did, or doubtless his former monastic training would have brought the quick

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blushes to his brow. But he saw the gracefully poised head, a mass of dark chestnut hair held in by a simple fillet, the smiling brown eyes and the happy, sunburnt face of a maiden not much younger than himself; and he stood and gazed through the vaulted gateway, until a hand upon his shoulder and a rough voice in his ear brought his mind back from the land of visions.

"How now, lad? Have you no voice to speak to a comrade, that you stand there moonstruck? Here have I and Budd been calling to you these two minutes, and all you do is to gape, gape, gape, through yonder gateway, as though you had caught sight of a ghost in the broad daylight!"

"Roger! and so it is!" cried Arnoul. "And what do you here away from your boats and nets? And where is my brother? And—and—and—"

"Softly, lad," replied the man. "One question at a time, an't please you! Your brother, Sir Guy, is well and had his Mass to read at Woodleigh ere he could set out for Buckfast. He will be here anon. He was on his way to church before I set out. I have traveled through the breaking of the morn—in good company, too, i' faith! A palmer I picked up on the road, and two vinegar-faced ruffians in brown, with cords about their waists and books in their hands. I have just got rid of them. Never a village did we enter to quaff a cup of sweet Devon cider for the house's good, but they straightway opened their jaws by the roadside and were droning away at their psalms. At every halt they warned me of the wrath to come; and they so frightened the good palmer that he nearly caught the palsy from overmuch crossing of himself. And all, forsooth, because I drink the good juice that God gives to Devon men and speak, as I was taught, without *benedicite* or *ave*."

Why did they journey with you then, good Roger, if they thought so hardly of you?" asked Arnoul.

"Faith, they thought it wiser to walk with the devil, than to risk a cracked pate by themselves. 'Twixt here and Woodleigh there be many making merry; and— But, soft! out of the way there! Here is my Lord Bishop and his train."

Comparative silence fell upon the crowd. Even the pedlar stopped crying his wares as the Bishop rode forward on his white palfrey. Preceded by four men mounted on stout beasts, wearing livery and carrying arms, a sort of cross between body-servants and soldiers, he was the central figure in a little group,

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made up, save one, of ecclesiastics. The white-robed Premonstratensian prior of Torre, with whom he had lodged the previous night, and his own chancellor, Lodoswell, rode upon his left. To the right was Walter de Bathe, Lord of Colnbrooke, with whom his lordship was engaged in deep and animated conversation. Behind them rode a canon and the Bishop's chaplain, with two or three lesser clerics carrying a cross and books. These were followed by three pack-mules, on whose backs were strapped and bound huge cases and bundles. And lastly, finishing as it began, the cavalcade came to an end with four of my Lord of Exeter's liveried men-of-arms riding abreast. My Lord Bishop himself was a plump, rosy-cheeked man apparently about fifty years old. Clad in the purple robes of his high station, and wearing on his breast a golden cross, he jogged along slowly on his white steed, interrupting his evidently pleasant talk now and then to stretch out his jewelled hand in copious blessings over the monks and peasants who devoutly fell on their knees as he passed.

As he reached the gateway he caught sight of Arnoul, and leant from his saddle, stretching out a podgy hand, over the glove of which glistened an enormous ring, to be kissed. It was a somewhat difficult feat to perform; for, as has been said, the Bishop was portly, and the beast he strode, the fattest of its kind, gave evidence clear and indisputable of the richness of its pasture and the excellence of the fare provided in the episcopal stables. His effort made the good cleric purple in the face; but he managed to capture the young man's hand in his own and bring himself into the perpendicular once more.

"And how is my brother Poacher, my brother Bird-snarer?" he questioned, his smile-wreathed visage beginning to assume its normal color again. "My Lord Abbot has a brave handful in you, Sirrah! By'r Lady, you are as like him as the one tower of my cathedral is like the other! And what is the last mischief you have been up to? By the Mass, Sir Walter, the last time I was here, the young rascal had the whole refectorium in an uproar by reason of the wasp's nest he hung up at the kitchen window for grubs! For grubs, mark you! He had the impudence to hang it up for grubs! But that is a long story, and 'twill bear telling another time."

The chaplain, the canon, and the clerics, as was their bounden duty, tittered in chorus. If they had heard it once, they had

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heard the tale from the Bishop's lips three score times at least, since last he had honored Buckfast with his presence. Arnoul hung his head; and the Bishop continued in good-humored banter: "'Tis a good thing thy brother purposes sending thee to France when my Lord Abbot next goes to the chapter at Citeaux." This was news to Arnoul, who was somewhat taken aback by its suddenness. "Aye, and hand thee over to the friars, who, God wot! are sticklers for their observance. None of thy lax Cistercians there, my lad! No more snaring and trapping when thou art in the schools of the University of Paris! No more running wild—but books and schools and bread and water and pulse! No more of thy poaching—yes; I had the tale from Vipont himself—'*Tu virga percuties eum et animam ejus de inferno liberabis*'—yes, poaching, I said, poaching! And that reminds me, Sir Walter"—once the Bishop started it was as difficult to stop him as to dam the Dart in full flood—"that reminds me of my own deer park. The ruffians! They have pillaged and ravaged and ravened! They have chased my deer and snared my hares. But I have overreached them. '*Quem Deus vult perdere!*' I have thundered against them! '*Quodcumque ligaveris super terram!*' I have scourged them with a whip of scorpions! I have unsheathed the sword of excommunication against them! Henceforth, whosoever, prompted thereto by the evil one, shall dare to violate—"

But the Bishop, having dropped Arnoul's hand as he warmed to righteous indignation over the profanation of his preserves and the slaying of his deer, was now passing through the great stone gateway; and his excited voice was lost in the clanging of the bells and the bustle of the crowd making ready to enter the church.

With the aid of his chaplain, and one of the men-at-arms, his Lordship dismounted at the door of the Abbey; and leaving his baggage to follow him, he walked forward to salute the Lord Abbot, who came towards him from the monastery. The two prelates embraced and entered the cloister together. The crowd surged forward through the great western portal into the church; and Arnoul, having lost Budd and Roger in the press, managed to find a place before a pillar, whence he could see the sanctuary not far from the spot where Vipont stood, with his daughter Sibilla at his side.

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Chapter III.

The gorgeous ceremonial of the Pontifical Mass had come to an end, and the voices of the monks in choir were rising and falling in the office of Sext. Both the Bishop and the Abbot were removing the cloth-of-gold vestments that they had worn during the ceremony. Arnoul had noticed little of the detail. His kinsman had worn a new mitre. One of the altar candles was out of plumb and guttered; and some of the alumni had shuffled with their feet as, clothed in little white Cistercian habits with short black scapulars, they sang, standing around the huge graduale on its stand in the centre of the choir. Vipont's lips were still hard set. It was curious that he should have noticed that. The people had joined with the monks in singing the common portions of the Mass; and he himself had sung the "*in terra pax hominibus*" with the rest, though he hardly knew that he was singing. Strange that his thoughts should wander so. He was going to France—to Paris. Was he going to Paris? And why had not his brother or the Abbot told him so before? Some one might have told him. The sweet sticky odor of the incense drifted down the nave and wrapped him round. The monotonous rhythm of the plain-chant fascinated him: "*et in Spiritum Sanctum Dominum.*" So that was old Vipont's daughter? Of course he knew that there was a daughter. He had known her as a tiny child; but he had never imagined—And Vipont? Vipont had probably forgotten all about him—but how he hated him—and he had once beaten him and his hound! The memory of the childish injury burned and rankled. So he dreamed on, and distraction multiplied—Paris; and the hound; and Vipont's daughter; and Paris; and the new mitre; and Vipont—until he found himself singing the Trisagion, "*pleni sunt cœli et terra gloria tua!*" He pulled himself together with an effort and bowed his head before the shrouded mystery. The Bishop came down from his throne and, laying his precious mitre aside, had knelt like the meanest serf in all the church, through the pregnant silence. And then the burden of triumph was taken up again: "*Benedictus qui venit in nomine Domini. Hosanna in excelsis*"; and the stately ceremony hastened towards its end. Now it was done. The church was fast emptying—the people making their

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way towards the long tables spread for the feast, under the trees leading to the river. Vipont had disappeared, and Sibilla with the ladies who had come in with their lords for the feast of St. Benet. They could not enter the cloister and eat in the refectory with the other bidden guests. No woman could cross the threshold of the Abbey. But no doubt she would find a place with the other dames of birth and station in the guest house. And so he would not see her again. At least it was not probable.

As he left the church he was pounced upon by Roger, who had been lying in wait for him at the door, and hurried off to greet his brother, the priest of Woodleigh, whom he feared less and loved far more than his more distant kinsman, the Abbot of St. Mary's.

Meanwhile the lay brothers were hastening their preparations for the feast in refectory and kitchen. Great trenchers heaped with wheaten bread and jugs filled to the brim with white ale and cider and thin red wine were placed at regular intervals upon spotlessly clean tables of wood. At the high table where the Abbot sat, though not before his own place, was spread a cloth for the Bishop and several persons of rank.

The refectory was a spacious, rectangular room built in stone, and designed to seat, at the tables ranged lengthwise against three of its walls, a community of fifty monks. It was divided down the centre by two stone pillars, from whose capitals sprang the arches of a plainly vaulted ceiling. One side was pierced with a row of Norman windows. The other was a blank wall, save for a door leading directly to the cloister. At the foot of the room where no tables stood, except a small one for the convenience of the servers, was an arched aperture, through which the dishes were passed from the adjoining kitchen. The furniture was plain and simple in the extreme. A large wooden cross hung behind the Abbot's seat. A sort of desk or pulpit for the reader was raised in the centre of the southern wall, between the windows. Apart from these, there was usually nothing in the room but the tables, upon which lay, for each of the brethren, a dish for salt, a wooden ladle or spoon, and a two-handled cup. To-day, on account of the number of the guests, and even though most of the lay brothers would be occupied in serving both in the refectory and at the impromptu tables laid under the trees, long boards had been brought in

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and set upon trestles, down the centre of the room. The whole looked delightfully white and cool and clean; and the steam of the good fare coming from the kitchen whetted the already keen appetites of the guests as they came, headed by the Bishop and the Abbot, through the cloisters to the refectory.

After grace, chanted by the assembled community, the brothers brought great steaming platters of savory viands to the tables. There were thick brown soups of lentils and dried peas, stewed eels brought that morning from the Dart by Totnes, and carp from the stew-ponds of the Abbey, seethed in wine; a pottage of garden herbs flavored with salt and rosemary and thyme, and a mess of roots and succulent leaves, the composition of which was only known to Brother Paul, the chief cook, himself. Lastly, there was the salmon, borne in upon a great platter by a smiling, red-faced server, and set before the Father Abbot himself.

Arnoul, whose place was far down the refectory below the lay brothers looked to see the Bishop's plump hands go up in admiration and astonishment; but he contented himself with raising his eyes from the fish to the vaulted roof and stretching out his hand for the generous portion served him by the Abbot.

The meal proceeded in silence, save only for the somewhat monotonous voice of the reader recounting the life of an early martyr for the faith; for the Cistercians practised the rule of St. Benedict, in which the custody of the tongue, as well as abstinence from flesh-meat, is especially enforced. At last the reading ended. The honey and the fruits and a sweet cake provided for the occasion had gone their rounds. The long Latin thanksgiving had been sung and the *Miserere* intoned. The monks left the refectory, each turning and bowing to him who followed as he passed through the door on his way to the church; and Arnoul, leaving the line of hooded figures that preceded him, made his way through the cloister and past the guest-house to his friends Roger and Budd, who were still seated at the tables spread beneath the trees. There he stood, leaning against the gnarled stem of a great oak. The monks would leave the church in a moment and the Abbot himself would come to say grace for the people—his own people of Buckfast—before they betook themselves to their wives and daughters and to their games on the green outside the Abbey

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precincts. Then there would be laughter and fun, much innocent sport, and some rougher horseplay until vesper time.

The talk and the laughter grew suddenly hushed as the tall form of the Abbot was seen coming towards the merrymakers. He was not alone. Lagging behind him was the Bishop, a little more ruddy, a little more smiling than before. Then the chancellor, the priors of Torre and Buckfast, the chaplain and the clerks. The knights came too—Sir Roger de Helion whispering something to the vicar, at whose side he walked; and then, in a long white line, the brethren of the house and the converse-brothers in their coarse brown habits. They stood ranged in an irregular semi-circle, around the tables, while the thanksgiving was being said, the monks' hands, for the most part, hidden under their black scapulars, their eyes bent upon the earth. They were not the least striking figures in the assembly. Monks tall and short, monks scraggy and lean, monks with the deep lines of asceticism worn into their pale faces, and monks whom their pulse and potherbs left, like the three children of old, fatter and fairer than before. There were old monks whose listless eyes spoke of a long pilgrimage nearly done, of other sights hoped for than feasting and revelry; young monks in whose faces shone the fires of enthusiasm and zeal; all types of men filling in the gap, from Brother Peter of the Brentmoor grange to Brother Gregory who asked him questions about his beloved sheep.

Grace was finished and the Abbot lifted his hand for further silence.

"My children," he said, in a low, full voice, strongly French in its accent, though, for the occasion, he spoke in fluent English, so that all, even the serfs, might understand him. "My children, you are come to do honor to our Lady of Buckfast and to St. Benet, our holy Father, on his feast day." It was characteristic of the Abbot that he never spoke of himself. "Our Lady, surely, and St. Benet, our Blessed Founder, are glad. They are pleased with your devotion. I trust you have eaten well. What means our poor community lacks is made up by the generosity of our good friends. And that word 'friends' brings me to my point. Among our most noble benefactors"—and the Abbot inclined his head towards the Bishop and the knightly friends of the house—"there is none more open-handed than Sir Roger de Helion. He has given to God and to the

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Abbey of St. Mary freely in times past. He has a gift to make to-day. I do not know the tenor of his wishes; but his deed of gift shall be read before you all."

The vicar came forward with a roll of parchment in his hand, from which depended a heavy leaden seal. "It is fitting, continued the Abbot, "that you should honor—all of us should honor—the benefactors of the Abbey. Are you not all children of St. Mary's? Therefore, shall you all hear the reading of his deed and honor the noble donor, Roger de Helion, knight and associate of our order."

The vicar cleared his throat and stepped forward again. He held the parchment close to his nose and gabbled the first few lines in a quick and almost inaudible voice. Helion covered his mouth and his chin with his hand. A mischievous smile lurked in his kindly gray eyes.

"Hem! Hum! '*Omnibus et singulis*,' *et cetera*—My Lord," he whispered aside to the Abbot, "must I read all the legal jargon set out here at the beginning? No? To all and every man, then:—and the rest that follows in due form."

"My Lord," he whispered again. "It is better that I paraphrase. The serfs have little scholarship."

The Abbot smiled and nodded his assent. He knew the pompous little man's weakness in the matter of Latinity.

But Helion interfered. "No"; he said, "the vicar shall read it as it stands, or some one else shall read it for him." And then, turning to the vicar himself, he added in an undertone:

"Did I not explain it all to thee as we came together from the refectory? Read it as it stands, Sir Priest, and see that thou read it aright. It was drawn up by the best Notary in Totnes: and he is here to listen to you read it."

"Yes, yes"; answered the wretched vicar, "I shall read it as it stands. But a paraphrase, Sir Roger— And you told me what it all was. Nevertheless I shall do your bidding. It shall be read as it stands—word for word—I promise you."

He cleared his throat again and began, making a singularly bad translation of the notarial terms. At last he got to that part of the document that had been impressed upon his mind with so much care by Helion. His translation became freer; his emphasis more marked; his speech slower; and he made a decided pause at each telling point. "—'for the good of

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my soul—and in token of the especial devotion which I bear to our Lady of Buckfast and the Abbot and monks of the community there, I do give and convey to God and to Blessed Mary of Buckfast and to the monks who serve God in that place, all my land of Hosefenne, which is in the manor of South Holne—free from all exaction and service except of our Lord the King—which is the fortieth part of a knight's fee—the Lord Abbot to pay to me and to my heirs a pound of wax every year upon the feast of the Assumption of our Lady—

"'And from the rents and revenues of the said land of Hosefenne the Lord Abbot is to provide every year sixty-four gallons of wine to be drunk by the community of monks at Buckfast—in the following manner; to wit, sixteen gallons upon tho feast of the Nativity of our Lord; sixteen gallons on Candlemas Day; sixteen gallons on Pentecost; and sixteen gallons on the Assumption of our Lady.'"

At this point the vicar was interrupted by the delighted amusement of the assembly.

The Abbot looked serious. Several of the monks raised their eyes and hands towards heaven in their astonishment. Sir Robert de Helion beamed.

The vicar cleared his throat again and proceeded to read.

"Hem! Hum! 'But should it ever happen that the Father Abbot of Citeaux, or the Visitor, or the Abbot of this place, at any time, should have the presumption to take away or diminish this allowance of wine, after the truth of the matter has been inquired into—and the seniors and graver monks of the whole community have been heard—I—or my heirs—shall have the power, without any contradiction, to resume the said land—to their own use—

"'That this my gift may remain firm and inviolate forever—I have confirmed this writing by adding my seal.'"

The vicar stopped. He had come to the end of the paper. The Abbot still looked grave; but Helion stepped forward, and taking the parchment from the vicar's hands passed it over to the notary to procure the signatures of the more noteworthy persons who were present.

It was not much to be wondered at that the good Abbot's face had lengthened as the reading of the charter continued. It was hardly what he had expected. An annual rent for

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tapers to be burnt at the shrine, or a grant of new pasture land, up on the moors, would have been more to his liking. But he accepted the gift of the kind-hearted donor in the same spirit as that in which it was so freely given; and, making nothing of his embarrassment at so public a reading of the document, he thanked the knight in appropriate words.

"Ah, yes, Father Abbot"; Helion replied to his little speech of thanks, "better far what you use than what you hoard. You think only of the glory of the Abbey and toil and build for those who are not yet born. I see that you have a little creature comfort; and, by St. Benet! 'tis the best deed I have ever done you! But look to it, Father Abbot, that no stingy cellarer cuts short the wine, or Hosefenne comes back to me and mine again."

The good knight pointed his words with little nods and beamed with pleasure at his gift and the success of his joke; and as the people rose at a sign from the Abbot to make their way to the green, he had his thanks paid in the ringing cheers of lusty throats.

His brother beckoned Arnoul to him aside. "I have scarce seen you to-day, to speak to, Arnoul," he said, "and now I must go in and talk matters over for the last time with Father Abbot and the Bishop. You are to go abroad to study after all. The Bishop says it will be far better for you to go to France than to stay in England, and the Abbot seems to think so too."

"But, brother, this is so sudden," stammered the boy; who, as neither his brother nor Abbot Benet had said anything upon the subject to him, had begun to think the Bishop's remark of the morning might be no more than pleasant banter. "Of course, I am pleased to think I am to go abroad, but—"

"But there is no time now, my dear Arnoul, to say more. The Abbot will explain all to you. He bade me tell you to go to him in his cell as soon as Vespers are over. I must join him now, and I shall be well upon my road to Woodleigh before *Magnificat* is sung. I have business with Sir Sigar to arrange. Good-bye, Arnoul. You will come to me anon at Woodleigh, before you go. 'Tis all arranged with Father Abbot; and he will tell you all after Vespers. Good-bye, lad, good-bye!"

"Good-bye, brother," answered the boy wondering at this

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sudden turn of events, mildly amazed at the guarded silence of his brother and the Abbot, thinking what all his friends at Buckfast would have to say to it.

The priest turned and followed the two dignitaries who were, by this time, making their way back again towards the cloister. The knights and nobles had already passed out under the great gateway to their ladies; and the monks were making off in different directions through the grounds for their hour of silent recreation.

Lay brothers began to clear the tables and carry them away; and Arnoul, still wondering and speculating as to whether Vipont had yet left, followed the rearmost through the gateway into the bright sunlight and dancing and laughter of the village green.

Vipont was nowhere to be seen—nor Sibilla. A few of the knights were standing apart, looking on at the rustic merry-making; but, search as he would, he could catch no glimpse of her.

So he turned his thoughts to Budd and Roger—only to find that they too, had disappeared. If they did not turn up till Vespers, the great news would have to wait until after his interview with the Abbot. Well, after all, perhaps, it was just as well; though he certainly should like to tell some one now. He would know all the plans when he had seen Abbot Benet. In the meantime, he would just keep his news to himself; and, until the Vesper bell rang a pause to the dancing, he would amuse himself as best he might.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

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SANCTITY AND DEVELOPMENT.

BY THE REV. THOMAS J. GERRARD.

ONE of the primary principles of the theological science is, as I endeavored to draw out in a previous article, that our knowledge of God in this life is strictly analogical; that between the spirit world and its analogical expression there is a transcendental difference; that compared with the beatific vision our present sight is but an enigmatic vision, that now we see as through a glass in a dark manner, but then face to face. So very crude, however, is our nature; so intimately commingled is the spirit with the flesh; so dependent is the intellect on imagination, that, in spite of the essential distinction between mind and sensation, we cannot classify and utilize even our analogical knowledge without the use of further analogies. And through the failure to recognize the nature and function of these adjumentary analogies there has arisen much of the present confusion concerning that phenomenon of religious life known as the development of Christian doctrine. There is the analogy taken from architecture, the growth of a building; there is that taken from botany, the growth of a seed into a tree; and there is that taken from biology, the growth of a child into a man; all of which are helpful, but all inadequate. And their chief inadequacy lies in their inaptitude to convey a sufficiently clear idea of the distinction between that which grows and that which remains the same. Then from the consequent confusion there arises a further confusion of the respective values of certain factors in the process of development, the functions of intellect, will, and sentiment; and also an obscuration of the chief factor in the process; namely, the operation of the Holy Spirit.

I propose, then, in the following study, first, to state clearly what grows and what does not; and, secondly, to indicate the assimilative factor in the process of growth.

At the outset I assume that above this natural cosmos there is a mystical cosmos of such a kind as to be unknowable to us

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unless manifested by some Power who is Lord over both. And just as this natural world constitutes one organic whole, so the mystical world also constitutes one organic whole. The whole of the mystical world has not been made known, but only so much as God in his wise economy has thought fit to make known. In general outline it is recognized as a Blessed Trinity, an Incarnation, and a system of grace; the Blessed Trinity being the source as well as the end of man, the Incarnation being the mediation between God and man, and grace and glory being the means by which the perfect communion between God and man is brought about. We look upon these as separate truths, but we may not forget that they are organically connected, and instead of being so many isolated mysteries they are rather different aspects of the "one dispensation of the mystery which hath been hidden from eternity in God who created all things."

By the same wise economy, God has disclosed the mystic world partly by means of our natural knowledge and partly by means of a supernatural knowledge. And the difference between the two kinds of knowledge cannot, at the present juncture, be emphasized too strongly; for it is precisely by this distinction that we are able to discern the radical difference between Catholic development of doctrine and rationalist evolution of dogma.

The rationalist theologian, denying any sort of supernatural revelation, is quite free to apply the Darwinian theory to his theology, to regard it strictly as a natural growth in a natural environment, with a survival of the fittest. But the Catholic theologian must insist that, in addition to a natural revelation, there has also been a supernatural one, which has been preserved by a supernatural life. This supernatural revelation has undergone a certain growth. It did not spring into existence, whole and complete, straight from the mind of Christ. God, who at sundry times and in divers manners, spoke in times past to the fathers by the prophets, last of all in these days hath spoken to us by his Son. The revelation of the Old Testament was preparatory to its perfection in the New. The portion revealed to the patriarchs pointed out the coming of a Redeemer and the royal line whence he was to be born. The portion revealed to Moses and the prophets was a real and objective development of the dogma of a Reedemer. It was,

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moreover, a preparation for an organized Kingdom of God on earth—the Synagogue was a foreshadow of the Church. In this stage, too, there was a positive objective development of the dogma of atonement for sin, though as yet God's chastisement was that of a hard taskmaster and not that of a heavenly Father. Finally, this development and growth was completed by the perfect revelation of Christ. He who was the very word of God, he who had lived through eternity in the bosom of the Father, he who had heard the things of God directly, he came to speak them in the world. He spoke them gently, sometimes in very dim analogy, unfolding them according as his infinite wisdom dictated. First, the bread of God is that which cometh down from heaven and giveth life to the world; next, he is the bread of life; finally, when his hearers murmur, he speaks the bold truth: "The bread that I will give is my flesh." At length the whole of the revelation was completed and closed forever. The Apostles received it, and henceforward the only thing to be done was to guard it and to teach it, even unto the consummation of the world. "The rule of light is, to keep what thou hast received without adding or taking away."

The Apostles, however, could not reveal this mystic world again just as they had seen it. They must needs embody their knowledge in a system of analogies and thought-forms which the general body of the faithful could understand. And since this system of analogies was the only means by which the faithful could get at the divine truths thereby humanly expressed, it was necessarily an integral part of the deposit of faith. The Church could not guard the revealed mystic cosmos, unless she also guarded the analogical expression thereof committed by the Apostles to tradition. She need not necessarily guard the identical words of the Apostles; for in one of the most vital formulas of the deposit, namely, the form of eucharistic consecration, the words vary. But she must maintain the same ideas and categories. What was committed to the Church, therefore, was an orderly collection of analogies expressing the eternal truths revealed to the Apostles. Their sense was unmistakable. And it was that identical sense, the truth as intended by the Apostles, which was to remain unchanged and unchangeable until the end of time. This is what is understood by supernatural revelation. This is what is meant by sacred dogma. This is what was intended by the Council of

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Trent when it said that the "sacred dogmas must ever be understood in the sense once for all declared by Holy Mother Church; and never must that sense be abandoned under pretext of profounder knowledge."

Here is a clear, authentic declaration of that which does not change. It is the sense of the sacred dogmas. Whatever the sense was that was understood by the Apostles, that also was the sense understood by the Council of Nice, by Trent, by Vatican, by any other general council, or by any pope speaking *ex cathedra* between now and the end of time. The substance of the dogma as it exists in itself does not grow, does not develop, does not evolve. "He who is able to talk much about the faith," says St. Irenæus, "does not enlarge it, nor yet does he who can say less about it, lessen it." *

What, then, is it that does grow? Evidently there is at least more bulk in the Athanasian Creed than in the Apostles' Creed; more bulk in the collected dogmatic decrees of the Church than in the Creed of St. Athanasius; more bulk in the vast tomes of theology than in the collected dogmatic decrees of the Church. What is it that grows?

Here I must be very careful not to be mistaken. Through familiarity with the growth of natural, patriarchal, and Mosaic revelation; through the all-pervading influence of the analogy of biological evolution, and its application to the question of religion, an impression may be produced that somehow the Christian revelation has grown too. Against these confusing influences I propose a tessera. It is an epigram of singular richness taken from the writings of Albert the Great, in which the growth is described as "*potius profectus fidelis in fide, quam fidei in fideli.*" Development is a growth of the faithful in the faith rather than of the faith in the faithful.

Development, therefore, is primarily a life. It is the growth, in the first instance, of the spiritual life of the faithful. It is the ripe experience of the Church in the use of the faith committed to her keeping. As the Church becomes more familiar with the deposit of faith she understands it better. She is able both to explain its meaning more fully and to apply its lessons to her life more fruitfully. In order to do this she finds it convenient to register the results of her riper experience, which registration she makes known to the world in the

* Iren., I., c. 10., n. 2.

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form of creeds and dogmatic decrees. When these various registrations are compared with each other, a gradual process of explicitation is observable. Scientific as well as humanistic analogies are introduced. Some are taken from the original apostolic deposit, some from the natural environment in which the faithful have lived. But whatever is adopted is an abstraction from the real active life of the Church.

Since, then, the explicitation of the Church's thought concerning the deposit follows on the Church's life, the process cannot be merely a change of language; not a mere translation of the humanist forms of the evangelists into the intellectual forms of the schoolmen; nor yet a mere explanation of obscure terms such as might be accomplished by the aid of a good dictionary; nor yet again a mere syllogistic development. Doubtless there is an implicit logic underlying the process. But in the concrete, living body of men who constitute the Church, to which the faith in its entirety was delivered, there is something more at work than pure reason. And when a rational minor premise is chosen with which to draw a conclusion from a revealed major, or when one revealed minor is chosen in preference to another revealed minor, there is some influence at work other than mere whim. There is reason at work and the mind obeys its laws even in its most implicit operations; but that reason is organically connected with will and feeling. Just as in the individual the reason, acting in vital conjunction with the other faculties, constitutes the illative sense, so the combined reason of the Christian body, acting in vital conjunction with all the other combined faculties of the Christian body, may be said to constitute a collective illative sense.

The collective illative sense, however, is not a "purely natural" faculty; that is, it does not act independently of the spirit world, viewing it from afar, taking an interest in it as an astromomer takes an interest in the world of Mars. If there is a transcendental separateness between the mystical cosmos and the natural cosmos, there is also between them an intimate nearness and union. The collective illative sense of the faithful is informed, vivified, controlled, and guided by the Holy Spirit. The same Holy Spirit which illumines the individual mind, illumines also the collective mind. The same Holy Spirit which inflames the individual affections and moves the individual

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will, also inflames the collective affections and moves the collective will. It controls with unerring accuracy the whole of that stupendous network of emotional, volitional, and intellectual forces whose combined result may be written down as the dictate of the collective illative sense of the Christian people. In other words, it enables the Church to reflect on the charge committed to her, to gather up her experience in the use of it, to form a judgment and to give expression to that judgment. "These things have I spoken to you, abiding with you. But the Paraclete, the Holy Ghost, whom the Father will send in my name, he will teach you all things, and bring all things to your mind, whatsoever I shall have said to you."

Here, then, is a clear concept of that which does grow. It is the subjective understanding of the dogma which grows. The objective body of truth does not grow. The sense of the dogma as understood by the Apostles remains the same. It were, therefore, somewhat of a misnomer, especially at a time when rationalist terminology is so popular, to speak of the development or the evolution of dogma. Understood in the subjective sense, the terms are permissible. But, owing to their liability to be taken in an objective sense, I think it were better to speak rather of the evolution or the development of the dogmatic science. Even then there will be ample room left for distinguishing between the authoritative values of the various kinds of theological propositions, of saying which express dogmas of faith, dogmas of defined faith, certainties not of faith, pious opinions, yes, and opinions which are anything but pious and which had better be called corruptions rather than developments.

This brings me to the main point of my inquiry: What is the discriminating principle which assimilates the fit expressions of dogmatic truth and eliminates the unfit? Let me call out again our tessera: "Development is a growth of the faithful in the faith rather than of the faith in the faithful." True, the deposit existing in the Church is subject to a natural environment. Like every other body of truth, it is subject to intellectual speculation, politics, economics, yea, even to the influences of personal ambition, intellectual pride and lust for power. But, unlike every other body of truth, it is also subject to a specific charismatic influence which modifies and checks every other influence. "The doctrine which God has revealed has

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not been proposed as some philosophical discovery to be perfected by the wit of man, but has been entrusted to Christ's Spouse as a Divine deposit to be faithfully guarded and infallibly declared."* The principle of discrimination, therefore, is not merely or even primarily, intellectual acumen, but the spirit of holiness. According to the unanimous consent of theologians, a definition may be infallible, whilst all the preambles and reasons given for it may be fallacious. Development is the growth of the faithful in the faith rather than of the faith in the faithful. Just as the science of political economy is a record of the world's march in civilization, so the science of theology is a record of the Church's march in spiritualization. As the charters, statutes, and legal lore of any given country are to the political life of that country, so are the deposit of faith, infallible decrees, and unauthenticated theology to the life of the Church. And as the charters, statutes, and legal lore are framed according to the political needs of a country, so the deposit of faith, the infallible decrees, and the unauthenticated theological lore are framed to meet the spiritual requirements of the Church, the deposit directly by God himself, the infallible decrees through the instrumentality of Pope and Council, the unauthenticated theological lore, in so far as it is sound by the Holy Spirit through the instrumentality of men, in so far as it is unsound by the theologians' own originality.

One of the earliest themes in the school of philosophy is the axiom: *cognitum est in cognoscente secundum modum cognoscentis et non secundum modum cogniti.* Water poured into a round bottle becomes round, and into a square bottle square. Wisdom spoken to a fool is taken as foolishness. Spiritual things in order to be understood must be approached by spiritual men. Indeed, the necessity of a moral rather than of an intellectual force for the discernment of spiritual truth is one of the most palpable dictates of Holy Scripture. "The sensual man perceiveth not these things that are of the Spirit of God; for it is foolishness to him and he cannot understand; because it is spiritually examined. But the spiritual man judgeth all these things." "His unction teacheth you of all things, and is truth and is no lie." "I cease not to give thanks for you, making commemoration of you in my prayers, that the God of our Lord Jesus Christ, the Father of glory, may give unto you

*Vatican Council, Sess. III., chap. iv.

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the spirit of wisdom and of revelation in the knowledge of him." "I give thanks, O Father, Lord of heaven and earth, because thou hast hid these things from the wise and prudent and hast revealed them to little ones."

Our Lord tried to impress this doctrine on Nicodemus, but Nicodemus being a psychic man (ψυχικὸς) rather than a spiritual man (πνευματικὸς) could only wonder and say: "How can these things be done?" Our Lord then answered him and gave him the true philosophy: "Art thou a master in Israel and knoweth not these things? . . . He that doth the truth, cometh to the light." There had been the Old Testament revelation, and Nicodemus ought not to have been asking such a question. But his spiritual sense had been made dull. He had put a veil upon his heart, cultivating the psychic man at the expense of the spiritual.

The same was Christ's theme when, in the sermon on the Mount, he said: "Blessed are the clean of heart; for they shall see God." Purity of heart signifies primarily a certain freedom from lust and concupiscence, a certain infused or acquired perfection in withstanding the disorders of the flesh and in keeping the mind clean. Such purity of heart, however, is but the beginning of a wider purity of heart which implies freedom from all sinful habits, and especially freedom from the sins of duplicity and hypocrisy. We are commanded to do two things: to gird our loins and to hold our lamps in our hands; which, being interpreted, is: Let us not only keep our vows, but also be strictly honest when we write articles for the religious press.

Since, then, a clean mind is the best mirror of the mind of God, and since the saints are the great geniuses of moral perfection, the saints must, consequently, be the best instruments for the acquisition of a richer knowledge of the spiritual world. Development is a growth of the faithful in the faith rather than of the faith in the faithful. And it is precisely this growth in faith, practical faith, that is, faith informed by love, which produces purity of heart. Thus St. Peter can speak of God making no difference between Jews and Gentiles, since he gives the Holy Ghost to the Gentiles, "purifying their hearts by faith." Therefore, just in so far as a man is a saint; just in so far as he makes venture in living faith; just in so far as he is living the life of the Holy Spirit within him; just in so far

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is he contributing his share to the sound development of Christian doctrine. This, at any rate, was the thesis of our Lord when he went up into the temple to teach. The Jews wondered, saying: "How doth this man know letters, having never learned?" Jesus answered them and said: "My doctrine is not mine, but his that sent me. If any man will do the will of him, he shall know of the doctrine." Moral excellence, therefore, is the discriminating principle in religious knowledge. Wherever there is envying and contention, wherever men are carnal and not spiritual, the only food that can be taken is milk to drink; for meat cannot be assimilated.

Nay, depreciation in moral excellence spells depreciation in doctrinal excellence. An evil tree cannot bring forth good fruit. If it be true that holiness fosters doctrinal development, it is equally true that sin fosters doctrinal corruption. "For whereas for the time you ought to be masters, you have need to be taught again what are the first elements of the words of God; and you have become such as have need of milk and not of strong meat. For every one that is a partaker of milk, is unskilful in the word of justice; for he is a little child. But strong meat is for the perfect; for them who by custom have their senses exercised to the discerning of good and evil."*

"If any man will do the will of him, he shall know of the doctrine." In looking back over the history of the Church we must, therefore, expect to find that those who have been most proficient in doing the will of God have been most effectual in raising the veil from the mysteries of the kingdom of heaven.

First, as regards the inspired records of the deposit, the most spiritual of all is that of the virgin disciple, John. He it is who leans on the breast of Jesus. Peter, who has a wife, so speaks St. Jerome, does not dare to ask what he requests John to ask. When the Apostles are in the ship on Lake Genesareth and Jesus stands on the shore, they do not recognize whom they see. Only a virgin knows a virgin, and John says to Peter: "It is the Lord." It is John who writes the Apocalypse, the book of revelation. It is he who, in a Gospel far removed from the others, is the eagle soaring to the highest peaks, there to hold converse with the Father and to learn that "in the beginning was the Word, and the Word was with God, and the Word was God."

* Heb. v. 12 *et seq.*

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Next, as regards the science of the deposit, it is the saints who have been the leaders in the campaign against error. Take the age of the Councils. SS. Augustine and Aurelius of Carthage sustain the truth against the Donatists; St Athanasius, "the Father of Orthodoxy," leads the forces of the Church against the Arians; SS. Gregory Nazianzen, Gregory of Nyssa, and Cyril of Jerusalem champion the right doctrine at the second general council against the Macedonian, Apollinarian, and Photinian heresies; St. Augustine fights for twenty years against Pelagianism, and although he does not live to see the heresy extinct, yet he dies in the happy conviction that he has pierced it with so many darts that it cannot long survive him. The heresiarchs contribute nothing to the development of doctrine; they but furnish *occasions* for the action of the saints. If, therefore, our creeds seem to have been called forth by heretics rather than by the direct action of saintly doctors, it is only in the same way that Christ's glorious resurrection was made possible by the wounds and crucifixion inflicted by the Roman soldiery. The damnatory clauses, the anathemas, and the condemned propositions are but so many glorified cicatrices in the risen body of doctrinal truth.

The varieties of religious experience showing individual illumination in dogmatic truth as the fruit of holiness might be multiplied indefinitely. I must confine myself, however, to a few cases illustrative of the chief aspects of my theme rather than demonstrative of it.

The experience of the Blessed Angela of Foligno indicates how a revealed truth—in this case it is the Fatherhood of God—may remain the same objectively and yet through subjective illumination may acquire undreamt-of brilliancy. When beginning to say the Lord's Prayer one day, so she tells us, "I seemed to see it and every word of it in so clear a light and with so new an understanding, that I marveled how little I had known it before."

St. Theresa's description of her experience of the truth of the Blessed Trinity shows how a saint may have an insight into a dogma transcending all power of reproduction. As she "is brought into the seventh mansion by an intellectual vision, all the Three Persons of the Most Holy Trinity discover themselves to her by a certain way of representing truth. She is accompanied with a certain inflaming of the soul, which comes

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upon her like a cloud of extraordinary brightness. These Three Persons are distinct, and by a wonderful knowledge given to the soul, she with great truth understands that all these Three Persons are one substance, one power, one knowledge, one God alone. Hence what we behold with faith, the soul here (as one may say) understands by sight, though this sight is not with the eyes of the body, because it is not an imaginary vision. All the Three Persons here communicate themselves to her and speak to her, and make her understand those words mentioned in the Gospel, where our Lord said 'that he and the Father and the Holy Ghost would come and dwell with the soul that loves him and keeps his commandments.' O my Lord! what a different thing is the hearing and believing of these words, from the understanding in this way how true they are! Such a soul is every day more astonished, because these words never seem to depart from her; but she clearly sees (in the manner above mentioned) that they are in the deepest recesses of the soul (how it is, she cannot express, since she is not learned), and she perceives this divine company in herself."

The case of St. Lidwine of Schiedam, the saint of the great sufferings, affords a contrast to St. Theresa in the fact that she is not only enabled to see so deeply into the revelation of the Trinity, but that she is able to give an expression of her experience in an analogy of singular exactness. Asked by some Dominican fathers, she thus stated her concept: "Picture to yourself some great sun fixed in the heavens. Streaming forth from the sun are three distinct rays, which gradually converge and unite to form one ray. They are very great as they emerge from the solar body, but taper off towards their common extremity like the point of a needle. This point, formed by the three shafts of light, penetrates to the inside of a humble cottage and there produces light and life. Now the sun is the divine Essence, the three rays are the Persons of the Blessed Trinity, the direction of the rays to one and the same end is the operation of the Three Persons effecting the Incarnation of the Word. The point itself is the Word which completes the Incarnation, just as the three Divine Persons operate together to the same end. The humble cottage is the womb of Mary where the Word deigns to unite to his own substance that of the most pure and august Virgin, and this in such a way that after the union he still retains his own personality, but at the

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same time possesses two natures in one person, the adorable Person of the Son of God. There, father, speaking under correction, that is my explanation."

The next case is noteworthy as showing the selective power in the uneducated. It almost realizes the hypothetical case of St. Thomas' *homo sylvestris*, and in some respects is even more remarkable. It is that of a Gaelic-speaking Highlander, a shepherd named John McCrae. His mother was originally a Catholic, but had given up the faith on marriage. She could not, however, completely stifle all her Catholic instincts, and so she taught her son the "Hail Mary," but without any explanation of its meaning. It fascinated him nevertheless, and when herding his sheep on the hills, he used to repeat it over and over, not knowing to whom it referred. One day when he was in the kirk—it was in comparatively recent times—he heard an anti-popery sermon, in which papists were condemned chiefly on account of the honor paid by them to the Virgin. Then he understood that the "Virgin" was the "Mary" of his prayer. Hearing from the lips of the Scotch minister that Catholics honored her, he at once concluded that they must be right. After much labor, including journeys on foot between the west coast and the east, he got instruction and became a Catholic. He then wanted to learn to read and to write and to acquire a knowledge of English. On his way across to the east coast for this purpose he was questioned by a Protestant concerning the text of the Three Witnesses. Perplexed for an answer, he turned aside and said the "Hail Mary," and then, with the help of the Holy Spirit and his Scotch wit, he ventured an answer. He got a scruple about it after he had finished, but on the first opportunity he submitted it to Holy Church, represented in the good priest who had instructed him. And his answer was this: that, as seemed to him, the text clearly referred to the sacraments of Baptism, Holy Eucharist, and Confirmation: the first, water, being the sacrament of the Eternal Father, because it makes us children of God; the second, blood, that of the Son; and the third, spirit, that of the Holy Ghost; and the three are one because together they make us perfect.

This case further illustrates the truth of the organic totality of dogma. Let the faithful soul take hold only of one corner of the seamless robe, and he will have grasped the whole. Let him only do what in his power lies, and God will not deny him

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a sufficiency of the enigmatic vision here and of the beatific vision hereafter. Development is a growth of the faithful in the faith rather than of the faith in the faithful. To possess a part is to possess all; whilst to deny a part is to deny all.

My next case shall illustrate how a soul intensely active in practical faith, that is, wholly devoted both in heart and in mind to the service of God's will, in some way knows the whole of God's doctrine. It is the case of Mother Margaret Hallahan. After a friendship of twenty-six years, the learned Archbishop Ullathorne wrote thus of her: "Her firm faith was so vivid in its character that it was almost like an intuition of the entire prospect of revealed truth. Let an error against faith be concealed, under expressions however abstruse, and her sure instinct found it out. I have tried this experiment repeatedly. She might not be able to separate the heresy by analysis, but she saw and felt and suffered from its presence." *

The case is important as being one of the instances, in fact, the only instance dealing directly with the province of revealed truth, used by Cardinal Newman † to describe the phenomenon of natural inference and to prepare for the description of the illative sense. It consequently serves as an occasion to forestall a possible objection to my thesis. In making the discriminating principle primarily a moral rather than an intellectual force, am I not belittling the function of the intellect? Am I not making the will perform the function of the intellect? Nay; am I not wandering on to the shifting sands of mere sentiment and turning the theological science into a method of shrewd guess-work?

To one who has understood the nature of the illative sense, the fallacy of the foregoing objection will be patent. The illative sense is not, as some have supposed, an animal function like sight or hearing or taste. Nor yet, on the other hand, is it the pure reason; not the isolated white light of intellect acting by the aid of some mechanical connection with the other faculties. But it is the ratiocinative faculty acting in its highest perfection; acting in living organic communication with the other faculties; acting on the totality of its experience; acting not merely on such explicit testimony which a forgetful memory can produce here and now; acting not only on such explicit judgment as the mind can at the moment formulate in

* *Life of Mother Margaret Hallahan.* P. vii. † *Grammar of Assent.* P. 335.

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correct syllogism; but acting as the instrument of "the whole man" under the spell of the divine Will.

Perhaps no saint, except St. Augustine, has brought so much intellectual force to bear on the development of Christian doctrine as St. Thomas. And perhaps no point of Christian doctrine has been so highly intellectualized as the science of the Blessed Sacrament. It may be worth while, therefore, to notice the relative values of sanctity and intellectual acumen as brought to bear on the science of the Blessed Sacrament by St. Thomas. If purity of heart is a necessary disposition for the clear perception of spiritual truth, it is especially necessary for the discernment of truth concerning the Bread of Angels. This was assured to St. Thomas at the very beginning of his studies. He had made a heroic bid for chastity, so great an effort of will-power as to steel himself against all sense of unchaste feeling ever afterwards, so vivid a conviction of spiritual strength within him as to perceive angels girding his loins. What his faith accomplished in seeking to understand need not be here repeated. But what does need repeating is that his intellectual power was brought to its perfection through working in full conjunction with the will and affections seeking after God. Had he not been primarily a genius for sanctity his high intellectual gifts had never been brought to such maturity. His two brothers may have had similar gifts potentially and may have failed to reduce them to life and action through the absence of that gigantic motive power making for God and for righteousness. Naturally speaking, St. Thomas' gifts would have led him to be very self-centred, a dry-as-dust teacher, absorbed in the hair splitting dialectics which were the fashion of his day. He did not entirely escape that influence, as is evident from his notorious article on the dance of the angels. However, he was anything but limited by that influence. His sanctity developed his mystic sense and so threw him out of himself. At the cost of breaking off his own studies he was ready at any time to help the students who came to him, and who consequently spoke of him as "Our Doctor." It was his mystic sense too that made him a poet—not a poet of the technical order, for his technicalities were barbarian—but a born poet who could provide Dante with some of his deepest inspirations.

Yet when everything has been allowed for intellectual acumen, even in its most vitalized and spiritualized activity, there

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remains the fact, as St. Thomas said to his companion Reginald, that whatever he knew he had not so much begotten it by study and labor as he had received it by divine communciation. He lived in the spirit world. He made great ventures in faith, and in so far as he was able registered his experiences in his writings. But as this faithful soul grew in the faith, so keen did his perception of the mystical cosmos become, so vast was the difference between his power of perceiving spiritual things and his power of giving them analogical expression, that he seemed to lose all interest in the latter. His *Summa* is an unfinished work. After that marvelous rapture which he experienced whilst saying Mass in the chapel of St. Nicholas at Naples, he could not be induced either to sit down to his desk or to dictate. When his affectionate Reginald pleaded: "Why hast thou cast aside so great a work, which thou didst begin for the glory of God and the illumination of the world?" his only reply was: "*Non possum.* The end of my labors is come. All that I have written appears to me as so much straw after the things that have been revealed to me."

The coming of St. Thomas into the Eucharistic controversy marked the salvation of the science from scholastic pedantry. True, he was far from exempt from this abuse. But in the midst of it all he put forth the restraining power of the will and the vitalizing power of prayer. At his disputations in the University of Paris it was his wonderful power of restraint which maintained the dignity of his doctrine. And although the intellectualizing of the doctrine had reached its high-water mark in his day, yet he saved it from stereotype and petrifaction by adapting the developments to the Church's prayer. If theology is an abstraction from the divine deposit, as manifested in the life of the Church, then the only reason for making such abstraction is that it may be applied to the enriching of the life of the Church.

Here must be noticed the confluence of another stream of sanctity which contributed largely to the salvation of the doctrine from pure intellectualism. It is the life and labors of the blessed Juliana of Mont Cornillon. The holy religious of Liège started the movement for the introduction of the Feast of Corpus Christi. Amongst other theologians and dignitaries she conferred with the Archdeacon of Liège, who afterwards became Pope Urban IV. She did not live to see the fruits of her en-

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deavors. After her death, however, the cause was led by another holy woman, Eve. Through the influence of the two women, Urban IV. made the feast one of the Universal Church. St. Thomas embodied the best of his theological thought in an office and Mass, and thus directed the theological developments to the further fertilizing of the spirit-life of the faithful. Therefore it was that when the Council of Trent came to enact its decrees concerning the Blessed Sacrament, it placed on record that, by the introduction of the annual feast into the Church, victorious truth had led a triumph over lying and heresy, and that by the joy of the Universal Church, shown in the magnificence of Eucharistic solemnities, its enemies had been broken and put to shame.

A seeming exception to the law is the development of the doctrine of the Immaculate Conception. The earliest recorded expressions of this article of faith are the inspired texts, "Hail, full of grace" and "Blessed art thou amongst women." The latest authentic expression is the infallible decree of 1854, *Ineffabilis Deus*. The history of the development of this truth seems to show that the saints, for the most part, have been working against it. Throughout the patristic age it remained more or less implicit. The first important restatement of a more definitely explicit kind was that of St. Ephrem (A. D. 379), who says: "Truly it is thou and thy mother only who are fair altogether. For in thee there is no stain, and in thy mother no spot."*

The prayer-life of the dogma continued silently. As far back as the fifth century the Feast of the Conception of our Lady was kept in the East. Not until early in the twelfth century was it introduced into the West. This prayer-life of the dogma at length became so forceful as to demand a more definite intellectual expression. St. Bernard, of all men in the world, led the battle against that definition which eventually received *ex cathedra* sanction. He may in the first instance have confused the two ideas of *active* and *passive* conception. But as the intellectual strife increased, the opposition was directed against the doctrine in any shape or form. And amongst the opponents were counted St. Bernard, St. Peter Damian, Peter Lombard, Alexander of Hales, Blessed Albert the Great, St. Bonaventure, and St. Thomas Aquinas. The man who led

*Hymn 27, strophe 8.

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the cause which culminated in the definition of Pope Pius IX. was the Franciscan, Duns Scotus. Notice, however, what was his motive power. It was not a cold intellectual process with an explicit perception of consequent and consequence. It was the instinctive "wish to believe" that Mary was immaculate. Only thus did he begin to formulate his opposition to the Dominican theologians. Only then did he bring into action the intellect of the Doctor Subtilis to justify, if possible, his felt instinct for this particular expression of truth.

But what must be said of the instinct of the saints who were fighting him? Why, they were simply thirsting for the same truth, but their intellects being limited, they saw only another aspect of it. They were looking at that side of the truth which expresses the universality of Redemption; and in their intellectual confusion they thought that if Mary did not incur the stain of original sin she could not have been saved by Christ the Savior of all mankind. Thus although explicitly they were arguing against the definition of the Immaculate Conception, yet implicitly they were working out its development; for the truth of the universality of salvation was necessarily required to make the doctrine of the Immaculate Conception complete.

All, then, are aiming at a clearer statement of the perfect sinlessness of Mary, a fact represented in the beginning by the vague term "full of grace." St. Thomas feels the need of Mary being redeemed; Scotus feels the need of her being free from original sin. These respective needs are moral, intellectual, and emotional, the total result of which expresses itself as a dictate of the illative sense. They are the fruits of practical faith. St. Thomas, therefore, tends to unfold one part of the Church's definition; namely, *intuitu meritorum Christi;* whilst Scotus tends to unfold another part; namely, *singulari gratia et privilegio.*

Not all the logic in the world could have deduced these concepts merely from the intellectual notion "full of grace." But saints inflamed with divine goodness and wisdom could plunge into the spiritual reality of which "full of grace" was the representative analogy, and from that reality derive experiences of which *intuitu meritorum Christi* and *singulari gratia et privilegio* were, as afterwards solemnly declared by the Church, more definite and clearer representative analogies. The divine light given to the saints is a light not merely intellectual, to

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see of how many transformations of mood and figure a given proposition is capable. It may be this, but it is much more besides. It is a spiritual sensitiveness and responsiveness to the eternal and real truth which lies behind notional truth. It is a growth of the faithful in the faith. It is given precisely in order to increase the life of faith. Consequently it must direct the saints towards those explications and applications which are best adapted to the further fostering of the life of faith, and which are most useful in enabling man to attain his last end.

Since, however, individual saints are but individuals and, as is seen in the history of the dogma of the Immaculate Conception, are liable to take inadequate views of truth, we must insist on the *collective* sanctity of the saints as the discriminating principle between doctrinal truth and doctrinal error. When St. Theresa preferred for a confessor a learned man to a pious simpleton, it was not in order that he might look at the original deposit of faith and give his experience of it; but it was that he might say what had been already registered of the experiences of the saints and what had been authenticated by the charismatic power of the Church. The pious simpleton would only have had his own experience upon which to draw, and would have found difficulty in giving a clear statement even of that. Holiness develops truth, but it is the holiness of the many united in one. The saints lead the way, and every man, in so far as he is good, in so far as he is a saint, participates in the unfolding of the truth. But just as it is needful to emphasize the organic unity of the individual man, so it is needful to emphasize the organic unity of the body of the faithful. Development is a growth of the faithful in the faith. The criterion of holiness is the holiness of her to whom the Spirit of truth was promised, the One, Holy, Catholic Church.

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HELEN KELLER'S FRENCH SISTER.

BY THE COUNTESS DE COURSON.

FEW among the tourists who visit the old French city of Poitiers are aware that the ancient town, whose churches are among the most curious in France, can boast of another sight, a flesh and blood, living and tangible, proof of what can be accomplished by a woman's intelligence and patience, stimulated by the noblest of all motives—love of God and of his creatures.

Even in France the story that we are about to relate is little known. That it is known at all is due to a professor of the University of Poitiers, M. Louis Arnould, who enjoys a high position in the literary world. He was the first to give his countrymen the curious and touching history of an "imprisoned soul."*

Three kilometres from Poitiers stands the Convent of Larnay, directed by the *Soeurs de la Sagesse*. The gray dresses, black cloaks, and white head-dresses of these nuns are well known throughout the west of France.

Their order was founded in the seventeenth century by the venerable Grignon de Montfort, and till the recent iniquitous laws sent religious women adrift, they directed a large number of poor schools, "*créches*," and hospitals, both in Paris and in the provinces. Since the government's cruel expulsion of the religious orders, a number of their houses have been closed, but the Convent of Larnay has, so far, escaped destruction; perhaps because the politicians of the day, while they do not scruple to wage war against the sisters, are less inclined to provide for the helpless objects to whom these devoted women silently consecrate their lives. For the present, therefore, the Convent of Larnay is untouched, and both the infirm girl, whose story we are about to relate, and the humble religious, to whom the "imprisoned soul" owes all that makes life worth having, are still, as we write these lines, safe within the precincts of their convent home.

* *Une Âme en Prison.* Par Louis Arnould. Paris: Oudin, Éditeur.

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Much has been said and written across the Atlantic on the subject of Laura Bridgman, and especially of Helen Keller, both of whom, being blind, deaf, and dumb, were nevertheless made capable, the latter especially, of receiving a good education.

Laura Bridgman, who was born in New Hampshire in 1829, became deaf and blind after scarlet fever, at the age of two, and gradually she lost the sense of taste and smell. The man who opened the gates of knowledge to her "imprisoned soul" was Dr. Samuel Gridley Howe, of Boston, and the story of his extraordinary achievement has been told over and over again in French, in English, and in German.*

Dr. Howe was a pioneer. He was the first to attempt the stupendous task that has since been successfully accomplished by others, among whom gentle Soeur Marguerite, of the Convent of Larnay, would certainly, were her story more widely known, hold a foremost place. Dr. Howe, although the process was slow and painful, succeeded in instilling in his pupil's mind the sense of right and wrong, and a certain knowledge of God, a knowledge sufficient to make Laura write in her diary: "I thought about heaven and God—that he would invite me some time when he is ready for us to go to heaven." Laura Bridgman's devoted teacher, who had "delivered to her the keys of life" died in 1876, and very pathetic was his "spiritual child's" silent grief. She followed him thirteen years later, in 1889.

More celebrated than Laura Bridgman is her countrywoman, Helen Keller, whose *Life*, written by herself, is familiar to American readers. She was born in Alabama, in 1880, and lost the use of sight, hearing, and speech at the age of eighteen months. Her first instructress, Miss Sullivan, taught her to communicate with the outer world. Helen Keller, an unusually intelligent girl, was an apt pupil; she pursued her education at different schools and colleges, under various professors, and became a happy, bright, and cultured woman, who is, moreover, skilled in out-of-door sports, which she throughly enjoys.†

What Dr. Howe did for Laura Bridgman, and Miss Sullivan

* *The Education of Laura Bridgman.* By Dr. Samuel Howe. *The Life and Education of Laura Bridgman.* By Mary Lamson. Dr. Howe's account of his pupil has been translated into French and German.

† *Always Happy.* By Miss Chappell. Helen's own biography was translated into French and published by Juven, Paris, in 1904.

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for Helen Keller, was accomplished with equal success by a *Soeur de la Sagesse* for Marie Heurtin, a blind deaf-mute, whose infirmity was even more grievous than that of her American sisters, for, whereas they enjoyed, during the first few months of their lives, the blessings of sight, speech, and hearing, the French girl was born blind, deaf, and dumb.

She was the daughter of a poor workman of Vertou, in Loire Inferieure, who, before finding a safe home for his unfortunate child, had endeavored in vain to procure her admittance into different asylums and hospitals. Homes founded for the blind declined to receive her because she was a deaf-mute; and homes for deaf-mutes rejected her because she was blind. In her parents' poor cottage she was cared for according to their lights, but, except that they fed and clothed and abstained from ill-treating her, they were absolutely incompetent to deal with so delicate and difficult a case. It was afterwards discovered that the child was gifted with an ardent, loving, and passionate nature, and, until communication had been established between her and the outer world, her very vitality was an enigma to the well-intentioned but ignorant folk who surrounded her.

They were terrified at her fits of passion and her incoherent screams, and thought for a time of sending her to a mad-house at Nantes. The efforts of an ardent spirit to break through its prison walls were, in their eyes, clear signs of madness. Happily for Marie Heurtin, her father heard that the nuns of Larnay, near Poitiers, had succeeded in educating a young girl who, at the age of three and a half, became deaf, dumb, and blind; and thither, in March, 1895, he brought his unfortunate little daughter. Marie Heurtin's "débuts" at Larnay are, even now, after twelve years, alluded to with a kind of terror. During two months, she never ceased to scream and to shriek; she used to roll on the floor and strike the ground with her clenched fist. Sometimes the nuns ventured to take her out walking, but their attempts to give her a little change and amusement were generally unsuccessful. In the streets, or on the country roads, she would, for no apparent reason, break into an uncontrollable fit of anger, lie down on the ground, refuse to move, uttering all the time unearthly shrieks, until the frightened sisters carried her home. These outbreaks were a source of endless annoyance to the nuns. Seeing them struggle with their terrible charge, strangers concluded that they

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were ill-treating her, and readily interfered in favor of the supposed victim.

The young Alsatian, Marthe Obrecht, to whom we have alluded, who lost sight, speech, and hearing at the age of three, had been educated by a nun, Soeur Ste. Médulle, who died the year before Marie Heurtin's arrival at Larnay. She had explained her method of proceeding to another sister, Soeur Ste. Marguerite, to whom the far more difficult task of educating Marie Heurtin was intrusted. Besides being of a more violent disposition than her Alsatian fellow-sufferer, the latter *was born* blind, deaf, and dumb; she had not been like Marthe Obrecht, in possession of her senses for the three first years of her life; and when Soeur Marguerite took her in hand, she was, to all intents and purposes, a wild animal, whom a confused sense of its helplessness drove to frenzy.

Soeur Marguerite's first thought was to bridge over the abyss that separated the poor child's "imprisoned soul" from the rest of the world and, to attain this object, it was necessary to establish some means of communication, however imperfect, between her pupil and herself. A little pocket knife, that Marie Heurtin jealously cherished, served the purpose. Soeur Marguerite one day took it from her pupil, who immediately flew into a violent rage. When her anger had subsided, the sister took her hands and placed them in such a manner that they made the sign used by the deaf mutes to mean a knife. Having done this, she returned the knife to Marie, whose delight was great. After letting the girl enjoy her treasure, the sister again took it away; a second burst of anger followed, but suddenly the child made the sign that her instructress had taught her, and immediately the knife was put back into her hands.

This seemingly trivial incident was the starting point of Marie Heurtin's education. Having impressed upon her charge the important fact that certain signs meant certain objects, Soeur Marguerite improved the occasion. By degrees, she taught her to ask for bread, eggs, meat, and other articles of food. The child being unusually receptive, her mistress was able, in a comparatively short time, to extend her knowledge; she followed the system that is used for deaf-mutes, only, whereas these are made to *see* the signs, Marie was made to *feel* them, a more difficult and complicated process. When this

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was accomplished, Soeur Marguerite taught her to read the raised letters of the Braille alphabet, invented for the use of the blind, making her understand how each one of these words corresponded to the signs that she had previously taught her. Thus she met Marie's twofold infirmity, employing for her benefit the signs and letters invented for the deaf-mutes and also for the blind. The case was one of extraordinary difficulty, and it needed all the sister's patience, stimulated by her love for the girl, to achieve so arduous a task.

In the space of a year, Marie Heurtin learnt to ask for the common necessaries of life, but Soeur Marguerite's ambition soared higher, and she longed to teach her pupil the meaning of things spiritual and intangible.

She began by teaching her the difference between a tall and a short person, by making her feel two of her companions who were of unequal height. It was more difficult to make her realize the idea of riches and of poverty, but the sister succeeded in doing so by letting Marie *feel* a beggar, who was dressed in rags, and afterwards a lady, robed in silk, covered with jewels, with a sum of money in her pocket. Marie grasped the idea thus conveyed to her so thoroughly that she expressed her horror of poverty with a violence that startled her instructress. The next day the sister returned to the subject, beginning by asking her pupil whether she loved her, a question which Marie answered by the warmest expressions of grateful affection. Then Soeur Marguerite made her accept the fact that she too was a poor person, who possessed neither jewels nor money, and that she expected Marie to love her all the same, and to love other poor people for her sake. The idea of old age was transmitted to her by making her feel the wizen and wrinkled face of an old woman, and then her own young, fresh countenance and straight figure. Here again, Marie got much excited and vehemently explained that she would never grow old, bent, and wrinkled; but Soeur Marguerite's gentle influence quieted her so effectually that when the other nuns, who had witnessed the girl's outbreak, tested her by inquiring if she was resigned to getting old, she replied: "Yes; Marguerite wishes it." The ideas of time, of the future, of life and death, were successively understood by Marie Heurtin. The notion of death appalled her, and, after being made to feel the cold form of a dead nun, she angrily declared that she would

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never consent to die. Her instructress had to explain that none could avoid this law, and that if she, Soeur Marguerite, were resigned to it, Marie must be so likewise. The sister's greatest wish was now to reach her pupil's soul; and this, after months of patient teaching, she was able to do. She noticed that when Marie received a letter from home, she used to kiss it and she made use of this incident to teach her how to distinguish between the body and the soul.

"You love your father?" she argued, taking care that her pupil effectually grasped every point of her reasoning. "With what do you love him? With your feet or your hands? No; with something that is within you and that is able to love. This thing is *in* your body, but is *not* your body; it is called the soul, and death separates the soul from the body. When, the other day, you touched the cold, silent form of a dead sister, her soul had fled; and that soul lives and continues to love you."

When once she had ascertained that Marie understood the important fact of a spiritual world, Soeur Marguerite felt that she might venture to speak to her of the existence of God. She began by explaining to the girl how a certain class of men made certain articles. Thus she took her to the carpenter and to the baker and made her touch the furniture that was made by one and the bread baked by the other. Having noticed that her pupil delighted in the sunshine, and used to stretch out her arms to grasp the warmth-giving orb, Soeur Marguerite inquired: "Who made the sun?" "The baker," was the prompt reply. Marie connected the heat of the sun with that of the furnace. "No, indeed; he who made the sun is greater, stronger, wiser than any one"; and then she went on to explain that in a class a sister was at the head of her pupils; above the sister was the superioress; above the superioress the chaplain; then came the Bishop of Poitiers; then the Pope; lastly, above every one, was *le bon Dieu*, who knew, loved, governed all the world.

Marie listened with close attention, and her mistress completed her teaching by telling her the story of the creation and of the passion of our Lord. The child took an eager interest in these tales, but it was difficult at first to make her grasp the notion of time, and she anxiously inquired if her father was among the wicked men who put our Lord to death?

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Soeur Marguerite then proceeded to instill into her pupil's singularly receptive mind a clear notion of the difference between good and evil. When Marie committed any trifling fault, her instructress treated her with a studied coldness that the child was prompt to resent. Thus, by tangible means, she led her first to recognize the difference between right and wrong, and then, by degrees, to understand the motives that should make her seek the one and avoid the other.

The first years of Marie Heurtin's education were naturally the most laborious. Those who have studied her case are unanimous in acknowledging her to be gifted above the average; she is prompt to understand, eager to learn. Comparisons are invidious; it would hardly be fair to draw a parallel between the convent-bred French girl and her more brilliant American sister, Helen Keller.

The latter is evidently the more learned of the two; she is acquainted with several languages, and both by the extent of her knowledge, the variety of her experiences, and the activity of her out-of-door life, she is Marie Heurtin's superior.

Her social station being different from that of her French sister, more money has rightly been spent on her education and pursuits.

The ambition of the good nuns of Larnay was to open to the "imprisoned soul" of their charge the wide horizons of the spiritual world, from which she was hopelessly excluded by her threefold infirmity. They wished to make her a good, useful, and happy member of society. But they never lost sight of the fact that Marie was a child of the people, and they trained her as befitted her social station, studiously avoiding anything that could develop unhealthy tendencies or lead her to look down upon her poor parents and humble companions.

Monsieur Louis Arnould, whose thoughtful and sympathetic account of the blind deaf-mute of Larnay excited keen interest throughout the learned world, and provoked much interesting correspondence between professors of different nations, pronounces Marie Heurtin's education to be, in all respects, excellently carried out. He was, on several occasions, requested by Soeur Marguerite to examine her pupil on the subjects she had studied, and the result was, he informs us, highly satisfactory.

Marie knows her catechism and religious instruction thoroughly; she also has an accurate and sufficient knowledge of

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church history, the history of France, geography, and arithmetic. She writes easily and seldom misspells. Her letters to her friends and benefactors are the simple, truthful outpourings of a grateful and affectionate disposition, and the essays that she is made to write on different subjects prove that the girl to whom the world was a dark place of terror, can enjoy, up to a certain point, the gifts and beauties of nature.

As is the case with the blind, her sense of touch is marvelously developed. M. Arnould and his family having been to see her, she quickly, by passing her fingers over the face of her visitors, pronounced two of them to be sisters, and accurately stated the age of each one. The same sense of touch enables her to play at dominoes as rapidly and as correctly as if she saw.

While developing her pupil's intellect, Soeur Marguerite, mindful of Marie's humble origin, did not neglect the more commonplace and practical sides of daily life. She taught her to sweep, to dust, and to arrange the living-rooms of the convent. These she does with a thoroughness and a method that many a housemaid, gifted with eyesight, might well imitate.

But the field in which Soeur Marguerite achieved her greatest success is neither Marie Heurtin's intellect nor memory, nor even her practical sense of order and usefulness. The sister wished, above all things, to reach her pupil's soul, and this she succeeded in doing at the end of some months. One so sorely tried, placed in conditions so abnormal, needed special training, and her teacher's ambition was to develop the spiritual side of her nature in such a manner that she might find in spiritual things the compensations and consolations best suited to her shadowed life. After impressing upon Marie the existence of a Divine Creator, the sister proceeded to develop other elementary notions. The girl's eager and generous nature fully responded to her teaching, and with a rapidity that speaks volumes for the sister's proficiency as an instructress, and for her pupil's receptive powers, Marie Heurtin grasped the full meaning, grandeur, and beauty of the good nun's religious teaching.

In May, 1899, she was allowed to make her First Communion. She performed this solemn act, not only with a clear and complete knowledge of what she was doing, but also with an overpowering and radiant feeling of joy.

An innate and deep-seated cheerfulness is Marie Heurtin's

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chief characteristic. We cannot wonder at it, when we learn that the girl, who a few years ago was an object of terror and repulsion, is now in full possession of the real secret of happiness, a secret that sets those who are fortunate enough to penetrate its hidden meaning above the wear and tear, the changes and vicissitudes of life. She has learnt not only to accept the cross that has been laid on her by an all-wise Providence, but to rejoice in it; and she has attained this rare degree of perfection with the happy unconsciousness of an innocent child.

One day Soeur Marguerite made her understand that a wealthy lady of Poitiers would probably give her the necessary sum of money to go to Lourdes. There, added the sister, we will pray *le bon Dieu* to cure Marie's blindness through the intercession of his Holy Mother.

The girl listened attentively, evidently grasping the full meaning of her kind mistress' speech and the hope it held out to her; then, with an expression of radiant joy, she touched her sightless eyes. "No"; she said, "I wish to remain blind. I would rather not see here below in order to see better in heaven."

Even from a human standpoint, Marie Heurtin's life is not devoid of interest and of pleasure. She can converse, by means of her fingers, with her fellow deaf-mutes and with the nuns of Larnay, and it is curious to see the rapidity and deftness with which she communicates, by touch, her thoughts and impressions. Although, among the inmates of the convent, there are none afflicted to the same degree, yet all her companions are more or less infirm. All things, therefore, are ordered so as to enable these to take part, as far as possible, in the daily life that goes on around them.

As an example, M. Arnould tells us that he was present at a sermon in the convent chapel, and he explains how the preacher's words were ingeniously conveyed through different channels to his 250 hearers, most of whom were either blind, deaf, or dumb; Marie Heurtin and Marthe Obrecht being the only ones in whom the three infirmities were united.

The preacher, standing close to the communion rail, spoke to the blind who sat before him; a nun, standing on a platform, transmitted his discourse by signs to the deaf-mutes; at the same time, another sister, by moving her lips with peculiar distinctness, pronounced it, without a sound, for the benefit of

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the deaf who were not mutes, and the neighbors of Marie Heurtin, skilled in the language by touch, transmitted it to her by making on her hands the conventional signs.

The stupendous task, so successfully accomplished by Soeur Marguerite, was little known to the public at large, even in France, until M. Arnould published his remarkable pamphlet. With characteristic humility, the sisters shunned notoriety, and only the pressing entreaties of their friends and the direct encouragement of Pope Leo XIII., could prevail upon them to allow their work to be made known. A *prix Montyon*, which, as our readers probably know, is given to reward deeds of unusual devotedness and benevolence, was awarded to Soeur Marguerite in 1899, and, in 1903, the *Société d'encouragement au bien* bestowed a *civic crown* on Marie Heurtin's gentle teacher.

The nuns at Larnay, although they were prevailed upon to allow their work to be made public, declined to be present at the meetings where its successful issue was solemnly proclaimed; but the *civic crown* was brought to them, and it now hangs in the convent parlor.

Monsieur Arnould, whose remarkable work on the subject first drew attention to Marie Heurtin's threefold infirmity, has since then received letters from professors and philosophers in Germany, Holland, France, and other countries, raising interesting discussions on the subject. Many philosophical problems are suggested by this unique case. For the reason that Marie Heurtin, unlike her American sister, was blind, deaf, and dumb from the hour of her birth, the task achieved by Soeur Marguerite was one of superhuman difficulty.

Among the philosophers who were more particularly interested in the story we have just related, was Father de Groot, a Dominican, Professor of Thomist Philosophy at the University of Amsterdam. He came to France for the express purpose of visiting the *Institut Pasteur* in Paris and our heroine at Larnay, and his account of the latter was published in a Dutch review. He heard from the lips of Soeur Marguerite the details of Marie's arrival at the convent and of the terrible scenes of anger that frightened the nuns, when the unfortunate little creature was left on their hands. As a striking contrast, he draws a charming picture of the girl as she is at present: sweet and bright, full of vivacity and quickness, yet perfectly

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self-possessed and calm. Her spiritual transformation is far more remarkable, and Père de Groot marveled at the purity, nobility, and generosity of her aspirations, at the depth of her earnest, loving nature. He ascertained also that her life, even apart from its intense spirituality, is not devoid of interest, that she can enjoy sunshine and flowers, the books that she reads with her fingers, the friends who come to see her, and with whom she communicates through her devoted instructress. She is always ready to please others, and contrives, in spite of her threefold infirmity, to be a really useful member of the large household where she has found a home. She is keen over her lessons, loves history, has strong likes and dislikes on the subject of the heroes with whom her studies make her acquainted; but although her intelligence is remarkably quick and receptive, more remarkable still is her spiritual growth.

No physical infirmity can impede the strong impulse of her soul towards God, whose tenderness, wisdom, and power she fully realizes. Some years ago, when the iniquitous laws against religious were issued, the nuns of Larnay feared that their time must come, and Marie wept bitterly at the thought of being separated from "Marguerite."

The danger has not passed away, and the Convent of Notre Dame de Larnay is still threatened, but Marie Heurtin, the most helpless of the helpless beings within its walls, no longer fears. "God is a good Father," she says to her anxious companions. "He watches over us; he will not part us; let us live in peace."

May the trustful words prove prophetic and the devoted Sisters of Notre Dame de Larnay be spared the cruel fate of so many religious women throughout France!

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LISHEEN; OR, THE TEST OF THE SPIRITS.*

BY CANON P. A. SHEEHAN, D.D.,

Author of "My New Curate"; "Luke Delmege"; "Glenanaar," etc.

CHAPTER VII.

A LEPER.

WHEN Outram tapped at his wife's door, and, uninvited, entered, he found the room in complete darkness. He could not distinguish Mabel's figure, and said hesitatingly:

"Mabel, are you here?"

"Yes"; she said firmly. "I am here. What do you seek?"

"Let me ring for a light. There's something wrong. What is it?"

"You have come into my room unasked," she said. "You have something to say, or seek. Better say it in the darkness than in the light. What is it?"

"Mabel," he said, "there's something evidently wrong. This is unusual. Are you coming down to dinner? Or, look here," he said, as if suddenly struck by a new idea, "will you let me send for Dr. Bellingham? Clearly you are not well."

He had come over, guided by her voice, and by the faint gleam of pallor from her face, and stood over her, as she sat by the window.

"Again I repeat," she said, "you have come here unsolicited. Furthermore, you are acting a part, and acting it badly. You have something to say; say it. If you have naught to say, leave me."

He still kept a firm hold on his rising temper, though he felt his hands trembling.

"For God's sake, Mab," he said, "let nothing come between us now. We are too recently yoked to quarrel. There will be misunderstandings, I suppose, forever, between married people; but, as a rule, they are easily cleared up. Now, it is clear, we both have tempers. We can't help that. But, for

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God's sake, let us give and take. We have to consult for each other's happiness, or at least, peace. And there's the old man, your father, to consider. I know he doesn't like this kind of thing, and he's troubled—"

"Yes"; she said, "he is troubled; and why?"

"Why? Because you are giving way to nerves, or temper, or something feminine, which we men don't understand."

"He understands," she said, "too much; but not all!"

"What, then, does he understand?" said Outram. "Come, let us have explanations. There's nothing like clearing the air!"

"He understands," said Mabel slowly, but with terrible distinctness, "that he and I have made the blunder of our lives. He understands that I have paid, for my partial disobedience to his wishes, a fearful penalty. He understands that on the day I, in my girlish folly and ambition, promised to be your wife, it would have been better if he had seen me dead. He understands that partly for him, altogether for me, there is no more peace or happiness any more forever."

"Not very complimentary," said Outram, "but at least you will be pleased to remember that I did not force myself on you in any undue or unbecoming manner. You are not pleased with me—I, at least, conjecture that to be your meaning—but you married position and power, and a certain place in society. You still retain them; and you have no reason to complain."

The words were cutting, because they were so terribly true. Mabel dared not deny them. He was encouraged.

"You could have married," he went on, "that idiotic cousin of yours, and been now a dairymaid in Kerry, instead of being one of the recognized queens of such society as we have here; but you chose better. Why do you complain?"

"Because I didn't know," she said with contrition, "the penalty of such pride; the terrible conditions attaching to it."

"You mean my personality?"

She hesitated to say the offensive word. But he persisted:

"It is I who am the horror. Is it not?"

She muttered a feeble: "Yes."

"Of course," he said bitterly, "I am not the Adonis you imagined. The Lord didn't make me a Count d'Orsay, a padded creature of stays and corsets to catch the eye of a silly girl. But you have all you anticipated otherwise. Surely, you didn't expect love in the bargain?"

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She was silent. He knew his advantage, and went on mercilessly:

"You bartered your happiness deliberately for other things," he said. "But you did no more than every other woman in society. People may read novels; but even the most silly of schoolmisses doesn't believe in them. Their good manners take care of that. Girls marry in these unpoetical and prosaic days for money, position, a place in society; and they are prepared to take with such things their disadvantages. For Nature is impartial, *ma chérie*. Where she gives beauty, she balances it with idiocy; where she gives intelligence, she retrieves the gift with ugliness or moral malformation. Your Adonis is always a fool. Now, most women believe and understand this; and are content with a few of the gifts of fortune. You want all."

"I wanted at least as much as I gave," she said. "When a girl gives up everything, she expects some return."

"Well said, my dear," he cried with a tone of triumph. "Now, we're beginning to understand. You see there is nothing like an academic argument, like this, to throw light on matters, although this seems slightly out of place in such Cimmerian gloom. Now, let us pursue this train of thought, which you have so admirably started. You looked on our marriage as a bargain, as a contract, where there should be a fair interchange of goods. Neither of us pretended then, or pretends now, to any sentimentality on the matter. Now, it does not reflect credit on my business tact or talent, to have to admit that I think you have had decidedly the best of the bargain. You married for position, ease, social rank, etc., etc. I married that I might have a handsome woman, whom I could call my wife, and who would be known in society as the Mrs. Ralph Outram. I obtained that desire. Mrs. Ralph Outram *is* the queen of fashion, the cynosure of all eyes in the drawing-room, at the theater, at the ball; and I am rewarded when I hear one eye-glassed idiot say after another: 'What a demd handsome woman!' 'Who is she?' And the reply is: 'Mrs. Ralph Outram—Outram, you know, who is aide-de-camp, etc.' It is a poor compensation, I admit, but *que voulez-vous?* I say to myself. You couldn't have done better. But, my dear Mabel, don't you see the balance is on your side? Position, wealth, social rank, admiration, envy on your side; and on mine, the poor compensation of being ranked as Mrs. Outram's

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husband. Now, fie! fie! When a girl has made such a tremendous bargain, why should she rail against fortune?"

Mabel sat crouched in her sofa under the terrible words. They were uttered so cynically, so coolly, that she could not reply; and, above all, they were *true!* She had sold herself in the marriage-market; and she had no reason to complain of the price. She could only feebly say:

"When people repent of their bargain, they are sometimes allowed to revoke it. Have you any objection?"

"The greatest, my dear. I could not think of revoking such an important contract, and one so advantageous to you, on any terms. You see I am disinterested. I do not consider myself. All the gain is on your side; and I have such a deep interest in you, that I should consider myself ungenerous were I to take advantage of your offer. No, my dear *wife*"; he laid terrible emphasis on the word, "we are linked together for good or ill, and must remain so. And now, one little word! You are very innocent if you don't know that these little differences of temperament do exist in all married circles. They do. Men of the world, like myself, understand this well; and when they see more than the usual demonstration of affection between married people, they shrug their shoulders, and say something about Mrs. Caudle's Lectures. But they are wise enough to keep their secrets to themselves. Now this is what I want you to do. Whatever happens, you must understand that the social *convenances* shall not, and must not, be put aside. In polite circles, emotionalism is a crime. Anything but that. You may be angry, or envious, or unhappy; but you must not show it. We do not love each other; and I suppose never shall—?"

He stopped as if questioning her.

"Never"; she said solemnly.

"Very good. *Tant mieux.* But, at least, let us not have scenes. Now, that little scene last night was not quite becoming. It hurts people. And, what is worse, it makes people talk and conjecture and form opinions—"

"What do you refer to?" she asked, feeling at last that he was plunging beyond his depth, out of the region where his cynicism made him safe.

"I mean your collapse, your fainting-fit, your ungoverned emotion in that drawing-room. It was unguarded and unbecoming."

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"I could not help it," she said, drawing him into deeper depths.

"Oh, yes you could. There was really no necessity for it."

"It was a dread revelation to a woman, to a wife," she said.

"What? You don't mean that any woman would regard a little excess as an unforgivable offence in her husband?"

"Quite the reverse," she answered. "I regarded it as a blessing."

"As a blessing?"

"Quite so!"

"How?"

"Because for the first time you told the truth, and revealed yourself."

"How? I don't understand," he said. The darkness shut out the sight of pallid lips and whitened face. But Mabel knew that her moment of triumph had come. Yet she hesitated. The truth was too terrible to be spoken. Even to such a callous and unfeeling wretch it was hard to speak so bitter a word. But she felt it was an opportunity that, once lost, would never be recovered. She recalled for a moment all his stinging words to fortify her, lest her woman's heart should fail her. She repeated them over and over in her mind; and yet so swiftly that the pause seemed unnoticed. The bitter language stung and smote her into a passionate desire for revenge. She yearned to say the one word that would kill him. But she had discretion enough left to allow him to drag the fatal word forth.

"You told a strange story," she said. "It was sensational enough for a new magazine."

She paused.

"It was well invented!" she continued.

"I'm glad to hear you say so," he said. "It reflects credit on my imagination. It so excited the fancy of that Professor over his whisky, that he should have it again over his tea."

"It cleared up one or two mysteries for me," said Mabel.

"Indeed?"

"Yes; the Sanskrit writing that came with the porphyry vase." Then she added, as in a tone of unconcern: "The porphyry vase is broken!"

He started back and muttered in a tone of alarm: "Hell! who broke it?"

"I," she said. "The green snake stirred at the bottom of

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the vase, and I thought it might have stung me. I struck it with the heavy steel shell, and the snake was crushed into powder; and the vase parted in two."

"You have done an evil thing," he replied. "You have summoned and defied your fate; and you will rue it. Come, now, let us see the mischief you have wrought!"

He put down his hand in the darkness, as if to reach her shoulder. He touched her check rudely. She sprang instantly to her feet, and flung him aside.

"How dare you touch me," she cried, "you—*a leper?* How dare you come into a respectable family, that has never had a physical or moral blot or stain for generations on their family history, and bring your loathsome presence there? You, an unknown adventurer, whose secret and awful record is only now being revealed; you, a drunkard and a profligate; you, the companion and confidant of occult and loathsome things over there in India; you, the hypocrite, carrying your slimy ways into decent society, at which you rail and cry out in order to hide your own moral deformity; and you, once a leper by your own confession, and, therefore, a leper forever; how could you have the courage, how could you have the heart, you unclean thing, to steal into our home, and bring with you such moral and physical loathsomeness? You have given me position, wealth, social position! Take them! Take them! and give me back my innocence, my ignorance. But you cannot. Oh, my God! you cannot. The evil is done, and not God himself can undo it! And I am betrayed and lost! I, Mabel Willoughby, who couldn't bear on my finger-tips the presence of an ink spot, nor on my garments the pin point of a speck! I, who would shudder at a prick of a needle, and thought myself polluted if a fly rested on my hand—I have to bear *your* presence, to sit with *you* at table, drinking in the pollution of *your* presence, and the hateful contagion that you breathed. You unclean brute! there is no punishment on earth sufficient for your crime! But, go! go where you please; and carry with you the curse and the despair of the wrecked and ruined girl you have betrayed!"

Whilst she uttered the last word, she heard the door opening, and saw by the reflection of the gas jets outside the miserable creature creeping from the room. Then she threw herself back on the sofa, murmuring: "Father! Oh, Father!"

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She was suddenly startled by a fearful crash on the stairs, and the sound of a heavy body falling. She held her breath, divining what it was. There was a rush of feet, the stifled screams of servants, the rustling and pushing of people vainly trying to lift something weighty. Then a tap at her door.

"Mr. Outram has a fit, ma'am, on the stairs. Will you come and see him?"

She came forth, and her wild, pallid face startled the servants. She came slowly down into the lobby, shading her eyes from the gaslight, until she stood over the prostrate body of her husband. The butler and footman were trying to lift the inanimate form, whilst the girl-servants helped. Mabel stood still as a statue, looking down on the wretched creature she had dismissed from her side forever. They had torn open his collar to give him room to breathe freely. There was a gash on his forehead, where he had struck against some sharp projection when falling. He was quite unconscious. The dining-room bell was ringing furiously, where the old, feeble, chair-tied Major was clamoring to know the cause of the disturbance. Mabel coldly ordered the servants to take the prostrate and bleeding form into the breakfast parlor on the ground floor; she swiftly ordered the doctor to be sent for; and then went in to speak to her father.

"Ralph has had a fall or a heavy fit," she said. "I have sent for the doctor."

"How—how did it happen?" asked her father, watching with some curiosity her white, drawn face.

"I don't know. I think it was what they call 'a visitation of Providence.'"

"Where was he? Where was he coming from?"

"From my room. We had some explanations. Father," she suddenly cried, "this *is* the hand of God; and we must flee, flee from this dreadful place."

"Calm yourself, Mabel," said the old man. "Above all, show nothing to these servants. You know how servants talk."

"I do. But is it better to have to bear everything in silence, than to be talked about?"

"Yes, oh, yes"; said her father. "Family secrets, you know, family secrets. And then, your own pride! You must never let on that you have made a mistake. That would never do. It would be an admission of defeat, you know. And think of

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the position you occupy, and how all your friends would exult over your unhappiness."

"Yes, yes; 'tis all position and rank and secrecy. Oh, if we could only go away somewhere; and be our own natural selves. Father!"

"Yes, dear!"

"If anything happens to Ralph—to Mr. Outram—you and I *must* go away—away—away, anywhere; the more remote the better. We'll take some old castle in Scotland where there's no one within a hundred miles; or go to Brittany; or—somewhere, anywhere out of the world!"

"Very well, my dear. But I must have some kind of doctor near me. There, now, go see after Ralph. The servants will talk if you keep away from him just now."

She returned to the room where her husband lay insensible on the sofa; and, after giving some slight orders, she went upstairs to her room. As she passed through the lobby, she saw that the pedestal, on which the porphyry vase stood, had fallen; and that the vase itself lay shattered into potsherds on the floor. Clearly, it was against one of the sharp, broken fragments her husband had fallen, after he had stumbled and toppled over the pedestal and vase.

"There is some horrible mystery in the evil thing," she thought. "I wish I had in my possession, and could read, that girl's letter."

She took a light to her room; and turned up the gas jets that hung before her mirror. Then she started back, affrighted at her own appearance. Her eyes were wild and dilated; and her mouth seemed to be drawn down at each side, as if in paralysis; and the flesh of her cheeks was tightened as if pulled by some hidden agony or force. She shook her head at the apparition.

"Ah, Lady Clara Vere de Vere," she muttered, "you put strange memories in my head."

How long she remained in a kind of stupor or ecstasy, staring at herself there in the glass, she could not remember. She was recalled to life and actuality by a tap at her door and the servant's announcement that the doctor had come. Then she made a few rapid changes in her hair, and went down.

He had been examining the patient carefully; for Outram's shirt-front was torn open, and his chest was bare. The doctor

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was bending over him, making some further examination, when Mabel silently entered. She stood still by the doctor's side. Presently he turned round, and looked at her.

"Not a fit," he said, "but a fall. He's quite unconscious; but he will recover consciousness immediately."

"He must have stumbled coming down stairs," she said, without a trace of emotion, "and thrown down the porphyry vase, and then fallen on it."

"Very probably. But would you mind leaving me alone for a few moments, until I make a further examination?"

He looked at her in a strange way, as if questioning: "Can she bear it?" Mabel read his thoughts and went out. At least, this would be a confirmation or a contradiction of her own conclusions.

Doctor Bellingham leaned over the prostrate form again; gently opened again the shirt-front and looked long and anxiously at his patient. He then took up the helpless hand and examined it. Then he felt the lobes of the ears; then lifted the closed eyelids.

Ah, those doctors! Grand Inquisitors of the human race, from whom there is no secret, because they have their spies in every feature of face, of form; and finger-nails, eyelids, lips, teeth, babble like traitors and informers the history of the victim; whilst the arch-traitors, the opthalmoscope and stethoscope probe into the deepest recesses and whisper to the Grand Inquisitor the terrible secrets of brain and lungs and heart, down to the last thread of nerve and capillary. And, worse still, they tell what they have no right to tell, of hidden sin and moral turpitude and secret vice; and, by some terrible system of induction, tell too of the hidden history of the dead—of the father, or grandfather, whose sins were supposed to be buried with themselves. Ah, yes; there is no secret; the very leaves will whisper and tell.

For a long time Dr. Bellingham watched and felt, and felt and watched his patient. Then he drew a long sigh and said: "Poor girl!"

He touched the bell. Mabel entered.

"It is as I say, Mrs. Outram," he exclaimed, looking at her with dilated eyes, as if questioning: "Does she know?" and "Dare I tell?" "There is shock and slight concussion from the fall; but the wound has bled freely. He will recover

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consciousness soon, and the effects will soon pass away. His general health is good, is it not?"

"I haven't heard Mr. Outram complain," said Mabel.

"No; he has seen some hard service, I believe. There are cicatrices on breast and arm. I suppose sword cuts."

"I never heard my husband say he was in action," said Mabel.

"No; perhaps not. It may be something else. But the Major is better, is he not?"

"My father?" said Mabel, noticing the sudden change in the doctor's words, and divining ill news from that little circumstance. But she quietly said: "No; not much better. I suppose he will never get better."

"Hardly. We can only mitigate his sufferings. I had better see him, as I am here."

Doctor and wife were staring at each other during this brief conversation, doctor asking his conscience: "Ought I tell?" Mabel asking: "Does he know?" Both were playing a dread part in that ugly drama there in that silent room before that prostrate form. The servants were whispering and tittering outside in the hall. The doctor moved to go. Mabel said:

"Doctor, I have something to ask you!"

"To be sure!" said the doctor, folding up his stethoscope.

"About these wounds; these cicatrices!"

"Don't!" said the doctor, his eyes filling with tears.

"May God help me, then!" said Mabel.

"May God help you, child!" said the doctor.

CHAPTER VIII.

GREAT PREPARATIONS.

Father Cosgrove did not at all like the new development things were taking. Fate, or the Fates, were rushing matters on in a way he decidedly disapproved of. Not that he was what is called in college slang "a safe man." He was one of those imprudent characters that are always doing the very things human foresight tells them they should not do. Nor was he an advocate of that cast-iron conservatism which studies only "the things that are," and whose motto is: "Let well alone!"

He was quite enthusiastic about Maxwell when Hamberton told him all.

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"A fine fellow!" he said. "Ah! if we had a few more like him!"

"What would then become of the patience and long-suffering of your people?" Hamberton asked maliciously. "You good Christians are always inconsistent. You say character can only be developed by trial and combat. But you want to avoid trial and evade combat whenever you can. You say adversity is the royal road to heaven. But you want prosperity by preference, and heaven into the bargain. You want to catch the two worlds with one hand. Now, if I were anything, I should be a Manichean. I would like to believe that there is a Spirit of Evil created specially to prove the good; and an over-mastering Spirit, the Over-Soul of things, to reward their fidelity."

"That's what we believe!" said Father Cosgrove faintly. He always felt in the hands of such an antagonist as helpless as a babe; though he knew that he had the strength of truth on his own side.

"Precisely. But you fight the Prince of Darkness by evading him, not by facing and conquering him."

"Is it all arranged then?" asked Father Cosgrove, anxious to get away from these "foolish controversies."

"Practically all. You're sorry?"

"I am. That is—you know—I'm not," said the priest, making circles in the air. "'Twill all come right! 'Twill all come right! Providence is guiding all in its own wise way!"

"There is, then, a Demiurgus intermeddling in human affairs?" asked Hamberton. He enjoyed the discomfiture of this simple man whose faith he admired and envied.

"No"; said the priest solemnly. "There is a God, and you will"—he stopped lest he should say anything harsh—"*know it!*"

"Perhaps! The great perhaps!" muttered Hamberton.

"Does Mr. Maxwell know all?" asked the priest.

"All what?" said Hamberton. He was actually getting vexed, losing his philosophical equanimity at the reiteration of the word "God."

"All about everything!" said the priest.

"Of course!" said Hamberton. "What has he to know?"

"Oh, of course not," said the priest inconsequently. "I mean all your generous treatment of Miss Moulton's father?"

Hamberton was struck silent. He watched the pale, placid

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face before him for a long while, trying to read the hidden meaning beneath the words. He thought he discovered a subtle arraignment of his own conduct in this simple guise of language. Did the priest mean something else? Did he say, although not in as many words: "Are you concealing from this honorable man, Maxwell, the fact that his future wife is the daughter of a felon?"

But that pale face was impenetrable. Hamberton would have liked to be angry or cynical, but he couldn't. And his genuine honesty told him that he had made a very serious mistake in not having told Maxwell all before matters reached their crisis. He said gently: "You don't want this marriage to take place, good father; and I should be the last to complain, for I know your motive, your generous motives, towards myself. But it must go on. It is fate. And you may trust my honor. Maxwell shall know the whole history of Claire and her father, if he has not already heard it from her own lips."

"Quite so; quite so!" said the priest. You are always so honorable."

"And now," said Hamberton, "you must give me all the help in your power towards rebuilding Lisheen cottage and putting things in order. You have great influence with the Land League."

"You have much greater," said the priest. "They'll do anything for you; and this will make you a hundred times more popular."

"But I must tell them it is all Maxwell's generosity," said Hamberton.

"Not yet!" said Father Cosgrove. "That would spoil all just now. They would hardly believe such an extraordinary story; and you know that just now there is a strong feeling against him."

"I suppose they're not sorry for his arrest?"

"Indeed, no; it was just what they expected, they say."

"Human nature again, always gloating over misfortunes. The instinct of the beast everywhere. The same fury that drives a terrier into a rat-hole, or a ferret into a rabbit-warren, is dominant in the human heart. And your religion hasn't expelled it. The fisherman on the river bank, plying his 'gentle craft' of murder, the fowler on the hillside with his gun, the hunter on his horse, the prosecutor in a court of what is called

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justice, the minister plotting war in his cabinet, the mob around a gallows—are all alike. The same brute instinct of destruction is everywhere; and neither religion, nor education, nor progress, nor civilization, can root it out. We are a hopelessly lost race."

"There are good men in the world, too," said Father Cosgrove faintly.

"A few," said Hamberton. "There would be a good many more, if they would only adopt the maxims, and follow the life, of that gentle prophet that appeared in Judea some centuries ago. But all that is dead, dead. Nature has again asserted itself against Christ, and has won all along the line. And human nature is hopelessly bad."

His head had sunk down upon his chest, as was always the case when he was deeply moved and disturbed. Then he flung aside the depression and said, in a chuckle of delight:

"Won't it be rare fun deceiving those fellows? What a revelation to those hounds who would hunt Maxwell down? I'll make them cheer themselves into a kind of aphasia the day I shall be able to reveal to them that there is *one* man alive. Won't it be dramatic; and won't it be a revenge?"

"They don't mean it; they are ignorant!" said the priest.

"Of course, of course. So is the hawk when he has a sparrow in his talons; so is the hound when he has his white teeth in the neck of the hare. Yes; you are right. They are ignorant. It is all blind instinct—that terrible blind force that evolves everything, and then selects, by cunning process of selection, only those things that are fit to live. But, now, we must commence at once. The time runs by. When does the mighty—the almighty League meet?"

"On Sundays at the school-room."

"Then we shall make a beginning next Sunday. It is a good work, is it not—and therefore no violation of the Sabbath?"

There was a slight commotion the following Sunday at the Land League, when in the midst of a full house, and in the thick of a hot debate, Hamberton was announced.

There was instant silence; and all angry feelings were hushed in his presence. He entered with that calm assurance that marks the Englishman the wide world over—in the hotel, in the dining-hall, in the picture gallery, under the dome of St. Peter's,

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under the shadow of the Pyramids. Other races assume an air of deprecatory politeness, as if claiming a privilege; the Englishman owns the whole world, and claims it as a right. He took the chair offered him obsequiously, and sat down.

"I just called in to say," he said, without apology or excuse, "that the McAuliffes are to be reinstated in their homestead the moment they are liberated from prison."

There was a mighty cheer, and many an exclamation: "Gad bless yer 'anner! We wouldn't doubt you," etc., etc.

"And under circumstances that will effectually prevent them from being disturbed again."

Here there was a wide gape of curiosity and surprise.

"Their farm has been purchased—"

There was a scowl and the men closed up.

"—for them."

There was another mighty cheer. The excitement became almost painful.

"I hold the deed, granting them fee-simple in Lisheen forever."

It was only the natural fear of the "gintleman," that prevented them from lifting Hamberton upon their shoulders, and carrying him around the room.

"And now," he continued calmly, "I want you to do this. The friend who has bought this place, and made it over forever to the McAuliffes (God bless him, and spare him long) wants to give these poor people a little surprise. He wants them to come into a farm ready-stocked, the cows in the byre, the pigs in the sties, the fowl in the yard; he wants the house rebuilt, but maintaining all its ancient features; he wants the fields ploughed and harrowed and sown; the drills full of potatoes, the grass-corn springing from the soil. He wants all the fences repaired, new gates erected, hedges trimmed; and he wants you, the Land League of Lisheen, to do it all."

Their faces fell. Where could they get money to do all that gigantic work?

"I'm afeard, yer anner, the 'frind' is playing a joke an us," said the Chairman. "What you're afther shpakin' about would cost about two hunned pound, and where's that to come fram?"

"Oh, begor!" said a joker. "'Tis like the man that promises a tousand poun's to build a chapel, if ev'y wan else will give a tousand poun's too!"

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Here there was a general, and most sarcastic, laugh.

"The *friend*," said Hamberton with cold sarcasm, "doesn't propose to do things half-way, and leave them there. He is prepared to pay all the expenses of the improvements I have suggested—all! He simply wants the Land Leaguers of Lisheen, who, I presume, are patriotic and ready to die for their country, to give the labor. Or, to put it plainly and categorically, he will defray all the expenses of building the house—masons', carpenters', and all tradesmen's wages; he will pay for gates and seeds and manures, and everything. He simply wants to know will you plough the fields, trim the hedges, put in the seed-corn and potatoes—do, in a word, the agricultural labor? And"—he added with some bitterness—"if you require it, he will pay *you*."

The bitter word cut them deeply; but they could not resent it.

"Well, then, as your honor has been so magnanimous," said the Chairman, "it would be a grave thing if we did not second you. I'll guarantee that my plough will be in the field to-morrow at six-o'clock—"

"And I—"

"And I—"

"And I—" said a dozen voices.

"Well, then," said Hamberton," I'll leave the labor details in your hands. I go on now to Tralee to see a contractor about the house. I shall see after everything myself; and, when I am not able to be on the spot, my steward will take my place."

He was turning to go; but they stopped him at the door. One of them came forward sheepishly, and said:

"Is it the desarter, you mane, yer honor? For, if it is, the divil a wan of us will work ondher him."

"Yerra, no; sure he's in gaol, and likely to remain there," said another.

"What objection have you to Maxwell?" said Hamberton.

"He interfared the day of the eviction," said the secretary, "and previnted a settlement."

"And, according to all accounts, he's likely to have other occupation," said another.

"Oh, all right," replied Hamberton. "I won't force him upon the workers. And probably he won't care to have anything to do with it. But—"

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He stopped, and looked around calmly at the excited faces.

"It would be well for you, good people, not to be too quick at your conclusions about things in general. It is not pleasant to have to change your opinions too often."

And he left.

Meanwhile, Maxwell had passed through the little trial, that was but a preliminary to his release. And leaving the police office, where there was no little confusion and shame and recriminations for their blundering, he made his way southward, in the warm, sunny weather, to his beloved hermitage above Caragh Lake. Of course now, when he had neither his servant, Aleck, nor his tent, he had to put up at the hotel; but as there were only half-a-dozen visitors there, mostly silent Englishmen, he felt no inconvenience.

The day after his arrival, and when he had posted to Brandon Hall an account of his adventures in Tralee, he set out in the early morning to visit the mountain hollow where he usually pitched his tent. The place, of course, was quite unchanged, except that, as he approached, a hare jumped from her form right in the very spot where his tent was usually erected. He sat down on a clump of dry heather, lit a cigarette, and began to muse on the strange events of the past few months. That scene in the Dublin club, the forfeiture of the ring, his own weary journeys in search of employment, his welcome at Lisheen, the tenderness and gentle courtesy of the poor people with whom he lodged, the attention to him during his sickness, his meeting with Hamberton and his niece, his betrothal, his arrest—and all in a few months—

"I can't say," he muttered aloud, "'to-morrow, and to-morrow, and to-morrow, thus creeps our petty pace from day to day.' 'Tis dramatic enough for a two-cent novel. But, there, I shall have to give up my Shakespearean renderings. They have got me into trouble enough."

And he did not quite know whether to laugh at, or be angry with, the midnight espionage of Debbie and her brother, and their interpretation of his moonlight soliloquies, as revealed in her depositions.

"I suppose the time will come," he thought, "when these poor people and their kind will not be such strangers to Macbeth and Othello. But it appears far distant—far distant."

He rose up, and looked down along the valley to the lake.

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There was a slight golden haze suspended over vale and woodland and water, and all was still beneath its gauzy folds, unless where, from far thicket or copse, the blackbirds and thrushes were pouring out their flute-like melodies. Down along the ravine, as far as he could see, the sides were clothed with yellow gorse, and the air was heavy with the cocoa nut perfume that exhales from the essential oil of the golden petals; and beneath the gorse the hedges were carpeted thickly with yellow primroses and purple violets, until the whole valley was a mass of color and light. The air up there on the hills was so light and pure, it was a physical pleasure even to breathe; and the deep azure canopy above seemed to hang like a great blue dome, flecked with silver, over the peaceful Temple of the earth.

Maxwell watched the scene eagerly; and, somehow he felt that that pungent tobacco odor was a desecration of such sweetness and purity; for he flung his cigarette impatiently away, and strode slowly up the mountain.

When he had leaped the little burn, that ran sparkling across the road in front of Darby's cottage, he stood still for a moment to admire the new coat of thatch that lay, warm and snug, over the cabin. Altogether there was a decided improvement in the appearance of the place, although the ducks still quacked melodiously as they wallowed in the green, stagnant, compost-lake before the door.

He entered gaily, with the usual: "God save all here!" He had now adopted the manners and language of the country.

The old woman was bending over the fire in that calm, meditative attitude so characteristic of our people. Darby had, as usual, tilted back the chair, and had his red shins almost in the blaze that shot up from the wood and turf fire on the hearth. He nearly lost his balance, as he jumped to his feet, recognizing the old, familiar voice, although now disguised beneath the Irish salutation. The old woman never stirred, but only muttered:

"An' you too, sir!"

"Yerra, 'tis the masther," said Darby, giving his mother a poke. And then he turned round, his face beaming with pleasure and excitement, and his white teeth showing beneath the grin.

"Well, Darby, how are you? And how is mother?"

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"Begor, as well as yer anner 'ud wish," said Darby. "Sure, it does our hearts good to see you."

"Yerra, is it the masther, Darby?" said the old woman, rising from her seat. "Yerra, why didn't you tell me? Oh, *cead mile failte*, a thousand times over, yer anner. Sure you're welcome to our little cabin."

"Well, I see you've got the new coat of thatch," said Maxwell. "Does it keep out the rain?"

"Oh, yeh, that it does, sure enough. If it was peltin' cats and dogs, not a dhrop ud come in now. An' sure you have our prayers, night and day, for that same."

"I'm afraid Darby doesn't kill himself with the prayers," said Maxwell. "Tell the honest truth now, Darby. Would you rather be saying your prayers, or snaring a rabbit?"

Darby grinned, and blurted out:

"Begor, yer anner, I'd rather be snarin' the rabbit, cos why, me mudder keeps me too long on me knees with all the prayers she do be sayin'."

"I thought so. Well, look here! I'm comin' up again next month for a day or two; and I'll send on the tent. I won't bring Aleck this time, as it will be too short. But I'll leave it in your care, whilst I'm away."

Darby was in heaven.

"I have another bit of news for you. I'm afraid my tenting-days will soon be over. I'm getting married in the autumn."

"Ah, thin, wisha, may you be happy, and may your ondhertakin' thry with you; and may you get the sweetest and best young lady widin the four walls of Ireland," said the old woman.

"Have you nothing to say, Darby, you scoundrel?" said Maxwell.

But Darby was silent. He had suddenly fallen to earth. His face was a picture of misery.

"An' must you give up the tint, yer anner, an' the fishin' an' the shootin'? Oh, tare an' ages," said he, breaking into tears, "to tink of giving up the gun an' the rod an' the boat an' the dog, an' all the fun! Oh, wisha, madrone, madrone, sure 'twas the bad day she crassed yer anner's path."

And Darby turned away weeping. The idea of any man giving up the mountain and the lake and the grouse and the

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whirr of the partridge, and the pull on the rod, for the tame felicities of married life was incredible.

"Never mind, Darby," said the master. "Some day you'll be getting married yourself; and you and the old woman can come down with me, and I'll get you a lodge; and maybe," he added, "we'll have a crack at the woodcock, or a pull on the lake again."

Darby's face brightened. The old woman's was clouded.

"Wisha, thin, yer anner," she said, "you shouldn't be puttin' thim thoughts into that omadan's head. What a nice father of a family he'd make, wouldn't he? Betther for him airn his bread, an' mind his ould mother, so long as she's wid him. An', sure, me time is short!"

"Never mind, never mind!" said Maxwell, who felt he was treading on dangerous ground. "But come along, Darby, and let us look around."

They descended the hill together. Darby evidently was preoccupied with deep thought. He tried to keep behind the master in the old way. He felt he was presuming too much in walking side by side.

"Is there anything the matter, Darby?" said Maxwell at last. "Are you sorry I'm coming back again?"

"Oh, wisha, thin, 'tis I'm glad, yer anner. It lifts the cockles av my heart to see you in the owld place. But—"

"Out with it, man," cried Maxwell. "Say anything you like."

"Well, then, yer anner," said Darby, blushing till his face was as red as his bare chest, "were you in airnest, or only makin' game of me, whin you said: 'Maybe you'd be married too'?"

"Oh, is that the way the land lies, you villain?" said Maxwell. "Come now. Of whom are you thinking?"

"Well, thin, yer anner, there's a purty little shlip of a colleen down there in the village, an' sure—"

"Yes, I know"; said Maxwell. "Your eyes are burnt out of your head looking at her?"

"Begor, they are, yer anner," said Darby, scratching his red locks.

"I suppose now," said Maxwell, "you look oftener on her than on the priest at Mass on Sunday?"

"Whinever he does be sayin' the hard words that I can't undershtan'," said Darby, "sure I can't help turning round—"

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"I see. What's her name?"

"Noney Kavanagh," said Darby, "as purty a little—"

"All right," said Maxwell. "We'll take that for granted. Now, what can I do for you?"

"I was thinkin', maybe, yer anner—"

"Out with it," said Maxwell. "What do you want?"

"I was thinkin', if I had a new pair of corduroy breeches, yer anner, an' brass buttons—" Darby stopped.

"Yes, I see; the corduroys would fetch her. Is that it?"

"Well, you see, yer anner, she do be making game of me sometimes, about these sthramers; an' since Phil Doody got a new shuit wid money his sisther sint him from America, she won't look at me at all, at all."

"Well, then, we'll beat that fellow hollow, Darby," said Maxwell. "What would you say to a whole new suit of tweed—?"

"Oh, tare an ages, that would be too much intirely, yer anner. An' sure if I turned out so grand, the nabors are bad enough to say I killed or robbed some wan."

"Well, then, I'll tell you what," said Maxwell. "We'll get the corduroys—and maybe they'd be more serviceable than the tweed up here; and we'll also get a new frieze coat with the biggest buttons that can be got for money; and, look here, Darby, you'll have to get some shirts—"

"Yerra, for what, yer anner?" asked Darby. "I don't be a bit cowld."

"I know that," said Maxwell. "And probably I'm putting you in for an attack of pneumonia, that may end in consumption. But you see, Darby, I'll have to introduce you to my wife; and when you come down to the lodge, you'll be meeting people that are hampered by civilization, and—somehow, you know, they like to see—well—a shirt-front."

"Do they thin?" said Darby in surprise. "Well, whatever yer anner likes. Sure, I'd do more than that for yer anner."

Maxwell smiled.

"I know you would," said he. "Although I admit you are making a sacrifice now. But, tell me, what about the wedding? Won't you want a gallon of whisky, and something to give Noney, and—?"

"Oh, begor, yer anner is too good intirely," said Darby,

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who began to fear that this generosity was too excessive to be genuine. "Maybe it ud be as well to ketch the hare fust!"

"Oh, never fear that," said Maxwell. "To make a long story short, I calculate you'll want about five pounds to win Noney, to furnish a little house, and to have a decent wedding. I'll give it to you—"

"Oh, yer anner, that's too much out an' out. Yerra, what ud I be doin' wid all that money? An' sure, Noney tould me that her mudder ud give her a feather bed an' blankets an' half the chickens in her yard the day she was well married."

"So ye've been talking it over," said Maxwell. "That's right. I tell you, Darby, we'll settle Doody. We'll leave that fellow without a feather in his cap. Now, will you take the money now, or shall I send it?"

"Oh, begor, yer anner, I wouldn't tetch it for the wurruld. Where the divil could I hide it? The ould 'uman 'ud search me high and low for it."

"You couldn't hide it?" said Maxwell.

"Av I swallowed it, she'd see it," said Darby. "She'll sarch every bit av me now whin I goes in to see did I get anythin' from yer anner."

"Can't you hide it outside, you omadan?" said Maxwell. "Aren't there a hundred holes where you could put it?"

"Yerra, but yer anner, sure I'd never have a wink of shleep agin, thinkin' that some wan would shtale it. Oh, Lord, no; 'twould never do at all, at all."

"Well, then, I'll tell you what I'll do. I'll give the money to the priest to keep for you until the day you're married; and then you can snap your fingers at the old woman."

"The very thing, God bless yer anner. But"—his face fell, as a new difficulty presented itself—"Father Tom is the divil himself agin the dhrink. Av he thought we were goin' to have a sup of whisky at the wedding, he'd pull the chapel down an us."

"Well I'm not going to tell him; and sure you needn't say much about it. When 'tis all over, he can't do much harm."

"N—no"; said Darby doubtingly. Then a bright thought struck him and he cheered up.

"'Twill be worth a power an' all of money," he said, "wid the priest whin yer anner spakes for me; and maybe—"

"Maybe what?" said Maxwell.

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"Maybe, if you axed him, he'd put in a good word for me wid Noney."

"I will, to be sure," said Maxwell, "though perhaps he won't care to be a matchmaker. Anything else?"

"Maybe yer anner ud give Jack Clancy, the tailor, the ordher for the corduroys?"

"All right. And the coat? But what about the measurement?"

"Ah, he needn't mind about that," said Darby. "Sure, yer anner can tell him make the shuit for a bye of eighteen; an' sure, av it is a couple of inches aither way, 'twill make no matther."

"All right, Darby. 'Twill be all right. Meantime I'll send up the tent. I'm only sorry I can't dance at your wedding. But, we'll settle Doody, won't we?"

"Begor, we will, yer anner. Long life to yer anner; and may you reign long."

The two conspirators parted, Maxwell for Brandon Hall, and Darby for home. But, before he reached it, he executed many a *pas seul* on the mountain road to the astonishment of sundry rooks and jackdaws, who gravely cawed their disapprobation. But he couldn't help it. His heart was as light as a feather; and now and again he stopped, whistled "The Wind that Shakes the Barley," or, "The Top of Cork Road," and danced to his own accompaniment, flicking his fingers in sheer delight above his head.

But when he entered the cabin he was as serious as an owl.

"Is the masther gone?" said his mother.

"He is," said Darby sulkily.

"What did he give ye?"

"Divil a copper. Not a thraneen of a sixpence even!"

"Don't be desavin' me, *ma bouchal!* I knows the masther betther. Come here, an' lemme thry you!"

"Here, thin," said Darby, "as you won't believe me worrd!"

The good mother felt his pockets and his tattered sleeves and his trousers. She then made him open his mouth and show his teeth and gums. She found nothing.

"Lift up yer feet, you omadan!"

Darby raised his broad feet, the soles of which were as thick as leather. There was nothing there. She went back to her seat grumbling.

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"'Tis quare," she said, "I suppose he's getting close."

"Didn't you hear his anner saying that he was goin' to be married?" said Darby.

"I did. I suppose he's savin' up for the wife!"

"Av coorse he is," said Darby, winking softly at himself.

CHAPTER IX.

A BAPTISM OF TEARS.

Into the eyes of all conquered things, human or other, there comes a wistful look, that seems to denote the end of the struggle, and to say: "Do what you will now! I am conquered." You see it in the poor speckled thing that has been dragged from its element, and lies gasping on the wet grass above the river; you see it in the fiercest brute that has fought and bit and trampled for life, and now lies still at the feet of his conqueror, awaiting the final blow. The great artist put it in the stone eyes of the "Dying Gladiator," and the suppliant look of "Laocoon"; the mightier artist puts it in the eyes of every dying and conquered thing to win mercy perhaps from his conqueror.

Even such was the look that fell on Mabel Willoughby's face from the eyes of her husband, when late in that eventful night, after many watchings, he recovered consciousness, looked up, closed his eyes to collect his thoughts, remembered all, and looked again. He had been removed to his own room after the doctor's visit; and Mabel, with a certain love and much loathing, had gone in and out during the night, watching and fearing the moment when his soul would come back again. She didn't know what to think, or what to do. She could only hope in a vague, inarticulate way, which she would not express to her own mind, that he might pass away in that sleep or coma, and solve the dread problem that now confronted her. For, the doctor's words left no room now for doubt. She had expressed her terrible suspicions; and they had been confirmed. Yes, she had been inveigled into marriage with a man who had been a leper. What other loathsome things lay behind that revelation she dared not conjecture. She knew enough to understand that the disease was ineradicable; and the sense of the horrible injustice done to her, and the sense of terrible de-

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spair fought, side by side, for the mastery of her soul during the long watches of the night. The gas jet was singing over her head. Now and again came the sound of the muffled tread of the servants on the soft carpet outside her door. Now and again, too, night noises, the barking of a far-off dog, or the rumbling of a wagon, came to her ears. But she sat like one petrified, staring blindly at nothing; and sometimes going to the mirror to ask the white face shown there whether she was not in reality mad. Like one in a dream, or a sleep-walker, she stepped from time to time from her room, and passed into her husband's, where some maids were replacing and wetting, wetting and replacing, the brown paper saturated with toilet vinegar, that was supposed to relieve the forehead of the unconscious man. The injured woman would look down on the white face and watch the labored breathing; then return to her own room to resume the posture of statue-like immobility, until the desire of breaking the horrible spell came upon her again. Once, when looking over the past, and recalling all that happened prior to her marriage, the remembrance of the Indian letter smote her. She went over to her escritoire and took it out, and turned up the gas jet to read.

Oh! it was so prophetic—that Indian letter! How every word seemed to rise out of the notepaper, and smite her with its deadly truth! "Ah, yes, that 'Nevermore!' It means you cannot go back to the stalls or to the box again—never again be a spectator of the mighty drama. Only an actor."

"True, true," she thought, as she held the letter in her lap. "Nevermore! Nevermore! There is no going back. There is no unlearning the one terrible lesson of life!"

She read on.

"Who wants to be happy? No one. At least, I see half the world throwing happiness to the winds."

"How true," she thought. "I, even I, how have I wasted and squandered my years. I *was* happy, at least comparatively so, because I had no horror, no dread; only a craving, which I should have suppressed. But I didn't know; I didn't know! My God! if there be a God, why is there no test for souls, no means of knowing the awful spirits, with which fate insists on uniting us?"

She took up the letter again, and read:

"Yes, yes; these poor benighted Papists, wrong in nearly

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everything else, are right in holding the marriage tie inviolable. Nay; there should be a strict law that marriage shall not be dissolved even in death; because it is enough for each human being to have one world revealed, and no more!"

"Very true, Edith," was Mabel's comment, "so far as contracting new ties is concerned. God knows I have had enough of the experiment. And surely, if this—this—man would dare drag another unhappy girl into such a frightful union, no hell could be deep enough to punish him! But, why inviolable? We shall see. If there be law or justice in this country, Mabel Outram will be Mabel Willoughby again before many months. The doctor knows all, and he can testify. And what is drink, or cruelty, or infidelity, or incompatibility of temperament to this?"

But as her thoughts ran over the dread possibility of a divorce, with all its shame and public exposure; and as the poor girl thought: "If I dared bring the matter into court, what a dread sentence I should pass on myself—a leper's wife, and, therefore, herself a possible leper," her heart shrank. She was beaten back from the only loophole of escape into the dread slough of misery, where she found the actual even less dreadful than the possible.

"I close it with a few bitter tears!" ran the last paragraph of the letter.

"Oh, Edith, Edith," sobbed the poor girl, as her tears fell fast upon the letter. "So do I! But why, oh why, didn't you speak more plainly to me?"

After a while she folded the letter and laid it aside; and went in again to see the man who had decided her fate for life in such a brutal and unscrupulous fashion. He seemed easier in his breathing; and the maid said:

"Don't take it too much to heart, ma'am. I think he is coming round. He was moaning now, and he muttered something. I think he was calling your name."

What delightful irony!

"I wish you could have some sleep, Kate," said the unhappy woman. "If you would lie down for a few hours, I could watch."

"You want sleep more yourself, ma'am," said the girl. "If you cry and give way to your grief for Mr. Outram, you'll make yourself sick. Try and lie down; and I'll call you if there's any change."

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And Mabel went back to her lonely watch again. Sleep? There was no sleep, she thought, for her evermore.

She then did a foolish thing—foolish for any one; thrice foolish for one in her condition of mind. She wanted to *know*, forgetting that "he who addeth to his knowledge, addeth also to his sorrow." She crept like a guilty creature down stairs, passed into the dining-room, opened a little corner bookcase, and took out a volume of a certain Encyclopædia, marked LAV-PAS. With a certain feeling still of guilt, or rather with the nervousness with which one plunges into a dangerous course of action, she took the heavy volume upstairs, and with trembling fingers opened it at the dread word: *Leprosy*. Fearful, yet covetous of knowledge of the dreadful thing, she read down the long, dismal column, read of its probable causes, which made her shudder, its symptoms, its consequences, its different species, with all their dread manifestations of putrid flesh and rotting limbs and swollen features and dropping joints—the living death, which is so much worse than death, inasmuch as it is accompanied by the dread crucifixion of an acute consciousness, and an incurable despair. It was all more horrible than she had imagined; and to make the horror more terrible and tragic, she read of the dread, but infallible, contagion, and how the disease may lurk unseen for years, but was certain to manifest itself in the end. And so the governments of the world had decreed that whoever once placed foot on an infected island or other leper enclosure, was thenceforth ostracized from his kind forever; and the laws of the world, considering always the safety of the majority, heeded not the sufferings of the few, but made them the victims for the race.

It was all sad, terrible. Mabel looked at her white fingers, as if she already beheld them swollen by disease; touched her ears, as if she foresaw the time when these tender little lobes would drop away in dread decomposition. She had not the grace to pray: *My God! Thy will be done!* She loathed herself for the fate which her imagination assured her was inevitably hers. But, lo! in the very climax of her agony, there came a voice, though but a word of relief.

She had read down to the end of the article, and was about to close the book, when a further paragraph: "*Leprosy in the Middle Ages*," caught her eye. She read on, read the many ceremonies, some awe-inspiring, some consolatory, with which

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the Mother Church sequestrated the victims of the dread disease from their kind, and yet surrounded them with that Christ-like pity and love, which made them not so much the victims, as the victors, of the awful malady. She read of great things done by lepers in the depths of their exile from humanity; of saints, canonized by the Church, who had been lepers; of great poets, whose songs resounded throughout Germany, whilst they toiled away in the leper-hut, and rang the leper-bell; and—her heart stood still as she read:

"In the great majority of cases, we are assured that the wives of these unhappy victims elected to go with them into the tombs and leper-haunts, rather than be separated from those they so deeply loved."

Her pure white hand lay open on the page, as she looked up, and tried to picture to her imagination what that meant.

She saw the stricken creature rise up from the funereal ceremonies in the church, which were so regulated as to assume that leprosy was a kind of social death, and which therefore resembled, in the prayers, the exorcisms, the enshrouding the leprous body in a black pall, etc., the *Exequiae*, or burial rites of the actual dead. She saw him go forth, sounding his leper-bell, as a warning to all healthy and sane creatures to step aside from his path, and avoid the contagion that exhaled from his diseased body. She saw him go forth from the haunts of men, into remote and solitary places, amongst the wild things of field and forest. She saw him excommunicated from his kind, and sentenced to a banishment, where no human voice would greet him, no human presence cheer him ever again. And she saw those brave, loving women, allowed by a merciful dispensation to share such awful sorrows, cheerfully electing to give up home and kindred, and all the sweet, wholesome surroundings of life, to bury themselves in those desert places, to wait upon and watch and tend those stricken wretches, with no help but their great, all-conquering love, and their sublime faith in the Invisible Power that had inspired it. And for them no hope of return to friends or children, even after the death of the leprous victim. By that sublime act of renunciation, they sentenced themselves to perpetual and solitary banishment from their kind.

"It was magnificent, appalling; heroic, insane; madness, glory; sublimity, folly"; thought Mabel. Then:

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"These things were for other ages than ours," she reflected. "These were ages of faith and chivalry, of greatness and heroism, though they were Dark Ages. We have changed all that."

"But," the thought would recur, "surely a woman is a woman; and love is love. Can I tear it from my heart, feeble though it be? And am I not called to bear, not expatriation, not solitude, but only patience and toleration? If I go into open court, and expose him and myself to the curious and delighted gaze of the public, what do I gain? Social ostracism. I proclaim myself a leper. If I slink away with father into some remote and solitary place, shall I not carry with me the fatal consciousness that I have shirked my duty? No, Mabel; there is nothing for thee, as for most mortals, but to *endure*.. Let me examine, have I as much love left for Ralph as will help me to do so."

Then she went over the period of her courtship, her marriage, his little acts of courtesy, the deference, amounting to worship, that he always showed her in society; his little presents from time to time, "the little, nameless, unremembered acts of love"; and gradually she felt herself softening towards the stricken creature; and something, if not love, at least bearing a resemblance to it in the shape of duty, came uppermost, and revealed her to herself as something superior to a mere queen of fashion. She began to feel for the first time a woman; and to recognize that that sacred aspect of her nature and character was higher and holier than she had yet conceived.

The night was now wearing to the dawn, when she arose, closed the book, and knelt. She knew then that she had never prayed before. She had been to church, had read the service, had joined her voice in hymn and anthem, had studied the intonations of the preacher; but she had never prayed. She had never realized the supernatural—the powers that lie hid beyond the senses, and yet exercise so marvelous an influence on human life. But now, as she knelt, there in the silence of the dying night, with the faint dawn creeping through the unshuttered window, she prayed against herself, and for herself. *Against* herself—against her pride and passion, so fearfully revenged and humiliated; against her revolt from obligations deliberately contracted; against the cowardice that would make her break sacred ties, even under so tremendous a provocation.

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And she prayed *for* herself—for strength and endurance and love to enable her to conquer all physical revulsion, all her loathing and her fear, and be to the wretched and afflicted, if dishonest, creature who is called her husband, a help and a solace during the bitter remainder of their lives.

Then, fortified by the effort, she rose up and passed into his room.

"I think, ma'am," said the maid, "that Mr. Outram is coming round. He seemed to open his eyes, and look around as if seeking some one; and then closed them again."

They watched and waited; and after an interval, the eyes of the sick man opened, and, as we have said, rested on the face of his wife. And he seemed satisfied. He only stared and stared and stared; and, when she drew aside, and went over for some cordials, he followed her with the same wistful, yearning look. It seemed to ask for mercy and compassion; for forgiveness and forgetfulness of aught that could be remembered against him; for a plenary absolution and a wiping out of the dread past.

And Mabel, haunted and touched by that look, and by all her recent thoughts, came over, and bent down, and touched with her lips his forehead and his mouth; and then, as if the pent-up feelings of her soul had swelled and labored and burst their barriers, she broke out into hysterical sobbing, and a baptism of hot tears rained down on her husband's face.

Kate, the maid, said to her fellow-servants in the course of the afternoon, that there is no knowing people at all, at all. She thought that Ralph Outram and his wife cared not much for each other, as far as her lynx eyes could judge. And behold, this accident, she said, revealed everything.

"An' who would ever 'a' thought that Mrs. Outram could cry? Yet she did, cried like a child," said Kate.

But the others expressed their incredulity. It was play-acting, they said.

And Kate waxed indignant; not for her mistress; but for the imputation that she had been taken in so easily.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

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PUCK AND ARIEL.

BY A. W. CORPE.

TWICE in the course of his dramatic creations has Shakespeare invoked the aid of imaginary supernatural agents, bodying forth in his imaginations "the forms of things unknown": once in the play from which these words are borrowed, a production of his early prime, in which Oberon and Titania are the governing spirits, and the shrewd and knavish Puck and his fellows the ministering agents, and once again in the form of the "delicate" Ariel in one of his latest plays—possibly his last entire work—which, by the contrariness of things, Hemminge and Condell have placed in the forefront of their collection. Puck as Robin Goodfellow was well known for his mischievous pranks long before the poet's time. The more potent Ariel is his own creation. It may be of interest to compare them.

To begin with the earlier play: Puck is introduced to us meeting a Fairy who relates how he is employed in the service of Titania; how that it is his duty to dew the magic circles on the green, how that the cowslips are her pensioners, the spots on their gold coats rubies, and their freckles fairy favors, and how that he is in search of dewdrops to hang a pearl in every cowslip's ear. He accosts Puck, whom he seems imperfectly to recognize, by the not very complimentary title of "lob of spirits," and presently, suspecting who he is, speaks of his mischievous pranks: frightening the maids, upsetting various household operations, misleading travelers and then laughing at them, while to those who would observe a respectful euphemism he would give help and good luck. Puck accepts the description of him and goes on to say that he is Oberon's jester, and to speak of the tricks he is fond of playing. While they are speaking, Oberon and Titania, meeting from opposite directions, come upon the stage. They have had a quarrel. Titania has as her attendant "a lovely boy stolen from an Indian king." Oberon is jealous and would have the boy as a knight of his train. Titania refuses to part with him.

The fairy land buys not the child of me,

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she says; the strife leads to mutual recrimination and becomes so heated that "all their elves creep into acorn cups and hide them there." Oberon calls "his gentle Puck" and commands him, in a speech containing an elegant compliment to the sovereign then upon the throne of England when Shakespeare wrote his play, to fetch him a certain flower, the juice of which, laid upon sleeping eyelids, would make the sleeper dote upon the first object that should present itself upon awakening. He says:

> Fetch me that flower . . .
> Ere the leviathan can swim a league.

His ready minister replies:

> I'll put a girdle round about the earth
> In forty minutes.

It is curious to reflect that among the forces of nature was one undreamed of in Shakespeare's day which was competent to perform the feat many times over in one single second. When he gets the flower Oberon will steal upon Titania in her sleep and drop the juice of the flower into her eyes, and by this means obtain the mastery over her.

Meanwhile Oberon, invisible, is witness to a wrangle between Helena and Demetrius. Helena was passionately in love with Demetrius, who indeed had formerly been her lover, but had transferred his affections to Helena's schoolfellow and bosom friend, Hermia. Demetrius' suit was favored by Hermia's father, and he had enjoined her under severe penalties according to the strict Athenian law to marry him. But Hermia had another lover in the person of Lysander, whom she preferred, but who found no favor in the father's eyes. In these circumstances Lysander and Hermia agree to elope, and for that purpose they choose a wood, conveniently near to Athens, but beyond the reach of its stern law. Lysander and Hermia, good-naturedly thinking to assist Helena with Demetrius, confide their design to her, who in turn tells Demetrius. Demetrius, of course, pursues the lovers, and Helena, in her doting fondness, follows him. In the wood Demetrius and Helena meet and Oberon overhears their contest of crossed love and determines to aid Helena.

> Ere he do quit this grove
> Thou shalt fly him and he shall seek thy love.

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Puck having returned from his quest with the flowers, Oberon proceeds to execute his design upon Titania; not before, however, leaving some of the juice with Puck and instructing him how to use it.

> A sweet Athenian lady is in love
> With a disdainful youth: anoint his eyes;
> But do it when the next thing he espies
> May be the lady. Thou shalt know the man
> By the Athenian garments he hath on.

But Demetrius is not the only person in the wood clad in Athenian garments; for Lysander and Hermia are also there, and Puck lights upon them lying at a respectful proximity, and of course takes Lysander to be the object of his commission, and accordingly throws the power of the charm upon his eyes. Helena, in the course of her love chase, chances to light upon Lysander just as he is waking; the charm operates upon him, he sees Helena and immediately falls in love with her, and Hermia is forgotten.

Certain rude handicraftsmen of Athens, of whom it is only necessary to particularize the immortal Bottom, have planned to offer a dramatic entertainment to Theseus and Hippolyta in celebration of their forthcoming wedding: the same wood affords a stage for their rehearsal. Puck scenting some frolic, has made it his business to see what is going on:

> What hempen home-spuns have we swaggering here
> So near the cradle of the fairy queen?
> What, a play toward? I'll be an auditor;
> An actor too, perhaps, if I see cause.

The play is "the most lamentable comedy" of Pyramus and Thisbe, and Bottom is essaying the part of Pyramus. An *exit* gives Puck the opportunity to fix an ass' head upon him; and when he presently returns to the stage, thus decorated, the rest, not unnaturally, are frighted and run away. Quince expresses the sentiment of the company in

> Bless thee, Bottom! bless thee! thou art translated.

Shakespeare was not without authority for this ridiculous metamorphosis: Albertus Magnus, three centuries before, had given the following recipe: "Si vis quod caput hominis assimilatur capiti asini, sume de sanguine aselli et unge hominem in

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capite, et sic apparebit." Bottom thinks they are making game of him, and he will carry it off by bravado; and accordingly he marches up and down, singing, so that his companions may know that he is not afraid.

It will be remembered that we left Oberon meditating his design upon Titania. Presently the opportunity occurs. Titania, after giving certain directions to her elves, is lulled to sleep with the pretty song of which Herrick's "Night Piece to Julia" seems in some sort a reminiscence. Oberon applies the charm. Bottom then marching up and down with his ass' head on, in the vicinity of Titania's "cradle," and singing, presents himself as the first object that her eyes meet on her awaking. Her first words:

> I pray thee, gentle mortal, sing again:
> Mine ear is much enamored of thy note;
> So is mine eye enthralled to thy shape,

show that the charm has taken effect. After a little pretty talk, she says she will give him fairies to attend him:

> And they shall fetch thee jewels from the deep,
> And sing while thou on presséd flowers dost sleep.

She calls upon her elves, Peaseblossom, Cobweb, and the rest, to do him service.

> Be kind and courteous to this gentleman;
> Hop in his walks, and gambol in his eyes;
> Feed him with apricocks, and dewberries,
> With purple grapes, green figs, and mulberries;
> The honey-bags steal from the humble-bees,
> And for night-tapers crop their waxen thighs,
> And light them at the fiery glow-worm's eyes,
> To have my love to bed, and to arise;
> And pluck the wings from painted butterflies
> To fan the moonbeams from his sleeping eyes;
> Nod to him, elves, and do him courtesies.

While this dalliance is going on, Oberon encounters Puck, who relates what he has done. They come upon Demetrius and Hermia, when it is made evident that Puck has operated upon the wrong man. This must be put right; and Puck is ordered to fetch Helena, while Oberon will himself lay the charm upon Demetrius. Helena is brought, and with her Ly-

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sander. Lysander is already enamored of Helena, and Demetrius, if he should now awake, will be so also. "Lord! What fools these mortals be!" is Puck's comment. The tangle which ensues, when, on Demetrius waking, both he and Lysander, leaving Hermia, pursue Helena, is charmingly worked out: how Helena, hurt by being mocked as she supposes by all three, recalls to Hermia their school-days' friendship; how Hermia, amazed at Lysander's behavior, upbraids Helena, whom she supposes to have stolen her lover away; how her anger flashes forth when she imagines Helena to be reflecting upon her small stature compared with her own "personage, her tall personage."

> How low am I, thou painted maypole? speak;
> How low am I? I am not yet so low
> But that my nails can reach unto thine eyes.

How Helena timidly implores the others' aid:

> Let her not hurt me; I was never curst;
> I have no gift at all in shrewishness;
> I am a right maid for my cowardice;
> Let her not strike me. You perhaps may think,
> Because she's something lower than myself,
> That I can match her. . . .
> She was a vixen when she went to school;
> And, though she be but little, she is fierce.

The two men, as might be expected, did not confine their feelings to words. And in order to prevent bloodshed, Puck was ordered to cover the sky with fog, and to lead the rivals astray, so that they might not meet. At length they are all brought together; the charm is applied to Lysander's eyes, so that he shall return to his former love; and all ends happily.

Titania is still in the company of her "gentle joy." Bottom enters into the humor of the situation, for he desires Cobweb to kill him a humble-bee on the top of a thistle, and bring him the honey-bag, and have a care that the bag do not break, for he would not have him overflown with a honey-bag; or possibly it is, that his appetite and feelings have changed with his transformation, for he wishes for oats and hay to eat, and complains that he is such a tender ass, that if his hair do but tickle him, he must scratch. Titania suggests that a certain venturous fairy of hers shall get him some new nuts from

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the squirrel's hoard, but he prefers a handful of peas. At length an "exposition of sleep" comes upon him, and Titania is similarly affected. Oberon now takes pity upon his queen; she had expressed penitence, and had given up the changeling, and he commands Puck to take off from Bottom the "transformèd scalp," and he himself will restore Titania.

These things done, the work of Puck and his fellows is ended. It only remains to celebrate the triple marriage; to laugh kindly at the efforts of Bottom and his companions—for, as Theseus had said:

> Never anything can be amiss,
> When simpleness and duty tender it,

and for Puck to speak his Epilogue.

In Ariel, the wonder-working spirit of "The Tempest" we have a being of a different order.

Several years before the commencement of the action of the play, the witch, Sycorax, had been banished from Argier, on account of her foul sorceries, and left upon the desert island, the scene of the play, where she gave birth to Caliban, "a freckled whelp . . . not honored with a human shape." Ariel was at this time under the control of Sycorax, and because he refused to comply with her evil commands, she caused him, by aid of her more potent ministers, to be confined in a cloven pine. Sycorax, even had she had the will, had not the power to undo the charm; and at her death, some time after, Ariel still remained in this unhappy condition, in which Prospero, on his arrival at the island, found him. Prospero, who was deeply skilled in magic, by his more potent art, made the pine gape, and set him free; from which time to that of the commencement of the action of the play—some twelve years—Ariel continued to serve Prospero and do his bidding.

The scene opens with a great storm, in which a ship is seen to founder, and the passengers (among whom were Prospero's brother, the usurping Duke of Milan, and the King of Naples and his son), together with the crew, to be lost. Miranda's first words:

> If by your art, my dearest father, you have
> Put the wild waters in this roar, allay them,

show us that she was not unaccustomed to displays of magical power by her father. She continues:

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Oh, I have suffered
With those that I saw suffer! A brave vessel,
Who had, no doubt, some noble creatures in her,
Dash'd all to pieces. Oh, the cry did knock
Against my very heart! Poor souls, they perish'd!
Had I been any god of power, I would
Have sunk the sea within the earth or ere
It should the good ship so have swallow'd, and
The fraughting souls within her.

Prospero's calm and dignified reply:

Be collected;
No more amazement: tell your piteous heart
There's no harm done,

and a little further on:

Wipe thou thine eyes; have comfort,
The direful spectacle of the wreck, which touch'd
The very virtue of compassion in thee,
I have with such provision in mine art
So safely order'd that there is no soul—
No, not so much perdition as an hair
Betid to any creature in the vessel
Which thou heard'st cry, which thou saw'st sink,

set the key-note to both their characters.

After a while Ariel enters, and his address:

All hail, great master! grave sir, hail! I come
To answer thy best pleasure; be't to fly,
To swim, to dive into the fire, to ride
On the curl'd clouds, to thy strong bidding task
Ariel and all his quality,

and his description of the storm and shipwreck, contrived by him, clearly exhibit his attitude towards Prospero, and his own and his fellow-spirits control over nature. It is curious to note the phenomenon of St. Elmo's fire in conjunction with lightning, as the connection would be unknown in Shakespeare's time.

To have raised a storm, shipwrecked a vessel, saved the lives of the passengers and crew, and even made their garments fresher for their drenching, and, as appears further on, brought into harbor the ship itself, which Miranda had seen "dash'd all to pieces," would seem to be a sufficient exercise of Ariel's power, but Prospero goes on to demand something further:

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Is there more toil? Since thou dost give me pains,
Let me remember thee what thou hast promis'd,
Which is not yet perform'd me.

How now? moody?
What is't thou canst demand?

returns Prospero, and proceeds to remind him of the torment from which he had been freed, taxes him with forgetfulness, calls him "malignant thing," "dull thing," and threatens severer torture:

If thou more murmur'st I will rend an oak
And peg thee in his knotty entrails till
Thou hast howl'd away twelve winters.

Ariel replies:

Pardon, master;
I will be correspondent to command
And do my spiriting gently.

Prospero, on this, promises him his freedom after two days:

That's my noble master!
What shall I do? say what; what shall I do?

is Ariel's reply. Prospero directs Ariel to make himself like a water-nymph, invisible to all eyes but his, and gives certain secret instructions. In pursuance of these Ariel is presently heard singing some songs (pleasantly associated by us with Purcell's music), by which he lures Ferdinand into the presence of Prospero and Miranda. By a singularly graceful expression, Prospero calls Miranda's attention to Ferdinand's presence. Curiously enough Swift, in "Martinus Scriblerus on the Art of Sinking in Poetry," has instanced this very passage (without even taking the trouble to quote it correctly) as an example of what he calls "the Breskin." The beautiful scene of the meeting between Ferdinand and Miranda follows, wherein each takes the other to be of more than human origin; but this, as it does not concern Ariel, must not detain us.

We next meet Ariel, invisible as before, attending the usurping Duke, the King of Naples, Sebastian his brother, and others, while a plot is being concocted for the murder of the King, which, by Ariel's intervention, is frustrated. It would appear from Ariel's remark at the end of this scene,

Prospero, my lord, shall know what I have done,

that Ariel acted, in this, on his own initiative.

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The scene shifts to another part of the island, where Caliban is venting his ill-humor in cursing Prospero. He says:

> His spirits hear me,
> But yet I needs must curse.

His thoughts revert to the various forms Prospero's spirits assume, sometimes as urchins, sometimes like firebrands, or as apes, hedgehogs, and adders. Trinculo and Stephano enter, and Caliban supposes them to be spirits of Prospero's, come to torment him, and implores their mercy. Stephano gives Caliban to drink of his bottle and Caliban is ready to worship him:

> That's a brave god and bears celestial liquor.

Caliban, after a time, proposes a scheme for revenge on Prospero:

> I'll yield thee him asleep
> When thou may'st knock a nail into his head,

he says to Stephano; from which we may perhaps gather that, in pursuance of his benevolent intentions, Prospero had not omitted to instruct Caliban in Scripture history. Later he suggests alternative methods, and especially insists on the necessity of getting possession of Prospero's books:

> For without them
> He's but a sot, as I am, nor hath not
> One spirit to command; they all do hate him
> As rootedly as I.

Ariel, as we should suspect, has been present, invisible, at their conference, and will, of course, warn Prospero.

The scene again changes to the locality of Antonio and the others. Accompanied by solemn music, several "strange shapes" bring in a banquet; presently, amidst thunder and lightning, Ariel enters in the form of a harpy, claps his wings upon the table, and the banquet vanishes. Ariel sternly denounces the conspirators, tells them that their misdeeds are known, that he and his fellows are "ministers of fate" and invulnerable, while the conspirators themselves are powerless: That the Powers have incensed the seas and shores against their peace, and that lingering perdition attends them, unless they with heart's sorrow amend. Then Ariel vanishes and the "shapes" enter and, to soft music, carry out the table.

Having by these means terrified and confounded the conspirators, Prospero determines to bestow upon the eyes of

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Ferdinand and Miranda "some vanity of his art," and requires Ariel to provide a masque in which goddesses appear, and nymphs and reapers join in a dance, in the midst of which, at a sudden gesture of Prospero, the whole vanishes, which gives occasion for his celebrated speech beginning:

Our revels now are ended.

This picture of the final catastrophe was no doubt inspired by the prediction, common to secular and sacred lore, of the consummation of all things. It would not be difficult, however, to claim for it a prevision of Berkeley's *Theory of Matter*, air being supposed by Shakespeare, as by St. Paul, to be immaterial.

Prospero again calls Ariel:

Spirit,
We must prepare to meet with Caliban.

Ariel replies:

Ay, my commander; when I presented Ceres,
I thought to have told thee of it; but I feared
Lest I might anger thee.

Ariel proceeds to tell how he had led Caliban and his companions, red-hot with drinking, into a filthy pool near Prospero's cell. Prospero then directs Ariel to fetch certain gorgeous apparel and expose it to their view. There is fine satire in Caliban's restraint of Stephano's and Trinculo's admiration of this "trash," and their eagerness to possess themselves of it. While they are disputing about it, they are hunted about by spirits in the shape of hounds. Ariel cries:

Hark, they roar!

The scene is now before Prospero's cell; he is arrayed in his magic robes; addressing Ariel, he says:

Now doth my project gather to a head:
My charms crack not; my spirits obey; and time
Goes upright with his carriage. How's the day?

On the sixth hour; at which time, my lord,
You said our work should cease,

replies Ariel. Then, answering Prospero, he tells him the distracted condition in which he had left the conspirators against Alonzo, and the distress of Gonzalo:

His tears run down his beard, like winter's drops
From eaves of reeds. Your charm so strongly works 'em

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That if you now beheld them, your affections
Would become tender.

Pros. Dost thou think so, spirit?

Ariel. Mine would, sir, were I human.

Pros. And mine shall.
Hast thou, which art but air, a feeling
Of their afflictions, and shall not myself,
One of their kind, that relish all as sharply,
Passion'd as they, be kindlier moved than thou art?
. . . Go release them, Ariel.

After the fine passage commencing:

Ye elves of mills, brooks, standing lakes, and groves,

recalling Medea's adjuration in Ovid's Metamorphosis, Prospero proceeds:

But this rough magic
I here abjure; and, when I have required
Some heavenly music—which even now I do—
To work mine end upon their senses that
This airy charm is for, I'll break my staff,
Bury it certain fathoms in the earth,
And deeper than did ever plummet sound
I'll drown my book.

Ariel brings in Antonio and the rest, to whom Prospero grants pardon; but, perceiving that they appear not to recognize him, he determines to present himself as he was "sometime Milan":

Quickly, spirit;
Thou shalt ere long be free,

he says; whereupon Ariel sings the exquisite little song which has served to perpetuate the name of Arne.

Why, that's my dainty Ariel! I shall miss thee;
But yet thou shalt have freedom,

is Prospero's comment.

Yet another labor is to be put upon Ariel: he is to bring the master, the boatswain, and the other mariners before Prospero. The general eclaircissement takes place; Alonzo regains his son, who is discovered playing with Miranda at the not altogether love-compelling game of chess; lastly, Caliban and his

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companions are driven in, and all ends happily. Even to Caliban we become somewhat reconciled, when, apostrophizing the drunken butler, he exclaims:

> What a thrice-double ass
> Was I to take this drunkard for a god
> And worship this dull fool!

It is probably from the opening words of Prospero's Epilogue, together with certain expressions in the latter part of the play, that some have supposed this was Shakespeare's farewell to the stage, and the calm dignity of the character of Prospero would favor this; but all that can be certainly known is that this beautiful play was one of his latest works.

Comparing, or rather contrasting, the orders of imaginary spirits, we find Puck and his comrades constituting a body of attendants attached to the service of Oberon and Titania, the King and Queen of Fairyland; some at the disposition of the King, others at that of the Queen; Puck in particular, exhibiting a freakish spirit of mischief, of which he himself is pleased to give several illustrations; and not without a capacity for blundering and obeying his orders in a manner somewhat perfunctory.

Ariel and his fellows, on the other hand, appear as actuated by superior intelligence, and possessed of independent power and able to exercise individuality of action; it does not appear that they are under the subjection of any dominant authority, but may be brought under human control by magical arts of greater or less power; the evil witch, Sycorax, was able to confine Ariel, but not to release him; Prospero, by his more potent art, could do either. After the first outbreak of petulance —which gives us the opportunity of learning his history—he serves Prospero with an affectionate devotion inspired by gratitude, to which Prospero responds by frequent expressions of admiration and even affection.

Neither Puck nor Ariel is quite the same as the Jinnee of the Arabian Tales, which seems to be a third variety of these sports of the imagination, and more nearly represents a blind force put in motion at the instance of the person possessing the requisite authority. Puck will laugh at human folly; Ariel will sympathize with human affections; while the Jinnee will preserve the unconcerned indifference of a statue.

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New Books.

THE SECULAR UNIVERSITY.

Among the many problems that demand the careful consideration of the Catholic hierarchy in America, not the least is the question of what policy is to be pursued regarding the rapidly increasing numbers of our young men who are entering secular universities. The dangers which they incur there are all too obvious. And these dangers are not merely for themselves. A large proportion of these young men will, presumably, afterwards occupy important positions in life. If they come from their college or university with faith lost or weakened, then instead of being, as they ought to be, a source of strength to the Catholic community in which they will live, they are likely to exert a malign influence. What is to be done? Nothing whatever, has been the answer hitherto of a good number of the loyal friends of Catholic education. If young men will run into the danger, their destruction is upon their own head; if you give them any official recognition, you merely encourage others to follow them. This short-sighted view is rapidly disappearing; many of the hierarchy admit that something must be done for the Catholic students of non-Catholic universities; some have actually begun to do something. The question was discussed at the recent meeting of the Catholic Educational Association in Milwaukee. The most practical contribution to the discussion was made by the Rev. Father Farrell, of Cambridge.* With his four years' experience as director of the Catholic Club at Harvard, he was able to offer many valuable suggestions as to how a priest in charge of the student body might exercise a beneficent influence on the young men. His own experience is encouraging; and he pleads against the policy of undiscriminating denunciation and anathema:

> Concerning the character of the Catholic students attending the secular university, there has been a good deal of unfair criticism which my experience pronounces unwarranted and harmful, driving the student who hears it, as I have known it to happen, farther from the priest who sometimes utters it, and farther from the Church. It is true that these young people attend the secular university just as they attend the pub-

* *The Catholic Chaplain at the Secular University.* By the Rev. John J. Farrell, Spiritual Director of St. Paul's Catholic Club of Harvard University.

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> lic school, because their parents send them, against the counsel and protest of the Church. The parents, not infrequently, make little of the Church's protest, because they find priests and nuns attend these universities, and on that account regard the protest of the Church as a dead letter. In character I have found these students about what their home training and early religious education have made them. I find a fair proportion strong in the faith, and faithful to its practice, notwithstanding the statement made before this association a year ago by a reverend father, who took for granted as true the word of "a gentleman who told him that, as a rule, the Catholics of Harvard were no credit to the Church."

Father Farrell has signally helped towards an intelligent discussion of the question, and emphatically displays its magnitude, by submitting a carefully prepared table setting forth, approximately, the number of Catholic students and Catholic instructors or officers found at the non-Catholic colleges and universities of the United States for the year 1906–1907. Summarizing this table, he writes:

> We have found 5,380 young men and 1,557 young women, making a total of 6,937. How much greater these figures would be if all the records were accurate, and made to include the one hundred and thirty-six colleges not heard from, is a matter hard to determine.

That the actual number is very much in excess of the above figures may be inferred even from the single fact that, in reply to Father Farrell's inquiry, the answer of Columbia University was: "No record, but very many; probably thousands in the last ten years." Whatever plan the bishops, in their wisdom, individually or collectively, may decide upon, Father Farrell's statistics demonstrate that, to say the least, the *laissez-faire* policy no longer can cope with the situation.

THE CHURCH IN FRANCE. In a conference delivered to a Catholic audience in Luxemburg, the rector of the Catholic Institute of Toulouse, Mgr. Batiffol, treated of the measures by which the French clergy may be expected to meet the new conditions which the Separation Law and the rejection of the scheme of associations has imposed upon them.* In 1905 the number of

* *L'Avenir Prochain du Catholicisme en France.* By Mgr. Batiffol. Paris: Bloud et Cie.

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bishops and priests drawing a salary from the government was 41,721. These, along with many others, are now reduced to depend on their own resources or the loyalty of their flocks; upon whom, besides, will devolve the other charges necessary for the maintenance of religion.

Comparatively few priests, says the Monseigneur, will be able to support themselves by manual labor in mechanical or agricultural life. He expects to find more efficient resources in mutual assurance societies, to be organized in the other dioceses, as is already done in Paris. Each parish will be requested to draw up a list of its receipts and outlays. The budgets of each parish must receive the approbation of the bishop, who will lay a progressive tax on the rich parishes, and, out of the proceeds, will assist the poorer ones. All the contributions tor the support of the clergy will be centralized in the bishop, who will distribute them to the parochial clergy. This plan will seem strange to Americans; and still stranger the motive which prompts the hierarchy to adopt it. "The prevailing conviction among our bishops is that the dignity and independence of the priest demands that he shall not receive his support directly from the hands of his parishioners." Evidently it is with great reluctance that the governing body of the Church in France finds itself reduced to depend upon the faithful.

With the removal of the restrictions imposed by the Concordat, which forbade any changes in the number of parishes, and thus maintained many priests in places where they no longer found any work, "in a few years from now many parishes, whose populations are diminishing, many parishes, too, alas! in certain districts where religion is falling towards zero, will be transformed into out-missions of more populous and more Christian parishes." "We shall abandon the mendacious arrangement which, hitherto, professed to count in each parish as many parishioners as the official census counted inhabitants." On the whole, Mgr. Batiffol believes, though there will be much hardship and even hunger for many priests, the material wants of the clergy will be fairly well provided for.

What about the political situation? Catholicism in France, says the rector, failed to make any effective resistance to the radical campaign, because Catholics had no organization. "We have always been protected, always privileged, always on the

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side of power. We had for King the most Christian King; he was consecrated by the hands of our bishops; he, in turn, nominated to bishoprics and benefices. How could the clergy develop any political action of its own? The monarchy and the Gallican Church fell together. And when, after the Revolution, the State religion had disappeared, Catholicism was recognized even by the Napoleonic Concordat as the religion of the majority of Frenchmen; it was once more official and its clergy became a hierarchy of government functionaries. How could the Catholicism of the Concordat ever become a school of opposition, and endow us with the spirit of a minority?"

Another reason why Catholics have not developed a political union in France, as has been done in Germany, is that the Frenchman considers his religion as something personal, exclusively spiritual, and, therefore, having nothing in common with the political and temporal. In compensation, however, for the absence of a Catholic political party, the rector points out, there are large numbers of Catholics in all the parties. The key to future triumph for the Church will be to stimulate all these Catholics to exert their influence on the side of religious interests.

The concluding section of the address is taken up with insisting upon the necessity for the clergy to enter, a great deal more than they have hitherto done, into all kinds of works for the social, moral, and economic amelioration of the people's condition. "It is not enough for the priest to say: Let us go to the people. He must, above all, come out of his sacristy, show himself, draw the people to him, and acquire that ascendancy which is always enjoyed by a man of energy, kindness, and self-denial, as soon as the people discover that he seeks only the welfare of others."

That French Catholics have already taken up, on a large scale, in many various lines, the social work from which Mgr. Batiffol hopes so much, is witnessed to by a solid volume, already in its second edition, closely packed with statistical and other information on the subject, by Professor Max Turmann.* He records the methods and successes of various societies in different parts of France, in the manufacturing and the rural world. His scientific training enables him to give the reader

* *Activités Sociales.* Par Max Turmann. Paris: V. Lecoffre.

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valuable appreciations on the strong and weak points of the different enterprises which he examines. Like Mgr. Batiffol, he expects precious results for the Church if Catholics, forgetting old prejudices and worn-out traditions, accept the fact that the present age belongs to democracy, and, with vigorous good-will, enter into the work of social amelioration. Students, theoretical or practical, of the social sciences will be repaid for a careful reading of this instructive volume.

THE PRINCE OF THE APOSTLES.

"Let this be carefully weighed: The Church of England to-day claims continuity with the Church of England before the Reformation, and the Church of England before the Reformation was in conscious dependence upon the Holy See in spirituals from start to finish; that is from A. D. 597 to A. D. 1534." These words, which occur in the preface, may be taken as representing the main thesis of this earnest little work,* which, with forcible logic and sober eloquence, presses upon Anglicans the necessity of reunion with the Holy See. The witness of the Scriptures, of the early Church, of the papal consciousness, and of the English Church itself, first in the early British period, afterwards in the later centuries, down to the Tudor disruption, are set forth strikingly, though without much elaboration. The radical change of attitude towards the Papacy that occurred in the sixteenth century was not, our authors hold, the work of the English Church or of the English nation:

> The account of the English Reformation, so long current among Anglicans, to the effect that the Church of England was weary of the Papal yoke and eagerly embraced the opportunity afforded by Henry to shake herself free from "the usurpations of the Bishop of Rome and all his detestable enormities," has been so thoroughly discredited of late years by our best historians, both secular and ecclesiastical, that no man who has due regard for his reputation as a scholar, will any more venture to uphold the old time tradition about the "blessed English Reformation." It has been slain by the cold logic of facts.

The argument is strengthened by appeal to the findings of

* *The Prince of the Apostles.* A Study. By the Rev. Paul James Francis, S.A., Editor of *The Lamp*, and the Rev. Spencer Jones, M.A. Garrison, N. Y.: The Lamp Publishing Company.

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Dr. Gairdner, Dr. Bliss, Mr. Luard, the editor of Robert Grosseteste's letters, and other contemporary students of English history. An objection made by a class, who are here called Tridentine Anglicans, against the enterprise of reunion, towards which the Rev. Mr. Spencer Jones and his associate author are so devotedly laboring, is reviewed and disposed of:

> If Rome had only not added to the faith, and asked no more of us than the acceptance of the Council of Trent and the primitive teaching concerning the Primacy of the Apostolic See, we could readily allow as much, for, in fact, that would be no more than the pre-Reformation belief of the Church of England, to which, as Anglo-Catholics, we are bound in consistency to adhere. But the dogmas of the Immaculate Conception and Papal Infallibility, added to the repeated refusal of Rome to recognize the validity of our orders, render all effort to repair the sixteenth century breach hopeless and vain, since nothing that we can do is at all likely to alter the *de fide* definitions of 1854 and 1870, or to effect a recall of the Bull "Apostolicæ Curæ."

Neither of these dogmas, the volume proceeds to show, is a novelty. Even Luther himself taught the Immaculate Conception, and "If the corypheus of Protestantism so lucidly expounded the doctrine of the Immaculate Conception, three hundred years before it was defined by Pius IX., it can hardly be called a new doctrine." Acceptance of the Vatican definition "would mean two or three amendments to the Thirty-nine Articles, which are certainly not irreformable." The subject of Anglican orders the writers consider as one involving the question of jurisdiction and, therefore, not within the scope of the present study, which is limited to matters of faith. But Catholics, who respect the earnestness of such men as the Rev. Spencer Jones and his associate, when discussing the topic, say: Why waste time over the question of reunion? There is but one way to that consummation—complete submission to Rome by Anglicans. Until they are ready to take this step nothing can be done. The Rev. Mr. Spencer Jones meets this assertion half way. Rome, he admits, cannot be expected to change her dogmatic position. Reunion, he admits, can come only by the conforming of the other party to Roman doctrine. Yet such a conformity would not be extinction:

> It may be urged that if it should be proved possible to con-

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> form to the dogmatic position of Rome, that will amount to a surrender of the entire Anglican position. But this is a mistake of the first magnitude. For while, as we said above, it is only the few who appreciate the significance of dogma, although all benefit by it, where the shoe pinches with many is the plane of discipline not dogma. Matters of discipline touch us all round and strike us at once; and so far from changes in discipline making no difference, they would, in the eyes of the general run of men, make all the difference in the world; and it is here, we repeat, that Rome can change, that she has changed actually in the past, and might change therefore in the future. Discipline is, in fact, variously administered in different quarters of the world to-day, and there would be nothing impractical, therefore, in looking for modifications in that direction.

Those who believe that no sincere mind can resist the impact of sound logic will find it difficult to admit that any Anglican in good faith can read this weighty little volume and remain unconvinced. But Cardinal Newman, who knew human nature and had considerable experience in controversy, has told us that we may expect to convince men by mere logic when we have learned to shoot round corners. Nevertheless we may hope that the efforts of these earnest workers towards the realization of the Savior's prediction of one fold and one shepherd will, through the grace of God, be a helping hand to some souls struggling towards the light.

IN THE FOOTPRINTS OF THE GOOD SHEPHERD. By Katherine E. Conway.

In this volume* the Convent of the Good Shepherd, of New York City, has a touching and appropriate memorial of its jubilee, which will occur on October 2, 1907. No work of the Church, perhaps, appeals more widely and deeply to the sympathy of the world than that of the Good Shepherd nuns, who devote their lives, with what zeal and success need not be said, to the rescue of their fallen sisters. Probably no house of the order has grown more rapidly than that one which has found in Miss Conway a worthy historian. The New York foundation, she observes, was unique, in beginning with the toleration rather than the approval of the

* *In the Footprints of the Good Shepherd. New York, 1857-1907.* By Katherine E. Conway. New York: Convent of the Good Shepherd.

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chief ecclesiastical authority. Archbishop Hughes, for reasons that Miss Conway mentions, was unwilling to give the sisters permission to establish themselves within his jurisdiction. He did not expect that their labors would prove successful.

> It was a charitable Protestant, after all, who spoke the decisive word which secured the introduction of the Nuns of the Good Shepherd into New York in 1857. "They will swamp us," said the Archbishop, "and the end will be failure." "But, Archbishop," said Miss Foster (the Protestant lady), "would you consider the work a failure if but one grievous sin were prevented? The house in question would undoubtedly prevent many mortal sins. Would not this be to the honor of God, even though none of the inmates was thoroughly converted?" The Archbishop surrendered, and gave permission to start the House, though still regarding it as a doubtful experiment.

The experimental stage was soon over, and the order began at once to increase its personnel, to enlarge its house, and to give proofs of its efficiency that won for it friends of all kinds and of all persuasions. In the course of time it gained municipal and state recognition; and sent out sisters to establish convents, first in Boston, and later on in Brooklyn. Besides telling the story of the convent's growth, Miss Conway gives an interesting account of the rule of life practised by the Sisters, and their methods of treating their charges, with many touching illustrations of the divine efficacy of the Good Shepherd's power. We may hope that the successes of New York are but an earnest of what the noble daughters of Père Eudes are yet to do in America in their special field. For, as Miss Conway says:

> Many changes are before us, but of one thing we may be sure: no matter how great our social and scientific progress, the sad old fashions of sin and sorrow and death will not pass away while time endures; and, while they last, there will be work for the Nuns of the Good Shepherd.

LAMMENAIS AND LAMARTINE.
By Christian Marechal.

M. Marechal, who, in his previous studies concerning the influence of Lammenais upon Sainte-Beuve and Victor Hugo, has already shown a profound knowledge of the course of ideas which agitated the deeper currents of re-

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ligious and politico-religious thought in the early and middle decades of the last century in Europe, here undertakes to prove that, for more than twenty years, Lamartine drew almost all his inspiration on religious, philosophical, and social topics from Lammenais.* The latter was the dominant influence which ruled and directed the author of the *Harmonies*, *Méditations*, *La Politique Rationelle*, *Jocelyn*, and the *Voyage en Orient*.

M. Marechal's method is thoroughly scientific and objective. He analyzes closely the published works and a good deal of private correspondence of the poet; he compares idea with idea; follows the development of Lamartine's political and religious tenets; and compares the data thus gathered with the writings of Lamennais, to find that, to an astonishing extent, at least from the year 1817, Lamartine is but a reflection of Lamennais. Besides enjoying an exhibition (on an extended scale) of acute critical powers, the reader of this fine literary study will, unless he is already uncommonly well acquainted with these two writers, get a deeper insight into the minds of both and into the intellectual struggles of the period.

BESIDE STILL WATERS. By Benson.

Those who have enjoyed the charm of *From a College Window*, with sweet spirit, lofty thought, and exquisite tenderness expressed in limpid, delightful English, will find a similar treat in Mr. Benson's present work.† It is cast in the form of a biography of an educated Englishman who prefers the things of the mind and the joys of the simple life to the more boisterous pleasures of society or the prizes of public life. Mr. Benson is an amiable Christian stoic, deeply tinged with a moral idealism. As he narrates the development of the life of his fictitious hero, Hugh Neville, he descants upon the experiences and problems of life in a vein of gentle optimism tinged with a shade of melancholy, never acute enough to pass into sorrow. The philosophy of the book is fairly summed up in a passage towards the end when Hugh, from a spot dear to his youth, is casting a retrospective glance over his path:

> The thought of the long intervening years came back to

* *Lammenais and Lamartine.* Par Christian Marechal. Paris: Bloud et Cie.

† *Beside Still Waters.* By Arthur Christopher Benson. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

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> Hugh with a sense of wonder and gratitude. He had half expected then, he remembered, that some great experience would perhaps come to him, and lift him out of his shadowed thoughts, his vain regrets. That great experience had not befallen him, but how far more wisely and tenderly he had been dealt with instead! Experience had been lavished upon him; he had gained interest, he had practised activity, and he had found patience and hope by the way. He knew no more than he knew then of the great and dim design that lay behind the world, and now he hardly desired to know. He had been led, he had been guided, with a perfect tenderness and a deliberate love. . . . A great sense of tranquillity and peace settled down upon his spirit. He cast himself in an utter dependence upon the mighty will of the Father; and in that calm of thought his little cares, and they were many, faded like wreaths of steam cast abroad upon the air. To be sincere and loving and quiet, that was the ineffable secret; not to scheme for fame, or influence, or even for usefulness; to receive, as in a channel, the strength and sweetness of God.

As one reading Mr. Benson's pages feels the deep religious earnestness of the man, one wonders what the power of his pen would be if to him had come the crowning grace which has been vouchsafed to his brother.

THOMAS A KEMPIS.

Lovers of the *Imitation* will be well repaid by a study of Mr. De Montmorency's fine, scholarly work. As the title* implies, he is a staunch advocate of the À Kempis authorship. He treats the vexed question extensively, if not exhaustively. He dismisses Gerson, abbot of Vercelli, as a mere myth; and, though he acknowledges that some of the arguments in favor of the claims of the Chancellor Gersen are perplexing, he ultimately rejects them. The claims of Walter Hilton he considers more plausible, and subjects them to searching and acute literary and documentary criticism. But in the end he decides for the monk of Mount St. Agnes of Windesheim. The first section of the book is a description of the age in which À Kempis lived. This historic sketch is bold and full. The part of it which is devoted to depicting the external

* *Thomas à Kempis: His Age and Book.* With 22 Illustrations. By J. E. G. De Montmorency. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

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conditions of ecclesiastical life, and the prominent figures of the secular side of the Church, gives so much prominence to the fruits of human frailty, and deals so liberally in dark colors and shades, when describing many ecclesiastical potentates, that the picture becomes somewhat false.

But this is, to a great extent, counterbalanced by the appreciative manner in which the spiritual, invisible life of the period is related. The author endeavors to trace the influence of the line of mystics who were the highest manifestation of that life, of which the *Imitation* is the classic expression. Believing that the mystic movement was carried to its height in England, he dwells markedly upon the names of Richard Rolle of Hampole, Walter Hilton, and their fellow-countrymen. But his national preferences do not prevent him from treating worthily the German mystics too. Unfortunately, we cannot say as much of his impartiality when his religious prepossessions come into play. For they have led him to believe in the existence of a rivalry, if not an incompatibility, between the mystical movement and the visible organization, and to see in the Protestant Reformation the culmination of the mystical tendency. He admits, however, that "the author felt nothing of the Reform movement so busily at work in his time. No touch of Wicklivism, no taint of Lollardy appears in the little books."

It might be argued, too, we think, that in analyzing the genesis and development of mysticism he has, at some periods, assigned too much importance to philosophic doctrines and influences which were chiefly academic and intellectual. The chapter on various manuscripts and editions of the *Imitation* is full of interest, which is enhanced by numerous photogravures of famous texts and manuscripts. The analysis of the literary structure, too, in which all the quotations from and allusions to sacred and profane authors are marked, besides being interesting, are evidence that the study of the *Imitation* has been for Mr. De Montmorency a labor of love.

For one service, too, we must thank him. It is his refutation of the charge of selfishness made, in virulent language, against the spirit of the *Imitation* by Dean Milman, in his *History of Latin Christianity*. "There is," writes the Anglican dean, "no love of man in the book: of feeding the hungry, of clothing the naked, of visiting the prisoner, even of preaching there is profound, total silence. The world is dead to the votary of

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the *Imitation*, and he to the world, dead in a sense absolutely repudiated by the first principles of the Christian faith. Christianity to be herself must shake off indignantly, not only the barbarism, the vices, but even the virtues of the Mediæval, of Monastic, of Latin Christianity."

The novelist Thackeray wrote in a somewhat similar strain, with similar shallowness of view: "The scheme of that book carried out would make the world the most wretched, useless, dreary, doting place of sojourn. There would be no manhood, no love, no tender ties of mother and child, no use of intellect, no trade or science—a set of selfish beings, crawling about, avoiding one another, and howling a perpetual *Miserere*."

Such a view as this, our author shows, can be entertained only by a man who has failed to grasp the spirit of the *Imitation*, and who has not even understood some of its iterated maxims, and, as a set-off to the opinions of the two above-mentioned writers, he quotes the views of a number of men distinguished in the world of letters. Making the fullest deductions with regard to the reservations that we have mentioned, we believe this work deserving of an honorable place in the immense library that has grown up around the *Imitation*.

IRISH SONGS AND LYRICS. No complaint of niggardliness can be laid against the editor of these two handsome volumes, which constitute the largest extant anthology of Irish verse—songs, lyrics, ballads, and short poems.* We find here all that are to be found in almost every previous collection, and a great many that now for the first time take their place in a general anthology. Among the latter there is a good number of pieces, chiefly translations or imitations of Celtic poetry, that have appeared since the beginning of the present Gaelic revival. The editor has arranged the names of authors alphabetically, grouping together the selections from each author. Reference is facilitated by two indexes, one of the authors' names, another of first lines. A third index arranges the contents into groups according to the various subjects, such as Home, Conviviality, Legend, History, etc., etc. Those familiar with other collections will be surprised at some of the numbers in these volumes, and, perhaps, will ask with something approaching to indignation

* *The Golden Treasury of Irish Songs and Lyrics.* Edited by Charles Welsh. 2 Vols. New York: Dodge Publishing Company.

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why so many poems that have not the remotest reference to anything distinctively Irish, and do not possess anything of the peculiar quality of the Irish inspiration, have found their way in here. Nor will the editor's announcement of his plan in the preface provide an answer. He says that the anthology "aims to present some of the best examples of Irish songs and lyrics from the bards who wrote in their mother tongue, when Ireland was the island of saints and scholars and the school of the West; the folk-songs, street-ballads, the great wealth of patriotic poetry called forth by the suppression and oppression of centuries, the humorous and convivial verse with which Irish literature abounds, the pathetic, romantic, and sentimental poetry for which the Irish have always been famous." This is a broad plan, yet it does not cover all the ground. The fact is that Mr. Welsh must have tacitly assumed that everything is Irish poetry that has been written by any one born in Ireland or having Irish affiliations. So Bishop Berkeley, Richard Fleckno, and the author of the "Mourning Bride" find themselves admitted to the Celtic Parnassus; Mrs. Alexander's beautiful hymn "There is a Green Hill," her "Burial of Moses," and Lady Maxwell's "Bingen on the Rhine," along with many other equally incongruous pieces, are here placed under the auspices of the shillelah and the shamrock. This feature is rather a drawback to the character of the work. But Mr. Welsh has given us in such generous measure all that he promised, that it would be ungracious to grumble because he has thrown a lot of odds and ends into the bargain.

A MARTYR OF OUR OWN DAY.

The subject of this biography * was a young French priest who was martyred in Corea in the year 1866, during the last of the fierce persecutions which the Corean empire waged against Catholic missionaries and converts. This persecution lasted from 1866 to 1870. It has been estimated that, at its close, over eight thousand persons had been put to death. These figures cannot be more than conjectural. But it is certain that a great number of persons suffered death all over that unhappy country which had the terrible distinction of being the last or latest of the persecutors of the Church. However we may sympathize with the

* *A Martyr of Our Own Day.* The Life and Letters of Just de Brentenières. Adapted from the French by Rev. John Dunne. New York: Society for the Propagation of the Faith.

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Corean, from a political point of view, as we see his national independence crushed in the grip of the Japanese, we cannot but rejoice that the supremacy of Japan promises a reign of liberty for missionary effort. Thence will come the abundant harvest of which the seed is the blood of the great host of martyrs that has consecrated the soil of Corea since 1781.

A hearty welcome from grateful Sodalists will undoubtedly be the response to the new Sodality Manual* which Father Mullan, S.J., has compiled, with every care and zeal, for the Children of Mary. The Manual is a valuable guide, complete in its instruction, in its rules and prayers for private devotion, and has every quality to help the Sodalist who aims at a perfect and loyal devotion to our Lady. The publishers have taken every care to present a neat and attractive book, and we wish it a wide sale.

Another valuable publication,† Father Mullan's latest contribution to the work of furthering and fostering zealous devotion to the Blessed Virgin, has just come to us. These *Hints and Helps* —as the work is modestly titled—will be found invaluable to all those who have charge of Sodalists. In its scope it covers, in a thorough, practical way, the many points pertaining to the organization and management of a Sodality. It cannot but be of much use and aid to those for whom it is intended. Again, the make-up of this book is neat and attractive.

* *The Book of the Children of Mary.* Compiled and Arranged by Father Elder Mullan, S.J. New York: P. J. Kenedy & Sons.

† *Sodality of Our Lady: Hints and Helps for those in Charge.* By Father Elder Mullan, S.J. New York: P. J. Kenedy & Sons.

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Foreign Periodicals.

The Tablet (3 Aug.): The Roman correspondent writes of the reception given by Pius X. to the Japanese Ambassador. The Holy Father expressed his thanks to the ambassador for the favor shown to the Church in the flowery kingdom: "We wish to express our gratitude and our sincere good wishes that Providence may for long years grant all prosperity to the august Sovereign of Japan."——In accepting the dedication of Professor Minocchi's translation of the Book of Isaias into Italian, the late Cardinal Svampa wrote a most complimentary letter to the author. "In accepting," the Cardinal writes, "there is a gratification in offering to you and to all sincere and able students of Holy Scripture in your person, a slight testimony of my attachment and good will."

(10 Aug.): Fr. John Gerard, S J., combats the idea that Sir Tobie Matthew was a crypto-Jesuit, or a Jesuit of any kind.——In a leading article the present unenviable position of the English Prime Minister with regard to Catholic Training Schools is exposed. Some weeks ago Campbell-Bannerman, speaking to a Catholic deputation, who interviewed him on the subject, insisted that he was sympathetic with all Catholic voters, and added that he thought the Catholic life of a Catholic college would be improved if salted with the presence of Nonconformists. A week later, speaking to the representatives of the Free Churches, he showed his real colors. Speaking of the recent legislation regarding the Training Schools, he remarked that "the government would have liked to do something more drastic."

(17 Aug.): The Archbishop of Dublin writes that he is in favor of changing the canon of obedience, making it compulsory to abstain from alcohol instead of meat on all days of fast and abstinence. This stand is taken in view of the fact that, in proportion to population, Ireland suffers to a most deplorable extent from the drink evil. ——The establishment of Apostolic Bands for missionary purposes in the United States—how they work and the results achieved—forms the subject matter for an article.

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(24 Aug.): The Roman correspondent writes that the Holy Father is about to issue a universal decree which will practically nullify the *Tametsi* Decree of the Council of Trent. The law regulating *sponsalia* will also be greatly modified. They will not be considered an impediment to marriage, unless contracted with specified formalities and consigned to writing.——Recently the "Catholic Settlements Association" was formed to stem the tide of indifferentism in the slums of London. A start is to be made in Hoxton district of London next autumn. The hopes and plans are discussed at length in this issue.

The Month (Sept.): Apropos of the revision of the Vulgate, now being undertaken by the Benedictine Order, the Rev. Sydney F. Smith writes on the nature of its authority in the Catholic Church and the nature of the revision it requires.——Fr. Herbert Thurston contributes a study on the "Baptism" of Bells. The denunciation, by the Reformers of the sixteenth century, of the ceremony of the consecration of church-bells, was particularly violent. The popular designation of the rite as "baptism," accounts for the vehemence of the attacks, for such an apparent parody on a sacrament was considered intolerable. However, as Cardinal Bellarmine pointed out at the time, neither the words of blessing in the Pontifical, nor the manner of the ceremony itself, justified the protest. The use of the word "baptism" is purely popular and arbitrary.——"The Society of Jesus and Education," is the subject of discussion by Rev. Alban Goodier.

The Irish Ecclesiastical Record (Aug.): The opening article in this number, from the pen of the Rev. R. Fullerton, deals with the Origin of Religion. The subject is introduced by insisting on the unity of morality and religion, and on the definition of religion as belief in God or gods and relations of some kind existing between him or them and man. The paper is principally concerned with the theory that all religions had their origin in *Phantoms of the Night.* This theory, as held by Mr. Tylor and his school, is fully explained and the position of those who defend it outlined. Many flaws are detected by the writer. "This ingenious theory," he notes, "it will at once be

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observed, credits the primitive reasoner with such an amount of intellectual acumen as would entitle him to rank with the foremost thinkers of the twentieth century." In refuting the assertion that the alliance of morality and religion belongs to religions above the savage level, he shows in striking contrast the ethics of the lowest tribes of humanity and the orgies of classic culture. In fine, he insists that in treating of the evolution of religion, we have not a shadow of direct evidence, and that it would be well to throw theories aside and go to the heart of the question, by asking: Is there a spiritual soul in man? Is there a God? If the answer must be negative; then is the time to consider theories to explain the error.——"Scotland and John Knox," is a criticism by Rev. M. H. McInerny, O.P., of two articles by Mr. Rait, which appeared in the *Fortnightly Reveiw* for July, 1905 and 1906. The extravagance of the eulogies on John Knox is shown, and the want of a Catholic historian, to do for Presbyterianism and Knox what Denifle and Janssen have done for Lutheranism and Luther, is deplored.——Rev. J. Ferris, B.D., has a dissertation on right and wrong. He reduces the schools of ethics to two; namely, order and utility; but these, though distinct, are not opposed to one another. Substituting "beautiful" as a synonym for "order" and "good" for "useful," metaphysicians make them identical. Taking, however, the idea of utility as more primitive, and consequently more simple than that of order, he confines himself to it in the body of his paper. Under the heading "Proscribed and Non-Proscribed Actions," seeming objections to utilitarianism thus understood are shown to be false. That the notion of retributive punishment is entirely consistent with utilitarian principles is proved by showing that retributive and preventative punishment are in reality the same thing viewed in different aspects. The notion that utilitarianism imposes on men unbearable burdens, by bending them always to do their best, is not so chimerical when we consider that we are constantly, though perhaps unconsciously, doing our best. The paper closes with an ardent plea for utilitarianism as a new natural revelation

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of God's will, for it is the sure passage to man's perfection and happiness.

The Examiner, Bombay (27 July): A correspondence, arising from a demonstration held by Bombay Catholics to express sympathy for their French brethren in the present crisis, is reprinted from the *Times* of India. The first correspondent makes an effort to point out to the "simple-minded Catholics of Bombay" the ludicrousness of the movement. He asserts that the Church of Rome is now reaping in France what she has been sowing there for the past hundred and fifty years. He also suggests that if Catholics were allowed free inquiry they would see conditions in France in a different light. Fr. Hull, editor of the *Examiner*, in answer, declares the first accusation false and to the second responds with a more just presentation of the Church's attitude on the question of freedom of inquiry.

Le Correspondant (10 Aug): The letters of Sainte-Beuve to Madame de Solms are published in this issue.——M. E. Grassi contributes an article on Siam, its king, its court, and its government.——The works and life of Nicolas Poussin, the great French painter, receives a lengthy notice at the hands of Jean Tarbel. The attitude of the critic is that of an enthusiastic admirer.——M. Béchaux criticizes a recent law of the Minister of Labor in France, which makes it necessary for all manufacturers or employers of labor, who employ a hundred men or more, to hire inspectors to look after the well-being of the employees. These inspectors are elected by the employees themselves. It signalizes the end of authority and liberty on the part of the employer.—— Lately the Belgian government submitted to all employers of labor, and also to workingmen, the following question: Is, in your opinion, a reduction in the hours of labor followed by an appreciable diminution in production and in salaries? As might be expected, the employers answered that it did mean a diminution in both, while the employees replied negatively.

Études (5 Aug.): Opens with the sixty-five propositions of the new Syllabus.——J. de Tonquédec adds another installment to his criticism of the notion of truth as contained

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in the "New Philosophy." In this number he discusses the evolution of truth according to the modern scheme, and expresses his strong doubts of its success.——This month brings A. d'Alès, in his series on the witness of tradition in history, to the nineteenth century. This article is mainly a sketch of the writers, on the one hand, who have shown excess in traditionalism, and of those on the other side who have been excessive in idealism, and finally, of the exponents of the *via media*. ——Eugène Portalié congratulates the Holy See on its latest work, the Syllabus. After mentioning in general the systems and theories which fall under condemnation, he proceeds to apply the decree to certain Catholic writers, notable among them being M. Loisy and M. Fogazzaro. He rejoices because this decree is a "great act of religious progress, and will give a new impulse to profound studies."

(20 Aug.): Pierre Suau writes on Madagascar, giving a history of its discovery, its first settlers, and its early missionaries.——It is a custom among unbelievers, Lucien Roure states, to regard Kant, Spinoza, Darwin, and others as lay saints, men devoted to the seeking of truth, but men without religion. Lately, in an autobiography, Herbert Spencer was referred to as one of those lay saints. M. Roure has doubts whether he may be given this title, and in doing so criticizes his philosophy, his motives, and his mental attitude.——A. Brou indulges in a comprehensive study of the history of the efforts made to form a native clergy in China and India. Such a clergy, the writer points out, would not be a universal panacea for all the ills that befall the Church in the orient. More enthusiasm is wanted in Europe.——M. Louis Chervoillot notices a book of recent publication, entitled *A History of Japanese Literature*, by Dr. Karl Florenz Bungaku-Hakushi. The work is a serious effort, and bears all the marks of erudition. The reviewer recommends it to all students of Japanese literature.

La Revue Apologétique (July): H. Dutonquet, S.J., gives a brief review of the Scriptural evidences of our Lord's resurrection.——L. Méchineau, S.J., concludes his series of articles on "The Idea of the Inspired Book," with a

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sketch of the opinions of Catholic theologians, from the middle of the nineteenth century to the present day, regarding the manner of the inspiration of the Holy Scriptures; the exact part played by the sacred writers themselves in the composition of these books; and just how far, and in what way, divine assistance was extended to them.——Dr. J. Lenssens brings to a close his criticism of M. Lameere's *History of Humanity*, by refuting his proofs for the thesis that man has ascended from lower orders of creation through merely natural forces. He mentions, in particular, the ethical objection that a man would be no more responsible for his actions than a stone if he were the product of blind forces of nature. ——Abbé Nève continues his historical sketch of Church Decorations; this article embracing the thirteenth, fourteenth, and fifteenth centuries.——Henri Mainde, writing "Apropos of a Commission of Inquiry," speculates on the possible outcome of the movement of High Church Anglicans towards Roman practice and belief.

Revue Pratique d'Apologetique (15 Aug.): J. Rivière retraces the chief points of the recent controversy between MM. Laberthonnière and Paul Allard on the value of the testimony of the early martyrs.——J. Cartier believes that scientific morality or pragmatism is legitimate. He shows the reasons for this belief, basing his arguments on a work of M. Bureau, *La Crise Morale des Temps Nouveaux*. ——Eugène Griselle describes the co-ordination which should exist between the catechism and apologetics.—— A. Poulain writes of the religious societies among the Mussulmen.—Fénelon Gibon laments the alarming increase in juvenile criminality.

Annales de Philosophie Chrétienne (Aug.): M. Dimnet, continuing his discussion of M. Baudin's views concerning Newman's system of theology, comes to the constructive side of M. Baudin's work, in which he opposes his own theory of faith to that of Newman. But after a careful study M. Dimnet finds M. Baudin's system inconsistent and unsatisfactory. He thinks that M. Baudin so frequently makes concessions that interfere with a purely intellectualistic systematization of faith that he becomes much less *rationaliste* than he would appear. M. Baudin

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admits the existence of entirely new problems in philosophy and theology, and hopes to see the day when a "future synthesis from a future St. Thomas," shall see the light. But M. Dimnet complains that M. Baudin's school does little to create such a synthesis. Finally, the writer hopes that M. Baudin will make a broader study of Newman, and will thereby find that Newman's system, while not rationalism in the odious sense, is *Christianisme raisonné*, and not mere "fideism."——M. E. Jordan contributes his second article on the "Responsibility of the Church in the Repression of the Heresies of the Middle Ages." He blames Mgr. Douais who, in attempting to apologize for the Inquisition as an institution, does not seem to realize that he thereby throws back the blame of the abuses of inquisitorial procedure upon the Church. Likewise, M. Jordan thinks it folly to try to defend torture, confiscation, examination, and the other barbarities of the Inquisition. A wiser apologetic, he maintains, would aim to show that the Church was not responsible for them, or that her responsibility was secondary to that of the Inquisition itself. In general, it would be well if the Holy See had always been as high-minded in its teaching concerning torture as was Nicholas I., who, in his excellent "Consultatio ad Bulgaros," declares that "neither the divine law nor the human law admit of torture, confession of guilt should be spontaneous and voluntary, not extracted by force.

Revue du Monde Catholique (1 Aug): M. Dapoigny denies the right of the doctors of the immanence theory to claim confirmation for their doctrine in the Fathers. In quotations from the writings of the latter, he points out a sentiment which he thinks is antagonistic to the thought of this school.——M. l'Abbé Barret's "Study in Jewish History" continues through this and the following number.——The six biblical days of creation, and the literal interpretation of such like-texts of Scripture, occupies the attention of M. l'Abbé Chauvel.

La Démocratie Chrétienne (Aug.): In the exposition of Paul Lapeyre's doctrines of social morality, continued in this issue, the mutual duties of children and parents are discussed.——M. Decurtius' famous "Letter to a Friend,"

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published in the Fribourg *Liberty*, in which the writer vindicates his social apostolate by pointing out the difference between social democratic reform and Catholic reformation, is given in translation by the editor. M. Decurtius refutes the charge that the propagation of the democratic spirit is necessarily accompanied by doctrinal disruption.——After a careful examination of Socialism and its claims, Comte Jos. de Mailath concludes that it is not a remedy for present-day evils, but an evil itself. ——The progress of social activity in Italy is noted.

Revue Thomiste (July–Aug.): Fr. Thomas M. Pègues gives, in a comprehensive manner, the doctrinal status of that school of writers in the Catholic Church against whom the Pope's allocution of April last was particularly directed. In the mind of the writer effort should be made not to harmonize Catholic teaching with "modern thought," but rather to adjust "modern thought" to the truth which the Church has established.——Fr. R. Garrigon-Lagrange defends the Thomistic proofs of the existence of God against the criticism of M. Le Roy.—— The authoritative source of Scriptural proofs for Theology is the subject of a paper by Fr. J. R. Bonhomme. While the Vulgate is the official Bible of the theologian, Hebrew and Greek texts are not by that fact excluded.

Stimmen aus Maria-Laach (Aug.): Victor Cathrein, S.J., discusses the relation of "Religion and Pedagogy." He defends the general Catholic view that religious training is necessary for the moral character of youth, and can be adequately inculcated only by being given a place at least as prominent as any other department of educational training.——An anonymous article, entitled: "What the Hour points to," concerns itself with the dark times in France, and compares the conflict there to that carried on in Germany not so long ago. The writer is hopeful of the final triumph of the Church which has emerged victorious from so many great crises.——Heinrich Pesch, S.J., writes of "The Signs of Prosperity." ——"From Rome to the Valley of Pompeii," is the title of an article by H. G. Hagen, S.J.

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Current Events.

General.

As very little has taken place in Europe specially related to the distinct countries of which it is composed, it will be more convenient to refer in the first place to those events which have a bearing upon their mutual relations, especially as there is one feature common to them of the utmost importance and significance. This is the universal and apparently sincere desire for peace which animates not only the more enlightened guides of thought and opinion, but even the ruling potentates and their ministers. The frequent visits, which are characteristic of the present, have been the means by which these desires have led to the assurance that at present there is no reason to fear the outbreak of war. Even the troubles which are taking place in Morocco, and the consequent intervention of France and Spain, do not seem likely to inflame the jealousy of the ever-watchful Kaiser, or to lead to his intervention.

The visit paid by the Tsar to the German Emperor was the first of the steps taken. So far as is known its results, both positive and negative, were good. It has not stood in the way of the conclusion of an agreement between Russia and Great Britain; it has not weakened the alliance between France and Russia; it has not been the means of the revival of the Dreikaiserbund. Russia has not thrown herself into the arms of Germany. On the other hand, every obstacle to the maintenance of peace has been removed, not only in Europe, but also in the Far East. Some even think (or say) that the Tsar may form a link between the Triple Alliance of Germany, Austria, and Italy on the one hand, and the Dual Alliance of France and Russia on the other, and that the tour of the European Courts which is being made by the Russian Foreign Minister is a step in that direction. It ought to have been mentioned before that the Triple Alliance has been renewed for a further term of years. This took place automatically, and so almost escaped notice. If the two alliances, which were formed in view of probable hostile action, should evolve into a wider union for the preservation of peace, it would be a striking example of the survival of the fittest.

The visit of King Edward to the German Emperor was the

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next step to bring about the present satisfactory outlook. The relations between Germany and England, as is well known, have long been of the worst. No doubt is entertained in England by a not inconsiderable number of publicists that Germany, during the Boer War, tried to form a continental alliance against England. This of course is a thing of the past; the same writers, however, are constantly giving expression to their conviction that it is against England that the German Navy is being prepared; that a war, sooner or later, is inevitable; and that, if it is to come, the sooner it comes the better for England. There is no reason to think that these ideas have been widely embraced; but there is no doubt that the sentiments of the country have long been so cold that the visits which the Kaiser was wont to make have been suspended. Last year's visit of the King to Cronberg tended to remove these feelings of distrust. It is too soon to say whether this year's visit has completely removed them; but it seems fairly certain that, while an *entente* between England and Germany is still non-existent, what political writers call a *détente* has been accomplished; and to this *détente* the King has set the seal. He could not well have done more, for his stay was less than ten hours; and as he took lunch, tea, and dinner, and changed his costume three several times, there does not seem to have been much time left for the discussion of serious questions. Perhaps this was done by the British Under-Secretary for Foreign Affairs, who accompanied the King, and the German Chancellor, who was in attendance upon the Kaiser. But if speeches represent the real mind of the parties, the visit, in the Kaiser's opinion, was an expression of the good relations between the two nations, the King being the representative of the great English people; and the latter, on his part, declared that his greatest wish was that only the best and pleasantest relations should prevail between the two countries. This ought to be a sufficient refutation of the belief that there is personal animosity between the two monarchs. At all events, even if economic and political antagonism may, to a certain extent, still remain, the personal antagonism has ceased to be.

From Wilhelmshöhe, the King proceeded direct to Ischl, where the Emperor-King, Francis Joseph, awaited him, with Baron von Aehrenthal, the Austro-Hungarian Foreign Minister, in attendance. Between Austria and England there were no

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animosities to remove; the problem to be solved was what action should be taken in Macedonia. Macedonia is one of the blackest spots on the surface of the globe; and that it is such is due largely to the selfishness of Austria and Russia, whose chief and paramount care is their own aggrandizement. An end could long ago have been put to the manifold horrors with which the region is filled, were it not that the Emperor and the Tsar, while taking some inadequate steps to remedy the evils, stood in the way of the more energetic action which the Western Powers were willing to take. The latter had to acquiesce as the less of two evils, although with ever-increasing reluctance. England especially had indicated that some more decided steps must be taken, and the King, the secret of whose popularity is that he has succeeded in discovering and becoming the representative of the mind of his people, conveyed their message to the Emperor. The result has been, it is semi-officially announced, that there is full agreement between the two governments on the question of reforms in the Macedonian *vilayets*, and on proposals to be made to Turkey; also as to the manner in which the Macedonian bands are to be dealt with. Consequently, good hopes may be entertained of serious and lasting improvements being effected. The details of the proposed reforms have not yet been published, but they are said to include, in addition to the proposals for a reform of the judiciary now under discussion, an effective control of the Macedonian administration. The visit is regarded as restoring the Concert of Europe, which is expected to work more effectually and more expeditiously than in the past. In particular Turkey will, if what is said is true, find herself face to face with a united Europe. This is the one and sole condition of success in dealing with that dreadful incubus.

While the visit of the King to the Emperor of Austria was the last of those paid to the crowned heads of states, his interview with the French Premier may be looked upon as in the same category, as the head of the ministry for the time being in the Republic represents the power of the State. In this case, too, the preservation of peace, if not secured, was at least materially furthered, for the question of Morocco and of French action there was discussed, and it may be believed that the King, fresh from his visit to the German Emperor, was able to bring into accord the views of France and Germany.

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A leading authority in political affairs describes, in the following terms, the resulting situation: "Through the exchange of views between the rulers of Germany and Russia, Germany and Great Britain, and Great Britain and Austria-Hungary, a sort of harmonious agreement has been effected which has become generally European; for the inclusion of France is assured by the Franco-Russian alliance and the *entente* between the Powers, without French statesmen having taken part personally in these meetings. In fact, the conversation between King Edward and M. Clemenceau at Marienbad has filled up this apparent gap. The general wish for peace has never before found such imposing expression, and in the same way the powerful guarantee which the world's peace interests possess in the great reigning Houses of Europe has never been so clearly demonstrated as in the summer of 1907."

Here our chronicle of Royal visits might terminate, were it not that it may be mentioned that the King of Denmark has made a journey to Iceland, the first we believe ever paid by a reigning monarch to that island. This visit was not made merely for the pleasure of the trip, but to counteract, by personal influence, the agitation which is going on for Home Rule. There are some in the island who, while preserving the personal link of and with the crown, wish no longer to be subordinate to the Parliament of Denmark. Other royal peregrinations may be mentioned. The Crown Prince of Portugal has been to see the colonies of that country in Africa, and America has been favored by the presence of a member of the royal house of Sweden.

While monarchs have been so busy, cabinet-ministers have not been idle. Meetings have taken place between Baron von Aehrenthal and Signor Tittoni, the Foreign Minister of Italy, at Desio and at the Semmering. These have led to a complete understanding regarding the lines of international policy of the two nations. With respect to Balkan affairs, in particular, perfect identity of view exists between Austria-Hungary and Italy.

While Austria and Italy hitherto, although in general agreement, have had some few points of difference, Germany and France have scarcely found anything on which to agree. Whether the Conferences between the German Chancellor and M. Jules Cambon, the French Ambassador to Berlin, have materially changed the situation, it is too soon to say, but the mere fact that these conferences had been held led to the ru-

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mors of an impending *rapprochement*, which appeared in several daily papers. These rumors, however, rather served the purpose —all-important for some papers—of filling space than of expressing any real occurrence. The most that is likely to have been accomplished by the two representatives is an agreement as to Morocco. This problem is becoming more perplexing day by day; and if it does not lead to complications, it will be due to the strong desire for peace of which we have already spoken.

Royal visits and ministerial Conferences have not been the only means by which action has been taken to place Europe and the world on a peace establishment. The ordinary procedure of diplomacy has resulted in the conclusion of a Convention between Russia and Japan; and also of the long negotiated agreement between Russia and Great Britain. By the first-named Convention Russia and Japan undertake to respect the present territorial boundary of each other, and all rights under existing treaties with China. The independence and territorial integrity of the latter empire are guaranteed as well as the "open door" for all nations. Both the powers pledge themselves to the maintenance of the *status quo*. As in June last Japan and France entered into an agreement on the same lines, peace seems assured in the Far East, unless this country, or what is less likely Germany, should wish to enter actively upon the field. The field, therefore, is left open to Japan for peaceful development, both of her own resources and those of Corea, which has now through recent events been placed under Japan's direction, whether with or without justification we cannot say. The treaty of Portsmouth, instead of being a temporary truce, represents a permanent settlement.

The exact provisions of the agreement just concluded between England and Russia are still matters of conjecture. It is an open secret, however, that it deals with the relations of the two Powers in Central Asia, and the concessions which have been made by Great Britain will, it is expected, excite keen criticism. But it is worth paying a good price in order to get relief from the chronic dread of the invasion of India. There is, however, a small number of British politicians whose abhorrence of the Russian government's cruelty and oppression is so great that on no account would they enter into an agreement with it, however great the advantage to England might be. But it is hard to see how the Russian people will suffer

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in the event of an agreement being made. To render war less likely is a service for the people, for it is the policy of despots to divert attention from their evil deeds by rousing the passion of patriotism.

The Hague Conference.

While potentates and statesmen have been so energetically and successfully acting for the preservation of peace, it would be unpardonable to pass over without notice the proceedings of the Peace Conference at the Hague. The mere fact of its meeting affords, in and by itself, the strongest evidence of the desire of all nations for this, almost the greatest of all blessings. That it has been possible to call an assembly of the duly accredited representatives of nearly every nation, strong and weak, seriously and methodically to discuss measures, if not for the entire prevention at least for the alleviation of the evils of war, is a wonderful testimony to the growing influence of ideas which a few years ago were scouted as the merest fads. While the most sanguine cannot expect complete success, the most brutally cynical cannot help recognizing that a great step in advance has been taken.

The discussion has covered so many subjects, and the organization of the Conference for the purpose of securing thoroughness in this discussion was so complicated, that we cannot do anything more than make a few notes. The Conference divided itself into four sections, with a certain definite class of subjects assigned to each section. These sections in turn were sub-divided; and even these sub-divisions on occasion appointed special committees. In addition there were committees for examination (*comités d'examen*). Through all, or most, of these stages each question had to pass, and when the work of the section was completed, it had to be submitted to the Plenary Session of the Conference. After all this, even the points on which the Conference in plenary assembly unanimously agrees will have to be accepted or rejected by each and every government. It is very doubtful, however, whether any government will dare to reject, at least openly, any decision which, after so prolonged and careful a discussion, may be considered to represent the public opinion of the world.

The first decision of the Conference in plenary session

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while it falls far short of what was hoped for by the most ardent promoters of the Conference, yet may not be without good results if it is really adopted as a principle of action. The crushing burden of the military armaments of the chief continental powers was the reason for which the Tsar took the initiative in inviting the world to these Conferences. One of the many evils caused by these armaments was the financial expenditure. In 1898, the year before the first Conference, this expenditure amounted to over twelve hundred and fifty millions. The most, however, that the First Hague Conference could do with reference to this question was to pass a resolution in the following terms: "The Conference considers that the limitation of the military charges which now weigh upon the world is greatly to be desired for the promotion of the material and moral welfare of humanity." This resolution, however, produced no effect. The military charges, so far from having grown less, have increased, and were last year over sixteen hundred millions. Nothing daunted, the present Conference passed with unanimous acclamation the following resolution: "The Conference confirms the resolution adopted in 1899 in regard to the limitation of military charges; and, in view of the fact that charges have considerably increased in almost all countries since that year, declares that it is highly desirable that the governments should seriously resume the careful study of the question." This does not amount to much; but if the passing of this resolution involves, or should lead to, the acceptance of the proposal that each government should communicate annually to each other their respective programmes for expenditure, a great step will have been taken; this would indeed be a serious study of the question; too serious we fear to be realized.

In the less ambitious projects success is likely to be greater. The establishment of a permanent court to which questions can be referred and settled promptly will render arbitration easier and more frequent, and may lead to its being recognized as the normal method for the adjustment of disputes, and if the American proposal for compulsory arbitration in a given list of cases is adopted, a still more definite step in advance will have been taken. But even should the results of the present Conference prove disappointing, the mere fact of its having been held constitutes an epoch in the world's history.

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France.

Very little has happened in France itself which calls for mention; the troubles in Morocco, and the consequent action of France and Spain in that country, are the most important events. The temptation to take advantage of the situation to enter upon the conquest of the country, and thus to complete the circle of her African possessions, may have presented itself to the government, and perhaps would have been yielded to, notwithstanding the arduous character of the undertaking, were it not that the watchful eye of Germany was known to be wide open. With great prudence and self-restraint the action of France has been restricted within the lines laid down by the Act of Algeciras. The government has, in a note addressed to the various Powers, pledged itself to abstain from conquest or exclusive dominion, and to respect the rights of third powers. But it seems probable that in self-defence, on account of the activity of the Moors and their fanaticism, the armed forces will have to be materially increased.

The report of the official commission appointed to inquire into the cause of the *Iéna* disaster, reveals a state of disorganization in the naval service of France which almost equals the breakdown of its religious organization. Perhaps there is between the two the relation of cause and effect. The Commissioners report that this disaster, as well as the many that have devastated the national marine, is due to the lack of co-operation and the division and even antagonism which exist between the various branches of the service. They report that they have met with nothing but antagonisms and divisions in the navy. Naval constructors, engineers, and combatant officers all act in complete independence of each other. There is no superior authority with power to unite these divergent forces in co-ordinated action. Administrative anarchy, it is declared, reigns in the organization. The heartrending inefficiency of the central power is the cause of the growing inefficiency of the naval power. Liberty and equality sound well indeed, but disasters seem to ensue from the practical realization. At all events, the way to apply these ideas in practice has not been discovered. This disorganization, together with the insubordination of the military, revealed during the wine growers' agitation, may prove disastrous to France. A nation's power not infrequently

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depends as much upon what it is thought to be as upon what it really is. If France's enemies think that the military and naval forces are disorganized, they will of course be the more ready to make an attack.

Germany.

The peaceful attitude of those who guide the destinies of the German Empire, to which we have already alluded, is doubtless due, in a large degree, to disinterested motives, and to the love of peace. It may well be, however, that the difficulty of finding the wherewithal for war may have an influence. German and Prussian Consols have lost in value from 10 to 15 per cent in the past ten years, so that in this time of peace they stand at war prices. Industrial prosperity is one cause of this depreciation, and industrial prosperity makes war odious. It is satisfactory that all things should be thus working together for the same good end.

On the other hand, the leader of the Catholic Centre, Dr. Spahn, has called upon the country to raise some ten millions additional taxation per year, in order to increase the navy. This increase should be pushed on with all possible speed. Moreover, the fortifications on the North Sea and at the mouth of the Elbe should be extended and brought up to date. What the reasons are for this accession to the views of the Navy League is not clear; it may be that the Catholic leader wishes to show that he is as patriotic as his opponents at the last election, and in the same sense.

The Catholics in the German Empire have been holding their fifty-fourth annual Congress at Würzburg, at which discussions took place on several of the present-day problems. Some of the utterances deserve recording. For example, the Catholic Labor Leader and member of the Reichstag, Herr Giesberts, while he declared Social Democracy to be an invention of the devil, went on to urge all Catholics to promote the cause of social progress, not by the inefficient methods of mere protest and opposition, but by practical hard work and the manifestation of the true Christian spirit and power. Their home life should be governed by Christian principle. This would enable them to be the promoters of a just settlement of the differences between masters and men—a settlement upon Christian lines in the interest both of the Church and the State. They should demand a further

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development of social rights and reforms, chambers of labor and freedom of meeting throughout the Empire.

In the course of an address on "Catholicism and the University," Professor Martin Spahn seems to have gone to the root of many of the difficulties which the faith meets with in encountering the scientific theories of the day. Specialization, he said, in the domain of science had gradually usurped the place of the survey of the whole with which it was the first duty of a University to render its students familiar. The spirit of specialization was liable to become superficial and narrow, and as such it was inimical to the Catholic faith. This their opponents had realized. The spirit of German Catholicism was the championship of universalism, and this spirit, the true Christian and German spirit, must at all costs continue to be fostered.

Russia.

In Russia the preparations for the election of the third *Duma* have been proceeding as if the constitutional character of the government, so solemnly declared by M. Stolypin, still existed. But in view of the arbitrary dissolution of the second *Duma*, of the illegal change of the organic laws by which the franchise has been restricted to less than 100,000 voters out of a population of 120 millions, of the avowed principle that the *Duma* must conform itself to the government, not the government to the *Duma*, if it wishes to remain in existence, it is almost farcical to apply the term constitutional to what is in reality as unmitigated an autocracy as ever. The unblushing hypocrisy of the whole of the proceedings of the government is rendered more evident by the recent re-enactment, for the twenty-seventh time, of laws which even Alexander III. declared to be temporary. These laws superseded even the semblance of law which is possible in a despotism. In fact, what with the various forms of the so-called reinforced and extraordinary state of protection, which really means martial law applied to most of the Empire, the local authorities are enabled to suspend all law and to rule as they please. It is very difficult to find a place where the ordinary law prevails, and as a consequence to find any one who respects it; for the law which is changed as the will of one man and his appointees has no sanction but force. M. Stolypin remains in office, and is, there-

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fore, responsible for this departure from constitutional principles. He has gained the approbation of the Tsar, but he has lost the reputation of being an honest man. While the gloom of disappointment and despair is settling down upon the mass of the Russian people, the increase of outrages—murders, robberies, and plots—testifies to the determination of the extremists not to accept the situation.

The Near East.

Prince Ferdinand of Bulgaria has just celebrated the twentieth anniversary of his accession. There were expectations that he would declare himself a king; but from this he has refrained, and thereby given another example of the prudence and self-restraint which have enabled him to make of Bulgaria, together, of course, with the co-operation of the Bulgarians, a prosperous and contented state in the midst of the anarchy by which it is surrounded. This anarchy is said by some to be diminishing in consequence of the reforms under the Mürzsteg programme; well-informed observers, however, who have visited various districts, deny that there has been any improvement, and declare that the inhabitants of Macedonia are being rapidly extirpated. Internecine warfare is chronic; each race fighting with every other race, while the Turks look on, cheering the combatants in the hope that, by extermination, quiet will be secured.

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THE COLUMBIAN READING UNION.

THE Editor of *The Catholic Northwest*, published at Seattle, has gathered some facts that demand consideration. If Catholic patronage is given to hostile publications, and refused to the defenders of the faith, surely the stern reprimand here given is deserved:

WHAT DO CATHOLICS READ?

One sometimes meets with Catholics whose distorted notions concerning all matters relating to the Church, whether current or historical, occasions more than a mild surprise, and one finds oneself endeavoring to understand such a condition in view of the number of Catholic books, magazines, and newspapers turned out weekly and monthly all over the land at the present day. The experiences of a solicitor for a high-class periodical in another state, as related in one of our exchanges, turns the X-ray on this subject, and reveals the kind of literature in vogue among a considerable number of Catholics, who, by education and social, professional, or business standing, might be fairly taken as representative of the culture and intelligence of the Catholic body of the place where it occurred; and there is scarcely a doubt that the solicitor's story could be duplicated in most of our cities. The canvass of this particular young man showed that only about one-half of the Catholic people had any Catholic reading matter in their homes, and, even of these, many declared they never opened the papers at all, and therefore they were going to quit taking them.

A few, only a few, expressed any appreciation for the efforts of the Catholic editor and publisher who devotes his time and talents to combating error and falsehood and aiding to extend the Kingdom of God on earth. For the great majority who take some Catholic periodical, but never read it, and those who take none at all, the daily papers, with the various popular magazines, make up the repertoire whence is derived their intellectual pabulum, as well as their information pertaining to Catholicity throughout the world. Small wonder, then, that their ideas of the Church and her affairs should be of a hazy and distorted character, as they uniformly are. But what surprised the solicitor most was the preference expressed by several for *The Philistine* and "The Rambles" of its editor, Elbert Hubbard; and, in order to discover the grounds of this preference, he hastened to procure two or three copies of the publication. His surprise grew when he found in the first one he opened such scintillating gems of thought and nuggets of faith and morals as the following:

The belief in everlasting life was first evolved by savages, and then taken up by priests, who promised an endless life of joy to all who obeyed their edicts. It is a most selfish and harmful doctrine, and, by turning man's attention from this world to another, has blocked progress at least a thousand years.

There is no idea so pernicious in its results as the doctrine of individual immortality.

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To unhorse the priest we do not have to prove that there is no life after death—all we need do is to stand strong on the living truth that we do not know anything about it, and that he knows no more than we do. We can then live our lives as if we were to live always, and if death is an endless sleep we have made no mistake.

And just so long as man is taught that he has an "immortal soul" that can never die, he is going to fear the future and speculate on his destiny in another world.

But a religion that embraces vicarious atonement, regeneration by faith, baptism, and other monkey business, is barbaric, degrading, absurd, and unworthy.

Man is only a protozoan wriggling through a fluid called atmosphere; he is here but for a day, and knows neither where he came from nor where he is going.

It is difficult to imagine such coarse blackguardism as the above appealing to the taste of Catholics, but that it does do so is asserted by themselves As the reader will observe, not one only, but several dogmas of Catholic faith are assailed by the *Philistine's* editor. Many more quotations, still more shocking in their blasphemy, could be given, but we will select only two of the least objectionable, from which the reader can judge of the others:

Man is a partial, and probably the highest, specialized expression of Universal Energy. If you wish to use the word Over-Soul, First Cause, Vital Principle, or God, in place of Universal Energy, you are privileged, of course, to do so.

We ourselves are the Divine Will.

Coming down to the January number for the present year, it was found to consist of fulsome eulogies of Maxim Gorky, the Russian revolutionist, whose flagrant disregard of decency caused him to be excluded from the hotels in our Eastern cities, Colonel Mann, editor of *Town Topics*, who has been recently convicted of blackmailing, and Mary Baker Eddy, of Christian Science fame.

And the solicitor is still endeavoring to solve the mystery of why Catholics should want to read such ribald balderdash, expressed in commonplace language, and without even the merit of a good literary style to recommend it. Does it filter through the consciousness of the admiring reader, weakening his faith, diminishing his respect for religion and its appointed ministers, and coloring all his concepts of spiritual things with the tinge of scepticism as it goes? We hope it does not, but the chances are as a thousand to one that it does.

The needs of the age demand that Catholics should be active and assertive in all matters relating to the good of the community in which they live, carrying their principles into their work and infusing into it the Catholic spirit of morality and righteousness.

* * *

The historian of the first Atlantic telegraph cable, John Mullaly, for many years a leader in Catholic journalism, has just published a condensed summary of that important enterprise, reprinted from the Philadelphia *Journal of Franklin Institute*, March, 1907. This will enable students to get a valuable retrospect of a most interesting epoch in the con-

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quest of the ocean by the author of the official history published by D. Appleton Company, and long out of print.

• • •

Canada has at last agreed to accept the movement in favor of Summer-Schools. The government of Ontario decided upon the location of six Summer-Schools provided under the legislation of the past session for a training course for separate school teachers and members of the Catholic educational and religious communities. The following have been chosen:

Ottawa, for English and French teachers, in the D'Youville separate schools; for other teachers in the Normal school.

Peterboro, in St. Peter's separate school.

Toronto, for male teachers, in De La Salle separate school; for female teachers, in Toronto university.

Hamilton, in St. Anne's separate school.

Berlin, in St. Mary's separate school.

London, in Sacred Heart separate school. M. C. M.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS, New York:

Israel's Historical and Biographical Narratives. From the Establishment of the Hebrew Kingdom to the end of the Maccabean Struggle. By Charles Foster Kent, Ph.D. With Maps and Chronological Charts. Pp. xxxi.-506. Price $2.75 net.

FR. PUSTET & CO., New York:

Vade Mecum for Vocal Culture. A Complete Course of Instruction in Singing and the Rudiments of Music. By the Rev. Michael Haller. From the German, by the Rev. B. Dieringer. Price $1 net. *Missa Pro Defunctis.* Modern Musical Notation. Pp. 39. Price 20 cents net. *Missa Pro Defunctis.* Gregorian Notation. Pp. 122. Price 15 cents net.

CATHEDRAL LIBRARY ASSOCIATION, New York:

The Life of Christ. By Mgr. E. Le Camus. Translated by William A. Hickey. Vol. II. Pp. xviii.-500. Price $2 net.

HENRY PHIPPS INSTITUTE, Philadelphia, Pa.:

Third Annual Report of the Henry Phipps Institute for the Study, Treatment, and Prevention of Tuberculosis. February, 1905-1906. Illustrated. Edited by Joseph Walsh, A.M., D.D. Pp. 410.

H. L. KILNER & CO., Philadelphia:

The Test; or, Mother Bertrand's Reward. By Mary Genevieve Kilpatrick. Pp. 300. Price $1.25. *True Historical Stories for Catholic Children.* By Josephine Portuondo. Pp. 260. Price $1.

LAIRD & LEE, Chicago, Ill.:

Webster's New Standard Dictionary of the English Language. Adapted for High School, Academic, and Collegiate Grades. Compiled by E. T. Roe, LL.B. Illustrated. Pp. 832. Price $1.50.

THE OPEN COURT PUBLISHING COMPANY, Chicago, Ill.:

Behind the Scenes with the Mediums. By David B. Abbott. Pp. 328. Price $1.50 net.

SOCIETY OF THE DIVINE WORD, Techny, Ill.:

St. Michael's Almanac. For the Year of our Lord 1908. For the Benefit of St. Joseph's Technical School, Techny, Ill. Published in English and German. Pp. 120.

CATHOLIC TRUTH SOCIETY, London:

Frequent and Daily Communion. Socialism and Religion. The Primacy of Peter. Faith-Healing in the Gospels. Women of Babylon. Religious Instructions in Schools. The Pope and the French Government. Pantheism. The Brothers Ratisbone. Lady Amabel Kerr. Blaise Paschal. The Catholic's Library of Tales. Ven. John Nutter. Plain Words on Church and State in France. Paper pamphlets. Price 1 penny each. *Alleged Difficulties in Holy Scripture.* By M. N. Paper. Price threepence.

BROWNE & NOLAN, Dublin:

Summula Philosophiæ Scholasticæ. Vol. III. Price 2*s.* 6*d.* net.

IMPRENTA DE "LA LUZ," Bogota, Columbia:

Emma Perry. Novela Catolica. Pp. xv.-312.

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THE
CATHOLIC WORLD.

VOL. LXXXVI. NOVEMBER, 1907. NO. 512.

THE FALLACY OF "BETTERING ONE'S POSITION."

BY JOHN A. RYAN, D.D.

"In life money means everything, and therefore anybody will do anything to get it. It enslaves those who possess it, and it likewise enslaves in a more sordid way those who have none of it."

ALTHOUGH these sentences recall the words of St. Paul condemning money as the root of all evil, they were written by a modern socialist. Their author is a rich young man of Chicago, Joseph Medill Patterson, grandson of the founder of the *Chicago Tribune*, son of the present proprietor of that journal, and connected by blood or marriage with some of the most prominent families of his city. In a letter, from which the passage cited above is an extract, he formally abandoned the theories of life in which he had been educated, and proclaimed his adhesion to a movement which, however materialistic its philosophy of human motives and of human history, does hold up to its followers higher ideals than the making and spending of money.

While this statement of Mr. Patterson contains, like all socialist condemnations of present institutions, a considerable element of exaggeration, it is substantially true of the majority of the American people. Few, indeed, are those who seek money for its own sake, for the mere satisfaction of possessing it in abundance. It is desired because of the things that it will buy, because, in Mr. Patterson's phrase, it "means everything"; specifically because it commands the material requisites and accessories of living. And it is precisely because of the false importance attributed to these latter things that money is able

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to "enslave those who possess it, and likewise enslave, in a more sordid way, those who have none of it." In other words, its debasing influence springs from the circumstance that it is the chief means of "bettering the position" of persons whose concept of what constitutes "betterment" is ignoble and false.

Between the ages of sixteen and fifty, the great majority of Americans unceasingly strive and hope to "better their position" by increasing their incomes, and thereby raising themselves above the social and economic plane upon which they have hitherto stood. In so far as they are successful in this aim, they obtain an increased satisfaction of their material wants. Increased satisfaction is immediately followed by a still larger increase, both numerically and intensively, of the wants themselves. It becomes literally true that "the more men have, the more they want." In proof of this statement, all that is necessary is to make a rapid survey of the chief ways in which material wants call for satisfaction.

The man who occupies a plain house of seven or eight rooms will expend a part of his larger income for a better house. A better house means, in the first place, a larger house. A larger house will, usually, be built of more costly materials. In addition, it will demand a greater quantity and a more expensive quality of equipment, furniture, and utensils—woodwork, wall paper, carpets, chairs, beds, tables, chinaware, etc. It means a larger outlay for "help." It implies also a more "select" neighborhood where land and, consequently, rents are higher. The cost of the new house and furnishings may be, let us say, 12,000 dollars, while the old one was built and equipped for 3,500; yet when the occupier's income is still further and in a considerable degree increased, there will emerge in his consciousness, or in that of his family, the want of a still better house. This will necessitate a considerably larger expenditure for all the items above enumerated, as well as an additional outlay for several others that have hitherto been unthought-of or disregarded.

When income permits a change men are no longer content with plain and nourishing food. They must have more tender meats, more select vegetables, richer and more varied desserts, older and more costly wines, and complicated mixtures instead of plain beverages. The manner in which the food is served becomes more formal, elaborate, and expensive; there must be

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many courses, more and dearer chinaware, and much cut glass. The same process appears in relation to clothing. After the demands of reasonable comfort have been met, there will rise the desire for a greater number of suits, a more frequent replacement to conform to the fashions, a better quality of materials, and a more high-priced tailor. All these and many other expansions of the clothing-want become operative in the case of men, and to a ten-fold degree in the case of women. Witness the single item of jewelry.

Intimately connected with and dependent upon the standard of shelter, food, and clothing, is that class of wants that is somewhat inadequately called "social." With increased expenditure for the former, the last-named want inevitably becomes more complicated and more costly. Entertainments and "functions" become more frequent and more elaborate; a notable increase takes place in the accessories of entertaining, such as decorations, flowers, attendants, etc.; and there is a considerable additional outlay for food and clothing. Finally, the desire for amusement and recreation is also capable of indefinite expansion. The person of moderate means goes to the theatre occasionally and occupies a cheap seat. The rich or well-to-do person goes more frequently, rides to and from the theatre in a carriage, pays much more for a seat, and not infrequently buys an elaborate luncheon after the performance. The pleasure trips and vacations of the poor and the moderately situated, consist of trolley rides and a few days spent in some near-by town or country district; those who are rich enough to afford it possess carriages and automobiles, spend months at the seaside or in the mountains, take long ocean voyages, and make extended sojourns in Europe.

In the case of all but the few extremely rich, these five wants or classes of wants, comprised under the head of shelter, food, clothing, "society," and amusement, can be expanded indefinitely, and can absorb all of a man's income. No matter how much a person spends in meeting these wants, he can still maintain, in accordance with the language and standards of the day, that he has merely "bettered his social position."

Now this indefinite striving after indefinite amounts of material satisfaction, is not an accidental feature of modern existence. It is but the natural outcome of the prevailing theory of life. "The old Christianity," says Paulsen, who is not me-

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diæval in his sympathies, "raised its eyes from the earth, which offered nothing and promised nothing, to heaven and its supersensuous glory. The new age is looking for heaven upon earth; it hopes to attain to the perfect civilization through *science*, and expects that this will make life healthy, long, rich, beautiful, and happy" (*A System of Ethics.* Pp. 139, 140). According to the dominant view, the loftiest object that man can pursue is the scientific knowledge of nature—not, indeed, for itself, but because of the abundance of material goods that it will put at his disposal. Hence the practical conclusion of the practical man is that he should seek to enjoy as much of these goods as possible. "It is a favorite principle of the ethical materialism of our days that a man is all the happier the more wants he has, if he has at the same time sufficient means for their satisfaction" (Lange's *History of Materialism.* P. 239). Such is the prevailing conception of "wider and fuller life." Since life is merely, or at any rate chiefly, an aggregate of sensations, more abundant life means the multiplication of sensations, possessions, and pleasurable experiences.

This theory of life is evidently false. Not the number but the kind of wants that a man satisfies is the important thing. Reasonable human life is primarily *qualitative.* It consists in thinking, knowing, communing, loving, serving, and giving, rather than in having or enjoying. When the demands of health and *moderate* comfort have been supplied, additional sense-satisfactions contribute little or nothing to the development of body, heart, or mind. They necessitate an expenditure of time, energy, and resources that might be employed in building up the higher and rational side of man. They exert a damaging influence upon morals, mind, health, and happiness. Let us view the situation in some detail.

First, as to morals and character. The qualities that are fostered through the activities of "society" are, in great part, undesirable and ignoble. This assertion applies not only to the doings of the most wealthy and exclusive "set," but to all of those more or less formal and pretentious "functions" whose participants regard themselves as "in society," though they may belong within the middle class. Except in a very small proportion of cases, the functions and gatherings of "society" do not make for true culture or for intellectual improvement. Their primary object is to entertain, but they have come to

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include so many factitious elements in the matter of dress, decorations, feasting, and other accessories, that one of their most common by-products is a group of unlovely and unchristian qualities. One of the most marked of these qualities is the desire for social pre-eminence, the passion for distinction, the wish to be thought at least as prominent as any other person in one's social set. Thus the desire to excel, which is in itself laudable and useful, becomes, in the case of a large number of society persons, an ambition to outdo one's neighbors in the splendor of gowns, the elaborateness of feasting, and not infrequently in the ostentation and costliness of the entertainment generally. In the pursuit of this ambition are developed the vices of envy, hypocrisy, vanity, and snobbishness.

The realm of the animal appetites presents another instance of the damaging effects of the excessive pursuit of material satisfactions. In the matter of food and drink the line between sufficiency and gluttony is easily passed. Immoral indulgence takes place under the name of a more thorough, more discriminating, and more refined satisfaction of the desire for nourishment. Those who are guilty of this inordinate indulgence often do not realize that they are acting the part of animals, rather than of rational beings, in whom the higher nature ought to exercise a controlling influence. Again, violations of the precept of chastity are apt to increase rather than diminish when the personal expenditures of the individual pass beyond the limits of moderate and reasonable comfort. Excessive satisfaction of the other senses creates unusual cravings in the sex appetite. And these cravings are less likely to be resisted, precisely because the persons who experience them have become unaccustomed to deny the demands of the other appetites.

Another evil effect is the weakening of the religious sense and of the altruistic sense. It is a fact of general observation that after the stage of moderate income and plain living has been passed, there follows in probably the majority of instances a decay of religious fervor and of deep and vital faith. The things of God are crowded out, "choked by the cares and riches and pleasures of life." Owing to the essential selfishness of the process, inordinate satisfaction of material wants also weakens the feelings of disinterestedness and generosity. Hence the rule is almost universally valid that persons above the line of moderate comfort give a smaller proportion of their

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income to charitable and religious causes than those who are at or somewhat below that level.

Did men put a true valuation upon material goods, they would increase the *proportion* of their income given to these causes whenever an increase took place in the income itself. For example, if the man with an income of one thousand dollars per year contributed four per cent of this sum, the man who received two thousand dollars ought to give more than four per cent. The bulk of the extra thousand dollars goes, in most cases, to satisfy less important material wants; consequently, a larger proportion of it ought to be expended in meeting the higher want, that is, benevolence. What generally happens, however, is that the proportion decreases. The explanation is obvious; the receivers of the larger incomes become dominated by a false idea of the relative values of things, holding the goods of the senses in higher esteem than when their income was smaller.

Moreover, there are certain of the higher comforts and conveniences whose net effect upon human welfare is probably good, which involve no self-indulgence that is actually immoral, and yet which are in a considerable degree injurious to character. For example, the habit of using parlor cars, electric bells, and street cars, in season and out of season, makes us *dependent* upon them, and renders us less capable of that measure of self-denial and of endurance which is indispensable to the highest achievement. These and many other contrivances of modern life, are undoubtedly an obstacle to the development of that invaluable ingredient of character which consists in the *power to do without.* They contribute insensibly yet effectively, to a certain softness of mind, will, and body which is no advantage in life's many-sided struggle. It does not follow that these conveniences ought not to be utilized at all; it follows that they are not the unmixed blessing which they are commonly assumed to be.

Nowhere are the harmful effects of this materialistic conception of life that we are considering, more manifest than in the phenomena associated with the reduced birth rate. The deliberate limitation of offspring is as yet chiefly confined to the middle and upper classes, to the persons whose elementary and reasonable wants are already fairly well supplied. They wish to be in a position to satisfy a larger number of material

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wants in themselves, and to ensure the satisfaction of a still larger number in their children—if they have any. They speak much of aiming at quality rather than quantity in offspring. They do not realize that the special qualities developed in the artificially restricted family are almost entirely materialistic, while the qualities that go to make up strong and virtuous characters are almost inevitably neglected. In one word, the theory of life-values, which impels men and women to decline the burdens of a normal family, makes for enervating self-indulgence and perverted moral notions in parents, a morally and physically enfeebled generation of children, a diminishing population, and a decadent race.

So much for some of the damaging results to morals and character. It seems inevitable that mental powers and activities must likewise suffer. A people devoted to the pursuit of material things, of ease, and of pleasure, does not seem to provide the best conditions for achievement in the higher and more arduous fields of mental effort. Even to-day an ever-increasing proportion of our college and university students choose those courses of study that have a "practical" rather than a theoretical or academic object and outcome. Whether or not this training is as effective as the "liberal" branches in developing the mental powers, those who select it will almost all devote their energies in after life to the business of money-getting. This means the exercise of the lower powers of the brain and intellect. The products of their mental activity will be material things and mechanical progress, rather than the thoughts and ideas and knowledge that make for the intellectual, moral, or spiritual improvement of the race. While the proportion of our population that is educated has greatly increased, there is reason to doubt that the proportion which reads serious, solid, and uplifting literature, is any greater to-day than it was fifty years ago. The great mass of the reading public is now satisfied with the newspaper, the cheap magazine, and books of fiction, good, bad, and indifferent. Half a century ago the majority of those who read, had access to only a few books, but these were generally serious and high-class, and were read again and again. It is maintained by some that the general quality of literature itself has deteriorated. Thus, Mr. Frederick Harrison, whose Positivism would naturally dispose him in favor of the present age and spirit, recently wrote:

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"As I look back over the sixty years since I first began to read for myself, English literature has never been so flat as it is now. . . . In my student days, say, the mid-40's and mid-50's, our poets were Tennyson, the two Brownings, Fitzgerald, Rosseti—all at their zenith. So were Dickens, Thackeray, Bulwer-Lytton, Kingsley, Disraeli. The Brontës, Trollope, George Eliot, Swinburne, Morris, were just coming into line. Year after year Ruskin poured out resounding fugues in every form of melodious art. Our historians were Carlyle, Grote, Milman, Macaulay, Kinglake—then Froude and Newman. Our philosophers were Mill, Buckle, Newman, Hamilton, Mansel. As I look back over these sixty years, it seems to me as if English literature had been slowly sinking, as they say our eastern counties are sinking, below the level of the sea. . . . Railroads, telegrams, telephones, motors, games, 'week ends,' have made life one long scramble, which wealth, luxury, and the 'smart world' have debauched. The result is six-penny magazines, four-and-six-penny novels, 'short stories' in every half-penny rag—print, print, print—everywhere, and 'not a drop to drink'—sheets of picture advertisements, but of literature not an ounce." Among the forces responsible for this decadence Mr. Harrison mentions "the increase of material appliances, vulgarizing life and making it a scramble for good things" (Quoted in the *Literary Digest*, March 9, 1907).

The indefinite pursuit of material satisfaction is, in considerable measure, injurious to health. Rich and varied food is not always more nourishing and healthful food. Usually it perverts the taste, and artificially stimulates the appetite to such an extent as to produce serious ailments of the digestive organs. The inordinate and feverish endeavor to increase income, the mad race for social distinction, and the unceasing quest of new enjoyments, new ways of satisfying tyrannical and jaded appetites, is disastrous to the nervous system. As a consequence of this two-fold abuse of their physical and mental faculties, a large section of the American people are already confirmed dyspeptics or confirmed neurasthenics. The injurious physical effects of unchastity and intemperance are too obvious to need extended comment.

Even the claim that a larger volume of happiness will result from the development and satisfaction of a larger volume of wants, is unfounded. For the greater the number of wants that

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have become active, the greater must be the pain or inconvenience suffered while these wants are unsatisfied. The more numerous the wants that clamor for satisfaction, the greater is the likelihood of disappointment, the greater is the care and worry needed to meet them, and the more numerous are the instances in which satisfaction leads inevitably to satiety. The more frequent and the more varied the satisfaction accorded to any want, the more must the stimulus or satisfying object be increased in order to produce the former measure of enjoyment. In a sense, we are all slaves to the wants that we habitually satisfy; consequently, the greater the number of indulged wants, the greater is the slavery. Socrates thanked the gods because they had given him but few wants; both Epicurus and Diogenes sought happiness in freedom from wants. As the author of the *Simple Life* says: "The question of food and shelter has never been sharper or more absorbing than since we are better nourished, clothed, and housed than ever. It is not the woman of one dress who asks most insistently how she shall be clothed. Hunger has never driven men to such baseness as the superfluous needs, envy, avarice, and the thirst for pleasure."

Not only the rich but the middle classes experience increased discontent as a result of yielding to the "higher-standard-of-living" fallacy. An effective illustration of this fact is contained in an article by Annie Webster Noel in the New York *Independent*, October 26, 1905. Following are some of its most pertinent passages: "We married in New York City on twelve a week. . . . If our friends would only be happy our great trouble would be removed. They do enjoy staying with us. It is the plunge (into a cheaper house and neighborhood) that is hard. The fact is that our happiness, without so many of the things being striven for, is a slap in the face. . . . We kept house on twelve dollars a week for three months, on fourteen a week for six months. Then we had twenty a week. We have come to the conclusion that *twenty a week is about where poverty commences.* Below that contentment is found in meeting living expenses. But above that new wants begin to take shape. If one hasn't a dollar, one stays at home and is content. But whoever went out to buy something for a dollar and did not see just what she wanted for two? . . . We have reached the critical stage in our *mén-*

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age. We are spending a little more here, a little more there. We are entertaining a little more. We are mixing more with people of larger means. . . . Through a gradual increase in our income we have been reduced to poverty." In other words, the increase of income brought into practical consideration new but purely material wants, whose satisfaction or attempted satisfaction not only did not make for improvement of mind or character, but left this woman and her husband less contented than before.

The worst effect of the failure to find increased happiness in the increased satisfaction of material wants, is the realization of this fact by the seekers. The disillusion and disappointment not infrequently makes them pessimists in the view of life as a whole. Having cherished for such a long time a false conception of what constitutes true worth and rational living, they do not readily return to saner views. In this connection the work of Paulsen, already quoted, furnishes some significant passages. After citing a document which was placed in the steeple-knob of St. Margaret's Church at Gotha in 1784, and which glorifies the modern age, with its freedom, its arts, and its sciences, and its useful knowledge—all pointing to greater material enjoyment and greater happiness—the author makes this comment: "When we compare the self-confidence of the dying eighteenth century, as expressed in these lines, with the opinion which the dying nineteenth century has of itself, we note a strong contrast. Instead of the proud consciousness of having reached a pinnacle, a feeling that we are on the decline; instead of joyful pride in the successes achieved and joyful hope of new and greater things, a feeling of disappointment and weariness, and a premonition of a coming catastrophe; . . . but one fundamental note running through the awful confusion of voices: *pessimism!* Indignation and disappointment; these seem to be the two strings to which the emotional life of the present is attuned. . . . What Rousseau hurled into the face of his times as an unheard-of paradox, namely, that culture and civilization do not make men better and happier, Schopenhauer teaches as a philosophical theorem: Civilization increases our misery, civilization is the one great *faux pas*" (*A System of Ethics.* Pp. 147, 148).

This doleful picture is truer of Europe than of America. We have not yet adopted the philosophy of Schopenhauer. We are younger than the European peoples, and have less ex-

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perience; consequently, we have more enthusiasm, more illusions, more hope, more faith in ourselves and in the satisfying qualities of the material riches that we will secure from a land lavishly endowed by nature. And yet the rapidly increasing number of persons among us whose creed is pessimism, indicates that with the coming of more years, more experience, and more mature knowledge, we too shall be of the opinion that "culture"—so-called—"and civilization"—so-called—"do not make men better and happier."

It is sometimes asserted that the indefinite pursuit of material goods is necessary for the sake of beauty and refinement. Undoubtedly these have a legitimate place in any complete theory of right living, but their importance is only secondary. They ought not to be sought or obtained to the detriment of the primary goods of life, such as health, mentality, virility, good morals, contentment. Besides much of the so-called refinement, that is so much prized and sought, is not genuine. It is largely imitation, effeminacy, artifice, vulgarity. True refinement includes not merely elegance, polish, and delicacy—which often appear in very artificial forms—but purity of mind, feelings, and tastes. In the endeavor to satisfy minutely one's material wants, the latter qualities are often weakened instead of being developed. The search for beauty and magnificence also leads frequently to grave perversions. Professor Veblen maintains that the expenditures of the richer classes in America are governed by "the principle of conspicuous waste." This means that a man or a woman—especially the latter—must strive in the matter of dress, entertainment, and equipage, to show that he or she is able to command the most costly articles that money can buy, and then must treat them with such recklessness as to indicate that they could be immediately replaced. And Mrs. Charlotte Perkins Stetson tells us in *The Home* that, "woman puts upon her body, without criticism or objection, every excess, distortion, discord, and contradiction that can be sewed together. . . . The esthetic sense of woman has never interfered with her acceptance of ugliness if ugliness were the fashion."

This superficial survey of a field that is so broad as to demand volumes for adequate treatment, and so difficult as to be nearly incapable of definite description, no doubt appears fragmentary, vague, and possibly exaggerated. Nevertheless, the

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hope is entertained that two or three points have been made more or less clear. First, that the theory of values and of life which impels men to multiply and vary and develop and satisfy *indefinitely* those wants that are grouped under the heads of shelter, food, clothing, social intercourse, and amusement, is false, and makes as a rule for physical, mental, and moral decadence. To those persons—and their number is legion—who explicitly or implicitly adopt and pursue this materialistic ideal, money is literally "everything." Money does, indeed, "enslave" them. And it is difficult to say which class receives the greater hurt—those who succeed to a considerable degree in realizing their aim, or those who utterly fail. Although the latter do not attain to that excessive satisfaction of material wants which is demoralizing, their incessant striving for it prevents them from adopting reasonable views of life, and their failure leaves them discontented and pessimistic. In the second place 99 out of every 100 persons are morally certain to lead healthier, cleaner, nobler, more intellectual, and more useful lives if they neither pass nor attempt to pass beyond the line of moderate comfort in the matter of material satisfactions. Lest this statement be accounted too vague, let us hazard the assertion that the majority of families that expend more than $2,500 per year for the *material goods* of life would be better off in mind and character if they had kept below that figure. Because of this general fact, reflecting and discriminating persons have but scant sympathy with the ambitions of the mass of comfortably-situated country people who come to the city to "better their position," or with the desire of the highest paid sections of the laboring classes to increase their remuneration. To-day, as of old, the prayer of the Wise Man represents the highest practical wisdom: "Give me neither poverty nor riches; give me only the necessaries of life." In this connection the hope may be expressed that the foregoing pages will have shown the "indefinite-satisfaction-of-indefinite-wants" theory to be directly at variance with the Christian conception of wealth and of life. Even the majority of Catholics seem to hold to the Christian conception only theoretically and vaguely, not clearly and practically. In a subsequent paper an attempt will be made to apply this conception to the actual life of to-day, and to indicate more precisely the content of a reasonable standard of life.

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ARNOUL THE ENGLISHMAN.

*AN HISTORICAL ROMANCE OF THE THIRTEENTH CENTURY.**

BY FRANCIS AVELING, D.D.

CHAPTER IV.

SILENCE, save for the cheeping of the birds in the cloister garth, and the droning of bees over early flowers.

Arnoul walked along the echoing stone cloister and knocked upon the Abbot's door. Two sharp taps replied within; and pushing the door open, he entered the cell of the Abbot. It was a bare and small cell, like all the others in the monastery; and here the Lord Abbot worked and prayed and governed his community. He slept, with all the other monks of the house, in the common dormitory according to the rule. A few low wooden stools, a rough deal table, upon which lay two or three parchments, a hanging shelf holding a few folios lettered down the backs in heavy black-letter characters, a stand, and a large wooden cross on the wall, like the one in the refectory—this was the furniture of the apartment.

The Abbot was seated at the table. He did not rise as Arnoul entered. The young man bent one knee, and kissed his ring; and then, taking his seat upon one of the other stools, he waited for the monk to begin.

"I go to Citeaux next month." The Abbot spoke in French.

"To the chapter?"

"Yes, to the chapter. You are to accompany me as far as Paris."

"So! I am going to the University at last?"

"Without doubt. I talked it over with your brother and the Bishop when we were at Exeter for the synod. We had thought of Oxford and our house there—but it is finally arranged now. Paris will do you good. You will see the world

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and enlarge your mind there. You have not felt," he continued almost wistfully, "any inclination to come back to us—to be one of us—in these two years?"

The Abbot was as gentle and tender as a mother towards all the members of his house. He was tenderness itself towards this lad who had dwelt so long under his protection. He who knew so well how to be stern and unbending in defence of the rights and prerogatives of his Abbey, who resisted unjust encroachments so bitterly, even though they came from the papal tax gatherers themselves, that he had come to be looked upon by the outside world as a man devoid of kindly feeling, a monk in nature as in his dealings, with no thought but for the keeping of the rule and the aggrandizement of his house and order, he had a warm heart and a human under his black scapulary. His rigid exterior was but the mask for the kindliest feeling and the gentlest care. He was always ready to spend himself for his community.

"None, Father Abbot. Since you sent me to live with Budd, I have learned what it is to be free—free as the birds and the winds. I could not live again the life of silence and routine and obedience that I have lived as a boy. I should rebel as often as I heard the bell ringing for an exercise. Forgive me, Father, if I pain you. You I love, and every monk of St. Mary's; yes, and every stone in the cloister, too. But I will not be a monk. I cannot take the vows. The schools of Paris will do me good. You are right, Father Abbot; I must see the great world and live its life. I must be free! Yes, I must be free!"

"Free!" echoed the Abbot sadly. "My poor boy, you little know what freedom means. You will be free to come and go—yes; and free, perchance, to wreck your life and break your heart. Better far the calm freedom of our cloister, that strikes off the fetters of self-will. But, alas! I see that it is vain!"

"Believe me, Father—"

"Yes, I know what you would say. It was a dream, perhaps, a foolish dream of mine to see you in the cloister; and we live in a waking world—not a dreaming one. But I had hoped that you had felt some call, some desire, to come back to us at St. Mary's and—"

"When do we set out?"

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"The chapter is in six weeks from now. That will give you time to make what preparations are necessary and to visit your brother at Woodleigh. He expects you there at the beginning of the week."

"And what am I to take?" asked Arnoul. "I shall need new clothes—and arms. Brother James told me of the students and their brawls when he last came from Oxford. And it is far worse, he says, at Paris. Think of it, Father Abbot, think of it—the narrow streets, the citizens all armed, the students with their swords and cudgels! I must have a stout sword of my own!" His eyes sparkled as he thought of the whirling life of a great city. "And my habit—see; the best I had to wear for our Lady's feast—all stained; and torn, too, under the sleeve!"

"Brother George will see to your clothes. You can go to him to morrow for what there is need of. And I shall see the armorer myself at Totnes bridge. I fear you must indeed have a weapon of some kind if you are to travel. '*Qui acceperint gladium gladio peribunt*,'" the Abbot murmured to himself. "But you must only use it in self-defence, Arnoul, or in succoring the weak."

The color came and went in the lad's cheek. He was thinking far more of the new life he was to lead than of what the Abbot was saying. Still he answered: "Yes, Father Abbot, in self-defence." And the other continued: "Meanwhile, there is Woodleigh. You are to go next week. I shall be again at Citeaux every year; but it may be long ere you will see Buckfast or Woodleigh and your brother again. May God bless you, lad, and our Lady's protection be over you!"

He made a sign that he had no more to say; and Arnoul, kneeling, kissed his ring again.

The moment the boy quitted the cloister he gave vent to his pent-up spirits. His hound was waiting for him at the monastery gate; and together they raced across the deserted green.

"Budd! Budd! Where have you been all this time? And where is Roger?" he shouted, as he came, hot and breathless in sight of the good man sitting at his open door engaged in feathering a sheaf of cloth-yards. "I am going to Paris! At last! Think of that, Budd! This time two months I shall be there!"

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The granger pursed up his lips in a low whistle and nodded his head. He was adding the finishing touches to an arrow that he held in his hand; and before he made any answer he examined it slowly and critically several times. Apparently it was to his satisfaction, for at last he let it drop thoughtfully upon the little pile lying beside him upon the ground. He gazed upon his handiwork meditatively, then up towards the sky. He scratched his head, rubbed the side of his nose with one finger, and finally summed up the situation in a comprehensive "Umph!"

The boy went on excitedly: "Paris, Budd! What do you say to that, Budd? Paris! And the Paris schools! Do you not hear me; are you grown deaf? And what have you done with Roger?"

"Aye, I hear you well enough," grunted Budd. "You sing more loudly of Paris and your going there than Father Ambrose at his psalms at vespers. One would think that Paris was the gate of paradise, at least, to hear you. Have you no sadness in your heart at leaving Buckfast, boy, and us?"

"Yes, Budd; of course I have. You know that right well —none knows it better. But, think! Paris, Budd, and the great houses there! The throng of students and the crowded streets! The knights coming and going, and the King himself, perchance! The clash of arms, and the tourneys! I shall see the world, Budd. And the schools! I shall sit under the great doctors of Paris. All the world resounds with their fame. What is it the distich says?" He quoted the popular tag, translating it for Budd's benefit:

"'*Filii nobilium dum sint juniores*
Mittuntur in Franciam fieri doctores.'"

"Perhaps I shall gain my doctor's cap and come back to England with—"

"With a broken head, an' you come back at all." The granger finished his sentence brusquely. "Methinks there is more of knights and tourneys than book logic in your thoughts; and more crowded streets and brawls than schools or doctors. Ah, lad! did you but know it, there is more of peace and happiness in this quiet valley of the Dart than you can hope to find in the schools of Paris or elsewhere in the great world."

"Oh! Buckfast, Budd, with its sameness and its quiet! Fa-

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ther Abbot wants me to become a monk; and you would have me find a lord and be his page. I am tired of it all, Budd! Abbot Benet is kind, but he wearies me with his questions: 'Have you felt no call to serve God at St. Mary's? Would you not be one of us?' And you, too; would you have me be page to old Nonant of Totnes? No; I am weary of doing nothing in your quiet valley. I have no wish to serve de Nonant. I am tired even of wandering through the woods and being my own master. I shall—"

"You will go to Paris, lad, and learn. You have said it. Aye! and when you have learnt all the doctors, your masters, have to teach you, what then? Will you teach in your turn, and sit preaching for the rest of your life to a crowd of frowsy clerks in some mean room or public square? Will you manage to find a fat living or a bishopric and be ruled by your clerk and chancellor like my lord of Exeter? Come hither, wife!" he called through the open doorway. "And you, Roger," he shouted. "Leave off drinking the good wife's cider and come here! Here is Master Arnoul all agog with news. He has settled it with his brother and our lord the Abbot; and he is going to Paris at the next chapter crossing."

The woman, a tidy, motherly body, and Roger, flushed with —be it confessed—his numerous potations, appeared on the threshold.

"To Paris!" ejaculated both in a breath—she with maternal solicitude, thinking of his scanty and ill-provided wardrobe; the man's heated brain scarce grasping what had been shouted at him.

"That is what I said," retorted Budd dryly. "He goes to Paris when my lord goes to Citeaux."

"And who will mend your rents and wash your clothes, Master Arnoul?" asked the kindly woman. "Isn't Devon good enough for you, and Devon folk, that you must stand there smiling and dancing at the thought of leaving us? You have worn the clothes you stand in two years come Michaelmas, and heaven knows how often I have patched and darned them for you. And who will look after you and give you possets for your humors when you are sick? Your poor brother has no more sense than a baby, to let you leave us all at Buckfast."

"Buckfast—! Paris—!" hiccoughed Roger thickly. "Who's going to leave Buckfast? Who's going to Paris? What, Master Arnoul? I'll not believe it! It's not right! It's as bad

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as being a monk"—that was his old idea—"going away like that! And those rascally friars—"

He tailed off in a muddled statement of his grievance against the Franciscans and the palmer who had joined him on the road in the morning.

"Believe it or not as it liketh thee," Budd interrupted, putting a stop to his meandering, and silencing his wife's bursting eloquence with a frown. "It seems it is a fact; and Master Arnoul—sit down, man! Don't sway about like that!—Master Arnoul is to leave us."

"I won't believe it!" Roger reasserted himself emphatically, dropping upon the bench. "Those cursed friars told me I should go to hell. I did not believe them; and I won't believe that our Master Arnoul is going away. What's the use—?"

"Silence, beast!" Budd was getting angry, even with his bosom crony. "Silence, thou fool! Of a surety thou shalt go to hell and burn eternally. If the holy friars said it, it is true. And, when all is said, what matters it if thou dost burn? I'd pile the faggots up myself, would it keep the lad here at Buckfast!"

"Budd! Budd! What art thou saying? And thou a Christian man! Fie, husband, fie! And thy best friend, too! But it isn't true, is it, Master Arnoul?" she added, turning to the subject of the discussion. "You are not going to leave us?"

"Yes, dame, it is true. In a few days I go to Woodleigh; then off to Paris with Father Abbot. But why do you all look so glum? I shall come back again, never fear; come back a great doctor, perhaps, or a belted knight, and be a credit to you all. Think, Budd," he added, turning to the two men, "and you, Roger, think! The scholars—forty thousand of them! Not like the fishermen and farmers of Devon, but scholars come together from the whole wide world! So many are they, that they cannot be ranked in colleges, but are divided among the four great nations! Aren't you glad, Budd? Don't you congratulate me, Roger? And you, dame, think! There is something better than clothes and clouts, or being coddled with brews and possets. There is life in the great world; and arms and glory and honor—"

"Aye, and a cracked head," grunted Budd; "and a *de profundis*, as I told you before."

"And what of the fishing and the hunting?" put in Roger, the truth beginning to break through upon his cider-bemuddled

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intellect. "There's no fish in France. There's no hares at Paris."

"No; but there are knights templar, Roger, and the hospitallers. There will be feasts such as we never have at Buckfast or Exeter; and shows and tourneys never seen in all England. Aren't you both glad that I am going to see the world?" he asked, scanning the faces of the two men, and oblivious of the fact that the good wife was furtively wiping away a tear. Poor woman, she had no living children of her own.

"Glad, lad? Aye, if it please you! But we are sorry for ourselves." And the kind-hearted fellow blinked suspiciously himself.

"Besides, there's no knowing when you are ever coming back. They say men spend half their lives studying at these great schools. And, Arnoul, lad, my good woman and I may both be lying beneath the sod on yonder hill before you come back to your own country with a doctor's cap on your head or a white cross on your shoulder."

"Why do you talk like that, dear Budd," the boy protested, throwing his arm impulsively around the man's neck. "Why, both of you will be hearty and hale for the next forty years; and I shall have you both proud of me ere ten are passed, never fear! And, dame, you can give me a collection of your simples to take to Paris with me; and when I mix your potions or smear myself with your ointments, I shall think of you and Buckfast and make the more haste to learn, that I may soon come back again. Stop groaning, Roger! One would think you had heard my passing bell to see you shake your head so! Fie, man! The drink has got at your wits! Nay, don't blubber like that, good Roger! It was the heat, most like, and the fatigue of the day; and—and—I've yet a month at Woodleigh to say good-bye to you in."

But Roger protested the more, with a thick utterance and many grunts, his unswerving devotion to his Master Arnoul, his undying hatred of the corded friars, who, he had now fully persuaded himself, were at the bottom of it all. And the woman dried her tears and tried her best alternately to smile at the boy's enthusiasm and frown at her drunken guest's maudlin mutterings.

But Roger, if he saw her at all, was not to be silenced by a frown.

"A curse upon these meddling vagabonds!" he growled.

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"I shall flesh an arrow in the next psalm-droning friar I meet with. Put my young master in a cell and feed him upon rye bread and pease, indeed! And rope him with a greasy cord! I will—" And he started up unsteadily to his feet to show the doughty deeds he would do when fate should come across his path in the shape of a Franciscan.

"A pest upon thee!" thundered Budd, now thoroughly out of temper with himself and the world in general. "Wife, what hast thou been giving to this drunken fool?" And then, not waiting to hear her answer—"He would have it"—in which home brewed white ale and hydromel figured as well as cider, he went on:

"A murrain on thee! And a pest upon the Lord Abbot and the schools of Paris as well! Come into the house, thou swine, and sleep thy addled brain sober!"

He half dragged, half pushed the protesting Roger through the doorway and disappeared with him into the interior of the building, leaving the air thick with vociferations against everybody and everything, mingled with Roger's grunts and the drunken curses that he hurled at the unfortunate friars.

Arnoul sighed. It was hard that there should be such a bitter drop in his cup of happiness. Budd angry and Roger in liquor. His experience gave him no key to the problem that was hazily before his mind. Of course, he was fond of them all, and of dear old Buckfast; but he did not know that the affection of eighteen is not that of maturer years. Excited with the idea of novelty, he could not understand the devotion of these simple people, their wish to keep him among themselves. He sighed again—a puzzled sigh—and looked up. The woman was crying silently. He did not stop to think whether her tears were caused by her husband's rough words and implied censure, or by her own motherly love for himself. But she *was* crying. Without a thought, he flung his arms about her and kissed her on the cheek.

And then he turned away and strode off rapidly in the direction of the river.

CHAPTER V.

The setting sun cast long shadows over the tiny churchyard at Woodleigh, as Arnoul rode towards his brother's dwelling. He had been deeply touched by the kindly and sincere affec-

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tion of the simple folk at Buckfast with whom he had been living for the past many months; and the thought of leaving all his good friends the monks came home to him now as it had not done at his first thought of going to Paris. He had still several weeks to spend at Woodleigh before he set out for France in the company of the Lord Abbot; and he would certainly, he resolved, make the most of them with his friend Roger and his brother Sir Guy, the priest of Woodleigh. The thought that he would never feel so young again came vaguely upon him, as an instinctive feeling rather than a definite thought. When he should return he would be older and changed. All the kindly folk he knew—the monks and the peasants—would have changed, too, and would have drifted apart from him. How long was he to be away from dear old Devon, after all? It might be, of course, years.

Despite his desire to get away from what he knew so well, and to discover new things in the world that lay outside the valley of the Dart, it was not altogether a comforting thought. Why did things change at all? Why, above all, should he change, to find the same old hills and heather, the same patient and weather-beaten faces, so different when he did come back? Ten years even would add little to the age of the moors. Even old Brother Paul, the gate-keeper at the Abbey, would be unaltered. But to him, when he came back, nothing would be the same. He realized dimly that it is we who change and develop in action and feeling and outlook, far more than the old monuments, the old friends, the old ideas, that stand almost still as we outstrip them in the race of life.

His brother, coming from evensong at the humble church, met him as he rode past the houses that lined the straggling street, and together they proceeded to the priest's lodging.

"So, Arnoul, you are here at last," said the priest, as his brother dismounted and walked, leading his animal, beside him. "I have been expecting you all the day, and Roger has been up at least twice from his boat to ask if you were yet come. What has kept you so long upon the road?"

"I rode by Totnes, brother. Budd had business in the town, or said he had, and came with me."

"But Totnes lies not far off the straight road that runs from Buckfast; and here evensong is done ere you are come."

"It was the armorer, Guy, who kept us, by the bridge. I took Budd there to see if the Abbot had bought me my arms.

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No; the Abbot had not been seen there. But there were such fine arms and armor in the place. You should have seen them! And the armorer himself was fashioning so fair a blade, and his men were putting new rivets in the plates of old de Nonant's suit of mail. And he was so kind to us both. I told him that I was going to leave Devon for France and the Paris schools; and that the Father Abbot had promised me the arms I need. And he called his wife to bring us wine and cakes. 'Not so rich,' he said, pouring it into the cups, 'as the wine of Burgundy, but the best we can grow in this country, with its cold and ungenerous climate.' And then he showed us his store—knives and daggers and swords, wrapped away in cloth rolls to keep them bright and keen, and greaves and inlaid breastplates hanging from the walls, and shining new casques, and old battered helmets, and a suit of chain armor brought from Italy—it was of Saracen work and came from the crusades—that would lie within your two palms, so small it was, and yet would cover all your body. And he set aside two or three things that he said would do for a fine fellow like me—going abroad to the great University—to show the Abbot when he came. And he told us tales—a tale for every piece or armor—of knights and wars and burgesses and—"

"And so you sat there and gossipped and wasted your time. Bethink you, Arnoul, you are no longer a boy to sit listening to a mercer's tales who wants to sell you his wares. And Budd! Budd is an old dotard to encourage you in it!"

"Still, brother, the sun was high and the day hot; and it was pleasant at the armorer's—"

"Well, say no more about it. Though why you are so sudden become warlike I know not. Here we are now, at any rate. Take your horse to the stable and give him drink and fodder; and then come yourself and eat. Isobel will be grumbling that the supper is spoiled."

The curate entered the house; and Arnoul, having stabled his beast, shaken down a good litter of straw, and placed a generous measure of corn in the manger, followed him into the low raftered room in which their evening meal awaited them.

Old Isobel, for a servant, was a privileged person. She had been with her master's father before Arnoul was born; and looked upon him as, in a sense, her own especial property. Like most of the Buckfast and Woodleigh people, she idolized the lad. And, indeed, his frank, boyish spirit, as yet untouched

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by those preoccupations and cares that flow from either the joys or the sorrows of maturer years; his open smile, bestowed upon any who smiled upon him; his handsome, sunburnt features, made it hard for any one to do other than like him. But, as I say, Isobel was privileged. She it was who had nursed and cared for him in the place of his dead mother. Roger could not boast of that! Until, at his father's death, he had gone to Buckfast—and that was a bitter time for her—she had watched him growing up and had done her best to cure him of the childish ailments that he had had. He had never been a strong boy, and when they took him away from her to the alumnate at the Abbey, she had given his brother a very bad hour of indignant protest and angry vehemence.

Nevertheless he had gone; and Guy, well knowing the sterling devotion and honesty that were hidden under the old creature's rough exterior, had taken her to live with him, and be his housekeeper.

"Sit you down, Arnoul, and eat. You must be famished after your ride," his brother began, setting the boy a good example by falling to heartily himself.

"And ne'er a word, or a look, or a greeting for old Isobel!" put in the old woman from the kitchen doorway, where she stood, arms akimbo. "Ah! Master Arnoul, 'twas always to Isobel you used to come first; but now, what with your horse and your journeys and your goings abroad, poor old Isobel is clean forgot."

"Isobel! Of course, you dear old thing! I have a greeting for Isobel! Have I not been thinking of you and the good things you have been getting ready for us all the way hither from Totnes? How are you, Isobel? And how are the fowls?" he added, remembering her pride in the few ragged birds that pecked and clucked about the kitchen door.

"Well! well! I cannot grumble at the health the good God gives me. And my fowls are well, too, thanks be to heaven! Only the brown hen is dead—the one that laid the big brown eggs. She died now three weeks agone. But get to your supper, laddie, or 'twill be cold."

As Arnoul fell upon the food with hearty zest and appetite Sir Guy and old Isobel kept up a running comment upon the boy's appearance. Here they agreed. He had never looked more healthy in his life. But when the conversation veered to his approaching departure, the old woman used her privilege of

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saying to the full exactly what she thought. She argued and wrangled and stormed at her master for being so foolish as to trust his young brother alone to the unknown dangers of a town such as Paris then was—full of thieves and robbers, desperadoes and murderers from every quarter of the globe. In her excited imagination she saw naught but ruffians and cut-throats parading the narrow streets. She blamed Sir Guy and Abbot Benet and the Bishop with every censure she could lay her tongue to; nor did the reasoning of the one, nor the soothing words of the other, suffice to stay the flow of her eloquence.

"You took him away from me before, and now you will send him away again," she cried; "and he will be murdered, or die of the plague."

"Hold your tongue, you foolish old woman," commanded Sir Guy, exasperated. But not heeding him, she continued with still stronger vituperation and abuse, until he bade her begone and leave them in peace; and she vanished, amid the banging of pots and ladles and spits, into the sanctuary of her own kitchen.

Arnoul and his brother sat well into the night, discussing the problem of the boy's future. Sir Guy was a good priest—a very good priest, as things went—but he found it hard sometimes to make ends meet at Woodleigh, especially when he saw others enjoying the easy fruits of richer benefices.

"You might," he suggested, "come back to a canonry—or even be an archdeacon—when you have finished your course. Indeed, perhaps the Bishop will offer you a canonry before you go, so that you will not have any money matters to worry about when you get there. Or, if it is not a canonry, at least let us hope for some benefice or other that will enable you to finish your studies. I know the Bishop likes you. Then there's the Abbot, too. He told me he would help. And I, of course, shall do all I can. If I only had all your opportunities, now—! Or there are the military orders—the knights of the Temple, for example; there's a chance to get on, too, if one is a templar. But work hard at Paris, whatever you do, Arnoul! Knowledge is all the thing now. It pays everywhere— Or, if you have no vocation, and no one offers you a benefice, if the life of the templars does not attract you, there is the law. Why, even Master Bartholomew, the notary at Totnes, makes a pretty sum drawing up his deeds and instruments. But, 'ware the Jews, Arnoul! Paris is full of Jews, so 'tis said. And never borrow what you cannot pay back."

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Thus he continued, giving advice and putting before the lad the various chances of his possible careers, until the boy's answers became fewer and fewer, until he saw the tired head nodding and the closing eyes told him that it was high time for them both to get to bed.

"One thing more," he added, as Arnoul shook himself awake and stood there, ready to say good-night and retire. "I am going to Moreleigh to-morrow. The anniversary of Vipont's wife is near; and his own Mass priest is ill. It is probable that I shall have to read the Masses for him. You have not forgotten how to answer the Mass since you left the alumnate, have you? No? Well, if I go, I shall take you with me. You will like the castle; and Sir Sigar is an open-handed man, if he is bad-tempered. But for such as he I could not live at all."

Arnoul thought rather perhaps of the hardness of Sir Sigar's hand than of his generosity. He would see Sibilla again, too, if he went to Moreleigh. At least, he hoped so. So he professed himself willing to go and perfectly able to answer the priest's Mass. He was very sleepy. The excitement of the last few days was telling; and he had had a hard, long day of it. He hardly heard his brother's last words to him, as, with a tired good-night, he made his way to the door and retired to bed.

CHAPTER VI.

The morrow dawned bright and warm, a light mist gently rising from the valleys as the sun shone forth in its splendor. Arnoul was up betimes, and had tended his horse before Sir Guy came back from the church. They broke fast together and, when the sun was well risen in the heavens, set out towards Moreleigh.

All the scents and sounds of spring accompanied them. The buds had all broken into leaf on the trees and hedges; and flowers peeped out, yellow cowslips and purple violets clustering together in the green sward. The odor of grass and leaves, just fresh from the morning dew, and that sweetest of all odors, damp, wholesome, mother earth, came upon their nostrils.

It was a day to be alive in. Both the brothers felt the charm and witchery of the woods. Arnoul threw out his chest, inhaling the fragrant air.

They talked on the way of many things, but always recurring to the main theme that was uppermost in their minds—

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the lad's approaching journey and the life he was to lead at Paris.

At length they came in sight of Moreleigh. The castle lay upon a plateau that sloped away precipitously behind it and upon either hand. The frowning gateway that broke the monotony of the embattled wall was flanked at either side by short, projecting towers, their narrow openings giving upon the entrance and commanding the iron-studded portcullis itself, as well as all that part of the plateau by which access to the castle was possible.

Sir Guy and Arnoul walked leisurely down the slope to the plateau, and passed unchallenged beneath the portcullis. There were a few of the retainers and a page standing together in the courtyard, of whom Sir Guy asked if their Lord were in the castle. One surly fellow answered that he was not yet come from his ride; that he would return anon.

"No matter," said Sir Guy. "Time does not press so but that I can await him." And he moved a little to one side. The men continued talking.

"I tell you"—it was the surly man who spoke—"that it was my Lord's favorite hawk."

"Nothing of the kind," broke in another. "He cared no more for one than for another. 'Twas the page William that angered him."

"An't please you," the boy answered for himself, "I did not anger him at all; he was already in a rage when I bore him his horn of mead, and he dashed it to the ground."

"Well, 'tis all one," grumbled another. "When you have served Sir Sigar Vipont as long as I have, you'll learn to take him as you find him. He is angered because—because he is angered, that is all; and there's no more to be said about it. Talking will not mend it; and knowing the reason of his anger will not make him one whit the less angry."

"That, at least, is true," the surly one commented. "I pity the man or maid who crosses him."

Sir Guy turned again and made a step towards the group. "If Sir Sigar be yet some time away, perchance the Lady Sibilla is in the castle with her women?"

"The Lady Sibilla will be now in the antechamber of the great hall, waiting my Lord, her father. It is her custom to meet him there when he returns from his ride. Would you speak with her? Hither, page! Acquaint thy Lady that Sir Guy, the priest, would speak with her. Follow the page, Sir Priest!"

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The two brothers waited at the foot of the steps leading to the hall, until the page returned and bade them go forward. They passed up the low and broad flight of stone steps and found themselves in the antechamber where she stood, a hand resting upon one of the sculptured lions that guarded the entry. Arnoul noticed the device of the Viponts between the stone paws—a device repeated in a hundred places throughout the apartment. The chamber was dark, with its hanging tapestries on the walls and its carvings overhead. It was lit only by two narrow lancet windows above the entry. Behind the maid was the door that led to the great hall itself, covered now by heavy curtains of rich, thick brocaded work.

The Lady Sibilla made Sir Guy and Arnoul welcome, coming forward to meet them. She was dressed in a gown and kirtle of some loose flowing material of a pale grass-green, held in at the waist with a girdle and clasps. The expression of her brown eyes was thoughtful and serious—too thoughtful and too serious, perhaps, for a maid of her years. But a smile lurked ever in their liquid depths and played about the corners of her lips. She was pale, too, with an unusual pallor, intensified by the clustering masses of dark flowing hair that escaped from beneath the golden fillet with which it was bound and rippled down over her shoulders.

Sir Guy bent over her hand respectfully and named his younger brother to her. The lad saluted her with an inclination half awkward, half stately, with a sort of innate grace and courtliness. He felt abashed and unaccustomed in her presence. But she put him at his ease at once with a kindly word and frank, open smile.

"I remember," she said, "I remember you long, long ago, when you were but a little lad, and I a tiny maid. Besides, I saw you at the feast at the Abbey; and knew you then, too."

The lad colored. Had Sibilla seen him as he gazed after her at Buckfast? He hoped not, at any rate. But she continued, speaking with Sir Guy:

"My father will return before long. I know, or at least I can guess, what you want with him—to arrange, is it not, the Masses for my poor mother's soul?"

Sir Guy nodded his assent. "Yes"; he said, "that has brought us to Moreleigh."

As for Arnoul, he could not tear his eyes from the maiden's face.

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The Lady Sibilla spoke again: "I await my father here. It is his custom to ride every day, and he always expects to find me here on his return. Since he cannot now be long, I pray you tarry in the guest-room till he come."

They saluted her again and descended the steps. The page, waiting for them in the courtyard, conducted them to the guest-chamber, which gave upon the hall. And there they seated themselves waiting for Sir Sigar's return.

The Lady Sibilla stood alone, she also waiting to greet her father.

A clatter of hoofs in the courtyard. The running to and fro of many feet. A volley of curses and a cry. The girl knew the voice. It was the younger of the pages—a delicate, fair-haired lad—who had tasted his master's riding lash. The whip whistled again through the air, and again the shrill cry rang out. She could hear the horse snorting and plunging on the stones. Her own breath came and went quickly. Should she go to her father in the courtyard? Should she stay and await his coming? She made up her mind quickly, as she heard a third shriek following on the whistling descent of the lash; and hiding the misery of her heart by a brave, if piteous, smile, she turned to go.

But hurried steps neared her. The clank of spurs rattled on the stone stair. The hangings were parted violently—torn asunder. Her father stood before her. But he did not stop to embrace her. He passed her by as though he did not see her, and stamped up, cursing the whole length of the great echoing chamber, to the head of the oaken table that measured it.

And there he flung himself down at the furthest end, still muttering and swearing, in the carved seat at the head of the table. His dog slunk in and lay beside his master. And the man frowned and glared, beating with his clenched fist and with his riding whip upon the board before him. The great swollen veins stood out upon his brow, and the thin lips were drawn back over his gums, so that his teeth glistened like the teeth of some wild animal. The pages trembled in the courtyard below. The old seneschal and the handful of retainers kept themselves prudently out of sight; for they knew that Sir Sigar Vipont, Lord of Moreleigh, had given himself up, body and soul into the grip of an ungovernable fury.

Poor Sibilla stood trembling and fearful at the farther end of the hall. She had never seen her father like this, now al-

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most inarticulate with rage, his curses coming so thick and fast from his lips that they sounded like the snarlings and yelpings of some wild beast. She sent up a prayer to her dead mother and to her patron saints, as, summing up her courage, she drew near to the furious knight and laid her little hand upon his sleeve.

He shook her off roughly with an oath. His visage was demoniacal. The unhappy maiden wrung her hands and sobbed. The dog's bristles rose as he growled and came sniffing, first at the weeping girl, then at his furious master; but a brutal cut of the whip sent him howling away; and he slunk back whimpering into a corner.

Again the girl came forward, pale and resolute. Her voice had no trace of tears or sobs in it, as she addressed him:

"Why do you beat the hound, Father?" she asked. "He has done no wrong. And why did you strike poor Oswald? What had he done to anger you?"

The knight's face grew purple, and the muscles of his throat and jaw worked convulsively as her reproachful voice fell upon his ear. He was beside himself with anger as he started up, throwing the great oaken chair with a crash to the ground in his violence and brandishing the heavy riding whip in his uplifted hand.

"By God! and by the wounds of God!" he shouted. "I will brook no interfering meddling in my house, not even from you, Sibilla! Is it not enough to be served by carrion vultures, that my own daughter must turn against me and ask me for reasons for doing as I please?"

He broke into a string of brutal curses and raised the whip, the thonged end in his hand, above his head to strike her. It was a dangerous weapon for an infuriated man to use. She knew he did not mean it—how could he mean it, her own father, so loving and so kind?—but she shrank before him trembling, lifting her arm above to guard her head and cowering towards the arras.

The dog sprang forward, growling, its bristles erect, its eyes showing red, towards his mistress. Vipont struck at it again and again, rolling out a torrent of blasphemous cursing and abuse. But the beast kept out of reach, showing its fangs and growling the more; and the girl, shrinking and cowering, the tears dried in her eyes by very fear and shame, passed the long

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length of the hall, crouching by the arras, praying to God that none should see her father thus possessed. But his mad rage held; and he followed her the whole length of the empty room, upbraiding and cursing.

The seneschal and the pages, with two or three of the bowmen, crept silently to the antechamber. They knew—far better even than his own daughter—what Vipont was capable of doing in these mad outbursts of ungovernable, unreasoning wrath. Still they never dreamed that any harm could come to the maid at her father's hands. Most like 'twas only the dog that angered him, they thought, and he would be shouting for them to bear the carcass forth—for Vipont was ever ready with the steel when in his rage. The clamor filled the courtyard and the whole castle.

Arnoul pulled at his brother's cassock. "Come," he said, "hasten, there is murder done!"

He dashed up the short stairway and, tearing the heavy curtains apart, burst breathless into the hall. The men entered behind him and stood about the door, Guy's pale face strangely outlined against the dark paneling of the lofty chamber.

None too soon!

Vipont—a furious light, as of madness, in his eyes, his face twisted and distorted—stood over his daughter, the heavy whip lifted in his outstretched hand. The girl uttered low cries and moans, turning her white face, drawn with grief and fear and shame, away from the sight of her maniacal father. The sun's rays struck upon her dress through the diamond panes of a narrow lancet window and stained it red as blood. The hound snarled and growled, turning fierce eyes and bared fangs towards its master. The men at the doorway caught their breath in a quick, sibilant hiss and started forward to protect the girl. The outstretched arm seemed poised through an eternity—an arm of stone, of steel, of nerves and sinews petrified. With an oath, the tense muscles relaxing, he flung himself upon her.

But Arnoul was quicker. He leaped at the man like a wildcat and caught the descending hand, shouting the while to the others for help. Vipont writhed and struggled, turning his rage now upon the boy, cursing and fumbling for the dagger at his side. But the lad's wrists were strong as steel and he kept his grip, though he was shaken about and worried like a rat.

With almost superhuman strength, Vipont lifted him from

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the floor and whirled him, hanging from his wrists, towards the ground. This was the opportunity. The men rushed in from behind him, and caught their Lord's arms above the elbows, dragging them backwards till they almost cracked. The seneschal wrested the heavy whip from his hand, and Arnoul stood back, gasping and panting, his heart beating and thumping on his ribs, a queer, choking sensation in his throat. It was all over in an instant. There would be a heavy reckoning with their Lord, no doubt; but murder would surely have been done without some such interference.

Vipont stood there, held fast by his own retainers, impotent and furious. His hands worked convulsively at his sides, the veins standing out like whipcord upon his brow, torrents of oaths still falling from his working lips. Sibilla had risen from the ground and was weeping silently. Her bosom swelled with sobs. Her pride, her love, her honor, had been so cruelly wronged.

Then Sir Guy came forward and led her away from the great hall, back to her women. Not a word did he speak. Only he took her hand and led her forth weeping. And Vipont struggled and cursed and clawed at his side for the weapon as she went. The pages and the remaining bowman stood open-mouthed at the door, until the seneschal motioned them away.

And then Arnoul was witness of a strange thing. The veins subsided on Sir Sigar's forehead and his hands ceased to claw and fumble at his side. He seemed on a sudden to collapse and shrink into himself. Instead of oaths, sobbing groans came from his lips. His rage had left him spent and broken; and he trembled and shook like a man—a very old man—shaken by the palsy. The seneschal bade the archers loose their master and lead him to a seat. Still cowed and broken he fell, all huddled together, into the chair they brought him. Only the tears ran down his two cheeks and choking sobs shook his entire body.

"Let him be," whispered the steward. "He will come to himself now. The fit never lasts, but wears itself away like this. Only the poor maiden! Poor child, she has never seen her father in this his worst of moods. Never before has he raised his whip to her. Indeed, he has never lost himself like this before."

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Vipont had folded his arms upon the table before him and bowed his head upon them hiding his face. The sobs still shook his frame and echoed through the vast spaces of the room. He looked so pitiful and old—that heaped-up figure sobbing in the lonely oaken chair—so crushed and old and broken, that the boy had it in his heart almost to pity him. But he remembered what he had seen, and became stern and hard again.

The seneschal signed to him to follow him; and together they withdrew, leaving the knight alone, sobbing in the great empty hall.

"Surely," said Arnoul, as soon as the heavy curtains had closed behind them, hiding the pitiful figure. "Surely the maiden is not safe with him. He is mad—stark mad! Has she no place where she could go, no people of her own to save her from a repetition of such danger?"

"There is her aunt at Exeter, the Abbess of the Benedictines there," replied the seneschal. "But she would never go. No; she certainly would never consent to go. Nothing would tear her from her father."

"But she must go," insisted the boy imperatively. "She must be got away from such a madman. Guy shall speak with her and persuade her. Abbot Benet will reason with Sir Sigar himself. Surely he will listen to reason when once he is calm again! And, if need be, the Bishop—"

"She will not listen; and Sir Sigar will hear no reason. Let be! young sir, let be!" repeated the seneschal. "I know what I am saying. The Lady Sibilla will never be persuaded to leave her father. But, see! there is your brother, Sir Guy," he went on. "You will want a bite, both of you, and a sup before you return to Woodleigh. And all your journey here in vain! Alas! it is not to be helped! A pity! Yes; a pity! Come, Sir Guy! Come, young sir!"—the good seneschal's thoughts turned from his present anxiety to the comforting of the inner man—"we shall find a cold pasty, doubtless, and a flagon or so of wine, if we do but look for it. And, after so arduous a morning's work, so disquieting a scene, so terrible an adventure, faith of God! we all need it!"

So saying he disappeared through a low archway, Sir Guy and Arnoul following close at his heels.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

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JORIS KARL HUYSMANS.

BY VIRGINIA M. CRAWFORD.

THE death of Joris Karl Huysmans has followed, at a few months' interval, the death of Ferdinand Brunetière, and the Church in France to-day is the poorer through the loss of these two distinguished converts to Catholicism. No two men could have been more dissimilar, no two could have been brought to an understanding of divine truth by more diverse paths; yet it was given to each, in his own sphere, to combat the materialism of the century and to labor in the interests of the Church to which each had submitted in middle life—Brunetière by the eloquence of his speech and the austere probity of his character even more than by his pen; Huysmans by the sheer power of incomparable literary expression. In what form and with how great an intensity will their memories survive among their countrymen?

Contemporary events seem to make it easier than is usually the case to arrive, so soon after his death, at some perception of the ultimate place to be filled by Huysmans in the literary history of his adopted country. He died (May 13, 1907) at a moment when France was in the throes of an anti-religious campaign, of which the permanent consequences are still beyond our vision, but of which the first and most obvious result has been the uprooting of that monastic ideal which has flourished with such amazing luxuriance on Gallic soil ever since the day when Lacordaire—most characteristic of French friars—preached in Notre Dame in the proscribed habit of St. Dominic.

One of the most distinctive features of the Renaissance of Christianity in France during the nineteenth century, after its temporary destruction during the Revolution, has surely been the very large part played in it by the religious orders, their influence, their wealth, their rapid growth. Whether it be a feature to rejoice over or to be deplored, it is a fact no one cares to dispute. It is surely not without significance that on

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the eve of the outburst of hatred and bigotry which has culminated in their forcible disruption, a man of letters of the first rank should have come forward as the champion of this modern efflorescence of monasticism, as the interpreter of its mystical significance and the commentator of its most minute observances.

It is this, I venture to think, that constitutes Huysmans' permanent right to a niche in his country's temple of fame. He has chronicled, in letters of gold, a state of life which, maybe, as far as France is concerned, has passed away beyond recall. To this task he devoted his strange genius, his varied erudition, and the mature powers of his later life. And into it, with the unerring judgment of the true artist, he has woven the history of his own spiritual growth, transforming what might have been a mere historical retrospect into an absorbing psychological study. In other words, he has given us a revelation of the human soul almost without parallel in literature, tracing its painful upward course from the horrors of Satan-worship to the very doors of the cloister.

Huysmans so identifies Christianity with the monastic life at its purest, that it becomes scarcely an exaggeration to assert that without Solesmes and without La Trappe his conversion would never have been effected. Hence the identification of himself and his own spiritual welfare with that of the many religious houses—Carmelite, Benedictine, or Cistercian—that he visits and dissects. No one save he could have produced the wonderful trilogy of *En Route*, *La Cathédrale*, and *L'Oblat*, and, I venture to think, it is for these three books that he will be remembered by posterity.

Few men have been endowed with so complex a nature as Huysmans; few have brought their work to so unexpected a climax. Descended from a family of Flemish painters he possessed by birthright that gift of minute observation so characteristic of the Flemish school. His memory was prodigious, scarcely less remarkable, indeed, than the industry with which he accumulated vast stores of out-of-the-way items of information with which his pages are strewn. His senses were abnormally developed; he was peculiarly sensitive to odors; and in the joys of the palate he was an unblushing adept. He was indeed avid of sensations in every form; yet, like all epicureans, he was a prey to boredom and mental lassitude. In

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general his was a singularly lonely existence, and in later years, even when he was living in his apartment in the Rue de Sèvres, it was that of a student and recluse, wholly destitute of domestic joys and lightened only by a few chosen friendships. He had a morbid horror of the ugly and commonplace, and an almost physical repulsion to every form of suffering, which in itself would account for much of his periodical depression of spirits, although in his case it was balanced by an exquisite sensitiveness to beauty. Yet it is to be noted that the beauty he loved was rather that of art than of nature, the beauty of pure color and sculptured line and soaring column. Very rarely does he dilate on landscape or scenery, and when he writes of plants or flowers it is often merely as a peg on which to hang some quaint botanical lore. Yet one has scarcely the right to criticise his æsthetic limitations, when it is remembered how wide were his powers of appreciation, and to what admirable use he put them. To no single branch of art was he indifferent: music, sculpture, painting, architecture, he studied them all, loved them all, and assigned to each its appointed place in the harmony of created things.

Given his time and his temperament, it was inevitable that Huysmans should make his *début* in literature as a disciple of Émile Zola. His "Sac Au Dos" (1880), describing the brutalities of barrack life, appeared in the celebrated composite volume, the *Soirées de Médan.* A number of pessimistic stories, sordid and unpleasant both in subject and treatment, belong to the ensuing years: *Les Sœurs Vatard; A Vau L'Eau,* (1882); *Un Dilemme* (1884); *Croquis Parisiens;* and the notorious *A Rebours.* Soon, however, the revolt against materialism was to come, and, like Rosny, Paul and Victor Margueritte, George Moore, and other writers less known to fame, Huysmans threw off his allegiance to the founder of the naturalist school and, unconsciously to himself, his mind began to turn towards the things of the spirit.

For, realist as he was in one aspect of his character, he was mystic and dreamer in another. Repulsive as *A Rebours* is in many of its features, it nevertheless does forecast in a curious way the change that was to come over its author's life. This may be seen on the one hand in the characteristics with which he endows his hero, the Duc des Esseintes—a love of theological niceties, a vague sense of the Church's greatness,

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and a certain familiarity with religious writers, the outcome of his Jesuit training; and on the other, in the realization the book betrays of the vanity of mere material things. The decadent and neurotic des Esseintes creates for himself a wholly egotistic paradise, from which was to be excluded every sign and sound which could jar on the most delicate organization, and the experiment fails miserably.

Amid the turmoil of criticism aroused by the book few had the penetration to perceive whither the author was being led. That robust and original genius, Barbey d'Aurevilly, discerned it, as years before he had discerned a similar promise of conversion in Baudelaire. In an article in the *Constitutionnel* (July 29, 1884) he drew attention to the humble pathos of the prayer that brings the volume to a close, begging mercy "for the Christian who doubts and for the unbeliever who fain would believe," a prayer wrung from the lips of des Esseintes in a moment of acute desolation of soul. In Barbey d'Aurevilly's judgment it was Huysmans himself who gave utterance to the prayer. Yet, twenty year later, in a preface to a privately-issued edition of *A Rebours*, the author was able to assert that at the time he wrote it he felt no conscious leanings towards the Christian faith, and no sense of the need of reformation in his own life.

His conversion, indeed, was still eight years distant. In the interval there appeared both *En Rade* and *Là-Bas*, books that few Catholics will care to open. Yet *Là-Bas*, despite its truly horrible revelations concerning the Black Mass and obscure forms of Satan-worship both in the Paris of to-day and in the Paris of the seventeenth century, possesses for the psychologist the interest of bringing on the scene, for the first time, Durtal, the man of letters, the hero of the three ensuing novels, the prototype of the author himself. In the intense subjectivity of all Huysmans' writing it is not easy to discriminate between fiction and personal experience, but it is admittedly no injustice to him to assume that the history of Durtal's soul's progress is, in its main features, closely autobiographical. None the less, the ordinary reader may well be content to make acquaintance with his career only at the stage entitled *En Route*.

This wonderful book appeared in 1895. Three years previously the author had suddenly left Paris, and had made a retreat in the little Trappist monastery of Notre Dame d'Igny.

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Here he made his peace with God and received Holy Communion. The event, when known, produced not a little curious speculation in French literary circles, to be followed by an outburst of excited controversy when the whole story was given to the world. Unbelievers, while praising the work of art, poured scorn on the conversion, and Catholics were too scandalized at the sinner to credit him with any sincerity of purpose. His reconciliation was declared to be unreal, his repentance sensational, his whole attitude a mere literary pose.

Happily a few men, such as the late Mgr. d'Hulst, François Coppée, and the Abbé F. Klein, besides his trusted friend, the Abbé Mugnier, discerned from the first something of the true greatness of a book so daringly outspoken and so full of startling paradoxes that the conventional Christian failed to recognize the repentant soul of the Prodigal Son returning to his Father's house in so unwonted a guise. Of the literary merit of the book there could scarce be any question. The uncertainties, the tentative experiment of earlier works, here disappear. With none of the usual stock-in-trade of the novelist—no love episode, no heroine, no plot—he holds the reader by the unbroken unity of the theme treated in a style so incisive, so picturesque, so varied in imagery as to carry one unfatigued through his longest and most learned dissertations. Few writers have so vast a vocabulary at their command as Huysmans, and his frequent use of unusual words is a continual tax on the foreign reader. In this he scarcely falls short of Balzac or Flaubert.

The ultimate test, however, of a book such as *En Route* as, I may surely add, of the *Confessions* of St. Augustine, must lie, not in its purely literary qualities, but in its essential sincerity, and its reliability as an unvarnished record of a soul's conversion to God. Judged from such a standard, I confess it is hard to understand that any unprejudiced person can remain unmoved by Huysmans' confessions. Our passion for the sensational and mock-heroic which has caused us to embellish beyond all recognition the simple records of early hagiographers in order to bring them more into accord with our own false standards of what is edifying and becoming in saints and martyrs, often blinds us to the real nature of man's heroic struggle against evil in daily life. Huysmans has an unequalled capacity for reproducing not only the doubts and hesitations of the human mind, the petty pretexts on which we would fain put from

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us some unwelcome duty, the paltry cowardice that clogs our powers of action, but also the fierce onslaughts of temptation to which human nature is prone. Durtal is never heroic, as we are wont to understand heroism, but he is amazingly, convincingly, human!

Another point which testifies to Huysmans' transparent sincerity is that when it comes to the definite question of the cause of his own conversion, he, adept as he is in self-analysis, remains dumb. "Providence was merciful to me," he writes simply in the preface to *A Rebours*, already referred to, "and the Blessed Virgin was kind." Elsewhere he speaks of Durtal's weariness of life, of the prayers of relations, of the compelling power of Christian art as contributory causes. He exclaims:

> Ah! the true test of Catholicism is surely the art that it provided, the art that no man has been able to surpass: the *Primitifs* in painting and sculpture, the mystics in verse and in prose, plain chant in music, and in architecture the Roman and the Gothic (*En Route*. P. 10).

These, however, are the more external reasons and leave much unaccounted for. After all, who can apportion and determine the workings of the Holy Spirit within us? Are not most stories of conversions singularly unconvincing documents? Yet a lesser artist than Huysmans would certainly have made the attempt.

Having once embraced Catholicism, Huysmans' attitude, in all essentials of faith, partook of the receptive docility of childhood. He seems to have been wholly untouched by—indeed quite uninterested in—the intellectual problems that cause distress to so many in our day. So, too, he had no leanings towards liberalism, whether within or without the Church. Poles asunder as they were by nature, his religious attitude, in its simple directness, reminds me at times of that of the Breton, Ernest Hello. They had in common their vivid sense of the Communion of Saints, and their intimate knowledge of Holy Scripture, rare among Frenchmen. Both are wholly free from the sin of human respect. To Huysmans religion could never be a matter of outward observances, a conventional formula. To him it meant nothing less than the familiarity of the soul with God and the diligent cultivation of such a state of life as

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renders the familiarity more real, more continuous. For the majority of souls such favorable conditions can scarce be found outside the cloister. Hence his enthusiasm for La Trappe, the wonderful picture of which supplies the most enchanting pages of *En Route*. No writer of our day has penetrated more intimately than he into the mystical beauty of the cloistered ideal, the far-reaching power of prayer, the awful reality of reparation for the sins of others.

His knowledge of the writings of the great mystics of the Church, more especially those of Spain and Flanders, is such as few laymen can pretend to. Living thus, as he did, in his later years, in touch with the highest conceptions of Christian truth, his mind steeped in the symbolism and the liturgy of the Church, it was perhaps only human that he should betray undue impatience of the worldly compromises of every-day Catholics. The fashionable preacher, the theatrical *cantiques* of the *Mois de Marie*, religion reduced to a matter of painted statuettes and candles and chromos, the "imbecile literature" and "inept press" of Catholic France, all excite his unmeasured scorn, and if his picturesque language is over-emphatic, and his denunciations unduly sweeping, who can deny the basis of right upon his side? He is a literary Savonarola, who would joyfully have lit a bonfire on the *Parvis Notre Dame*, in which to fling all those trivial *objets de piété* which he believed to stand between the soul and God. None the less, one must regret that his generous defence of the religious orders should have led him into an undue depreciation of the French secular clergy. It is reassuring to learn from the Abbé Brémond, in a sympathetic appreciation of his friend, in *Le Correspondant* (June 10, 1907), that the invectives to be found in Huysmans' books were much attenuated as they fell from his own lips, and that his innate kindness of heart took from them all their sting. Apparently his complex nature included a certain Flemish thick-skinnedness, for we are told that he was genuinely surprised and distressed on learning that his ferocious plain-speaking had caused pain in many quarters, and it is to be noted that his latest writings are comparatively free from personalities.

After the mysticism of the Church was to follow its symbolism, after Notre Dame de l'Âtre, Chartres Cathedral. To most people Chartres has been but one among the many beautiful Gothic churches of France. For readers of *La Cathédrale*

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it will ever retain a loveliness all its own, as the home *par excellence* of the Blessed Virgin, as a "*blonde aux yeux bleus*," as "the most superhuman and exalted art the world has ever seen." Never has Cathedral been celebrated by so fervid and penetrating a chronicler. Never has the symbolism of mediæval sculptors and builders been subjected to a more searching analysis. There are exquisite romantic pages telling of the erection of the great building, of the wave of religious emotion that brought together a motley army of rich and poor to toil, as on a new Crusade, for the greater glory of the Mother of God. There is a wonderful picture of the vast nave at early dawn, in which the clustered pillars are compared with forest trees. And there is a long, detailed study of the incomparable statuary that decorates the exterior, a study in which every variation of line and expression is keenly noted. To Huysmans each stone figure is as a living witness of the past, an individuality endowed with all the characteristics of the saint or prophet whose name it bears, and to be written about, therefore, in tones of reverent admiration. Here is a charming passage referring to the group of royal ladies who adorn the Western porch:

> What say they to each other, they who have watched St. Bernard, St. Louis, St. Ferdinand, St. Fulbert, St. Ives, Blanche of Castile, and so many of the elect, pass by them before penetrating into the starry gloom of the nave? Do they speak of the death of their companions, of those five statues that have disappeared forever from their little circle? Do they listen, through the half-closed doors, to the moaning of the desolate wind of the psalms and the roaring of the great waters of the organ? Can they hear the preposterous exclamations of the tourists who laugh at seeing them so tall and stiff? Can they detect, in common with so many saints, the odor of sin, the stench from the slime of the souls that brush by them? If it were indeed so, one could no longer lift one's eyes to them . . . and yet Durtal continued to gaze, for he could not drag himself away; they held him by the never-failing charm of their mystery. In fine, he said to himself, they are extra-terrestrial, in spite of their material form. Their bodies do not exist though their souls are free to dwell in their sculptured vesture; they are thus in perfect unison with the basilica which, it also, is disincarnated from its stone walls, and rises far above the earth, in a flight of ecstasy.

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Of actual story, there is in *La Cathédrale* even less than in *En Route*. We follow the neophyte into the comparatively serene atmosphere of the Cathedral city, where his worst trials are his states of dryness and spiritual lassitude, under which he groans in a frankly human fashion and lives through as best he may. The incomparable Madame Bavoil supplies the only touch of femininity in a volume which might well be studied for its learning apart from its literary qualities. Not only are there the long disquisitions on statuary and stained glass which legitimately find a place in an architectural work, but the author has introduced in addition elaborate studies of Fra Angelico, of the German Primitif school, of the symbolism of gems and of plants, of odors and of colors, and of the marvels of mediæval bestiaries.

That the average reader is somewhat overwhelmed by so continuous a stream of unfamiliar information poured out before him cannot be denied, in spite of the skill with which Huysmans sifts and tabulates the quaint wisdom of mediæval students and chroniclers. And, in point of fact, the digressions are not wholly lacking in method, for they are all off-shoots of study from that of the liturgy of the Church which, as years went by, became to Huysmans an ever-increasing pre-occupation, whether in Paris or Chartres, at La Trappe or Solesmes.

With him it was a passion as genuine and as reverent as that which has given us Dom Guéranger's many and invaluable volumes. Even before Durtal's conversion, his love for the Church's Office, rightly rendered, had led him, a rapturous worshipper, to vespers in the chapel of the Benedictines in the Rue Monsieur, and later, when the death of the Abbé Géuresin deprived Chartres of any special claim as a place of residence, it was the determining influence which established him, after much mental hesitation, in the character of an oblate in the Benedictine Abbey of the Val des Saints—the Ligugé of real life.

It is no small proof of Huysmans' wide powers of appreciation where the religious orders are concerned that, having been reconciled to the Church at La Trappe, and thrilled through all his being by his vision of the Cistercian ideal of silence and penance and vicarious suffering, he should have grasped, with scarcely less enthusiasm, the spirit of the benign rule of St. Benedict. It was the solemn and dignified rendering of God's worship with the daily recitation of the divine office in full choir

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as the central feature of monastic life, implying, as is the case in Benedictine houses, the sole use of his beloved plain chant and the entire exclusion of figured music that appealed so strongly to Huysmans. Next there was his subtle appreciation of the somewhat ill-defined position of an oblate, bound by no vows, yet participating in some measure of monastic routine, and sharing in many of the spiritual privileges of a dedicated life without that entire surrender of time and intellectual interests which to many men in middle life becomes a practical impossibility, however piously disposed.

All these themes are meditated and commented on in *L'Oblat* in a mood more placid and equable than that of its predecessors. The ordinary events of cloistered life, the great feasts of the Church, Holy Week, Durtal's own clothing and profession as an oblate, are so many pegs on which to hang learned dissertations on art and music and, above all, on the right rendering of the Church's liturgy. A pleasant touch of gentle satire is introduced in the presentment of the devout Mlle. de Garambois, who shares in the author's own weakness for "*de bons petits plats*," and gives him an outlet for the display of his culinary lore. The dispersal of the community under the Associations Law not only brings the trilogy to a sad close, but, in a measure, seems to cut short the work of interpretation of the mystical life to an unbelieving generation, which Huysmans had made in a special sense his own. His countrymen at least made it clear that they had no national use for centres of prayer and sacrifice among them.

Huysmans had, however, several years of work still before him. Reluctantly he returned to his solitary life in Paris on the closing of the Abbey at Ligugé and in spite of impaired health was able to see through the press two new books, which complete in different directions his studies of religious phenomena. The first was the long-delayed *Life of Sainte Lydwine de Schiedam*, a Flemish ecstatic of the early fifteenth century, whose powers of taking on herself the sins and sufferings of others render her one of the most extraordinary figures in mediæval hagiography. Needless to say, Huysmans is no disciple of the modern critical school of historians, although the biography opens with a vigorous and wholly unconventional picture of the moral condition of Europe at the birth of the saint. He rarely cites an authority, and he appears to place an equal value on

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all the narratives he reproduces. His treatment, more especially in regard to physical and medical details, is as realistic as anything in Zola. Yet the awe-inspiring, pathetic life is lit up by the passion of love that inspired it, skillfully reflected in the pages of a biographer who is able to appreciate to the full the mystical significance of events that to men of the world are wholly incomprehensible, and which alone render possible a life of such acute and ceaseless suffering.

The book on Lourdes, published in 1906, proved a last act of homage to the Blessed Virgin, to whom Huysmans attributed so large a share in his conversion. From the venerable and solemn beauties of Chartres to the cheap modernity of Lourdes was change indeed! And it says much for Huysmans' spiritual vision that, although his æsthetic senses suffered so acutely at Lourdes that he was obliged to have recourse to a theory of direct diabolic influence to account for the all-pervading hideousness of building and statuary, his belief in the miraculous nature of the cures effected never wavered. He moans over the entire absence of liturgical life, over the mutilated vespers and the Low Masses, accompanied by popular hymns—"*de pieuses dure-lures*,"—he calls them—and asks why even the Little Office of our Lady finds no place in any of her sanctuaries at Lourdes. Critical as he is in all that concerns religious art, and oppressed as he becomes at times by the noise, the crowds, the surging popular life of the place, and the impossibility of finding a silent, empty corner from which to converse with our Lady in peace, his testimony is emphatic as to the spiritual marvels of the place, and the extraordinary exaltation induced by the prayers and chants of vast multitudes of people. There is, as he says, in spite of all that may jar upon one, "so much faith, so many prayers, so much love." He sums up the Grotto as a vast hospital let loose in Neuilly fair, yet admits that there the Virgin at times is more living and more accessible than elsewhere. He has generous praise for the inexhaustible charity of nurses and *brancardiers*, and declares that at Lourdes alone may be found a veritable fusion of classes. And as a final proof of the strong spiritual influences at work, he dwells on an aspect of the pilgrimages that is too often overlooked: the resignation and peace of soul habitually vouchsafed to those who leave with body uncured. There is no despondency, no despair, when the waters fail to straighten the crippled limbs,

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but instead an infusion of courage and hope and patience for the future.

The suffering that stirred such real sympathy in Huysmans' heart was soon to fall to his own share. Lovers of that most engaging of family records, the *Récit d'une Sœur*, for whom no circumstance connected with the La Ferronaye family can be indifferent, will remember how Pauline Craven, most brilliant of conversationalists even in her brilliant circle, spent the last two years of her life paralyzed and speechless, deprived utterly of the one gift in which she had taken pride, and with what perfect resignation she made what, for her, was the hardest sacrifice of all. A somewhat similar fate was reserved by Divine Providence for J. K. Huysmans. The man endowed with an abnormal sensitiveness of taste and smell, with an intense shrinking from disease and ugliness in every form, was to die by inches from a malady loathsome to himself and to those who waited on him. For six months he lingered, struck down by cancer of the palate, and if even after *La Cathédrale* and *L'Oblat* there were still some incredulous critics who doubted of the sincerity of his conversion, they must surely have been silenced forever by the patience and courage with which he bore the slow progress of the one disease for which science can supply no remedy and but little alleviation.

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AN UNCIVIL ENGINEER.

BY JEANIE DRAKE.

LEWISTON-ON-THE-SEA had never had a boom. It was, indeed, a question with its more conservative class whether anything so modern could be desirable. Bearing with proud endurance the reverses following an unequal war, it viewed with distrust any threatening ripple of commercial prosperity as something rather common. However, when through its senator the Department decided to build at this point a model navy yard, there was a certain communal thrill.

"Dem Yankees gwine gib us a good long job o' work," cheerfully concluded the African contingent, even more cheerful when unemployed.

"Let us hope Senator Cotesworthy did nothing unworthy of his distinguished grandfather in helping this matter through," declaimed the serious-faced, elderly men.

And the prim, little old ladies in black flitted in and out of each other's houses and sighed: "Another influx of strangers, my dear!"

None of these took into account that the wheels of time move steadily, and that youth's expectant gaze is for a day freshly dawning rather than for one already set. Thus the young men and maidens rejoiced surreptitiously over visions of new and interesting people coming in, and consequent festivities and what not.

Hartwell, officer in charge of the dry dock, taking a constitutional along the sea wall, was hardly conscious of two charming maidens who met and passed him. But these were perfectly conscious of him, having noted his approach when he first came up the steps of the Battery High Walk.

"Child," whispered the taller and older excitedly, "that's the one I told you about—the new man up at the yard. Isn't he fine? Such lovely auburn hair—and eyes!"

"Auburn eyes? That's a new variety," commented the younger, dark-haired girl. But she also took sufficient interest to curve her vision in a miraculous feminine manner around her

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shoulder without turning her head. "He has a tolerable figure," she conceded. "What does he do?"

"Civil engineer."

"Is an officer a *civil* engineer, Sue?"

"Oh, I don't know. What does it matter? A rose by any name— With that lordly air, be sure he bosses the job, whatever he's called."

Their musical tinkle of subdued laughter went with Hartwell, again near-by, as the sea-breeze fluttering their white gowns, and the sunset glow across the harbor waters, merely as part of pleasant surroundings. For he was mentally intent on problems connected with levers and parallelograms and darkeys who wouldn't half work. And presently against the gorgeous orange sky they saw him pass prosaically to his dinner. But the girls, lissome and buoyant, strolled and whispered and tinkled as these young things do until, in the dusk, they were sought by one of the prim little ladies in black, who was the younger's Cousin Maria, and led home with the gentle reproof: "You know, my dears, well-bred girls—young *ladies*—shouldn't be out late."

Subsequently to this afternoon it became a custom with Sue Biddleson to rush tempestuously upon Amaryllis Lane, or *vice versâ*, with such remarks as: "I was coming from music-lesson to-day, child, when what do you think? I met the Civil!" Or: "The Civil passed our house this afternoon, and he looked—stunning!"

Then Sue, who had been "out" for two seasons, whereas Amaryllis would not make her bow to society until after Christmas, announced cruelly: "I expect to meet the Civil Thursday night at the ball; and I'll think of you, dear, when I'm dancing with him."

Amaryllis widened her eyes pathetically and leaned her little head, with its weight of dusky tresses, on one side like a vivid blossom on its stem, in a way she had.

"Well," she responded, the humor of the situation evoking a dimple or two, "give him my love. But what if he shouldn't go?"

"Not go! When he has cards to a St. Ursula!" It was Susan's firm conviction that these festivities were the social events, not so much of the earth as of the universe. She held from her parents a simple faith that the Czar of all the Russias would feel flattered by an invitation to one. And when her more traveled friends spoke of presentations at centuries-

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old courts, or of Admirals' brilliant flag-ship receptions to royalty, she would ask in ingenuous provincialism: "Have you ever attended a St. Ursula ball?" Thus, when Thursday had come and gone, it was with reluctant and astonished admission of his absence that she spoke of "the Civil."

"Has been invited to everything, Frank Dascom says, but goes nowhere. Too busy, maybe; but he's at the club sometimes—and the men all like him."

Amaryllis accorded sympathy to this discomfiture, though with shining eyes. "Papa has a contract up at the yard," she volunteered, after a while. "He is going there this afternoon."

"The very thing," pronounced Susan briskly, who was by no means like the poor cat in an old adage as regards "letting 'I dare not' wait upon 'I would.'"

"I—don't—know—" hesitated the more scrupulous hearer; but the indulgent Mr. Lane found himself with two fair companions on his visit to the navy yard.

"You understand, of course, girls, that this is exceptional. Visitors are strictly excluded at present; but, as I go on business, there's no great harm in taking you, if you keep quiet and out of the way."

To an unobservant father, their becoming simplicity of toilet and sparkling demureness of manner promised this; so he overlooked, and Susan never saw, though Amaryllis noted sensitively, a fleeting expression of surprise on Captain Hartwell's face during the introduction.

"Sorry we are too busy properly to do the honors just now," he said briefly. "My assistant, Mr. Dascom, is absent; but I will detail a man to show the young ladies around while we attend to business in my office, Mr. Lane."

Then the girls found themselves gravely inspecting the basin of the dock and the half-finished sea wall and the foundations of the officers' quarters, under the escort of a respectful and painfully well-informed marine, while Mr. Lane was closeted with "the Civil" for a long hour or more. At length, graciously but determinedly, Amaryllis dismissed their guide that she might give way to mirth.

"A friend's father's business call is not the chance of a lifetime, is it, Sue?"

"It's a beginning," said that dauntless damsel. Which she maintained in the face of Captain Hartwell's perfunctory remark or two on joining them, and evident preoccupation as they drove away.

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"Government's got an admirably efficient officer there," said Mr. Lane. "Pleasure to do business with him."

"Isn't his manner rather—rather—?" hinted Amaryllis.

"Not at all. His time is valuable. You girls had an unusual chance to go over the works. You must have enjoyed it."

"Oh, we did!" said his daughter gleefully. "Didn't we, Susan?"

"Certainly," answered that young person dryly. Her enthusiasm, however, was rekindled when next she descended in a whirl upon Amaryllis' sanctum. "Amaryllis, darling, such a piece of news! He's a hero!"

"Who?"

"The Civil."

"What kind of a hero?"

"Oh, *you* know. A *regular* hero"; said the literal Susanna. "Carried a flag all by himself up San Juan. Or—no—no—rescued some wounded Spanish sailors at risk of almost certain death from a torpedo; no, that's not it; Frank Dascom'll tell you. All the men think it splendid, and his picture has been in all the papers. Frank might have told us before!"

Then she tiptoed to the door, shutting it with noiseless care, and produced from her shopping-bag two cabinet-sized, indifferently good photographs of Hartwell. "Dolby had 'em," she said triumphantly. "Told me he'd sold dozens just after the war, and always kept one in his show-case until Captain Hartwell asked him to take it out. Now what we want is his autograph on the back."

"I certainly do not!" protested Amaryllis.

"Yes, you do; and I've arranged an easy way to get it. We'll go up to the Country Club—to play tennis; and then, instead of getting out there, we'll go on to the yard; and, as we're acquainted, we'll just ask him."

"Susan, what would your father say?" She knew very well what her own and her Cousin Maria would say.

"They won't know," said Susan calmly. "Why, at Darton College, the girls used to go to matinées and get the leading man's autograph under the very nose of a cantankerous chaperon. I'd rather take risks for a hero's name myself." She might not have prevailed with the younger against the ingrained instincts of fine breeding, but that her lesser years made Amaryllis shrink a little from the charge of "working for a halo."

It happened that the afternoon Susan elected to go auto-

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graph-hunting closed a troublous day for Captain Hartwell, in which constant struggling with unreliable and insubordinate negro labor had terminated in something approaching riot. He heard the sunset gun with a sigh of relief, and was indulging in his first moments of relaxation, when the vexed strain returned to his brow at the announcement: "Ladies to see you, sir."

"Wouldn't it be Fate's irony to send me a book-agent just now!" he muttered derisively, returning to his office.

Amaryllis had just lent impetus to her failing courage by murmuring in desperate jest: "Suppose—*suppose* he should be Hobson in disguise!" when the door opened, admitting an unwilling host.

"Good—afternoon," he said formally, "what can I do for you, ladies?"

"We have heard so much," said Susan, "of your—your great act of heroism; and—and—will you, please, write your name on these?"

He took the pictures without a word, picked up a pen, and scrawled a signature across each, returning it. Then he looked gravely at his visitors, recognizing them now as the pretty girls who had accompanied Mr. Lane, and continued standing, tall and straight.

"I beg your pardon," he said, "but I am much older than you—have seen the world—so I venture to tell you that it is better for young ladies to come here just now—if at all—with escort. I fancy your fathers—being Lewistonians—would hardly sanction anything unconventional, even to get the entirely worthless autograph of an insignificant soldier."

"Insignificant!" exclaimed the denser Susan. "Oh, no; Mr. Dascom told me—" But she was unheard, his attention being fascinated by the wave of color which swept over Amaryllis' face and then subsided, leaving her so pale that her dusky hair and lashes and scarlet lips showed startlingly vivid against her great white hat.

A fear, unfounded but paralyzing, that she might cry was cut short by a brick which came crashing through a window-pane close to her head. He had pushed them back unceremoniously, and was out, revolver in hand, running with his few assistants towards the riotous laborers, before the girls knew what had happened. From the window they saw him, stern and determined, cow the threatening, tumultuous mob; saw him drive

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them backward through the gate, which was barred behind them, and saw him return composed and competent.

"They have been giving trouble," he explained shortly. "Drinking, probably. It might not be safe for you to go back that way. I will take you in the launch to one of the wharves, where you can get a car."

"We are more than sorry to add to your trouble," said Amaryllis in a toneless voice.

"I am only concerned for your safety," he replied as unmovedly. No other word was spoken while the little launch went cleaving her way to their wharf; and they parted with the slightest of farewells.

Then Susan was at liberty to call him: "Crank! Frump! Freak! Boor!" and other epithets, which she did with freedom and relish.

"You leave me nothing to remark," commented Amaryllis, with a forced smile. "But let's be fair. The man is good-looking enough, if he *is* a bear. Why not just call him the Uncivil? That would fit." She was tearing her picture slowly into very small pieces and strewing the pavement with them.

"I'll keep mine," said the philosophic Susan. "The girls'll think he gave it, and envy me."

When imported workmen and peace and routine had returned to the yard, Hartwell had time to remember a girl, slim and graceful, with dark eyes, and lashes resting on a cheek of damask-rose, which had gone suddenly white at his words.

"I am a beast!" he thought repentantly. "I have lived so long with work and without women that I begin to be a savage. What harm was their thoughtless escapade, that I must preach at them like a venerable mentor! But I was over-strained—and I do feel such a fool when people babble about heroism!" He winced again, recalling that blush and sensitive lip's quiver.

The subject of his thoughts was passionately arraigning herself at this time. "Oh, how could I—could I—*could* I do such a thing? Give a man a right to lecture me—*me*, Amaryllis Lane! But he must have seen that it was just a foolish prank—that we were ladies—and it was cruel in him—and—and ungentlemanly!"

When they chanced upon "the Uncivil" now, Susan would grant the merest nod of her fluffy, flaxen head; but from Amaryllis' graceful indifference none could have guessed, save its object, her deeper resentment. Frank Dascom, Hartwell's secre-

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tary, being with them on one of these occasions, remarked with his wonted levity:

"What a charmingly cordial way you Lewistonians have of bowing to strangers! I nearly fell upon your necks and wept with delight when I first encountered your farthest north manner."

"It's a wonder you didn't," said both maidens, with whom the lanky, spectacled, irreverent youth was a favorite.

"There is still time to repair the omission," he suggested hopefully. "But what's the matter with the Chief that you so freeze *him?*"

"His own manner being so genial?" said Miss Lane sweetly.

"I don't know. He's all right with men. They say he's rather avoided women since he lost his sweetheart by a very sad accident ten or twelve years ago. Did you know that your father had asked the Chief and me to dinner to-morrow? Please invite Miss Biddleson to meet me. I am doing noble missionary work in reclaiming her from ancestor-worship. She begins to worship *me* instead, which must in time prove civilizing."

So this was what came, Amaryllis thought, of withholding confidence from her father. She must receive a coldly-critical, disagreeable man, whom she deeply disliked. At least Susan should share the situation.

As to Hartwell, this first invitation accepted by him in Lewiston had been accepted eagerly. "I can reassure that flower-like girl that I am not quite a bear," was his unacknowledged reason. To find himself at her right hand, with shaded candle-light illumining glass and silver and flowers, and above all, her radiant self in shimmering drapery, seemed in spite of more then a decade's seniority and acquaintance with many countries, an event. He talked well and easily, yet was all the while well aware of an intervening film of ice.

"I am hopelessly unforgiven," he decided, when this stately young nymph, whose pomegranate blooms vied with her checks and lips, preceded him from the room. He soon found himself relegated to his host's attentions, while the younger trio chatted and sang and laughed intermittently in the contiguous music-room. His interest wandered thither. He heard mirthful protest from Sue, and Frank Dascom reiterate that: "It would be the proudest day of Dascom Senior's life when his son should stand before him and say: 'Father, I have brought

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you a Biddleson!'" and then telling her that he had seen a portrait of her "renowned grandfather" somewhere, and that she was a considerable improvement on *that*."

"Gently, gently, children," urged good little, prim little Cousin Maria, passing through.

"Wouldn't that jar you?" commented the graceless secretary.

"You forget that's my Cousin Maria," remonstrated a laughing girl.

"Is it my fault that she's not also mine? Say but the word, and I am at your feet."

Hartwell frowned; he too used to sing and talk nonsense not so very long ago; but—but—there should be limits. Miss Biddleson, now—. He took his leave shortly, drawing the reluctant secretary in his wake.

"Delightful house to visit at," observed the latter, lighting his cigarette. "Charming people, the Lanes. Miss Biddleson's a nice girl, too, or will be some day. She no longer quotes her papa and mamma to me as an ultimatum. She begins to understand that the great outside world is larger and livelier than their cemetery lot. I fancy I have taught her a thing or two during our acquaintance."

His chief smiled grimly in the dark. He also had been fatuous enough to assume the office of teacher.

With the evening of Amaryllis' first ball, there came to her, without card, a mass of such roses, pearly and opalescent, as eclipsed all her others. She hovered over these, then, quite unsuspectingly, carried only them.

"You are a thing of beauty and a joy forever," declared Frank Dascom, when he could get near her, "and I want eight dances."

"I have just two left and you may have one," she smiled in pretty sovereignty.

"And I the other?" said a deeper voice, and its owner had written his name and left them.

"I call that brazen cheek," grumbled Dascom. "Hardly acquainted and swipes one of my dances! But you could have knocked me down with a feather when I found him here. Looks well in evening dress—doesn't he? But the Chief frivolous! Not that a St. Ursula is really frivolous. Heaven forbid! It is a grave and solemn function. Am I wearing the regulation funereal smile? For your old President has cocked an eagle eye

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at me—or is it at *your* loveliness? I understand he called me a chattering idiot at the Yacht Club, because I proved one of his dates mistaken. Mustn't differ, in Lewiston, from a Colonial Dame over forty. Admire the Chief's nerve; he's bearding the lion in his den—actually talking to his nibs!" He would never have guessed that Hartwell at that moment was envying the talent for utter nonsense which brought her frequent smile.

When it came the officer's turn to lead out the fairy princess in white and silver, his mind was quite made up. He forestalled the anticipated, cold excuse. "If you do not care to dance —for any reason—I know a pleasant place, quiet and cool"; and led her, surprised into acquiescence, to a vine-screened corner. Then he began with his old abruptness: "When you came in carrying my roses, I took it for an omen that my cause admitted, at least, of some special pleading. Your indignation since that afternoon is natural. I cannot say to soften it that my words were incorrect; but that it was not for me to speak them."

Her little head was held high, making such a picture that he drew a deep breath. "You not being our parent or guardian."

"No; thank heaven!" At this she could not forbear a smile even now. But he caught at it, speaking more earnestly: "Some acrimony I beg you to forgive in a man very tired, much harassed, and—fasting. Also, it is, to me, the last straw when any one alludes to some trifling, matter-of-course affair of duty, as a thing remarkable. What comes up is all in the day's work; and an officer would be a coxcomb who fancied himself exceptional."

"I understand," she said, looking at him now quite simply and directly. Then, with a charming, coquettish lowering of the lashes: "You had the advantage that afternoon. *You* were looking upon *real* heroism. It took e—nor—mous courage to do something—very foolish and forward."

"Let's absolve each other of heroism and begin anew," he suggested, with boyish happiness of manner. "Then you will give me this extra and let me take you in to supper?"

"Can I believe my eyes?" said Sue Biddleson later. "There goes Amaryllis to supper with that animal of an Uncivil! And she looks like a happy dream!"

"Yes"; assented Frank Dascom rather heavily. "Perhaps he is taking lessons in *civil* engineering."

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THE CRISES OF CATHOLICISM.

BY CORNELIUS CLIFFORD.

E must, indeed, be a detached observer of the theological horizon who has not felt his religious emotions stirred in the presence of the unrest which seems to prevail to-day in nearly every notable centre of Catholic thought. The publication at Rome, a few weeks since, of a new *Syllabus of Errors* trenching upon some of the most vital points of Christian teaching, and the grave emphasis given to that act more recently still by an Encyclical Letter from the Holy Father himself, may be said to have directed the minds even of the least regardful to a condition of things which we have not been accustomed to associate with the easy flow of orthodox opinion for the past three dozen years.

Yet it may be doubted whether the Catholic public, clerical or lay, in this country, quite realizes the extent of the unrest to which we refer, however sensible it may be, owing to the Papal documents in the case, of the drift of the movement that has caused it. In London and at St. Beuno's, at Stonyhurst, at Oscott, and at Old Hall in England; at Milltown Park and at Maynooth across the Irish Sea; in Paris and in Toulouse; at Louvain, at Bonn, at Tübingen and in Munich; at Innsbruck and in Vienna; in Northern Italy, and even in the Eternal City itself, where, from the nature of the case, neither speculation nor original research can be expected to be venturesome, there is a well-defined feeling that, in making provision for the coming generation, much will have to be altered in the schools.

And what is known to be true of the Old World is vaguely or distinctly perceived in proportion to the reach of their outlook by the better-read among the purveyors of theological opinion in the New. The times are big with change. It is not merely that the bulk of that yearly growing body of uneven knowledge, with which the exponent of Catholic thought is bound in loyalty to make himself familiar, is felt to have so

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increased in weight that the centre of gravity of the scholastic, as apart from the dogmatic, world may be said to have shifted its position, it is also that a new sky has been forming above our heads, new planets, new constellations have swum quietly into our ken; and we are in need of a fresh orientation. So much may be admitted without contention. Liberal or Conservative, thinker, student, or popular controversialist, all may meet on the neutral ground of this common desideratum. The comparative calm of the past six and thirty years shows signs of breaking up; and all who have an interest in the Church's intellectual life, as distinguished from her deeper, moral, and sacramental existence, are in danger of finding themselves in the welter once more.

It would be easy, of course, to misread this altered condition of things, easy to exaggerate it, and so spread mischief and irritation and a most illogically un-Catholic feeling of alarm. How effectively this has been done at various times during the past few years we need scarcely remind the reader who has kept himself in touch with current theological happenings. A group of well-intentioned scholars, whom it would be superfluous to name, because every single-minded student of our time is their acknowledged debtor, have permitted themselves to speak as though the mountains which are round about Jerusalem were destined speedily to disappear in a vast cataclysm of "higher-critical" conjecture, without leaving a vestige of the more obvious aspects of present-day Catholicism to survive. Vaticinations of that sort only serve to darken counsel. Like the too-citatory *Paget* in Tennyson's "Queen Mary," whom *Cardinal Pole* feels constrained to rebuke "in tropes," they have possibly confounded a substance with its shadow.

It was the shadow of the Church that trembled.*

On the other hand, it is almost as easy to shut one's eyes to the situation and ignore it altogether. Of the two alternatives, it is not difficult to say which is likely to present the more depressing consequences. It has ever been one of the inexplicable ironies of Church history that the not-undiscerning among the *unco guid* should be so ready to prolong their slumbers, not alone while the devil is scattering his crepuscular coc-

* "Queen Mary," III., iv.

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kle among the wheat, but even long after the Lord of the harvest has ordered it to be gathered into his barns.

Catholicism has been an indubitable and obvious factor in Western civilization for at least eighteen centuries past. Though, in a sense, it has always been on its trial, frequently fighting what to the over-confident outsider has inevitably appeared as here and there a losing battle, it has successfully encountered three remarkable crises in its long career wherein the secret of its amazing vitality has all but palpably been revealed. These crises have long formed one of the common-places of the picturesque ecclesiastical historian; but familiarity can never stale their significance for him who holds, as the Catholic seems bound to do, that the past is a key to the enigma of the present much more than the present is a key to the enigma of the past; that if God is in heaven, he is in history too, and that his Son is in the midst of the world, slowly shaping it, through its own sins and blunders, to that image of himself which he holds up for human guidance in the age long growth of an indefectible Church. "A man," says the late Mark Pattison, "who does not know what has been thought by those who have gone before him, is sure to set an undue value upon his own ideas."

The melancholy truth needs to be applied to centuries and epochs and to men in the mass as well as to men considered in their separate lives. Wisdom looks backward as well as forward; and never lets go of the sheer continuity of things. The crises of which we speak were separated by wide intervals of time; and the first one came when Catholicism was unwittingly put upon its trial at Alexandria in the earlier outbreaks of Gnosticism and afterwards under Pantænus and Origen.

It is no part of the scope of this essay to dwell upon the details of the movement which took its rise in the intellectualism of that period; but we know how Catholicism emerged from the test. If it spoke thenceforth with a conservatism more unyielding than any that ever characterized it before, it did so with an altered accent that enabled it to lay a spell upon all that was best and most representative in Greek genius for the next two centuries to come. It proved then, what it has proved many a time since, amid circumstances not wholly dissimilar, in drift at least, that the truths which it had inherited from Christ through a handful of Galilean peasants, could be substantially reformulated in the most elusive terms of current philosophy

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without losing any of that meaning for the solitary conscience or forfeiting any of that *personableness*, so to call it, which is ever found to attach to them in the presence of "men of good will."

Another and hardly less insidious crisis was successfully encountered nearly a thousand years later when Scholasticism became perilously articulate in the undisciplined universities of Western Europe, and when "Aristotle, who had made men atheistic" at Alexandria, was now declared capable of making them intelligently Christian at Paris, under the guidance of a young Dominican friar, whose name, mysteriously suspect at first, began after an interval to be quoted with unusual honor in the schools.

At length, when Scholasticism had more than accomplished its mission, and become, in consequence, like a worn-out beast of burden, a parable and a derision to the wits of a generation that owed not a little of its mental wealth to so demoded a source, the last and most familiar crisis came under the stress of a problem which, in many senses, may be said still tragically to endure. It was the crisis known popularly as the Reformation; the most difficult, perhaps the most poignant, crisis that Catholicism will ever know. For the first time in its history the religious, as distinct from the moral or political, unity of Western Christendom, was effectively broken up. What was worse, the break seemed in a very short while to be irretrievable and permanent; and dissidence suddenly found itself in the enjoyment of a numerical importance and a political prestige, for which it is impossible to find a parallel in Church annals, until we go back to the brief but triumphant progress of Arianism during the strenuous sixty years that were ushered in by the great pronouncement at Nicæa. Though the Reformation, with its peculiar *ethos*, has gone, the pressure created by its problems is on us still. One detects it in the sharper emphasis laid upon the idea of authority, and in the more pronounced preference manifested for practical, as apart from purely speculative, questions of theology, which have been so distinctive a note of the schools of Latin Christianity since the days of Trent.

While each one of the three crises which we have described will be found on examination to have its own individual quality, conditioned largely, of course, by the spiritual fibre of the epoch that produced it, the two earlier may be said to be *pre-*

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dominantly intellectual in tone. In making this assertion we do not mean to imply that there were no moral issues involved. On the contrary, not only under the stress of Arianism, but under the more insidious, because freer, play of the vague forces of Scholasticism, as it prevailed in the universities of Europe until St. Thomas purged it of all Averroistic infiltration, the inner life of the clergy and, indeed, faith itself were compromised. But none the less the movement in each case was characterized by intellectual rather than by moral preferences. It began in a passion for an actually unattainable completeness of theological statement. Dialectical servitude rather than religious emancipation was the ideal it pursued. The prevailing interests were of that syllogistic sort described so remorselessly by Prudentius:

> Fidem minutis dissecant ambagibus
> Ut quisque linguâ est nequior;
> Solvunt ligantque quæstionum vincula
> Per syllogismos plectiles.*

On the other hand, the interests aroused by the crisis known as the Reformation were of an entirely different order. Where these had been largely intellectual before, they were profoundly and unalterably pragmatical now; and this, too, in spite of the storm of controversy which the movement evoked and the overwhelming flood of statement and exposition on both sides which accompanied it. For the next three hundred years Catholicism was to be occupied with a form of self-justification which may be described as disciplinary and sacramental rather than intellectual. The inversion—or, should we say, reversion?—is significant. As it will account, in great measure, for the extraordinary activity, the remarkable inward development that characterizes the Latin Christianity of this period; so will it serve, perhaps, to explain some day the long misunderstandings which such a process of self-realization necessarily engendered.

Even now, it is felt, we are once more drawing towards a term. The Northern and Teutonic peoples of the world, for whom conduct is more important than theory, and for whose return to religious unity true reformers like St. Ignatius of Loyola, St. Philip Neri, and the wise Theatine Caraffa worked

* *Apotheosis.*

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and prayed, are beginning to show signs of an interest in latter-day Catholicism which is as inspiring as it is difficult to justify on any purely rational or political grounds; while the Southern or semi-Latin races of Europe and America, in their turn, are apparently about to experience a similar change of heart. Already there are tokens of it for those who can read. The ultra-secularistic movement, for instance, with which these peoples have been largely identified for the past sixty or seventy years, if not yet arrested, is at least confined to more decorous channels; much of the old insensate rancor of their leaders has disappeared; and there is unmistakable evidence, in more than one quarter of the horizon, that the public opinion of the English-speaking communities of mankind may direct them towards the pursuit of ideals which, when accepted, may yet furnish Catholicism with a hundred social opportunities and outlets for its zeal, beside which the political prestige of the past will dwindle into insignificance.

Men advert to these possibilities to-day and interpret them variously, according to their knowledge and their bent. But the really noteworthy thing about them all, as about the crises which bulk so large in the past history of Catholic thought and practice, is that out of every peril thus successfully encountered there seems inevitably to emerge a new, if somewhat elusive, note. It is a note, moreover, which serves appreciably to modify the key of all subsequent teaching, even while it defies any analysis that would sharply differentiate it from what may be called the dominant accent of the past. No student of Catholic opinion would think of confusing the note of Alexandria with the note of Paris—to cite but one instance out of many, which will best typify Scholasticism in its most classic and perhaps its most effective phase; nor again would one be tempted to identify the sub-Tridentine note as found either in individual apologists like Stapleton or Holden or Bellarmine—to say nothing of influential schools like Ingolstadt, Louvain, or the Sorbonne—with the supposedly same note heard above the theological controversies of the past forty years.

Cardinal Franzelin was in his generation an admittedly fresh and inspiring thinker; his reading was both wide and profound; and his attitude towards contemporary thought singled him out as essentially a "modern" in the better and more orthodox sense of that now sinister word; yet, without going so far as

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to raise contentious or unprofitable debates on his relative importance in the roll of Catholic teachers, one may safely affirm that in following him over the intricately mapped field of dogma, one misses much that Suarez, or the two de Lugos, or the distractingly learned Petau would have found it pertinent to say. It is not precisely that the outlook of the great Jesuit school of divines, from whose ranks we have advisedly drawn these honorable contrasts, has narrowed or become enfeebled in any way; but rather that an altered mental environment has unconsciously suggested altered preoccupations.

If this instance, however, of the Austrian Cardinal be objected to as inconclusive, we may take the case of his English contemporary and admirer, Cardinal Newman. Here we have a man who, whatever we may think of his familiarity with the shibboleths of Neo-Scholasticism, was, at any rate, an original thinker who stirred profoundly many of the more reflective and searching spirits of his time. What is more, his supremacy still endures, and his influence gives every promise of widening as the interest in the problems he thought out for himself moves yearly down to broader levels in the world of religiously-affected men. His life, it is true, bristles with anomalies; and the achievements of his personality read perilously like "signs to be contradicted." What was said by an admirer of his preaching in the old Oxford days might be applied with equally telling effect to his later theological ventures, both as a Protestant and as a Catholic. He was great at the cost of every known rule expounded in the schools for the benefit of ordinary men. His excursions into history and philosophy were undertaken reluctantly and through the stress of occasion, quite as much to satisfy his own intellectual needs as in response to the troubled questionings of others. Though he left many who failed to understand him in his day under the ironical delusion that he was at best what Sir Thomas Browne would have called a student in the "parergies of divinity," subsequent events and "the sure future" to which he appealed, have lifted him to his rightful place among the religious thinkers of his century. Cautious, hesitating, tentative, rather than magisterial, in method and in manner, strongly individualist in outlook and in treatment, betraying the instinct of the pioneer rather than the academic assurance of the accredited guide along the pathways of seminary lore, he yet became, even before his death, the instructor of an

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audience incalculably more important in numbers, in intellectual antecedents and possibilities, than the most distinguished that the shy Roman professor, with whom we have coupled his name, ever aspired to reach.

Take the note of such a life, then, and you will find that, while its ineradicable conservatism helps you to interpret the past—a past, be it observed, much remoter than Scholasticism reveals—the sureness of its faith and the subtlety of its inward ear will enable you also to catch the first indeterminate accents of a new dialect of the spirit, in which Catholicism seems to speak once more *as one having authority*, not only over the contented millions whose fathers have known it and blessed it from within; but over the challenging multitudes whose fathers have not known it, but have spoken ill of it, and perhaps blasphemed it from without.

Though it would be inexact to say that Newman failed to receive adequate recognition from the official side of Catholicism before his death, his star nevertheless appeared late. Was it because its true rising was veiled in envious eclipse? Whether he would himself have admitted it or no, he was a true child of his age, and was, from first to last, not a pilgrim, as he loved to describe himself, but a questioner and a pioneer. In this he represented, more completely, perhaps, than any of his contemporaries, the true spirit of his time; and it is in his life, accordingly, that the Catholicism of the time seems to take up, in behalf of all sincere questioners, the "burden and the task eternal," of commending the *magnalia Dei* in an idiom which can easily be recognized as both ancient and new, if only it be listened to with evangelical good will. If the re-edited *Oxford Sermons*, the *Essay on Development*, and the profounder *Essay in Aid of a Grammar of Assent* justify any appreciation, they justify an appreciation like that.

Instances like those we have cited would seem to prove that, whatever else may be alleged against Catholicism as an historical whole, it can never be alleged against it that it is intellectually moribund, or hide-bound, or out of touch with the true actualities of the age in which it lives. It is always pertinent, because it is always alive. Opinions may differ as to the quality of that life or its value as a force-distributer in the upward movement of the race. But alive it certainly is at every stage at which the student turns to examine it, even amid the most

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untoward surroundings, intellectual or ethical, making variously for obscurantism or for moral decay.

Its power of renewal seems never to fail it. When it all but dies along with the crumbling classical world in Northern Africa, it suddenly takes root beyond the Danube and the Rhine, where it flowers primarily in the gorgeous figure of a suzerain church and ramifies under a score of guises, religious, political, or economical, which one feels can only be inadequately expressed and summed up in the recondite theologies, the symbolisms, the naïve complexities of the art and life of the Middle Age. Amid all its moral sinuosities and adaptations to environment, as intricate and as difficult to decipher sometimes as the traceries of its unique cathedrals, it never loses its original definition of type, and is, even in the face of the all-scrutinizing modern world, more completely of a piece with its Roman and Palestinian beginnings than is any oak of the forest with the buried tap-root out of which it springs.

So may Catholicism not ineptly be described in bare rhetorical outline; if, indeed, one ought to be content with a description *which depends, from the nature of the case, rather upon art than upon inspiration* for an account of its exuberant plenitude of life. We say *from the nature of the case* advisedly. For Catholicism is one thing; and accounts of Catholicism are quite another. Whether we make use of rhetoric, or poetry, or painting, sculpture or architecture, whether we mount higher still into the resources of the *technical soul* and seek in music a mysterious vehicle of prayer, we are still dealing with symbols which are a kind of abstraction; and Catholicism is more than a symbol, as it is surely more than an abstraction. It is, like the Incarnation, an Economy, a divine adaptation of divinely human means to a divine end; or rather, *it is the Incarnation itself writ large, as with a certain geographical and secular largeness;* a projection of the Mystery once hidden from the foundation of the world into the vastness of all actual and possible human needs. It has been set forth as a system and described in terms of Plato and Aristotle. Thomists have enriched its schools with a persuasive completeness and simplicity of vocabulary. Scotists have pleaded in behalf of its sacramental mercies and almost enhanced them by arguments that still stir the consciences of its ministering priests. Descartes has armed apologists in its defence; Kantians and Neo-Kant-

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ians, and the followers of even Hegel himself, have furnished considerations out of which later thinkers have attempted—no doubt sincerely and consistently—to rationalize, not only its more recondite mysteries, but also the incredible beginnings of its remote past. Essays similar to these will in all probability be made again. In a sense they are inevitable; though authority from time to time may frown upon them, and possibly condemn them, because they seem to lay hands upon the intangible and look like attempts to reduce to an abstract formula what is too vast and real and vital and concrete for adequate expression in the thought-forms of any school.

Perhaps, when all is said and done, the best account of the Mystery will be found in a necessary and confident adaptation to our present needs of Christ's eternal account of himself. Catholicism is more than a system; because it is a Way; the Way; it is more than a philosophy; because it pretends to be a Truth; the Truth; it is more than a venerable and historic religion; because it inevitably reveals itself as Life. How it still performs that three-fold function in a world which has ever been too prone to prophesy its approaching demise, will be shown in subsequent articles in this Review. Our concern in these introductory remarks has merely been to direct attention to the many lessons lying behind the crises by which Catholicism invariably vindicates afresh its eternal right to endure.

Seton Hall, South Orange, N. J.

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LISHEEN; OR, THE TEST OF THE SPIRITS.*

BY CANON P. A. SHEEHAN, D.D.,

Author of "My New Curate"; "Luke Delmege"; "Glenanaar," etc.

CHAPTER X.

LISHEEN.

THE three months swiftly swung around; and the time for the liberation and triumph of the evicted owners of Lisheen was at hand. Immense preparations were made on all sides for the great event; and it was decided that the occasion was one that demanded a great public demonstration.

Pierce and Debbie McAuliffe had been dismissed from prison a week prior to the liberation of their parents; but they were detained by friendly hands in the city, on the plea that all should go home together. But they were kept quite ignorant of all the important events that had occurred during their imprisonment. They didn't know they had a home to go to; and Pierce was speculating about employment in Tralee.

When at length the great day arrived, the city was thronged with cars and vehicles of every description—side-cars, country carts, covered cars, traps; and the whole country-side seemed to have poured in its population to take part in the great ovation that was to be given to the now triumphant victims of landlordism. A deputation was drawn up outside the prison gate; and the moment the poor old people appeared there was a mighty shout of welcome; and, to their infinite confusion, an address was read by the Secretary of the League, lauding their valor to the skies. But not a word about the triumph and surprise that awaited them.

A few times Pierce tried to get through the impenetrable secrecy that seemed to surround everything connected with their liberation; and he began to ask impatiently:

"What is it all about? Where are we going? Sure we have no home now!"

But he was always met with the answer:

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"Whist, ye divil! Can't ye wait and see what the nabors have done for ye?"

At most, they expected the shelter of a Land League hut.

After much colloquing and congratulations and toasts pledged twenty times over, yet still with the impenetrable veil of secrecy hanging over everything, the triumphant cavalcade got under weigh. First came the local Lisheen Fife-and-Drum Band in a wagonette, over which a green flag, faded but unconquered, was proudly floating. Next came a side-car with Owen and Mrs. McAuliffe, and two intimate friends. Then a succession of cars, every occupant waving green boughs. Here and there was an amateur musician, with a concertina or accordion, playing for bare life, and in an independent manner; for whilst the band thundered out "God save Ireland!" the minor instrumentalists played "The Wearing of the Green," or "The Boys of Wexford." In the centre of the procession there was another wagonette, in which Pierce and Debbie had prominent places; and the remaining mile or two was occupied with all the other vehicles, each smothered in a little forest of decorations.

Now and again the old couple, or Pierce, or Debbie, would ask wonderingly:

"What is it all about? Where are we going at all, at all?"

But the answer was:

"Nabocklish!" or "Bid-a-hust!" or some English equivalent.

At last they came to the old familiar place, where formerly a rickety, tumbled-down old gate, swinging on creaking hinges, opened into the boreen that led to the house. Here the cars drew aside, so that the McAuliffes might come up and enter their home together. The old people drew aside, refusing to recognize in the cemented and chamfered pillars, and in the blue, iron gate the entrance to their home. But they had to dismount and walk up the stoned and graveled passage, under the trim hawthorn hedges now bursting with foliage, and already showing the autumn haws, into the yard that fronted their dwelling.

"Where are ye bringing us to at all, at all?" the poor old woman would ask. "Sure, this isn't Lisheen!"

"Whisht, will you? Can't you wait till the play is over?" was the reply.

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But when they came into the yard, and saw instead of the fragrant manure heap a plot of grass neatly laid out and bordered with huge stones, limewashed and irregular; and when they saw the old thatched barns no more, but well-built stone and slated houses, where seven milch cows were stalled; and when they saw a high, well-thatched home before them, with large windows instead of the wretched holes that formerly let in, or were supposed to let in, light and air, their astonishment knew no bounds.

All the neighbors had congregated in the yard and stood on the ditches, to see the "coming home" of the victims of landlord greed; and as they entered the yard there was a mighty cheer that rent the heavens, and a chorus of "Cead mille failtes!" and "Welcome home!" that stunned the poor people with its heartiness and sympathy.

Then Hugh Hamberton and his ward came forward, and stood beneath the lintel of the door; and the former putting up his hand to command silence, and drown the tremendous cheer with which his presence was hailed, there was an instant hush —the hush of great expectation and delight.

Hamberton looked around slowly and contemptuously on the multitude that was thickly wedged together; and his silence made theirs the deeper. Then he spoke in the calm, even way that Englishmen affect; and, although he was good-humored and genial, he could not restrain a certain tone of disdain that accompanied his words.

"My friends," he said, "a certain English statesman has declared his belief that the Irish are a race of lunatics, and that this country is one huge, but not well-protected, asylum *(great laughter)*; and another English statesman has registered his opinion that the Irish are a race of grown-up children *(much laughter, but not so great)*. To this latter opinion I am disposed to incline. You're a wonderful people for seeing around a corner, or watching what is occurring at the poles; but you can't see straight before you, or what is under your eyes *(slight tittering and rising expectation)*. For example, you have rushed to the conclusion that the reinstatement of the poor family in their farm and home is my work. (Cries of *'So it is, yer anner!' ''Twas you did it!' 'God bless you!')* You were never more mistaken in your lives. All that I did was to act as a kind of agent or supervisor for the man that, in a spirit

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of unbounded generosity, has brought about the happy event. I am pleased to be able to claim that much for myself; but no more. (Cries of *'You'd do it, if you could!' 'Twasn't from want of the will!')* That's all right! But now let me explain; and the best way to do so is in the form of a story."

The great crowd pushed up, as they do at the sermon at Mass on Sunday in the country chapels, and hung upon his words.

"In a certain club in Dublin," Hamberton said, "not many months ago, there were grouped together a number of landlords, who had met to settle how they should deal with their tenantry during the coming winter. They had almost unanimously agreed that the good old system of grinding and crushing the tenantry should be kept up cries of *'Bad luck to them!' 'We wouldn't doubt them!' etc.);* that there were to be no reductions and no sales. Well, one young gentleman ventured to protest. He had been reading and thinking a good deal about things in general. And he had come to the conclusion, which you will agree with me was utterly absurd, that he had some business to do on this earth besides squeezing the last farthing from tenants, and squandering it on horses and dogs. (Cries of *'Oyeh! Begor, that was the quare landlord!' 'We wish we had more like him!')* He also maintained that it was not quite true that the farmers lived better than the landlords; that they had fresh meat three times a day *(great laughter);* that there was a piano in every cottage; and that each farmer's wife had a sealskin coat and silver fox furs *(redoubled laughter).* Well, he was contradicted and refuted; and then—"

Hamberton paused for effect; and the silence became painful from the suppressed excitement of the people.

"Then," he continued, "this young gentleman was challenged to prove it; he was challenged to go down and live amongst the peasantry for twelve months, as a common farm-hand; to share their labor, their food, their hardships. Strange to say, he consented. He put aside everything that belonged to him as a gentleman; and he went down and became an ordinary farm-hand."

Here there was a great commotion in the silent crowd, for Mrs. McAuliffe was crying and sobbing, and trying to say something, which her tears wouldn't allow. Debbie had turned quite pale. Hamberton sternly commanded silence. He knew the

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secret was leaking out; and that would never do. He could not allow his dramatic ending of the story to be anticipated. But he was almost disconcerted by the fierce, anxious look which the girl now fastened on him.

"After tramping around here and there," continued Hamberton, "the farmers naturally refusing to employ such a white-handed, white-faced laborer, he came to a certain place, where he was at last taken in. He was footsore, hungry, tired, and heartily sick of his job, but he got good food and drink and a welcome there; and there he remained for some months, not doing much, as you may suppose, because these landlords, whilst they reap the profits, are not much used to the labor. Then he fell sick, and was nursed as carefully as by his mother. At last, owing to one cause or another, the poor family, with whom he was housed, were flung upon the world. His heart was bleeding for them; but it was too soon to show himself; and besides, he wanted to see all that landlordism could do; and, again, he wanted to be able to build up the fortunes of that poor family so that they could never be disturbed again. The day of the eviction he interfered for that purpose, and, as is usual in Ireland, he was misunderstood. He got more curses than thanks, more kicks than half-pence. It is a little way you have in this country of rewarding your friends."

Here old Mrs. McAuliffe got in a word:

"I never misdoubted him, yer 'anner! I knew he was good; and I said: 'Good-bye! and God bless him!'"

This interlude excited now the greatest interest in the crowd. They were on the eve of great revelation evidently; and they crushed in and around the speaker, their mouths wide open in expectation.

"Hold your tongue, ma'am," said Hamberton sternly, "till I am done. Then you can talk your fill."

"Well," he continued, "the strangest thing remains to be told. This young gentleman, for amusement sake, was in the habit of going up alone into the hills, and there giving out aloud, or, as they call it, declaiming, certain passages from an obscure and legendary writer, called Shakespeare. Some of those were murderous and bloodthirsty, and some were soft and pleasant. The bloodthirsty ones were overheard by a certain boy and girl, whose names I won't mention, but who acted as spies on his movements; and, in a moment of passion, in-

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formations were sworn against this young gentleman on the ground of murder; and he was arrested. I hope that young lady is sorry for her actions now; but it led the way to the revelation. He was obliged now to throw off the mask and show himself; and, besides, the time had come to accomplish the work on which he had set his heart."

Hamberton paused, to emphasize the end of his dramatic story; and there was the deepest silence now in the vast crowd.

"That work was this. He purchased the farm on which he had lived as farm laborer for so many months, and made over by deed, solemnly executed and witnessed, the fee-simple in that farm forever to the people who had so well treated him; he had spent a sum of eight hundred pounds besides on the place, and made it a worthy residence forever for these poor people. I suppose I need hardly add that the farm is Lisheen; that it was the McAuliffes that sheltered this gentleman in his hour of need; and that that gentleman, who came down in disguise from his position to see and alter the fortunes of the people, is Robert Maxwell, Esq., J.P. and D.L. for this County, late farm-hand at Lisheen, and still steward at Brandon Hall."

There was silence during the revelation. Then a faint cheer. Hamberton was disappointed. He expected an earthquake.

"You don't understand, I see," he said.

They looked at one another, uncertain what to think. The truth was, that the story was so strange as to be almost incredible. It seemed to block the avenues of their minds, and they could not take it in. They continued staring at one another and Hamberton irresolutely. Then he took out the deed, and calling Owen and Mrs. McAuliffe over to where he was standing, he read out the deed of transfer slowly and solemnly. And then he led them into their new house, theirs forever and evermore.

At this juncture there was a wild burst of cheering, which was repeated when Hamberton again came forward and took in Pierce and Debbie.

Once again he came forth, and said to some peasants standing near:

"Do you understand me? I say it was Maxwell, my steward and landlord, who has done this sublime and magnificent act towards his friends."

"We do—o—o," said the men hesitatingly. The fact was

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they could not, all of a sudden, get over their feeling of hostility towards Maxwell.

"Then, d—— you, why don't you give one decent cheer or yell for him?"

"Why don't ye cheer?" said one peasant.

"Yerra, yes; why don't ye cheer?" said another.

But they couldn't. And Hamberton, turning to his ward, said: "You see Maxwell was right in not coming hither. They'd have stoned him."

But he said, with a gesture of contempt towards the crowd: "There! There's two or three tierces of black porter in the barn. Perhaps ye'll cheer now!"

They laughed at his eccentricity, and said to one another: "Begor, he's the funny man!"

It was somewhat different in the interior of the cottage, when they re-entered to say good-bye to the occupants.

"You understand, I suppose," he said, "that this place, and all things on it, and belonging to it, are yours for evermore; and that no landlord, or agent, or official of any kind can ever interfere with you again?"

The men looked too stupified to say anything. They couldn't realize it. The change from the direst poverty to affluence, from a prison to such a home, was too stupendous to be immediately understood. But the old woman grasped the situation at once.

"We do, your 'anner," she said. "An' sure the grate God must be looking afther us to sind us such a welcome!"

"We—ll, yes, I suppose"; said Hamberton, not quite understanding where supernatural influences came in. "But you know, you understand, that it is Mr. Maxwell—the boy that was here, do you understand?—that has done all this. These stupid people outside can't grasp it. But you do, don't you?"

"Oyeh, av coorse, we do," said the old woman. "And may God power his blessings down an him every day he lives; and sind him every happiness, here and hereafter."

"Nice return you made him for all his goodness," said Hamberton, turning suddenly on Debbie. "You wanted to hang the man who was restoring to you and yours all you had lost."

This was the first time that her parents had heard of Debbie's depositions against Maxwell. They looked amazed. Hamberton saw it.

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"Well," he said, "I'm not going to heap coals of fire on your head to-day. You can make your own apologies to Mr. Maxwell when he calls. But people should be careful of their passions."

"I did it in a hurry an' a passion," said Debbie, hanging down her head. Then, feeling the eyes of Claire Moulton resting on her with curiosity, she exclaimed with sudden energy: "I wish to the Lord he had never darkened our dure!"

She affected to be busy about some trifles, but soon added: "An' av I had me way, we wouldn't be behoulden to him now!"

It gave food for reflection to Hamberton as he drove homeward.

"There is no understanding this mysterious people," he said, "and imagine Englishmen, who do everything with rule and tape, attempting to govern them for seven hundred years!"

"I can understand that girl's feelings," said his ward.

"Well, yes; but such awful pride would be unimaginable amongst the peasants of Devon or Somerset."

"I suppose so," she replied. "But I can understand it. These are the things that make criminals."

"But what beats me," he said quite aloud, as he flicked the flanks of his horse with his long whip, "out an' out, and altogether and intirely, as they say among themselves, is that I couldn't get a cheer for Maxwell from those dolts. They didn't seem to understand it; and yet they say they are a clever and quick-witted people."

"I think I understand," she said. "Mr. Maxwell was playing a certain part; and they only knew him in that part. Their imagination, which is very limited, cannot conceive him just yet in any other aspect. Perhaps in three months, or six months, they will grasp it."

"But they are said to be so quick—"

"Yes, in matters concerning their own daily lives. But, you see, they are now carried beyond their depth. Mr. Maxwell was quite right in not coming. He would have had a hostile reception at first; an indifferent reception even after you revealed his goodness."

"Goodness? That's not the word, Claire! 'Tis greatness, generosity, magnanimity beyond fancy. How Gordon would have grasped his hand!"

"Yes; it is very grand," she said. "Do you know, from

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the moment I saw him in that wretched cabin, I felt he was a hero."

"Then you kept your mind very much to yourself, young lady. I thought it was a feeling of repulsion you experienced from some remarks you made."

"And so it was," she replied. "But I knew he was great. Probably that was the reason I disliked him."

"I give it up," said Hamberton, after a pause. "Woman's mind and the Irish nature are beyond me. I suppose it is because they are so much alike."

"I wonder is that a compliment?" said his ward.

CHAPTER XI.

A DOUBLE WEDDING.

In the early autumn Robert Maxwell and Claire Moulton were wedded. The affair was very quiet and unfashionable. But there were solid festivities at Brandon Hall; and gala times for those employed by Hamberton.

There was but one sorrowful soul; and that was Father Cosgrove. He loved them all. But now the great trouble of his life was passing into an acute stage. Would Hamberton now carry out his grim intention; and, whilst concealing the infamy of it from the world for the sake of his ward, end his life in the Roman fashion? The thing seemed inconceivable in the case of a man surrounded by every happiness that wealth and benevolence could obtain. But Hamberton was a philosopher who had ideas of life and death far above, and removed from, the common instincts of humanity. And there was no knowing whither these fantastic ideas might lead him. He was a great pagan and no more.

With the exception of this one care corroding the breast of the good priest, all things else were smiling and happy. Maxwell was genuinely glad that his severe probation was over, and that he had obtained his heart's desire as a reward. And Claire had found her hero.

But why should we delay on such commonplace things, when the greater event of Darby Leary's wedding demands our attention as faithful chroniclers? Let the lesser events fade into

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their natural insignificance before the greater and more engrossing record! Let the epithalamium yield to the epic.

There was something like consternation in the mountain chapel the second Sunday after the conspiracy between Maxwell and Darby had been hatched. For there was an apparition—of a young man with red hair and a sunburnt face, but clothed as no man had seen him clothed before. For Darby, habited in a new suit of frieze and corduroys, and with his red breast covered by a linen shirt with red and white stripes in parallel lines, did actually make his way to the very front of the congregation, and stand at the altar rails facing the priest. It was unheard of audacity; but Darby, with keen, philosophical insight, had made up his mind that it is audacity that entrances and paralyzes the brains of men; and that if he would escape endless chaff and jokes on his personal appearance, the way to do so was to brave public opinion and run the gauntlet with open eyes and head erect.

There certainly was a good deal of nudging and pushing one another amongst the boys and girls in his immediate vicinity; but it was all more or less hushed and concealed whilst the priest was reading the *Acts* and the *Prayer before Mass.* For his eagle eye was upon them and upon the chart; and woe to the boy or girl who was otherwise than recollected and devout.

But I'm sorry to say that when the priest's back was turned to the congregation there were many "nods and quips and wreathed smiles"; and when at last the people arose at the time of the sermon, and the tall, angular figure of Darby occupied a prominent place right at the altar rails, there were some whispering and smothered smiles that made the young priest who was addressing them pause and look around with some severity. This was all the greater because he was speaking to them on a solemn and mournful subject; and he had hopes of touching their sympathies, and even beholding the tacit expression of their feelings in a few tears. Instead of this, he was shocked to see grave men smiling, girls tittering, boys whispering behind their hands; but he went on slowly, watching the opportunity of setting free the floodgates of his anger. At last he stopped; and the old and venerable verger, who was hardly second in importance to the priest, and who was even more dreaded, alarmed by the sudden silence of the priest, came forth

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in an angry and inquiring mood from the vestry. He cast an eager glance around, under which many an eye quailed; and then hobbled over to the rails, and bending down, he whispered angrily to a group of girls:

"What's the matter wid ye, ye gliggeens?"

"Yerra, 'tis Darby, sir!" said one of the girls, stuffing her shawl in her mouth.

The mystery was explained; and leaping over to where Darby was standing, defiant and indifferent, he hissed at him:

"Kneel down, or sit down, you mad'an!"

Darby instantly obeyed; and the old man, turning to the priest, said with an air of condescending affability:

"You may continue yer discoorse, yer reverence!"

Strange to say, the little incident saved Darby from much worry outside. The public exposure satisfied the desire of humbling him; and when the congregation was dispersing, he only got a few smart slaps on the back and a few hurried questions:

"Well wear, Darby; and soon tear, and pay the beverage!"

"We'll be lookin' out for the young wife now, plase God!"

"What blacksmith made thim breeches, Darby? I want a new shirt meself soon!"

But Darby was indifferent. He gave back joke for joke, and lingered behind, with one idea uppermost in his mind. He seemed to be looking straight before him; but he had eyes only for a little figure in a faded shawl, that was mixed up with a lot of others as they crushed through the outer gate.

It is hard to discern or define the secret laws that guide the currents of our lives, and bring together the individuals that are to be mated for good or ill. If you stand near a stream that has been vexed into foam by rocks or sands, probably you would guess forever before telling what specks of foam or air-bubbles would meet far down the river and coalesce in their journey to the sea. And we fail to tell how it was that the many members of this Sunday congregation fell away as they passed down the hillside, and left Darby and Noney together. The two were silent for a while, and then Darby, opening his new frieze coat to show his magnificent shirt-front all the better, said, in a loud whisper:

"Noney!"

"Well?" said Noney, looking steadily before her.

"Noney, did ye see me the day?" said Darby.

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"I did," said Noney. "It didn't want a pair of spectacles to see you."

"And what did ye think of me?" said Darby, quite sure of himself.

"I think you were nicer kneelin' than standin'"; said Noney.

"Wisha, now," said Darby, a little abashed. "I shuppose 'twas bekase me back was turned to ye."

There was an awkward pause of a few seconds; and then Darby, getting on a different tack, said:

"I have a grate secret for ye, Noney."

"Indeed?" said Noney.

"Yes"; replied Darby. "Me and you are made for life."

"Me and you?" replied Noney saucily. "And what have we to do with wan another, may I ax?"

"Oh, very well!" said Darby. "Maybe, thin, Phil Doody will tell you."

"An' what have I to do wid Phil Doody?" said Noney, in frigid anger. "Phil Doody is nothin' to me more nor to any wan else!"

"Say that agin, Noney," replied Darby ecstatically.

"I say that there's nothing between me an' Phil Doody, more than any other bhoy!" said Noney.

"I thought there was thin," said Darby. "But people will be talkin'. Nothin' can shut their mout's."

"Phil Doody is a dacent enough kind of bhoy," said Noney, after an awkward pause. "I believe his sisters are well off in Ameriky."

"So they do be sayin'," replied Darby, who did not like the allusion at all. "I suppose they'll be takin' him out wan av these days."

"I don't know that," answered Noney. "They say he's got a new job at home; an' I suppose he'll be settling down next Shrove."

"I suppose so," said Darby innocently. "I hear there's a good many looking after him."

"Is there thin?" said Noney. "I think he's made his chice."

"But shure you said this minit," said the tormented Darby, "that there was nothin' between you."

"Naither there isn't," said Noney. "Shure he could make his chice widout me."

Darby felt he was not making much headway here, so he

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tacked. Affecting great lameness, he sat down on a hedge, where he crushed many a pretty flower and wild shrub, and said:

"Noney, these boots and shtockin's are playin' the divil intirely wid me feet. Bad luck to the man that invinted thim. Shure there's nayther luck nor grace in the counthry since the people began to wear them."

And without further apology Darby removed them, and breathed more freely.

"Who giv 'em to you, Darby?" asked Noney, full of curiosity. "They're rale fine brogues."

"Ah, thin," said Darby sighing, "the man who'd give us much more, an' make us the happy couple av you'd only say the word, Noney."

"Indeed," said Noney pouting, "an' who is he?"

"The masther," said Darby. Then, after a pause, he continued: "Listen, Noney, an' I'll tell you what I wouldn't tell morchial alive, not even me mudder. The masther was up the other day at the house, an' whin he was goin' away, he winked at me, unbeknown to the ould woman, to come wid him. So I did. And then he tould me that he was gettin' married himself to a grand, out an' out lady, wid lashin's of gowld and dimons, nearly as much as the Queen of England herself. Oh, I'm all blisthered from thim d—— boots," he said suddenly. "Bad luck to the man that invinted ye!"

And Darby began to chafe the foot that appeared to be most troublesome. Noney was on the tiptoe of expectation, and Darby, the rogue, knew it.

"I think we'd betther be goin' home, Noney," he said, glancing sideways at her.

"Betther rest yourself," said Noney. "You could never walk home wid dem feet an ye."

"Thrue for you," said Darby, gaining new confidence. "Begor, ye'd have to be carryin' me, Noney; and wouldn't it be a nice 'lady out of town' ye'd be playin'."

"But what about the wedding?" said Noney, who lost her diplomacy in her curiosity.

"Is it our weddin' ye mane?" said Darby. "Shure, whinever ye like. Ye have only to say the worrd."

"I didn't mane that," said Noney angrily, "an' you know it, you omadan, you! I meant the masther's weddin'."

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"Ah, shure, 'tis all the same," replied Darby. "Bekase the masther sez, sez he: 'I'll never get married, Darby, onless you're married the same day.'"

"Did he say that?" asked Noney, who began to have larger conceptions of the "bhoy."

"Pon me sowl," said Darby, "an' more'n that. He said, sez he: 'There's a purty little lodge at the grate house, Darby, as nice as iver you saw, wid little windeys like dimons, and a clane flure, an' a place for the hins and chickens; and whin you're married to Noney Kavanagh,' sez he—'I'm tould she's the rale jewel of a girrl out an' out, and there isn't her like's in the barony for beauty,' sez he—'you can come here. And sure you can have lashin's and lavin's from our own kitchin,' sez he; 'an' you won't be wantin' for a bit of fresh mate,' sez he; 'for we haves fresh mate every day,' sez he; 'and sometimes two kinds of mate the same day. And sure, Noney, whin she's Mrs. Darby Leary,' sez he, 'can kum up and help the missus,' sez he; 'an' sure we can be all wan,' sez he; 'and whatever's mine is yours, Darby,' sez he; 'and whatever's yours is mine,' sez he."

Darby here drew a long breath, but watched Noney steadily out of the corner of his eye. He was evidently making a deep impression on the girl. He went on:

"'But, mind you, Darby,' says he, 'I'm not puttin' any spanshils on you. You may tink you're too young a bhoy to marry,' sez he; 'or yer mudder mightn't like it,' sez he. 'But that makes no matther at all, at all. Only I'd like us to be married the same day,' sez he. 'But,' sez he, 'av you don't feel aiqual to it now, you can come,' sez he, 'and get into the lodge all the same; and there are some little colleens,' sez he, 'up at the grate house,' sez he; 'and maybe, afther a while,' sez he, 'wan of them would be lookin' your way; and sure,' sez he, 'av Noney wants to marry Phil Doody,' sez he, 'lave her—'"

"I don't want to marry Phil Doody, nor anybody else but you, Darby," said Noney, putting her apron to her eyes; and—"

The day was won.

When the priest called afterwards at Mrs. Kavanagh's, and told the good mother what a fancy Mr. Maxwell had taken to Darby, and how he had given him five real gold guineas for the immediate wants and necessities of that young man, with an implied promise of much more in future, Noney nearly

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fainted at the thought that she was very near losing such a chance, and forever.

She snubbed poor Doody badly. For Phil was a professional joker; and he couldn't help cracking a joke about Darby.

"Wasn't he the show to-day?" he said, in an incautious moment. "Begobs, 'twas as good as a circus. I thought the priesht would fall off the althar."

"Who was the show?" asked Noney saucily.

"That cawbogue from the hills, Darby," he said. "Who the divil did he kill or rob to get such clothes?"

"Darby Leary is no cawbogue," said Noney. "I think he's a clane, dacent bhoy enough; and sure what he wears is his own."

"He was the laughing-stock of the congregation to-day," said Phil.

"They had betther been mindin' their prayers," said Noney. "Some people soon may be laughing at the wrong side of their mout'."

Doody looked keenly at the girl.

"Begor, wan would think there was a somethin' betune ye," said Phil, "the way you stand up for him."

"And what if there is?" said Noney.

"Oh, nothin', nothin'," said the abashed Phil. "Good-bye, Noney, and may yer ondertakin' thry with you!"

Of course there were troubles. Nothing is worth having without trouble. Noney wavered in her allegiance when people spoke of Darby as a fool, as an omadan, as a half-idiot. Noney relented when she visioned the pretty lodge, and had from the priest's own lips the testimony of the deep interest Maxwell was taking in Darby. The great trouble was with Darby's mother.

That good woman fumed and swore, and asseverated that no daughter-in-law should ever darken her door, and dethrone her. She broke the bellows across Darby's back when he entered unsuspectingly his cabin, where the news had preceded him. She poured out upon him a torrent of contempt and scorn in the too-accommodating Gaelic, which would have withered up and annihilated any one else. Darby only winked at nothing and held his tongue. Then she went to the priest, and asked his reverence would he have the conscience, or put the sin on his soul, to marry such an imbecile as Darby.

"I don't think Darby is a fool," said his reverence. "I

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think he's more of a rogue; and the Canon Law of the Church makes no provision for that. At least, I never heard of an impediment in that direction."

"Wisha, thin, yer reverence," she said, "he isn't a rogue but a poor gomaral, who doesn't know B from a bull's foot."

"H'm," said his reverence. "It seems to me that a young man who has robbed his master, and secured such a girl as Noney Kavanagh for his wife, is not the innocent you take him to be."

"Wisha, thin," said the old woman, giving in, "I suppose your reverence is right. But may God help him and her. 'Tis a cowld bed she's makin' for herself."

"I'm not so sure of that," said the priest.

So matters went gaily forward; and, as a matter of fact, the same autumnal sun that shone on the nuptials of Robert Maxwell and Claire Moulton lent his radiance to the humbler but more demonstrative bridals of Darby Leary and Noney Kavanagh.

Noney had stipulated with the good priest that, in the fear of a great popular demonstration, it would be more compatible with her humbler ideas to have a very private ceremony in the vestry-room, unknown to all but the two witnesses required by the Council of Trent. But the profoundest secret will leak out in these inquisitive days; and long before the hour appointed for the marriage, suspicious groups began to gather around the corner of the street where stood the rural chapel.

The marriage was celebrated quietly enough; but when the happy pair emerged, and had got beyond the friendly shadow of the priest, they were met by a tumultuous crowd, who cheered and whistled and chaffed the young pair good-humoredly; and accompanied them, to the discordant music of tin whistles, to the maternal home.

Darby was sublimely unconcerned. He did not say so, for his vocabulary was limited, but he felt, as many a wiser man should feel under similar painful circumstances, that it was a mere "incident" in the happy life that was opening up before him, and therefore not to be noticed. Noney was annoyed at this demonstration which, if it was friendly, was also more or less disrespectful; but Darby whispered:

"Hould up, Noney! Think of the lodge and the two sorts ot mate."

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And Noney bore the humiliation; and only determined, deep down in her woman's heart, on a subtle revenge; and how she would invite some of these grinning girls to see her over there at Brandon Hall, and show them all the glories of the lodge, and kill them with envy.

But, as the night wore on, all these ugly feelings disappeared, and there was nothing but real *ceol* at the widow Kavanagh's house. And Darby danced, his bare feet (for he wouldn't have any more to do with shoes and stockings) making soft music to the sounds of the fiddle. And Noney danced "over agin him" at the other side of the door that had been laid as a platform on the floor. And, somehow, people began to come round from their contemptuous and critical attitude, as they always do when you keep on never minding them; and before the night was over it was unanimously agreed that a gayer or a handsomer pair had never left the parish.

CHAPTER XII.

THE ROMAN WAY.

Why did Cato leave that dread example to the world of opening of his own free will and accord the door of life that leads out into the night of eternity? And why did so many of his fellow-countrymen, who had not the excuse of dripping skies and modern nerves, follow that example; and calmly open the veins of the life-current in their gilded baths, or slide from life even under more gruesome circumstances? The Emperor is displeased; and Petronius goes down to his villa at Pastune, calls his friends together, gives them a glorious Lucretian supper, makes a pretty speech, ending with *Vale, Vale, longum Vale!* lies down on his couch, his favorite slave by his side, and closes his eyes on the world-drama by opening some little hidden chamber in the casket of his body. Or, Symphorianus is a little tired of this comical and uninteresting world, and wants to see what is at the other side of things; and—goes to see! Or, Lydia is tired of being told forever *Carpe diem*, tired of all these unguents and bathings and cosmetics, and, in sheer weariness of spirit, she runs through her breast that very stylus with which she pricked the bare arms of her slaves. Or, Leuconoe has seen one gray hair, and de-

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cided that life is no longer bearable; and the little reptile will just kiss her arm, and she will pass into the dreamless sleep.

Now, Hamberton had read a good deal, knew all about these Roman methods, was an artist and had taste, was refined and hated a mess; and yet, strange to say, he elected to make his bow to the human auditorium in a vulgar and unclean manner. He had none of the excellent Roman reasons for leaving life, absolutely none. He simply made his choice, just as he would purchase a ticket for London, and then set about accomplishing his design.

Maxwell and his ward had not been long married, and the former was down at Caragh for a few days' fishing, when Hamberton one night, on entering his bedroom, thought he would experiment a little with his weapons, and toy a little with death, before finally embracing him.

He had kissed good-night to Claire, and she had entered her own room, and had been some time in bed, when Hamberton, having donned his dressing-gown, went over to a large mahogany wardrobe, opened a drawer at the top, and took out a small, silver-chased revolver. He handled the deadly toy with ease, and fitted in the little cartridges, each snug in its own cradle. He then went over to his dressing-table, and sat down.

There was no sound in the house. The hoarse wash of the sea came up through the midnight darkness, and that was all. He listened long to catch the faintest sound that would show that his niece was sleeping; but he heard nothing. He laid the revolver on the table, and began to think.

"If now I were to use that deadly weapon on myself—just a short, sharp shock—no pain—how would it be with me?" And his stifled soul seemed to sob out: "Silence, darkness, rest for evermore! And for them? Horror, shame, despair!"

"Pah!" he cried in his own cynical way, "I would be forgotten the day they had buried me. These young people are engrossed in one another too much to heed a poor suicide."

"And for the world? A newspaper paragraph to-day! To-morrow, oblivion as deep as that which sleeps above an Egyptian sarcophagus!"

He leant his head on his hand, and looked long and earnestly at the face that stared him from the mirror. It was a strong, square face, somewhat pallid, and pursed beneath the

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eyes; but it was a calm face, with no trace of anything morbid or nervous or hysterical. "They cannot say: 'Temporary Insanity,'" he thought. "Although the Irish will sometimes perjure themselves through their d——d politeness."

He took up the weapon, examined it, and raised it carefully and slowly, placing the tiny mouth of the muzzle against his right temple, and pressing it so that it made a tiny circle of indentation on the flesh. He kept it steadily in this position for a while. Then he stole his index finger slowly along, until it touched the trigger. Very gently he moved the soft papilla of the finger along the smooth side of the steel, thinking, thinking all the while: "Only a little pressure, the least pressure, and all was over!" Then suddenly, as if for the first time, the thought struck him that he would make a dirty mess of blood and brains in this way; and how the servants would find him thus in the morning and handle him rudely, and lift him with certain scorn from his undignified position; and how the rude doctor, that detestable Westropp, the drunken dispensary physician, whom he would not let inside his door, would paw him all over and talk about his well-known insanity; and how a jury of his own employees would sit on him, with Ned Galway in the chair.

He laughed out with self-contempt and loathing, and in his own cynical way he muttered:

"The Romans had the advantage over us—they folded their togas around them as they died; and no d——d hinds and idiots dared disturb their dignity in death."

And he threw the weapon down on the table. There was a flash of fire, one little tongue of flame, and a puff of smoke, and Hamberton fell backwards, not stricken, but in affright.

"That little pellet was not fated," he thought, "to find its grave in my brain."

And then, as another idea struck him, the strong man grew pale and trembled all over, and the sweat of fear came out and washed all his forehead with its dew.

For as he looked he saw that the still smoking muzzle of the revolver pointed straight to the wall, or rather thin partition, that screened Claire's room from his; and a dreadful thought struck him, as he gauged the height at which the bullet struck, that just at that height, and just beyond that partition, was the bed on which his ward was sleeping. His heart stood still, as he held his breath and listened. No sound came

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to reassure him that she had been startled, but not hurt: "What if that bullet, with which he had been criminally experimenting, had pierced through that lath and paper, and found its deadly berth in the heart of the only being on earth whom he really loved? How could he explain it? What excuse could he give? How would he meet Maxwell?" And the words of Father Cosgrove came back and smote him:

"You cannot go out of life alone!"

He stood still and listened. If Claire had only screamed he would have been reassured. But, no; not a sound broke the awful stillness, only the hollow thunder of the sea in the distance. The strong man sat down, weak as a child.

Then he thought he should solve the mystery, or die just there. So he crept along the carpet of his room, softly opened the door, and passed down the corridor towards his ward's room, where he listened. No; not a sound came forth. "She is dead," he thought, "killed in her sleep and in her innocence." He tapped gently. No answer. He tapped louder. No answer still. He then, trembling all over at the possibility of finding his worst fears confirmed, opened the door and said in a low, shaky tone:

"Claire!"

Still no answer.

Then in despair he almost shouted the name of his ward.

The girl turned round and said in a sleepy voice:

"Yes; who is it? What is it?"

"It is only I," he said. "I thought you might be unwell!"

"Not at all," she said. "What time is it?"

"Just midnight," he replied. "I'm so sorry I disturbed you. Go to sleep again."

And he drew the door softly behind him and re-entered his room. There he did an unusual thing for him. He flung himself on his knees by his bedside and said:

"I thank thee, God Almighty, Father of heaven and earth, for this mercy vouchsafed thy unworthy servant."

He buried his face in the down quilt, and heard himself murmuring:

"There is a God! There is a God!"

Then he rose up, took the dangerous weapon, drew the remaining cartridges, and placed them and the revolver in the cabinet, undressed, and lay down. But he had no sleep that night.

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The dread horror of the thing accompanied and haunted him for several weeks; and then, as is so usual, it died softly away, and the old temptation came back. But now he had determined that, if he should succeed in passing away from life, it should be in such a way that the most keen-eyed doctor or juryman should see nought but an accident. Because, for several days after that dreadful night, he was *distrait;* and often he caught Claire's great brown eyes resting mournfully upon him, and as if questioning him about the meaning of that midnight visit. And he found himself perpetually asking: "Does she know? Does she suspect?" Until, somehow, a deep gulf seemed to yawn between them of distrust and want of confidence; and he said: "It is the new love that has ejected the old!" And she thought: "Does uncle fear that I have forgotten him in Robert?"

But it seemed to accentuate his desire to be done with things—to pass out to the dreamless sleep that seemed to be evermore the one thing to be desired.

One evening, late in the autumn, he was out on the sea in Ned Galway's fishing boat. He enjoyed with a kind of rapture these little expeditions; and the more stormy the weather, and the rougher the elements, the greater was his ecstasy. Ned always steered, for he was an excellent seaman; and Hamberton used to watch, with mingled curiosity and admiration, the long, angular figure, the silent, inscrutable face, with the red beard hanging like so much tangled wire down on the deep chest; and the care and watchfulness with which the man used to handle his boat, despite his apparent forgetfulness and silence. He seemed always to rest in that humble posture of silence and quiet, as if dreading to disturb Hamberton; and he never dared speak, except to answer some question.

Hamberton on calm seas would rest in the prow of the boat, half inclined on a cushion, reading or watching the play of the waters. When the weather was rough, he stood on the thwarts, supporting himself with his arm around the mast; and swaying and dipping with every plunge of the boat.

This autumnal evening was black and lowering as if with brewing tempests; and the sea was heaving fretfully under a strong land-breeze that made the breakers smoke near the shore.

Keeping the boat's head steadily against the rush of the incoming tide, Ned managed to avoid the dangerous troughs of

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the seas; and there was no inconvenience, except for the shipping of a few seas that left but tiny pools, which Ned soon baled out with his free hand. This evening Hamberton stood up on the very last thwart near the bow, yet so that he could support himself against the mast; and the old temptation came back with terrible force.

"Only a little slip of the foot—only a momentary loss of grasp—and all is over. There, there beneath these sweet salt waves, is rest if anywhere."

He began to dream of it, as he watched the waters swirling by the boat, or the fissure in front where the prow cut the waves, and sent the hissing sections aft; until he felt himself almost mesmerized by the element. The continuous watching of the green and white waters seemed to obliterate and confuse his sight; and with the dimness of sight came dimness of perception, until at last he began to think that he had accomplished his dread design, and that he was actually beneath the waves. Again and again the delusion returned, each time with more force, until, at last, reason and imagination became merged together, and the former was about to topple over, even as he loosed his hold, when he was recalled to existence by the harsh voice of Ned Galway:

"For the love of God, yer 'anner, come down out o' dat! If you fell over, nothin' on airth could save my nick from the hangman!"

For a moment Hamberton did not understand him. Then he laughed with a grim humor, and silently sat down. Presently he asked:

"How is that, Ned? If I toppled over, what is that to you?"

"Everything," said Ned. "On account of our dissinsions, you know, the whole say wouldn't wash me clane before a jedge and jury!"

Hamberton saw the truth of the observation at once; and at once realized again the truth of Father Cosgrove's words:

"You cannot go out of life alone!"

But he said:

"It wouldn't make so much difference, Ned, to the world, if you were hanged and I was drowned."

A remark that convinced Ned fully that the "masther was tetched in his head"; and made him doubly eager to steer for

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that little light that burned far away across the tumbling seas in his little cabin.

But the spell of the temptation was broken for Hamberton. He sat very still and said no more, not even when the boat had touched the side of the pier and both sprang ashore.

But now, like an oft-expelled and conquered disease, that comes back with greater fury, and gathers fresh strength at each return, the terrible idea recurred more frequently, until it became an obsession. The great question now was: "How to accomplish the evil design, and make the world believe it was an accident." He knew he could count on Father Cosgrove's silence. He turned over many means in his mind of meeting death; but there was always some difficulty. He had quite abandoned the thought of a sea death, as he said it would certainly compromise either Ned Galway or any other boatman; and, if he went out alone to his death, it would be a manifest suicide.

At length, the occasion rose up with the temptation. For one evening, as he walked slowly along the edge of the sand cliff that fronted, and was gradually fretted away by, the sea in the vicinity of the village, he saw far down beneath him some children playing. There were a few grown girls, and two or three little ones, amongst whom he recognized one for whom he had a curious affection, because her mother was an outcast from the society of men. As he passed the child shouted up to him to come down and play with them; and the invitation from the child woke a strange, dead chord in his soul, and a certain spirit of tenderness seemed to possess him. He waved back his hand, and shouted down:

"All right. I shall be down soon!"

And he went on, musing on the possibility of falling gently from the cliff, and meeting an easy death beneath. All would say it was an unhappy accident. But, clearly, he dare not throw himself among those innocent children, whose lives he would thus imperil.

He walked along, thinking over the dread thought, until suddenly he heard a shout from a fishing boat in the bay, and looking around saw the men, who were far out, wildly gesticulating. He ran back, and watched where their fingers pointed. Then, when he came quite opposite to where the children were, he saw the danger. They were nearly surrounded by the incom-

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ing tide, for here the shore dipped sudddenly, and the frothing waves came up with a hiss and a rush. The elder girls had run away, and were screaming at a safe distance; and the two little ones, one of whom was his favorite, were standing paralyzed with terror. For here there was a hollow in the cliff, and two barriers of rock hemmed in the sands. He looked, and saw the children vainly trying to mount the jagged stones, and follow their companions. He saw them run backward screaming, while the angry waves leaped in and swept around their feet. Forgetting death, and now wooed by the desire of saving life, Hamberton stepped forward, and trod a narrow boat-path that ran down the side of the cliff. But the screams of the children became more importunate. He left the path, and leaped forward to a ledge of rock that seemed to slope down to the chasm where the children were imprisoned. But the impetus of the fall was too great, and he felt himself driven forward by his own weight. In that perilous moment he could not help thinking:

"I have had what I desired. Yea, there is a God!" and the next moment he was huddled up on the sands, having barely escaped involving in his own ruin that of the children he had bravely determined to save.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

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THE RECENT RESULTS OF PSYCHICAL RESEARCH.

BY GEORGE M. SEARLE, C.S.P.

(CONCLUDED.)

IT seems unnecessary to adduce further evidence in support of the demonic or diabolic theory of the phenomena and communications obtained in the practice of spiritism. We cannot undertake to absolutely demonstrate it, least of all to those who are determined not to admit the existence of the fallen angels; and it is, of course, difficult to convince those of it who have never had any instruction as to their existence, and may insist on some independent proof that there are such spirits. But Catholics, if well instructed and sound in faith, can have no doubt on this point, and Catholic theologians have, we think, always adopted this theory of spiritism, so far as its phenomena appeared to them to be genuine. And the Church itself, in its official action, has, in uniformly condemning and prohibiting necromancy (which is only another name for spiritism), made the same judgment of the matter. In so doing, it has simply followed the precepts of the Scriptural and Divine law, as promulgated by Moses.

The only reason why Catholics, whether well instructed or not, have not been unanimous in this judgment, seems to be that they have been inclined to regard the phenomena as due to fraud or trickery of some sort. Occasionally, even now, some one comes out in the newspapers, explaining tricks practised by mediums, and many still think that everything can be explained in this way. They would find, however, on looking into the matter more thoroughly, that spiritists themselves freely confess the existence of such frauds; that they are practised is perfectly well known. But this in no way impairs the evidence of such genuine phenomena as we have described in the experiences of Mr. Stainton Moses, or as observed by Sir William Crookes and other eminent scientific men. Indeed that frauds would be practised might be confidently predicted. For it is plain, whether we hold the demonic theory or not, that

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the genuine phenomenon is not producible by the medium whenever he may so will. In the private practice of spiritism, this is recognized, of course; and if the phenomena cannot be obtained, one has to go without them, and simply wait for some more favorable occasion. But the professional, public, or advertising medium is evidently likely to substitute something else for them when they are not forthcoming, as for him it is a matter of business, or of making his living. It would be surprising if he did not. Explanations of these frauds are, therefore, quite superfluous. It is on private experiences such as those mentioned above, which are immensely abundant, that the case rests; and we think must be confessed to rest with absolute security. No one, we believe, who has examined the subject thoroughly, has expressed any doubt as to this.

It is, or should be, plain enough to every one that in spiritism we are encountering an agency, and a very powerful one, exercised by beings outside of ourselves, and over whom we have no control. And it should also be plain enough to any one that the matter is a dangerous one to handle. And to Catholics, and even to other Christians, warned by the Scripture of the existence of devils, the danger of it should be very much more evident. Furthermore, with regard to the great truth of our survival after bodily death, of which others, not having our faith, are so anxious to be assured, spiritism can give us Catholics no information. We know by faith all that God vouchsafes that we should know in general on this point. We may, by spontaneous apparitions, or in some other way, learn something as to individual cases of persons in whom we are interested; but by endeavoring to force such information by spiritistic practices, we can obtain none that is reliable, and, moreover, incur most serious peril. There is, therefore, no excuse whatever for our joining in such practices, even if we do not feel sure, as we should, of the formal condemnation of them by the Church.

But it still remains a matter of interest, in a scientific way, to discover the properties of material substance, and the laws of nature generally, of which the spirit agencies in this particular matter, and human agencies—even our own, perhaps—in others, in the general field of modern psychical research, avail themselves, consciously or unconsciously, to produce the very remarkable effects which, from time to time, appear. And keep-

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ing within prudent limits, and avoiding of course anything like the invocation of the dead by spiritistic practices, it may be safe enough to investigate these interesting questions; to observe and study the phenomena which occur in our own experience. And it is certainly safe to examine those which have occurred to others.

In studying some of them, personally at any rate, great care is, however, needed. Particularly is this true in the matter of hypnotism. We have not treated of that in these papers, for the subject is so extensive that it would require very much greater space, and, moreover, it is one that cannot be treated properly except by experts in it. But, though good results may often come from it, the subjection of one's own will and interior mental operations to those of another is obviously attended by great danger, so that great caution is needed in having anything, personally, to do with it, at any rate in the passive way of subjecting ourselves to it. We need say no more, especially as attention has often been called to this danger, and it is so very evident.

Clairvoyance is another matter which needs and has received very extended consideration and treatment. It is, in its actual occurrence, evidently much mixed up with telepathy. For instance, in the case of Mr. Wilmot, which we have given, to whom an apparition of his wife occurred in a dream while at sea, being visible also to his room-mate, who was awake at the time, the apparition can be referred to telepathy, as the lady had her thoughts concentrated on him at the time. His precise location at sea was, of course, unknown to her, but in telepathy, as in wireless telegraphy (the similarity forces itself on our attention), such knowledge seems unnecessary.

But she also perceived his surroundings; the location and appearance of his room, and of the steamer generally, and also saw his room-mate, unknown to her. As Mr. W—— was not consciously fixing his mind on her, or anxious about her in any way, her impression seems hardly to be telepathic, but one of simple clairvoyance. The same remark holds for the first case which we gave of telepathy at a distance, that of the San Francisco doctor; and the cases, indeed, of this phenomenon are innumerable. In these cases, in a word, there seems to be a percipient, but no agent; which is precisely the idea of clairvoyance.

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Crystal vision, to which allusion has also been made, is a special form of this. It is practised by steady gazing into some polished or reflecting surface, as that of a crystal, a mirror, or a liquid, and very remarkable results are sometimes obtained.

The difficulty about this matter of clairvoyance is, of course, somewhat lessened by the "astral body" hypothesis, as this supposes an actual transference of the astral body forming the apparition of the person to whom it belongs, to some other location than that occupied by his ordinary material one. If this astral body, so transferred, can produce impressions of sight or hearing on others, why, it may be asked, cannot it also receive them, or receive them without producing them? Apparitions seem sometimes to hear and answer what is said to them; if they can receive auditory impressions, why not also visual ones; and why can it not do so without being itself visible or in any way perceptible to the persons from whom it receives them? Similarly, why can it not receive them from inanimate objects, houses, rooms, or furniture, for instance, near the location to which it is transferred? That it should be perceptible to persons near that location, indeed, may require special conditions in their own organism.

But the astral body hypothesis, after all, is only a hypothesis. The phenomena of spiritism indeed seem to indicate that a spirit may form a visible and even tangible figure out of some unknown form of matter, as we have seen; but it does not follow that this figure, as such, is possessed of senses of sight or hearing such as an ordinary human body would have. In these cases of "materialization," as in those of spontaneous apparitions, it may just as well be supposed that telepathic communication is established between the appearing spirit and the one to whom it appears, each acting both as agent and percipient. This would not enable the appearing spirit to perceive articles of furniture, or other inanimate objects; indeed it does not need to, as it is seemingly able to pass through them, as has been noted.

Still, it must be acknowledged that apparitions often do appear to be conscious of material and inanimate things around them. As a rule, they do not pass through walls or doors; they stand on the floor or ground; they may make audible footsteps on it. And their actions, sometimes, are perceived, in the case of phantasms of the living, by the persons whom

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they represent. In one case, for instance, a gentleman dreams of visiting the house where his fiancée lives. He follows her up the stairs, probably feeling the stairs under his feet (at any rate, it is not so uncommon in dreams to have such sensations); overtaking her, he puts his arms round her. At the same moment, as stated independently by her, she was going up the stairs, hears his footsteps behind her, and then feels his arms round her. The hour when he woke from his dream, and when she heard and felt his presence, was carefully ascertained as being the same. Still, the argument for the astral body is not so strong in this as it may at first appear. For telepathy will really suffice to explain it, to a great extent, at any rate. His mind, in the dream, is fixed on her, and he is, no doubt, familiar with the house; her sensations are simply what he expects her to have, and may telepathically transmit to her. Of course the question remains how he gets the impression that she is actually going up the stairs at that moment; for it does not seem that she has any idea of transmitting that fact to him.

Cases, however, sometimes occur in which telepathy, as we use the term, seems to play no part.*

The following is a remarkably good and well-attested case of this kind, there having been apparently no attempt to send a message or image, one way or the other. It was reported by an excellent authority, Dr. Elliott Coues, of Washington, D. C., in 1889. He says:

> The case is simply this: In Washington, D. C., January 14, 1889, between 2 and 3 P. M., Mrs. C—— is going up the steps of her residence, No. 217 Delaware Avenue, carrying some papers. She stumbles, falls, is not hurt, picks herself up, and enters the house.
>
> At or about the same time—certainly within the hour, probably within 30 minutes, perhaps at the very moment—another lady, whom I will call Mrs. B——, is sitting sewing in her room, about 1½ miles distant. The two ladies are friends, though not of very long standing. They had walked

* It may be remarked, by the way, that the word "telepathy" does not etymologically convey the idea which it is used to express. The original term "thought-transference," is better. For "telepathy" ought to mean, by its Greek derivation, "perceiving at a distance," whereas it really means *acting* at a distance; the acting of a spirit on another when the material bodies of the two, if they have them, are distant and without material means of communication. Telepathy, in the sense of its Greek words, would cover clairvoyance, of course. What is wanted is a word signifying action rather than perception, at a distance.

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> together the day before, but had not met this day. Mrs. B—— "sees" the little accident in every detail. The vision or image is minutely accurate (as it afterwards proves). Nevertheless, it is so wholly unexpected and unaccountable, that she doubts if it were not a passing figment of her imagination. But the mental impression is so strong that she keeps thinking it over, and sits down and writes a letter to Mrs. C——, which I enclose. The letter is written, of course, without any communication whatever between the two ladies. Mrs. C—— receives it next morning, Tuesday the 15th. (The postmarks on the letter, shown to Dr. Coues, verify this.) I happened to call on Mrs. C—— that day, on another errand, when she hands me the letter and verifies it in every essential particular to me verbally, from her side of the case.

Mrs. B—— describes in her letter the dress and hat worn by Mrs. C——, the papers which she carried in her hand, and Mrs. C——'s fall on the front steps of her own house, the hat going in one direction, and the papers in another.

In the questions asked of Mrs. C—— by Mr. Myers, he does not seem to have thought of inquiring whether at, or shortly after, the accident, she was thinking of Mrs. B——, wondering what she would think of it, whether she would laugh at it, etc. It should be remarked, however, that Mrs. C—— had not come from Mrs. B——'s, but from the Congressional Library, where she had been writing, and was not very likely to think of her friend at the moment of her fall, or to wish to communicate it to her shortly afterward, as it was not dangerous. Indeed it does not seem likely that she would have mentioned it to Mrs. B—— at all, had not the latter inquired about it.

Telepathy, or the sending of thought messages, in this case and in others which might be adduced, does not seem a probable explanation of the phenomenon. That is to say, it does not seem likely that either of the parties acted telepathically on the other.

But there is a possibility of a kind of telepathy, in all cases of seeming clairvoyance, which has not been much attended to by psychical investigators. And that is the telepathic action of a *third party*, aware of the occurrence, or of the objects or places, "clairvoyantly" seen. This kind of action is what spiritism itself obviously suggests.

There is a well-known, and we think well-attested case, in

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which the captain of a ship, going into his cabin, finds a man writing there, who is unknown to him, and unlike any one aboard. He goes away to make inquiries, and on returning finds the man gone, but a sheet of paper on the table, on which are the words: "Steer N. W." As it is not much out of his course, he thinks he will try and see if there is anything in the warning, and finds a burning ship, the crew of which he saves.

Now if the captain had seen a vision of a burning ship to the N. W., beyond the range of ordinary vision, it would be taken as a case of clairvoyance on his part, or on the part of some one on the burning vessel, who clairvoyantly saw his own, and sent a message to him in the form of a "phantasm of the living."

But evidently it is explicable by an angelic intervention; and this is the view which would very probably occur to Catholics, or to any one believing that there are angels, and that they take an interest in our affairs, and may visibly appear to show that interest, and to instruct or help us.

The same explanation may readily occur in other cases, in which human telepathy seems inapplicable. But it may be very well asked: "Why should angels concern themselves with things of no importance, such as the fall on the steps of Mrs. C—— in the case just described?"

It is probable that an answer to this question will readily occur to those who believe that there are evil angels, as well as good ones. And it seems, from what we read in the lives of the saints, that these evil spirits, beside their more important attempts against our welfare, do sometimes amuse themselves—so to speak—with very unimportant and trivial ones, like those narrated in the life of St. Anthony of the desert. And, indeed, in winning our confidence, and making us believe that we can, by certain practices, obtain information as to what is going on in the world, and more particularly as to future events, their time would not be wasted. If they can persuade us that we have occult powers, by which we can read closed books, understand languages which we have not studied, etc., and, more particularly, can foretell the future, it is a means of getting control of us which it is well worth while for them to make the most of.

That they are able to give us accurate information as to the present and the past, if they choose, must be obvious to any one who believes in their existence at all. And if, by thus

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winning our confidence, they can make us believe them when they give false information as to things not humanly ascertainable, their object is still more fully accomplished than by simply getting more or less control over our actions and our time.

They may even, to some extent, foretell the future better than we can, by greater sagacity, and more complete knowledge of the present circumstances on which the future largely depends. As for precise or definite foretelling of it, except in so far as it depends on natural laws, of course that belongs to God alone, or to those whom he may inspire for the purpose. *Premonitions*, therefore, whether clairvoyant or otherwise, cannot come under the head of law, and are not subjects of scientific research.

It is equally plain that such warnings or encouragements as God may choose to give us cannot be obtained by any processes that we may adopt. Clairvoyants who pretend ability to tell the future, who are not saints, and give us no signs of a Divine commission, are either simply impostors, or must be referred to the diabolic order. Of course, serious endeavors to ascertain the future by their help is, therefore, strictly prohibited by the Scripture and by the Church.

And it is also obvious that crystal-vision and the like performances, even when nothing but the present or past is sought for, are practices fraught with grave danger, so that no one can safely or lawfully indulge in them. The same, apparently, must be said of any kind of clairvoyance, in all cases where human telepathy, *inter vivos*, will not account for it. As for palmistry, astrology, and the like, they hardly deserve serious mention, at any rate in connection with our general subject, they being so evidently simply superstitions.

There is, however, another practice which has considerable vogue lately, known as "psychometry." This consists in sending to the "psychometrist" articles belonging to the sender or some friend (usually something which he or she has worn), that he may determine, or "sense," as the slang is, something with regard to the character or future of the person owning them. The possibility may be conceded that some influence may proceed from such things in some way indicating the owner's personality or character; but that anything of the future can be indicated by them, except as a consequence of his or her present qualities, is evidently sheer nonsense. It may be imagined that the psychic influence proceeding from them in some "oc-

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cult" way enlightens the "psychometrist," and that the case is somewhat the same as that of cures or miracles of various kinds produced by relics of the saints. But all Catholics understand that relics of the saints have no natural or intrinsic efficacy, and that the wonders worked by them are simply granted by Almighty God in an entirely supernatural way, to honor those who have been conspicuously and specially his servants and friends.

Really, however, it seems pretty safe to say that the whole psychometry business is nonsense, from beginning to end.

In the early days of the Society of Psychical Research, considerable attention was paid to the matter of the "divining rod," by which hidden springs of water, veins of metal, etc., were supposed to be discoverable. It is hard to see what there is of a psychical character about this inquiry, unless that the psychical qualities of the user of the rod could be supposed to combine with the physical qualities of the rod itself in some way. We hardly need say that no definite or certain results came from the investigation.

Another matter, which has been more prominent lately, is that of "duplex or multiplex personality," so called. A good many instances are recorded in which, perhaps as a consequence of some physical lesion, perhaps without any, a person may lose memory of his or her previous condition and past experience, and become apparently a new person altogether, with, it may be, different characteristics, and having to acquire knowledge all or mostly over again. Then the previous condition may return; in it memory is lost of the intermediate one; and so the oscillation may go on, and even three or more such independent states be observed.

This matter may be connected with hypnotism in some way. Some of the phenomena also suggest the possibility of diabolic possession. That several human souls can personally unite with the same body in turn is a hypothesis that no Catholic can safely entertain, any more than he could the successive union of the same soul with different bodies; the transmigration of souls, in other words. It is quite possible that, on account of the publicity given to this matter, some imposture may have entered into it, particularly in the more recent cases; evidently it offers a field for acting or personation, which might be difficult to detect. In the genuine cases, granting their existence, it is

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probable that further study of the brain may throw some light on the matter.

We have endeavored, in these articles, to give a general and of course very imperfect view of the more prominent matters of modern psychical research. The literature of the subject is so immense, and growing so rapidly, that it is quite impossible to do any sort of justice to it within magazine limits. The few examples which we have given under some heads are, of course, simply paradigms of the classes to which they belong. Let no one imagine that they even stand out from the mass by any qualities which could not be found in many others. One might as well imagine that there were few very notable Greek or Latin verbs, because only a few are given as examples of each conjugation in the grammar. Mr. Myers' great work, to which we have several times referred, published some four years ago, contains some 1,400 large pages; and the subject has grown immensely since that time. Periodicals devoted entirely to it are issued monthly. One of the most notable of these is *The Annals of Psychical Science*, established in 1905, and conducted by Dr. Dariex and Professor Charles Richet, with a committee consisting of Sir William Crookes, Professor Lombroso, and other well-known and eminent scientific men. It is proposed to establish an "International Club for Psychical Research," and 1,000 Member-Founders are confidently and reasonably expected.

The principal subject of the most modern investigation is in the matter of spiritism. *The Annals*, just mentioned, is entitled: "A Monthly Journal devoted to critical and experimental Research in the Phenomena of Spiritism." This matter has, we may say, a real religious interest to most of its investigators, who have lost the faith which frees us from any need to inquire as to the serious problems of our future existence.

The result, so far, of the investigations has been good, in convincing most of those who have taken part in it of the fact of future existence; and as they have been too busy in this work to determine from the communications much with regard to its character or varied conditions, the tendency has been perhaps as much toward true religion as away from it. Already, indeed, we see indications of a recognition that the Catholic Church has been right in her teaching as to evil spirits, among those who are not so much occupied in verifying the phenomena, but have taken them for granted. And there prob-

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ably is not much danger of any one constructing a consistent system of doctrine as to our future life from the spiritist communications, even though still believing them to come from departed human souls; for they are so various and even contradictory in themselves, as we have seen, that to construct such a system out of them is practically impossible.

The probability is that our experimenters will finally, and before so very long, discover what the Catholic Church has known all along, that the existence of spirit as distinct from matter is certain and unquestionable; and furthermore, that psychical influence on our lives is continual, for good or for ill; and that what we have to do, if we wish to be secure, is not to sneer at the spirits, but, as St. John says, "to try the spirits, if they be of God." We may be fairly sure of this, for no one can go very far in a bold and unrestricted experimental examination into these matters without having his fingers, at least, burnt; he will see, as many spiritists have already seen, that it is playing with fire; and to the investigators, as to those who have tried spiritism as a religion, the dangers to morality will become evident. And these investigators are men of high character, as little inclined to vice as fallen man, without special grace from God, is likely to be. When this result comes, they may perhaps find out that there is an institution on this earth, founded and enlightened by Almighty God himself, which has been acquainted from the beginning with this matter that they are investigating, and could have told them and warned them about it before they began.

For us, there is one great fact which the recent results of psychical research will bring home more clearly, perhaps, than we have known it before. And that is, the fact, which we believe all familiar with the subject recognize as thoroughly established, namely, that of telepathy; that is, of the possible direct communication of one spirit with another. As a matter of religion, of the grace and light given by God to us, of helps or hindrances to our salvation, coming from good or evil angels respectively, we have always known this; but it can now hardly be denied that, outside of any question of hypnotism, a similar influence may be exerted on us, even by each other, and that harm, as well as good, may come from it. The mere fact that few of us appear to be subject to it in any marked degree should not make us doubt its actual occurrence in many cases

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which have been examined, any more than the fact that one man cannot distinguish all the notes of a musical chord should make him doubt that others can do so, or that in any way their senses are sharper or more delicate than his own.

The power of action of spirit on matter without the natural intervention or application of a bodily organism is another fact which stands out clearly as sufficiently ascertained. This is of use to us, in removing the difficulty which we may experience in believing in what are usually called miracles, but which do not require the suspension of any law of nature, but simply a spiritual action of this kind.

And the subject, in general, and in all its parts, is well worth our being acquainted with, by means of the investigations which are now being so extensively made. Particularly it is well for us to understand that the materialism, so rampant not long ago, is rapidly being abandoned by scientific men. But as to experimental investigation on our own account, as we have said, it is obviously a matter which should be conducted, if at all, with the greatest caution, and only in conformity with the prudent judgment of those who, as the best acquainted with the matter in its most important aspects, and as having a special commission and authority in all spiritual matters, are the proper judges of what is best in this one, so intimately concerning the welfare of our souls. In this matter, above all others, to be safe, we must have the sanction and approval of the Church of God.

(THE END.)

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New Books.

CHRISTIAN SCIENCE.

Our national humorist has so frequently had recourse to irreverence towards religious subjects of all kinds for his artistic effects, that no person of any religious belief could consider him a suitable candidate for the office of pronouncing a verdict on any cult or creed, even though it be one so grotesque and extravagant as Christian Science. However, he has assumed the office; let us see how he discharges it. Is this good-sized volume*—decorated with the picture of the author in the white raiment about which the press has gabbled so nauseatingly often this summer—a protracted joke, or a serious criticism or history? A joke, we should answer, if the reply were to be made on finishing the introductory chapters, the humor of which is in the author's most mechanical manner.

But as Mr. Clemens warms to his subject, he develops a serious attack—in which his artillery of sarcasm and ridicule is continuously heard—upon Mrs. Eddy, her claims, her doctrines, and her methods. The devices for money-getting and money-keeping which the "Mother" has woven into the structure of her religion are strongly scored, as well as her ingenious and monstrous contrivances for retaining in her own hand absolute power over every branch of the organization, and every officer employed in it. He contrasts at considerable length some authentic compositions of Mrs. Eddy with the book *Science and Health*, for the purpose of proving that the literary character of the former is so wretched that they prove Mrs. Eddy incapable of writing in the comparatively good style of the Scientist bible.

Dismissing as of little consequence the question of whether Mrs. Eddy stole or invented the Great Idea, he discusses, as of chief importance, this other one: "Was it she, and not another, that built a new Religion upon the Book and organized it?" This, undoubtedly, Mrs. Eddy achieved. How was she capable of it?—she,

> grasping, sordid, penurious, famishing for everything she sees—money, power, glory—vain, untruthful, jealous, despotic, arrogant, insolent, pitiless where thinkers and hyp-

* *Christian Science.* With Notes Containing Corrections to Date. By Mark Twain. Illustrated. New York: Harper & Brothers.

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> notists are concerned, illiterate, shallow, incapable of reasoning outside of commercial lines, immeasurably selfish.

But, continues Mr. Clemens, this is not the portrait of Mrs. Eddy as her followers see her; and he proceeds to sketch the "Mother" as she appears to the devoted disciple. Patient, gentle, noble-hearted, a messenger of God.

> She has delivered to them a religion which has revolutionized their lives, banished the glooms that shadowed them, and filled them and flooded them with gladness and peace; a religion which has no hell; a religion whose heaven is not put off to another time, with a break and a gulf between, but begins here and now, and melts into eternity as fancies of the waking day melt into sleep.

We could hardly expect Mr. Clemens to draw attention to the contrasts between this view of life and that announced in the New Testament, though the oppositions are obvious.

In his conclusion, Mr. Clemens incidentally makes some severe strictures on the difference between the private and the public standards of conduct accepted by the American Christian which are the most timely in this book.

> This is an honest nation—in private life the American Christian is a straight and clean and honest man, and, in his private commerce can be trusted to stand faithfully by the principles of honor and honesty imposed on him by his religion. But the moment he comes forward to exercise a public trust he can be confidently counted upon to betray that trust in nine cases out of ten, if "party loyalty" shall require it. If there are two tickets in the field in his city, one composed of honest men and the other of notorious blatherskites and criminals, he will not hesitate to lay his private Christian honor aside and vote for the blatherskites, if his "party honor" shall exact it. His Christianity is of no use to him and has no influence upon him when he is acting in a public capacity. He has sound and sturdy private morals, but he has no public ones.

Mr. Clemens proceeds to illustrate his general arraignment by a particular instance:

> In the last great municipal election in New York, almost a complete one-half of the votes, representing 3,500,000 Chris-

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> tians, were cast for a ticket that had hardly a man on it whose earned and proper place was outside of a jail. But that vote was present at Church next Sunday the same as ever and as unconscious of its perfidy as if nothing had happened.

Congress, Mr. Clemens goes on to say, is worse than the electorate. If Christian Science can succeed in establishing a Christian public standard, he wishes it success. This needed reform will demand a stronger power than Christian Science.

Within the limits of seventy-five very small pages,* Mr. Burrell has compressed a sketch of Mrs. Eddy's career, the origin of her teachings, and a criticism of the vagueness and inconsistencies existing in that doctrine. He notes, also, the adaptations introduced from time to time into Christian Science as the result of the many attacks made upon it. Mr. Burrell's little volume is not one-tenth of the size of that of Mark Twain on the same subject, yet it embraces every element of value that is to be found in the larger work, and is just as effective an attack upon the religion of Mrs. Eddy. It enjoys, too, this advantage over Mark Twain's, that it is not open to the very reasonable objection urged by some defenders of Christian Science against the dean of American humorists, that "not only Christian Science, but every other religious belief appeals to his sense of humor, and to his sense of humor only, and this gives rise to the question as to whether the comic point of view is a valuable or even a reliable point of view in the consideration of religious topics."

CHRISTIAN UNITY.

This little volume† is published anonymously, but we shall, perhaps, betray no confidence by mentioning the fact that it is from the pen of Rev. Martin O'Donoghue, a priest well known in the vicinity of the national Capital, for his eloquence in the pulpit and his zeal in the general ministry. We are happy to be able to say that this venture into apologetics is quite worthy of the reputation the author has achieved in other lines of apostolic labor. We hope, too, that, though the main purpose of this effort is to effect conver-

* *A New Appraisal of Christian Science.* By Joseph Dunn Burrell. New York: Funk & Wagnalls.

† *The Gospel Plea for Christian Unity.* Washington, D. C.: Gibson Brothers.

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sions of non-Catholics, one of the by-products, so to say, may be to stimulate other zealous priests to a like endeavor.

There are too few of such monographs on apologetic topics appearing in America, although there is probably no country where an up-to-date, readable substitute for the old-fashioned tract can do so much good work.

There are a thousand topics available. Father O'Donoghue has chosen the task of demonstrating that the Gospels bear on their surface evident marks of a doctrine and a spirit that is solely Catholic.

His method is rather novel. He selects a sentence or a passage, or even a chapter, from the New Testament, and then, by means of a short, pithy, and often very lively commentary, indicates how closely the gospel teaching is maintained and illustrated in the Catholic life and the Catholic faith. Suffice it to say that such an objective, matter-of-fact method must appeal immediately to all bible-readers who are sincere enough to mark and compare the facts of Catholic life—especially devotional life—with the gospel records. Such readers cannot miss the main point of the author, namely, that the scriptures themselves, taken verbatim, are the strongest possible plea for the unity of faith demanded by Christ and made possible by the Church alone.

HOLY ORDERS.
By Saltet.

Of late years, since Newman's doctrine of development, from being considered a dangerous novelty, has come to be looked upon and employed as the most effective—indeed the only effective—principle for the defence of doctrinal continuity against the historical critic, our poverty in theological literature of the positive kind has been severely felt. The need is so great that every writer attempting, in however modest a measure, to contribute towards supplying the want has evoked the gratitude of students, teachers, and scholars. Already many noteworthy contributions of a meritorious character have been made; and they have met with so hearty a welcome that competent scholars are encouraged to devote talents and labor to the service of the Church and truth in this line.

The publishing house of Lecoffre has projected a series of studies on the history of dogmas which was recently most auspiciously inaugurated by Abbé Rivière's fine volume on the

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dogma of Redemption. Now comes a second study,* which is of a quality so high that it would be difficult to overpraise it The authoritative doctrine concerning the sacrament of Holy Orders is at present, and for a long time past has been, precisely fixed, and can be completely stated in a very small compass. But for a great period of the Church's history no such clear definition of the doctrine existed. And many historical facts, as well as many teachings, more or less authoritative, are on record which could, with great difficulty, be reconciled with one another, or, in some cases, with the doctrine as finally formulated by the modern councils. To the intricacy of the question, and the consequent impossibility of obtaining a satisfactory understanding of it at one particular phase without entering upon a thorough investigation of the process of development exhibited from the beginning by the teaching concerning the repetition of Orders, we owe the present volume.

In the course of a study on the reform of the eleventh century, the author informs us, he found himself face to face with the theological controversies which at that period so profoundly troubled the Church, concerning the transmission of the power of Orders. He found himself obliged to make a personal study of the question. But this inquiry forced him to investigate the chief events and controversies which marked the path of antecedent development—and thus what was intended to be an incidental chapter grew into an independent book. As we may expect from this history of its inception, this study is broad and comprehensive. Its starting point is the two diverse traditions of the ancient Church regarding the competence of schismatics and heretics to administer the sacrament of Baptism. The divergence between the practice of the African Church and that of Rome, the reordinations of the Novatians and Monophysites, the subsequent abandonment of reordination; the development of the Roman theology by St. Augustine, with the difficulties involved in the treatment of the Arians, are thoroughly discussed in these chapters forming the introductory part of the work.

The author treats with considerable amplitude the many perplexing problems presented by history from the seventh to the eleventh century, especially the reiteration, by order of the

* *Les Reordinations. Étude sur le Sacrament de l'Ordre.* Par l'Abbé Louis Saltet. Paris: Libraire-Lecoffre.

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Roman Council of 769, of the orders conferred by Pope Constantine; the annulment by Stephen VI. of the orders conferred by his predecessor, Pope Formosus, and the subsequent annulment of Stephen's act by his successors, Theodore II. and John IX., whose proceedings, in turn, received similar treatment at the hands of Sergius III. The author holds that the ordinations of Formosus were incontestably valid. The violent proceedings of the Council of 769, as well as the subsequent action of John XII. in annulling the ordinations of Leo VIII., he treats as of little real interest to the student of theological development, since each case was "but one more act of violence in a period which abounds in others still greater." He does not evade the doctrinal difficulties created by the decisions delivered regarding simoniacal ordinations during the eleventh century, and the still greater ones arising from the action of Urban II., the subsequent influence of which he follows up in the teachings of the school of Bologna. The triumph of that school, by getting practical recognition from the Curia, its influence among the Parisian theologians, who attributed to the process of degradation the power of effacing completely from the soul of the priest the sacramental character; the final establishment of the definitive doctrine by the Scholastics from the middle of the thirteenth century—these are the various phases through which, with a thorough grasp of history, critical acumen, lucid method, and in an admirably dispassionate, frank, sincere temper, Abbé Saltet exposes this intricate and delicate subject, whose embarrassing difficulties have been so frequently ignored. The reordination of the past, he concludes, undoubtedly supposed a notion of the power of orders which is not that of to-day.

> It is true that the doctrinal authority of Popes has several times been *en cause* in the course of these controversies. To what extent? There will be no hesitation in saying that the decisions of the Popes on these questions have not been clothed with the character determined by the Council of the Vatican for definitions which implicate the sovereign authority of the Popes in doctrinal matters. In the history of reordinations the authority of the Popes is much less involved than it is in the doctrine regarding the relations of the two powers, in which, however, according to theologians, the infallible authority of the Popes is not at stake.

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THE RELIGIOUS CRISIS. By Dupuis.

Among both the clergy and laity there is an increasing number of spokesmen for the view that the dangers and remedies of the present crisis depend less on the adversaries of Catholicism than upon the clergy and the faithful themselves. This diagnosis of the case is certainly more hopeful than the contrary one which would ascribe all the present evils to the diabolical power and intelligence of an enemy too strong for the resources of the Church. The latest writer to direct attention to the internal sources of the present weakness is M. Dupuis, a professor in the School of Political Sciences.*

It is a great mistake, he premises, to fancy that any electoral successes—even if such were possible—that would introduce more favorable legislation would remedy the present evils.

> Catholicism, for a long time past, is but the name of the religion of the majority of Frenchmen. That majority still passes through the Church at the opening and at the close of life, but between these two extremities of existence it has, we must admit, very little concern about religion. Believers in a vague fashion, the French are, with regard to the Church, distrustful above all things. This distrust wears two aspects, an old one and a new.

The old one, M. Dupuis proceeds to show, is of no recent origin, a fear that the clergy are always hankering for a share of power in temporal and political affairs.

This suspicion, no longer reasonable, is strong enough to strengthen and recruit anti-clericalism. But the new form which the Frenchman's distrust of the Church takes is directed against the essence of Catholicism itself.

> The French people every day hear the flatterers to whom they have given their confidence repeat that Catholicism is condemned by science, that it cannot resist the scrutiny of free thought; that its hold on souls depends on a system of intellectual compression and deliberate ignorance, cunningly fostered by the clergy. On the other hand, the people hear timid Catholics insisting to excess on the perils which menace

* *La Crise Religieuse et L'Action Intellectuelle des Catholiques.* Par Charles Dupuis. Paris: Bloud et Cie.

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> faith, on the dangers which the study of suspected or hostile sciences presents, on the advantages and security of the faith of the illiterate laborer. The people compare the two attitudes; between those who affirm boldly the rashest errors, but proclaim that they do not fear examination, and those who, sure of the truth, dread for it the weakness of the human mind to such an extent as to appear in dread of reason itself, the people incline more and more to follow the former; they distrust more and more a doctrine which seems to doubt its own strength.

This excessive timidity has, M. Dupuis argues, contributed signally to alienate the people from Catholicism. He then proceeds to show that, through faulty methods of exposition and teaching, the French people are ignorant of the true significance of much of the Church's doctrine. In a masterly analysis he sets forth the causes which, since the period of the Reformation, have led to a poor and inadequate method of preaching and teaching, and to the predominance of a merely defensive policy instead of one of apostolic aggressive vigor by the Church in France. One of these causes, on which M. Dupuis writes very forcibly, has been the inveterate disposition of the clergy to rely on the secular power; and a kindred tendency in the Catholic body in general to forget that the "Kingdom of God is not of this world." Again, he declares, the education given in the seminaries has not produced priests fit to cope with the difficulties of the day. The clergy has lost its intellectual preeminence.

> To an audacious and inquiring age truth cannot be preached in the same way as to an age filled with the fear of God and respect for authority. Yet the seminaries have been much less pre-occupied to equip apostles than to preserve timid souls from temptations of mind and heart. To ward off the peril of false, or merely bold, doctrines, teaching has shut itself up in the philosophy of the Middle Ages and Bossuet, has thundered against forgotten or abandoned errors, but has ignored systems in vogue, and scarcely mentioned contemporary errors.

Owing to these causes, France has slipped away from the control of the Church. The sources of the evil indicate the nature of the remedies to be applied—the development of the

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spiritual aims of the Church; definitive abandonment of any pretentions to dictate in secular affairs; a more modern course of seminary teaching; a more faithful preaching of the truths and spirit of the gospel; more active sympathy with the people, in contradistinction to the higher classes. On this latter point M. Dupuis quotes liberally from an eloquent pamphlet issued by the Bishop of Chalons, Mgr. Latty, who, after expressing the view that the principal cause of the decadence of Catholicism in France is to be sought, "less in the enterprise of its enemies than in the insufficient adaptation of the clergy to their rôle," exhorts the Church in France to take the side of the people, and to be with the people in whatever struggles they find themselves involved. The rupture of the Concordat may prove to have been a providential blessing for the Church in France.

MARGARET BOURGEOYS. Rarely has a spiritual biography been written in such a lively, fascinating manner as this history of the noble woman who founded the Canadian order of Notre Dame.* In 1653 Margaret Bourgeoys, then a young woman who had vainly sought admission to the Carmelite order in France, joined the band of adventurers, colonists, and apostles who sailed for Canada on the *Saint Nicholas*, under the command of the chivalrous and saintly De Maisonneuve, founder and first governor of Montreal. The history of Margaret's long life is closely interwoven with the early history of the city in which she labored, and where the seeds which she sowed in tears and trials still bear such abundant fruit. The narrative is as full of adventure and of the spirit of the gentlemen and gentlewomen of France who laid the foundations of Canada, as is one of Mary Catherine Crowley's novels; while the spiritual side of the story is told with eloquent simplicity. The sanctity of Margaret Bourgeoys' life has already won for her the title of Venerable from Leo XIII.; and "it is the cherished hope of Mother Bourgeoys' daughters and clients, as of all Canadians and Catholics, that his successor will soon exalt our heroine's life, name, and mission, by granting her the crowning honors of beatification and canonization." The order founded by Mother

* *The Life and Times of Margaret Bourgeoys (The Venerable).* By Margaret Mary Drummond. Boston: The Angel Guardian Press.

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Bourgeoys has its Constitutions approved by the Holy See. It has 127 houses scattered over twenty-one dioceses, 1,400 religious, and 32,000 pupils. Yet, as her biographer relates in detail, when she first proposed to establish an order of uncloistered sisters the conservatives of the day denounced and opposed her as a dangerous innovator.

SICILY.
By Sladen.

Mr. Sladen's new volume on Sicily* is a unique form of guide-book, practical and complete in its instructions, and filled with a spirit of fervent admiration for the romantic and beautiful places of which it speaks. The style is swinging and attractive, rich in allusions, and profitable to read. So intimate and so thorough is Mr. Sladen's familiarity with his subject, and so careful his explanations, that the reader will not easily discover any shortcomings in the book. Nine chapters, of a general character, deal with climate, customs, types, and the like, and introduce us to a series of twenty-four sections on "Things Sicilian." Each of these sections resembles a brief encyclopædia, giving in paragraphs, alphabetically arranged, short accounts of what is most important for the studious traveler to know concerning the history, topography, and institutions of the various parts of Sicily. Generously illustrated and attentive to practical details, the volume fulfils a very useful purpose and will help both to draw visitors to a land that deserves to be better known, and to ease their way during their travels.

THE PSYCHIC RIDDLE.
By Funk.

This book† presents a number of facts or alleged facts—many of them taken from works that have been already published—belonging to spiritistic phenomena. Anybody familiar with the volumes of Myers, or even with the little book of Lapponi, will find that Dr. Funk has paid little attention to systematic arrangement of his data and analysis of the various factors of the problem with which he deals. He begs that it be understood he

* *Sicily: The New Winter Resort.* An Encyclopædia of Sicily. By Douglas Sladen. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.

† *The Psychic Riddle.* By I. K. Funk, D.D. New York: Funk & Wagnalls.

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is not himself a spiritualist in the usually accepted sense of the word. For, though he holds that extra-mundane intelligences can, and do, communicate with the living through the medium of the senses, nevertheless he considers that there is no proof that these intelligences can and do identify themselves as beings who once lived in the flesh. Dr. Funk's object is "to make somewhat more easy for trained scientists the way to help effectively the psychic research societies in efforts to solve the psychic problem." The trained scientist often draws help from unlikely quarters, and, perhaps, if Crookes or Lodge, or any other of their scientific brethren, should take up Dr. Funk's book, they may derive some inspiration from it. We fear, however, that it is much more likely to be read by another class, in whom it will stir up a dangerous curiosity, that will seek to satisfy itself by dabbling in spiritism that cannot but prove pernicious. It may be true, though there is a ring of exaggeration about Gladstone's statement, that "the work of the Society for Psychical Research is the most important work that is being done in the world to-day—by far the most important." But, whatever may be the value of that work, it is certainly of a character to demand on the part of those who undertake it trained powers of observation, sobriety of judgment, and a mental poise that will protect them from rushing at conclusions that might have the most lamentable influence on their moral and religious life.

ST. CATHERINE OF SIENA. The precise reason for this new life of St. Catherine * is not plain. The book is handsome in binding and press-work, and the numerous excellent illustrations are full of interest. Miss Roberts seems to have read carefully, and she reports accurately enough, the chief events connected with the subject. But her pages present no evidence of her right to undertake the serious task in question; rather they give us reason to think that neither the faculty of clearly and logically presenting facts, nor the power of sympathetically appreciating Catherine Benincasa, has been granted to the saint's latest biographer.

* *St. Catherine of Siena and Her Times.* By the author of *Mademoiselle Mori.* New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

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THE CHURCH IN ENGLISH HISTORY. By Stone.

In this manual* of about two hundred and eighty pages, the author gives an attractive sketch of the outlines of English ecclesiastical history, adapted for pupils in higher schools and colleges. The arrangement is clear, and the course and correlation of events, causes, and consequences set forth with as much detail and philosophic analysis as the grade of students for whom it is intended, can be expected to master. The author states facts in a fairly objective way, and, while evincing the staunchest loyalty to the Church, does not descend to needlessly blackening the character of her opponents, nor to the tricks of the special pleader. In our day, when Catholics of any education are sure, some time or another, to meet with the non-Catholic view of historical facts, where the perspective is often very different from our own, the important point is that the teacher and the text-book should teach the pupil the facts, just as they are. Otherwise he may one day find that he has been deceived in some things; and thenceforward he will cease to trust the guides of his youth. Very rightly this manual insists on the evidences that establish the subordination of the English Church to the Holy See up till the Reformation; and the substitution, in the Tudor settlement, of the Royal Supremacy for that of the Pope. The pupil who will have mastered, as he can easily do, the contents of this comparatively small text-book will have a very respectable knowledge of the ecclesiastical history of England down to the time of James I. The subsequent period, and especially the last century, is rather too briefly disposed of. And, perhaps, the author has somewhat deviated from her general standard of sincerity when she leaves the impression that James II. was an advocate of the principle of religious liberty.

GOLDEN SAYINGS OF BROTHER GILES.

One of the first companions of St. Francis, Brother Giles, achieved during his life the reputation of possessing a singular power of expressing the truths of the spiritual life and the wisdom of the saints with vivacity, terseness, and the distinctive Franciscan

* *The Church in English History.* A Manual for Catholic Schools. By J. M. Stone. St. Louis: B. Herder.

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character. His golden sayings were compiled soon after his death by the disciples who had committed them to writing after they had heard them fall from his own lips; and have come down, more or less adulterated, to the present day. Four collections of the *Dicta* exhibit many variations. Father Paschal has taken for translation* the *Dicta B. Ægidii;* and adds an appendix giving other sayings from compilations more or less corrupted. Apologizing for the meagreness of the biographical sketch of Brother Giles which he draws, Father Paschal, after noting the paucity of reliable information existing concerning the subject, writes:

> The purely historical features of a saint's life, everything in fact which illustrated only the human side—features which we have come to regard as almost essential to a complete grasp of the subject—such things were of little or no interest to the thirteenth century hagiographer. Moreover, the medieval legends of the saints were mostly, as their names imply, intended for reading in the refectory. Hence their comparative disregard of all save what actually tends to edify. Remembering this—and how much depends on the point of view—we must not look for a methodical account of the actions of Blessed Giles in the Leonine life as it has come down to us.

This life by Brother Leo, treated critically, is the basis of Father Paschal's sketch. Here, and in the editing and translating of the *Sayings*, Father Paschal displays the erudition and the grasp of historical method which have won him a place in the front rank of the large band of scholars who to day have devoted themselves to the study of "Franciscana."

PHILOSOPHERS OF THE SMOKING-ROOM. By Aveling.

The exposition and defense of Catholic ethics and theology in some lighter literary form, rather than in the systematic lecture or treatise, is too seldom attempted. Hence the present effort of Dr. Aveling† deserves, apart from

* *The Golden Sayings of the Blessed Brother Giles of Assisi.* Newly translated and edited, together with a Sketch by his Life, by the Rev. Father Paschal Robinson, of the Order of Friars Minor. Philadelphia, Pa.: The Dolphin Press.

† *The Philosophers of the Smoking-Room.* Conversations on Matters of Moment. By Francis Aveling, D.D. St. Louis: B. Herder.

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its intrinsic value, warm commendation. A party of passengers on a steamer from Liverpool to Montreal, consisting of an artist, somewhat poetical and dreamy, with his heart in the right place, a doctor of a sceptical and materialistic turn of mind, a genial Protestant clergyman, and a secular priest, who unites a good grip of philosophy and theology to a sound store of common sense, tact, and good nature, drift into friendly discussion in the smoking-room on such topics as suicide, God, drunkenness, free-will, myths, spiritualism, etc.

The priest, with occasional assistance from the parson when the debate is confined to philosophical or common religious grounds, champions the orthodox views, in opposition to the doctor, who is occasionally assisted by the artist's wife. A good deal of solid philosophy and theology is conveyed in popular form and in colloquial language. A listener well up in Spencer, Hartmann, and the other gospels of positivism in all its forms, would be likely to protest that the priest wins his triumphs too cheaply over his somewhat superficial opponents, and would probably push him much harder, while some colleagues of the worthy parson would accuse him of having allowed his sympathy with a brother fisherman to have dulled his polemical wits. But it would have been a violation of all the probabilities, and entirely incompatible with the simpler aim of Dr. Aveling, to have treated us to the spectacle of an exhaustive dialectical duel on any of the burning questions of religious thought in the smoking-room of a transatlantic steamer. Conveyed in this lighter vein Catholic doctrine may obtain a hearing in quarters where it would knock in vain were it arrayed in its characteristic garb.

A MIRROR OF SHALOTT. By Benson.

A number of priests and two or three laymen meet on several occasions to "swap stories" of their respective personal experiences in the realm of the preternatural.* Presentiments, ghostly apparitions, visions, and uncanny manifestations of various kinds are related with all the indications that the writer asks us to believe that they are records of real experiences. In some of them the Mass and the sacraments are introduced. If true, they are wonderful. If mere exercises of the imagination, it is surpris-

* *A Mirror of Shalott.* By Rev. Robert Hugh Benson. New York: Benziger Brothers.

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ing that Father Benson should have employed the most sacred rites of religion as part of his machinery.

Probably the aim of the composition has been to convey the impression that there is a good deal of truth in the accounts of spiritistic and diabolic manifestations which are engrossing attention just at present. If this be the case, it would seem that Father Benson would have done better to state clearly whether he set forth these stories as genuine histories, whatever they might be worth, of real persons, or as mere fiction. And if they are but fiction, why should they be given to the public under the prestige of his name?

LIFE OF ALLIES.

The author of *The Formation of Christendom* has found in his daughter a graceful, sympathetic, and competent biographer.* The earlier years of Allies' life are related with a good deal of detail. The story of his conversion, with its intellectual struggle, is passed over more rapidly—a mark of judgment in the biographer, since Allies himself has given us an ample account of the journey of his mind from Canterbury to Rome in *A Life's Decision*. The long years of his life after his conversion, in privacy and in the comparative obscurity of the secretaryship to the Catholic Poor School Committee, afford little matter of interest except to personal friends of the family. Some letters of Newman to Allies, conveying criticisms and suggestions regarding *The Formation of Christendom*, are interesting reading. So, also, is some correspondence that passed between Allies and Aubrey de Vere, his life-long friend.

A significant revelation of Allies' inner thoughts is his complaint that when he came into the Church he could find no official occupation for the employment of his talents, and was condemned to a life of obscurity. But this fact he turned to good account for himself, by making it a stepping-stone to the high level of spirituality which he attained. And he found profitable vent for his literary ambition and activity by becoming, with his pen, the ardent defender of the Holy See, with the happiest results for many Anglicans, who were led to the truth by his writings. The composition of *The Formation of*

* *Thomas William Allies.* By Mary Allies. New York: Benziger Brothers.

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Christendom was the work of his life. In his diary he writes, on March 8, 1890:

> This is a great anniversary to me. On March 10, 1860, I wrote to my wife from the Minerva at Rome: "I have accomplished the main object of my journey, having had an audience of the Pope on Thursday. He recalled my visit to Gaeta, and asked me whether I had been at Rome since. I told him I had not been able. 'But you have been well employed at home; you have defended St. Peter, so I must give you St. Peter'; upon which he gave me an intaglio of St. Peter in red cornelian. Thirty years have now elapsed since that day, and the work for which I asked the blessing of Pius IX. has occupied me ever since. It has set before me a definite task to which I have devoted every thought—I might say almost every hour. It has reached fifty-four chapters, and I hope, in a short time, to complete it as far as the crowning of Charlemagne, seven volumes. Without this task I should certainly have expired from ennui, at the loss of my *ergon* in life, and the feeling that I was cast out of the sea of heresy as a piece of seaweed on the coast of the Church, whom no one cared for or valued. And it remains to me as the sole personal *raison d'être*. I mean that, after the work of saving my soul, it is my work in life to defend the See of Peter, and without this I should be utterly discouraged and purposeless as to my external task."

The last volume of his work was written between 1892 and 1895. The author died in 1903, at the ripe age of ninety. His biographer has given the world a full and definite picture of a noble man whose work will live long after him.

HAGIOGRAPHY.

The purpose of this book* is to show the application of the ordinary rules and methods of historical criticism to our hagiographical literature in order to winnow some of the chaff from the good wheat—to separate, and to indicate by copious examples, the necessity that exists for separating, from the authentic lives and other records of the saints, a vast mass of spurious stories, baseless legends, and pious in-

* *The Legends of the Saints.* An Introduction to Hagiography. From the French of Père H. Delehaye, S.J., Bollandist. Translated by Mrs. V. M. Crawford. New York: Longmans, Green & Co.

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ventions, that, in the course of ages, have obtained currency, only to depreciate the value of the genuine histories which we possess. Needless to say, Father Delehaye's labors, far from meeting, at first, with universal approbation, were received with a good deal of suspicion and not a little indignation. His character of Jesuit was not quite equal to placing his orthodoxy beyond suspicion; nor did the title of Bollandist protect his qualifications as a scholar from assault. In the Introduction to this volume, a part of which first appeared in the form of articles in the *Revue des Questions Historiques*, he mentions, in a general manner, the drift of the criticisms by which he was somewhat bitterly assailed by highly religious-minded people. These persons, he observes, considered his conclusions to have been inspired by "the revolutionary spirit that has penetrated into the Church"; and to be "highly derogatory to the honor of the Christian faith." Father Delehaye, expressing his actual experience in hypothetical form, says:

> If you suggest that the biographer of a saint has been unequal to his task, or that he has not professed to write as a historian, you are accused of attacking the saint himself, who, it appears, is too powerful to allow himself to be compromised by an indiscreet panegyrist. If, again, you venture to express doubt concerning certain miraculous incidents repeated by the author on insufficient evidence, although well calculated to enhance the glory of the saint, you are at once suspected of lack of faith. You are told you are introducing the spirit of rationalism into history, as though in questions of fact it were not above all things necessary to weigh the evidence.

Time, however, has brought around a juster appreciation of Père Delehaye's work. Reflection has taught his opponents that an endeavor to detect and eliminate counterfeit money from the genuine cannot fairly be held up to reprobation as an attack upon the national credit.

> To give assistance in detecting materials of inferior workmanship is not to deny the excellence of what remains, and it is to the ultimate advantage of the harvest to point out the tares that have sometimes become mingled with the wheat to a most disconcerting extent.

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The entire volume is not consecrated to the purgation of hagiology. A good third of it is devoted to combating, with the arms of critical scholarship, the misrepresentations of rationalistic writers in the historical field and in the comparative study of religions, who pretend that Catholicism has incorporated in its ritual and practice a considerable quantity of pagan observances and beliefs. Certain resemblances and coincidences exist which have been so misinterpreted as to give plausibility to this theory. Father Delehaye sets the facts in the proper light. With the editors of the Westminster Library, to which series the present translation belongs, we may say that Father Delehaye's work will prove of great service to "those who, whether as a matter of duty or of devotion, are accustomed to recite the Divine Office with its historical lessons; to those again who, as the Church's local representatives, are often asked to explain difficulties regarding the cultus of the saints; to all, in fine, who take an interest in the discussions upon pagan survivals provoked by so many of our modern folk-lorists." Historical students will find the work to be a fine example of sound, conservative, scientific method.

LITURGY.

The professor of Liturgy in Overbrook Seminary has made the American clergy his debtor by publishing two manuals of liturgical practice,* for which—to use a sadly abused phrase which, however, is strictly applicable in the present instance—there has long been a grievous want. Every instruction necessary for the various rites of consecration and blessings incidental to the parochial service is, of course, contained in the Ritual and Pontifical; and copious volumes of text and commentary exist in abundance. But when a priest is to discharge, or assist, in some unusual liturgical benediction or consecration, he is often perplexed by the complication of directions, explanations, references to other parts of the book, that are to be found in the official texts, as well as in the works of commentary and explanation. How many a priest, who during the course of some episcopal ceremony, such as

* *Consecranda.* Rites and Ceremonies observed at the Consecration of Churches, Altars, Altar-Stones, Chalices, and Patens. *Benedicenda.* Rites and Ceremonies to be observed in some of the Principal Functions of the Roman Pontifical and the Roman Ritual. By Rev. A. J. Schulte, Professor of Liturgy at Overbrook Seminary. New York: Benziger Brothers.

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the consecration of a church, on finding himself put out by some abbreviated reference, or by his failure to find with sufficient alacrity the place to which he is referred, has said: "Why doesn't some person publish a good, large-sized book, in which everything that belongs to this function, and others of the same kind, would be found in its own place, with the Latin prayers in conspicuous type, and the instructions, clear and full, in their proper place in English?"

These two volumes are just the thing to make the priest's way, through all the functions in which he is ordinarily called upon to take part, very plain sailing. Clear and detailed instructions on each function are given in an introductory section; the articles required and their proper disposition specified. The prayers, psalms, antiphons, etc., are printed in conspicuous, heavy type; signs of the cross and other ceremonies are marked clearly in their proper places; even the verbal variations required, such as the plural for singular forms of words, are given, so that no distraction of effort to recall one's Latin grammar is imposed on the reader. The first volume contains the following subjects: Consecration of a Church; Consecration of an Altar; Consecration of an Altar-Stone, the Sepulchre of which is beneath the Table; Consecration of a Chalice and Paten. The other volume: Laying of the Corner-Stone of a Church; Laying of the Corner-Stone of any Other Building than a Church; Blessing and Reconciliation of a Cemetery; Blessing of Bells, of a Church, a School-House, Crosses, Images; The Episcopal Visitation of a Parish; The Administration of Confirmation. Even that function of growing frequency and importance—the investiture of Domestic Prelates and Protonotaries Apostolic—is not forgotten.

Not alone the wants of the clergy in active ministry have been met by Father Schulte. He has provided for the seminarian a work which will be a good text-book in those seminaries where the course of Liturgy is short, and one which will prove a useful guidebook to the great standard authors when the length of the course permits a study of them.

We are pleased to note the appearance of new editions of some books of various characters, but all distinctively Catholic, and of merit enough to make this evidence of their popularity a cause of satisfaction to the friends of Catholic literature. Among

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them are: Treacy's *Conquests of our Holy Faith* * and *Tributes of Protestant Writers;* † M. F. Egan's *The Life Around Us;* ‡ R. O'Brien's *Ailey Moore;* § and McKernan's *Forty-Five Sermons.* ‖

A volume on North America ¶ by Father De Vincentiis—a *résumé* of information of all kinds concerning the United States—is intended for the use of Italians anxious to become familiar with the country of their adoption, and for the enlightenment of those living at home in Italy, who are interested in the land where so many of their friends and fellow-countrymen dwell. The author writes about climate, geography, history, industries, national customs, religious systems, laws, and in fact pretty much everything that could be included in a book of general description. His style is interesting, the information he conveys fairly accurate, and, for the purpose in view, the book is useful. It will hardly serve to replace a careful study of statistics, but, on the other hand, it will convey as much information as persons with a superficial interest in the topics it discusses ordinarily care to have. The enthusiasm of the writer for America and Americans is written large on every page, and the fervor of his Catholicism is certainly beyond question.

* *Conquests of our Holy Faith.* By James J. Treacy. 3d Edition. New York: Fr. Pustet & Co.

† *Tributes of Protestant Writers to the Truth and Beauty of Catholicity.* By James J. Treacy. 4th Edition. New York: Fr. Pustet & Co.

‡ *The Life Around Us.* A Collection of Stories by Maurice F. Egan. 5th Edition. New York: Fr. Pustet & Co.

§ *Ailey Moore: A Tale of the Times.* By Richard B. O'Brien. 4th Edition. New York: Fr. Pustet & Co.

‖ *Forty-Five Sermons Written to meet the Objections of the Day.* By Rev. J. McKernan. New York: Fr. Pustet & Co.

¶ *L'America del Nord.* Per Reverendo Prof. Gideone de Vincentiis. Napoli: Luigi Pierro.

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Foreign Periodicals.

The Tablet (7 Sept): In an exposition of the changes in the Catholic Marriage Law, which, according to the Pope's recent Decree, will go into effect after next Easter, it is pointed out, that the Church will condemn, as null and void, marriages between Catholics, performed either in a Protestant church or in a registry office. The absolute requirements, therefore, for the validity of a marriage, will be the presence of a duly qualified priest and two witnesses; except: *(a)* In case of danger of death, for the relief of conscience and the legitimation of offspring, when any priest may assist validly; and *(b)* When the contracting parties have, during the space of a whole month, been unable to secure the presence of a properly qualified priest or the Ordinary of the place, . . . the marriage is valid if the parties express their consent in the presence of two witnesses.——The German Emperor, in a remarkable address at Munster, exhorts his people to return to Christian ideals as a sure basis for healthy national life.——Mr. John Redmond claims, for the Irish party, credit for the defeat of the obnoxious McKenna Education Bill.

(14 Sept.): The address of the Archbishop of Westminster, at the Catholic Congress at Preston, on the English School crisis, was a strong and vigorous one. He condemned the plan of having the various creeds explained and taught in rotation, and insisted that the only possible way out of the difficulty was to have the children grouped according to their beliefs. Catholics, he said, cannot accept the municipal religion, for the sufficient reason that it is not Catholic. His Grace branded the suggestion as an attempt to bring back the old penal code and to enact new disabilities for those who are faithful to Catholicism: "Weaken the power of religion and you relax the bonds which knit a civilized people together. Destroy and uproot religion and you will have to encounter the wildest forces of human passion."——A Catholic Women's League has been formed in London, with Father Bernard Vaughan,

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S.J., as its spiritual director. It numbers among its members, the Dowager Marchioness of Bute, the Countess of Denbigh, and many other ladies of distinction.

(21 Sept.): The Eucharistic Congress has closed its fruitful labors at Metz, and will meet next year in the capital of the British Empire.——The Sovereign Pontiff's Encyclical, addressed to the Catholic world, shows how deeply and earnestly the Holy Father has entered into the questions treated in its pages, and which are condemned under the name, "Modernism": The mutilation of Christianity by the separation of an historical from a religious Christ; the reversal of the Incarnation by the denial of the ingerence of the Divine in the domain of fact; the banning of the intellect in its highest function, the apprehension of the Divine truth, and the degradation of all religion and faith to the region of mere sentiment; the deposition of religious authority from the Apostolic throne to a president's chair in a republic of consciences; the superannuation of the Bible and all exterior revelation in favor of the inner revelation of individual or collective religious experience; the reduction of all Christian doctrines to mere changeable counters and symbols peculiar to the period in which we live; these are in the main the group of pernicious errors labelled as "Modernism," which has been declared by the Soverign Pontiff to be "the meeting ground of heretics."

The Crucible (Sept.): The Editor announces the opening of the "Information Bureau" which the Catholic Women's League has established to provide opportunity of usefulness and of gaining experience for those who have not yet "found an outlet for their energies." The general aim of the League is to unite Catholic women in a bond of common fellowship for the promotion of religious, intellectual, and social work.——Dr. Eleanor S. Warner, largely through whose efforts permission has been granted by the Roman Curia for the establishment of Catholic women's colleges at Oxford and Cambridge, draws attention to the good results which the higher education of women is effecting. Society is receiving the benefit of superior work in many departments of life. From the

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standpoint of the individual, the advantage is incalculable. "Many a woman who would formerly have been condemned to an existence of aimless inanity or worse, a prey to morbid fancies, a burden to herself and her surroundings, is now able to find an outlet for her energies, and to lead a healthy life full of joy to herself and usefulness to others."——Miss Petre, discussing the question of control over the voluntary worker, insists that he is bound to recognize a sense of responsibility and should identify himself thoroughly with the work. ——Lily H. Montagu contributes some very valuable suggestions for the education of the working girl.

International Journal of Ethics (Oct.): Walter L. Sheldon finds the classification of duties and virtues in many of the modern treatises on ethics unsatisfactory. The separation of ethics from ethical teaching, from which traditionally it is not distinguished, and the invention of a terminology scientifically accurate, are being realized all too slowly in this department of philosophy.——David J. Brewer, though he defends the integrity of the legal fraternity, appeals to it for a higher standard of professional ethics. He wishes that every lawyer had the courage to say to his client: "It may be legal, but it is dishonest and I will have nothing to do with it."——Of democracy, Professor Warner Fite, of Indiana University, says that it is partly a fact and partly an unrealized ideal. If we are to work for the ideal, we must rid ourselves of the delusion that democracy is a state of primitive nature, to be found at its best among "plain men," or that the safeguard of democracy lies in that impatience of constituted order which marks the "free-born American." The democratic ideal is that of a society of perfectly intelligent and cultivated men. It is, in a word, the ideal of a society of gentlemen.

The Irish Monthly (Sept.): "Hester's History," a serial by Lady Gilbert (Rosa Mulholland), begins in this number. ——A sketch of Louise Gimet, or "Captain Pegerre," as she was called, is startling. One of the worst of the communists of 1871, leader of a band of soldiers, a free-mason, and the murderer of thirteen priests, she ends

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her life as a penitent, with the Sisters of St. Joseph.—— Katharine Tynan Hinkson illustrates the charms of football by a pretty short story.

The Irish Ecclesiastical Record (Sept.): Rev. R. Fullerton concerns himself with the Ghost Theory, as seen in its development. After examining the cults of various savage tribes, he comes to the conclusion that degeneration, and not progressive evolution, has produced the religious conditions existing among these peoples.——"Glimpses of Penal Times," an article, drawn from the original legal documents, by Very Rev. Reginald Walsh, O.P., is an account of the persecution of certain bishops and priests.

Le Correspondant (25 Aug.): "Letters to an Exile" are concluded.——Apropos of the Maritime Exposition at Bordeaux, P. Carmena d'Almeida contributes a review of the accomplishments of steam navigation during the past century.——The military mutineers of the Revolution, Oscar Harvard maintains, were the dregs of the population of Paris. Recruited from the lowest strata of society, they were subjected to the severest military discipline, a system inflexible, and providing the most drastic punishments for minor offences. Moreover, we are told the officers were incapable. All these reasons, combined with the fact that the opinions of Rousseau were dominant at the time, explain the insubordination of the French army in the early days of the Revolution.——M. de Villelume recently made a trip into the heart of Africa. He writes an account of it and particularly of the people of Zandé, whom he visited. The inhabitants of that country have little religion.——Dr. Charpentier, Director of the Laboratory of the Pasteur Institute, states that a remedy for snake bite has been found at last. He advises immediate cauterizing and the placing of a tight bandage between the wound and the trunk. Profuse sweating must be induced in the patient. In the wound must be injected ten centimeters of an anti-venomous serum obtained from the blood of an inoculated horse.

(10 Sept.): General Lambert contributes some memories of the war of 1870.——In the first of a series of articles on the Edict of Nantes, Philip Régnier treats the ques-

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tion from the Catholic standpoint, by showing that all the persecuting was not done by the Catholics, and that the Edict did not guarantee liberty of conscience to the Protestants of France.——E. Martin Saint-Leon treats of the Trust questions in America. He is impartial and adduces all the arguments that he can muster for the existence of the trust, and does not neglect those of its opponents. The case of the Northern Securities, that of Standard Oil, of the Beef Trust are cited. President Roosevelt is highly eulogized.——A Christian artist, Jean Bethune, receives a lengthy notice at the hands of M. de Grandmaison. The history of his life manifests the ideal of a great artist and of a good man. He was one of those few persons who has made a school and who has had his ideas perpetuated in a body of disciples. His masterpiece is the Benedictine Abbey at Maredsous, in the diocese of Namur, which he finished in the austere style of the fourteenth century.

Études (20 Sept.): M. Le Monnier contributes an article on the stigmata of St. Francis of Assisi, defending their miraculous character. After giving a good deal of testimony to the fact of the stigmata, which he says is not generally denied, he takes up the various explanations of this fact, offered by M. Alfred Maury and M. G. Dumas among others. He denies the theory of M. Maury that the stigmata could have been produced by the power of imagination, and M. Dumas' theory that the phenomena was the result of hypnotic suggestion.——M. Mallebrancq begins a paper dealing with the alleged crisis in Catholicism. He outlines the conclusions of science and the demands of faith in the fields of history and Scripture; and continues with a keen analysis of the attitude of modern philosophy toward dogma. He dwells especially upon the dangers of exaggeration and lack of balance to Catholic scholars who assume this attitude.——The article on Madagascar is continued.

Annales de Philosophie Chrétienne (Sept.): M. Laberthonnière gives forty pages to the first installment of a discussion of the meanings and relations of the terms "Dogma" and "Theology." Thus the discussion started by M. Le

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Roy in *La Quinzaine* (16 April, 1905), after engaging scores of the most prominent theologians in Europe, professional and amateur, cleric and lay, of the old school and the new, has finally become the occasion of what will unquestionably be a comprehensive and luminous dissertation from the pen of the editor of the *Annales*. With three such masters as Le Roy, Lebreton, and Laberthonnière engaged in the conflict pro and contra, we will probably see the most famous theological controversy of the times—and the times are critical. Indeed, any one who desires to be informed on the exact meaning, tendency, and possible outcome of the new theology among Catholics, must follow these articles. The present article is largely introductory, giving the state of the case, and a long detailed exposé of the stand taken by M. Le Roy, which has been stated more than once in this department. M. Laberthonnière promises to come to his *critique* proper in the next number, and to show that M. Le Roy, in his attempt to do away with the reproach of "Heteronomy," which he says modern philosophers level at religion, is unsuccessful, and that instead of escaping difficulties, has only fallen more deeply into them, for the reason that he seeks to dodge rather than overcome them.

La Démocratie Chrétienne (8 Sept.): In an account of the session of the "Social Week of France," held at Amiens early in August, a summary is given of the different lectures delivered there. The assembly's aim is to better the condition of the laboring population. The papers were on such topics as "Christian Principles in Social Economy"; "The Social Action of the Church"; "The Christian Notion of Property"; etc. The principle underlying the relation of the Church to the civil authority, the contract of the wage-earner, and other subjects concerning the relations of labor and capital, were also discussed.——Following are a few of the ideals of the "Social Week" selected from a number formulated by M. Thellier. "We are formed only to act." "We will speak the truth to the people." "We will not be flatterers, either of the poor or of the rich." "Our voice will be that of justice, which no envy, no consideration of persons,

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troubles."——M. Raoul Perret contributes a discussion of the "Legal Reform of the Marriage Laws."

Revue Pratique d'Apologétique. (1 Sept.): J. Guibert enters into a discussion of the relation between religious belief and natural science. The conclusion arrived at is that the two are not in conflict, but can be intimately and profitably united.——In a recent number of the *Revue d'Histoire et Littérature Religieuses,* William Herzog maintained that the idea of the virginal conception of Christ was a product of Hellenism. P. Camuset, after a short *résumé* of this article, refutes it with proof of the Jewish origin of that doctrine.——E. Terrasse finds many reasons for complaint against those who call themselves "free-thinkers."——L.-Cl. Fillion, in this and the following number criticizes unfavorably two recent German romances, *Frohe Botschaft eines Armen Sünders* and *Hilligenlei.* Both deal with the life of Christ in the modern rationalistic fashion and have received a warm reception in Germany.

(15 Sept.): Many conjectures have been made on the real part played by Hugues Géraud, Bishop of Cahors, in the death of Pope John XXII. G. Mollat decides, after careful study, that the bishop was legally and justly condemned, though the process leading to his condemnation was rather severe.——H. Lesêtre contributes a sketch on the history of the Judges of Israel.

La Civiltà Cattolica (7 Sept.): The first article, dealing with the recent scandals in Italy, in which religious were accused of grave immoralities, shows that the true authors of the scandal were the freemasons, anti-clericals, and radicals, aided by the anti-Catholic press in its circulation of revolting, but utterly false, stories about religious.——In an article on Spencer's theory of ethical evolution, the writer demonstrates the immutability of the Natural Law, and indicates the worthlessness of the arguments advanced by Spencer and his followers for a utilitarian code of ethics.——"Studies in the New Testament," is the title of an article which summarizes the latest views of scholars on New Testament questions.

Rassegna Nazionale (1 Sept.): Contains an interesting sketch,

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by G. Gallo, of Josephine Butler and her famous work in behalf of social purity.——E. Vercesi, a friend of the lamented Abbé Gustave Morel, writes sympathetically of this remarkable representative of the younger French clergy, so distinguished for learning, zeal, and breadth of view.——G. Volpi tells of the difficulties encountered by the Association for the Assistance of Catholic Italian Foreign Missionaries, and of the co-operation with the Society on the part of Mgr. Scalabrini and Mgr. Bonomelli.——Introducing an article on "The Holy House of Loreto," written by Dr. Carlo Nembrini Gonzaga (against the authenticity of the translation), the editor explains his refusal to publish a recent article (in favor of the legend) on the ground that it contained nothing new and was of the abusive tone adopted by other defenders of the same thesis, who forgot the proverb that nothing can guarantee a lie, neither extent of space, nor length of time, nor patronage of persons, nor privilege of place. The editor mentions the forthcoming publication of a work upon the Mentality of the Defenders of Legends. ——R. Mazzei speaks of the harm done to the law-and-order party by the voters who abandon the promoters of right and decency for fear of being called clerical; and again by the voters who wish to support the government at all costs.

Stimmen aus Maria-Laach (Sept.): The new Syllabus, *Lamentabili Sane*, is treated at length in this number. The writer, Fr. Bessmer, shows that there was an imperative need of the action taken by the Holy Father. He also calls attention to the character of some of the errors condemned, their origin, and the extent to which they have been disseminated.——Fr. Cathrein continues his discussion of the relation that exists between pedagogy and religion. The conclusion to which he comes is that "moral training without religion, and indeed without the Catholic religion, is for us Catholics impossible and even inconceivable. Religion is the foundation on which moral training must rest. It is further an essential part, an indispensable means of moral education. What root, earth, air, and light are to the tree, that religion is to moral training."

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Razón y Fe (Sept.): In the opening article, L. Murillo asserts that the recent Syllabus was both opportune and necessary. Opportune, because it provides the faithful with a sure means of deciding as to the orthodoxy of the various books, pamphlets, and periodicals that discuss our present-day religious problems; necessary, because the world was beginning to think that the Vatican sympathized with and encouraged the "reform movement," and also because the innovators had formed the "insolent" project of fitting their theories into the scheme of Catholic theology, a work for which they sought to pave the way by endeavoring to limit the activity and authority of the Index.——Narciso Noguer gives a clear, concise statement of what various Swiss Catholic organizations aim to do for the working people of that country and of the methods they employ. He praises highly the ability and zeal of Fathers Jung, Scheiwiller, and Schmidt, leaders in these good works, and urges the Spanish clergy to undertake similar labors to save the workingmen of Spain from the pitfalls of socialism.——What foreign students, principally German, have done in the field of ancient Spanish ecclesiastical literature is the subject of an admiring and grateful article by Zacarías García.——Enrique Portillo continues his critical studies of Spanish Church history during the first half of the eighteenth century.——Ignacio Casanovas gives a descriptive analysis of the fifth international Art Exposition held in Barcelona. Some nine hundred painters and sculptors, representing Spain, France, Italy, Germany, England, Belgium, Holland, Portugal, and Japan, have sent about two thousand different exhibits as proofs of their skill and genius. Some of these, the writer asserts, are artistically and morally bad.——Other articles deal with the nature of sensation; the twenty-eighth and twenty-ninth chapters of St. Teresa's *Way of Perfection;* the region and people of Libanus.

España y America (15 Sept.): Taking it as undeniable that the present age does not impart to Church architects the inspiration necessary for the creation of new styles, and that a servile imitation of the past is out of the question, M. Cil asks what one of the old styles furnishes the

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best basic ideas for our new ecclesiastical edifices. He sums up and endeavors to refute the arguments proffered by those who favor the Byzantine model. Their reasons briefly are: The Byzantine is the first fruit of Christian inspiration; the Gothic style has been adopted by the Protestant churches; the Byzantine is the cheaper; and is likewise the more enduring. The third of these reasons is the only one in which the author sees any strength. ——Anacleto Orejón continues his study of Modern Biblical Criticism, pointing out serious defects in the rationalistic literary critics; namely, that their reasonings are shaped, consciously or unconsciously matters not, by their preconceived notion that the Jewish and Christian are not revealed religions; that their concept of these religions is built out of their own imaginings and that they attach an undue importance to internal criteria while they unduly depreciate the worth of external testimony. Yet, despite all their faults, they have been of some service to Catholics, for they have forced Catholic scholars to study the Bible more thoroughly and to examine traditional opinions more carefully and severely.——Father Juvencio Hospital gives an historical review of Buddhism in China.

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Current Events.

France.

The chief pre-occupation of the French government has, of course, been the question of Morocco. A few years ago everything seemed to have been prepared for the peaceful penetration of that Empire, which had long been reduced to anarchy by autocratic rule. This project, however, was thwarted by the interposition of the German Emperor, who seems to look upon it as part of his mission to act as the protector of every despot. Morocco, in consequence, has been falling into a state of ever greater and greater disorder.

In its northeastern districts there has been for some years a chronic pretender, who is not strong enough to secure the throne, and is too strong to be decisively defeated by the Sultan. Then Raisuli, who a few months ago was reported to have been defeated, has emerged from his enforced seclusion, has captured one of the chief advisers of the Sultan, an Englishman, or rather a Scotchman, Kaid Sir Harry Maclean, whom he still holds in captivity, and is supported by no one knows how many tribes. As a condition of submission Raisuli demands that he should be appointed governor of an extensive territory, and pass again from the occupation of robbing his fellow-countrymen as a bandit to the legalized plundering of them, which is normally exercised by their governors.

In the south of Morocco Mulai Hafid, the elder brother of the Sultan Abdul Aziz, being grieved at the sight of such widespread anarchy, and feeling that he was the man to set things right, has caused himself to be proclaimed Sultan, has deposed his incapable brother, and has received the adhesion of a large number of the semi-independent tribes into which the population of Morocco is divided. Whether the two brothers will come to blows remains to be seen.

To add to the distraction which exists, a very learned and holy man, with great influence among the Moors, named Ma el Ainin, animated with hatred for all Europeans, and anxious to defend the purity of the faith, has been preaching a holy war throughout all the country, from Cape Juby to Rabat. The Moorish love of their faith includes also a hatred for science,

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especially when it takes the form of wireless telegraphy. It was the attempt to install this system at Marakesh which was the immediate cause of the murder of Dr. Mauchamp last March, a murder which led to the occupation by the French of Ujda, an occupation which still continues. The bombardment and subsequent occupation of Casablanca on the western coast of Morocco was due to a massacre of Europeans, chiefly Frenchmen, who were at work in making modern improvements to the harbor. This massacre took place on the 30th of July, and ever since the French government has been puzzled how to act. For behind the Moors are the Germans, and if French action goes beyond a certain line, and it is not easy to discover where that line is drawn, grave danger would arise of at least a diplomatic conflict with Germany. The Act of Algeciras imposed upon France and Spain the duty of training police for the sea-port towns and of providing the officers of this force. Very little had, however, been done to carry out this commission when the massacre took place; but to France and Spain it naturally fell to act in this emergency. Both powers sent ships and men, and both have taken part in the fighting and in the occupation of the town. The part taken by Spain, however, seems to have been somewhat reluctant and ineffectual, and this possibly indicates a difference between the two governments.

The massacre which took place at Casablanca gave reason to apprehend that similar events might happen at the other seaports in which Europeans were living. To guard against this, France proposed to the powers that these ports should be policed by a force composed of Frenchmen and Spaniards. The Algeciras Act authorized a police force, but this force was to be composed of Moors with French and Spanish officers. The proposal consequently went further than the Act. The German reply to the French proposal, while not offering any direct opposition to it, was so qualified in its approval and so carefully called attention to the fact that it went further than the Act, that it seems that the French government is reluctant to carry it out. Indeed it is asserted that urgent need no longer exists, all apprehension of further massacres having been removed.

It will be seen how great are the difficulties in which France is involved. If she leaves Morocco to its fate, her possessions, which border upon it, may rise in revolt; if, on the other hand, she takes decisive action and penetrates, as she is tempted

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to do, into the interior, she may become involved in a war, not merely in Morocco, but with her neighbor across the Rhine.

In internal matters the anti-Militarist movement and the question of the abolition of capital punishment have excited the greatest interest. No one denies that some of the soldiers have adopted the teachings of M. Hervé and M. Jaurès, men who condemn war in every case except that of an unprovoked invasion. Those who take optimistic views say that it will require at least six months to remedy the evils produced by the anti-Militarist propaganda in the army; they claim, too, that should a national emergency really arise there would be no danger of these unpatriotic theories being put into practice. The character of this anti-Militarism was clearly shown by M. Jaurès in a speech which he made recently at a large Socialist meeting. After declaring that it was the duty of governments to maintain peace between nations, and in case of the failure of their own efforts then to appeal to arbitration, he went on to say: "If you will not do so, appeal, that is, to arbitration, you are a government of scoundrels, a government of bandits, a government of assassins, and it is the right and duty of the proletariat to rise against you and to keep and to use against you the rifles which you place in their hands. It will be no longer necessary to inquire which government is the aggressor. It will be the government which refuses arbitration. In such cases we shall use our rifles, not to cross the frontier, but by a revolution to upset the criminal government."

The leader of the anti-Militarists, M. Hervé, was not to be outdone by M. Jaurès. He declared both the French government and the German government to be thieves and equally ignoble thieves. "Are you going to offer," he asked the meeting which he was addressing, "to Prussian bullets the only thing which you possess—namely, your skins?" "As for us," he continued, "we detest all mother countries. We will not give an inch of our skin for our own; and if we have to risk our lives, it must be for something worth while, and that is to make a revolution."

It is often advantageous to have a clear statement of principles and their consequences; and these statements of M. Jaurès and M. Hervé have opened the eyes of many even of their fellow-Socialists, and have brought upon them almost universal condemnation. It cannot but be, however, a matter for

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anxiety when a prominent man, so eloquent, cultivated, and influential as M. Jaurès, can be found to use language of such a character, nor would he use it had he no backing. Politicians nowadays are not teachers, prophets, or even leaders, but hunters after a following which makes or unmakes them. It must have been in the hope of securing such a following that M. Jaurès spoke.

The secularization of education in France has not yet brought about the millenium. In several of the cities so great is the amount of crime that there is said to be a reign of terror. In Paris hardly a day passes without a contingent of murders or of murderous assaults. In Marseilles certain quarters are under the rule of bands of young men called Apaches. These ruffians commit not only highway robbery, but shoot or stab their victims, attacking them in gangs. The low price for which revolvers can be bought and the liberty to carry these weapons are causes which have led to this increase of crimes. A still greater cause, however, is found in the practical abolition for many years past of capital punishment. This is the legal penalty, but it is so rarely carried out, owing to the President's exercise of the prerogative of commutation into transportation, that hardened criminals look forward with confidence to a life which is somewhat easier than that to which honest people are accustomed.

A horrible case, which has recently taken place, of the outrage and murder of a little girl by a brute named Soleilland has excited public opinion on the question. This rascal is said to have expressed satisfaction at his prospects in the future. He would be reprieved, he felt sure, and in a few years he would be able to put by money and to secure a comfortable home in New Caledonia. The President, M. Fallières was appealed to from all parts of France, and by all kinds of people, not to commute the sentence in this case. To these appeals he turned a deaf ear. The result has been that he has lost a good deal of his popularity, and troops have had to be called out to maintain order. The question too has been raised, whether he has not gone beyond the powers given him by the Constitution. Capital punishment is the law of the land, and while to the President power to reprieve or commute is given, this power is to be exercised only in special cases and for good reasons, and not to be used practically to repeal the law. This is left for

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the Parliament, and habitual exercise is an infringement of its rights. There is, in fact, a bill before the Chamber abolishing altogether the death penalty. What effect upon its passing the recent increase of crime and the Soleilland agitation may have remains to be seen. Whatever the prospects of the proposal may be, a movement in favor of depriving the President of his prerogative has begun. It is declared to be a relic of monarchical institutions. Voices too are heard in favor of lynching the fiends who are guilty of outrages on children.

Germany.

Germany has recently been the scene of two Socialist Congresses. The former, held at Stuttgart in Wurtemberg, was international in character, the latter, held at Essen in the Ruhr district, was confined to the Social Democrats of the Empire. Both Congresses met under the shadow of the great disaster—the defeat at the last elections. But it is worth pointing out that the defeat was not so great as it seemed. Many seats were lost, indeed, but a quarter of a million votes were gained; so that when an attempt is made to form an idea of German political and social thought, the opinions of 3,250,000 Social Democratic voters must not be left out of account. Especially must this be borne in mind in estimating the probability of Germany's going to war. For this must be said in favor of the Socialists, that they are opposed to militarism and jingoism. But the German Socialists are not anti-Militarist in the same way as MM. Jaurès and Hervé. Both these gentlemen were at the International Congress, and when M. Hervé introduced a resolution declaring that soldiers should desert and even revolt in case of war, Herr Bebel vehemently opposed the motion. A resolution, however, was passed in favor of the abolition of all standing armies, while allowing the arming of the entire male population for national self-defence. By the same resolution all Socialists are called upon to vote against war-budgets in favor of treaties of arbitration; to rise and demonstrate when the slightest danger of war occurs. The Socialist Bureau is to keep watch the world over, so that the Socialists may become the greatest and the most effective peace party.

While the International Congress at Stuttgart was the more

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imposing of the two, there having been present 886 delegates representing 18 nationalities, the Congress of the Social Democrats held at Essen deserves attention, though confined to the German nationality. Although the Social Democrats are a minority, yet that minority is so large that it cannot be without influence upon national questions. The chastisement which they received at the recent elections made them less exuberant than at previous Congresses. Personal questions fell into the background and the necessity for harmonious action was recognized. More confidence was placed in their leaders, and every effort made to meet what all acknowledged to be a difficult situation, inasmuch as to all appearances they would have to rely on their own strength alone, every other party being against them. But notwithstanding every obstacle and all opposition the future, it was declared, belonged to the Social Democracy. The proceedings resulted in the reorganization of the party with a view to more efficient action.

The Pan-Germans have also been holding a Congress, but its proceedings do not seem to have attracted as much attention as usual, because, perhaps, its aims are so well known. Resolutions were passed, of course, for the strengthening and increasing of the navy. How great this increase has already been may be judged from the fact that the numerical strength of its *personnel* has doubled in ten years. While in 1897 it mustered only 23,403, this year it numbers 46,951, and next year will exceed 50,000; nor is it apprehended that the government will have any difficulty in carrying its looked-for proposals for a further increase.

Two remarkable speeches nave been recently made by the Kaiser. The first was an appeal for unity addressed to the German Empire. With reference to social questions he declared his adherence to the manifesto on social policy issued by the Emperor William I. in 1881. He desired the assistance in realizing this programme both of Catholics and of Protestants, and declared religion to be the only means by which a union of all classes can be effected. To illustrate and enforce this necessity the Emperor proceeded as follows: "During the course of my long reign, I have had to do with a great many people, and I have had to endure a great deal from them. Unwittingly, and often, alas! wittingly they have caused me bitter pain. And when in moments like these my anger threat-

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ened to overcome me, and thoughts of retaliation came into my mind, I have asked myself by what means anger might best be mitigated and forbearance be strengthened. The only remedy I could find was to say to myself: 'They are all human like yourself; and, although they cause you pain, they have within them a soul which comes from the bright realms above, whither all of us want some day to return; and through this soul of theirs, they have a part of their Creator with them.' Those who think like that will always be able to judge leniently of their fellow-men. If this thought could find a place in the hearts of the German people in judging their fellows, the first condition of complete unity would have been achieved. But this unity can only be attained in the central person of our Redeemer, in the Man who called us brothers, who lived as an example for all of us, and who was the most personal of personalities. Even now he still goes up and down among the nations and makes his presence felt in the hearts of all of us. Our nation must look to him and be united, and must build firmly upon his words. He himself has said: 'Heaven and earth shall pass away, but my words shall not pass away.' If it does this it will succeed. . . . Then the German nation will become the block of granite upon which the Lord our God can build up and complete his work of civilizing the world. Then, too, will be fulfilled the words of the poet who said: 'The German spirit will one day prove the world's salvation.'"

We make no apology for this somewhat long quotation, for it is very seldom that a King and Emperor, at a public banquet, has made a speech in which so much of the workings of his mind has been revealed. The need of the appeal to unity is not denied, for toleration is not a characteristic of the German people as a whole; in few countries are there so many differences. "Be united, be true, and be German"; this is the watchword to which the Emperor has frequently appealed. Although all the other nations may not share in his belief, the Emperor holds firmly that Germany has a divine mission. The disintegrating effects of Protestantism are made evident by the remark of one of the papers that national unity cannot be built up on a religious basis, since religious beliefs are purely a matter for the individual. A deep spiritual revolution must take place before the unity of spirit which the Emperor desires can be produced.

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The second speech of the Emperor was made at Memel on the occasion of the memorial emblematic of the gradual rise of Prussia after the defeats of the year 1807, which has just been inaugurated in that town. This speech is in the same vein, perhaps it is even more like a sermon than the former. All the progress that has been made is ascribed to Divine Providence. To-day, as in the past, close touch must be kept to the old fountains. The first duty is to raise the eyes to heaven, in the consciousness that all success and all prosperity are wrought by dispensation from on high. Every man should go about his work as beseems an honest Christian and German.

By the death of the Grand Duke of Baden the Empire has lost one of its founders. He was one of the first to express the aspirations for unity of the German people, to recognize the destiny of Prussia and loyally to support her King, braving unpopularity at home, and wisely moderating extreme counsels. A higher distinction perhaps was his refusal of an extension of territory and of the dignity of kingship.

By the death of the Hottentot chief, Morenga, who fell in a conflict with British police in Cape Colony, the last serious obstacle to the pacification of German Southwest Africa has been removed. As this result is due to the police of the Cape, an English colony, the prospects of the *détente* which is developing ought to be rendered brighter. The German papers are lavish in the compliments which they pay to the officers and soldiers who took part in the action.

Austria-Hungary.

The seemingly interminable negotiations between the Austrian and the Hungarian ministers, for the conclusion of an economic convention which were resumed a few months ago, appeared at length to be reaching a settlement. All of a sudden, however, disagreements arose; Austrian demands could not be made acceptable to the Hungarians, nor the Hungarian to the Austrians. The Conference broke up. There are rumors, however, that one more attempt is to be made to solve the difficulties. There seems to be a greater hatred one for another between Austrians and Hungarians than exists anywhere else.

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Russia.

In Russia the elections for the delegates who are to choose the members of the third *Duma* have been taking place. The greatest apathy, however, prevails; only a very small percentage of the very limited number to whom a vote is accorded having taken the trouble to go to the polls. The reason for this apathy is not far to seek. Any *Duma* in the hands of an autocrat is seen to be little better than a sham. It seems likely that the fate of Russia will have to be decided by the two extremists, the absolutists on the one hand and the revolutionists on the other. Which of the two is worse it is hard to say. With the assassinations and outrages of the revolutionists we are only too familiar; the following Reuter telegram gives an account of absolutist methods: "Eight persons were executed this morning at Lodz, without trial, for being implicated in the murder of M. Silberstein. The new governor is empowered to use all means in order to put a stop to outrages by the workmen. Every third man of the eight hundred workmen arrested will be exiled for not preventing the murder." The prospect is not encouraging. At present the Tsar is not safe even when at sea; his yacht has been wrecked in an inexplicable manner. The plot, however, which served as an excuse for the dissolution of the second *Duma* seems more or less of an invention.

The Convention made between Great Britain and Russia has been ratified by the two Powers, and forms by far the most important event of the month. The long-standing rivalry, amounting almost to chronic hostility, which has existed becomes a thing of the past. A settlement is made of all the various questions affecting the interests of the two States in Persia, Afghanistan, and Tibet. As to Persia, while its integrity is guaranteed by both powers, three zones are marked out for commercial purposes: in the northern zone Russia is to be left free to act in support of business interests, the southern zone is in like manner left to Great Britain, while in the zone between there is to be mutual toleration. This seems to involve an abandonment by Russia of her movement in quest of a port on the Persia Gulf, and also the projected railway skirting Afghanistan. As to Afghanistan, Great Britain declares that she has no intention of changing the political position, her influence will be exerted in a peaceful sense, no encouragement will be given to

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Afghanistan to attack Russia, nor will Great Britain annex any part of the country or intervene in its internal affairs. On her part, Russia recognizes that Afghanistan is outside her sphere of influence, and agrees to act in all political relations through the intermediary of the British government. As to Tibet, the suzerain rights of China over it are recognized, and through the Chinese government alone will Great Britain and Russia treat with Tibet; the integrity of the country is to be maintained, and neither Great Britain nor Russia are to send representatives to Lhasa. No railway, road, telegraph, or mining rights are to be sought or obtained by either party. All that Great Britain secures is a recognition of her special interest in seeing that the present *régime* and external relations of Tibet are maintained and that there may be, according to the Convention of September 7, 1904, direct relations between British commercial agents and the Tibetan authorities. Each state seems to have secured sufficient advantages for itself to render the agreement stable. No one can say that, with reference to Tibet, Great Britain has shown herself exacting.

Portugal.

A dictatorship was declared in Portugal a few months ago, and yet the Constitution has not been abrogated. For, strange to say, the Constitution itself contemplates and makes provision for its own temporary abrogation. It seems that in Portugal, owing to the long-continued reign of absolutism, the character of the people has become so deteriorated that all the political parties are expected to become equally corrupt, and as a matter of fact do so. This has become a recognized process. A dictatorship is, therefore, provided for, when the state of things becomes absolutely intolerable, if a fairly honest man can be found to be dictator.

Two or three instances have already occurred. When reforms have been made and hopes can be entertained of an improvement, the Parliament is again summoned, the dictator resigns and the normal state is restored. The present dictatorship is but a repetition of the old procedure. Parliamentary government became impossible, the Chamber was dissolved with no indication when it is to be summoned to meet, reforms are being made. When complete a new Parliament will be called.

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THE COLUMBIAN READING UNION.

AT Cliff Haven in August the meeting of reading circles was called to order by the Rev. John T. Driscoll. He spoke on the value of such organizations, and showed how the reading circle was a part of the great intellectual movement of the day, and was a sort of university extension. He said there were many opportunities to form circles, where study, discussion, and lectures enable the members to broaden their minds. New thoughts, new ideas, and the offsetting of wrong ideas would result. The great Catholic revival, the revising of encyclopædias, and university extension work, show Catholic life in all its phases, and generate a moral atmosphere in the community, besides communicating thought to others.

Reports were presented from the D'Youville Circle, of Ottawa, and the Fenelon Reading Circle, of Brooklyn. Sister M. Camper gave the report of the D'Youville (Grey Nuns) Circle. Miss Rosemary Rogers, president of the Fenelon Reading Circle, of Brooklyn, reported for her Circle for the year 1906–7.

Miss M. Marlow reported for the John Boyle O'Reilly Circle, of Boston. An excellent outline of topics for the year 1905–6 came from the St. Monica Reading Circle, of Cleveland.

Mrs. P. J. Toomey, of St. Louis, spoke for the Queen's Daughters of St. Louis, an organization of women whose work has merited the approbation of the hierarchy.

Hon. J. C. Monaghan spoke of work that could be done by urging the publication of translations in English of works by foreign authors, representing the best Catholic thought.

The reading circle for the working people was discussed by Miss M. E. Early, of Brooklyn. She recommended the organizing of classes for young children from twelve years up.

Rev. Father Reilly, of Bayonne, spoke in favor of forming reading circles. Much success depends on the tact of the leaders. There must be harmony of work. Individuality of expression will come if discussion follows.

Miss Elizabeth L. Rogers proposed a plan of unification of various circles. By interchanging ideas they would be held together by a common bond of interest. The printing of reports and papers of individual members would show the progress in different places. Sister Camper said the unification should be as slight as possible, so as not to interfere with the plans of circles engaged in post graduate studies.

The scope of the Columbian Reading Union was explained by the Rev. Thomas McMillan, C.S.P. Reports from reading circles are always welcomed for publication, chiefly to show the progress of the movement and to encourage beginners. Some very successful organizations never write or

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print a report of their programmes; others seem to be restrained by a fear of vain glory, especially the circles under the guidance of religious directors. They should remember the admonition of Scripture, not to keep their light hidden under a bushel. Whatever tends to glorify the work of the Church in the world, and promote self-improvement, ought to be made known to the brethren of the household of the true faith.

* * *

Publicity for good works of all kinds is in accord with the following advice from the Rev. Morgan M. Sheedy:

The Catholic Church trains her young people in a way to secure good morals, good citizenship, a respect for property rights and the rights of others. She has a firm faith in God, in Christ, in the Bible, and a firm acceptance of the religion of the Savior, without which civilization must eventually disappear.

Outside of the Church religion is fast drifting into infidelity; the Bible is regarded as mere literature; disbelief spreads apace. So we see there are splendid opportunities opening to the Church in this land. The field is inviting for a display of her best energies.

While doubt, infidelity, and materialism are making great inroads among other religious bodies, the Catholic Church alone is able to resist the attacks of these enemies of religion. And this is due not only to the truth and logic of her system, but to the care and sacrifices she makes in the Christian training of her children.

From that training must spring the highest type of American citizenship. The three essential elements, religion, morality, and intelligence, the pillars of human happiness and the firmest props of the duties of men and citizens, are embodied in the education of our Catholic youth. Hence with us it is an accepted maxim: The better the Catholic, the better the citizen. They who aspire to be fellow-citizens of the saints and of the household of God must be loyal and law-abiding members of society. Religion regulates the relations of class to class, gives to morals a sound basis, to legislation efficacy, to administration honesty. The Church is concerned with the welfare of men in all the complex relations of life; she is deeply interested in almost every movement that tends to uplift humanity. Her history is the history of modern civilization. She is not content to trust to the leavening influence which her teaching indirectly exercises on society in virtue of its power to transform the life of the individual, but she is ever ready to support practical measures for the moral and social betterment of the community.

Every movement, therefore, for good citizenship, for honest and efficient administration in city, state, and nation has her support and blessing. Her beneficent influence makes itself felt throughout the entire sphere of human life and conduct. She would hallow all the relations of men with the principles of the Sermon on the Mount, and bring to bear upon society the vivifying energy of Catholic truth. The supreme interest with which the Catholic regards all the great movements of the day is made manifest in the teaching and policy of the late Pope Leo XIII.

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The Catholic citizen, therefore, who understands the aims and spirit of the Church must be in active sympathy with every movement for the public good. And the more he is imbued with the spirit of religion the more he conforms in his daily conduct to its teachings, all the more deeply will he be interested in what makes for civic righteousness; or, in other words, the better the Catholic, the better the citizen.

Now, I know of no period in our history when the influence of the better Catholic was more needed than to-day. We need him in politics, in business, in social life, in public administration. We need him to stay the tide of political corruption, which for the moment obscures the great democratic experiment. Ex-President Cleveland, in a recent address, reviewed our many moral defects as a people and earnestly appealed for a revival of the virtues of good citizenship. President Roosevelt is a strenuous lay preacher of the civic virtues. There is no form of government so much as a republic that demands wisdom and virtue in the people. Universal suffrage requires the individual voter to be not only a good citizen at the ballot-box, but a good citizen all the year round. He must by precept and example spread abroad and actively support, at all times, the principles of civic virtue and honest government. Catholic citizens everywhere should be pre-eminent in this work. Thus can we hope to allay the fears of those who find many discouraging symptoms in the body politic. M. C. M.

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THE

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SAINT BÉNÉZET AND HIS BIOGRAPHER.

A SIDE-LIGHT UPON THE ATTITUDE OF THE CHURCH TO SCIENCE.

BY HERBERT THURSTON, S.J.

I AM not quite sure whether it is St. Bénézet or his modern biographer that I am the more anxious to write about. St. Bénézet is a delightfully interesting person, but he is also rather mythical. The biographer is real enough, but his life was not externally eventful, and one of the most remarkable things about him was his devotion to St. Bénézet. Perhaps under the circumstances it will be wisest to try to say a few words about both of them. The engineer of the twelfth century and the engineer of the nineteenth, will each help to throw the personality of the other into higher relief.

Let me begin by confessing, to my shame, that a few months ago I was unacquainted with the very name of either of these two heroes of science. It was a mere chance which led me to stumble across the track of St. Bénézet, and in the effort to learn something more about this quaint, mediæval figure I came to make acquaintance with the elaborate *étude* which M. de Saint-Venant, Membre de l'Institut, has consecrated to the memory of his patron.*

As the book is, unfortunately, but only too evidently, a posthumous work, it is prefaced by some little account of its author. There among the tributes paid by men of science to

* *St. Bénézet, Patron des Ingénieurs.* Par M. A. B. de Saint-Venant, Membre de l'Institut, etc., Bourges, 1889.

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an eminent *confrère*, I observed, with a start of surprise, the name of Karl Pearson.

Now, although Professor Karl Pearson, LL.D. and F.R.S., may not be so well known to readers in the United States as he is in England, it is hardly likely that in any English-speaking country the much-discussed author of *The Ethic of Free-Thought* can fail to be identified with the cause of the most out-spoken agnosticism. As the friend of W. Kingdon Clifford, and the editor of his remains, he has the reputation of having inherited not a little of the aggressive spirit of his brother scientist. Even though the lapse of years has toned down some of his earlier fierceness, we hardly expect to find such a writer even temporarily upon the side of the creeds.*

However, it was no other than Karl Pearson, then Professor of Mathematics and Mechanics in University College, London, who in the scientific journal *Nature* (February 4, 1886) began his generous tribute to the late M. Barré de Saint-Venant in the following terms:

> "We have now to consider the earlier work of the greatest of living elasticians." Within a fortnight after these words were sent to the press, on January 6, M. de Saint-Venant died at Vendôme. The news of his death will have caused a deep feeling of regret among English mathematicians and physicists, to whom his researches are so well known that they have attained in their own field a classical value. We purpose in this notice to give some brief account of this foremost representative of latter-day French mathematical physicists.
>
> Saint-Venant stood out for the younger mathematicians of the English school as the link between the past and the present. Intimately related to the great period of French mathematical physics he had continued to produce down to our own day, and we felt him to be as real a personality as Helmholtz or Thomson. . . . He took up elasticity where Poisson left it, a mathematical theory, he leaves it one of the most powerful branches of mathematics applied to physics and practical engineering; not a small amount of this transforma-

* For example, in the last chapter of his *Ethic of Free-Thought*, Professor Pearson, as the representative of all that is enlightened and emancipated, says: "You of the past valued Christianity—aye, and we value free-thought; you of the past valued faith—aye, and we value knowledge; you have sought wealth eagerly—we value more the duty and right to labour; you talked of the sanctity of marriage—we find therein love sold in the market and we strive for a remedy in the freedom of sex."—*Ethic of Free-Thought*. Second Edition. 1901. P. 430.

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tion is due directly to his researches or indirectly to his influence.

Turning to the personal character of the man, we find in him the essential characteristics of the scholar and the student, the truest modesty, the complete absence of self, the single-minded devotion to his study. Saint-Venant, whose researches on elasticity undoubtedly far surpass those of Navier and Clebsch, is yet content to appear as their *Editor*. But what an editing it is. The original text is hidden and disappears, almost as completely as Peter the Lombard's *Sententiæ* in a mediæval commentary—nay, he even praises Clebsch for inventing a term in 1862, which he himself had had first proposed in the privately distributed lithographed sheets of 1837. Ever ready with advice and assistance, perfectly free from jealousy, Saint-Venant was a typical scholar.

After speaking of M. de Saint-Venant's extraordinary goodness in helping others, and illustrating it by his generosity in revising the proof-sheets of a work which Professor Pearson himself was then passing through the press, the latter continues:

On January 3 we sent him the remaining proofs; a week afterwards we had to mourn the loss of one whose personal kindness had served to intensify the respect raised by his transcendent mathematical ability.

If we examine the leading characteristics of Saint-Venant's scientific work, we find them marked by an essentially practical character, we find subtlety of analysis combined always with practical physical conceptions. The problems he attacks are those which are physically possible, or of which the solution is an immediate practical need. He smiles good-naturedly over Lame's attempts to solve the terrible problem of an elastic solid in the form of a right-six-face, whose surface is subjected to any system of load. The solution would be a triumph of analysis, but its physical and practical value would, in all probability, be nil. He chooses instead a real beam, and he obtains a solution which, if it be but approximate, is at least an approximation to reality, and will serve all practical purposes. Saint-Venant never troubled himself with impossible distributions of load over impossible surfaces, but took the problems of mechanics as they occurred practically, and solved them for practical purposes. This tendency on his part was no doubt greatly due to his training as an engineer. He was *Ingénieur-en-chef du Ponts et Chaussées;* he had been *Professeur de Génie rural à l'Institut Agronomique;*

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> he had built lock-gates and improved the gutters of Paris; he was an authority on agricultural drainage, and had investigated the best form of the ploughshare; he designed a bridge for the Creuse, and planned a method, afterwards adopted, for drying up the vast marshes of the Sologne. Yet with all this he was a great master of analysis, and knew how to make his analysis fruitful in practice.*

The rest of this eloquent tribute is too technical to tempt me to copy it further, and indeed the only point which greatly concerns us here has already been fully illustrated. Whether Professor Pearson knew anything of M. de Saint-Venant's religious convictions does not appear, but it is at any rate obvious that, though the French scientist venerated from the depth of his soul those "superstitions" of Catholic belief and practice which Mr. Pearson has in some sense spent his life in combating, they had not in the latter's judgment interfered either with the supreme value of his services to science or with that modesty and kindliness of disposition which is ability's noblest adornment. In any case M. de Saint-Venant throughout an exceptionally long life had always been a true Christian, *croyant et pratiquant*. It was this splendid mathematical genius who had spent much time during his last years over an attempt to vindicate the legends of an obscure mediæval saint, whom he ardently invoked as the patron of his profession. Whether he was entirely successful in this proposed rehabilitation does not very much concern us. The work afterwards published was avowedly very far from complete, and no part of it had received the author's final revision. That it should have been printed as it stood did more credit, perhaps, to the filial piety, than to the critical sense, of the writer's children.

But the interesting fact is that such a man should have been eager to devote his time and his abilities to such a cause. For it was no mere antiquarian interest which led him to give many precious hours and to spend a not inconsiderable sum of money in the preparation of this work. The whole undertaking had a definite and practical end in view. With a touching confidence in the deeper religious instincts of his countrymen, he dreamed of seeing St. Bénézet formally recognized by the whole fraternity of engineers and mathematicians as the great patron of their craft, and of gathering them together for Mass and for Com-

* *Nature*, February 4, 1886. Pp. 319-320.

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munion on some annual holiday near the time of his feast. It was Easter Monday which he proposed for the purpose, and though he was not blind to the difficulties which surrounded him as he wrote, in 1880, his sanguine temperament looked forward to happier days, when the Christian faith of the French people should once more assert itself.* Strong in his reliance upon his beloved St. Bénézet, he allowed no discouragement to daunt him.

> What is in any case certain, is that those of us who wish to invoke St. Bénézet will never be disappointed in the trust we place in him. He is the most tender of comrades and the least formidable of leaders. His look, as we may well imagine it for ourselves, has no trace of severity, and a tone of gentle familiarity will assuredly not displease him. By his intercession we shall obtain from God at the right moment more things and better things than we have ever dared to ask. He wishes for nothing so much as that we, by our own act, should give him the right to concern himself about us, about our families, about our undertakings, to the progress of which he certainly is not indifferent. Our profession, which, by God's Providence, was also his, is not only a glorious profession, but it is something consecrated and holy. It is a work of active charity, embracing travellers and traders and missionaries of every kind; but more than that, benefiting even the sedentary portion of the population, for lack of proper communication breeds famine, and the dearth or excess of water bring in their train loss of life, devastation, and impoverishment.

The fact was, as this and many another passage show, that M. de Saint-Venant had completely saturated his mind with the gracious conception of the mediæval bridge-building confraternities of which St. Bénézet was, in legend if not in fact, the originator. To construct a bridge was deemed, and rightly deemed in that age of perilous journeys and inadequate communications, a meritorious work of philanthropy. It was as great a charity as the founding of a hospital, the building of a light-house, or the creating of a life-boat station would be

* Ce serait, toutefois une trop naïve illusion que de regarder le temps d'aujourd'hui en France (1880) comme étant bien favorable au rétablissement de cette Chrétienne coutume. Nous écrivons evidemment pour un avenir que nous serions heureux de pouvoir relier au passé par une tradition qui risquait de se perdre. Mais regarder cet avenir comme tout à fait lointain, serait une erreur plus grande." A. B. de Saint-Venant, *St. Bénézet, Patron des Ingénieurs*, Bourges, 1889. P. 47.

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with us. In the twelfth and thirteenth centuries there sprang into existence a crowd of religious brotherhoods following a definite rule of life, blessed by the Church and wearing a distinctive habit—although it is probably a mistake to regard them strictly as religious orders—whose main work was to construct bridges and to collect alms for their building and repair. Upon almost every important bridge a little chapel was erected, and there, as he passed dryshod and secure, the traveler might offer his thanks to God in gratitude for the boon which had saved him from peril to life and limb. Here, also, he was invited under the protection of the Church to deposit an alms, if he were so disposed, to aid in defraying the expenses of maintenance. Now it was St. Bénézet, as we have said, who, rightly or wrongly, was credited with having instituted this good work and with having been the first founder of the bridge-building brotherhoods.

That such a person existed, and that he took the leading part in erecting a wonderful bridge over the Rhone at Avignon towards the end of the twelfth century, cannot be rationally doubted.* That he performed wonders of healing, and that he was venerated by his contemporaries as a saint, is also attested upon early and reliable evidence. But with regard to the picturesque details with which the story of the saint was invested not very long after his death, it would be necessary to give a much more hesitating reply. M. de Saint-Venant seems to have been prepared to accept all, but it is no disparagement to his great scientific gifts to say that certain palæographical and historical difficulties would probably have weighed less with him than they would with one who had been trained in the École des Chartes rather than in the École Polytechnique.

But it will at least be interesting to give the legend of St. Bénézet as it is preserved to us in the one fundamental document which is mainly in dispute. From whatever point of view we regard it, the evidence is respectable and in many another historical inquiry it might be held sufficient to bring conviction. This is the account of St. Bénézet (the name is only a Provençal variant of the Latin Benedict) which appears in a thirteenth century document, a single sheet of parchment preserved in the municipal archives of Avignon:

* A great part of this bridge is still standing, though several arches were carried away by a flood in the seventeenth century. The Rhone at this point is wide and very rapid.

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In the year of grace 1177 the lad Bénézet (Benedictus) began the bridge, as is declared in what is written hereafter.

Upon the day on which the sun was eclipsed a certain lad, Bénézet by name, was tending his mother's flocks in the pastures. To whom Jesus openly said three times: "Bénézet, my son, hear the voice of Jesus Christ."

"Who art thou, Lord, that speakest to me? I hear thy voice, but I cannot see thee."

"Listen then, Bénézet, and be not frightened. I am Jesus Christ, who by my only word created heaven and earth and all things that are in them."

"Lord, what wilt thou have me to do?"

"I want thee to leave thy mother's flocks which thou art pasturing, because thou art to build a bridge for me over the river Rhone."

"Lord, I know nothing ot the Rhone, and I dare not leave my mother's flocks."

"Did I not tell thee to believe? Come boldly; for I will help thee to keep thy flocks, and I will give a comrade to take thee to the Rhone."

"Lord, I have nothing but three farthings *(obolos)*, and how am I to build a bridge over the Rhone?"

"All will be well, do as I shall show thee."

Bénézet therefore went. He was obedient to the voice of Jesus Christ which he heard, though he saw no one. And there met him an angel in the guise of a pilgrim, carrying a scrip and a staff, who thus addressed him: "You may come safely with me and I will take thee to the place in which Jesus Christ will build the bridge and I will show thee what to do."

Soon they are at the river's bank. But Bénézet, seeing the vastness of the river and struck with fear, declared that he could in no wise build a bridge there. To whom the angel spake: "Fear not, for the Holy Ghost is within thee. See the boat which will take thee across. Go, then, to the city of Avignon and show thyself to the bishop and his people." And this said, the angel vanished.

Then went the boy Bénézet to the boat and he besought the boatman that, for the love of God and the Blessed Mary, he would take him across to the city, because he had a great matter to talk over.

To whom answered the boatman, who was a Jew: "If thou wouldst cross over thou must give me three shillings, as all the others do." Again Bénézet besought him, for the love of

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God and the Blessed Mary, that he would ferry him over. To whom the Jew said: "Talk not to me of thy Mary, for she has no power in heaven or on earth. I prefer my shillings to the love of thy Mary, for there are Marys in plenty."

Then Bénézet hearing, gave him the three farthings which he had. And the Jew seeing that he could extort nothing more, took them and ferried him over.

But Bénézet, entering the city of Avignon, found the bishop preaching to his people. And to them all the youth said in a loud voice: "Hear and understand me, for Jesus Christ has sent me to you for this purpose that I may build a bridge over the Rhone." And the bishop, hearing the voice and seeing whom it came from, had him carried in jest to the mayor of the town, that he might flay him alive and cut off his hands and his feet, because this mayor was a monster of cruelty.*

But Bénézet coming to the mayor bespoke him softly, saying: "My Lord Jesus Christ sent me to this city to build a bridge over the Rhone." To whom the mayor replied: "Dost thou, a miserable little being and destitute, say thou canst build a bridge where neither God, nor Peter, nor Paul, nor even Charles, nor any one else, could build it, and no wonder? Still, since I know that a bridge is built of stones and mortar, I will give thee one stone that I have in my palace, and if thou canst lift it and carry it away, I will believe that thou art to build the bridge."

Bénézet, trusting in the Lord, returned to the bishop to tell him how it was to be. To whom said the bishop: "Let us go, then, and see the marvels thou speakest of."

So the bishop went and the people along with him, and Bénézet took up his stone, which thirty men could not have stirred, carrying it as easily as if it had been a pebble, and he set it down in the spot where the bridge was to have its pier. Then the beholders marvelled, saying that God is mighty and wonderful in His works. And then the mayor, before every one else, called St. Bénézet and he offered him three hundred livres, kissing his hands and his feet, and he gathered in five thousand livres upon the spot.

The manuscript which preserves this legend is admitted by all to belong at latest to the closing years of the thirteenth century. It is, therefore, little more than a hundred years la-

* The meaning presumably is that the bishop told Bénézet, to frighten him, that he was sending him to be flayed alive, and that the mayor would show him no pity.

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ter than the time at which the saint began his work of bridge-building. M. de Saint-Venant contends for an earlier date, and believes that it preserves with substantial accuracy the leading facts in the story of St. Bénézet. In this view the critics do not concur. It is, they contend, a mere legend and very largely a work of the imagination, thrown into this form to be used for reading in the church of Avignon in the office upon the festival of the saint. In proof of its inaccuracy, they appeal for example to its opening statement that St. Bénézet came to Avignon on the day when an eclipse of the sun took place in 1177. Now there was not, and could not be, any eclipse of the sun in 1177, but there was a very famous total eclipse which took place in the south of France on September 13, 1178, of which numerous independent chroniclers have left us the record. Obviously the author of the legend had this in mind, and has mistaken the year. For this and other reasons the critics are probably right in inferring that the legend cannot be trusted. But, after all, the precise amount of historical foundation which lies at the back of this picturesque story does not much concern us here. We may be content with the certainty that there was such a person as St. Bénézet and that he assuredly built the bridge over the Rhone at Avignon. For that we have contemporary evidence in the chronicle of Robert of Auxerre, which is quite trustworthy and was compiled before 1212. He agrees with the legend in assigning the beginning of the bridge at Avignon to the year 1177.

> 1177.—In this year a youth named Bénézet (Benedictus) came to the city, saying that he had been sent by the Lord to construct a bridge over the Rhone. His proposal was received with ridicule, since he had no money for the work, and because the size and depth of the river, which is great and broad at this point, excluded all hope of bringing it to completion. Nevertheless he persisted in urging it upon the people (*institit prædicando*), and not long afterwards the citizens, divinely moved to the task, vied with each other in setting hand to the work, though it was beyond all calculation difficult and incredibly costly. And to complete it this young man of exceeding holy life, journeying through many provinces, collected funds from the alms of the faithful. And they report, moreover, that his mission was confirmed by miracles.

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Later on in the same chronicle we also find the following brief notice:

> 1184.—In this same year Bénézet, the builder of the bridge at Avignon, a youth of exceeding holy life, died and was buried upon that wonderful bridge, which was then in great part completed, this being about seven years from the time when its foundations were laid.

These are facts which there need be no hesitation in accepting as authentic, for casual allusions in charters and municipal records lend them further indirect support. Moreover, it is not disputed that the body of St. Bénézet was buried in the bridge chapel, and was found on occasion of a restoration of the bridge, undertaken in 1670, almost without signs of corruption, though it had not been embalmed or the viscera removed.* The body was subsequently exposed for the public veneration of the people of Avignon. The coverings in which it was wrapped were free from decay, especially those portions which were in contact with the flesh. The body was lifted out of its stone receptacle by the shoulders and feet, as if it had been that of a man recently dead, and it diffused a sweet perfume. It is sad to relate that at the time of the French Revolution these remains, which were then enshrined in the chapel of the Celestines at Avignon, were desecrated. None the less the head and other portions of the relics were eventually recovered, and they are still preserved with due honor in one of the Avignon churches.

But perhaps the most interesting of all the records which remain to justify the cultus of St. Bénézet is an appendix which is to be read upon the same sheet of parchment which preserves the Latin legend. This consists of certain depositions of witnesses, apparently drawn up in the course of some episcopal inquiry held at Avignon about the year 1230 in view of the saint's beatification.

There seems no reasonable ground for doubting the authenticity of these testimonies, for instead of bearing out the more startling features of the legend to which they have been appended, they tend rather to throw suspicion upon it, while, on the other hand, they are substantially in accord with the as-

* The official account of the finding of the body, written by D. R. de Cambis, and first published in 1670, is printed by M. de Saint-Venant in his *St. Bénézet, Patron des Ingénieurs*. P. 135.

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certained facts which are known to us from other sources. It may be interesting to translate one or two of these testimonies as specimens of the rest. They were presumably depositions made by witnesses, then at an advanced age, who had known St. Bénézet in their youth. The record begins thus:

> In the name of Christ. Here begin the notarial acts of St. Bénézet. These are the witnesses who have seen him.
>
> (1) In the first place William Chautart, being sworn, deposed that he had seen the Blessed Bénézet, and he saw the bridge being built by the power of God and the Blessed Bénézet. And he saw the foundation-stone laid and the Bishop of Avignon was present and he said his service there. And the bridge was built in less than eleven years from that time. Also the said William Chautart saw that the Blessed Bénézet restored their sight to many persons, and their hearing and the power of walking and their health, laying a cross upon them and saying to each: "May thy faith make thee whole." And he used to kiss them. And before his death they left their crutches in the church and went away, walking erect. And all these things he had seen also. Also he saw Blessed Bénézet say to the workmen when they had no stones: "Go and dig there and you will find them." And by the power of God they found them as he said. And he saw Blessed Bénézet both alive and dead. And there was a yearly feast held in his honor, like our Lady of Pew, and great was the renown of his virtues.
>
> (2) Likewise Bertrand Pelat saw a woman who was blind and Blessed Bénézet restored her sight upon the bridge. And when she wanted to leave the bridge she lost her sight and it happened to her often, and so she worked upon the bridge for a year and more. Afterwards joyously, and in the possession of her sight, she went away. Also he saw a man and he held in his hand a sickle (*serra*), with which he was reaping on the feast of St. Peter, and it befell that he could not let go of the sickle nor of the sheaf of corn, and he came to the tomb of Blessed Bénézet to get himself free, and he was set free; and he left the sickle and the corn there upon the tomb. Also as he had heard it said that Blessed Bénézet was in Burgundy in a certain church at night praying to God, and the evil one cast a great stone at him thinking to kill the Blessed Bénézet; but the stone did not touch him, but fell upon his clothes. Then the devil being angry, because he had not done what he hoped, came to the bridge by night and wrecked one of

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the piers of the bridge. And the witness aforesaid saw this quite clearly in the morning. Blessed Bénézet, though absent in Burgundy, knew what had happened and said to his companions: "Let us return, for the evil one has wrecked the pier." And this happened by the power of God and it all occurred in one night. Moreover, as regards the sick and the blind and the cripples and the deaf, he heard and saw the same as William Chautart.

(3) R. Martin says like Bertrand Pelat.

(4) Hugh Troncha saw him too, and said like R. Martin.

(5) Also Lautaud saw Blessed Bénézet going through the town and saying: "God will build a bridge over the Rhone." And the people laughed at him and accounted him crazy. Nevertheless the knights, both in St. Peter's square and many others, listened to him and said to one another: "He seems to be a good man; let us go with him." And they went round the town with him begging for alms, and they collected as much as seventy livres of gold with which Blessed Bénézet bought stones. As for the sick and the others (he testifies) like R. Martin.

Other witnesses deposed to having seen as many as three donkey loads of crutches hanging over his tomb. The bishop wished to bury him in one of the churches of the town, but the Blessed Bénézet had chosen his own burying place upon the third pier of the bridge, and his remains were duly honored there. Altogether the depositions of fifteen witnesses are summarized in the document. All these had known Bénézet in life and were able to testify to the miracles wrought both before and after his death.

Such was the story of the holy youth whom M. de Saint-Venant honored with a life-long devotion, and whose history aroused in him the same intense interest which he bestowed upon the most absorbing problems of mathematical science. Let it not for a moment be supposed that it was only after a godless youth that this distinguished professor, as sometimes happens, tried to expiate past excesses by an exaggerated piety. No; we learn on the best authority, that the dawn and the mid-day of his life corresponded in all respects to its close.

One would have been glad to know more of the religious side of such a character, but M. de Saint-Venant was far too modest a Christian to wish to parade his deeper feelings for public edification. We must be content with a few striking

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traits preserved to us in a brief memoir published shortly after his death by a strictly scientific periodical, the *Annales des Ponts et Chaussées*.

> Every day of his life M. de Saint-Venant rose at five o'clock, and from that hour until six or seven in the evening, except for a very hurried *déjeuner*, his work claimed him entirely.* It was only in the evening that he was able to join his family. Then the scientist became the man of the world, a charming talker, witty, affable, considerate, a man who had seen and observed much, with abundant matter for conversation on every possible subject, but at the same time a man who gladly listened to others and took an interest in all that was said to him.

The author of the brief memoir, from which I borrow these facts, adds that M. de Saint-Venant was a fervent Catholic, whose death was as peaceful and edifying as his life had been full of hard work. His Christian faith had never been clouded by a doubt. Impervious himself to those temptations to despondency from which the most successful are often not exempt, he had preserved even to an extreme old age all the buoyancy of character, together with that freshness of mind and intellectual honesty which led him habitually straight to the root of things. The writer ends his memoir with these words:

> We have tried to give an idea of the scientific student, to show how this man of faith trusted in the power of reason, and to indicate the boldness and originality of thought he brought to the investigation of the difficult problems which were the occupation of his life. But only his pupils and his friends will know, without ever feeling able to express, the wealth of affection with which his heart was stored, or how wonderful he was in his delicate consideration for others and in that rare form of generosity which neither counts nor knows the cost of a sacrifice.

In the funeral oration, which was spoken over his remains by a fellow-member of the Institute on January 9, 1886, the orator said:

> His end was the worthy crown of such a life. He closed his eyes after having blessed his children and his grand-

* Had the writer of this notice been addressing a Catholic public, he would no doubt have said: "His work and his devotions." For we know *aliunde* that M. de Saint-Venant heard Mass daily.

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> children gathered round his bed-side—his two sons, both of whom he had seen honourably wounded upon the battle-field of Loigny, in 1870, when defending their native land against the foreign invader, his bereaved daughters, the worthy imitators of the wife whom he had lost but a short time before, daughters who, by their self-sacrifice and by their intelligent management of his household affairs, had enabled him to give himself to his scientific work without interruption. In that last hour he had the happiness of knowing that his children remained faithful to the principles of religion and honour which had been the guiding influences of his own life and which he had sedulously instilled into them from their earliest years.
>
> His death was as edifying and as calm as his life had been holy and innocent. It was his happiness to sleep the last sleep while his soul was still radiant with that hope of immortality which doubt had never clouded, and without which our existence here below would be no more than a bitter irony and a cruel disappointment.

When we look round upon the attitude of the present government of France towards practical Catholicism, and when we recall those incessantly repeated denunciations of religion as the implacable foe of science which we hear on all sides, it is well to remind ourselves sometimes of the example of such a man as M. de Saint-Venant, and to recall the estimate of his scientific standing which comes to us upon testimony so unexceptionable as that of Professor Karl Pearson. The following are the concluding words of the article in *Nature* from which I quoted largely at the beginning of this article:

> Perhaps the controversy about constants is not quite so obviously settled as some English physicists seem to think. But, however the future may regard it, history will record that on January 6 of this year (1886) died one of the greatest mathematical physicists, and undoubtedly the greatest elastician that Europe has seen since the age of Poisson and Cauchy.

That M. de Saint-Venant did not occupy a great space in the public eye, like his friend M. Pasteur, for example, only renders this impartial expert testimony the more valuable and the more welcome.

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ARNOUL THE ENGLISHMAN.

*AN HISTORICAL ROMANCE OF THE THIRTEENTH CENTURY.**

BY FRANCIS AVELING, D.D.

CHAPTER VII.

AND so, Arnoul"—it was Sir Guy speaking—"we can do nothing here to-day. Pigot says that he can arrange nothing without his Lord's assent. He dare not have the chapel set in order. He dare not fix the hour for the Masses. We had best go back again to Woodleigh and wait until Sir Sigar is in a better mind."

"Indeed, Sir Guy," put in the seneschal, the third of the group standing beneath the Norman archway that, flanked by its two round towers, gave entrance to the castle. "Indeed, it is best. Sir Sigar is quiet now; but I will not be answerable if he is disturbed again to-day. I think—I fear sometimes—that my poor Lord will lose his reason altogether, so frequent have these mad paroxysms become of late. No, no, Sir Guy; best return to Woodleigh and come again to-morrow or the next day, when he will be calm."

"But the maid," put in Arnoul. "Remember, Pigot, what I told you. She must be guarded from every chance of harm. Can't you persuade the Abbess to have her for a time? Can't you make her go? Some pretext—it would not be difficult to find one."

"It would be a wise plan," said Sir Guy, advising in his turn, "to send her away to her aunt. Yes, Pigot; Arnoul is right. Think of an excuse."

"No, no, no"; answered the seneschal. "Leave it alone! It is best left alone. She would never be persuaded to leave. And Sir Sigar—I fear for Sir Sigar if she went. It shall not happen again, Sir Guy. I assure you, Master Arnoul, it shall not happen again. I shall be always within call—"

"As you were to-day," commented Arnoul drily.

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"Nay, but I shall be ready. It shall not occur again. And the Lady Sibilla will not go. I tell you she would not go. There is no use thinking of it—none! Leave it alone! She will come to no harm."

As he spoke, Sibilla herself came towards them. Her eyes were red with weeping, the perfect oval of her face all sad and mournful. But she bore herself stately, like a queen, as she crossed the paved courtyard. She came straight up to Arnoul, and, the long lashes sweeping her downcast eyes, her rose-red lips quivering with emotion, addressed him.

"Sir," she said, plucking at one long sleeve with nervous fingers, "believe me, I am not ungrateful. To-day you shielded me from danger. Perhaps—perhaps you saved my life."

Her voice trembled and the tears welled again as she remembered how and why.

"But, I pray you, think not hardly of my father. You have not seen him. It was some fearful demon that possessed him that you saw, and not—not my father. He is so kind and good, so loving and so tender. They say that he is hard and cruel. He may be hard at times; but he is not cruel. Believe me that he is not—he never means to be cruel. I am sure he is not. Poor father," she went on tenderly, "my poor father!" And her bosom rose and fell with sobs, so that she could not speak.

Arnoul longed to console her, but the words stuck in his throat. Sir Guy, with, for him, unusual tactfulness, saw their embarrassment, and drew the seneschal aside. Then, looking up again at him, she smiled through her tears.

"But I am very grateful," she said again.

"It was nothing," replied Arnoul, finding his tongue at last. "Nothing at all. I did but what any one would have done with an angry man."

"Yet Pigot did not do it," she retorted, "nor Henry, nor great strong Gilbert, neither. None of them moved but you. It was so noble and so brave."

"Nay, Lady! it was nothing," insisted the lad, blushing red beneath the fire of her eyes. "And Sir Sigar was but angry. Doubtless he meant nothing by his threats."

She flashed a grateful look upon him for his mercy. Her father was so dear to her—her love, her pride in him, so great and faithful.

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"He would have turned it to a jest," the boy went on; "and you the first to laugh with him on it afterwards."

"Indeed you are near the mark," the maid replied quickly, glad of the chance to shield her father. "I have but now been with him. And, oh! he is so sorry that he gave way to his evil temper. Something had crossed him ere he set out this morning; and all was wrong where'er he went to-day. He did not mean it. Oh! believe me; it was not meant! And now he grieves and sorrows so. He kissed me thrice before I came hither; and knowing what I was to do he let me come. He almost wept as he asked me my forgiveness. Poor father!" sighed the maid, "an evil spirit comes over him at times and seems to drive his reason from its seat."

"But, maiden, are you safe here alone—?"

That was wrong. He set the wrong chords quivering in her heart.

"Safe?" she repeated, her eyes flashing lightnings. "Am I safe? Where could I be safer than in my own home and with my father to protect me? Safe? Why do you look at me like that?"

And Arnoul hastened to explain, plunging still deeper in the slough of mistaken kindness. "I meant," he stammered, "what if Sir Sigar were to break out again? What if the madness of this day came upon him when none was near to succor or to bring you help?"

"My father will not give way to his rage again. Never will he lose control of his passions as he did to-day." She raised her little head proudly as she answered for herself and for her father.

Arnoul saw his mistake and corrected it, though not without misgivings. And the girl, blinded by her great love, became gracious again. She took a tiny ornament, a little chiseled golden casket, from the chain about her throat and gave it to him. "It was," she explained, "a reliquary and contained a precious fragment of the true cross upon which the Lord Christ hung." She begged him to accept it as a token of her memory of his bravery, her recognition, her gratitude. And then they spoke of Paris—she had learnt from her women, who knew all the comings and goings of the countryside, that he was going from Devon to the famous schools. She knew that he was poor; and yet the delicate sense of her pride forbade

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her offering, even in her father's name, the assistance that would have been so easy.

Instead she gave the reliquary, and bade him call upon Sir Sigar Vipont whenever he was in trouble or had need. They continued long, speaking of his plans: he shaking off his shyness, and telling of all his youthful hopes with animation and no lack of words; she encouraging him and spurring him on by her gentle approval. They looked into each other's eyes, these two, in the innocence and freshness of their youth, standing at the gate of the great world, where their paths diverged.

He told her of Guy's great hopes for him, the means discussed, the ends proposed—of the knights templars, the law, the ecclesiastical state. Only here her eyes opened wide, when he spoke of prelacies and prebends. Surely her knight of the morning was not going to be a priest like Sir Guy and wear a shabby black cassock! And she bade him think of doughty deeds and noble fame; her pouting lips, her sparkling eyes, betraying the halo of romance with which she already clothed him.

And he, too, felt the spell of her eyes and the witchery of her presence; so that he reddened and grew white by turns, and spoke like some great, awkward boy, and not like a man of seventeen full years, ready to gird on his sword and go forth to the conquest of knowledge and the world.

And then she took a riband and tied it in a loop and hung the reliquary upon it and set it round his neck, and spoke once more of her father and his great repentance for his evil mood. And he kissed the relic reverently, as a good Christian should, and hid it away in his breast. He spoke kindly of Sir Sigar, too, and with fresh excuses for his rage.

And thus they spoke, looking all the while into each other's eyes, fresh and innocent and young, until Sir Guy and the seneschal, impatient, drew within earshot again.

On the way back to Woodleigh, Arnoul was more silent than was usual, more reserved. His brother pressed him with questions as to what the Lady Sibilla had been saying to him; and he answered, truthfully enough, that she had thanked him and spoken of her father—excusing, explaining, exonerating, in her great love for him. But he said nothing of the gift of the relic nor of himself nor of the maid. Only he felt the little golden box lying warm upon his bosom and his heart beat with strange and new emotions.

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Thus it was that Arnoul was brought up and loved by monks; and loved and taught his woodcraft and his simple knowledge of the world by cotters and boatmen. Thus he was destined for the great schools of Paris by his kinsman, Abbot Benet, that he might reap the fruits of knowledge and grow a learned and a holy man; by Sir Guy, his brother, that he should stretch forth his hand and pluck the richest prize that either Church or world might place within his reach. Thus simple Budd and honest Roger, ay! and Isobel, too, strove their best to keep him in their own land of Devon; and thus, a second time, the grim sisters had spun and twisted the strands of Sir Sigar's life and his together. And thus, amid all this play and cross-play of motives and influences, a grateful maiden's glance had found a way to reach his heart, a maiden's gift lay hidden in his breast.

Of course the lad did not reason with himself, nor try to separate the various influences that came into his life. He certainly could not have said what effect the Cistercian alumnate had had upon his character, nor how far it was afterwards modified by his free, unfettered after-life at Buckfast. And Guy's dreams of great careers that lay before him, he would not have been able to tell how they had affected him—those golden dreams of Sir Guy, the poor priest of Woodleigh. But all had brought their something to him—Guy's dreams no less than Abbot Benet's advice; the maudlin sorrow of drunken Roger, as well as the jovial jesting of the Bishop. Now in Sibilla Vipont a new factor entered. All were dumbly striving within him towards some expression—what it would be the future alone could show—there they all were. But he did not separate or analyze, for the very good reason that he never thought of himself at all or of his consciousness; and for the better reason still, that he could not have done so had he tried.

He was here, at any rate, like any other human boy of seventeen, or like any man of seventy, for the matter of that.

Motives and influences come and go, and shift and patch, and build and pull down again, until the strong one comes, on which we act and sometimes frame our life. Afterwards we can point to the strongest motive and say that was our reason for doing as we did. Sometimes, we can trace it back through a growing maze of other motives—all the dancing motes that gyre and twist about in what we call our consciousness. But

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it always escapes us somewhere in the maze, for there are ourselves as well as motives to reckon with; and when we find that the weakest had become the strongest, and the strongest sunk back into nothingness, then we realize that we, too, have some hand in making motives what they really are—that it is not always the circumstance that forms the man.

If Arnoul could have thought it out, and reasoned and analyzed himself as though he were some third person; if he could have done what nobody can do—looked upon himself, his scrutiny uninfluenced by the actual play of living, pulsing feelings within him—he would doubtless have come to some such conclusion as this; but he did not reason or analyze or think at all.

He trudged on with his brother, along the winding path that led towards the priest's home at Woodleigh. And the fresh country air, coming up from the western sea, filled his lungs and made him glad to be alive. For healthy boys of seventeen are not given to being introspective. They are still human animals under the thin veneer of whatever civilization they happen to belong to; and they give as little real thought to the future as they worry about the present.

The two brothers walked on in silence under the arching branches of the trees that lined their path. Arnoul struck with a hazel switch plucked from the hedge at the heads of the primroses—happy and buoyant. He was thinking of the maiden and of the golden reliquary that hung about his neck; though, had he been asked, he would probably have answered that his thoughts were of his impending voyage to Paris—and this, no doubt, with truth, for the two were by this time inextricably tangled up in his mind.

Sir Guy, his cassock swishing against his legs, strode on, imaging fresh projects, new and higher aims for his brother's welfare. They loved each other, these two, so strangely dissimilar in every point. The priest, poor as he was, had no personal motive in wishing his only brother to make his way in the world. His horizon was bounded by the limits of his parish of Woodleigh, and though he sometimes sighed as he saw others fall into the richer livings that lay lord or bishop or chapter had in their bestowal, his sighs were not prompted by desires of advancement so much as because his own cure was so difficult and so meagre. He desired little, if anything,

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for himself, but for his brother—that was not at all the same thing. Arnoul must not grind and pinch and eke out the means as he always had to do. He, at least, must look upon life with other eyes. There was no reason why his path should not be a rose-girt one; and as far, at any rate, as Sir Guy's advice and interest could help him to it, it should be both rose-girt and golden.

When he broke the silence, it was to speak of men who had already carved out positions for themselves in the Church and of those who were on the highroad to preferment and dignities. And though then, as now, birth and wealth had their part to play in the getting of honors and sinecures and high positions, neither poverty nor lack of gentle blood was an absolute obstacle to them. It was a subtle and a ready way of inflaming the lad's mind with desire for wealth and place and power. He was poor, truly; but Sir Guy would never allow him to forget that the best blood of Devon ran in his veins.

And so he spoke of those who had forced their way upwards by sheer strength and doggedness of character. There was Lodoswell, the chancellor, and Ermeston, the keeper of the seal, who ruled good, weak Bishop Blondy with a rod of iron. These men had come to the fore, and had carved out their fortunes well. Yet neither Lodoswell nor Ermeston were to be compared to Arnoul de Valletort. And then there was Bronescomb too, Walter Bronescomb, who, as a matter of fact, afterwards did become Bishop of Exeter. He was a coming man. And his parentage was poor enough, certainly, and mean. He had nothing to help him forward but his own abilities and his dogged purpose to get on; and already he had worked himself out of the rank and file, and forced himself up to honors and position.

The boy took it all in. He was listening attentively enough and making his own comments upon the names as they came up. For all its silence, there was little that was not known of ecclesiastical doings at the Abbey. And Arnoul probably knew quite as much as Guy himself of all the personages and their histories, as they were repeated to him.

Poor Guy, the boy wondered, why did he himself not try to get on, if he thought so much of success? Still, he certainly would do his best. He would forge ahead, too, once he found himself in Paris. He had no misgivings that he would fail in

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anything. On the contrary, he was quite certain that, whatever he did, he would succeed in it. It was not conceit or self-sufficiency, but the mere expansion of his nature, the surging of a hope that had never known any real disappointment, the freshness and vigor of his buoyant youth that made him so confident.

So they walked on under the curving boughs towards Woodleigh: Sir Guy ever dreaming, planning, scheming, speaking of Lodoswell and Bronescomb; Arnoul still listening and commenting, smiting off with his stick the heads of the yellow primroses at the roadside, his hand resting on the golden relic case that was hidden in his breast.

CHAPTER VIII.

A league below Woodleigh the river Avon broadens out into one of those many tidal indentations that so fret and fray the whole southern coast of Devon. Nowhere in its short course from Avon Head in the lower moorland, where it rises between Fox Tor and Holne Ridge, down to within a mile or so from the coast, does it exceed the proportions of a small stream.

South of Peter's Cross, it is true, where for a space it tinkles merrily along beside the Abbot's Way, three little streamlets join to meet it, and it does its best to rise and swell itself up to a dignity that affluent waters ought to lend a river. But it is a little stream still, even when it has boasted of three tributaries; and it remains a little stream for all the creeks and brooks and rivulets it manages to entice into its bosom as it flows along to the sea.

It cannot boast, like Tamar, of its length or importance; though it fusses and fidgets in its bed as though it were a very important river indeed. It has not an embouchure like stately Dart; nor even like tiny Yealm, with its scarce three leagues of happy life behind it, to justify the bursting pride with which it meets the ocean. But it has what none of its rivals all the way from Plymouth Sound to Exe have got. It has an island.

A tiny island, it is true, standing off a bare quarter of a mile from the mainland, in proud and solitary isolation. The tides swirl round it as they come in, pushing the moor-drained stream back upon itself up at the head of the estuary; and they swirl round it as they draw back again, freeing the sullen, pent-

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up water of the stream. Twice a day they come and go, sometimes sleek and smiling, lapping on the shore as though caressing it, sometimes rushing and ravening, the curling waves, like great, hungry monsters, tearing at the red cliffs all along the coast.

But the tiny island is long used to the ocean and its moods. It basks in the hot sun, with the wavelets singing it to sleep, and it feels the salt scuds and stinging whips of driving spray indifferently. When the leaden sky bends down over the churning waters and the dull ocean lifts up its arms towards the leaden sky, and all the world is wrapped in storm-light, it lies quite still, though the trailing storm swathes it in mists and the waves leap at it like dogs unleashed. And when the storm has passed and the sun shines out again, then it lies glistening and gleaming, smiling ever because it gives the fussy little river so unique a title to distinction.

Arnoul stepped into the boat that had carried him from the mainland, and took his seat at the stern. Roger gave the craft a shove, sending it gliding out from the shore upon the calm water, and threw his legs over the bow. Neither spoke much for a while. It was the last week of the lad's sojourn at Woodleigh, and his approaching departure had been the principal theme of discussion all the day. For honest Roger had not seen over-much of him during his short stay. He had had his daily toil to attend to; and when he found himself at Sir Guy's lodging on an off-day or of an evening, he had generally discovered that Arnoul was not there or was busy with the priest. So he had been obliged to fall back upon old Isobel, in the kitchen, and talk of a subject that was most congenial to them both and uppermost in both their minds.

There was a long outstanding jealousy between the fisherman and the old housekeeper over Arnoul; but like many jealous persons, and all spiteful ones, they had no small mutual consolation in discussing the object of their affections; and Roger, be it added, generally found some of the cider from Sir Guy's limited cellar making its way down his thirsty throat. Were it not for this wrangling over the lad, they were the best of friends, and the poor priest often wondered where the fine fish came from for which he was never called upon to pay.

And why had Arnoul been so much away from Woodleigh during his short visit to his brother? There were many reasons.

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First, there were the Masses at Moreleigh. He had accompanied Sir Guy, not once or twice, but many times, to the chapel that lay within the demesne of the Viponts. Nor had he been at all loath to go. And the reading of the Mass and the breakfast that followed—for how could Sir Guy get back to Woodleigh on an empty stomach?—took up a great deal of the morning. And Guy would dawdle so on the road back; he always had so many things to say, and so much advice to give, and he spun out such long stories about all the worthies as examples for him to follow.

Then there was Totnes—and, as every one knows, to go to Totnes and talk with the armorer at the bridge and try the arms that the Abbot has selected, cannot be undertaken with less than a whole day to do it in.

And last, there was Buckfast. True, Arnoul was staying at Woodleigh with his brother, but as he was to meet the Lord Abbot at Exeter and set out from there, the only chance of saying good-bye to all his friends lay in his taking two days to make a last pilgrimage to our Lady of Buckfast. And the two days had lengthened into three—there were so many farewells to make. And—and altogether poor Roger had been rather overlooked. So he promised him a whole day for himself, a lazy day of fishing and doing nothing at Avon Mouth.

And the day had come and was already nearly gone; and there they were going back to the mainland from the little island that lends the high distinction of its presence to fidgety, fussy, fuming little Avon, as it flows down from the lower moorland to meet the sea.

Arnoul first broke the silence. He was looking sideways, away from the land, into the broad red furrow that the setting sun was beginning to plough across the water to the westward; and his bronzed face caught something of its fiery glow.

"Roger," he began slowly, as if choosing his words, "do you know aught of Sigar Vipont?"

The man eyed him curiously, wondering what brought Sir Sigar to his mind.

"Aye, that I do"; he answered in a tone that bespoke little token of reverence towards the knight of Moreleigh. "I know that he is the worst tempered man in Devon; and I know it to my cost. So do you, lad. I mind me when you came back, a little lad, crying because that same Sir Sigar clouted you.

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Years agone, that is; and you no higher than so." He made a sign with his hand above the bottom of the boat in illustration.

"I mind it well, you and your dog; and did I not, 'tis Isobel would not let me forget it. But what of him, lad? Why do you speak of him?"

"Oh! nothing, Roger. Only I have been seeing him of late when Guy has been going to the castle. And—and," he ended weakly, "I think he is very evil humored."

"And what has that to do with you?" questioned the man. "All the countryside knows that. 'Tis nothing new for Sir Sigar to show his temper. But," he added with suspicion, "has he been venting his wrath on you?"

"No, no"; replied Arnoul quickly. "Not that, Roger. He has been thoughtful and gracious to both Guy and me of late. Only, when I first saw him—Guy and I had gone over to the castle about the Masses, you know—he was in such a rage. And with his daughter, too. I wondered if he were really mad. Is he really mad, Roger?"

"Mad!" echoed the man. "Yes; mad as you are, or I, or my Lord the Abbot up at Buckfast. He is mad when he chooses to be mad, or when he lets himself get out of hand with his anger. I am drunk when I choose—God assoil me!—and when, perchance, too many inns stand gaping alongside a dusty road. And as I am drunken by choice, or by occasion, so is Vipont mad. But what ails you, to harp so on Vipont and his bad temper?"

"I was thinking of the maid, his daughter," replied Arnoul softly, turning his face still further towards the blood red track across the water. Perhaps it was the light that crimsoned on his face and brow.

"So!" thought Roger to himself. "So!" But he said aloud: "And what of her?"

"She is very beauteous," the boy answered, his eyes fixed upon the sun-stained water.

"So!" commented the fisherman mentally. And then: "Yes, lad; she is a fair maid and a wealthy. All Moreleigh is hers when Sir Sigar dies."

The lad sighed and Roger promptly, and perhaps purposely, changed the conversation. "But why talk of Vipont or of maids on this last day with poor Roger at Avon Mouth? You will be going in a day or so where neither Vipont nor his maid

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will trouble you. And when you return, you will be too great a man to worry about either—God wot! a bishop at the least—and so full of learning that there will be no understanding you."

Arnoul smiled. He was not sure that Guy had suggested a mitre as his goal; but Roger evidently flew at higher game than the poor priest.

So he began to jest and chaff with the man, and told his plans and hopes over again as the boat moved slowly through the oily water, and at last grated on the shingle of the mainland. They dragged the light craft up beyond reach of tides or storms, near to the little hut where Roger's nets hung out drying. And Arnoul gave the fisherman a hand in taking them down and storing them away inside the cabin.

Roger announced his intention of accompanying the lad to Woodleigh and making an evening of it. So they went off together through the gathering twilight.

Arrived at the village, Arnoul found Sir Guy waiting impatiently for his return. He was walking to and fro before the house, hands clasped behind back, head bent in thought; and he nodded every now and then to impress on his memory some point of which he had thought for his brother's edification.

The priest had heard from Buckfast that the Abbot was to ride to Exeter on the morrow and that Arnoul was to be there to meet him and his train at sundown, or else before sext at the Priory of Torre, where Father Abbot was to lie that night.

There was much to be done, many things to be spoken of, before the morning. This sudden move of the Abbot's had shortened Arnoul's time by two or three days at least. And so Roger was sent once more to get what comfort he could at the hands of Isobel; while the two brothers talked again far into the night.

The morn broke glorious, spears of gold and red hurled by the glowing east against the mantling sky. Arnoul was up and seeing to his horse with the first herald of the coming day. All his scanty baggage was prepared, the animal standing ready bridled and saddled, when Sir Guy rubbed the sleep out of his eyes and came out, clad in rusty black, into the sunlight. Isobel was already in the kitchen, bustling about with a great clatter of pots and pans, keeping the tears away by her great preparations for the parting breakfast and making up little packages of food to be stuffed, at the last moment, into saddle bag

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and bundle. Before long Roger, who had found some lodging for the night—the lee side of a hedge, most like—came up, rough and shaggy in the bright morning light; and old Isobel stepped to the door to see the preparations for departure. There was little speech, except for Sir Guy's perpetual injunctions and advices, running on like a long litany.

At last all was ready—the breakfast eaten, Arnoul seated on his beast, and the last packet stowed away. Sir Guy had given the lad more than half the money he had in the house at the time; and Roger, not to be outdone by Isobel, had pressed upon him, out of his small stock of belongings, a token that he thought the boy would value. What is more, he slipped at the same time a silver coin into his hand. "'Twill serve to buy you wine upon the road," he whispered. But Arnoul was loath to take it from him; and it was only when he saw how sorely the honest fellow bore his refusal that he dropped it into the pouch at his side. And Roger, who with all his roughness was as delicate as he, laughed and wagged his head as he heard his coin chink against the others in the wallet.

"When you come back with crosier and mitre, I will exact an usury like any Jew," he chuckled.

And—"Crosier or no crosier, you shall have it"—the boy smiled back at his humble friend.

They walked by his side to the end of the village. People came to their doors as they passed and wished the lad a farewell and a God-speed. The village dogs barked about the horse's legs, and the children ran and toddled beside the priest. One little urchin caught his gown in grimy hands, as if it were poor Sir Guy who was faring forth from Woodleigh to seek his fortune.

And so the little procession went on, priest and dogs, Isobel and Roger, and Arnoul sitting on his horse, and children straggling and trailing out in the rear, until they came to the last house that marked the end of the hamlet.

There they said good-bye—the boy dismounting and kneeling for his brother's blesssing. And he rode away from the village, looking back over his shoulder at the little group standing together in the golden morning, until a bend in the road hid them from his sight. He rode away, as he had walked out from the alumnate, under the great gateway of St. Mary's, with a sadness at his heart struggling with an inexpressible and expanding joy.

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The promise of the morning did not hold. As he rode, the weather changed. Thick clouds banked themselves up behind him and stole across the blue sky, floating out white and fleecy at first, like islands of snow in a topaz sea; and then gathering and massing and folding themselves one above the other, so it seemed, in sullen, cheerless tones of gray. Here and there the sun struck feebly through the jagged rents in the lower cloud pall, the light struggling towards the earth in long, fan-shaped rays that filtered through the murky air. The ragged edges of the rifts were of a weak, sickly yellow, merging into a faint green where the sky was bared. The trees on either hand and the sloping hills stood out strangely, vividly green in the yellow glare that suffused the atmosphere. He urged his horse onward, fearful of the storm breaking before he should make shelter; and found himself in Totnes as the first drops began to fall. There he waited, sitting in the armorer's by the bridge, and wondering whether he should meet Abbot Benet, as had been arranged, at Torre.

The storm was short, and spent itself almost before it had begun; so he thanked the armorer, and rode on over the bridge and up the long hill on the other side. The grasses and the leaves sparkled fresh and green with the rain as he jogged along over the rolling hills that lie between the ancient town nestling in its emerald solitude and the Premonstratensian house of Torre. He came within sight of the sea more than once, and passed groups of peasants now and then, a pair of begging friars in their sad-colored habits, and once a gaily dressed company of knights and squires making their way, with laughter and jest, towards the castle of the Pomeroys. At length he drew within sight of his destination, and putting spurs to his horse, rode up into the courtyard of the monastery.

There he found all bustle and animation. The Abbot's train was already making ready to start. The mules were standing ready saddled—six of them in all—as well as several of the little, shaggy moor ponies. For the Lord Abbot was going abroad accompanied not only by his adviser, but by three of the brethren who were to finish their studies in Paris. The Premonstratensian Prior, their host, was to ride with them as far as the episcopal city. The ponies were for the lay servants. Arnoul was too excited to take much note of what was going on; but his ride had made him thirsty. So he sought out the

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cellarer first of all; and then made his way to the Abbot, who was standing, ready to mount, beside the black robed Prior.

"Pray, Father, a blessing!" he said, habituated to the monastic usage, and he made his reverence. "Here I am at last; though methought it would be at Exeter I should find you."

The Abbot and the Prior both welcomed him heartily. "You have ridden far," said the former, looking at the lad's horse. "Shall we change your beast here, or can it take you on to Exeter, think you?"

"I have not ridden five leagues and I rested at the bridge," answered the boy. "Besides from here to Exeter is but another five leagues and something over, and we shall but walk the whole way."

He smiled as his glance fell on the fat mule, soberly caprisoned for the monk, for he knew how fast that excellent animal was likely to go.

"So be it then," said Abbot Benet, climbing into his saddle, and tucking his scapular and the skirts of his habit out of the way of his legs. "We are ready. Mount!"

The monks and the Prior got clumsily astride their mules. The men mounted upon their ponies—Arnoul vaulting lightly upon his—and the whole party filed out of the gate on their way to Exeter—and Paris.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

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THOMAS WILLIAM ALLIES.

BY WILFRID WILBERFORCE.

THE biographer who undertakes to write the life of his father must expect to be confronted with difficulties even greater than those which are in any case inseparable from his art. The very nature of his work makes him critical, while his habitual attitude of reverence renders criticism *tam cari capitis* intolerable to him. If he notes defects in the character of his subject, he is accused of the sin of Ham; if he passes them over, he is blind. His praises are carelessly attributed to filial partiality—admirable no doubt, but without weight where others are concerned. On the other hand, his blame is taken as representing a mere tithe of what is deserved, while its utterance brings odium on himself.

In some respects, no doubt, a man has more favorable opportunities of becoming a successful Boswell to his father than has any one else; but it may be taken as a general rule that it will be better for him if his Johnson be some one else's father, not his own. There are, of course, exceptions to this rule—the most conspicuous being the *Life of William George Ward*, by his son. It would be difficult to point to a single page in those two volumes in which the critical faculty has been allowed to encroach upon filial reverence; while the glamor of Ward's intellect never blinds his biographer to the sober realities of his theme. But it is not every one who has Mr. Wilfrid Ward's gifts or knows how to use them so well. Few are so plentifully endowed with the sense of harmony in their coloring and the keen instinct of proportion which, in the biography of a parent, are such essential elements of success.

In the *Life of Thomas William Allies*,* by his daughter, the writer has escaped many of the usual pitfalls by letting her subject speak for himself; and even when she expresses her own views, she does so in the graceful manner which becomes a daughter who, in good measure, owes her rare mental endow-

* *Thomas William Allies.* By Mary H. Allies. 1907. London: Burns & Oates.

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ments to her daily and hourly intercourse with a mind so massive and well-stored as that of her father.

Thomas William Allies was no ordinary man, and, as one remembers the many ways in which this fact was apparent in his Catholic days, it is a little difficult to understand how it was that in the years he spent as an Anglican he was so sparsely appreciated. Nor can a wholly adequate solution be found in the fact that from his post as Examining Chaplain to the Bishop of London he was deposed, at the age of twenty-nine, and planted out in a country living, far away from the hothouse of episcopal favor. The occasion of this appointment was characteristic both of Blomfield and Allies.

In January, 1842, the present King, then Edward, Prince of Wales, was baptized. One of his godfathers was the Protestant King of Prussia, a fact which Blomfield mentioned on his return from the ceremony. Allies writes:

> This deeply offended my Church principles that a Prussian Protestant, who was outside the Church, should be admitted as godfather. With more sincerity than prudence I stated my scruple to the Bishop, who had been a party consenting, and was not a little nettled at this remark of his chaplain, for he wanted, as he told me afterwards, "Moderate Oxford," but this was immoderate with a vengeance.*

The Bishop waited for no more nettle-stings, and a few days later he offered his offending chaplain the living of Launton, in Oxfordshire, with the significant advice that he would do well to accept it. This appointment, including as it did a convenient house, an ample old-fashioned garden, a picturesque church, and a stipend of £600 a year, would not have been regarded by most young men of twenty-nine as a serious trial. In the eyes of the Bishop it was a punishment, and as such it appeared to Allies himself. "A heavy cross," "a probation," his daughter calls this sojourn in an ideal English home. Allies wrote:

> A course of lowly, practical, self-denying obedience, cut off from all temptations of being influenced by the love of praise, was what I required, therefore surely was I sent hither, for where would the circumstances of my position so continually demand such a habit as here?

* *Thomas William Allies.* P. 42.

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One great trial of this "position," though full of pain at the time, was certainly salutary. It opened his eyes to the utterly meagre and jejune religion of the Anglican Church and to its effect upon a rural population. Thus, when in burning words this refined Oxford scholar, who believed himself to be a Christian priest, was describing the joys of heaven to a dying parishioner, he was met with the blighting response: "It may be all very well, Sir, but Old England for me!" And a sermon which spoke of St. Joseph as the Guardian of our Lord provoked the remark that "he must have been very old"—the son of Jacob being the only Joseph apparently that the Launton bucolics had ever contemplated.

Oddly enough he was destined years later, when he had been five years a Catholic, to meet with the same ignorance in his own home. His mother, hearing that he had named one of his sons Bernard Joseph, inquired the reason for the second name, since it had not been borne by any of his family, and since there was no saint so-called!

But in these early days at Launton, Allies had no thought of the Catholic Church. Indeed he was then a firm believer in Anglicanism, and he regarded himself, in the truest sense of the word, as a priest. The two great desires of his life at this time were to associate with intellectual men and to win souls. To satisfy the first wish in a village such as Launton was an impossibility, and to his dismay he found the second wish nearly as difficult of fulfilment. "The state of the people here," he writes, "is frightful." Nor was he the kind of man that stolid English farmers could understand or appreciate. No sympathy could exist between natures and aspirations so contrary. A priest of the Catholic Church, of course, could have done much; but Allies, as he came to realize in due time, was nothing more than a minister of a State Establishment.

What first opened his eyes to the real state of things was a visit to France in 1843, when he had had twelve months experience of the futility of Anglicanism in a country parish. The French priests, he found, celebrated Mass daily. He had already heard of this practice from a friend. Now he witnessed it with his own eyes. The result was that, on his return to Launton, he himself began daily celebration; but purely as a matter of private devotion, for it was done with locked doors, with no one to witness it or participate in it. He also intro-

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duced daily matins and evensong, which was still uncommon in those early days. It was at least remarkable that one who was still so far from the Catholic Church should see nothing unmeaning in celebrating (as he believed) with no one present but himself. An ordinary Protestant, whose ideas soar no higher than a "service," on whom the notion of sacrifice has never dawned, would undoubtedly regard the absence of a congregation as fatal to any ministerial act.

By 1844 Allies had made yet another step forward. He had come to believe in confession and absolution. Barren and desert as Launton was, a "howling wilderness," as he called it later on, it stood, nevertheless, within easy reach of an oasis —for Newman, though already on his death-bed so far as Anglicanism was concerned, still prayed and fasted at Littlemore. In those days even, a journey across Oxfordshire was no very serious matter, and in April, 1844, Allies passed through Oxford and repaired by the Iffley Road towards the village where dwelt the man who was on the eve of his great renunciation. To him the Vicar of Launton made his first confession. In his notes on this event Allies speaks of

> two special temptations—repining at the general state of the Church and at one's own position therein, and idolatry of the intellect. Reference rather to an intellectual than moral standard. Entered largely into sad state of parish, with which N[ewman] sympathized; approved weekly H. C., at 8 A.M. Said I ought to have a curate. Did not seem to think that change of position in all cases was wrong. Left him, soothed and comforted. . . . He said though friends were received at Littlemore for a season, yet that he could not undertake to direct them, being convinced that special education was necessary to do so. He said he was quite unequal to it. As I walked over I could not but think how great was the privilege to be near and to have means of intercourse with the greatest man the English Church in her separated state has ever produced, and a *saint*. I doubt not, if I live to see this statement ten or twenty years hence, I shall feel this much more vividly. At my request he fixed times for C[onfession], once a quarter, unless special reasons occurred.*

Still, "soothed and comforted" though he was, this first

* *Ibid.* P. 47.

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confession had the further and very remarkable effect of strengthening instead of lessening his doubts about the Anglican system. As a reward of his humility and single-mindedness, God was drawing him nearer to the true Church. Commenting on this, while still an Anglican, he could write: "Was a spiritual veil then removed?" And as a Catholic of course there was no further need of the note of interrogation. He writes:

> *Now* it is easy for me to see, according to the usual law of God in bestowing grace, and rewarding with further light those who use what they have already, that the great effort of conscience made in confessing was likely to be followed thus, by an accession of light, as to where confession and absolution were really to be found.*

Even before this date, however, his belief in Anglicanism was rapidly declining. Its total inability to deal with a heathenized people, its want of union, its unsacerdotal character, its failure to wean his parishioners from the attractions of the Dissenting Chapel, had all combined to discourage him. But even when, added to all this, he was "perpetually asking himself why . . . our bishops were such a set of trimming, shilly-shally knaves?" his confidence in "*the whole position* of the Church of England" was still unshaken. The doubts which assailed him on this latter point, or rather the growth of these doubts, dated from the day of his first confession to Newman.

Allies made more than one visit to Littlemore at this time. Within that plain row of simple cottages was cast the anchor which held him true to the National Church. "My chief comfort and support," he writes, "were derived from what he said to me; but still more, I think, from *seeing him where he was*."† With this testimony before us, it is a little difficult to endorse Miss Allies' words in which, speaking of her father, she writes: "Newman's step in 1845 did not hasten his own conversion by one hour." Surely this is an overstatement. It was not necessary for Miss Allies' contention that her father's conversion was "a hand-to-hand struggle on a dark and gloomy road."‡ To follow Newman blindly was one thing. To be profoundly influenced by his words and actions was quite another. And it was surely impossible for one who had leant so heavily upon

* *A Life's Decision.* Second edition, 1894. P. 51.
† *Ibid.* P. 53. The italics are in the original.
‡ *Thomas William Allies.* P. 49.

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Newman as Allies had done, in the arduous and lonely conflict with doubts and difficulties, not to feel that one of his props had been shivered when he could no longer point to Littlemore and lay the flattering unction to his soul: "Newman still believes in the Church of England."

Of course it would be an overstatement on the other side to contend that Newman's departure settled the question for Allies. Indeed the facts would at once contradict such an assertion. But here again it was Newman's words which not merely focussed into one point the studies which ultimately brought Allies into the Church, but supplied him with the text for the volumes with which he enriched Catholic literature within the last half century of his life. When the "blow had been struck from which the Church of England still reels," the religious world held its breath in expectation of the book which was known to be forthcoming. Day after day had Newman been toiling at it, writing at his stand-up desk, appearing to his disciples more and more diaphanous as he worked. Begun as an Anglican in doubt—triumphantly brought to a conclusion as a convinced and happy Catholic—this book, the *Essay on Development*, fell like a bomb-shell into the Anglican camp. On the morrow of its appearance Gladstone declared that it must be answered, and Manning actually set to work to achieve the refutation; but he soon recognized and acknowledged that the task was beyond him. Since that day sixty-one years have gone by, and the book still remains unanswered.

Allies then, in common with many thousands of other thinking men, was looking forward to this momentous work. "Never," he writes, "had I waited so anxiously for any book; and doubtless this was the case with many others; for I find remarks about persons still Protestants, which show in what a state of suspense they then were." And in his journal, under date November 27, 1845, he writes:

> Went into Oxford to get J. H. N.'s book, so anxiously waited for, and with a combination of opposite feelings—love, fear, curiosity. Returned in evening with my treasure.

And a few days later he notes:

> Had a long talk with W. Palmer; he thinks J. H. N.'s book by far the most able defence of Roman Catholicism which has appeared. It promises to become ecumenical.*

* *A Life's Decision.* Pp. 70, 71.

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But for Allies the palmary argument, the keystone upon which the whole arch depended, was the Primacy of St. Peter and the Popes. Fixing upon a page and a half of Newman's book, he wrote:

> I will test these statements. The question of the Primacy includes the whole question between the Church of England and the Church of Rome. I will follow this subject faithfully to its issue, and wherever it leads me I will go.*

And his thoughts dwelt upon Abraham's sacrifice of his son, which, he pondered, was certainly no greater than would be his own immolation if he had to quit the Church of England.

Five years went by—years of study and prayer, sixty months of hard, solitary struggle and groping. In many another English parsonage the same scene was being enacted; in obscurity and silence many a soldier of Christ was buckling on the armor of light, preparing, if God so willed, to give up money, lands, reputation, advancement, dear friends—all that the world holds good—to gain the pearl of great price, the faith that was to make him free.

When those five years were over, Allies had weathered the storm, and on the 11th of September, 1850, he was landed safely on the Rock of Peter. Describing the agony which issued so happily, he writes:

> What I went through in those five years no words of mine can express. The ever-increasing anxiety, the direction of all thoughts and studies to one point, the connection of the conclusion to be come to with my temporal fortunes and the welfare of my wife and children, the wish to be certain, the fear of being deceived, of being warped one way by worldly interests or hurried another by impatience, all these formed a trial, which to look back upon at almost a generation's distance fills me with horror. I feel like the man who rode his horse over a bridge of boats one night, and when he saw what he had done the next day, died of fright.

Thus, with his heart full of the peace which surpasses all understanding, but with nothing to look forward to but poverty and fitful employment, Allies entered upon his Catholic life, "lifted from shifting sands, on which there was no footing," to use his own words, "to an impregnable fortress, round which

* *Thomas William Allies.* P. 49.

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the conflicts of human opinion rage in vain." The last days at Launton were fraught with anxiety as well as with those sordid and harassing cares inseparable from a tearing-up of a family by the roots. For the first time during his residence in the parish, an epidemic of typhus fever broke out, and for some weeks his studies on the great question of the Primacy were interrupted by constant attendance at the bedside of the sick and dying. To crown his anxieties, the first symptoms of the fell disease showed themselves in Mrs. Allies, who, by the way, was already a Catholic. She and her husband, who was still technically a Protestant, began to pour forth fervent prayers that the illness might not develop itself. Their petitions were heard, and Mrs. Allies' life was spared.

But the dreary details of the final move, and the utter uncertainty as to the time to come, had still to be faced.

> No occupation or maintenance for the future presented itself; as to temporal matters, a more arid waste of years could not stretch itself before the fainting traveller than then encompassed us. The convert in the first three centuries often met at once the Roman axe, or the torturing hook or scourge, and was released after a glorious conflict; but here the trial, if not so sharp, was far more prolonged. An indeterminate space of time, dark and unredeemed by hope, opened its illimitable lowering desert before us. The first taste of it was utter uncertainty *what* to do, with the necessity of *doing* at once. It was certain that my successor at Launton would only be too anxious to get rid of such an ill-omened guest as soon as possible, and the moment my rights as landlord terminated, no quarter was to be expected. Furniture and books must be put *somewhere*, yet it was impossible to fix *where* we could best go. The harassing perplexity of this situation, the sense of being ruined, of having no field for future exertion, cannot be expressed in words. It lay all about us, under and above us, by day and night.

It was indeed a venture of faith—one of the "ventures for Christ's sake," on which, a few months before, his friend, Henry Wilberforce, had preached at the opening of St. Barnabus, Pimlico. And, like all such acts of generosity, it met its hundredfold reward.

Towards the end of his life, indeed, he still looked upon himself as "an Abject"; while for the title page of his *Life's*

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Decision he could find no motto more appropriate than the Psalmist's cry—so replete with humility and love: *Elegi abjectus esse.* "I have chosen to be an abject in the house of my God rather than to dwell in the tents of sinners."*

At first, indeed, it was poverty which afflicted him, and the glaring contrast between the pleasant parsonage, with its smiling garden, and the one dingy sitting-room of his London lodgings. But the tribulation did not end here. It was far from being merely financial. "Oblivion and the coldness of friends who knew him no more," this was a trial keener surely than any money loss. A heroic soul who had passed through the pangs of this fire, assured the present writer that nothing but the claims of conscience could have reconciled him to the loss of his friends. Thus certainly must Allies have felt. His daughter tells us that "some people remarked," when he chose his motto for *A Life's Decision*, "that they would not have objected to be an abject if he was one." And of course, so far as worldly means were concerned, there were many scores and probably hundreds who, in that respect, suffered more than he. But his own idea of "abjection" puts a different face upon the word. He writes:

> The thought occurs to me, why, during the thirty years I have been a Cathalic, I have been so deprived of the sense of divine support as to *temporal* matters. This will require some study to draw out. . . . The becoming a Catholic, when considered in all its consequences, was in truth a crushing of the whole man. Everything I valued in the outward life, independence of position, a positive work, hope of distinction, veiled with the pretext of doing good—all the glory of the world, went at once, irrecoverably. I have ever felt since that I was "an abject," nor can I think of any other word which so exactly conveys the world of feeling in which I have lived during the past thirty years; it was only tempered with the thought that, if I was an abject, it was "in the house of my God." How totally different, for instance, would have been my feeling if an intellectual work had been assigned to me by authority when I became a Catholic. I do not think the remark which I made in my Journal when, in 1845, the prospect of becoming a Catholic dawned upon me, that it would be to me like the sacrifice of Abraham, was at all overstrained—such it appeared; such it has been in all

* Psalm lxxxiii. 11.

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> the thirty years, from 1850 to 1880; and it is hardly less so now than it was in 1850. The sting of the sacrifice undoubtedly lay in this—that those to whom I came seemed not to care for me. . . . Wherever I turn, it has been the same. I walk, as it were, severed and alone. This is to be an abject. I clearly recognize it as θεῖόν τι.

But the hundredfold was there as well, and it came, above all, in the shape of unruffled *peace*. As his hundredfold, Allies himself acknowledges it in words which it is impossible to refrain from quoting.

After citing the passage in the New Testament, where St. Peter reminded our Lord that he and others had left all things for him, and our Lord's sublime reply, he continues:

> On September 11, 1850, I was thirty-seven years of age; on February 14, 1900, when I am writing this, I am two days past eighty-seven. I note these great blessings which have come to me. First, the gift of the true faith itself; an audience of Pio Nono himself, in his exile at Gaeta; words of blessing spoken to me; a gift of our Lord Himself, in a cameo, made to me.* . . . I therefore note the verification of our Lord's promise: "*Centuplum accipiet*," in one thing most marked from that time to this present time, the gift of inward peace. It is the planting in my heart His own *Pax*. No gift of wealth or distinction of any kind, or possessing any friends or relations, is equal to that *pax* viewed as the settled habit of the soul, and especially as the forerunner and anticipation, so to say, of the future sight of glory, when we shall see our Redeemer as he is. The possessing this inward gift amid all outward circumstances answers, I think, exactly to the *centuplum accipiet*, so far as it concerns this present life, and keeps for the life to come, *vitam æternam possidebit*. The contrast between this *pax* and one's whole state in Anglicanism serves the better to establish what marks the Christian life.†

It was this peace, and it may be added the love with which he was held by his family, that more than compensated him for the martyrdom of suffering he underwent in seeking for the truth and in sacrificing everything to attain to it. To him,

* "I will give you each," he said, "a slight token of remembrance of me"; whereupon he put into my hands a cameo of our Lord, wearing the crown of thorns and reed, very nicely cut and set, with small stones round it, and the letters, "Jesus Nazarenus, Rex Judæorum," each on a stone. *A Life's Decision*. Pp. 203–4.

† *Thomas William Allies*. P. 194.

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a man whose whole being was intellectual, it was nothing short of martyrdom to turn his back daily upon his beloved library and toil like a city clerk at an office desk. He recognized it as the work which God had given him to do, and he did it cheerfully for the sake of his Master. But we are able to look back upon the finished work, and in so doing we can see most clearly why God chose him to do it. "θεῖόν τι," he called it, and much more fully than he ever suspected it *was* the hand of God; for it is no kind of exaggeration to say that he, and he alone, could have done the work which he actually achieved for Catholic education, especially during the crisis between 1870 and 1873. This surely was providential. For this alone surely was it worth while to have lived and suffered. His humility, combined with the lack of perspective which distorts one's judgment of current events, prevented him from realizing the magnitude of his work. And thus, after thirty-seven years of devoted labor as Secretary to the Poor School Committee, he could look back with a sigh, complaining that he had done nothing. Most men would have been glad to carry on their shields close upon two score years of sedulous toil. But to Allies this was merely the frame surrounding the real picture. The true achievement of his life he felt to be the deathless volumes in which, with glowing pen and wealth of historic learning, he portrayed the formation of Christendom and the supremacy of Peter's See. Assuredly his name will endure as the great champion of the Vicar of Christ and his prerogatives. Not until the last of the Popes shall yield up his great charge, and the Supreme Judge appear, will it be known how many souls have owed their rescue from heresy to those golden volumes.

And yet, at this crisis least of all, can we forget Mr. Allies' services to the cause of Catholic education, or allow his lowly estimate of them to pass as sterling coin. At a time when a Government, to please its Nonconformist supporters, is unjustly striking at the very root principle of that education by attempting to deprive it of its Catholic character; when a miscalled "Liberal" ministry is endeavoring to force our training colleges to open their doors to students who hate the very name of Catholic, it is impossible to forget how much we owe to the patient labor of Thomas Allies. Nay more, to him we owe the very training colleges which the Government is now attacking. Up to 1855 these necessary establishments did not exist. In

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that year Mr. Allies, as Secretary, was sent by the Poor School Committee to Namur, to place their need before the Superior of the Congregation of Notre Dame. The result of this journey was the establishment of the Mount Pleasant Training College in Liverpool. This foundation Mr. Allies justly regarded as his own, and for thirty-five years he supported it by word and work.

The evening of this long and honored life was saddened by the loss of friends. One after another of his contemporaries dropped off like ripe fruit, leaving him bereaved and sorrowful. More than this, it was God's will that he should see some of his nearest and dearest, who were many years junior to himself, pass away. The record of his closing days is, indeed, sad reading. Two of his granddaughters, whom he loved tenderly, were snatched away in childhood—one of them at school, the other while on a visit to her grandfather's house. Three years earlier a specially poignant grief had come upon the old man through the death of his son's wife, Mrs. Cyril Allies. We are enabled in some degree to measure the affection he bore to her by Miss Allies' remark that she was a rival in his heart with his beloved *Formation of Christendom.*

In August, 1893, when in his eighty-first year, he undertook the trying journey to Innish Bofin, an island off the Galway coast, to visit his son's home. This act of love was nearly fatal to him, and the homeward journey was performed with much difficulty. When autumn was far advanced he returned to his house in London, never again to cross its threshold. Three months later his daughter-in-law, whom he had sacrificed so much of his strength to visit, was snatched away by a sudden death. The year 1897 brought a sorrow still more acute upon Mr. Allies. Of his sons, one was a priest. The father's heart, that beat so warmly for all his children, had always cherished a special love for him. One of the "seventy subjects of thanksgiving after Mass" was for God's gift to him of Basil and for Basil's vocation to the priesthood, with "the ten thousand mercies which sprang out of that vocation to us, his parents." In 1897 this dearly-loved son came to London on a visit to his parents. Every one except Mr. Allies himself noticed that he seemed to be weighed down with depression. Perhaps the shadow of coming death was upon him, though to such as he death is truly *janua vitæ.* Anyhow, he had not left his father's

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house very long when he was seized with illness which quickly proved fatal. It was said at the time, though I find no mention of it in Miss Allies' book, that he gave his life in the cause of charity by going to attend a dying man who would otherwise have lacked the help of a priest, at a time when he himself was so ill that it was an evident danger for him to leave his bed.

Two years after this another son died, and in 1900 his son-in-law Mr. James Broder. In January, 1902, death brought to an end the happy union which was begun on October 1, 1840, when Thomas William Allies was married to Eliza Hall Newman. None who were privileged to know Mrs. Allies could ever forget her. The sparkle of the eye, the keen play of wit, the quenchless spirit of fun—often, it is to be feared, veiling a heart saddened by temporal trials—all this rises before the memory when her name is mentioned. To those who knew her not, no amount of description would reproduce her charming, lovable personality.

Mr. Allies has left us a noble record of her in his dedication of *A Life's Decision*.

> To my sole partner in these trials, the more helpless and yet the more courageous, the quicker to see the Truth, the readier to embrace it, the first to surrender her home in the bloom of her youth, who chose without shrinking the loss I had brought on her, and by her choice doubled my gain.

The beautiful union between these two was not long severed. A little more than a year went by after Mrs. Allies' death before she was joined by her husband in the eternal world.

And here seems the right place to say a word about the one and only cause of complaint which we have in reading Miss Allies' book. Every man worthy of the name is more or less of a hero-worshipper, and the many hundreds who knew Mr. Allies, either personally or through his books, must have found an honorable niche for him among their intellectual idols. And for such as these, the second chapter of this book is painful reading. That Allies should have been very deeply in love is most natural and entirely to his credit. That he should have confided his hopes, fears, aspirations, and joys to the pages of his private journal was equally natural. But where was the necessity of publishing these sacred and intimate confidences? In doing so his biographer has allowed her filial love to obscure

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her judgment. This is precisely an example of the dangers to which writers are liable when they portray the life of a parent. They so often forget that what to them is unspeakably precious is apt to sound a jarring note to outsiders. Especially is this true when the confidences thus cast upon a rude and critical world are those of a man whose name we have learnt to regard as the equivalent of something unearthly and majestic and above the common herd of men. But, after all, this single error of judgment is well atoned for by the rest of the book; and its readers, while heartily thanking Miss Allies, will close its pages with a strengthened conviction that every day of that long life of ninety years was nobly spent; that the whole man—heart and soul—was given over to the service of God—first in searching after the truth, then in embracing it, when found, with a glorious disdain of consequences and at the cost of all that the world holds good; and, finally, in imparting to others some of the enthusiastic love which filled his own soul for the sanctity, supremacy, and sublime grandeur of the Fisherman's Throne. To this last he gave himself almost wholly, except where the duties of his educational office intervened. "After the work of saving my soul," he writes in his Journal, "it is my work in life to defend the See of Peter." And with what a wealth of learning, and in what noble, impassioned English was that work performed! His volumes abound in passages which can never die, and they come straight from the heart of their author. Surely, to take one example, it would be difficult to find anywhere a more fascinating outburst of love and loyalty and devotion to the Bride of Christ than the closing words of his *Life's Decision*—words which may likewise fitly end this paper:

> O Church of the living God, Pillar and Ground of the Truth, fair as the moon, bright as the sun, terrible as an army in battle array, O Mother of Saints and Doctors, Martyrs and Virgins, clothe thyself in the robe and aspect, as thou hast the strength, of Him whose Body thou art, the Love for our sake incarnate; shine forth upon thy lost children, and draw them to the double fountain of thy bosom, the well-spring of Truth and Grace.

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GLASTONBURY.

BY ELLIS SCHREIBER.

GLASTONBURY, a small town in the county of Somerset (formerly the district of the somer-sœtas), was, at a remote period, an island formed by the waters of the River Brue and the tributary streams which overflowed the fens stretching westward to the sea. Its name, in Anglo-Saxon *Glæstingabyrig*, "the isle of glass," is said to be derived from the clear blue color of the surrounding water, *glas* in Welsh signifying blue. By the Britons it was called Avalon, the isle of apples, the word aval being Welsh for apple; some writers, however, assert that this name was derived from that of a famous British chieftain, Avalor Avalloc. It was known to the Romans as *insula Avallonia*. Glastonbury is no longer an island; the marsh lands surrounding it have long since been drained and converted into rich pastures.

"Glastonia is a town nestled in a morass with no advantage of sight or pleasantness; it can only be reached on foot or on horseback." Thus in the early part of the twelfth century wrote William of Malmesbury, who may be termed the first historian of Glastonbury Abbey. His work entitled: *De Antiquitate Glastoniensis Ecclesiæ* contains all that had previously been written, traditional, legendary, and historical, concerning this favored spot where, in the very infancy of Christianity, the Gospel was first preached in Britain, and the earliest chapel erected. The account he gives thereof, referring back to the first century of the Christian era, is detailed and interesting; but space does not permit us to review it here.

During the period of the Saxon invasion Glastonbury had proved a suitable place for harboring a congregation of native Christians. But in 658 "the one famous holy place of the conquered Britons which had lived through the storm of foreign conquest," as Freeman terms it (*Norman Conquest.* Vol. I., p. 436), fell into Saxon hands; a Saxon community of monks took possession of the wooden basilica which had replaced the

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original oratory of the Blessed Virgin, associated with the memory of many saints of the Celtic race. In 708 Ine, king of the West Saxons, rebuilt the monastery, which he bountifully endowed, and erected the abbey church, the *major ecclesia*, dedicated to St. Peter and St. Paul.

From this period the history of Glastonbury may be considered authentic; in the earlier times, where historic evidence is so scanty and legend abounds, it is difficult to draw the line of demarcation between truth and fiction. Until the foundation of the universities of Oxford and Cambridge, Glastonbury was the chief seat of learning in England. The town grew up around the Abbey as people desirous of living near its hallowed precincts settled there. Not only did the sanctuary become a favorite place of pilgrimage, but so highly was it reverenced that kings and queens, archbishops and other prelates, coveted the privilege of interment there. The name of the town is asserted by some to have been taken from an English family, the Glaestings, who chose this spot for their settlement.

King Ine's monastery maintained a great reputation until it was ravaged and despoiled, as were many other monasteries, by the Danes in the ninth century. Christian priests were slain at the altar by those worshippers of Woden, for the Northmen were still heathen. But under the rule of King Alfred, Wessex was delivered from the invaders, and religion once more revived.

The next benefactor whose name is recorded in the annals of Glastonbury, and whose posthumous renown attracted many to the scene of his labors, was St. Dunstan, a youth of noble birth, who at an early age was dedicated to the service of our Lady. This celebrated man was born in the neighborhood of Glastonbury, and received his education from some Irish scholars who had taken up their abode there. Under their tuition he made extraordinary progress, and, in addition to his high literary attainments, he excelled in painting and was a skillful worker in brass and iron. These accomplishments, united to most engaging manners, brought him into notice at the Court of King Athelstan, where the favor with which he was regarded excited the jealousy of the courtiers. During a long illness Dunstan vowed to renounce the brilliant future open to him and become a monk. On his recovery he received the religious habit and shortly after the sacrament of Holy Orders.

On the accession of Edmund, successor to Athelstan, he was

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appointed Abbot of Glastonbury, where he introduced the strict Benedictine rule, and, with funds supplied to him by the king, repaired the havoc wrought by the Danes. On being raised to the See of Winchester, he applied himself to effect the reform of the clergy; all those whose manner of life was discreditable to religion were first reprimanded, then severely punished. The secular clergy who had usurped the place of the regulars and possessed themselves of the abbacies were expelled, and in the religious homes, both of men and women, strict monastic discipline was enforced. Dunstan was presently made Archbishop of Canterbury; under his rule no less than forty-eight monasteries were rebuilt or erected.

Twenty-three years after his death the monks of Glastonbury besought permission from the king to translate the saint's remains to their monastery. It was granted, and a company of monks repaired to Canterbury for the purpose. On their arrival they found the cathedral laid waste, the Danes having ravaged it; yet they discovered among the ruins the tomb they were seeking, and found St. Dunstan's bones, the episcopal ring being still on his finger. On their return to Glastonbury, bearing the precious relics, they were received with great rejoicings. Fearing, however, lest at a later period the Archbishop of Canterbury might insist on the restoration of the relics to their first resting-place, the monks commissioned two of their number to deposit them in a place of secrecy, known to themselves alone. The secret was only to be revealed when the last possessor of it should be *in articulo mortis*, when it was to be communicated to another monk, so that one only should possess it. The two brethren accordingly enclosed the bones in a coffin, and inscribed on it the words *Sancti Dunstani*, and deposited it in a hole which they dug near the entrance of the great church; there it remained undisturbed for a hundred and seventy-two years.

Meanwhile, according to Adam of Domerham, the chronicler who, after William of Malmesbury's death, continued his work as historian of Glastonbury, the Abbot Henry de Blois, brother to King Stephen, rebuilt the church called the *major ecclesia*, and erected a new monastery on the foundations of the old, with a bell-tower, chapter-house, cloisters, infirmary, chapel, etc., a structure in fact which was described as "a splendid large palace," in the Norman style, richly decorated. He bequeathed

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a sum of money for the maintenance of a wax taper to be burnt perpetually before the image of the Blessed Virgin in the *vetusta ecclesia;* thus indicating that it was entirely distinct from the greater edifice of SS. Peter and Paul. But in the year 1184 a great calamity occurred at Glastonbury; the whole monastery was destroyed by fire, with the exception of the chapel and one chamber, which served as a refuge for the monks; the beautiful church shared the same fate, with its treasures and a large proportion of the venerated relics. After this lamentable event, the brethren were desirous of discovering the relics of St. Dunstan, and the secret of their interment not having been lost, the pavement was raised and beneath it the coffin containing them was found intact.

Not only did the presence of the relics of St. Dunstan (at one time a most popular saint in England) attract many pilgrims to the shrine at Glastonbury, the tradition of Joseph of Arimathea's burial in the monks' cemetery led many devout persons to journey thither. The authority on which this belief rests are the words of an ancient British historian and bard, who writes: "The disciples of St. Philip died in succession, and were buried in the cemetery; among them Joseph of Marmore, named of Arimathea, receives perpetual sleep. He lies near the south corner of the oratorio which is built of hurdles," The positive manner in which John Glaston, an historian of the fifteenth century, wrote in confirmation of the legend, caused the ancient name of St. Mary's Chapel to be changed into Joseph's Chapel, the appellation still attached to the beautiful ruins of the once favored sanctuary, not because it was dedicated to him, but because he originally erected it.

The legend of the coming of Joseph of Arimathea has been immortalized in poetry as well as in prose, for not only was it he who first introduced the Christian faith into Britain, he is also said to have brought thither the Holy Grail (Sangreal), the chalice used by our Redeemer at the institution of the Blessed Sacrament, or, as others say, the vessel wherein Joseph collected some of the Precious Blood shed upon the cross. Spenser, in the *Faerie Queene* (Book 12, Canto xliii.), writing in the sixteenth century, speaking of King Lucius, mentions this tradition:

> Who first received Christianity,
> The sacred pledge of Christ's Evangely;

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Yet true it is, that long before that day,
Hither came Joseph of Arimathy,
Who brought with him the Holy Grayle (they say),
And preacht the truth; but since it greatly did decay.

And in Tennyson's poem the following lines are found:

The cup, the cup itself from which our Lord
Drank at the last sad supper with His own,
This from the blessed land of Aromat,
After the day of darkness, when the dead
Went wandering o'er Moriah—the good saint,
Arimathean Joseph, journeying, brought
To Glastonbury, where the winter thorn
Blossoms at Christmas, mindful of our Lord.

The Holy Grail was probably lost at the suppression of the monastery in Henry VIII.'s reign. The Holy Thorn, alluded to above, still exists in the Abbey precincts. Tradition asserts that when Joseph of Arimathea and his eleven companions, travel-worn and weary, reached the hill overlooking the Isle of Avalon, he planted there his pilgrim's staff. A stone now marks the spot where that staff struck root and budded. There for many centuries it flourished, always blossoming on Christmas Day. It branched into two trunks, the larger of which was cut down in the reign of Queen Elizabeth by a Puritan, who was only prevented from cutting down the other by an ill-aimed blow wounding his leg, and a thorn piercing his eye. The remaining stem was hewn down, at the time of the great rebellion, by a fanatical soldier as a Popish relic. The Holy Thorn, a variety of the hawthorn, *cratægus*, was famous abroad as well as in England; the Bristol merchants did a considerable trade by selling blossoms and leaves gathered from it. The tree propagated from the original one flowers twice a year; the winter blossoms, which it puts forth at Christmas-time, are about twice as large as those of the ordinary hawthorn.

The Holy Well, situated in an arched recess on the south side of the crypt, outside the foundation wall of the now ruined abbey, is said also to derive its origin from Joseph of Arimathea, who by striking the ground with his staff, is said to have caused a stream of water to well up for the refreshment of the weary travelers. This spring, the existence of which was forgotten for several centuries, was in early times noted for the

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miraculous cures effected by its waters; many pilgrims journeyed thither to seek the aid of its healing power. The well was discovered in 1825 by a party of antiquarians searching for hidden antiquities. Whilst at work in the crypt, then choked up with rubbish, they came upon a flight of steps leading to the subterranean recess, where, at about ten or twelve feet below the surface of the ground, was the well, measuring two feet two inches in diameter; the spring which supplies it is still flowing.

The disastrous fire which destroyed the *vetusta ecclesia* of the Blessed Virgin at Glastonbury, also ruined the *major ecclesia* of SS. Peter and Paul, and the beautiful monastic edifice built by the munificence of Bishop Henry de Blois. The then King, Henry II., lost no time in rebuilding the church on a scale of great magnificence. He did not live to complete it, and after his death no funds were forthcoming to carry on the work, so that a period of a hundred and nineteen years elapsed before it was dedicated. Several successive abbots contributed to adorn and beautify the interior; the nave was vaulted and ornamented with splendid painting; the high altar was decorated with an image of our Blessed Lady in a tabernacle described as of the highest workmanship; the "six goodly windows" on each side of the choir were glazed—an uncommon luxury in those days; the great clock, the elegant choir screen and rood were added as years went on, as well as rich monuments and shrines. Of this once magnificent structure a long wall with a turret at each end, two finely carved doorways, and a few other ruins alone are left standing.

The Abbey clock, which was placed in the south transept of the great church, was, according to the historian, "remarkable for its possessions and spectacles." At the dissolution of the monastery, in 1539, it was taken to Wells, where it may be seen in the cathedral to this day. It is the oldest known clock, dating from the early part of the fourteenth century. The dial plate, six feet six inches in diameter, is contained in a square frame, and divided into three circles, marking the twenty-four hours of the day, the minutes, and the age of the moon. Above the dial figures of knights in armor, set in motion by machinery, represent a mimic tournament every hour on the striking of the bell. On the face of the clock are the words: *Ne quid*

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pereat, with the name of the maker: *Petrus Lightfoot, monachus, fecit hoc opus.*

The monastery was also rebuilt on a grand scale, to judge by its ruins. It was enclosed by a high wall, which contained sixty acres within its circuit, and was complete in all its arrangements. The Abbot occupied a separate dwelling, south of the great hall.

> In the dormitory each monk occupied a separate chamber, in which was a narrow bedstead with a straw bed, a coarse blanket and bolster of straw or flock. By the bedside was a kneeling-desk with a crucifix over it; besides another desk and table with shelves and drawers for books and papers, and one chair. In the corridors and in the middle of each dortoir were cressets or lanterns, wrought in stone with lights in them to give light to the monks when they rose at night to say matins.

The above quotation is taken from *Dugdale's Monasticon*, Ed. 1655, in which a full description is given of each part of the monastery. In the guest-house all travelers were received, from the prince to the peasant, and entertained according to their rank and quality. The monks were bound to show this hospitality by the fifty-third chapter of their rule, wherein they are commanded to receive all comers as they would Christ himself, who will hereafter say: "I was a stranger and ye took Me in."

The wooden cup used as a grace-cup by the monks after dinner is preserved at Wardour Castle. It is of Anglo-Saxon workmanship, and tradition asserts it to have been carved out of a piece of the Holy Thorn. The bowl, on which are figures of the twelve Apostles, rests on crouching lions; on the lid the crucifixion is carved, with the Blessed Virgin and St. John. The cup holds two quarts and originally had eight pegs fixed one above another inside, dividing its contents into equal quantities of half-a-pint. This arrangement led to such vessels being called by the name of peg-tankards.

The inventory made by the Royal Commissioners in 1535 shows the ornaments of the church, the jewels, the gold and silver plate, to have been of very great value. They were all delivered to the king, who himself acknowledged the receipt of them. The report of the Commissioners testifies to the good

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management of the Abbey by the Abbot Whiting, yet it shared the fate of all other religious houses at that unhappy time, when a storm of unbelief swept over the Church, and many of the venerable institutions she had founded went down in the destructive cataclysm. The end of the last Abbot of Glastonbury, Richard Whiting, is pathetically described in a sermon preached by the Bishop of Clifton, on occasion of opening the new choir of Downside Abbey, September, 1905, from which the following extract is taken.

> Of all the touching and tragic scenes that were enacted during that bloody epoch, surely none is more replete with tragedy, or moves our pity more, than that which was perpetrated on a day in November of the year 1539, not many miles from the spot on which the modern Abbey of Downside stands. On a lonely eminence dominating the fair champaign below, as it stretches to the waters of the channel, may be seen a comely and venerable old man, over whose head eighty summers have passed. Around him press his executioners, busily arranging the ghastly apparatus of a felon's death. The gallows has been erected near the tower of St. Michael's (now vanished) church; the boiling cauldron and butcher's knife are ready. Naught has been brought or proven against the old man, save that he will not forfeit his allegiance to the Vicar of Christ; or yield up his Abbey. He has led a blameless life, a holy life; he is beloved by all the countryside, over which he ruled with a father's sway. He is the last of the long line of Abbots of Glaston, and this spot of vantage from which he is compelled to look down upon his beloved Abbey has been brutally chosen for his murder, that he may drain the cup of bitterness to the dregs. "He took his death very patiently," wrote an unfeeling eye-witness of the butchery; but had we been there, and had it been given to us to know the varied emotions of his heart as he ascended the fatal ladder, what despondency joined with resignation, what fear mingled with love, what joy, yet merging in a sea of sorrow, should we not have found there. He clearly saw that soon the floodgates of error would be opened wide, and the waters of destruction sweep away long-cherished beliefs, banishing rites and ordinances that had been channels of grace to the people for a thousand years. The clean oblation, the holy sacrifice, would be abolished; no more would the sacred, time-honored chant resound along the aisles of his well-loved church, where the bodies of the saints reposed; their shrines

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would be rifled and plucked down, his brethren done to death or dispersed, perhaps forever. This must have been the bitterest draught of all to him, for the ties of consecrated love are as dear as those of kin, and he might be pardoned if he gloried in all that his Order had achieved for the Island of Saints. Were they not her Apostles? Had they not given to England many of that illustrious line of sainted confessors and bishops, statesmen and writers? Now he might exclaim: "Our inheritance is turned to aliens, our house to strangers." But the noose is now drawn round his neck, the cart is driven away, and Richard Whiting takes his place among the white-robed army of martyrs encircling the throne of the Lamb that was slain.

It was on Tor Hill that the last Abbot of Glastonbury was executed, with two of his monks, under the pretext that they had robbed Glastonbury Church. The Abbot's body was divided into four parts, according to the barbarous custom of the time, and sent to Wells, Bath, Ilchester, and Bridgewater. His head was placed over the Abbey gate. The lands were then sold, the property divided, and after they had been stripped of their treasures for the royal exchequer, the magnificent and venerable edifices were given up to pillage and desecration. In the reign of Queen Mary some of the monks petitioned her Majesty to "raise their Abbey again," which was held to be the "ancientest and richest in England." But the unsettled state of the realm, and the Queen's death, ended all hope of the restoration of Glastonbury Abbey.

Amongst other traditions of Glastonbury in the olden time is that of its being the burial place of the renowned British King Arthur, the hero of early legend, represented as the flower of chivalry and of Christian valor. It is said that when mortally wounded in his last great battle of Camleon in Cornwall, he bade his followers convey him to "the island-valley of Avilion," in order that he might in solitude prepare to depart out of this world. This scene has been the theme of many a bard's song, but none describes it so touchingly as the master-poet of the last century, Tennyson, in the "Morte d'Arthur." The hero speaks to his favorite knight, the brave Sir Bedivere:

> But now farewell, I am going a long way
> With these thou seest—if indeed I go

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(For all my mind is clouded with a doubt)
To the island-valley of Avilion ;
Where falls not hail, nor rain, nor any snow,
Nor ever wind blows loudly, but it lies
Deep meadowed, happy, fair with orchard lawns,
And bowery hollows crowned with summer sea,
Where I will heal me of my grievous wound.

Formal search was not made for the grave until the twelfth century, when the spot, marked by two sculptured crosses, was found. At the depth of seven feet from the surface a flat stone was unearthed bearing in rude characters the words in Latin*: Here lies the renowned King Arthur, buried in the island Avalonia. Below was a huge oak coffin, which, when opened, was seen to contain the King's bones, which were of a large size; on the skull were the marks of ten wounds. The same coffin contained the bones of Queen Guinevere. These remains were removed to a chapel in the great church.

The town of Glastonbury has in itself little to attract the traveler. The population numbers about 5,000; the only building of any note is the Pilgrim's Inn, a house of considerable architectural beauty, built and once maintained at the expense of one of the Abbots in the fifteenth century. Every visitor was treated as a guest, and allowed to remain for two days. When first the relics at Glastonbury attracted a great number of pilgrims to the shrine, they found accommodation in the Abbey; then a hospice for their benefit was erected adjoining the monastery walls; and when this proved insufficient for their entertainment, they were lodged at the Pilgrim's Inn, which was connected with the monastery by a subterranean passage. In the extensive cellars rises a spring of water, beside it is a stone seat whereon penitents are traditionally said to have sat up to their knees in water. More probably, however, if this practice really existed, it was destined rather for ills of the body than of the soul, since we read that at one time the mineral waters rising at the foot of Tor Hill, below which Glastonbury is situated, attained considerable notoriety on account of their health-restoring qualities.

**Hic jacet et sepultus inclitus Rex Arthurus. In insula Avalonia.*

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LISHEEN; OR, THE TEST OF THE SPIRITS.*

BY CANON P. A. SHEEHAN, D.D.,

Author of "My New Curate"; "Luke Delmege"; "Glenanaar," etc.

CHAPTER XIII.

NEMESIS.

NO woman, mother or maiden, ever utterly loathes that which she has once loved. Her usually flexible nature seems to be hardened by that passion into a shape which cannot be bent backward or broken. There may be anger, jealousy, hate, under which her soul will vibrate painfully. But, at length and at last, it settles down into one fixed poise, which seems as unchangeable as the earth's axis towards the sun.

Hence Mabel Willoughby, after her baptism of tears, took the regenerated soul of her husband unto her own, and settled down into a calm attitude of resignation and affection. The effect on Outram was almost startling. The unavowed forgiveness of his wife for his deadly deception touched unto better purposes and larger issues a spirit that had grown old in duplicity; and he came to worship, with a kind of doglike uplook, the woman whom he had betrayed, and who had so nobly absolved him. Hence, during these fleeting summer and autumnal months, he lost all his cunning, all his cynicism; and went about a humble and deferential follower of his wife, asking for and obeying her commands; whilst she, in turn, seemed to regard him with a kind of respect for his misfortune and forgiven fault.

But, where men forgive, Nature and her handmaid, Nemesis, are sometimes relentless; and certainly, in some mysterious manner, the magnanimity of men is not imitated by that hidden and masked executioner, called Fate. And so it happened that one day Outram, who was fleeing from Fate, fell into its arms; and expiating his sin, liberated at the same time the woman who had been his victim and pardoner together.

One autumn day, unlike autumn however in a strong breeze

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that curled the waters down in a Kerry fiord, which had also become a fashionable watering-place, a curious picture could have been seen.

There was a strong sunlight on the beach, where children were building sand-castles; and the old were sitting musing; and the young were gaily emerging from the bathing boxes for the afternoon dip in the sea. This was commonplace enough; but what relieved it was a strange figure of a girl, evidently an Oriental or a quadroon, clothed all in white, except for the red sash that bound her waist, and the red turban, with a gold tuft or crest, that hardly bound her black and glossy hair. Her feet were bare, but were ringed with silver anklets. Her arms too were covered with some kind of bracelets in chased silver, and she stood motionless as a statue, except that the wind caught, from time to time, her white skirt, or her red sash, and swung it around, and threw it back again. But there, against the background of the sea, green and white, and on the level gray sands, she stood, statuesque and imposing; and many a curious eye watched her, and many a curious guess was made about her nationality and her presence in this obscure and remote place.

Just a little inkling of her position might have been given by the presence also of a lady and gentleman, who sat about twenty or thirty yards behind her on a little sand-hill where sea thistles grew. They were both silent, sketching furiously the figure before them; and occasionally dabbing in some bright colors from a palette that lay between them.

After about three-quarters of an hour, during which the white figure never stirred from its position, the lady and gentleman rose; the latter said something aloud so that the girl might hear; and instantly, just touching her turban and her black hair with her fingers with a gesture of feminine coquetry, she turned aside, and walked with a stately and dignified step towards the only hotel this remote watering-place could boast of. Many eyes followed her; many stared at her rudely; but she looked over all with a certain calm grace and dignity that made the rude and the insolent and the curious lower their gaze as she passed.

That evening the only passengers that stepped from the stage-coach, which plied between the village and Killarney, were Outram and his wife.

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They had come to spend a week or two of the closing autumnal holidays here and there on the loveliest seacoast in the world; and Outram, always fond of society and excitement, now sought the most secluded and hidden places, as if he dreaded the faces of strangers, or was jealous of aught but the companionship of his wife.

He had said to Mabel, just as they approached the hotel:

"Here we can manage, I think, a quiet week or two. I understand the season has been a poor one; and we shall be almost alone."

And he stepped from the coach with the agility of one who just then was relieved from some apprehension, and had sought and found a respite or a rest. And they were fortunate in securing the two best rooms in the hotel—those overlooking a long strip of laureled garden, over whose foliage could be seen the green wastes of the sea.

Yet, next morning after breakfast, to Mabel's intense surprise, Outram came to her and said, in a pitiful way, that closed all questioning:

"I think we had better clear out from here, Mabel. I have had a wretched night, full of all apprehensions and fears. I wish I had that ring from Maxwell."

And he looked so ill that she forbore asking questions.

The hotel proprietor was alarmed and disturbed. He had counted on such eligible guests for a fortnight at least.

"Anything wrong with the room? We can easily get you another! Perhaps you would like your meals alone?" etc.

To all which anxious interrogatories Outram could only say:

"No, no; all is right. But—"

And they departed. Mabel mused all the way in silence, until they came to their old quarters on Caragh Lake. High up on the hills was the bell-tent of Maxwell, with the little red pennant fluttering in the breeze.

"I hope Maxwell is here," he said. "I shall demand my ring."

"He cannot be here," said Mabel, wishing it were so. "You know he's married to some English girl along the Dingle Coast; and I heard they have gone abroad."

The sudden hope died away from Outram's face, and left it dark and gloomy as before.

They had rooms in the hotel; and the unhappy man, hunted

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by Fate, had one night's rest. But the next day he looked fearful and unhappy and apprehensive, watching in a furtive manner the guests at table or in the corridors, and hiding behind curtains when the great stage coaches came with their burden of passengers, and went.

His wife could not help noticing it, and his dread became contagious. Both felt now the shadow of a great fear looming down on them; the meshes of Fate closing in around them. But, by common consent, they agreed that this Fate was to be met in silence. Mabel asked no questions; and Outram proffered no suggestions.

The second day passed quietly over them, Outram having spent the greater part of it alone on the lake; and even there, seeking the shadows aud sequestered places rather than the open, where eyes, themselves unseen, might rest upon him. In the evening he was in excellent spirits, and said after dinner to his wife:

"I think, after all, Maxwell may be here. At least, I imagine I saw that young barbarian who used to accompany him, and whom once, you remember, I nearly drowned at the pier. I must make inquiries."

He did. Yes; Maxwell was here for a few days' fishing, before the close of the season. He lived alone in his bell-tent up there in the valley of the hills, and saw no one. He had been married to a great English heiress, who would now inherit untold wealth; for look! here is a paragraph in the *Sentinel* to the effect that Hugh Hamberton, Esq., J.P., Brandon Hall, was killed by a fall from a cliff in the neighborhood of his home last Monday, whilst endeavoring to save the lives of two children who had been suddenly surrounded by the incoming tide.

"Lucky dog!" said Outram. "He was always lucky, except—when he lost you, Mabel!"

And Mabel smiled sadly.

Another day rolled by, and after breakfast Outram again recurred to the matter.

"I'll go up this afternoon or to-morrow and interview him," said Outram. "It will be interesting to hear of his adventures as a farm laborer, and I must have that ring. Will you come, Mabel? We can drive up after lunch."

And Mabel shook her head, and said nothing. Outram did not go to seek Maxwell. He spent the day again on the lake.

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After dinner that evening he strolled through the grounds of the hotel, smoking, and seeking, as was now his wont, seclusion in the deep thickets and shrubberies that almost made night of day in the place. He seemed to have no fear now, as he walked in deepest solitude to and fro, thinking, thinking of many things; and yearning for that strange talisman to which he attached such superstitious importance. The day was declining; but red clouds hung in masses above his head.

Once, as he was turning in his walks, he thought he saw a glint of color amongst the trees; but concluded that it was a mistake; and he gave himself up again to imagination, ending each strophe of his fancy by wishing he had that ring once more in his possession. He despised himself for attaching such importance to so paltry a thing; but a spell was upon him which he could not shake aside.

Suddenly a low voice, scarcely raised above a whisper, broke on his startled ears, and made his heart stand still in terror. It came from behind the thick bole of a huge sycamore, and was chanting as if in a soliloquy the following words in Sanskrit:

"Salutations to thee, O my Father! Salutations to thee, O thou giver of boons! Why hast thou hidden thy face from thy slave, and made night of her life? Behold Brahma has brought me to thee across seas and mountains. I have found thee; and shall not let thee go!"

Outram stood still as one suddenly paralyzed. The voice of the girl went on in a similar recitative, relating her love for her benefactor; her pursuit of him through India and Europe, and hither; her protestation of fidelity; her determination never to leave him again. Well he knew the terrible scorn and irony that were beneath her words; and her grim purpose that he should not escape her. He thought to fly; but knew at once that she would follow him, and reach him in unexpected places. There was nothing for it but to face at once his evil genius, and ask her what she required.

He waited for a moment to steady his nerves, threw away his cigar, and stood opposite the girl.

She seemed to be taken aback for a moment; but looked at him with an air of deprecation and that moistening of the eyelids that he well knew concealed a purpose not to be shaken —a character not to be angered, or frightened—only a grim resolution to follow and follow to the end.

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"Satára!" he said sternly, and as if asking a question.

"Yes, my Lord; your slave and bondswoman!"

She held her hands hanging down clasped before her, and her great eyes wandered over his face.

"What has brought you hither? Why have you come to disturb my peace?"

"Why does the moon hang round her mother, Earth?" she replied. "Why do the rivers run to the sea? Why do the tides come and go at a secret biddance?"

"Yes, yes"; he said impatiently. "I know all that jargon. But what do you want? I have but little money"—he put his hand in his pocket, and drew out some loose silver—"and cannot promise you more. You have a situation, have you not? I saw you with some persons over there at Waterville."

She put aside the money proffered, gently but with some disdain, and looked at him with brimming eyes.

He got angry at this. It was an unreasonable sting, and therefore an invincible thing.

"You know I'm married," he said, "and you should also know that the past is past, and to be forgotten utterly; that European ways are not the same as those of India; and that I cannot allow you to follow me here!"

"My Lord is angry with his servant?" she said. "What has his servant done to create anger? The past is not past; for there is no past, nor future, for the children of Brahma, the Eternal."

"Look here, Satára," he said, "that jargon is all right beyond the Red Sea; but we cannot listen to it here. Again I tell you that this is Europe; and that our ways are not yours. You cannot come into my house. That's impossible. I cannot receive you. Why can't you remain as you are? Are the people kind to you?"

"Kind? Yes; but they are also kind to their dog. What is kindness? Will the gleaner take an ear of corn when he can get a sheaf? Will my Lord drink water when he can have the grape-juice of the vineyard?"

Outram was sorely puzzled what to do. How to get rid of this girl, with her brimming eyes, her deadly and tenacious purpose, her Eastern fanaticism, he knew not.

"Satára," he said, lowering and softening his voice, until it became almost caressing, "you once cared for me? We were once friends?"

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"Nay, nay"; she said, "not friends. The slave is not the friend of her master; the worshipper is not the friend of Brahma."

He saw it was useless. But now the evening had deepened down. The lights were twinkling in the hotel beyond. He must soon return; and—with such a companion! He made a final effort.

"Come!" he said, and he led the way through the shrubbery by a bypath down to the pier, where the little punt was moored.

When the girl, walking by his side, saw him unloose the boat, and invite her towards it, she stepped back. But he used gentle words of command, and represented that here alone could there be the solitude required for the explanation that he deemed it necessary to give, because she was so slow to understand. Yet she was fearful; and watched him with her large eyes open and studying every feature and play of his face to see what was his design.

At last, impatiently, he coiled up the rope in the boat, and sitting down, drew away from the pier. Then, in despair at the thought of his escaping her, she cried to him, and stretched out her hands. He drew back gently; and gently helped her into the boat. Then when she had seated herself he pulled out into the lake. A half-moon rose in the south and threw its silver over tree and lake and mountain; and the white dress of the girl shone above the darkling waters beneath.

Darby Leary, in the free hour after his master's dinner, had come down to the lake, and, with the view of catching a few trout or pike for Noney, had set his night-lines amongst the sedge, and was calmly enjoying the fragrance of a cigarette. He had now advanced beyond brown paper; and could smoke as many deadly cigars as his master. Once, unfortunately, he had the chance of a cigar; and this ruined his taste; so that, under the influence of that experience, there was always a little contempt and sense of disappointment under the more modest and less dangerous cigarette. But Darby was not one to quarrel with fate. He took his pleasures as they came; and only dreamed sometimes of better things. He lay coiled up in a bunch of heather and ferns; and was sinking into a kind of delightful coma, when the hollow sound of the oar and the light splash of water aroused him.

"Who the d——," thought Darby, "could be out at this

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hour except a poacher like meself? The gintry are at their dinner. I hope they won't pull up my night-lines."

He drew further back, took the cigarette from his mouth, lest the smoke should betray him, and watched. Presently he saw clearly in the moonlight, about a hundred yards from shore, the white glint of a lady's dress, and then the dark form before her leaning forward and backward at the push and draw of the oars. A breeze sprang up, and curled the waters of the lake, blurring the shadow of the woman's dress, and swaying the tree-tops above Darby's head.

"I didn't like the look of the sky to-night," thought Darby. "If I were thim I'd go home."

And then he saw the punt draw into the shadows, and she stood still, swaying and rocking on the light waves. Darby leaned down his head trying to catch a word of the conversation. Not a sound reached him, but he saw clearly the man gesticulating, and once a little scream from the woman crossed the waters, as she clutched the edge of the boat, when it rocked too wildly.

"They're gintry, begobs," thought Darby. "But what a quare thing to come out on sich a night. They have their own ways, like common people; and I misdoubt but that there's some mischief there."

This made him think of his own little wife at home; and he couldn't help saying:

"Ah, Noney, sure 'tis you're the jewel intirely."

A half-hour passed by. The breeze died out, sprang up again in fiercer gusts, died away again, and then swept down in a hurricane that blew seething waves at Darby's feet.

"Begobs, I must warn them," thought Darby. "If they don't shtop their coasterin' and codraulin', they'll be cool enough before mornin', I'm thinkin'."

He put his hands to his mouth, and shouted across the tumbling waters:

"There's a big wind comin' down; an' ye'll get swamped."

Apparently they didn't hear him. He again shouted in a superior accent, borrowed for the occasion:

"Hallo, there, in the punt!"

A faint "Hallo!" came back.

"They're dhrunk or mad," thought Darby.

"Get home out o' dat," said Darby, again shouting through

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his hands. "Don't you see the wather? Pull in, or ye'll be drownded!"

This at last seemed to awaken the rower; for he drew his punt around and pulled shorewards.

But when he got out of the sheltered waters, and found the boat rocking dangerously, he tried to get back. But this was not easy.

"Keep her head to the north," shouted Darby, "and pull in here."

The rower, now alarmed, tried to do so; and with a few strong pulls, he sent the punt driving through the seething waters. But wind and wave were too much for him. These tempests, which rise so suddenly on mountain lakes, and as suddenly subside, raise dangerous and choppy waves, in which very often six and eight-oared boats perish. The light punt had no chance there, although just now driven by a man rendered desperate by a double terror. He struggled furiously, feeling that his only chance was to cut through the waters, and not to leave the frail little skiff at their mercy for an instant. But Nature and, as he thought, Nemesis were too much. The thought of this girl, who had traveled half the globe to avenge his desertion or cruelty, and the thought that his talisman would now have been in his possession, had he not neglected the opportunity, smote him together; and with a kind of groan or cry of despair, he threw up the oars and folded his arms in defiance. In an instant the boat was swung round, lifted up, and capsized; and Outram and the girl were in the trough of the waves.

He made no attempt to save himself or her. He flung up his hands and went down like lead. Satára's dress kept her floating, even on the turbulent seas, for a while; but her courage too was departing, and she was beginning to see Fate in the coincidence of meeting Outram and her death, when a rough form clove through the waves, and a rough voice shouted, whilst he spat the water from his mouth:

"Hould on; an'—for—the life—of ye—don't ketch me!"

With her Eastern stoicism, she complied.

"Now," spluttered Darby, "jest lay yer hand—on me—shoulder—but don't ketch me for yer life."

She calmly obeyed him; and Darby towed the girl ashore. When he had pulled her up amongst the sedge and set her

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on her feet, and got back his breath, he was the most thunder-stricken man on this planet. The dark face, the black hair now tossed wildly down on breast and shoulders, the white dress and red sash, completely bothered him. She stood panting and staring at him, and then got breath to say:

"Tank you! Ver' much tanks!" and strode away, leaving little rivers of water as she moved.

Darby was too much surprised to follow or ask a question. He went home to dry himself; and in reply to the astonished queries of his little wife, he only said mysteriously:

"The quarest thing ye ever hard. But whisht, till I see the masther!"

CHAPTER XIV.

AN UNSOLVED MYSTERY.

When Darby did see the "master," he wrapped himself up in a cloak of mystery, that used to be exasperating, but was now only amusing, to Maxwell. He had learned much and profited wisely.

"Where were you last evening, Darby?" he said. "You never returned home after dinner."

"Sich a thing!" said Darby.

"I suppose the attractions of home life and Noney are too much for you?" said Maxwell.

"The quarest thing yer 'anner iver hard of," said Darby.

"Well, I'll dock you a quarter's wages in future if you don't mind your business," said Maxwell.

Thus recalled to practical life, Darby commenced his narrative.

"I was goin' down the hill," said he, "sayin' me prayers, bekase Noney do be complaining that I do be so long at 'em that I keeps the supper cooling, whin, lo! and behold you, I saw the punt on the lake. 'Who the d—— are out coolin' their-selves at this hour of night?' sez I to meself. 'They must be the quare people out an' out to be boatin' at sich an hour.' So I watched 'em; an' begobs I airned me watchin' well."

Maxwell grew attentive. It was so like something he had formerly seen, and which had changed the whole course of his life.

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"Here!" he said, flinging a cigarette to Darby, who now got into the full swing of his narrative.

"There was a lady an' gintleman, he pullin' an' she steerin' the boat, ontil they got out of the rough wathers and pulled into the shallows where we hooked the salmon."

Maxwell nodded.

"Well, there they wor, talkin' an' codraulin', an' they niver see the wind comin' down from the hills, and risin' the lake like mad. Thin I halloed to 'em; an' they didn't hear me, they wor so occupied wit' aitch other. I halloed agin. Thin the gintleman saw his danger; an' he pulled out. But the wind was too much for him, and the wathers wor too shtrong. Have you a light about you, yer 'anner?" he cried, suddenly stopping, and addressing Maxwell.

Maxwell flung him a box of wax vestas and waited. He knew from experience there was no use in hurrying Darby.

Darby smoked placidly; and then resumed:

"But, begobs, he could handle the oar well. 'Twas a pity, out an' out— I tould him hould her head to the says—for she was bobbin' like a cork— An' he did— But—thin—a gusht of wind as from a smith's bellows—hit him—an' he flung up his hands—an' wint down like a cannon-ball."

Maxwell had to wait a long time; but he was afraid to show much impatience or interest.

"The lady floated jest like a wather-lily with her white gownd spreadin' out all round her—an', begobs! I couldn't help it—in I wint, clothes an' all, more betoken—I got the divil an' all of an atin' from Noney about them—an' shwam to her— Begor, she was cool as a cucummer—bobbin' up an' down— 'Hould up,' sez I, 'an' don't ketch me for the life of ye'— Bekase these wimmen put the *glaum* on you, whin they're drownin'—an' pull you down wid 'em— But, begobs!—this wan puts her hand—on me showlder—as cool as if we wor goin' out fer a dance—an' I pulled her safe and sound—from the wathers."

Maxwell was now almost excited; but he dared not say a word; and, after a long pause for admiration, Darby resumed:

"Thin kem the quarest thing of all—bekase—when I confronted her—I said—that av it wasn't the ould bye himself in the shape av a woman—an' they say he appears that way sometimes—it was the ould bye's wife— She wos as black as the

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ace of shpades—she had big gowld rings in her ears, an' on her arrums— 'Tank you,' says she, 'tank you ver' kindly,' and aff she walked, like the Quane of Shayba— You could knock me down wid a fedder!"

"You must get a leather medal for this, Darby," said Maxwell. "Only you're telling a d——d pack of lies. You were poaching, you ruffian, and you fell in."

"Pon me sowkins," said Darby. "An', more betoken, I think—"

He stopped suddenly.

"What do you think?" asked Maxwell impatiently.

"I think," said Darby, "but I ain't sure and sartin, that the gintleman wos the same as give me a cowld bath in the lake before. His turrn have come now."

Maxwell jumped up.

"Outram? Do you mean Mr. Outram?"

"Begor, I don't know his name or address," said Darby. "But I think 'twas the same."

"Why? What makes you think so? You couldn't see him?" asked Maxwell.

"The moon wos shinin'," said Darby, "but that 'ud make no differ. But I think 'twas the way he dhrew himself back and forrard. I knew his shtroke; an' a good shtrong shtroke he had."

"And the woman? The lady? You never saw her before?"

"Oh, begor, no; I can take me Bible oath on that," said Darby. "If she wasn't a furriner, or a wild Ingun, she blackened her face a purpose."

The thought was opportune; and struck Maxwell silent, although he still but half believed all that his henchman said. He said at length:

"How many have you told of this affair?"

"Divil a wan but yer 'anner!" said Darby.

"Not even Noney?"

"Oyeh, ketch me! You can't tell the thruth to a 'uman. You'd never hear the ind of it."

"You're quite sure?"

"Shure and sartin," said Darby.

"Then keep it close," said Maxwell. "If all you say is true, there's a mystery somewhere, and you may get involved.

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By the way, did you ever tell any one about the ducking Outram gave you?"

"Divil a wan," said Darby. "Oyeh, what am I sayin'? Yerra, sure I tould half the parish; and tould 'em too that I'd be even wid him wan day."

"Precisely! Now, take care, and keep a silent tongue in your head, or that will come against you. Many a man has been hanged for less."

And Maxwell knew that he had closed Darby's tongue on that subject forever.

He called down to the hotel in the afternoon, inquired and found that Outram and Mabel were registered as guests, asked to see them, and saw Mabel alone.

She was anxious and terrified enough; and made no secret of the cause. Outram had dined, and gone out, and had not been seen since. He had been much frightened and disturbed these last days—why, Mabel could not conjecture. He had been anxious to change from place to place; and appeared to be haunted by some fear; and she didn't know—she feared to utter what she thought.

The hotel was in commotion. The shadow of a great fear was over the place. Something had happened. There was one being at least in terrible distress; and she the proudest and haughtiest, who would not deign to speak to any one. It was interesting, and the guests gathered here and there in little knots and nooks, and whispered and pointed and conjectured, as is the way with these creatures, when one of their class is in trouble.

Then a search-party was organized, with Maxwell at their head. And they had not gone far, when they found the shattered punt amongst the sedges that lined the lake; and, later on, the oars floating; and, later on, a man's felt hat, which was unquestionably Outram's. And Maxwell had to tell Mabel the sad news there in the very portico of the hotel, where barely twelve months ago Outram was showing his talisman to an admiring group, and he himself had known that it was all over between himself and his fair cousin forever.

He was uttering the usual commonplaces, "the vacant chaff well-meant for grain," that are said on such occasions, when a lady appeared, and just behind her came a perambulator, pushed by a dark young girl, clothed in white but for a red sash

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around her waist, and a red fillet in her hair. The lady stopped to speak a word of sympathy to Mabel; the perambulator stopped also; and Maxwell had an opportunity of studying the dark, immobile features of Satára. The girl looked around her in a cool, impassive way, resting her great eyes solemnly on Mabel, and just glancing incuriously at Maxwell. He was so absorbed in his study of her, that he was quite oblivious of the conversation between the ladies, until he heard the words:

"Yes; it was a sudden and dangerous squall. My ayah was out also for a walk, and came home drenched. I feared she would be ill, as she is not used to this changeable climate."

Satára smiled, showing her white teeth, and passed on with the perambulator.

"Who are these?" asked Maxwell.

"Anglo-Indians," said Mabel, with a little shudder. "They came here only yesterday."

"And that is a native, I suppose?" he asked.

"Yes; a native nurse, who has become attached to them."

"I suppose you will return home at once, Mabel?" he said kindly. "I fear there is but little use in your remaining here."

"I should like to remain," she said, "while there is still a little hope."

He was silent.

After a pause she said:

"Ralph was about to visit you yesterday afternoon, partly in courtesy, partly on business. Can you imagine what it was?"

"I suppose about that wretched ring. Outram attached a superstitious importance to the thing."

"I wonder would it have saved him?" she said musingly. "He often said: 'I wish I had it back! I wish I had it back! I should not have parted with it.'"

"I don't know!" said her cousin. "Perhaps I should have sent it to him. It was useless to me. But, you know, Mabel, he had a way of setting you up against him by the manner he asked, or demanded, a favor. He was so peremptory. I suppose it was his Indian training."

"I suppose so," she said meekly.

"Well, in case you decide to leave for home, that is, when you are assured that all hope is abandoned, you'll send for me, won't you?"

"Certainly. I shall claim your help."

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Then after a pause:

"I haven't asked about Mrs. Maxwell. She's well?"

"Yes, indeed; but I haven't heard for a few days."

"Then there was no truth in the newspaper report about your father-in-law?"

"What?" he cried. "What report?"

"I shouldn't have mentioned it. But there was a paragraph a day or two ago in the paper that Mr. Hamberton—is that the name?—was killed in a heroic attempt to save some children from drowning!"

"My God! I never heard it. This comes from my hatred of newspapers. What paper was it, Mabel? Wonder Claire never wrote me."

"I think it was some local paper," she replied. "I'm sorry I told you. There seems to be some Fate pursuing us."

Horrified at the thought of Hamberton's death, Maxwell soon forgot all about Outram. He had to make his own preparations for leaving immediately for home; and gave orders to have his tent struck, and all arrangements made for departure.

All that weary day Mabel kept her room, venturing out but once or twice to see a messenger, take a telegram, or send a message to her father. She was quite prepared to see in the catastrophe the hand of Fate. It did not come quite unexpected. Strange histories end strangely; and a career of duplicity, if not of crime, could only terminate consistently in a weird and tragic manner. Yet the new-born love that Mabel bore towards her husband made his unhappy death doubly painful. The woman's soul was disappointed of its ambition to consecrate and make happy a life that she had rescued from worse than death. It was a sense, therefore, of nobler sadness that weighed her down, a sense of lost opportunities, of a life which she might have ennobled, just snatched from her hand by death. "Fortunately," she thought, "it was all natural and honorable. Outram had not gone down in disgrace, nor by his own hand, nor under dark circumstances. A sudden mountain squall, unforeseen and unimagined; a frail boat; and that was all. At least, the lynx eyes of society could see nothing there. There could be no room for scorn in the pity that met her from so many eyes."

One thing seemed to embarrass her, as the evil day wore on towards night. She found that she never left her room, but

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that dark Indian girl was somewhere in her path. In the corridor, on the stairs, everywhere she went, there was that strange girl, sometimes playing with the children, sometimes alone and crooning some old Indian rhyme about her gods; sometimes knitting, as those dreadful *tricoteuses* on their three-legged stools under the guillotine in the Terror; but always there, and always rolling round her great eyes, and letting them fall and burn on the white, beautiful face that was trying to conceal its grief. During the day Mabel became gradually uneasy. Towards night she became fascinated and alarmed. She didn't know what to make of it. Once, in the course of the evening, she was coming down the stairs as Satára was going up. The latter stood aside and stared. A strong light fell from a window on the face of the girl. Mabel noticed that she looked old, strangely old—that she was a woman, although at a distance she seemed hardly more than a child. And there was always that strange, inquiring, half-triumphant stare, as of one who could be despised, but could not be put aside; as of one who seemed to claim a co-partnership in the agony of the woman, although her position would not allow her to presume to express it.

As the evening advanced towards night, the idea sprang up in Mabel's mind that in some mysterious manner this girl was connected with her husband's death; and it was almost with a gasp of pain that she remembered the words: "My ayah, too, was out for a walk, and came home drenched."

What could take that girl, who shivered under the sunshine, out under the evening's chills?

But then the idea of connecting her husband with the Indian servant was preposterous; and Mabel began to fear that, owing to sleeplessness and anxiety, perhaps her own imagination was conquering her reason. But there is that curious subter-reason, or intuition, or whatever you wish to call it, in some minds that anticipates all kinds of revelation, and jumps at its own conclusions with a sure and certain foot. And Mabel could not shake aside the fear that, if the mystery of her husband's death were ever unraveled, it would be found that this girl was not altogether unconnected with it.

Haunted by the thought, she was proceeding slowly upstairs, just about eleven o'clock, when the oil-lamps in the hotel-corridor were about to be extinguished, when, on turning a narrow step, she almost stumbled against the girl. She

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drew back with a certain loathing, which the girl was not slow to notice; and just then a door opened on the next corridor, and a lady's voice cried in a suppressed way:

"Satára! Satára! be quick! The lights are being put out; and you must make your way back in the darkness!"

Mabel clutched the balustrade with one hand, and placed the other over her beating heart. The girl saw the gesture and smiled, showing her white teeth, and also two deep lines around the mouth, which made her, to Mabel's eyes, an old and haggard witch.

She had barely strength to reach her room and fling herself, in a kind of paralysis of fear, on an armchair.

The next morning Maxwell had a tiny note to say that his cousin had all preparations made for her journey to Killarney to catch the up-mail to Dublin. He promptly obeyed the summons, as all his arrangements had been made, merely warning Darby that, as he valued his life and his future prosperity, he would keep a closed mouth about all that he had witnessed.

They traveled by the stage-coach to Killarney, scarcely exchanging a word by the way. And, without a word, Maxwell saw his cousin into her carriage, provided all necessaries for her personal comfort, ordered dinner at 6 P. M. in the dining-car, etc. Then, as he said "Good-bye!" his eyes lingered a moment on the stony, impassive face. He was not surprised to see the tears silently gather and fall. And he knew that the tears of a proud woman are tragic tears.

They never met again.

After a few weeks of suffering, and longing once more to see the face of "Bob," "poor Bob," the old Major, half-petrified, was gathered unto his rest.

Mabel went abroad. And, sometimes, in the great hotels at Vevay, Montreux, Cape Martin, etc., the guests amused themselves by watching the stately, silent figure of the girl, whose hair was prematurely gray, and who walked so silently and gravely from the dining-room, never exchanging a word with themselves. And it helped to pass pleasantly the winter evenings, when some one proposed, as a kind of charade, the conjecture as to whether she "had a story."

(TO BE CONCLUDED.)

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LIFE SKETCHES OF THE LATE FATHER WALWORTH.

BY WALTER ELLIOTT, C.S.P.

FATHER CLARENCE A. WALWORTH, an American Tractarian convert, author, parish priest, and missionary to the faithful, distinguished advocate of civic reform, public-spirited citizen, and one of the original associates of Father Hecker in the formation of the Paulist community, has found a competent biographer in his niece, Ellen H. Walworth.*

She was closely associated with her uncle during many years of his later life, serving him as secretary in his literary labors, and alleviating the pains of a lingering illness extending over many years. She knew him perfectly, and at his death, in 1900, she was made custodian of all his papers. Since then she has been engaged in preparing this presentation of the principal events in his career and the interesting traits of his strongly marked character.

Clarence Augustus Walworth was born in Plattsburg, N. Y., in 1820, his father being a distinguished lawyer, afterwards Chancellor of the then prevailing judicial system of the state. The family on both sides was of the early Puritan stock of New England, and Clarence had, accordingly, a deeply religious nature, joined to the finest instinct of American freedom. Divine things were his absorbing topic of inquiry, even in childhood and youth, especially after a religious experience during his course of study at Union College, Schenectady. But he did not at first think of entering the Protestant ministry, being destined by his father for his own profession.

Accidental circumstances, such as neighborhood and acquaintance, led young Walworth during his law studies to attend services at the Episcopalian Church in Albany. He soon asked for membership, and was confirmed by Bishop Onderdonk in 1839. But this was by no means his initial movement into devout Protestantism, for he attributed his first deeper religious

* *Life Sketches of Father Walworth; with Notes and Letters.* By Ellen H. Walworth. Albany: J. B. Lyon.

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feelings to a revival at Union College already alluded to. He afterwards wrote of it as follows:

> The "conversion" you speak of, which took place, as you remind me, when we were classmates at college, and listened to the preaching of Elder Knapp, the revivalist, is to me no "delusion." I look back to it with pleasure, and hail it as a happy reality. That many delusions existed in my mind at that time is certain enough. But equally certain am I that a real, substantial, and lasting impression was made upon me which changed the whole current of my life.

Although he was destined for the law, and his education was chosen with that end in view, he was not fitted for it by nature. He loved, to be sure, the intellectual warfare incident to litigated law practice. His mind was inquiring, very active, accurate, as well as aggressive. Had he remained an attorney, he would no doubt have had a first-rate career, taking his place among the foremost jury lawyers of America. But no cause, so he soon discovered, could deeply enlist his energies except it was plainly divine. He was naturally a leader of men, rather than a manager of juries and a persuader of courts. Supernaturally he felt that God was surely drawing him closer to himself. He was leading him on and forming him for his subsequent vocation in the Catholic missionary priesthood.

After passing the bar in Albany, in the summer of 1841, he went into the western part of the state to begin practice, and finally formed a partnership in the city of Rochester. Here he learned two things; one was that he could succeed at his profession, and the other that his success left him vacant of real joy. He was, in the undercurrent of his thoughts, really absorbed in religion, and must soon devote himself more entirely to God.

The account of the decisive step, from a secular to a religious career, he has thus given in one of his publications: "We were doing a good [law] business, and I liked my profession well enough. But about that time my mind had been turned toward religion more steadfastly than ever before." Opening his mind to his Episcopalian pastor, he declared his desire to devote himself wholly to a spiritual vocation, received a letter of recommendation, and, meeting no opposition from parents or friends, entered the General Theological Seminary

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in New York in 1842. His relief at being now entirely absorbed in devout exercises of heart and mind for God's praise and man's salvation, was always remembered gratefully. He threw himself into his tasks with his native ardor, and afterwards affirmed that his pleasure in them was supreme.

But soon he felt the first tremors of the upheaval of Anglicanism, known as the Tractarian movement. He was among the earliest of those bright spirits in the American branch of the Episcopalian Church, who sought for apostolic ideals in that communion. Almost the first result was the invasion of a horde of ugly doubts about the genuineness of his Church's catholicity.

He was thrown into an agony of misgivings. He has left on record that at times he seemed wholly forsaken by God, and used to feel the full share of our Savior's desolation on the Cross. Once, while suffering from this desolation of spirit, he rose at midnight from a sleepless couch, sank upon his knees, and exclaimed: "My God, my God, why hast Thou forsaken me?"—promising, meanwhile, that if God would only show him what to do, he would do it, cost what it might. Many another honest soul has since then thus struggled towards the light in that same institution, and not a few with the same result as in the case of young Walworth. Edgar P. Wadhams was associated with Walworth in the seminary, and shared all his mental troubles. Of course they sought advice, choosing those ministers whom they deemed the more spiritual and disinterested. But the young men's consciences were too thoroughly aroused, their natures too upright, to be cured by remedies worse than their disease. Father Walworth afterwards said that all these restoratives were reducible to three or four, such as: "Take advice"; "Take orders"; "Take a parish"; "Take a wife."

The reader is urged to peruse Father Walworth's charming book, *Reminiscences of Edgar P. Wadhams* for a full account of this parting of the ways from Protestantism in their journey to the truth. Another book of his, *The Oxford Movement in America*, is also of absorbing interest in this connection. Both abound in touches of fine humor, for these most earnest souls were driven back and forth on the most eccentric tides of humanity; some heroes like themselves, many more time-servers or superficial characters.

Walworth's inclinations were even then towards community

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life, as is shown by some curious experiments made before leaving Episcopalianism and while visiting with his friend in the country. Therefore, it is not surprising that when he made up his mind to become a Catholic, he chose the Redemptorists, in Third Street, New York City, as his instructors. And he was received by one of them into the Church, May 16, 1845. The creed of Pius IV., he wrote at the time, sounded most musically in his ears, and he took pleasure in repeating it very slowly and distinctly at the ceremony. This reminds us of Newman's saying, that to him the Athanasian creed was always a most beautiful poem. Wadhams followed his friend into the Church soon after, and in later years he became first bishop of Ogdensburg. His conversion was hastened, we may well imagine, by the following touching letter of farewell, written at the moment Walworth was starting from their place of sojourn in the country to enter the Church in New York:

> DEAR WADHAMS: In a few minutes I shall be gone, and, oh, it seems to me as if I were about to separate from everything I love; and my poor heart, faithless and unconscientious, wants to be left behind among the Protestants. I am not manly enough to make a stout Catholic; but it is a great privilege to be a weak one. Well, do not forget me. Indeed, you cannot, you have been such a good, kind, elder brother to me, and would not be able if you tried to forget me. When hereafter you speak of me, speak freely of me, for truth's sake, with all my faults; but when you think of me alone, try to forget all that is bad, for love's sake, and although your imagination should in this way create a different person, no matter, so you call it by my name. We have stormy times before us, dear Wadhams; but may God grant us the privilege to ride the storm *together*. Farewell until we meet again, and *when* and *where* shall we meet? "Lead Thou us on!"
>
> C. W.

We must refer our readers to Miss Walworth's volume for further details of the first era of her uncle's Catholic life. He went to the Redemptorist novitiate, in Belgium, in company with James A. McMaster and Isaac T. Hecker, the latter having become a Catholic nearly a year before Walworth. Having made his vows, been ordained priest, and served a short time on the English missions, Father Walworth, again in company with Father Hecker, returned to America. Of the fifteen years

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spent as a missionary, Redemptorist and Paulist, Father Walworth, looking back from extreme old age, said that they were the best work of his whole life, a life engaged in many other glorious undertakings for God and Holy Church.

He was truly a great preacher of missions. The writer of this tribute to Walworth cannot number the times he has heard his preaching praised by men who had attended the old missions. They praised him as a man of God who had rescued their souls from the pit of hell. Even yet we meet with very old men, who recall Walworth's mission sermons with an awe and reverence that have not lessened in the lapse of over fifty years.

Lately we met a nun, who told us of her father's conversion to Catholicity. One evening he was passing by a Catholic church in Philadelphia, when he was brought to a stand by the sound of a preacher's voice. It was so strong and sweet and moving, that though he could not catch a single distinct word, he was glad to stop and enjoy its mere music. "I will go in and listen to him," he said to himself. He listened to Father Walworth preaching a mission sermon to a hushed congregation of Catholics. "I will, I must, speak with that man," he said. And so he at once sought an interview, and soon was placed under instruction.

It was not God's will that this powerful preacher and writer, and, let us add, this very devout priest, should cast his final lot with our Paulist community. But he had an essential part to play in its origin, and, during the first seven or eight years, we might almost say that he was of real necessity to its existence. The other Fathers loved him devotedly, and when severe illness and other causes brought about a separation, there never ensued the least estrangement of affection. He was charming company in the community, being of a sunny nature, a well-stored mind, deeply religious, and one of those open, candid characters that draw and hold men's best loyalty of friendship.

On leaving the Paulists he returned to his native diocese, and after serving a parish in Troy for a short time, was made pastor of St. Mary's, in Albany, the mother church of the city and diocese. Father Walworth was a model parish priest. He was in very deed the shepherd who leadeth his sheep. As long as he could lift voice or pen, let any infidel proclaim his shameful lies at his peril in Albany. Father Walworth was

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upon him the next morning in the newspapers, full of sound doctrine, power of reasoning, sarcasm, and perfect at-homeness with his readers, Christian or semi-Christian. Every fraud and villany knew him for its instant foe. The liquor men met him at every election; they attempted to turn to their vile profit the spokesman of civic decency and the priestly champion of the holiness of the family life.

The Episcopalian Bishop Doane, associated closely with Father Walworth in his struggles against the liquor power before the Legislature, says of him, that he rendered the best service to state and city in striking for the laws upon the subject of the drink-evil. Wise, moderate, temperate in principle, he was dauntless in assailing drunkenness, convivial habits, and the saloon. He met their effrontery with boldness, their cunning with candor and vigilance. Sometimes beaten by bribery, he was often victorious by the very shame which he heaped upon his adversaries—legislators who acted as attorneys for the very dregs of our degenerate classes. And what Catholic who knew Albany in those days, but felt proud of his religion, and thanked God for the great priest who thus interpreted his faith in the interests of the personal and public good of all citizens?

But not only in refuting error and assailing vice was Father Walworth a model pastor. His zeal for Christian education was conspicuous and wisely directed. His dispensing of the word of God made old St. Mary's the shrine of all who would be sure of the truth, spoken as eloquently as it was plainly. His care of the sick and of the poor was almost nervously devoted and assiduous. His management of the finances of a down-town decadent parish was both thrifty and enterprising and highly successful. And by no means least in his praise as a pastor, is the testimony of the long line of priests who were by turns his assistants, and who, both by their successful careers and edifying lives, and by their burning words of eulogy, have spoken their gratitude for the training he gave them in their holy ministry.

It pleased God that this most aggressive spirit should be duly tried in the quiet virtue of patience. For several years before his death he was afflicted by almost total blindness. For several months of his last illness he was also stone deaf. And for some weeks preceding his happy passage to eternity he was deprived of the power of speech.

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In all this trial he was the same powerful Walworth as ever before, cheery and humorous in conversation while his tongue obeyed him, and full of views and opinions on current affairs, ever and again adverting to religious topics.

In his interior soul there reigned a deep calm. How glad he must have been in his blindness of his full knowledge of Holy Scripture, whose glorious sentences spoke for God by the instinct of a devout memory; how glad of the memory of many years of daily Mass, offered in humble love of Jesus Crucified; how glad of his well-loved friends in heaven, the Mother of God and all the angels and saints, who doubtless often communed with him in the long hours of his unbroken darkness. We know not if he ever considered his own deservings; but surely he must have thanked the Holy Ghost in all sincerity for the grace of treading under foot his youthful ambition, joining a Church despised by all his friends and associates, burying himself in a religious order wholly foreign—in their eyes—to every American sentiment. And then the toilsome years of those heroic missions, the fiery eloquence that consumed his vitality whilst it lit up the fires of penance in so many thousands of wretched sinners; the weary, dragging trial of the confessional, often from ten to twelve hours daily, when, by his priestly words, the very sewers of hell were made clean by the waters of heavenly peace; the cheerless journeys back and forth over pioneer America; and finally the steadfast devotedness for a whole generation to the multiform, responsible cares of a city parish.

May his strong, gentle soul rest in peace!

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IN MISS FELICIA'S GARDEN.

BY CHRISTIAN REID.

IT was a charming place, this old garden of Miss Felicia Ravenel, with its hedges of box, its formal flower-beds, its wealth of roses and flowering shrubs, its green stretches of turf, its old sun-dial with the Latin motto, and its quaint cedar summer-house, as carefully clipped and trimmed as when first constructed in the early years of the nineteenth century. There had been periods during its long existence when the garden had been very much out of fashion, and therefore very disapprovingly regarded by the large class to whom whatever is unfashionable is anathema, periods when Miss Felicia had been earnestly advised to uproot the great box hedges and replace them with borders of flaunting new plants. But Miss Felicia was happily a born conservative, and she held fast to every shrub of the old garden where she had grown up, and where the romance of her life had been played. It had been rather a sad romance, but nevertheless, or perhaps the more, Miss Felicia clung to its memory.

She was a beautiful woman still, for all her fifty years, with her graceful figure, her clear-cut features, her lustrous dark eyes, and the aristocratic air of her whole personality. And her beauty being thus, like Olivia's, "i' the grain" and warranted to bear wind and weather, she had the look of a grand duchess, even if she was wearing a cotton frock and gardening gloves. Attired in this manner, she was clipping away at a rosebush with a large pair of shears one morning in May, when a girl, with a striking likeness to herself, entered the garden, and rushing up to her eagerly embraced her.

"Fay!" she exclaimed, as in her surprise she dropped the shears, "where do you come from?"

"From home, Aunt Felicia," the girl replied, as she kissed her. "I have run away."

"You have—?" Miss Felicia gasped.

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"Run away," the newcomer repeated distinctly. "Of course you are shocked, but equally of course you know why I have done it."

"Yes, I suppose I know"; Miss Felicia answered. She looked at the girl and shook her head, half-sadly, half-severely. "You are a bad child, Fay!"

"You don't think that, Aunt Felicia—I'm sure you don't!" Fay pleaded. Then she threw her arms again around the other. "Sit down and let us talk about it," she cried. "I've come to you for sympathy and—help."

"Sympathy in abundance you shall have," Miss Felicia said, as they walked over to a garden-seat under a climbing rose and sat down; "but the only help I can offer you is the help to do what is right."

"And that is—?"

"To go back home quickly, like a good daughter."

"You know what that means," Fay said, fixing her with bright eyes. "It means submitting to my father's arbitrary command and giving up Geoffrey Brett."

If Miss Felicia shrank a little at the sound of that name, there was no outward sign of it. She simply said: "Your father has a right to your obedience, Fay."

"The right to my obedience within reasonable bounds, yes"; the girl returned, "but not when he asks what is unreasonable and tyrannical."

"Fay!"

"Oh, let us speak plainly, Aunt Felicia! Do you think I don't know the old story of how you gave up the other Geoffrey Brett—*my* Geoffrey's father—because your family refused to allow you to marry him, on account of a century-old feud? I have burned with sympathy and indignation for you as long as I can remember; and I always said to myself that *I* would never be coerced in such a manner. So when I met Geoffrey Brett I regarded him with more interest than I might otherwise have done, because of your romance with his father, and I soon found that there had been very good reason for that romance. If Geoffrey Brett, the elder, was half as charming as Geoffrey Brett, the younger, Aunt Felicia, I don't—I really don't see how you ever gave him up!"

"If Geoffrey Brett, the younger, is half what his father was," Miss Felicia said, as she glanced around the garden where a

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gallant young figure had once walked with her amid the roses of a long vanished May, "I do not wonder that you think so, Fay."

"And, therefore, I am quite determined," the girl went on, "that I will be wiser than you were, that I will assert my right to my own individuality, my own life; and that I will not give up happiness when it is offered to me because my father demands an obedience which I should regard as submission to tyranny."

"That is the modern creed," Miss Felicia said quietly, "but it isn't the creed in which I was brought up, you know."

"Oh, I know!" The bright young eyes swept the garden enclosure in eloquent commentary. "You were brought up to accept whatever was laid on you, to obey all commands, however arbitrary, and to sacrifice the happiness of your whole life, rather than revolt against the authority of your parents."

"I should put it differently." Miss Felicia's tones were clear and sweet and a little proud. "I was trained to believe that there were certain obligations higher than that of following one's own will and seeking one's own happiness, obligations of honor and respect due to one's parents, of loyalty to one's family traditions, and of the necessity of bearing whatever burdens, or making whatever sacrifices, are demanded in the name of duty."

"It is a fine doctrine," Fay admitted, "and you are a fine product of it. There's something wonderfully exquisite about you—like the perfume of your own roses—but, nevertheless, my whole soul rises in revolt against the doctrine, and your life which is the consequence of it. I *never* expect to understand how you could let yourself be browbeaten into giving up the man you loved because your family disapproved of him."

Again Miss Felicia corrected her. "You choose your terms badly," she said. "I was not browbeaten in the least. But when I found that I had to choose between seeking happiness in my own way, at the cost of wounding and alienating those whom I loved and who had a right to my obedience, or yielding my own wishes—"

"Why, you just immolated yourself on the family altar," Fay interrupted. "And not only yourself, but Geoffrey Brett also. Now you had a right, perhaps, to sacrifice your own life, but not his."

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Miss Felicia looked at the speaker with an expression in her beautiful dark eyes which clutched at the girl's heartstrings.

"I did not sacrifice Geoffrey Brett's life," she said. "He married within a year."

"Oh!" Fay cried, "but every one knows—"

Miss Felicia's glance stopped her.

"His wife had a very unfortunate disposition," she said, "and I fear there is no doubt that she did not make him happy. But there are other, there are even better, things than happiness in the world, Fay. I have been glad to hear that he bore with her admirably, and that even she, before she died, acknowledged his wonderful kindness, forbearance, and consideration. Our great work in life is character-building, dear, and I cannot tell you what a comfort it has been to me to believe that the difficult discipline of his married life perhaps wrought better results for Geoffrey Brett than if he had been happy —with me."

"That," Fay declared, "is impossible; for the man who missed spending his life with you missed not only happiness but the most inspiring influence. The only trouble is that your ideals are too high. You have given up your own happiness to them, and you would make me give up mine if I allowed myself to listen to you. But I can't—I won't!" She shook her head mutinously. "Sacrifice and renunciation don't appeal to me, Aunt Felicia."

"They don't appeal to any of us," Miss Felicia told her gently. "But the power to make them is the test of character. You will make them if they are required."

"No, Aunt Felicia."

"Yes, Fay. Listen to me now. You have been a headstrong, undutiful child, not only refusing obedience to your father, but absolutely defying him in the manner in which you have left home—"

"I've come to you—there's no harm in that."

"Speak the truth, Fay. Have you only come to me?"

A quick flush rose into the girl's face.

"Well—no"; she admitted. "I wrote to Geoffrey Brett to meet me here. I thought that perhaps you would be glad to help us; and if I could be married in the old Ravenel home, with your sanction, it—it wouldn't be like an elopement."

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There was something of indignation, as well as of reproach, in the eyes which looked at the speaker now.

"In other words, you thought I would help you to do a disgraceful thing," Miss Felicia said severely. "No; the Ravenel roof shelters no runaway daughter, Fay."

Fay rose to her feet—disappointment and anger struggling together on her face. "Then I—I'll go to Geoffrey," she said.

"You will do nothing of the kind," her aunt replied. She drew the girl down beside her again. "You did not let me finish," she said. "I was going to tell you that, although you have been such a disobedient child, your father has written me that he puts your love affair into my hands, and allows me to give or withhold consent to your marrying Geoffrey Brett."

"Oh, Aunt Felicia!" The girl fell to kissing her rapturously. "Then, of course, you will be glad to make us happy."

"Don't be too sure of that," Miss Felicia said, smiling a little sadly. "I may call upon you to show the mettle of your courage, your power to make a sacrifice if necessary—"

"But it *isn't* necessary! Haven't you just said that my father has practically consented?"

"No; I only said that he has left the responsibility of consenting to me; and my consent depends on—do you know what, Fay?"

The girl mutely shook her head.

"On Governor Brett's consent, my dear. This, as you probably know, he has explicitly and, I am sorry to add, insultingly refused. In a letter to your father he says that since in times past the Ravenels declined to accept him as a husband for one of their daughters, he can only suppose that if they are now willing to accept his son for another, it is owing to the fact that he has won great wealth, while the Ravenels have lost almost all theirs. He therefore begs to decline the alliance, and adds that he has informed his son that if he persists in marrying Miss Ravenel he will never inherit any part of his fortune."

"Oh!" Fay's eyes blazed. "And this is *your* Geoffrey Brett—the man you loved, Aunt Felicia?"

"This," Miss Felicia said, "is the Geoffrey Brett whom long-cherished resentment and too much association with the vulgar side of worldly prosperity have made. And so the case stands

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thus, Fay—you may call yourself as modern and as independent as you will, but I am sure you can't disown the traditions of self-respect and pride that make it impossible for you to enter a family, the head of which has refused to receive you, and to condemn the man you love to poverty, as well as to alienation from his father."

With a very pale face the girl looked at the speaker. "Aunt Felicia!" she gasped appealingly.

Miss Felicia took both her hands. "Fay," she said, "you will not disappoint me?"

It was as if a spark of fire went out from her soul to kindle the spirit of the other. Fay lifted her head. "No"; she replied, "I won't disappoint you. I will not marry Geoffrey Brett unless his father consents."

Miss Felicia leaned forward and kissed her. "I was sure of you," she said simply. "And now tell me, is Geoffrey Brett—your Geoffrey Brett—in town?"

"Geoffrey Brett, who isn't to be mine any longer, is no doubt in town, though I haven't seen him," Fay answered. "It was arranged that we should both come here to-day; but I couldn't tell by what train I would arrive, and besides I didn't want him to meet me in public. So I sent a note from the station to his hotel, making an appointment to meet him to-night—in your garden."

"Fay!"

"I thought," Fay said with something between a sob and a laugh, "that it would be delightfully romantic and appropriate for a Felicia Ravenel and a Geoffrey Brett to meet again in this old garden; and—and—oh, Aunt Felicia, *how* you must have suffered! And how can I—how *can* I ever give up my Geoffrey?"

The bright head went down in the elder woman's lap, and while the sobs overpowered the laughter, Miss Felicia looked around the garden, which had heard such sobs before, with a glance which said many things. Then she bent over the weeping girl.

"Fay," she said gently, "have courage, dear. Suffering passes after a while and leaves things behind it which are worth gaining, worth learning at any cost. I, who have suffered, assure you of this. I am glad that you have responded, as I

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thought you would, to the appeal I have made to you, but I promise you that I will spare no effort to gain happiness for you if it can be gained—"

Fay lifted her tear-stained face proudly. "There is no effort possible, Aunt Felicia," she said, "least of all for *you*."

"There may be one," Miss Felicia answered. "Let the appointment you have made to meet your lover in the garden here to-night remain unrevoked. When he comes I will meet him, and then—well, then we shall see."

The roses, the syringa, and the honeysuckle were filling the soft night air with almost overpowering perfume, and the young May moon was hanging in silver beauty in a hyacinth sky, when a man's figure stopped at the gate half-hidden in the hedge which bordered the Ravenel garden. Almost unconsciously his fingers sought a familiar latch, while he had an odd sensation of stepping back across the gulf a quarter of a century and finding his youth waiting for him amid the flowering sweetness of the garden within the green enclosure. He hesitated an instant, then, with an impatient gesture, opened the gate and entered.

How familiar it all was!—and how unchanged! As he glanced around he felt as if he were welcomed on every side by old friends, who stretched out cordial hands of greeting to him. The tall green hedges, the great flowering shrubs, the climbing roses—how piercingly full of recollection they all were, and how he could see Felicia, in her princess-like beauty and grace, coming to meet him down the rose-arched path! He forgot what had brought him there, forgot that he had come to repay his old suffering by making another suffer, to offer scorn where he had been scorned. He could only think of the Felicia whom he had loved so well and never forgotten, because she was not of the order of women whom men can forget.

And then, as if in a dream, he saw Felicia herself coming to meet him—with her delicate beauty untouched, so it seemed, by time. He caught his breath. Had the years indeed rolled back and youth returned to him and to her? As she advanced and saw the tall figure awaiting her she too paused and uttered a low exclamation. "Geoffrey!" she cried—or, rather, breathed.

At the sound of that voice he stepped forward, and the next

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instant her hands were in his. "Felicia!" he said; and so they stood, for a silent minute, looking at each other in the white moonlight. Then the man spoke again:

"Am I dreaming?" he asked. "It seems incredible that I really find you here unchanged, in this old garden where we used to meet, and out of which I was cast as Adam out of Paradise. Felicia, have we died?—And is this heaven in the guise of earth?"

"No, Geoffrey"; the sweet tones for which his ears had so often thirsted answered him, "we have not died; and this is surely not heaven, for heaven holds no bitterness; and you—why are you here?"

He dropped her hands and drew back a step.

"You are right," he said in a changed voice. "I am here because of bitterness. I have come in place of another Geoffrey—a letter intended for him was by mistake delivered to me—to meet another Felicia, and repay the old scorn—"

She interrupted him. "Was there ever scorn?" she asked.

"Not from you, never from you," he answered quickly, "but from others, yes. And so I have grasped the means of retaliation. As the Ravenels once refused alliance with me, so I now refuse alliance with them; and I am here to-night to tell the girl who bade my son meet her that if she marries him she will marry a man who has cut himself off from his family, even as your family once told *you*."

"Yes"; Miss Felicia said gently, "I see. And as you came to meet the other Felicia, so I came to meet the other Geoffrey and tell him—well, never mind what I meant to tell him! For, instead of what we intended, fate has set us two once more face to face, and I think it will be well that we shall tell each other how life has gone with us in the long years since we parted. Come—here is our old seat."

She walked, as she spoke, over to the bench where she had sat with Fay a few hours earlier, and with a gesture of her hand summoned the man to a seat beside her. When he sat down she turned her beautiful eyes on him in an intent regard.

"You have changed very much," she said, "but I should have known you anywhere."

"And you have changed hardly at all," he answered, devouring her with his sombre gaze. "It is as if one of the roses of

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that long past spring had been laid away and had never faded, only gained a deeper sweetness from time, which robs most things of sweetness. In God's name, Felicia, how have you done it?"

"If I have done it," she answered, "it has been by putting away from me everything which was not sweet, all memories of bitterness, all vain and enervating regrets for happiness which was denied. It is because I have lived like the roses, to which you are kind enough to liken me, in the sunshine, and tried to give a little of it back in fragrance."

"A little!" he murmured. "A little!"

"You see," she went on, "I could not do great things like you, neither serve the state in public life, nor accumulate wealth in enterprises which have enriched many beside yourself. But I have watched your success from afar, and been proud and glad of it."

"Success!" he repeated—and in his voice now was a great bitterness. "Do you know that what you call success has been to me little more than failure, because it has never given me one hour of satisfaction? Believe me or not, but since I left this garden in rage and disappointment, when you told me that, being forced to choose between your family and me, you chose your family, I have never known what happiness means."

Then said Miss Felicia to him, as she had said to the girl who sat beside her in the morning: "There are better things than happiness in the world, Geoffrey. The anger with which you left me was very sad; but perhaps it was a goad to make you accomplish things which you might else have left unaccomplished."

"It was certainly that," he agreed. "I had not only to forget my suffering and to forget you—for which purpose I plunged into work and gave myself hardly a moment in which to think—but I had also to fulfil my determination to make the Ravenels regret what they had done. I swore not only to rise so high that they would recognize the mistake they had made, but to gain power by which to injure them as they had injured me. And I have accomplished all that I promised myself. I have risen high, I have had power more than once to shut your brother out from political and business combinations which would have meant greater worldly prosperity for him had he been allowed to enter them—"

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"Yes"; she assented quietly, "I have heard him speak of that. 'Brett never forgets,' he said. 'I can always count on him as an implacable foe.'"

"And then," Brett went on, "my son came one day and told me that he wished to marry Felicia Ravenel." He paused a moment. "I can never tell you what I felt when I heard that name. All the past rushed back on me, and I saw that fate had given me my chance to strike a last blow. So I told him that I would never consent to such a marriage, and that if he persisted I should cut him off not only from association with me, but from any share in my fortune."

"Well?" Miss Felicia's tone implied that there was no finality in this.

"Then"—was it anger or was it pride in the father's tone?—"he told me that his word was given, and that while he was sorry to grieve and alienate me, he was bound, as man and as gentleman, to stand by it. There the matter rested, until I learned yesterday that he had left for this place. I followed, determined that the Ravenels should at least know my exact position, and when I reached my hotel, a note was put into my hands—a note which bade Geoffrey Brett be in the garden here to-night to meet Felicia Ravenel."

"And so, without any arrangement of yours or mine," the woman beside him said, "Geoffrey Brett and Felicia Ravenel have met to-night. Do you think that it has been for nothing?—or to give you an opportunity to express bitterness and repay, as you put it, scorn for scorn? No; I am quite sure that it was for something much better. It was, perhaps, that I might tell you that in the years since we parted I have learned a great deal in the garden here, where I have chiefly spent my life. And the best thing which I have learned is that strength comes from suffering and renunciation. It is like the pruning of the rose-trees. One cuts them back severely, and for a time their bloom appears to be thwarted and stunted, but afterwards there comes the fuller, the more perfect, blooming. When I gave you up I seemed to cut away all the better part of myself, all the leafage and the flower of life; but you never understood that the force compelling me to this was not hate—but love."

"Love, Felicia?"

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"Love, Geoffrey—the love which has its deep root in the beginning of our lives. My mother was slowly dying of a lingering disease, and it was for me to choose whether I would leave her to a sadness and desolation which would surely shorten her already short days, or whether I would surrender my own happiness to stay with her and brighten her life to its end. Geoffrey,"—her voice was very solemn in its sweetness now—"I cannot express how earnestly I thanked God, after she died blessing me, that I had had the strength to choose as I did, and to send—yes, to send even you away."

"And you did not think of *me!*" he cried in quick reproach. "You may have risen to heaven through your sacrifice, but I sank down almost to hell. For, determined that you should think I had forgotten you, I married a woman whom—God forgive me!—I did not love, and life with her—ah, I cannot speak of what life with her was!"

"I can speak, though," Miss Felicia said gently. "Life with her was a discipline of the soul in which you bore yourself so bravely, so well, that all the world spoke of it. Do you think I was not proud of *that?* And although I care less for the honor and wealth you have gained, I recognize what great power for good these things give you, and I think you would hardly have gained them in such full measure if you had been what is called a happier—that is, a more satisfied and contented man."

"You are right," he said with something like wonder. "It was the unhappiness of my life, the emptiness of my home, the gnawing unrest at my heart, which drove me into action and developed all my powers. But at what a cost it has been gained—your sweetness and my success! Ah, Felicia, do you remember how I used to read Browning to you? There are some lines which always haunt me, when I think how much we have missed. For, whatever we have accomplished—

> "'Each life's unfulfilled, you see
> It hangs still, patchy and scrappy:
> We have not sighed deep, laughed free,
> Starved, feasted, despaired—been happy.'"

"That is true," she assented with a sigh. "We have missed

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much—who knows it better than I? But we must balance loss with gain. You have quoted one verse of our old, much-loved Browning. Let me quote another—one which I have said to myself many times during these long, lonely years:

> "'Then welcome each rebuff
> That turns earth's smoothness rough,
> Each sting that bids nor sit nor stand, but go!
> Be our joys three parts pain!
> Strive, and hold cheap the strain;
> Learn, nor account the pang: dare.
> Never grudge the throe!'"

"Felicia!" he said, as the exquisite tones sank over the last words. And then again, "Oh, Felicia!"

Her hand fell on his. "Geoffrey," she said, "we needed—be sure we needed that earth's smoothness should have been turned rough for us. But is there need that, through the memory of that past bitterness, we should turn it rough for others? Should we not rather thank God if, from what we have suffered, we are enabled to smooth, rather than to roughen, other paths—especially the paths of those we love?"

He rose to his feet. "Where is—the other Felicia?" he said. "I want to ask her if she will do my son the honor of marrying him."

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THE INTERNATIONAL CATHOLIC LIBRARY.

BY JAMES J. FOX, D.D.

A NOTABLE and promising effort, on a large scale, to place at the disposal of English-speaking Catholics, who have intellectual interests, books combining a spirit of faith with the graces of literature or the fullness of scholarship, is the series which has been started by Messrs. Kegan Paul, under the editorship of the Rev. Dr. Wilhelm. The antidote for the pernicious influence exerted by means of books of all sorts of anti-Catholic and anti-Christian principles, opinions, estimates of life, and ways of thought on all serious subjects, is to oppose to this literature another that will present Catholic ideals in such living, attractive form as will enlist attention and command respect.

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The initial number is the first volume of Abbé Jacquier's *History of the Books of the New Testament.** It opens with a general introduction to the chronology and language of the New Testament; and then proceeds to a close and critical study of the epistles of St. Paul from the historical point of view.

In the other volumes of this work he takes up the remaining books according to their probable dates: The Synoptic Gospels; The Acts of the Apostles; The Catholic Epistles; and The Johannine Writings. The author has already acquired for himself a high reputation for erudition and acumen. He approaches his subject with all the knowledge that is to be

* *History of the Books of the New Testament.* By E. Jacquier. Authorized Translation from the French by Rev. J. Duggan. Vol. I. London: Kegan Paul; New York: Benziger Brothers.

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gained from the study of contemporary scholars, which he employs with sobriety and due attention to the rights of Catholic tradition. The present translation will, we have no doubt, be welcomed in our seminaries; and it is to be hoped that the editor of the Catholic International Library will have the entire work of the Abbé Jacquier translated in due time.

The next volume of the Library that claims our attention just now is a translation of M. Paul Allard's *Lectures on the Martyrs.** A notice of the original appeared not very long ago in these pages. In ten masterly lectures the distinguished historian, together with a brief sketch of the spread of Christianity in the Roman empire, discusses the character of the anti-Christian legislation, the causes of the persecutions, the number and social standing of the martyrs, the methods of procedure, and the moral worth of the martyrs' testimony to the truth of Christianity. M. Allard's strength lies in the fact that he is indefatigable in the collection of evidence, and offers none that is not well established. In his hands the martyrs of the early Church become a formidable obstacle to those who would reduce Christianity to the level of a mere natural religion.

Another historical volume is a translation of M. Louis de Combes' fine study on the finding of the true cross by St. Helena.† The author first identifies, as thoroughly as possible, the various places connected with the Via Dolorosa, the Passion, and the Burial of our Lord. He then considers the question, upon which the Gospel gives not a hint, of what became of the instruments of the Passion. He gleans whatever light he can from Jewish and Roman customs, regarding the burial of the cross; and discusses the fate of the holy places from the time of our Lord till the beginning of the fourth century.

The history of St. Helena, the early life of Constantine, and the political and warlike events which led to his becoming the master of Rome, are related with little regard to some of the venerable legends that have grown up around these subjects. M. de Combes' estimate of Constantine is in contrast with some of the ancient eulogies of the liberator of Christianity.

* *Ten Lectures on the Martyrs.* By Paul Allard. Authorized Translation by Luigi Cappadelta. London: Kegan Paul; New York: Benziger Brothers.

† *The Finding of the Cross.* By Louis de Combes. Authorized Translation by O. L. Dessoulavy. London: Kegan Paul; New York: Benziger Brothers.

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> Being more of a man of the world, Constantine did not, like Clovis, immediately solicit baptism; he feared that by doing so he might curtail his freedom. So long as his mother lived, his sympathies were with the Orthodox, but after her death he turned to the Arians. He never yielded up his heart to God, but strove to repay the debt he owed Him by his munificence towards the Church; he lived to learn to what an end a Catechumen who resists the call of grace must inevitably come; he never was a great Christian, but he remained to the end a careful politician and patron of religion.

M. de Combes tells the story of the discovery of the cross; and meets the various objections that have been made to it from those of the Centuriators of Magdeburg to those of M. Paul Lejay. He enters at considerable length into the claims of the relics which are preserved in Treves, to which city, the story goes, they were given by St. Helena, who was deeply attached to it.

M. de Combes' verdict is altogether adverse to the claims advanced for the relics. There is nothing to show, he says, that the Holy Coat of Treves is Christ's tunic—"it has no prescriptive right to this title, the brief which accompanies it is worthless, and, speaking generally, there is no argument whatever in its favor." But, he holds, there is reason to believe that it was a gift of Helena, and was, probably, an article of dress belonging to some early martyr. It is gratifying to see that the editor has paid his prospective readers the compliment of carefully preserving in the English versions of the above studies the footnotes, references, and bibliographies of the originals.

Turning to another trio of the series, we are brought to another age, and invited to observe different manifestations of the same spirit. Probably to ninety-nine out of every hundred English-speaking persons the court of Louis XV. of France is but a synonym for shameless profligacy. Yet in that debauched society, in the very family of the monarch, the queen herself remained a model of Christian virtue; while, for many years, her youngest daughter, in secret, nourished the hope of consecrating herself to God in the religious life; and at length she realized her heart's desire by entering a Carmelite convent, in which for many years she rigorously submitted to the austere rule of St. Teresa.

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The story of Madame Louise of France, in religion Sister Thèrese of St. Augustine, with its contrast between the extreme situations filled successively by the heroine, carries with it a power for edification more forcible, at least as far as persons of the world are concerned, than the lives of many religious women whose sanctity was greater than her own. Her life has been written, recently, in French by two biographers, Geoffrey de Grandmaison and Léon de la Brière. The work of the latter* has been selected for translation into English by the editor of the present series; though, in our judgment, it is in many respects inferior to the former biography. It is less systematic and full, more sketchy, and much less successful in conveying a just idea of the character of the subject. M. de la Brière too, unlike M. de Grandmaison, dispenses himself, almost entirely, from references and footnotes that would be necessary to justify some of his statements and judgments. However, his biography is an eminently readable book, and deserves a welcome in its English dress.

Under the rather indefinite title of *Sursum Corda* † we have a collection of intimate letters written to her family and friends by a lady of rank who, after the death of her husband, and while still young, became a Sister of Charity. The letters are preceded by an exquisite sketch of the lady, written by her brother, Baron Leopold de Fischer, who, we believe, is a Protestant, as was his sister up till the time of her husband's death.

Blanche Marie de Fischer was born in 1856 of an ancient patrician family of Switzerland. In 1875 she married the Count de Saint-Martial, and coming to live in France she fell under Catholic influences in her husband's family. Lively and accomplished, she threw herself with zest into all the gaiety and elegance of aristocratic life. On the death of her husband, in 1886, she became a Catholic. Soon after this event a note of weariness with the vanities of the world, and a desire to seek, not happiness, but peace in self-immolation rings in her letters. To her mother she writes:

> Alas, suffering is the universal law of this world, from which none can escape, and if we take the trouble to reflect

* *Madame Louise de France.* By Léon de la Brière. Authorized Translation by Meta and Mary Brown. London: Kegan Paul; New York: Benziger Brothers.

† *Sursum Corda.* Letters of the Countess of Saint-Martial, in religion Sister Blanche. Authorized Translation from the French. London: Kegan Paul; New York: Benziger Brothers.

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> on the matter, we get to understand that this must be so. Consequently, it is better to accept it willingly, and thus to acquire merit. If our Calvary raises us to heaven, it is because of our sacrifice, rather than our anguish; it is not the suffering undergone, but the suffering which has been freely accepted; it is the willing resignation in sorrow. . . . But one step more, and we reach the point where the soul seeks to suffer, and this is the characteristic of noble and generous souls. But this degree of virtue is rare, although we all groan beneath the weight of the crosses, more or less heavy, which are laid upon us, and of which, sooner or later, we understand the utility.

Soon after the date of this letter she writes as a postulant from a hospital in Turin, where she had joined the Sisters of Charity:

> The other day, when passing in front of a window, I saw myself for the first time in my new costume, and, doubtless by the law of contrasts, my thoughts reverted to the fancy ball when I was dressed as a lady's maid in the time of Louis XV.; this was ten years ago, and then every one complimented me in madrigals on my small waist. How astonished these fine coxcombs would be if they saw me in my sack. It does not matter, I am not yet an ideal Sister of Charity, who must be as long as she is broad; however, I do what I can to get a square waist, and wear my habit very loosely. If I act this new part, as I acted in the drawing-room in private theatricals, I think I shall please God, and that will not be so critical as an audience composed of pretended friends.

The correspondence, dated in the earlier years from Italy, afterwards chiefly from France, continues till 1899, when Sister Blanche died suddenly while bearing on her shoulders the cares, great and small, of a large house of refuge not far from Paris. Her letters, always cheerful and sometimes touched with delicate humor, afford intimate glimpses of the life of a Sister of Charity, with its constant sacrifice, its varied programme of well-doing, its trials, and its occasional innocent distractions. Sister Blanche's letters, too, show that in the heart of the religious woman complete consecration may exist along with the tenderest affection for family and friends.

This is a book eminently suitable to remove from ill-informed minds commonplace prejudices against convent life.

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"Has any one ever wondered what passes in the heart and mind of a blind girl of twenty who enters a convent?" Most of our readers, probably, would find themselves prompted to answer this question by another: "Do blind girls of twenty enter a convent?" or, "Is there any religious order of women which the blind may enter?" The *History of the Blind Sisters of St. Paul**—in many respects a remarkable book, written by a blind man—opens with the above question, and is a long, eloquent answer to the others.

The author, an accomplished scholar, lost his eyesight at the age of nineteen. For twenty years and upwards he has devoted himself to the blind. He founded for their welfare a flourishing society, of which he is secretary; he edits two newspapers for the blind; and his principal work—for he has written several—*Les Aveugles par un Aveugle*, was crowned by the French Academy. Before entering on his task of historian, M. de Sizeranne treats us to a delightful psychological study of the consciousness of the blind, for the purpose of leading us to understand that, contrary to what is commonly supposed, a blind girl may have much to sacrifice on entering the religious life. He analyses the impressions which a blind girl may receive from the things of nature, places, and individuals.

In support of his views, he introduces many apposite passages gathered from French writers. His analysis of the feelings and impressions of the blind is keen and subtle; and his exposition is, in its simplicity and tenderness, touchingly pathetic. Having brought to a close his detailed portrayal of the blind woman's contact with people, nature, and things, he concludes that she may picture comfort, independence, home life, and friendship, and may imagine in her youth that perfect happiness would consist in possessing such blessings. But such pictures, it may be objected, are illusions? He answers:

> Everywhere and in everything our illusions are what we hold dearest; since created by ourselves, they are absolutely conformed to our tastes and aspirations; the reality is sure to jar, wound, or disappoint us in some direction. And, to speak frankly, are we to gauge the depth of a sacrifice by the real enjoyment of the thing sacrificed? Does not virtue become easier, when we have discovered how very little real

* *The Blind Sisters of St. Paul.* By Maurice de la Sizeranne. Authorized Translation by L. M. Leggatt. London: Kegan Paul; New York: Benziger Brothers.

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pleasure is to be got out of the forbidden action? Is not the most difficult thing of all to give up the fancied good which we have clothed in all our own ideas and illusions? In the spiritual combat of life the struggle lies more between thoughts than realities; appearances are tempting, for when the harm is done, if we persevere in it, it is more from a weak will than from attraction to what so soon satiated us. Sacrifice as well as happiness is essentially subjective. God alone can judge of the relative value of either. It follows that it would be as cruel as unreasonable to say to any one: "In giving yourself, you think that the gift has value; it has none; you think that you are offering up realities, they are phantoms." Would you have the questionable courage to open the eyes of a child who, in his great love, offers you a trifle or a flower?

M. de Sizeranne relates the life of Mère Bergunion and the circumstances which, almost without any express intention on her part to become the foundress of a community, led, or compelled, her to assume that work and to establish the community of the Blind Nuns. The aim and spirit of the congregation, its constitutions, the occupations of the members, the work of the classrooms, the present condition of the society and its future prospects, are treated with a charm that cannot fail to hold the attention of the reader. When he reaches the end of the volume he will have a much wider knowledge of, and a livelier sympathy with, a large number of our afflicted fellow-beings than he possessed before he had read M. de Sizeranne's story.

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THE OBEDIENCES OF CATHOLICISM.

BY CORNELIUS CLIFFORD.

I.

IT is now more than sixty years since Emerson, in his memorable *Essay on Self-Reliance*, gave expression to the hope that in these days we had "heard the last of conformity and consistency." The words were to be "gazetted and ridiculous" thenceforward and for all time. Neither the English-speaking races in general, nor Americans in particular, to whom the militant attitude of soul commended in that sturdy hope was primarily addressed, nor, indeed, the civilized world at large, can be said to have laid the radically impossible lesson to heart. Conformity, we are beginning to perceive, is the note of our present epoch; and collectivism, in politics, in education, and in economics, is undoubtedly the goal towards which we are making in obedience, apparently, to some profound instinct that philosophers have not yet been able to diagnose.

The fact, which is probably a grave one for all of us, and certainly a mysterious one for many of us, becomes all the more remarkable when one remembers how acute has been the sense of language and nationality during the period out of which we have just emerged, and how insistent has been the claim for some working form of separatism and home rule all round. As we look back over the years that have elapsed since the New England philosopher's too transcendental plea for a refined anarchism of character was first formulated, we can hardly help noting how, in spite of the stress and turmoil and estrangements of intervening events, the Christian peoples of the earth have, for the most part, been drawn closer together by the ties of a conformity which is not less real for being in many respects paradoxically international and psychologically difficult to understand.

Not only have distinctions of race and country, of birth and

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social station, shown a tendency to become less defined; but, what is more ironically significant still, the boundaries of scholastic privilege have been in large measure graciously removed, and the old academic exclusiveness, which once made of the scholar a creature hardly less cloistral than a monk, has given way to a cheerful and market-place kind of readiness to rub shoulders with the untutored mob. Aristocracy of intellect has been replaced by a contented, because largely state-made, communism of mind. Everybody is "educated," or sincerely believes himself to be, which amounts to the same thing; universities are as common as mushrooms, and probably as nutritive; while opinions, as distinct from deep-rooted convictions, grow daily as plentifully as thistle-downs in a waste field.

If that reads like too hard an account of the general lack of faith in Emerson's type of Nonconformism, we may comfort ourselves with the reflection that there is an obverse and more serious side to the phenomenon too. For, in addition to the inevitable sameness which is slowly settling upon the superficies of things, it is impossible not to be struck by the pervading simplicity of pattern to which the notions of such men as do think are beginning to shape themselves; a simplicity, let it be gravely remarked, which is mysteriously saved from being monotonous and stencil-like, because it springs, however unconsciously, from an actual impulse on the part of toiling mankind to achieve themselves and live.

Collectivism, it is discovered, means efficiency; and efficiency, even if it must be accompanied by a prevailing level of uniformity that threatens to play havoc with many of the historic unevennesses of an erstwhile picturesque world, is felt, somehow, to spell progress; and progress is always God's matter. We may not all of us be agreed what the compelling word may import; but it is something, at all events, to be alive in a generation that has learned to lisp the blessed syllables; something to be allowed to reach out curiously towards its bewildering connotations, even as an infant in arms reaches out joyously to every shining object within the sweep of its wondering eyes.

That such an attitude of the general soul of our time may be said to mirror fairly enough the interests which have predominated in the secular order during the past half century or more, few, we imagine, will be tempted to deny; whether it reflects likewise those deeper prepossessions of the spirit, which

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it is surely one of the functions of religion both to satisfy and to guide, may be open to question; but even in this connection, also, it should be urged, one may read signs not a few that point to a similar instinct for conformity which seems invariably to accompany, if it does not directly derive its being from, that strange insistent sameness of outlook to which we have already referred, save that in this instance it reveals the world's gaze as turned beyond the forbidding barriers of space and time.

If one needs an illustration of what we mean, one may find it in the rationalist's pathetic paradox about "this most unbelieving age of ours which still busies itself about God." True as those words were when first uttered, they have become incomparably truer in our own time as applied to what may not irreverently be described as *non-Catholic pre-occupation with Christ.* He is everywhere in evidence, it might be said, if not as a personality at least as a problem; and for those who invoke his name outside the obedience of the historic Church, which claims exclusively to hold its high commission from him, he is still an ever-recurrent argument—some would say a goad and an inspiration; for the prick of his influence and the light of his countenance have been felt before now in many a strange darkness—for some workable form of ecclesiastical unity which will *lead his captives home from every place,* while not denying them either the *liberty* or the larger *word of knowledge* which they feel can be realized only in obedience to his will.

> Christ! we are Christ's! and let the Name suffice you,
> Ay, for us too He greatly hath sufficed;
> Lo! with no winning words we would entice you,
> We have no honour and no friend but Christ.
> . . . . . .
> We, even we who from the fleshly prison
> Caught (we believe it, but we dare not say),
> Rise to the midnight of the Lord arisen,
> Wake to the waking rapture of His day! *

Not Anglicans only, but Lutherans and Presbyterians, and, indeed, thousands of sincere-minded adherents of every phase

* Adapted from *Poems* by F. W. H. Myers.

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of confessionalism throughout the Teutonic and English-speaking worlds, feel keenly the anomaly of their position, and would take concerted action for its removal to-morrow, if Rome would only consent to meet them half-way.

If Rome would only consent! Why does she not do so? Is it really pride, or hereditary lust of power, or a theologically rancorous worship of mere consistency, that hardens her heart so bafflingly to this pathetic latter-day appeal for compromise? Is mere obedience so wonderful a thing that, for the sake of it, the official guardians of Catholicism may jeopardize the cause of Christ in modern society, and set every other virtue in the calendar behind it as though it were a kind of eighth and all-inclusive sacrament? That in substance is the question one often hears put in these days when the newspapers print reports—very sorry reports too—of the proceedings of Protestant clergymen met together in extraordinary congressses to consider plans for the promotion of Christian unity in a naughty and dissident world. Frequently enough the question is asked in the secular reviews and urged with adroit and provoking bitterness.

What happens on these occasions the judicious on both sides of the high ecclesiastical paling can only two well recall. A pair of self-elected champions will incontinently equip themselves with the traditional "five pebbles" from the oldest and least trustworthy encyclopædia of reference—these being the sort of books, as we all know, that abound mightily in "clear statements" and "hard-hitting facts"—and descend jauntily into the arena. A letter or two appear from either party to the debate, each containing a mole-hill of pertinent fact to a mountain of impertinent words. The impartial, because not too well-instructed editor, writes a perfunctory, but shrewdly non-compromising, phrase or two in comment; the contestants withdraw; the *technically interested* quote tags from the correspondence for a week or two; and the greater outer public forgets.

Is anybody ever converted by these methods? Are unity and Christian ideals really promoted by them? Sometimes, it is true, a sincere and unaffected eirenicon is devised; as when a man like Lord Halifax heads a movement, and gives body and definition to the secret thoughts of charitable men, or a book like *England and the Holy See* appears, or a quiet little community on the Hudson publish a periodical like *The Lamp*.

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For the success of all such attempts, however deserving of criticism they may be in detail, there is no true child of the old Church that will not pray; and, if his zeal be according to ordered knowledge, labor too; yet—and this is the hardest paradox of all to understand—not even along such well-meant lines is the hope of the single-minded likely to be realized. We are heart to heart here with a mystery; for we have touched upon one of those facts which faith deals with more vitally in the ethical order than it does in the theoretical or semi-rational order. It is the work done that matters here and not the theological account of it; though that last will be found convincing enough, we imagine, to whoso believes.

Catholicism, in brief, deals with mankind as it deals with the individual conscience. It turns to the world, as Christ turned before it, and declares in effect: *I am the Way and there is no other!* What is more significant still, the Roman and Hierarchical Church,* which is the only concrete expression of the vaguer and wider collective called *Catholicism* that the historical student knows, makes this bid for the world's obedience in precisely the same recondite and mystical sense that Christ did in the famous passage we alluded to in our first essay. Through her men pass, not to Christ, but with Christ, to the Father.

To put the truth in that way is not to Arianize or to belittle the great dogma of our Lord's divinity; it is rather to enter into it more deeply; it is to realize by personal obedience to her and to her sacramental ordinances another truth equally insisted upon in the ringing phrase she has appended to every prayer and collect of her wonderful liturgy, and most of all in the triumphant climax that marks the close of the long consecratory prayer of the Mass. *Per Ipsum et cum Ipso et in Ipso est, Tibi Deo Patri Omnipotenti omnis honor et gloria.* In this sense is Christ the Way; and she, as embodying, even

* It is worth remarking that, when St. Ignatius of Loyola first conceived in rough outline the idea of restoring the shattered obedience of the Roman Church amid the northern races of Europe, he proposed to do so by inculcating loyalty to our Lord's own Person as an indispensable condition beforehand. *The Rules for Thinking with the Orthodox Church*, which enter so curiously into the *Book of the Exercises*, are seldom to be given before the *Third Week* and only after the exercises on the *Kingdom of Christ* and *Two Standards* have been thoroughly made. It is also significant that it is here that the saint insists upon the phrase which we have used above: *Vera Sponsa Christi Domini Nostri, quæ est nostra sancta Mater Ecclesia Hierarchica.* In the *Antiqua Versio*, as Father Roothan reminds us, he had used the expression: *Hæc autem est sancta Mater Ecclesia Hierarchica quæ Romana est.*

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in her secular experiences, what St. Augustine * practically calls our Lord's larger human life, is the same exclusive sacrament of obedience not less truly.

In this sense, at least, it is hardly an exaggeration to maintain, that *Catholicism is a Way* almost before it is anything else. It insists upon discipline quite as much as upon dogma; and, what is surely most pertinent to our present scope, it does so almost as much with the intention of bringing the mind of the believer into tune with its ineffable cycle of verities touching upon God, the human soul, and the after-life, as with the idea of turning that same cycle of verities into a motive for high or even heroic Christian morality. In the world of abstractions, too pale and colorless, always, for the average man, who needs to have his truths writ plain in terms of flesh and blood, the verities undoubtedly come first; but in the actual world, in the realm, that is, of every-day incident, where the pilgrim soul is brought momentarily under the pressure of the particular and the concrete, the order is reversed; it is the discipline that is thrust resolutely into the foreground.

There are the best of reasons why this should always be so, as Aristotle in more than one remarkable passage in the *Ethics* † would seem to imply; but we cannot stop at this stage of our argument to discuss either the passages or their implications. We are dealing at present with Catholicism as a fact; and it is to facts, accordingly, that we must make our appeal. The institution of pædo-baptism affords a striking illustration in point. Whatever one may say of Apostolic or sub-Apostolic practice in the matter, our present custom can indubitably be traced back as far as Irenæus,‡ who was born, probably, about the year 97 of the Christian era.

* The idea is common enough among the Fathers; but few of them have expressed it so frequently and with such point—it might almost be said, with such boldness—as St. Augustine has done. His favorite Scripture passage is: *Sed erunt duo in carne una* (Matt. xix. 6), and he seems never to tire of ringing the changes upon the mystery it illustrates, even in the most unlikely contexts. *Cf. Enarrationes in Psalmos, passim; v.g., In Ps.* 142, n. 3; *2 Enar. in Ps.* 18, n. 10; *In Ps.* 61, n. 4. He recurs to it also in his Sermons, and in one of them (*Serm.* 361, 4) he frankly admits that the analogy by which he explains the idea has a great attraction for him: *Iam sæpe diximus*, he writes, *sed quia similitudo apta est et rem bene insinuat, repetenda est.*

† II., ii. (Weldon's *Transl.*); see also I. ii. *(ibid.)*, and Caird's *Evolution of Theology in the Greek Philosophers.* Vol. I., c. xi.

‡ Irenæus, *Hær.* ii., 39 (*al.* 29). Harnack ignores, where he does not belittle, the evidence adducible at this period. *Cf.* Art. on "Baptism" in Smith & Cheetham, and Roper's *Apostolic Age*, p. 198.

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An instance of this sort surely reveals Catholicism in the very attitude which we have described as most significant of its inner temper and spirit. From the womb up the Catholic child must be lapped and cradled in mystery. It must be taught a sound form of conduct long before it is capable of understanding the sound form of words by which that conduct may be justified in moments of stress, either to its rebellious natural self, or to an always doubt-engendering world. Here, if anywhere, Catholicism declares, in effect, that the "child is father to the man."

Out of the mouths of babes and sucklings praise is perfected to the adult Christ, who is, in the Apostle's profoundly significant phrase, *to be formed* in each one of us. He is that Other by whom, and unto whom, Catholicism, in this case, at least, becomes most imperatively a Way; and the elaborate symbolism of the rite by which the beginner's feet are set in the sure path of his commandments is prophetic of the still more elaborate pragmatism of enjoined "pieties" and "devotions" by which his self-conscious-growing faith in after years will learn its first bungling prentice-lessons of actuality and life.

The curious temper of jealous and sometimes dogged reserve, which, at various epochs and notably in our own day, has characterized the official demeanor of Catholicism in matters of education, is another and hardly less convincing example of the same mysterious truth. This demeanor, as the reader scarcely needs to be reminded, is too often described by shallow observers among us as though it were a mere unmannerly exhibition of religious greed. When, as is frequently the case in an age in which minorities are free to organize, it succeeds in shaping a policy of scrupulous abstention, as here in the United States, or in carrying on an aggressive and formidable propaganda of a politico-religious kind, as we have witnessed in recent years in Belgium and Germany, and, with certain modifications, also in the British Isles, it is hastily put down to more sinister instincts on the part of the Church's pastors, and is deprecated as unprogressive bigotry, as unwitting obscurantism, and the like, by large bodies of devout and presumably enlightened Christian men, in whom the unrestricted habit of professional dissent seems to have dulled the edge of clear religious thinking—by which is meant, we might suggest, charitable thinking and, let us add, historical thinking also.

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On the other hand, statesmen whose knowledge of the past is much more profound than that of the critics in question, and whose sense of the psychology of Catholicism, so to call it, is more rational, are ready to deal tolerantly with this rooted prejudice of Faith and to find place for it among the various economics of a society which tends yearly to grow more rigorously secular and non-religious. If Catholicism were, indeed, a mere abstract theory of ordered beliefs, as many of the religious bodies that have opposed it on this score have themselves tended to become, if it were a mere philosophy of Christ and the Christian profession based upon a particular reading of the Bible, and not, as it is inevitably constrained by the law of its life to be, an obedience and a servitude—a hard and somewhat narrow servitude, it might be said, where many of the conventional liberties of commerce and society are in question—one could understand this hostility to its mysterious pedagogic claim.

But because it is more than this, because it is a Way and a tradition rather than a view, a Sacramant of Sacraments before becoming a theology, it feels that its secret can never be learned out of a book, or be caught by listening to the perfunctory utterances of any master, however broadly-read or well-intentioned, who speaks not as one having true apostolic authority. It comes forth from a Person and is itself clothed above every other body of believers that history has known, with a uniquely personal character; its interests are personal, its immediate and ultimate scopes are personal; its regimen, in spite of the dry aspect of its great body of Canon Law, are triumphantly and most condescendingly personal; *having loved its own, it will love them unto the end.* That, we imagine, expresses its attitude towards its own followers, young, adolescent, or peacefully mature, better than more precise theological descriptions could do. Its appeal is ever to the inward character and personality of men; and the response, as one reads it broadly in the history of the peculiar religious conscience which it seems to have begotten among the noblest portions of the race, is of the same unique and indefinable quality. One can only say that one recognizes it when one meets it. A Catholic is psychologically like no other being on the face of the earth, if he be taken all in all; and his feeling for his religion can best be denoted by confidently reading a deep mystical sense into Burke's immortal climax: *it is a proud submission;*

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a dignified obedience; a subordination of the heart which keeps alive even in servitude itself the spirit of an exalted freedom!

Each looks upon each;
Up grows a thought without speech!

That is why it would scarcely be venturing too far to say that the opposition to many of the new ideals prevailing in primary, secondary, and higher, or university, education, which we observe in Catholic centres of opinion to-day, is largely temperamental. An opposition need not, of course, be accounted less rational in claim and content, because one chooses to characterize it with reference to its psychic origin; but it is not logic or numbers that will enable sensible men on both sides to allay the regrettable irritation. Contact and mutual understanding will be needed for so devout a consummation in the religious world; and it is in Catholicism viewed as a way that one may more surely hope to discover the happy *modus vivendi.*

To be wise before the event is not always the truest wisdom; but this much may safely be hazarded by way of forecast. The problem of the primary schools may be grave enough; but that created by the extraordinary centripetal drift of university ideals during the past twenty years is assuredly not less pressing. Whether our sons be suffered to benefit to the full extent of present opportunities by the undeniable advantages to intellect and character held out by the great non-Catholic seats of learning, as is the case to-day under the highest ecclesiastical sanctions at Oxford and Cambridge, and, under less formal safeguards, in certain of the State foundations of Belgium as well, or whether, as the majority of our American Archbishops seem to think should be the rule here, the hard semi-monastic policy of enforced aloofness should be preached a little longer, it will be all one in the end. The choice that terminates the distracting question of alternatives has been dictated from the beginning. It is one of direction and implied obedience to an ultimate Voice always. Catholics are committed to a Way before they can aspire to learn a truth; and the least loyal among them feel that *there is no going back of their End.*

We have selected these illustrations of Catholicism on its pragmatical side—the word is used here in its accepted literary sense and with no desire, of course, to impinge hazardously on

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its less comfortable associations—because, in the first instance, the inquirer will find that the tendencies they portray are actual and familiar, not merely to the men of our own time, but to the historical student of every stage of the Church's institutional development. Besides, what is nearly as germane to the general drift of the argument, they are mysteriously related to each other and to certain equally palpable embodiments of the obediential spirit as well, which it will be our business to interpret more explicitly later on. These tendencies may be described briefly as: sacramentalism, sacerdotalism, liturgicalism, monasticism, together with the various latter-day developments of the cœnobitical idea exemplified in the careers of the post-Tridentine congregations, and, last of all, what, for lack of a more significant term, must be roughly denoted as devotionalism, or the drag of the neo-mystic lay instinct away from the main currents of ordered and liturgical piety.

Behind each one of these uncouth Hellenic names there throbs a distinct force which has played an important *rôle* in the gradual evolution of the more complex activities of Catholicism. In every one of them, too, misunderstood and misdenoted as each of them in turn has been at sundry crises in the history of the Church at large, we may study the full sweep, so to call it, the tide-tike ebb and flow of that all but formless thing which seems ever to defy analysis, because it is so strangely in advance of the reflective wonder that would adequately name it, the Way of Catholicism collectively in an always half-unheeding world, and the Way of Catholicism playing individually upon the half-responses of the solitary spirit. It is a rule of conduct, a divine art, a mysterious instinct for sure action, long before the theologian appears and interprets it, rationally or not, in proportion to his insight, as a formulated doctrine never henceforth to be diminished.

And now we have arrived at a stage of the argument at which it seems proper, in the interests of what may be called current scientific prejudice, to introduce a consideration which we have had in mind all along, and which will help us to determine with less apparent arbitrariness the true significance of Catholicism viewed historically as a vast, far-reaching, and sometimes over-mechanical Rule of Life. Judged from this vantage-point, Catholicism as a Way will be found to be essentially the same in all its bewildering and picturesque ramifica-

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tions; because from the very beginning it has been inexorably shaped—or, as its unkindly critics aver, too authoritatively and imperiously shaped—to what we can only describe as an abiding and conscientious preference for a soldier-like submission of will on the part of all those to whom its message is addressed. What is not less significant, it seems unwittingly to inculcate this demeanor of the inner spirit as an incalculably more effective preparation of the expectant heart for Christ than the apparently more rational and—it might be maintained—more apostolic attitude of open-mindedness. *Sit rationabile obsequium vestrum*, says St. Paul; *Humiliate capita vestra Deo*, says the Church.

Both attitudes are, indeed, invariably recommended by the practised convert-maker who understands logic but is afraid of instinct; but the Church, when studied in her broader movements of national or racial evangelization, seems to lean rather to the austere pragmatism of that Lenten cry. She accounts a human heart stripped of all conceit, whether of itself, its own passions, or the world, as the chief requisite and noblest preparation of a believer groping through her low western portals on his way towards Christ. Naked, it would seem, we come into both worlds—the world of sense and her wider world of the spirit. The justification for this naïve prepossession of hers, so completely at issue with the prejudices of logic, Hegelian or Aristotelian, in an age as predominantly intellectual as our own, may be hazarded, perhaps, in the consideration that follows.

Whatever view one may feel impelled to take of the real origin of the Papal idea as an ultimately controlling factor in the development of mediæval Christianity, no scholar worthy of the name will deny that Catholicism in its less centralizing aspects is recognizable as a full-blown product of the Gospel-movement as far back as the closing quarter of the second century.* It is also, at that point in its development at least, in a most true and scientific sense, a genuine derivative of the religion described, adequately enough for our purpose here, in the *Acts of the Apostles*. Critical questions as to the authorship and character of that portion of the New Testament writings have no bearing on the simple fact to which that idyll-

* Harnack (*Das Wesen des Christentums*, s. 120) places the date about twenty years later; but he does this by way of rhetorical device, not as a critical affirmation.

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like narrative bears striking testimony in connection with the present drift of this essay.

The simple fact amounts to this. There are four distinct passages* in the book whereof we speak, in which the Christianity of that seminal period is described, not as a creed or as an articulate body of doctrine, but as a *Way*. No doubt good evidence could be cited from the unchallenged Epistles of St. Paul to show that even then grave stress was laid upon right formularies as a reasonable plea for the acceptance of that *Way;* but the formularies were not many and the sum of the Pauline Gospel was *Faith in Jesus as Lord.*

That very fact, however, so far from weakening, tends rather to confirm the view upon which we are insisting. Just because Jesus was Lord was his doctrine primarily inculcated as a *Way of Life.* His obedience was to be, not the bare pattern, but the inspiring and meritorious cause of all subsequent submission of the heart in the New Church or Convocation of Israel. If the submission implied liberty and largeness of spirit for all those who felt that they had received a call, it meant also a definite and detailed imitation of the various teachers, who, as having been sent, spoke and acted *with authority* in the Eucharistic assemblies. What does all this involve if not a *Rule and a Way* in the sense we have indicated?

Baptism, the institution of presbyters and overseers, the regulation of marriage, the tendency to ignore the machinery of the civil law in the settlement of disputes, the creation of a diaconate, the practice of assembling early on the first day of the week, now become, through the most sacred of associations and the hallowing of the Eucharist Loaf, pre-eminently the Lord's day, the mysterious bond of Church unity explicitly affirmed to lie in that same Loaf—surely, these things and others like them, which might be cited as convincingly, point to an organized and accepted polity which the more conservative Jews must have looked upon with horror, because it set up, in opposition to the "way of the elders" and the traditional Mosaic code, the vaguer and easier code of Christ, who was said to have proclaimed himself to these infatuated Nazarenes the personal and human Way by which alone men could hope to have access to the Father.

It will not do to attempt to weaken the force of these curi-

*ix. 2; xix. 9-23; xxii. 4; xxiv. 14-22.

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ous coincidences by suggesting, as might conceivably be done, that the word employed by the writer of these passages of the *Acts* is a manifest quotation put into the mouth of St. Paul in his earlier and unregenerate character of Jewish inquisitor, or adopted by him, as in the other passages in question, by way of convenient reference to the separatist tendency of nascent Christianity, felt even at that early stage of its mustard-seed growth. The remarkable thing is that the word with its pragmatic implications should have been used, whether by friend or foe, at all, when a less significant term like αἱρεσις* would have answered just as well. Its employment in any contingency points clearly to the existence of a prevailing and not yet fully rationalized *obedientialism*, inspired from first to last by a spirit of enthusiastic loyalty to that Leader, older than Abraham, greater than Moses, and wiser than the prophets, whose death and resurrection had proved that *He was in truth the Way*. †

This enthusiasm for an art rather than a theory of the Christian life was, then, an inheritance from our Lord himself, passed on in unbroken succession to historical Catholicism. And what Catholicism had thus legitimately received it fostered and expanded under the influence of an ever-deepening, because ever loyal, consciousness *which can only be adequately understood by watching it at work*. It is there, under the guise of the activities to which we alluded above as sacramentalism, sacerdotalism, and the rest, that we detect its true ethos, a something that makes for a Way, an ineluctable instinct for the practical, both in its mode of seeing things and in its bent for doing things, that issues in triumph always.

These are its obediences. Long before its apologists elaborate the metaphysic which seems to lay bare the secret of its energy to a generation grown devoutly curious, instead of religiously energetic, *the victory has been spoken* and the Church's best work for that generation would seem to have been done.

Seton Hall, South Orange, N. J.

* On the sense of *αἱρεσις* in N. T. Greek consult the *Encyclopædia Biblica, in verb.* Vol. II., p. 2,019.

† The argument, it should be remembered, is by no means invalidated by the most recent positions taken up by critics with reference to the authorship of the Fourth Gospel. The point is that sayings like those embodied in the *Discourse at the Last Supper* and in *St. Matt.* xi. 10, must have been current in Christian circles and familiar to the Christian consciousness long before they were committed to writing. *Cf.* Allen's *St. Matthew* in the *International Critical Commentary Series*, p. 115.

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New Books.

THE LIFE OF CHRIST. By Mgr. Le Camus.

The second volume of Father Hickey's translation of the classic life of our Lord by Mgr. Le Camus * covers the period extending from the Sermon on the Mount to the healing of the ten lepers, and the interview between Jesus and the rich young man who declined to follow him. The original work is a monument of erudition and critical scholarship combined with apostolic zeal and simple, fervent piety.

The learned author, without losing sight of the ancient landmarks, does not hesitate to incorporate in his pages the well-established results of contemporary critical methods. This not too common union of prudent progress and equally prudent conservatism received the high approbation of the Holy Father, who holds up the methods of Mgr. Le Camus as the realization of that just medium which is inculcated in the recent encyclical. In a letter addressed to Mgr. Le Camus, on the publication of his work on the Apostles, the Holy Father said:

> As we must condemn the temerity of those who, having more regard for novelty than for the teaching authority of the Church, do not hesitate to adopt a method of criticism altogether too free, so likewise we should not approve the attitude of those who in no way dare to depart from the usual exegesis of Scripture, even when, faith not being at stake, the real advancement of learning requires such departure. You follow a wise middle course.

Father Hickey's translation is excellent. In its pure, idiomatic English one finds none of those crudities which in so many of our religious books constantly remind us that we are reading a version made by somebody whose competence for the task was not beyond question.

Many priests declare that they are able to draw from volumes of sermons very little assistance towards the preparation of their instructions and discourses. Let them betake themselves to Le Camus, who will provide them with ample material, ready to hand, for sound, solid, and attractive preaching on the whole circle of our Lord's life and teaching.

* *The Life of Christ.* By Mgr. Le Camus. Translated by William A. Hickey. Vol. II. New York: Cathedral Library Association.

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THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION.
By Trevelyan.

Opening with a description of the situation, immediately after the battles of Trenton and Princetown, in 1777, Trevelyan's third volume* follows the course of events down to the outbreak of war between France and England. The first chapter is chiefly concerned with the doings of Congress and the assemblies. The author handles the politicians contemptuously; and even Samuel Adams has to be content with a rather uncomplimentary rating. The meddling inefficiency of the members, and their jealous obstruction of Washington, are roundly castigated. As for Washington himself, no American writer surpasses Trevelyan in his boundless admiration for Washington, "the Chief and leader of heroic proportions and stainless reputation." Indeed, the most touchy of patriots can find nothing to complain of in the treatment measured out in this volume to the worthy American leaders and the Americans as a nation. Washington, Nathaniel Green, Colonel Morgan, Philip Schuyler, are names which, along with humbler ones, receive their full mead of eulogy; while Gates, Charles Lee, Conway, Dr. Rush, are judged with unbending severity.

The retreat of Sir William Howe, after Morristown, his vigorous conduct at Brandywine, the defence of the Chew Mansion at Germantown by Colonel Musgrave, are among the few events from which a little solace for British pride is extracted. The story of the contest for the Delaware, the occupation of Philadelphia, the winter of discontent at Valley Forge, with the contemporary gaiety of Philadelphia as the comfortable quarters of the British, offer a fine opportunity, which is not missed, for Trevelyan's picturesque pen. With all his uncle's contempt for "the dignity of history," he makes use of homely details and trivial yet significant incidents, to give his pictures life and concrete strength.

Then, too, there is no disquisition or tedious dissertation. If he has any philosophic reflections to offer, they are usually condensed into a terse, pregnant sentence or two. It is a pleasure, in these days when the scientific method is making most of the historical works that are coming out very hard reading, to take up Sir George's narrative, which runs along with unflagging life and verve.

* *The American Revolution.* Part III. By the Right Hon. Sir George Otto Trevelyan, Bart. New York: Longmans, Green & Co.

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To the preposterous character of Lord George Germaine's famous plan, and to his failure to keep the Howes informed in time of the necessity of supporting the Northern Army, Trevelyan chiefly ascribes the catastrophe of Saratoga; though he does not stint his praise of Arnold and Morgan. The importance which he assigns, throughout the whole struggle, but especially at Stillwater, Bemis's Heights, and Bennington, to the work of the American rifles, indicates that, together with most Englishmen since the Boer War, Sir George considers good marksmanship a much more valuable military asset than ripe proficiency in parade drill.

Naturally, in his relation of the American side of the struggle, and for his judgments on the leaders here, he depends chiefly upon his American predecessors. But when he turns to London, and to Europe in general, his familiarity with his ground inspires him with more independence. The last chapter in the book, therefore, which describes the course of opinion among European courts and statesmen is of a more original quality than any other portion of this volume.

Franklin's personal influence he considers to have been of incalculable weight at this point of the struggle. In the first years, he says, "the prospects of the young Republic were seriously and irretrievably damnified by the mismanagement of Congress; but the position was saved by the ability, the discretion, and the force of character of one single man—Benjamin Franklin."

"He was," Sir George says elsewhere, "a great ambassador, of a type which the world had never seen before, and will never see again, until it contains another Benjamin Franklin. Tried by the searching test of practical performance, he takes high rank among the diplomatists of history. His claims to that position have been vindicated—" and Sir George proceeds to repeat Wharton's eloquent summing up of Franklin's claims to fame.

This chapter contains also a brief but striking portrait of Beaumarchais, and a keen estimate of the attitude taken by Frederick of Prussia towards the belligerents. The only affair about which Sir George's resolute fidelity to the "hands-across-the-water" sentiment relaxes, so far as to permit him to indulge in severe strictures of American behavior, is the action of Congress with regard to the prisoners of Saratoga. Though

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by no means an admirer of Gates, he acknowledges that the American general throughout the transactions of the surrender behaved like a man of honor. He admits, too, that he accorded Burgoyne terms far more lenient than he might and ought to have imposed. But the refusal of Congress to ratify and carry out these terms he condemns without qualification, though, it must be said, rather in sorrow than in anger. The approbation of the "Resolutions of Congress concerning the Embarcation" by the Count de Vergennes, who pronounced them "fortes bonnes," is, he says, the only approval that they have ever received.

> With that solitary approval from a quarter which was neither unprejudiced nor disinterested, Americans, then and thereafter, had to be contented. Their true friends and sincere well-wishers, in all countries and in every generation, would give much if these unseemly pages could be expunged from their history. The ablest among the contemporary English chroniclers, and the most favorable to their cause (Annual Register of 1778), recorded his profound regret that they had so widely departed from the system of fairness, equity, and good faith which had hitherto guided their actions, and was particularly essential to the reputation of a new State; and his opinion has been shared by all careful and responsible writers from his day to ours. The young republic had adopted a line of conduct which ranked it below the moral level of civilized and self-respecting nations.

Then, after recalling how the British public sustained the Convention of Cintra, though at a critical moment it restored twenty thousand splendid troops to Napoleon; and, on the contrary, the Spanish Junta set aside the Convention of Baylen; and the Neapolitan Bourbons refused, in 1799, to respect the terms granted to the Neapolitan garrisons, Sir George concludes:

> The odious cruelty which accompanied and aggravated these infringements of public faith had no parallel in the treatment of Burgoyne and his army; but none the less, when every allowance has been made, and all excuses have been impartially considered, the violation of the Saratoga Treaty remains a blot on the lustre of the American Revolution.

Two large maps, one of Saratoga and Bemis's Heights,

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the other of the country between Morristown in New Jersey and the Head of Elk in Maryland, accompany the volume. With their help, and thanks to the remarkable clearness of the narrative, the reader may easily follow even the more complicated details of the military operations. It may be predicted with safety that this *History of the Revolution* will take rank as a classic.

MEDITATIONS.

As its sub-title indicates, this volume* consists of short meditations on the Holy Ghost for every day in the year. They are drawn from a wide range of sources: The Holy Scripture, the Fathers, papal documents, lives of the saints, theologians, ascetical writers, pulpit orators, ancient and modern, have been laid under contribution. The selections, which are, in about equal proportion, instructive and devotional, are intended chiefly for the use of teachers and instructors, to assist them to instill into the minds of their pupils a knowledge of the part played by the Holy Spirit in the sanctification of the soul, and to create in their hearts a strong devotion to him. If there is any dogmatic and moral truth of the first order on which our Catholic people, speaking generally, might be much more thoroughly instructed than they are, it certainly is that which relates to the Third Person of the Blessed Trinity. Every effort made to supply this deficiency is an emphatically good work, and deserves to be warmly commended. Father Lambing's book belongs to the kind of devotional literature of which there cannot be too much, and of which, in fact, there is too little, notwithstanding the fecundity of our own religious press.

The ever-faithful Sulpicians can always be relied upon to do honest, thorough, excellent work towards facilitating the practice of meditation among priests. This most recent volume,† written for that purpose, is particularly well arranged and neatly edited. Each meditation, given in the well-known method taught in the Sulpician seminaries, includes a preparation "for the night before," and then about eight pages of careful, rea-

* *The Fountain of Living Water; or, Thoughts on the Holy Ghost for Every Day in the Year.* By Rev. A. A. Lambing, D.D. New York: Fr. Pustet & Co.

† *Meditations for the Use of Seminarians and Priests.* By Very Rev. L. Branchereau, S.S. Translated and Adapted. Vol. I. *The Fundamental Truths.* New York: Benziger Brothers.

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sonable, sensible reflection upon the subject in hand. The present volume treats of the "Great Truths." We presume that other volumes are to follow.

THE SEVEN SACRAMENTS.

Like its predecessor, the present series of Letters* is a full, clear, and detailed exposition of doctrine and discipline for the use of the laity. The present volume takes up the sacraments of Baptism, Confirmation, Penance, and the Holy Eucharist, including the Sacrifice of the Mass. Father de Zuluetta, in pleasing, familiar style, explains every point of doctrine and practice so fully as to anticipate all the questions that frequently occur to Catholics on various points where the catechism requires further elucidation. The scale of his exposition may be indicated by the fact that six pages are given to explaining just what is needed to break the fast, with regard to the reception of the Holy Eucharist. Though Father de Zuluetta addresses himself to the faithful, he has an eye to the inquiring non-Catholic; and the book is a suitable one to place in the hands of Protestants who desire information on Catholic life.

THE TENTS OF WICKEDNESS.
By Mrs. Harris.

The appearance of a new volume by Miriam Coles Harris should be an event of great interest in literary circles. No living American novelist can claim her years of service—fifty in all—to the cause of literature. Her first novel, *Rutledge*, which appeared in the early sixties, received a most popular welcome. Since then she has written some half-dozen others; and now comes her latest volume, *The Tents of Wickedness.*†

Leonora, the heroine of the tale, is a young girl who has received her education in a French convent. The girl returns to America, and is introduced by her father, a millionaire, to society; or, rather, those who are in her father's set. Religiously trained, she is shocked when asked to subscribe to the customs and codes of this social class. Without being a prude, she remains steadfast to her principles.

* *Letters on Christian Doctrine.* (Second Series.) *The Seven Sacraments.* By F. M. de Zuluetta, S.J. New York: Benziger Brothers.

† *The Tents of Wickedness.* By Miriam Coles Harris. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

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Mrs. Harris' description of the Catholic's method of making his confession is admirably done, and for those outside the Church will be highly instructive.

The shortcomings and the sins of that class of society of which the author treats are well pictured. Sin has its power and its charm, but the wages of sin is death.

The great theme of the work is a contrast between those who recognize religious guidance and those who in their lives know no law. Against the picture of unworthiness and selfishness, of the power of money, and of marital infidelity, stands the striking description of life at the Cumberford Rectory. Edward Warren struggles manfully through doubt and temptation, against prejudices within and without, against sister and mother, towards the spiritual light and in faithfulness to the guidance of God. The keen appreciation, the deep sympathy shown in the telling of that story, bespeak a personal note—something perhaps of what the author herself has experienced in her way to the Catholic Church.

The book treats in an able way a theme of the utmost practical importance to-day, and we bespeak for it an encouraging and hearty welcome.

FAMOUS PAINTERS OF AMERICA.
By McSpadden.

Mr. McSpadden's book* does not purport to be a detailed or even a popular criticism of American art. It is, instead, a series of chatty, readable anecdotes dealing with the lives and personalities of noted American artists. In the author's own words, it is "directed to the reader rather than the critic—to the man who avoids technical definition as he would the plague, but who would be interested to know that once upon a time Benjamin West was a little Quaker boy in Pennsylvania, pulling fur out of the cat's tail to make his first brushes." Some eleven representative painters, from Copley and Stuart to Whistler, Sargent, and Sir Edwin Abbey, have been chosen for discussion—a list which might well be augmented, but cannot in itself be disparaged. The book is freely illustrated with portraits of the artists and reproductions of their works; and it ought to appeal to the holiday buyer who is interested in art from the outside.

* *Famous Painters of America.* By J. Walker McSpadden. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell & Co.

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THE SUNDAY-SCHOOL.

At the instance of Archbishop Ireland, the professor of Catechetics in the Seminary of St. Paul has published the lectures which he delivered to his students on the management of the Sunday-School.* Father Feeney deals with this difficult problem in a thoroughly practical way. He discusses the qualifications and duties of the director and the teachers; the gradation of classes; efficient methods of teaching; and the means to enlist the co-operation of parents. Father Feeney has a wealth of suggestions and counsel on pedagogical, as well as on administrative, matters which are well worth the study of everybody who shares in any way the responsibility of the catechetical office.

"THE NEW THEOLOGY."

It would, perhaps, be more appropriate to call this small pamphlet† a denunciation, rather than a refutation, of the theology of the Reverend Mr. Campbell. The temper in which Rev. W. Lieber writes is not irenic; and one would like to see a more methodical statement of the position attacked, and more systematic development of the arguments and proofs deployed against it. We think that a perusal of this refutation would never convert a follower of Mr. Campbell, though it would be pretty sure to exasperate. But it might be said that Mr. Campbell's claims that his "theology" contains any Christianity at all, in the long-received sense of the term, is so futile that it scarcely calls for any serious dialectical treatment.

ADVICE TO ECCLESIASTICAL STUDENTS.

Mr. Mure, who seems to be a kindly, sensible gentleman, of philanthropic disposition, has noticed that the ecclesiastical student has not the same opportunities as the office boy, the apprentice, or in fact any secular youth, for picking up some items of knowledge, which it is the business of nobody in particular to teach, yet which are not without their value in life. So, to remedy this want, Mr. Mure has thrown together a number of hints and advices on a variety of topics‡ pertaining to

**The Catholic Sunday-School. Some Suggestions on its Aim, Work, and Management.* By Rev. Bernard Feeney. St. Louis: B. Herder.

†"*The New Theology*"; *or, the Rev. R. J. Campbell's Conclusions Refuted.* By the Rev. W. Lieber. New York: Benziger Brothers.

‡*Tyronibus. Commonplace Advice to Church Students.* By Harold Henry Mure. St. Louis: B. Herder.

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personal habits, dress, hygiene, deportment, which he places at the disposal of the cleric. Some of the proprieties and improprieties that Mr. Mure calls attention to are so obvious that it is hard to believe them unknown to even the most Bœotian of ecclesiastical students. But not a little of the information and advice anticipates faults and blunders that are frequently perpetrated.

IRELAND.

The interest in ancient Ireland created by the Gaelic movement continues to stimulate the press to a brisk production of literature dealing with early Irish historical questions. Dr. Joyce issues a new compendium* of his large *Social History of Ireland*, in two volumes. Some time ago he published his smaller *Social History*, which was an epitome of the former. The present little handbook is a very compressed synopsis of the second publication. It dispenses with references, amplifications, illustrations, quotations, etc., and presents in bare outline, an account of the condition of the country in ancient times. It will be a boon to those who want to know the facts, divested of all critical disquisition.

The Reverend Canon Fleming returns to the perennial question of St. Patrick's birthplace.† He disagrees with the two recent biographers of the saint, Archbishop Healy and Professor Bury, who also differ from each other. Neither Dumbarton nor Wales is to be allowed the honor, if Canon Fleming has his way. He insists on the claims of Boulogne. The Canon, who does not bring forward any new evidence, assigns great weight to the testimony of the life of the saint by Probus. The question remains just where it was; and we must continue to say, with Katharine Tynan, in her *Rhymed Life of St. Patrick*‡:

> Sunny France, Scotia gray—
> It is not known to this day
> Which gave us Patrick. Which it was,
> To that land glory and grace
> From Patrick's sons and Bride's daughters.

* *The Story of Ancient Irish Civilization.* By P. W. Joyce, LL.D. New York: Longmans, Green & Co.

† *Boulogne-Sur-Mer: St. Patrick's Native Town.* By W. C. Fleming. New York: Benziger Brothers.

‡ *The Rhymed Life of St. Patrick.* Written by Katharine Tynan. Pictured by Lindsay Symington. With a Foreword by General Sir William Butler, G.C.B. New York: Benziger Brothers.

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Thus starts *The Rhymed Life*, and in lively recitative ballad verse, Katharine Tynan tells the entire story of St. Patrick, without missing a single incident of any significance or importance. The book consists of thirty-two large folio pages, where "a rivulet" of large, opulent, type "meanders through a meadow of margin," set off by artistic illustrations. If Blessed Patrick and sweet St. Bride only respond to the prayer of the Envoy, and

"Bless this book and scatter it wide,"

old and young may easily acquire and retain a comprehensive, if not complete, knowledge of all that is to be known of Ireland's patron saint. The short Preface, by one of England's most distinguished living soldiers, is so eloquent that one is tempted to quote it in full. We must be satisfied to give only the closing periods:

> If there be in the great life beyond the grave a morning trumpet note to sound the *réveille* of the army of the dead, glorious indeed must be the muster answering from the tombs of fourteen centuries the summons of the Apostle of the Gaels. And scarce less glorious can be his triumph when the edge of sunrise, rolling around this living earth, reveals on all the ocean isles and distant continents the myriad scattered children of the Apostle, whose voices answering that sunrise roll-call, re-echo in endless accents along the vaults of heaven.

The appearance of a fourth edition of Father Morris' *Ireland and St. Patrick*, attests the permanent value of the Oratorian's splendid tribute to the Irish nation as the living evidence of the high spiritual and moral type which the Catholic religion, when faithfully practised, can produce. One of the essays, that on the Bull of Adrian IV., has no critical value. Another, the longest of the collection, "St. Patrick's Work Past and Present," has, to a great extent, lost its original interest. It was a vigorous onslaught on the credit of the historian, James Anthony Froude, whose reputation was at its zenith when Father Morris assailed him for his misrepresentation of Irish character and religion. But for many years past Froude's name has become for everybody a synonym for inaccuracy and deception. The *entente cordiale* between the British Government and the Catholic Church in Ireland, which Father Morris announced to

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be near at hand in his essay on "The Future," has not yet arrived. Some prospect of its partial realization, on the subject of the University problem, is a hope of to-day. But the "non-conformist conscience" may prove politically powerful enough to postpone again indefinitely the fulfilment of the amiable Oratorian's expectation.

ROSE LUMMIS.
By Delia Gleeson.

The subject of this biography* was the daughter of a gentleman of fortune, who withdrew from the life of business and society to settle down on his estate at Sodus Point, on the shores of Lake Ontario, where Rose Lummis was born. Her mother belonged to an old Philadelphia family. Her biographer says:

> Brought up in an atmosphere of extreme culture and refinement, imbued with a deep respect for authority, thrown with people of wit, learning, and *esprit*, Rose Lummis was to spend among ignorance, lawlessness, and vice the greater part of her life, which her love for God and her zeal for souls made not only pleasant, but happy beyond words.

Among her earliest recollections was that of hearing, at her grandfather's home in Philadelphia, her grandparents and her aunt speak in tones of horror of "Cecilia becoming a Catholic." Wondering what the dreadful disgrace could be, she asked: "Aunt Rose, what is it to become a Catholic?" "Something awful Rosie, and Aunt Cecilia has made us all very unhappy," was the reply. Aunt Cecilia was the wife of Judge Lord, of St. Louis, who had been received into the Church by Archbishop Ryan. This incident sufficiently indicates the density of the prejudice which surrounded Rose's family. Yet Rose was converted at an early age. When at the fashionable Episcopalian boarding-school, St. Mary's Hall, New Jersey, where, with her classmates, she was prepared for confirmation by Dr. Doane, she refused to be confirmed, because she did not believe in the Episcopal Church.

Shortly after, she went frequently to visit the family of her father's brother William, who had married a Catholic, and whose children were all brought up Catholics. This family came, in return, to Sodus Point. On one of these visits, in 1862, came, with the cousins, William Pardow, a nephew of Mrs. William Lummis.

* *Madame Rose Lummis.* By Delia Gleeson. New York: Benziger Brothers.

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> One of the last days of the holidays the whole party had gone to spend it on one of the islands. Rose, as usual, flung her whole heart into the day's enjoyment, clinging, to the last moment, to the pleasant hours that for her, she knew, must end to-morrow. Standing apart, looking down reflectingly on the bright scene, William Pardow joined her to tell her a most astounding piece of news. On his return to New York he intended entering the Jesuit novitiate. His mother alone shared his secret.

Rose burst forth into denunciations, and endeavored to persuade her friend from his design; but without success. On his departure, the following morning, William Pardow gave her as a farewell token a copy of Butler's penny catechism. Rose reflected on the significance of his sacrifice.

> "I was a Catholic from that moment," Rose said years later, speaking of this event in her life. "The little catechism was now my sole instructor; I read chapter after chapter slowly and carefully, hunting up the references in my own Protestant Bible; and as I read, my only wonder was why I had not become a Catholic long ago, seeing the truth as it really was."

Rose was soon baptized; and then she organized a little chapel for the poor Catholics around her home. She vigorously fought the local Episcopalian clergyman, Mr. Salt, with the result that he, too, soon became a Catholic, and was followed by his sister, who, "though she died young, lived to see her brother President of Seton Hall College, and Vicar-General of the Diocese of Newark."

From the moment of her conversion Rose desired to become a religious. When she found herself, after her mother's death, in the little Canadian town of Simcoe, she again began a work of apostleship among the poor population, in which both morals and religion were at a low ebb. Here she worked wonders, and proved a ministering angel to a number of Irish immigrants who drifted under her protection. For her subsequent career—her essay on the religious life, her return to Simcoe, her later labors among the negroes and "po' white trash" in the South, we must refer our readers to this biography, which is a well drawn picture of a singularly beautiful character.

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THE VENERABLE PERE EUDES.

In Père Eudes, the editor of *Les Saints* series* had a subject well suited to give him scope to display his distinctive method of writing hagiology. Père Eudes was an apostolic man of action who, on a prominent stage, played a part in scenes and struggles which belong to the history of the Church in France. A contemporary of M. Olier and St. Vincent de Paul, he was a fellow-worker with them in the movement which "reconstituted the religious soul of France in the seventeenth century." He entered the religious life in the Oratory. After spending some years in it he withdrew; and established, successively, the Company of the Blessed Sacrament, the Congregation of Jesus and Mary, and the Congregation of the Good Shepherd. He was, besides, an ardent defender of the devotion to the Sacred Heart against the Jansenists.

The story of his life runs through the troublous currents of Jansenism and Gallicanism. He was in relations with Richelieu, Mazarin, Anne of Austria, and, at the close of his life, with the then young Louis XIV. More than one episode of his career illustrates the extent to which the French monarchy exercised, and the still greater extent to which it claimed to exercise, native authority over the Church in France.

An incident that occurred towards the end of Père Eudes' life throws some light on the importance which this question enjoyed at the time. Père Eudes was considered one of the great missionaries and preachers of France. He was respected by Anne and her son, although, or because, he did not hesitate to reprehend the frivolous life of the court. In 1671 he preached a jubilee before the court; and Louis was so pleased that he gave Père Eudes two thousand pounds for his works. Shortly afterwards he was spoken of as coadjutor to the Bishop of Évreux. He did not wish to accept the appointment and he had enemies enough to assist him to escape it.

When, many years previously, he was endeavoring to obtain the approbation of Rome for the Congregation of the Good Shepherd, one of his agents, in a petition to the Curia, declared that the Congregation wished to bind itself to defend all opinions, even doubtful ones, of a nature to support the authority

* *Les Saints. Le Vénérable Père Eudes (1601–1680).* Par Henri Joly. Paris: Victor Lecoffre.

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of the Pope. Père Eudes had never signed such an engagement.

Somebody ferreted the document out of the files of the Congregation of Bishops, and published it. Louis XIV. was angry. Père Eudes wrote a solemn disavowal of the document. He received a *lettre de cachet* ordering him to quit Paris within twenty-four hours, which he obeyed, April, 1674. Only after many supplications, full of grief and humility, was he allowed to return, in 1679. He died the following year. The orders which he instituted are spread throughout the world. The cause of his beatification is under consideration at Rome. The biographer has given us a volume of powerful edification, and at the same time an excellent historical monograph.

MOZART.

In this delightful study of the artistic, intellectual, and moral life of Mozart,* the compilers have given to musical literature an admirable collection of such writings and sayings of the great master as serve to reveal concisely, uniquely, and convincingly the greatness of his genius and the beauty of his character. The book possesses the exceptional value of an unconsciously written autobiography annotated with memoranda which epitomize in historical form the principal events of the artist's life.

While much has been written concerning Mozart, the master and composer, we are here brought into intimacy with Mozart, the man. We follow him into the privacy of his musical "workshop," and again into the glare of his public career. We are taken with him to public musical performances; we enjoy the benefit of his opinions concerning his works and those of his contemporaries; we are made acquainted with his strivings and labors, and, difficult though it be to associate the idea of sorrow with cheerful, sunny Mozart, we have occasion to sympathize with him as we find him at times suffering under criticism, affliction, and poverty.

Throughout his life, Mozart is first of all musician and artist. In the self-revelation of himself recorded in this volume, his significance in this respect is attested as clearly as in the magnificent productions he has given to the world.

* *Mozart the Man and the Artist, as revealed in his own words.* Compiled and annotated by Friedrich Kerst. Translated into English, and edited, by Henry Edward Krehbiel. New York: B. W. Huebsch.

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The book does not deal with the technicalities of music to an appreciable extent, though the musical reader can gather much that is of technical value.

HOME FOR GOOD.
Mother Mary Loyola.

"Being home for the holidays and home 'for good' are quite different matters, and it is her (a girl's) business to see that her settling down in the home circle is distinctly for good—her own good and the good of all around her." This passage, which occurs in one of the later chapters, might be prefixed to Mother Loyola's new book for the instruction of girls,* as an announcement of its purpose and scope. Passing, usually with no "reluctant feet," from the boarding school, where she has passed several years, to the home, in which during the same period she has been but an occasional, and generally a much-indulged, visitor, the young girl finds herself more her own mistress, subject to new calls of duty and new allurements to pleasure and self-indulgence. Her character is still plastic, and its future largely depends on how the girl now responds to the irreconcilable competitors for her preferences.

To girls at this crisis Mother Loyola offers herself as a Mentor. She lays the foundation of her instructions by insisting on the seriousness of life, the duty incumbent on everybody to employ it to some serious purpose, and to guide it by the life of faith. She unfolds, very persuasively, the motives which urge, and the methods which conduce to, the formation of a noble, unselfish, useful character; and lays bare the processes by which petty vices and ugly traits, that afterwards spoil a woman's life, are formed. Mother Loyola does not deal in abstractions and generalities. She writes as if she were living amid a family of young persons, and taking occasion of the incidents of daily life to point her moral. She does not preach; she converses; and she permits her audience to have their turn, which they employ usually to put forth reasons for preferring the primrose way to the stern, hard road—reasons which, it is unnecessary to say, Mother Loyola resolves into pitiful excuses, or unavailing subterfuges of selfishness or frivolity.

Though intended for English girls, and English girls of a certain class—people of wealth and leisure—Mother Loyola's

* *Home for Good.* By Mother Mary Loyola. New York: P. J. Kenedy & Sons.

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counsels are sufficiently broad and catholic to be useful over a wider sphere. Mother Loyola, however, must suffer the penalty of her skill. She has so nicely adjusted her instructions to the condition, character, and needs of her young English sisters, that they will not quite so perfectly fit girls of a different mentality. A young American girl, who is "home for good," would probably acknowledge the first chapter or two to be mature enough in tone to merit her respectful consideration. But when she would pass on to the subsequent chapters, she would, we fear, very often, gently, or impatiently, according to her character, close the book with the reflection: "Pshaw! this is for the juveniles." In that case, she would prove herself a benefactor to her younger sisters and friends by passing Mother Loyola's book on to them.

The excellent taste and care of the book-making and the literary selections shown in the Mosher Publications* are too well-known to need comment. A number of Mr. Mosher's latest publications have just reached us, and they are a delight to the eye and refreshment to the mind. Among them is a truly poetic collection: *A Little Book of Twenty-four Carols*, by Katharine Tynan; the famous letter, *Father Damien*, by Robert Louis Stevenson; *The Children's Crusade*—queer, and in great measure horribly fantastic tales from the French of Marcel Schwob, by Henry Copley Green; the preface gives a good estimate of this eccentric Frenchman's literary work; *Stars of Thought*, extracts from the writings of Emerson, made by Thomas Coke Watkins, with index; the beautiful *Legend of Saint Julian Hospitaler*, from the French of Gustave Flaubert, by Agnes Lee, who gives a short appreciation of the French author; *A Little Garland of Celtic Verse*, containing selections from Samuel Ferguson, W. B. Yeats, Nora Chesson, Moira O'Neil, Ethna Carbery, Lionel Johnson, and others; and *The Sweet Miracle*. From the Spanish of Eça de Queiroz, by Edgar Prestage.

All the books are printed and bound with exquisite taste.

* Thomas. B Mosher, Portland, Maine.

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Foreign Periodicals.

The Tablet (28 Sept.): In a reprint from the *Daily Chronicle* of a letter written by Rev. G. Tyrrell, and one from his subsequently published explanations, a considerable divergence of opinion is pointed out.——The Right Reverend Abbot Gasquet is appointed Chairman of the Committee for the revision of the Vulgate.

(5 Oct.): Father Tyrrell's comment on the Encyclical published in the *Giornale d'Italia* is deplored.——Cardinal Logue in an important speech in Derry gives warning against socialistic tenets.

(13 Oct.): The criticism of the Encyclical from *The Times*. The ecclesiastical seditions of a century surveyed editorially.——An account of the death and the work of Father H. I. D. Ryder, of the Birmingham Oratory.

(19 Oct.): The attendance of ecclesiastical students at civil universities as defined by the Encyclical.

The Month (Oct.): Attention is given to the Catholic Conference held at Preston this year. Dr. Windle's appeal for Catholic literature, expressed in his paper "Scientific Facts and Scientific Hypotheses," elicited considerable discussion. The proposition to establish a daily newspaper, suggested by a member of the clergy, was regarded as impracticable. It was urged that an appropriation be made for the translation of the anti-socialistic publications of German Catholics.——A critique of the life and works of the German writer Novalis is given by Harold Binnis.——The novels of William de Morgan receive attention from Rev. Herbert Thurston. He suspects that the name of the author given is a pseudonym. He says that the novels, *Joseph Vance* and *Alice-for-Short*, have a highly commendable philosophic value. While he considers that, in part, they are ill-constructed, yet there is no fiction since that of George Eliot so effulgent with epigrammatic brilliance as is displayed in these two books.

The Dublin Review (Oct.): Dr. Barry reviews the Papal Deposing Power as a product of the evolution of Roman Law. ——The Trilogy of Joris Karl Huysmans reveals at once, says Rev. P. J. Connolly, S.J., his characteristic gifts of

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power and color, and those tendencies toward exaggerated naturalism which he inherited from his master, Zola.—— The recent reaction against the Liberal party in Spain is discussed.——Mrs. Wilfrid Ward regards Charles Dickens as a realistic portrait painter.——Hugh Pope, O.P., gives the results of the excavations at Gezer, and points out the light they throw upon the Bible.——Katharine Tynan writes an intimate sketch of Lionel Johnson.

The Irish Theological Quarterly (Oct.): Rev. John O'Neill, Ph.D., discusses "Kant as Apologist of Theism," first giving in a few pages a clear exposition of the general teaching of the great philosopher, with a view of showing his basis of natural theology. As an apologist, therefore, his worth is doubtful, while, as a thinker and a man he remains a marvel.——Dr. Harty continues his discussion of "The 'Living' Question of the *Living Wage*." Incidentally, he highly commends Dr. Regan's work of the same title, though taking the liberty to disagree with him on occasion.——Fr. Pope, O.P., prefers the name "Literary Criticism of the Bible," to that of "Higher Criticism," illustrates the meaning of the phrase, and argues for the necessity of lawful and reasonable criticism. ——Rev. David Barry discusses "A Forgotten Matrimonial impediment," *Ecclesiæ Vetitum*.——Dr. W. McDonald criticizes the arguments alleged by Cardinal Mazzella in proof of the Infallibility of the Church. He finds them all faulty and inconclusive; and then gives the proof he himself thinks strongest.——Rev. John J. Toohey, S.J., contributes an article on "*The Grammar of Assent* and the Old Philosophy." He declares Newman's system "unique in conception and execution," but denies that "his doctrines cover the entire compass of the modern system," and thinks that the subjective side of Newman's philosophy is receiving undue emphasis at the hands of the disciples of "a rising school of philosophy."

The Irish Ecclesiastical Record (Oct.): The Rev. Daniel Coghlan elucidates the recent Encyclical on "Modernism." Each proposition is examined separately, and the significance of the condemnations laid bare. He objects to the use of the term "Modernism," on the ground that

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the fundamental proposition implied by it has been the basis of rationalism in all ages.——That the fame of the Apostolic Mission House has crossed the sea is attested by the Rev. Michael O'Flanagan in a sketch of the non-Catholic Mission Movement in the United States. The work and method of the Mission House are treated in detail. Deserved prominence is given to the indefatigable zeal of Fr. Elliott.——A correspondent, writing on the proposed substitution of abstinence from alcohol instead of meat on Fridays, expresses the opinion that if *bona fide* Total Abstainers were dispensed from the Friday abstinence, it would greatly increase their number.

The Church Quarterly Review (Oct.): C. F. Rogers believes that the main difficulty of the present education controversy in England is that the question has been inextricably mixed up with politics——An exhaustive account is given of the strange career of Joachim of Floris, and an appreciation of some of his doctrines. The writer believes that the teaching of Joachim was "Montanism returned, and that its failure was due to the same causes as that of its prototype."——H. C. Beeching discusses the problem of revising the Prayer Book, calling attention to some possible changes and improvements, and pointing out certain difficulties with which the undertaking might be confronted.——T. A. Lacey writes on the Christian idea of grace.

Le Correspondant (25 Sept.): In reply to the Minister of the Navy, M. Thomson, who, in July, taunted Admiral Bienaimé, in the Chamber of Deputies, with having been responsible for the bungling which marked the opening of the expedition of Madagascar in 1896, the Admiral gives a detailed account of the affair, and shows that the failure was not due to him.——General Van Vulmen contributes a short account of the Dutch regiments which formed part of the Grande Armée, and, almost to a man, perished in the Russian campaign.——Count de Miramon Fargues relates the story of the last Marquis de Beauvau-Tigny.——M. de Weede reviews the provisions made by various European states for the religious welfare of their armies and navies; and he contrasts the conduct of France in this respect with that of the other powers.

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(1 Oct.): M. de Broglie writes on the events and measures which marked the application of the Napoleonic Concordat in France. Protesting against the project, already bruited in the Chambers, of withdrawing the national subvention granted to Catholic missionaries in the East, M. Gervais Courtellement, who has traveled in the Near East and the Far East for twenty years, records the services which the missionaries render to French travelers as well as to French interests, commercial and political; and he gives reasons for his conviction that if anti-clericalism succeeds in having the national protection withdrawn from them, France will lose considerably.

Revue Pratique d'Apologétique (1 Oct.): A résumé of the late Encyclical by J. Lebreton.——Dom Cabrol takes P. Saintyves to task, who, in his *Essais de Mythologie Chrétienne*, tries to prove that the saints are but the successors of the gods of Rome and Greece.——J. Guiraud gives an appreciation of a dozen or more books relating to the ancient history of the Church. In the succeeding number he does the same with several books on the Church in the Middle Ages.

(15 Oct.): Mgr. Batiffol begins a series of articles, which will appear later in book form, on *L'Eglise Naissante et la Catholicisme*. His aim in this installment is to show that, while St. Irenæus is considered the chief exponent of Catholic doctrine among the early Fathers, his principles were not of his own creation.——J. Guibert suggests the proper attitude to be taken by Christians towards the latest Encyclical. It should be regarded as a "safeguard and not as a menace or burden."——L. Cl. Fillion concludes his criticism, begun in the first number for September, of the two recent German novels which deal with the life of Jesus.

Annales de Philosophie Chrétienne (Oct.): Laberthonnière comes to close quarters in his contest with Le Roy's *Dogme et Critique*. Laberthonnière's critique is exhaustive, and is to be continued in subsequent numbers.——F. Galibert writes of the "Faith of the Negro," a study of the elements of religion found in that race.——H. Bremond reviews a work of C. Latreille, on Francisque Bouillier, "the last of the Cousiniens."

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Revue Biblique (Oct.): Fr. Lagrange contributes an article on the decree *Lamentabili sane exitu.*——Fr. Lagrange also has in this number a paper on the historical remains of ancient Crete.——R. P. Vincent devotes an article of several pages to an exegetical study of the description of Solomon's Temple given in I. Kings, chapter 6.

La Civiltà Cattolica (21 Sept.): The Encyclical of Pope Pius X. is given in the full Latin text.——In an article entitled "Positive and Historical Studies in Theology," the writer criticizes the latest results of scholarship in theology, and points out their value and place in the curriculum of a Catholic seminary.

(19 Oct.): "Modernism and the Old Naturalism" is the title of the leading article.——The Dantean conception of Purgatory is examined with reference to the poet's determination of the seven vices.——"The Lay School" treats of Freemasonic attempts to drive religion from the Italian schools.

Revue Benedictine (Oct.): Dom Morin states his objections to certain views expressed recently in regard to the *Liber Dogmatum* of Gennadius. He gives critical arguments in proof of this thesis, that Gennadius was really the author of the *Liber* in its original anonymous form, but not the writer of all that appeared in a later recension placed in circulation under his name.——Dom de Meester continues his studies on orthodox theology, taking up in this number the Creation.

Revue Thomiste (Sept.–Oct.): "The Miracle, a Supernatural Phenomenon," is the thesis of a paper by Father Mercier. In his conclusion, however, he concedes that the question of the existence of miracles is one of fact, and must be studied as such.——M. Sentroul, of Louvain, writes on the Subjectivism of Kant. He insists, contrary to what his opponent, Abbé Farges, maintains, that he can demonstrate the objectivity of propositions of the ideal order, without refuting idealism and demonstrating the objectivity of sensation.

Die Kultur (Oct.): Dr. V. Kralik discusses the epic and lyric poetry of Shakespeare.——The Centennial Anniversary of the death of the great artist, Angelica Kauffmann, gives occasion for a sketch of her characteristics. Prof. Hart-

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wig treats "Uses of the Stereoscope," and shows of what importance for astronomical study this instrument has recently become.——Since the labors of Prof. L. Pastor, in his great *History of the Popes*, have now progressed to Adrian VI., this last German pope is the subject of a paper.——Kuk writes on National Navy Corporations, and relates how much is done in this direction in some countries, chiefly in Germany.——Kuptschinsky contributes sketches on his captivity in Japan during the Russian-Japanese war.

Theologisch-Praktische Quartalschrift (Oct.): Rev. Albert Weisz, O.P., contributes the fourth of his series of articles under the title, "Has the Priest still a Place in Modern Christianity?" The article deals with the task of the priest of to-day in relation to the widespread indifference and hostility to the idea of the supernatural and spiritual. ——Dr. Johann Litschauer writes of "Private Property Among the Ancient Civilized Peoples from Profane and Sacred Sources." Citing many passages from both sources, he shows that from the earliest times the right of private property was universally recognized among civilized peoples. This number contains the concluding article on the historical development of the Roman Missal by Beda Kleinschmidt, O.F.M.——Other articles are: "In the Treatment of Superstition" and "Exclusiveness in Spiritual Direction."

NOTICE.

The latest Encyclical of the Holy Father on "Modernism" is too extensive for publication in THE CATHOLIC WORLD. Desirous that it should be obtainable in handy form, we have issued a complete English translation in pamphlet, and will mail it to any address on the receipt of twenty-five cents, postage free. Address, THE CATHOLIC WORLD, 120 West 60th Street, New York City.

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Current Events.

France.

When the Assembly adjourned in July the Ministry of M. Clemenceau was thought to be on the point of falling. For this there were several reasons, the strongest of which seems to have been the want of an organized opposition. The many factions of which the Assembly consists, having accomplished the work of separation from the Church, had no common ground of action, and personal rivalries were coming to the front. The vacation, however, has supplied what was lacking. The unpatriotic efforts of M. Hervé and M. Jaurès, and the Unified Socialists who have been propagating sedition in the army and teaching the soldiers that they should betray their country even in the face of the enemy, have rallied to the support of the ministry the various parties, so that the first attack made upon it was repulsed by a majority of 400 votes to 80. Conservative Republicans like M. Méline, Socialist Republicans like M. Briand, together with the Radical Socialists, have all joined in the condemnation of the abominable theories of those who are crying: "*À bas la Patrie.*" Energetic action was taken by the government, anti-militarist demonstrations suppressed, the promoters of desertion arrested and sentenced to imprisonment. Toleration could not be stretched so far as to extend to men who taught that they would choose the moment when the existence of the nation was at stake to turn their arms against their fellow-citizens and help the foreigner in crushing their native land.

The most ardent lovers of civil liberty cannot blame the use of coercion in the repression of such a propaganda. That there should be found persons willing to promote it is the thing to be wondered at. The anti-Militarists are professedly lovers of peace, and also logicians who, like people in certain other spheres, push their narrow conclusions to absurd extremes and thereby ruin the cause which they would serve. Good sense and open discussion are the best means of saving the situation. In fact, these have led M. Jaurès to dissociate himself from M. Hervé's advocacy of desertion in face of the enemy, and to a secession from the Unified Socialists, involving the formation of yet another party in addition to the already large number.

Another anxious question has arisen in France, and that is

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whether the Republican administration of the army and navy is efficient; whether it is not even corrupt? Doubts have been raised by various events, such as the *Iéna* disaster. The Radical Deputy for Verdun, M. Charles Humbert, formerly employed in the Ministry of War, has published a work in which he criticises the state of the eastern defenses. He declares that the fortresses are inefficiently defended, that there have been malversations, bad construction of works, and negligent management. Millions of money have melted away without result. He goes into details in order to show that when France was within an inch of war with Germany, in 1905, about Morocco, the frontier fortresses were armed with guns which could not be aimed or even loaded, because the ammunition which had been voted by Parliament was not at hand; and he asked what had been done with the money. Owing to favoritism generals have been retained in command although physically unfit for it.

A leading newspaper has begun a series of articles on the anarchy which it declares exists in the Arsenals. The workmen, it is said, recognize no control, do little or no work, amuse themselves in their own way, and spend their time in talking politics; 2,000 men could easily do the work for which 6,500 are employed. The allegations made by M. Humbert were, however, denied by the defenders of the government in the debate upon the question in the Assembly. These defenders admitted a few exceptional defects indeed, but declared that unwarranted generalizations had been made. The Minister of War said that the defects pointed out were unimportant and had been remedied. The general impression, however, seems to be that everything is not as it should be, but that the discussion which has arisen, and the light thrown thereby upon the matter, will lead to the taking of remedial measures. The gallantry of the forces in the conflicts before Casabianca, and the efficient way in which the expedition has been managed, have tended towards the restoration of public confidence.

The ministerial programme for the Session which has just opened includes the long-deferred Bill for the imposition of an Income Tax and a project for the easier acquisition of property by working-class associations. By the abrogation of the Loi Falloux further steps are to be taken to transfer all teaching into the hands of laymen. The first Bill actually introduced has been a measure to facilitate the spoliation of the Church. The church property that would have gone to the public worship

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associations if they had been formed has devolved, by the Separation Law, upon the departments and communes, and is to be administered by them for the benefit of the poor. This provision of the law is held to be a violation of the rights of the relatives of the donors of the foundations, and some 20,000 actions have either been instituted or are on the point of being instituted in vindication of their rights under the common law. To prevent the possible success of these actions is the object of the Bill. By a majority of 400 to 163 the Bill was introduced.

A series of robberies of churches has been going on, pictures, shrines, and various other church articles have been stolen and sold by the thieves to private collectors in England and this country. Some of the criminals are in prison. And so the Church is suffering at the hands both of the government and of the private individual.

Very little progress has been made in Morocco. The rival Sultans are face to face. Raisuli maintains his independence and retains Kaid Sir Harry Maclean in captivity. France holds possession of Ujda and Casabianca, but has made no advance into the interior, keeping within the limits of the Act of Algeciras. Spain, who seemed to be drawing back from co-operation with France, is giving more active assistance. Meanwhile anarchy and chaos reign. If it had not been for the pacific state of the atmosphere, brought about by the various agreements which have recently been made, no one would be rash who should predict war. Even as things are it cannot be said to be impossible.

In addition to her other troubles France has been visited by a succession of inundations, which have caused not merely a vast destruction of property, but a considerable loss of life. Not for forty years has so great a calamity happened, twelve departments having been devastated in various ways. The President paid a visit to one of the districts that suffered, while the Assembly has granted six millions of francs for the relief of the sufferers.

Germany.

Another change has taken place in the Imperial Cabinet. The Foreign Secretary, Herr von Tschirschky, who has held office for about 20 months, has resigned, having found his position uncongenial. It is rumored that he has split upon the same rock which wrecked Count Posadowsky. The

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Chancellor, Prince Bülow, with his firm determination, notwithstanding his mild manners, not to be the anvil, did not find the Foreign Minister sufficiently useful. He is succeeded by Herr von Schön, a Hessian nobleman, who has for the past two years represented Germany at St. Petersburg. The appointment, of course, is made by the Emperor, without reference to Parliament, in the same way as President Roosevelt appoints the members of his Cabinet. A new Statthalter also has been appointed for Alsace and Lorraine, Count Wedel, who has hitherto been German Ambassador in Vienna. To him is credited the prediction that within two years there will be an *entente cordiale* between Germany and France.

The realization of this prediction is not very probable. There are, however, in Paris a number of financiers who are ready to admit German stock to the French money market, a thing very much desired in Berlin, for the financial embarrassment there is very great, and is said to be growing daily worse. In a certain sense this embarrassment is very creditable, for it arises, in part at least, from the stringent laws which were passed some years ago against the gambling which goes on in the other Stock Exchanges, and which is called speculation. The dearth of money in Germany is so great that all the resources in the possession of the government would do no more than pay for the cost of mobilization in the event of war. A loan would have to be issued even for hostilities lasting only four months. Where it could be raised no one knows. France, on the other hand, was never so prosperous, and nothing would please the Germans better than that French money should flow into German coffers. The French, however, evince a not surprising unwillingness to unlock their safes. It is not likely that the desired quotation will be granted.

Germany as well as France has a number of Anti-Militarists. Although they are far from being so extreme as the French, they are treated with greater severity. Dr. Karl Liebknecht has just been sentenced to 18 months' confinement in a fortress for having published a pamphlet in which he developed theories in favor of exciting antipathy against the army in all countries. The army was to be reduced to impotence by arousing universal indignation against the idea of war. This would render war impossible. No specific act which could be construed as treason was recommended. The sentence passed is therefore widely condemned as unjust, and Germany has still to be looked

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upon as a land in which political and personal freedom are still held in bondage.

The Poles in Germany are having a further experience of the truth of this. A new Associations and Meetings Law has been submitted to the Federal Council, which renders it necessary that at all public meetings in Germany the proceedings must be carried on in the German language. Permission to speak in any other language can only be obtained from the government. This measure is directed against the Poles in East and West Prussia.

Such an action as that brought by Count Kuno Moltke against Herr Maximilian Harden should not be even mentioned in these pages, were it not an illustration of the inevitable weakness attendant upon personal government. The Emperor William is as strong and able as any of the present rulers in Europe; yet a coterie of reprobates, made up of princes and generals, drew a circle round him and excluded all other influences, thus leading to decisions which had the greatest importance not only for the German people, but for the whole of Europe. The breaking up of this infamous gang was due to the disclosures made by a newspaper. The truth about these men was unknown, and as soon as it was learned swift punishment fell upon them. The means by which they obtained the influence for evil which they so long exerted were as old as the hills. To quote Prince Bismarck: "These gentlemen always say the monarch is in the right when the Kaiser expresses an opinion. When he looks round, he sees nothing but agreeing and adoring faces. They conflict with the responsible advisers of the Kaiser, who have the obligation to express to the ruler their opinion, even when it is contrary to his." The trial also shows how little private morals are influenced by the form of government. Strictly disciplined semi-absolutist Germany is as bad as our undisciplined land of liberty; princes and nobles are as degraded as the worst specimens of the *nouveaux riches*.

Austria-Hungary.

The subjects of the Emperor-King have had of late two reasons for gratitude. His majesty has recovered from a serious illness, an illness so serious that a fatal termination was at one time anticipated. And secondly, after years of negotiation, a settlement has been made of the economical relations of Austria and Hungary. This agreement, or

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Ausgleich, as it is called, is subject to the approbation of the respective Parliaments, but there are good hopes that this approbation will be given. For ten years there has been a state of chronic unsettlement, mitigated by various temporary arrangements. To this an end has now been put. The details of the agreement are too technical to be of general interest; the conclusion of a treaty, however, is of great importance, for a state of ecomonic warfare between the two parts of the Dual Monarchy, while unnatural in itself, might have led to civil and even to European war. The new arrangements give satisfaction to large numbers both of Austrians and Hungarians, but meet with criticism in some quarters, especially in the ranks of the Independence Party of Hungary. But a more moderate spirit seems to be growing, and a recognition of the advantages of peace.

The Socialists of Hungary, exasperated at the delay in introducing the Universal Suffrage Bill, which has been so long promised, signalized the recent reopening of the Hungarian Parliament by an immense demonstration, 60,000 or 70,000 persons took part in a meeting. All shops, cafés, and places of business were shut, and workmen of every trade made holiday except the railway and tramway men. The city, except where the demonstration took place, seemed deserted. The strength of organized labor was shown by the absence of fresh bread, newspapers, and amusements. A petition was presented to the President of the Chamber of Deputies, in which the grievances of the workingmen were detailed. These grievances certainly call for redress. The demonstration, we may believe, has not been fruitless, for a few days afterwards the Minister of the Interior, Count Julius Andrassy, announced in the Chamber that the Franchise Reform Bill would be laid before the House very soon.

Russia.

If any one is tempted to feel disheartened by the present political conditions of our country, he should study the state to which Russia has been reduced by an autocratic government. He would, while deeply regretting the evils which exist in this free country, be thankful that he does not live under the rule of a despot, who has twice violated his solemnly plighted word, where the military and the police and their spies have complete domination, except in so far as the exasperation of the people leads to reprisals in defence of the

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most sacred rights of man. Residents in Russia declare that the only two powers are the police and the revolutionaries. Every movement of the Tsar himself is under police regulation, in order to safeguard his life; and the liberty of every Russian is at their mercy. Law, even such law as is possible when it is dependent on one man's will, has been superseded by the state of "re-enforced security" which has been established through most of the Russian provinces. It would be monotonous to give a list of the murders and outrages which occur week by week. The condition seems well-nigh hopeless.

A life-long student of Russian affairs, M. A. Leroy-Beaulieu, however, thinks that a return to the unmitigated autocracy which existed before the Manifesto of October 30 is impossible, but that Russia may have to struggle on for some thirty years before it attains decent conditions of life. What those conditions are one striking fact reveals: the Life Insurance Companies have cancelled their policies upon the lives of all who are in any way connected with the Third *Duma* which has just opened.

This new *Duma* will be meeting just as these lines go to press. Its exact constitution, the various parties of which it consists, need not be particularized; every effort has been made to pack it according to the mind of the government, and these efforts have resulted in the return of a majority according to its mind. We must confess to taking very little interest in it or its proceedings, looking upon it as one of the many shams with which the world abounds. There are, however, others who ought to be well-informed, and therefore better able to judge, who take a more hopeful view. They find in the fact that it will have the confidence of the Tsar—a thing which we think very doubtful—ground for hope that it may do better work than its predecessors; and as it is made up of reactionaries, these will not destroy an instrument which gives them power; while even the appearance of free discussion will prepare the way for its reality.

The treatment accorded to the Catholic Bishop of Vilna, Mgr. Roop, is condemned even by the Russian press as an act worthy of the times of Mouravieff and not of what M. Stolypin has told us is a constitutional government. Without any process of law he was deprived of his bishopric and exiled from Poland. No one is safe.

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The conclusion of the Convention with Great Britain and the peace with Japan having closed to Russia the prospect of expansion in either the Far or Middle East, the Near East is the only sphere of activity left outside her own borders. No time has been lost in resuming her long-suspended activity here, and so far it is to be hoped that it may prove beneficial. The internecine warfare between the numerous various Christian races in Macedonia, which threatens a practical extermination of each and all, found a motive in a clause of the Mürzsteg programme which runs as follows: "As soon as the pacification of the country shall have been ascertained, the Ottoman government is to be requested to modify the territorial delimitation of administrative districts in the sense of a more regular grouping of the various races." Those various races drew the conclusion that the extent of the districts to be assigned to each would be regulated by their success in driving out the rest, and accordingly made a mutual warfare one with the other. Russia has now joined with Austria in declaring that any appeal on their behalf to be made to Turkey is dependent upon peace being made among themselves, and upon the disappearance of the bands for a long time, that the two Powers never contemplated a division of Macedonia according to racial spheres, nor would any account be taken of the losses and gains of the struggle which has been going on so long.

Italy.

Workingmen the world over are showing that they can be as dictatorial and selfish as those who are at the other end of the social scale. In our own country and in Canada they have given proofs of this, and have endangered the peace even of nations. An exhibition of the same spirit has been given by the State railway servants of Italy. Most of the railways are owned and managed by the State, and the employees consequently hold a privileged position. They are far better paid than the workmen employed by private firms. In fact, they make no complaints on their own account; yet, because in a strike which was going on in the North of Italy the government has used force in a way in which they did not approve, they threatened to disorganize the whole industry of the country and to inflict the severest penalties on the rest of their fellow-citizens.

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The Hague Conference.

Although our notice must be wholly inadequate, we cannot omit all reference to The Hague Conference, the sittings of which have lasted four months, and closed on the 18th of October. Volumes might be written about it, and doubtless its proceedings will be published in full; and by those who have time to devote to their consideration, greater profit will be derived than has been possible from the very condensed accounts which have appeared in the papers. There are those who think that it has proved a fiasco, even among those who did not expect, like Mr. Stead, that it would result in the limitation of armaments. To their opinion we cannot agree, for it is impossible for the nations of the whole world to have met in open discussion without some good result being brought about, even though that result may not be direct and immediate. This is true even in spite of the fact that in one respect its discussions have been pernicious and may prove practically injurious. The result of the rejection of all proposals for the regulation of submarine mines has left it open to nations, if so barbarously disposed, to lay these mines at their pleasure, in any and every place, by day or night, to the destruction of not merely the enemies' vessels, but of those of neutral powers. Those who argue that what The Hague Conference did not condemn it sanctioned can thus outdo pirates in barbarity. With this exception the results of the Conference either have been good or tend towards the good. An International Prize Court has been established which will decide impartially questions of loss by capture which have hitherto been left to the adjudication of the Courts of the capturer. Numerous Conventions have been made, all, with the one exception which has been mentioned, being in the right direction. Many praiseworthy improvements in the laws and usages of land warfare, the adaptation to war at sea of the Geneva Convention of 1896, and some useful adjustments in the mechanism of the Hague Arbitration, are other positive results. Provision has been made for the automatic recurrence of the Conference within eight years.

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THE COLUMBIAN READING UNION.

IN the course of his lecture on "The Law of Separation: Its Advantages and Drawbacks," before the Lowell Institute, Boston, the Abbé Felix Klein, of the Catholic Institute of Paris, showed that the law wiped out the burdens of the State, and increased the burdens of the Church. In other words:

The Law of Separation of Church and State in France, passed last December, is but an exemplification of the Bible text which bids us to render unto Cæsar the things which are Cæsar's, and in this case all things were Cæsar's.

Still, there are some compensations for the financial loss, however unjustly brought about. In the first article of the law is found the great advantage of freedom of worship, which means freedom to nominate the clergy without consulting the government. This freedom from interference will remove a most fertile source of strife with the State, and will now make possible the adaptation of the service to the needs of the people in 1907, and not leave the rural districts filled with priests without people and the cities with no one to minister to them. There is hope that the future will see a stronger Church, that will evangelize France.

The French government's ruthless exercise of its power was condemned as wrong in itself and greatly embittering the situation.

The Abbé said the disadvantage of the law that seemed greatest of all, in addition to the unjustifiable confiscation of all church property, whether donated by the State or privately, was the conditions imposed upon the organization of the Church associations.

During his recent trip to the United States, extending over four months, the Abbé Klein lectured at the Catholic Summer-School, Cliff Haven, N. Y. From there he went to give lectures at Chautauqua, the Chicago University, and other places on his way to California. At Boston he was the guest of the Harvard Catholic Club, in company with Archbishop O'Connell. An invitation came to him to address the students of French literature at Smith College, Northampton, Mass., which he gladly accepted.

* * *

The D'Youville Circle is composed largely of the Alumnæ of the Sacred Heart Convent (Grey Nuns), Rideau St., Ottawa. It is open to all who wish to enter, and counts, besides the graduates and other former convent pupils, representatives of various schools and colleges. The average attendance at the fortnightly meetings is between seventy and eighty. These meetings are always in the evening, from 7:30 to 9 o'clock. The course of lectures begins, like the meetings, in October, and ends in May, one each month. The lecturers during the past session were: Seumas MacManus, twice; Dr. John Francis Waters, twice; Edward K. Keiley, twice; Hon. Oliver Bainbridge, once.

The lines of study were the Italian Renaissance in painting, specializing Botticelli in the Early Renaissance; M. Angelo, Raphael, and Da Vinci in

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the high noon time of the movement; and the Great Masters of the Venetian School as leading to the decline.

The literary work was kept on the lines of the writers who have dealt with this great movement, attention being frequently called to the contemporary notable productions; one book note at least is presented at each meeting.

The musical evenings occur four or five times in the session. These afford an opportunity to study the characteristics of some one of the great early masters with a comparative study of a recent one. There are selected readings on these occasions bearing on the subjects under study. Such as Browning's wonderful poem: "Andrea Del Sarto," and his "Fra Lippo Lippi"; some of Walter Pater's glowing notes on the Renaissance types. Two plays of Shakespeare are assigned to be read by the members. Some notes on these plays are made at these entertainment meetings.

The government of the Circle may be called automatic, two or three secretaries are named for each session, two librarians. The Circle enjoys corporate membership in the International Catholic Truth Society, and finds Catholic reading matter to be mailed to 160 addresses. At each meeting one-half this number is attended to and packages are made ready for mailing. His Grace the Archbishop of Ottawa, presides at each yearly opening on the Feast of St. Teresa, October 15.

* * *

The manager of the Columbian Reading Union would like to get a report, similar to the one given from Ottawa, from every Catholic Reading Circle now in existence. A helpful pamphlet in Reading Circles will be mailed on receipt of ten cents postage. Address letters to the Columbian Reading Union, No. 415 Fifty-Ninth Street West, New York City.

* * *

Mrs. Mary St. Leger Harrison, better known by her pen name Lucas Malet, has given the critics much material for discussion in her recent book, *The Far Horizon* (Dodd, Mead & Co.) It is perhaps the most widely discussed book of the year, though the opinions of the reviewers are not harmonious. One high authority praises the style of the book, while another declares that the style "is diffuse, artificial, often pretentious; a style which would be considered distinctively literary by unliterary persons." In a recent article by Arthur C. Benson, on "The Ethics of Reviewing," he recommends authors to read what the critics say about their work, rather than to live secluded in a fool's paradise.

We hope that Lucas Malet will see the following notice of her book, written by E. M. M., of the D'Youville Catholic Reading Circle:

In *The Far Horizon* we get something more than the brilliant novel we have every reason to expect from the pen of Lucas Malet. It is undoubtedly her best work, in point of style, theme, and entire, almost startling, unusualness of plot and development. That it is convincingly Catholic in tone, is not its least merit. The plot is bold, and will, perhaps, be thought daring by some, and is drawn and elaborated with a man's strength rather than a woman's gracefulness. It is a story of very few characters, with one towering above the others.

Dominic Iglesias is thoroughly idealistic—a man, as the heroine puts

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it, "born five or six centuries too late into a pushing, modern world, which knows not chivalry." He is introduced to us at the age of fifty-five, a superannuated bank clerk, a Londoner by education and business association, but inheriting from his Spanish ancestors their grandee manner, and possessing a noble and ascetic soul. Every detail in the drawing of this character is perfect; the haughty note in the Spanish character is struck in his aloofness, his inability and disinclination to make friends, its self-sufficiency in his wholly unconscious preservation of that spirit of isolation, the result of the temperament and ideals produced by the difference of race. Its warmth is exemplified in his passionate adoration of his mother, his tender care of her, the memory of her serving to keep him a more than ordinarily good man till well on in middle life; its artistic tendency, in his appreciation of only the best in art and literature. He is presented to us as "a man who had lived long outside the creeds, and that not ungodlily, still less bestially," driven by his loneliness, and the coming of old age, to ask the question of the wherefore and the whither of this mortal pilgrimage, "desiring earnestly to be given grace to find the road—however archaic in the eyes of the modern world that road might be—which leads to the light on the far horizon, and beyond to the presence of God." Then at the age of fifty-five, assisted by boyish memories of his mother, whom he had revered, after much visiting of lecture halls and chapels, after much argument in books and with his own soul, he chose Holy Church, the communion in which he had been born and baptized.

The twenty-second chapter is wonderful in its clear, calm exposition of the claims of the Catholic Church to be considered "an organism, not an organization; a living being, perfectly proportioned, with inherent powers of development and growth; ever existent in the Divine Mind before time was; recipient and guardian of the deepest secrets, the most sacred mysteries of existence, endlessly adaptable to changing conditions, yet immutably the same."

The heroine, however, is not constructed of such fine clay; she is a very unconventional type. Far from blameless as to her past, she greatly errs in many ways as to her present.

That a woman should be able to picture so well and so delicately a character such as Poppy St. John, is a striking illustation of Lucas Malet's ability. The creation of these two characters—Iglesias in all the strength and beauty of his lonely soul, Poppy in the witchery of her personality, her irresponsibility, masking the tragedy of her woman's experience, made deeper through her yearning for the unattainable—is sufficient to lift the book above the level of the ordinary work of fiction.

The mind that could effectively combine these unusual elements—a hero in middle life, true to his ideals and undistinguished as to wealth or achievement, and a heroine not recognized by Mrs. Grundy, whose only outward bond of sympathy with the hero is her loneliness—that could develop their mutual attraction into the pathetically beautiful relationship described in *The Far Horizon*, and picture so dramatically the spiritual quest and triumph of Iglesias and the redemption of Poppy St. John gives proof of rare ability.

M. C. M.

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THE

CATHOLIC WORLD.

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A CRUSADE OF THE CATECHISM.

BY EDWARD A. GILLIGAN.

IN our day and land it is not easy to exaggerate the importance of the Sunday-school. It is still true that a majority, or at least a very large proportion, of our Catholic children depend chiefly upon it for their knowledge of religious truth; at the same time, it is admitted that the religious education it imparts is, in many cases, below the desired standard. The great desideratum is a body of competent teachers; and this can hardly come as the result of natural growth, but is to be obtained by the careful selection and training of teachers. This aim is being pursued in various places, conspicuously in New York, under the auspices of the Training School for Catechists;* and his Grace, the present Archbishop, has recently issued a letter strongly urging the importance of this work upon the priests and laity of his diocese. The object of the following pages is to trace the history and sketch the organization of a successful Sunday-school; to indicate something of the good accomplished by it; and thereby, we trust, to show what we may hope for from a Sunday-school that is the product of true zeal, organization, method, and hard work.

I.

Visitors to the great churches of Paris readily find their way to St. Sulpice, the principal church of the old Latin Quarter,

* See THE CATHOLIC WORLD, August, 1905, "The Teaching of Christian Doctrine," by Rev. John F. Brady, M.D.

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for it ranks in interest and importance, if not in beauty, with the celebrated churches of Notre Dame and the Madeleine. It is noted as a remarkable centre of religious life and activity; in fact, as a model, in this respect, for the churches of the whole country. The visitor entering the spacious edifice at any hour of the day cannot fail to remark the constant stream of people coming to assist at one of the many impressive services, or else to pay their tribute of silent prayer before the altar of the Blessed Sacrament. And if the visitor be a Catholic he cannot but be convinced that he is in a church where the faith is properly understood and practised.

But religion was not always in so prosperous a state at St. Sulpice. When, in the middle of the seventeenth century, Father Olier entered the parish as its pastor, and began the erection of his celebrated seminary, the place was considered the rendezvous for the irreligious, immoral, and criminal of all Paris. At that time the parish limits were much more extensive than they are now, embracing the whole *Faubourg St. Germain*, a territory which to-day is divided among nine parishes. To change the face of this, the most wicked part of Paris, and that too in an age of general moral laxity and religious indifference, might seem indeed a hopeless task. But Father Olier, animated with the spirit of our divine Savior, the Shepherd of souls, and encouraged by confidence in the assistance of the Mother of God, boldly began the work. The sure instinct of the true pastor led him to the root of the evil—the appalling ignorance of saving truth in which the majority of his people were living. The duty of religious instruction had been so sadly neglected that the great majority of the children —yes, and of the parents as well—were quite ignorant of even the elements of Christian doctrine. Here then lay the pastor's first appointed work; and so well and firmly did he establish it, that it has endured through all the vicissitudes of more than two centuries and a half, and has been perhaps the most powerful support of that religious life which has ever since characterized the parish of St. Sulpice.

Father Olier began the work of evangelizing and instructing his parish by putting into effect a carefully thought-out plan of organization. The district was altogether too populous and extensive for one school of catechism to satisfy its needs; so, in order to reach all under his care, he established a central

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school at the Church of St. Sulpice, and twelve subsidiary schools at points chosen for the convenience of the children and their parents. In equipping these schools with teachers he had an advantage with which few pastors are favored. He drew upon the resources of the adjoining ecclesiastical seminary, founded by himself, and thus obtained a corps of teachers who were the mainstay of the school, instead of being the element of weakness which, among us, renders so many Sunday-schools inefficient.

These young men, before the time of class, went through the streets, bell in hand, gathering the children together; they entered homes with an invitation to the parents to accompany their children; some of them even arranged to teach catechism at certain hours in the common schools, in order that all might be reached. "I begin," wrote Father Olier, "to perceive the design of God for the reformation of this parish. He wishes us, first of all, to secure the youth by imparting to them Christian principles and the fundamental maxims of salvation; and he will effect this by the ministry of the young students of the seminary." His confidence was not in vain. The novel spectacle of ecclesiastics, most of them of noble birth, going through the streets and into houses to gather pupils for their catechism classes produced a profound impression; and they soon secured for all the schools a normal attendance of four thousand children, besides a goodly number of parents.

II.

The organization as first effected has been kept essentially the same down to our own day. In certain details, however, changes have been made to suit varying circumstances. Thus, as new parishes were formed, the need for subsidiary schools at different points in the *Faubourg* diminished. To-day, besides the great school gathered in the Church of St. Sulpice, there exists only the school attached to the social-settlement house of the parish. Moreover, the establishment of the new parishes has naturally resulted in a greatly reduced attendance; yet still the school remains an exceptionally large one. Last year 1,740 names were inscribed on the rolls, while the attendance each week averaged 1,400 to 1,500. Yet another change is the smaller attendance of adults for instruction, mainly because few in the parish are now left uninstructed in youth. However,

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even to-day parents often assist at the sessions of the school with their children; and besides, a class for mendicants is still kept up and is well attended.

The aspect of the school to-day presents more variety than one would see perhaps in an American Sunday-school. The students range in age from six to twenty, even to thirty years. A remarkable feature, indeed, at least to an American visitor, is the large number of young men and women in attendance. A good number of the pupils work during the week in factory, store, or office; over 500 come from the state lyceums or colleges, or from the public schools, which are now positively irreligious; about 450 are pupils of Catholic schools; while nearly 700 are children who are being educated at home in good Catholic families or in private boarding schools. The catechetical school, therefore, must be so arranged, graded, and conducted as to meet the needs of these widely different souls. The actual result is the division of the entire school into twelve principal classes. Each of the classes again is divided into a number of groups, according to the needs and best interests of each. Six of the twelve principal classes are made up of those who have spent two years of preparation in the First Communion course, have successfully passed the examinations, and have made their First Holy Communion and been confirmed. Of the six remaining classes, three are devoted to the boys and girls who are following the course of two years in preparation for the reception of their First Holy Communion and Confirmation; while the three other classes take care of the younger children. To the large contingent from the state schools five of the twelve grand classes are given over: three to the post-confirmation course, one in the course of preparation for the reception of First Holy Communion, and one in the primary course.

In this school every rank of society is represented. In one of my visits a genuine boy of the streets was pointed out to me, who had been won over by one of the seminarian teachers, and who was instrumental in bringing with him to catechism class every Sunday his formerly wild and unruly companions from the poorest and most neglected part of the old Latin Quarter. Others of the children were from the fashionable homes of parents who had themselves, many of them, received the same instruction in the same school, and who are

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now prominent members of society. Others still are from that large middle class of society known in France as the *bourgeoisie*. Conspicuous in the sea of white, childish faces that I saw, was one of the deepest black. It belonged to the little son of an African chief whom an agent of the French government had visited in his native country, and from whom he had received permission to take back with him to France this child of the jungle. The little fellow, when I saw him, was a prominent member of the First Communion class.

The large corps of eighty seminarians actively engaged in teaching every Sunday permits the organizing of each class into so many distinct groups or divisions as to make it possible for the teacher's influence to reach every pupil. The teachers of the divisions are subordinate to one of their own number who, as head, attends to the general working and welfare of the entire class; the head teachers, in turn, are subject to one of the reverend Professors of the Seminary, on whom rests the responsibility for the entire school.

The worth of these seminarian-catechists may be inferred from their achievements in later life. Thus taking at haphazard one particular period: we find among the teachers engaged in the work at one and the same time the names of eight who later became archbishops or bishops, of three who became famous members of different religious orders, of one who died with the reputation of a saint, a victim of his devotion to the sick, of another who gave his life to the foreign missions, besides many who became devoted parish priests. And so it runs for every period, for to the Seminary of St. Sulpice come a goodly proportion of the most promising candidates for the priesthood from all France, and it is particularly from among these that the teachers for the catechism-classes are chosen.

The classes are held every Sunday morning in connection with Mass, save the post-graduate class for young women, which takes place Sunday afternoon. Each session lasts two hours, including the time for Mass. Two classes begin at eight o'clock, two at nine, and seven at ten. Besides this Sunday session, the children preparing for First Holy Communion have class also once or twice a week, during a certain period just previous to the reception of the Sacrament. Most of the classes are given in the basement of the church, but each has a separate small chapel there fitted up especially for its use. The great base-

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ment or crypt of the church is so planned as to represent one of the ancient catacombs with its long passageway and lateral chapels; each chapel given over to a class is frescoed in the style of the catacombs and dedicated to some early martyr. Thus is vividly brought home to the mind of the children an idea of the early Church, an illustration of the story of *Fabiola* which many among them have already read, a sense of the reality of martyrdom for the faith.

The exercises open with a short prayer, after which the head teacher announces the mystery or the saint commemorated in the Mass about to be offered. Each class has its own Mass celebrated in its own chapel; hymns are sung throughout, with an interruption for the reading of the Gospel in the vernacular. Mass ended, the entire class listens to a recitation of the lesson, which is the same for all. This test before a large crowd stimulates the children to do their best. It is succeeded by a private recitation in each group, the purpose of which is to see that every child has learned the lesson. Then comes a short instruction by one of the catechists, during which the children, or their parents for them, take notes on what is being said. These instructions follow a fixed plan, so that in the course of three or four years the whole cycle of religious teaching is completed. The pupils are then interrogated concerning the instruction of the previous Sunday, and for each correct answer a good point or mark is accorded. It is surprising how anxious the children are to obtain these good points and how carefully they treasure them. Next comes the recitation of several verses from the Gospels by volunteers who have previously handed in their names in writing. For each successful recitation here also a good point is given. Then there are interrogations and an explanation of the Gospel read in the Mass for that Sunday; this exercise is not obligatory, yet in all the classes it is one of the features most liked.

The teachers now make a report to the class on the written exercises which were handed in the previous Sunday and corrected during the week. The aim in these written home exercises is to reproduce the last instruction delivered before the class by one of the seminarians. To facilitate the children's work, however, a written synopsis of what is to be said is given to each child before the instruction is delivered. By this means the child follows the instruction more easily and intelligently,

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and can also at home, without great effort, reproduce in his own words what had been said.

There is a certain form into which the written task is to be thrown, for it is laid down that each theme is to end with a short prayer of the child's own wording and a practical resolution for the ensuing week which the child must strive to realize in his own life. This is drawn from the instruction by the child itself. If any errors have crept into these written reports they are marked with a pencil by the seminarian who examines them, and are, moreover, corrected publicly before the assembled class. For this written work also, when well done, the coveted good points are given. After this there is a short moral instruction or advice, generally of a very practical character, delivered by the head teacher to the entire class. Finally comes the short closing prayer and dismissal.

Besides this regular Sunday programme, there is another series of exercises which recur less frequently: some of these are intended to favor a growth in piety, others to keep up and, if need be, to increase the pupil's application to the study of the catechism. Thus once a month, in the chapels where the advanced classes assemble, a Mass is offered, at which it is customary for all the students to receive Holy Communion and to listen to a short sermon.

Then every year, just before the time for the reception of First Communion, four separate retreats are given, one to each of four different classes of the school. In this way all the children are reached at the same time. Confession once a month is expected from all preparing in the two-year course for the reception of their First Communion, and once every two months from the children in the primary classes. There are, of course, in order to arouse and keep up the children's efforts in study, the inevitable examination from time to time, and at the end of the year a general distribution of premiums.

From a knowledge of the details of the organization of the catechetical school of St. Sulpice the reader will readily perceive that what is aimed at is not simply instruction but the Christian education of the child. Education is the end sought; instruction is but one of the means to that end. The catechists have impressed upon them the fact that instruction simply furnishes the mind of the child with a certain necessary knowledge, while education draws out, elevates, and develops all

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the powers of the soul; that while instruction addresses itself directly only to the understanding, education at the same time forms intellect, will, heart, character, and conscience. They seek, therefore, not merely to teach Christian truths to their charges, but to imbue their souls with the spirit of Christianity, to make them grow and develop in innocence and wisdom, in the light and grace of the evangelical virtues, in the fear and love and service of God.

III.

The excellence of the fruits produced by such a system is proven by the testimony of many witnesses. Father Olier himself considered his catechetical school one of the greatest agencies given him by God for the reform of his parish; and how well it served him we can conclude from the words of a writer contemporary with him. "I would like," he says, "to be able to represent the state in which the parish of St. Sulpice was found fifty years ago, when the seminary was first established, and to compare that abominable Babylon, the sewer and cesspool of all moral evil, with that same parish as it appears now under the cultivation of the communities of the seminary and of the presbytery of St. Sulpice. It will suffice, however, to say that in the single church of St. Sulpice there are two hundred thousand Communions received each year, though there are now within the limits of the parish thirty other religious communities where the reception of the sacraments is possible and frequent."

Again, on the eve of the great revolution, despite all the scandals of the eighteenth century, of which Paris was the centre and principal theatre, another writer was able to state: "It is well known in Paris with what order and fruit more than sixty ecclesiastics in twelve to fifteen different places labor during ten months of the year to instruct the children of the *Faubourg St. Germain.* Among all the institutions for which we are indebted to Father Olier, there is none better fitted to keep religion in honor than his school of catechism. The care with which the children are instructed both before and after their First Holy Communion is regarded, with reason, as one of the principal sources of the blessings showered upon the parish of St. Sulpice, and it is the explanation that is ordinarily given of the remarkable piety which is always there manifest."

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And fifty years later, in the middle of the nineteenth century, the biographer of the Comtesse du Parc, who was herself a notable example of the good accomplished by the catechism classes of St. Sulpice, thus wrote: "After the foundation of the seminaries—the principal object of the mission of this holy priest—it may be said that the greatest good he did was the establishment of his catechism classes, which are so well fitted to renew the spirit of faith and to form the young to solid practices of Christian piety." In fact, in the course of its long existence, the school has produced good fruit in such abundance, and exercised so happy an influence, that the exceptionally good lives of some of its pupils have not infrequently inspired religious writers to relate them to the public in beautiful and edifying biographies.

Nor is the good being accomplished to-day less than in the past. This is evidenced, for example, by the flourishing pious and charitable associations which have grown out of the school. In these the children find a field for the easy application of the principles in which they are being instructed, and so learn from the beginning the practice as well as the doctrine of true Catholicism. Thus in the advanced classes for young men and boys two associations are existing and thriving: the Confraternity of the Blessed Sacrament and the Sodality of the Blessed Virgin; to be admitted to these as members is considered by the young men and boys no small honor. Moreover, there is also, in connection with these classes, a Conference of the Society of St. Vincent de Paul. Its object is to initiate the young men into the practice of works of charity. The conference is closely united with the catechism-class, its president being the head teacher, and its members the students and graduates. The members visit and help the poor, and to carry on their good work they also provide each year, through their own efforts, the sum of five hundred dollars.

The girls and young women of the advanced course have likewise an association to promote piety and the exercise of charity. In their Blessed Sacrament Society a two-fold end is proposed: adoration before the tabernacle and the preparation of children from the state schools for the reception of First Holy Communion. At present there are a hundred and thirty faithful adorers in this sodality, of whom eighty are also competent and zealous catechists. They too are active in collect-

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ing money for charitable purposes. Each year, by their own efforts and through donations from friends and relatives, they collect over four hundred dollars, which they use in the work of the parish settlement and in defraying the expenses of the catechetical school.

The influence of work like this could not be confined to a single parish; it has gone forth and brought fruitfulness to many a neglected corner of France and to widely separated lands. The teachers of the school who come from different countries to prepare themselves at St. Sulpice for the priesthood, are there formed to the work of catechizing, and on their return home they imitate as priests the model which they had under their eyes while in the seminary. They understand, of course, that the organization of the work cannot be the same everywhere; that as Sunday-school directors they scarcely dare hope for assistants equal in ability and training to the select corps of teachers at St. Sulpice. But they have become familiar with an almost ideal school of catechism; they have learned the necessity of thorough organization; they have seen the value of method and been convinced that a slipshod system will produce indifferent results; they have experienced the need of preparation for class-work, and put aside the notion that catechetical instruction demands little or no care. To them the necessity of training teachers for this work is an elementary idea, and they do not understand those who can, with no desire of changing conditions, look upon a school where the entire religious education of hundreds of children is entrusted to untrained and incompetent teachers. Their hope and their endeavor is to inspire the best and most intelligent young men and women of the parishes into which they are sent with the idea that they can hardly devote themselves to a work more noble and fruitful than that of forming young souls to the doctrines and spirit of Christ.

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ARNOUL THE ENGLISHMAN

*AN HISTORICAL ROMANCE OF THE THIRTEENTH CENTURY.**

BY FRANCIS AVELING, D.D.

CHAPTER IX.

"BOOM!"

In the far distance a deep-toned bell rang out through the keen autumn air, striking upon the ears of a little band of travelers.

"Boom!"

It was the great tenor of Notre Dame that echoed and reverberated in the still afternoon, the long brazen note poured forth from the quivering metal dying in melancholy cadences over the low, marshy land that sloped towards the river.

"Boom! Boom! Boom!"

Every instant the pulsing sound grew closer and more insistent as the journeyers made their way towards the ramparts that Philip Augustus, King of the Franks, had raised about the heart of his capital.

They were riding through the green fields now—fields interspersed with the houses that peeped through the circling trees; fields radiating from the tower-broken circuit of the enclosing wall; fields eloquent, in their green cultivation and care, of the near presence of a place where men toiled and labored, city-wise, without thought of that grateful nature about them that made it possible for them to live at all.

The Abbot was deep in thought. At his side rode his counsellor, silent too, as was fitting, since his superior did not address him. Riding behind were the two monks destined for the Paris schools, and Arnoul. Their journey, as far as he at any rate was concerned, was drawing to an end. His goal was almost within sight. In an hour he would find himself within the walls of Paris, across the Seine, on the other side of the towering, soaring mass of the cathedral that sent its full-throated brazen voice thundering and pulsing and booming

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across the closely packed roofs of the town, and out over the green sea of fields encircling it. He was all excitement and animation as he drew his steed up to the Abbot's side.

"Your blessing, Father!"

"*Benedicite*," replied Abbot Benet abstractedly, scarce noting that he was opening the flood-gates of questioning to an eager boy. The consultor pricked up his ears. He was wearying of the long silence.

"Father Abbot," began the lad, "are those the bells of Paris that we hear? And what is that—and that—and that?" He pointed to the right and left of the straight road at buildings peeping through the trees. Here the spire of a church or monastic establishment lifted itself above the clustering dwellings that nestled around its base. There a vast mass of solid masonry rose, solitary and forbidding in its conscious strength, battlement and tower and bastion, keep and frowning gateway, wall and moat complete, out of the green plain.

The Abbot looked up from the roadway, upon which he had for some time been gazing in moody abstraction, and took a sweeping glance round. He drew a long breath of satisfaction as he perceived that they were at length nearing the city from which he would turn his steps again towards the great mother-house at Citeaux, beloved by all the members of the Cistercian order. For the sons of St. Bernard were always more happy in their monastery homes than abroad; and Citeaux was their home above all others. His eyes fell first upon St. Lazare and the chapel of St. Laurent, lying in their isolation before them towards the right of the route they were following.

"There," he said, indicating with his hand the group of buildings lying in the boskage on the left," are St. Lazare and St. Laurent. We shall soon sight the Temple. Look for the towers over yonder!" With his left hand he pointed towards the south, where the towers and frowning walls of the military brotherhood began to rise stolidly from the sea of green. They passed close to the two churches, keeping to the left of the wall along which the highroad ran, and came to the fork where it splits into two and then three, north of the Abbey of St. Martin. There was no mistaking St. Martin's. It stood high up upon a swelling eminence looking down upon the fertile fields and the limpid streams that watered them. There were gnarled oak trees straggling up the side of the hill that it crowned; and the great

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sails of windmills turned ceaselessly beside its cloistered enclosure.

The party followed the westernmost road, leaving the frowning Temple, with its gray masses of hewn stone, well upon the left. Before long they found themselves at Bourg l'Abbe, and drawing within actual sight of the encircling wall of the town.

All along the way the Abbot pointed out to the lad the houses and the smiling fields that he knew, naming the branching roads and the bourgs and religious houses or civil establishments to which they led. Behind them, miles to the right, lay the convent of the Filles Dieu, beside the little stream that ran through the valley; and before them were the clusters of houses that had broken through the bounds of the wall and already pushed and jostled each other out into the fields. Then there was the wall itself, through a gateway in which they entered the jumble of dwellings. It was massively built, this wall, with its moat or fosse at the base, of squared and dressed blocks of stone; and it had, moreover, been built double, the interval between the two faces being filled with rubble and cement which bound it all together into one solid block of concrete. At regular intervals between the gates towers and projecting buttresses were set, that frowned down upon the fields without and, like a line of sentinels posted round the town, gave a sense of security to the burghers within. When they passed through this stone cincture of forts and buttresses and towers there was St. Magloire, again on the left hand, regnant in its crowd of emulous suitors, and the older wall, of which little now remained, that had restrained the advances of the former town.

The Abbot again stretched out his hand to the right, pointing out a cluster of towers and turrets soaring, one against the other, into the sky.

"That," he said, "is the Louvre; and nearer, the tower you can just see, is that of St. Germain l'Auxerrois.

"But look!" he continued. "There are the twin towers of Notre Dame; and we are almost come to the Pont au Change. There it is! The Grand Chatelet guarding the riverside and the rights and privileges of the town!"

They passed slowly through the crowded streets, under the beetling fronts of the houses that seemed to fall towards each other on either side and become closer and thicker as they proceeded. Houses jammed and wedged together in prolific con-

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fusion; houses of plaster or gypsum, with great, projecting, carved beams of wood; houses of three and of four stories, mounting and climbing with every variety of angle and individual architecture, above the paved streets that Philip Augustus in his wisdom had seen fit to provide for the burghers of Paris. There were houses substantial and proud, wedged in between narrow buildings, upstart and arrogant; houses of dressed stone that jogged elbows with plebeian structures of lesser pretensions and greater ornament. Dark ends of beams carved and chiselled, projected above the roadway; and from the overhanging windows and in the narrow, crowded streets the vast collection of the people stood and gazed or moved and circulated, without concern for the Lord Abbot of Buckfast and his little train.

From the encircling wall inward, the houses ever thickened and pressed upon each other, growing higher and lifting their pointed roofs further up towards the sky as the ground space became more meagre and their jostling together more pronounced. It was a maze of irregular, narrow streets, crossing and intersecting each other at all angles, but cut sheer through by the straight road which our travelers were following. This led, with hardly an angle or a bend, from the chapel of St. Laurent to the Grand Chatelet, standing guard over the approaches to the city proper.

Here were the dwelling houses of the merchants and burghers of Paris, their shops and stores, their offices and public buildings, their chapels and hospitals and churches, running together in picturesque confusion, like the masses of color upon a painter's palette. To the north and east—within the wall that stretched in an irregularly drawn semicircle from the Tour de Billi, on the one hand, to the Louvre, upon the other—the cultivated fields that had been enclosed within the precincts of the town were fast being encroached upon by new buildings similar to those that had already burst out into the surrounding country beyond St. Magloire. From the ten openings in the ramparts highroads that began somewhere near the Grand Chatelet radiated east, west, and northwards—running out like the tentacles of some monstrous creature, dividing, crossing, and coming together again. Scattered houses, abbeys, and farms along their length here and there grouped themselves together in little clusters and villages. To the east there was the Bourg

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St. Eloy, with its culture, closer to the wall than Rully and St. Antoine des Champs. Ville l'Évêque lay on the west, straggling out along the intersecting roads that met just above the westernmost extremity of the gardens of the Louvre. Between these two points the solitary Grange Batelier, the Monastere des Filles, St. Lazare; St. Nicholas in the fields, King Robert's Palace, the Temple—to go from west to east—were the outposts of the seething life gathered together and pent up within the wall towards which all these roads converged. And to the south lay the Seine, cutting across from east to west like a bar of silver, forming the natural protection of the town. Five islands lay upon its bosom—three within the walls, two without, near the Tour de Billi. As it was the southernmost boundary of the town, so it was the northernmost of the University, which stretched away, in its turn, with its wall and gates and excrescences and roads, into the country towards the south.

But it is time to get back to the travelers whom we left standing before the frowning arch of the Grand Chatelet that guards the bridge joining town and city. Arnoul, making good use of his license, was pouring out question after question. His eyes sparkled. He was excited and animated. The crowded streets, full of people hurrying hither and thither, fascinated him; the strange medley of nationalities, the strange dresses, the bustle and movement of the great town. There were merchants of all kinds of merchandise at their shop fronts; and merchants crying their wares up and down the streets—sellers of cutlery and vegetables, silks and velvets and fish. There were the makers of headgear, with their bonnets and aumusses and coifs, felt hats round and low, with their brims turned up, or high in the crown and boasting of no brims at all. There were the bakers disposing of their wheaten bread, their bread of rye and oats, of barley, and even of bran; and there were butchers with their joints and pieces of flesh—for they did not sell by weight in those days—beef and mutton and pork. There were purse-makers with wallets and leather breeches exposed for sale, leather and horsehide and pigskin; and the manufacturers of dice of every conceivable material, ivory, metal, leather, and wood.

And there were taverns, taverns everywhere, among all this medley of shops and merchandise; taverns where wine was sold

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"by the plate"—since only those who ate could drink; and taverns where it was sold "by the jug," so that the buyer could carry it away. Apothecaries, in whose dark shops that sovereign remedy for all the ills of man, the golden water that we now call brandy, could be found—known to Albert the Great himself; grocer, apothecaries and vinegar makers, and Jews hawking their wares from the six streets of Jewry up by the Halles all through the city, and even over the two bridges to the University on the other side of the river.

Jews and Christians, Frenchmen and Italians and Germans, Arabians and Spanish Arabs, too, with their serious faces and pensive eyes, their great tomes and commentaries under their arms. But these were for the most part on the other side of the river, where the University was, and where the parchment sellers and straw merchants sold their bundles of straw to the students and scholars to sit on, and where the book vendors plied a lively trade. Masters of their crafts, with their one or two apprentices—the cloth weavers and the cutlers; the silk spinners, whose widows could take their places in the guild when they died; the fish merchants; the hereditary butchers and the carpenters who built houses and boats and carriages as well as made tables and benches; they were all there, together with a goodly sprinkling of clerks and canons, monks and scholars, friars and the riff-raff of the populace at large. Above the rush and roar of the crowd, piercing high and shrill above the cries of the vendors and the tread of feet upon the narrow stone-paved streets, rose the voice of a woman, old and puckered and drawn, stooping under a load of cast-off clothes and rags: "*Cote et sorcot rafeteroie! Cote et sorcot rafeteroie!*" Coats and overcoats to mend!—periodic, insistent, harsh, metallic. It was like the menace of an impersonal fate hovering over the tangle of human lives and the huckstering barter and banter of the merchant crowd. Querulous, piercing, regular, reiterative, like a creaking gate or a bough grinding in a wind, it rose and fell. Menacing, cringing, monotonous, the voice rang forth: "Coats and surcoats to mend! Rents and tears and rags! Frayed cloth and stained! Tatters and shreds! They all come to that at last! Clothes and merchants, monks and courtiers, scholars and teachers, bishops and kings! Wear and tear, and rags and rents! Coats and surcoats to mend! To mend!" The voice passed on slowly, losing itself in the gen-

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eral hum; and the decrepit form, bent under the bundle of rags and tatters, tottered round a corner on its way to the six streets of Jewry.

Through it all Arnoul, drinking in the unfamiliar details of the scene, kept up his battery of questions. Who was this? and, What was that? and, Where were the schools of the cathedral? The little group was still—they had been standing there perhaps five minutes in all—before the Chatelet, the Abbot doing his best to keep pace with the lad's changing play of questions and giving him all the information he could. When he asked of Notre Dame, the good monk turned, and passing through the arches of the Chatelet, led the way across the stone bridge, between the rows of goldsmiths' and money-changers' shops that lined it, and gained for it the name of Pont au Change. Passing by the parish church of St. Barthelemi and the Priory of St. Eloy, and skirting the public square that opened before the Palace, they turned sharply towards the left and found themselves in front of that great pile of masonry that comprised Notre Dame itself and the Évêché, St. Denis du Pas, the School of Theology, and the Hotel Dieu.

"There is the cathedral," said the Abbot, pointing with his hand and naming one after another the buildings that rose before them. "We are in the city now; for you must know, Arnoul, that the city and the island are the same thing. We entered the city when we crossed the stone bridge where the goldsmiths were. But you will see Notre Dame again, lad. Turn to the right hand here. So! We must cross yonder wooden structure. That is the bridge joining the city to the University. See! There is the little Chatelet; and yonder the great high-road that leads straight from the bridge head to the papal gate in the southern wall."

They crossed the second bridge.

"Now," continued the Abbot, "you are in the University. There, on the right, is St. Severin; and before you lies the Hospital of the Almoners of St. Benet. And there, on the left, is St. Julien le Pauvre and St. John Lateran—named after the mother and mistress of all the churches, the cathedral at Rome. You cannot see many of the buildings from here, but you will soon have time to explore them all for yourself. And down near the gate to your left is the abbey and school of St. Genevieve, the rival of Notre Dame itself." He continued speaking

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and replying to the lad's questioning. But the questions grew rarer and shorter, as Arnoul felt himself at length within the University proper; and at last he was silent altogether. It was all new and strange; but he was there at last. Perhaps his excitement in town and city had left him a little stale and flat.

But he was still gazing about him, if he was not plying the Abbot with questions, and thinking hard. The University presented an aspect that differed in many respects from both city and town. There were colleges here, rather than shops; religious establishments in place of parish churches. And the crowd —for it was no less crowded than on the northern bank of the river—was not the same. There were fewer merchants, aud those of several definite and limited classes: parchment sellers and straw mongers, with a book shop here and there: and, as he discovered later, in the Rue St. Victor, there was the only place where one could purchase ink in all Paris. That was the shop of Asceline de Roye.

Here the principal wares were of such a kind and nature as to betoken the presence of a place of learning, rather than an ordinary town, and the sort of customers one would expect to find there.

And the clerks! There was a representation, it seemed, from every nation under heaven. Most of them were young men—youth, in fact predominating, in the narrow streets—youth buoyant, studious, careless, sober, rollicking, staid; youth well cared for and well to do, in foppish silks and furs; and youth poor and out at elbows, sallow-faced and pinched with over much study and want. One conceited young fellow was mincing up the street to the class of the particular master he patronized with a self-satisfied smirk. His servant walked before him carrying several huge volumes bound in leather dyed a vivid red. No doubt of it, he fancied himself immensely and considered himself the most profound philosopher in the whole University! And on the other side of the street, a bent and sallow man, verging on forty years of age, crept round a corner, ragged and threadbare, and hurried off in the opposite direction to the school at which he slaved and studied, sitting on the straw and drinking in open-eyed and open-mouthed the learning that he sat up all the night to master. Arnoul noted the hungry look in his eyes, as he crept hurriedly down the street. He stuck close to the walls of the houses and flitted past like a shadow.

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There was hunger for knowledge speaking from those sad, deep eyes; and hunger for bread spoke eloquent in his emaciated cheeks.

Then as they passed on one side, to avoid a collision with a band of downcast-eyed friars, they almost ran into the midst of a crowd of a very different type. A tavern door gaped, and like a great mouth sent forth a torrent of ribald song and drunken clamor, as a handful of scholars reeled over the threshold into the street. Arnoul caught a glimpse of the interior and a whiff of the reek that streamed through the opening. There were still students within drinking. It was a low sort of place and the frequenters looked poor. But the drink had made them forget their poverty and become quarrelsome or amorous. What looked like valets or servants, better clad than they, were in the tavern too; and women, flushed and heated with wine, talked loudly and sang, or shouted tags of scurrilous verse, out-doing even the men in their shamelessness and clamor. One man lay stretched on the floor in sodden unconsciousness—the butt of lewd jest. A woman was kicking at him with her foot; but he did not stir. It was a disgusting sight; and Arnoul, who had not seen drunkenness and coarseness before, drew back with a shiver.

They avoided the reeling and stumbling rabble and passed on. The scholars had by this time come to blows among themselves where they were not occupied in mocking and shrieking vile epithets after the religious. A functionary of the University, gorgeous in his robes of office, came into sight, making his way through the press at the heels of his beadle; and then two or three black robed monks and canons.

The whole scene was perpetually shifting and changing, the human figures—black and red and white and gray and green—weaving themselves in and out like the warp and woof of some strange tapestry. "It was the tapestry of life," thought Arnoul, "vivid and brilliant and sparkling. This was the University! A web of human lives woven together into one great and mysterious picture!" And the cry of the old woman, under her burden of rags in the town came back to him. "*Cote et sorcot rafeteroie!* Coats to mend! Rents and rags!" Here was the tapestry of life. It would wear and fray and tear! Already the fringes were ragged!

And it wove and unwove, and raveled and unraveled, before

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his eyes. And he was one of those moving figures now. And—The Abbot's voice broke upon the train of his meditations: "Wake up, Arnoul! Here we are at last! Your voyage, at any rate, is done!"

They turned a corner into a quiet street, a backwater off the main stream, and found themselves at their destination.

CHAPTER X.

When Abbot Benet had left Paris for Citeaux, in company with many other Cistercian prelates, going to the chapter from the north of France, it was not many days before Arnoul was quite at home in his new surroundings. The two young monks, his companions, had settled down quietly in the cloister to a life differing in nothing, save in the hours of class and study, from that of their Devon home. But he found all things very different. The Abbot had taken him to the Abbey of St. Victor, and placed him under the care of the Canons, who were so famous for their generous hospitality towards students from the provinces and abroad. Here, while he did not follow the strict rule of the religious, he was obliged to some extent to a regular life of study and routine. He found himself in the company of scholars rich and poor, gathered together from all directions, and all impelled by the same desire for knowledge that animated him.

The first morning, after Mass and school, he chose his friends. The students were walking to and fro in the Abbey gardens, discussing the lesson that they had just heard, arguing and disputing as students will; and he was walking with them, not daring to lift his voice or join in the discussion, for fear of betraying his ignorance. One handsome young fellow, three or four years his senior, was arguing in a loud tone of voice. He was evidently a favorite, for he had quite a little group of the scholars listening to him. His voice, despite its loudness, was melodious and his speech of a strong southern accent. This, together with his curling hair and dark complexion, proclaimed him what he was—a student from the north of Italy or else from the southeastern corner of France.

Arnoul liked his face; though perhaps the lips were a trifle full and the eyes too close set, while his voice was liquid and flowing.

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"And Maitre Jehan remembers," he was saying, "how that same Maitre Amaury was adjudged guilty of heresy after he had lain buried for full four years. The synod decreed that he should be dug up again and buried in unconsecrated ground. Nor is that all. Maitre Jehan remembers seeing ten of his disciples burned at the stake, because they refused to recant and deny their teaching; and a great number were imprisoned for life as an example for the rest. Now I find," he went on, frowning judicially, "that our good Giles holds those same doctrines; and, of a certainty, he ought to recant or taste the fire."

"Nay, my good Maitre Louis"—it must have been Giles who spoke—"I never said that all was one; nor would I hold that God and his creatures were the same and identical. What I maintained was that all things are in him."

"Oh, oh!" broke in the group in chorus. "And what did Amaury make of that?"

They continued disputing and bantering, walking up and down the garden paths, until Louis the Gascon tired of his dialectical fencing. Catching sight of Arnoul, who already looked upon him as a being altogether superior, he beckoned him to his side.

"And who are you?" he asked. "A newcomer evidently; and by your dress and color, an Englishman. Do you belong to the English nation? Are you inscribed? Have you made the acquaintance of the Dean of the English?"

He poured out a string of questions, of which Arnoul only succeeded in answering two.

He was certainly an Englishman; and he had done nothing as yet, since he had only that morning come to St. Victor's.

Louis the Gascon immediately took him under his own especial protection and patronage.

"I shall take you to the Dean myself, and you shall be inscribed at once. Moreover, I must show you our beautiful city. It is the most beautiful and wonderful in the world. I have been here for the past four years, and there is very little of Paris I do not know. I shall show you all there is to see."

The group surrounding him nodded in confirmation of what he said. They were admirers of Maitre Louis, even in his conceit. Only Maitre Giles pursed his lips together and shook his head when no one was looking. Maitre Louis might be bril-

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liant in logic and know his didaskalia; but he, Giles, knew of another side to his character that did not come out in the class-rooms. It might have been pique, it might be jealousy, but there was a frowning look in the eyes of Maitre Giles as the Gascon spoke of his four years' acquaintance with Paris. Maitre Louis, however, had forgotten Giles and Amaury of Bena altogether; and continued his self-imposed task of imparting information to his newly-found Englishman.

"You are a clerk, remember, and enjoy the benefit of clergy. Thank God, the king handed us over to the church courts! We are all Maitres and Messires on this side of the Seine! The civil power has no hold on us. Yes; you are certainly a clerk and enjoy benefit. Hola! you fellows! I shall not dispute any more. I have a novice to instruct in the manners and customs of our University."

He moved off with Arnoul along one of the quieter paths of the garden. He was certainly a very fine fellow, thought the boy, as he replied to questions of England, of himself, his parentage and achievements, and listened to an account of Gascony and the family and doings of Maitre Louis. A very fine fellow indeed, and one that he ought to be proud to have as a friend and mentor! He was handsome and *debonnaire*, quick of mind and of a ready tongue. Who better could he have to introduce him to the life and studies of Paris?

They arranged to go together to the Dean of the English nation that afternoon after the school of decretals; and Maitre Louis had added one more to his circle of admirers and found a ready hero-worshipper in Arnoul before they entered the Abbey again for the midday meal.

And be it said to the credit or discredit of the Gascon that he was always ready to put himself out for a newcomer, provided he saw any chance of adding to his own little group. Admiration and praise were as the breath of life to him; and whatever there was in his character that could claim neither he kept carefully in the background. He was, in truth, for all his physical beauty and keen wit, a weak man; but he took pains to cover his weakness with a show of learning and an imperturbable calmness of feature.

While Arnoul, for all the tissue of factors that were woven into his boyishness, and showed many-hued and complex, on the surface, was at heart perfectly simple, the apparently guile-

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less Louis was in reality both crafty and subtle. But then he was careful to show nothing but the best; and no one would have dreamed for an instant, that under his charming smile and brilliant speech, there was anything but singleness of intention. Probably he himself did not realize that there was.

The two young fellows were a contrast physically as well as morally. Of the two, Arnoul stood some inches the taller, but Maitre Louis was the stouter. The Englishman was sun-browned and open; the Gascon's natural swarthiness was toned down and paled somewhat by his studies and his city life—his features insensibly moulding to a student type. Both were young and handsome; as fine a pair as you could find in all the University, brimming over with life, bent on getting on, two magnificent young animals, clean-cut, and as well set up as race horses.

Decretals over they set out, passing into the University through the Porte St. Victor and leaving Place M'Albert upon their right as they bent their way towards the lodging of the elected Dean of the English.

Their conversation ranged through all the subjects that would be of interest to a newly-come member of the schools.

"Can you tell me," Arnoul was saying, "why there were so many more scholars at this afternoon's lecture than in the morning? I suppose that there must be more chance of getting on in law than in science or theology. But the hall was quite full this afternoon. There must have been twice as many there. If that is the branch of study that offers most chance of advancement, I suppose I must go in for it. My brother would have me do my best; and I'm sure I want to get on just as much as he wants me to."

Maitre Louis began to laugh—a dry, expressionless laugh, that neither increased nor diminished his habitual smile. "It's well you have fallen into my hands," he answered. "You might have acted on the strength of your observation and tied yourself at the beginning to a mouldy and stupid career. 'Most of the scholars come to the decretals class. Therefore the law offers the best chance of success,' you argue. That shows you are new to the game. You have an enthymeme that carries no weight. Now I can tell you—but then I know the University by experience—that the real reason is this: The decretals are in the afternoon. The scholars love to be abed of a morning.

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Ergo! Or I can cast it for you into one of the approved syllogisms, if you will.

"But wait a moment! Look at yonder modest building rising in the Coupegueule. And by the Holy Mass! it is a street of cut-throats! That is the new college founded by the king's confessor, Maitre Robert of Sorbon. The house and stable were given him by Louis himself. Cardinal Godfrey de Bar, the Dean of Paris and the Archdeacon of Rheims, gave him money. And he's got Lawrence the Englishman—your compatriot, by the way—and Godfrey des Fontaines, and, above all, the great William of St. Amour himself, to help him. If I make no mistake—and I'm not likely to, since I'm so long in the University—that college is going to outrival all the schools. The queen's physician is interested in it; and King Louis is doing his best to make it prosper.

"But you were talking of the decretists. Now, if I were you—if you will take the advice of a friend—I should advise you to go in for logic and natural philosophy. That's the real thing that pays nowadays. There's that absurd young friar, now, just begun to teach at St. Jacques'. He made his studies here a few years ago. He is all for Aristotle and logic! Why, Albert himself, his own master, is almost forgotten; and he's only been here a few months. William hates him. He hates them both—this Dominican upstart and Brother Bonaventure over at the Cordeliers. But you could never take the Franciscan's line. It is all mystical and speculative; whereas, Thomas is practical. You don't want to make his mistake—you must stand by the seculars, since you are a secular yourself—but you can't be wrong in learning logic and getting all the practice at dialectic you can. Look at me, now," and for the first time Arnoul noticed a smirk of conscious pride on the Gascon's visage, "I am a rationalist; and just see how it has advanced me and gained me friends."

"Who are these men you speak of?" asked his companion. "Who is this upstart Thomas; and the Franciscan friar Bonaventure? And who is this William who so hates them both?"

"You must know," explained Maitre Louis, "that here in Paris there are three kinds of scholars. There are the monks and friars, first of all, who profess poverty and walk about with bare feet and beg. They wish to be thought great saints! One of these days you may hear the poet Rutebœuf, or even St.

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Amour, expound what their humility and poverty really mean. Then there are the students who live in religious houses, like you and me, with the canons at St. Victor. And lastly, there are those who live in lodgings. They are fine fellows! One of these days I shall live in lodgings myself! They do just as they please—are their own masters and are quite uninfluenced by the prejudice of an Alma Mater. They choose their own professors and arrange their own classes. They follow no rule, for they are free men; and, generally speaking, they really represent the University."

"But Abbot Benet told me—" began the lad.

His companion broke in upon him. "I know what you are going to say. Abbot Benet is a Cistercian monk, and does not understand the life of a University. You are quite old enough and quite wise enough to judge for yourself. Wait till you have heard the greatest doctor in Paris! Wait until you have seen William of St. Amour! You are a sensible fellow. I saw that at once, or I should not have taken you up and offered to show you Paris. You are an Englishman. I am a Gascon. We do not even belong to the same nation! But I saw that you were a brave chap, with a good spirit of your own. You must not tie yourself to the Abbot's word in everything. You must judge for yourself!"

Arnoul said nothing. This was a new doctrine; but the glaring flattery was subtle for him and he rather liked it. It seemed a great thing to be able to dispense with the advice he had always had and to act for himself—freely and without influence. But there was a suggestion of insubordination in it that he shied at; so he turned the conversation into a new channel with his next question.

"What shall I do when we see the Dean?" he asked. "And what does it mean to be enrolled a member of one of the nations?"

"It means," answered his instructor, "that you take the place assigned to you in the ranks of your nation. The English nation comprises the Germans, as well as scholars from Hungary, Scandinavia, and Poland. You will have your Dean to take your part, if you get into trouble, and your own attorney to defend you. Besides, you will have a legal place in the University; and that's a great thing. You must be very civil to the Dean when you see him, and answer all his questions.

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He is an Englishman himself—that is to say, he is really a German, but it's all the same thing—and of course he will do his best to make you feel quite at home. There is a small fee to pay for enrollment. You will give him a little more for himself, to get a good place. He has a certain discretion. But you need fear nothing. I know him personally; and, even if I am a Gascon, I will speak to him for you."

They continued conversing and making their way towards the chapel of St. Andeol, near to which the Dean had his lodging, passing between the parish church of St. Cosmas and the Hotel de Clugny. There was always the same throng of people crowding the streets; and Maitre Louis apparently knew many of them, for he continually nodded and smiled and bowed, and sometimes even interrupted his speech with Arnoul to exchange a word or so with some passing student or layman. Once he left Arnoul's side, near St. Andeol, and kept him waiting while he conversed with a Jew. Arnoul knew that he was a Jew, not only by his strongly marked features, but by his garments as well, for he wore the usual fringes at the four corners of his dress. Had the lad heard what passed between them, he might not have been so enthusiastic over his new friend. But he did not hear; and when Maitre Louis rejoined him, saying: "Old Ben Israel has a pretty daughter and sells valuable parchments," he lost the first part of the apology in his interest in the second. At length they reached the Dean's. He was in, and Arnoul was properly inscribed as a student of Paris, living at St. Victor's, and a member of the English nation. The Dean spoke with him at some length of himself and England, and expatiated upon the significance of his membership in the corps. He was a pompous man and heavy in his conversation, speaking his Latin with an accent and in measured words. But he took the offering Arnoul laid upon the table and carefully stowed it away in the purse hanging by a double thong from his cincture. He bowed the two out at the head of the stairs. The interview was over.

"I think we may have a cup of wine now," said Maitre Louis as they regained the street; and Arnoul, nothing loath, assented. "The Dean might have offered us some refreshment," he grumbled, "especially as you gave him so good a fee. But you can get nothing from some people. Here is a good wine house I know. It will do at a pinch, at any rate."

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They entered the public room, and drank wine to the success of the newly enrolled Englishman. Maitre Louis—he seemed to have friends everywhere—knew half the people in the tavern, and introduced his protégé to them. They were jolly fellows, most of them clerks and evidently hail fellow with his companion, whom they accosted heartily. They were speaking of the friction between the regulars and the seculars—a topic of which Arnoul knew little; but he liked to listen to them and their brilliant and caustic clash of words. One or two were Englishmen like himself; and leaving the others they came over to him and spoke of England and London and the King Henry who was then over in Gascony.

By the time he had drunk his wine and paid for both himself and Maitre Louis, he was on good terms with the company, and they voted him a good recruit and prophesied great things for him.

On the way back to St. Victor's he could get his companion to talk of little but St. Amour. It seemed that the dispute was fast rising to an acute crisis between the astonishingly brilliant, if self-constituted, representatives of the secular professors in the University and the friars they so hated and contemned. Louis was full of it. What he had just heard he retailed, with considerable embellishment, to Arnoul, pouring into his ears an unstinted panegyric of St. Amour, and running the regulars down on every count. St. Amour, without doubt, must be a wonderful personage, if all Maitre Louis said of him was true; and the friars were obviously a disagreeable and meddling crowd. He would take his stand with Maitre Louis and the great William. He would study dialectic. He would throw in his lot with the stronger party, and thus make a name for himself. And how could he do it better than under the tutelage of Maitre Louis? It was settled in his mind —at the end of his first day at the University. No decretals, but logic, science, and dialectic! And he would certainly sit under the chair of St. Amour. He thought of the Abbot on his way to the chapter at Citeaux. He thought of his brother, in his priest's uneventful little Devon parish. He thought of Vipont and Sibilla, and his hand went mechanically to his throat and traveled down to the reliquary hidden in his bosom.

But he said nothing of what was passing in his mind. Only, from time to time, he asked questions of his companion

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as they returned to St. Victor's by the cloister of the Carmelites and the old Palace of Clovis.

And, in the answers, he learned much of the new life he was to lead, much of Maitre William, much of the long-standing conflict between the two contending schools. He did not recognize it as yet, as it came home to him later on, that those same two parties, struggling in the University for mastery, were as old as human nature itself. How could he see in Plato and Aristotle the two drifts of human intelligence and piece them on, through the fathers and the old monks, to the two currents flowing strong in Paris, and carrying the minds of men away with them in their flow? He only heard the two sides roughly delineated by a partisan; and, boy-like, ranged himself with the one.

When the two scholars reached St. Victor's he was, without knowing it, already more than half a disciple of St. Amour, and had drunk in, in the poison of Maitre Louis' words, an unreasoning dislike of the mendicants.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

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A LEGENDARY LIFE OF SAINT PATRICK.

BY JOSEPH DUNN, PH.D.

IT was doubtless owing to the motive of connecting the Apostle of Ireland with Armorica that at least three ancient lives of the saint laid the scene of his capture by pirates in Brittany.

According to later Breton traditions, St. Patrick was born near Pont-Aven, in the garden land of Brittany, whose fame as the "Millers' town" *par excellence* has given rise to the couplet

Pont-Aven, ville de renom,
Quatorze moulins, quinze maisons;

a chapel is dedicated to him at Lannion, at the opposite side of the peninsula, and, according to the popular almanacs, he is invoked for the relief of the dead.

St. Patrick figures as one of the *dramatis personæ* in at least two Breton mystery plays. In the older, the "Life of St. Nonne," mother St. David, which, by the way, is one of the earliest Breton texts extant, dating from the fifteenth century, he plays a strange *rôle*. God the Father despatches an angel to Patrick to tell him that, in obedience to a design of Providence, he shall leave the place in which he is and that, in thirty years, David will be born. Patrick demurs to this plan: "What!" he exclaims, "I to fast for some one that will not be born for thirty years, expose myself to dangers in foreign lands and go with bent-down head like a blind man? What does God, the true King of the world, wish? I have always served him as his liege-man the best I could, but, now that he intends to exile me from this land, I will serve him no more." Again the angel is despatched and, on the assurance that he will be made apostle of the island to which he is to be sent and that no harm will happen to him, Patrick gives his consent to go. He then hires a ship and sailors to take him to Ireland to preach there the faith of Christ.

In the other mystery play, still inedited and existing in only one manuscript copy dating from something more than a century ago, Patrick is the chief personage. In fact, the title of the play is the "*Buez*, or Life of St. Patrick, Archbishop of Ireland."

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Neither the name of the author nor of the copyist of this curious piece is known, but this much is sure, that it was composed by a young clerk, a native of one of the cantons of Tréguier, as the dialect in which the play is written makes clear. Although the author had had some education, it was not enough to prevent him from falling into all kinds of errors in history and chronology, in spite of the fact that he had the assistance in its composition, as he himself tells us, of a "Father of the order of St. Francis, a learned man and prudent, and full of wisdom." But, after all, the poor poet is frank enough in confessing that his work is "without study or style."

Like all the Breton mysteries, the "Life of St. Patrick" is in verse, the favorite meter being the French Alexandrine; but occasionally other meters are employed, and the verses rhyme in pairs. It is not uncommon to find whole phrases repeated in the course of the work, and mere stop-gaps are found on every page. In a word, the style of the piece is as mediocre and as prosaic as most of the Breton works of the same kind. Yet, in spite of all that, it is valuable from the point of view of language, and for the light it throws on the life at the time it was written, for, it may not be out of place to remark, the authors of the Breton mystery plays represent the characters of their dramas as contemporaries, no matter when or where they lived. Consequently, we should be asking too much if we looked for historical truth in these naïve productions, whose primary purpose was to edify the audience before whom they were to be given. Therein lay the greatest value of the Breton theatre.

Long after the mystery plays had disappeared from the rest of France, to give way to the comedy and drama, this mediæval *genre* lived on in Brittany and afforded the Breton peasantry their best diversion and their only information, even if somewhat distorted, on sacred and profane history. The author of a mystery did not bother himself much, and his auditors bothered themselves even less, about the historicity of the subjects and characters of the play. For this reason he chose, it made no difference whence, the subject, taking care, however, to hit upon one that would draw and hold the people. The author of the "Life of St. Patrick" excuses himself for not having introduced farces and pleasantries into his play, which, he admits, would have delighted the playgoers. And yet, he had not acted niggardly in this respect, one would think, for he metamorphosed the druids or pagan priests of the cruel king of

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Ireland who persecuted Patrick into devils, who speak big oaths and thump and pummel each other to the great amusement of the audience.

There must have been a great many versions of this legendary life of the Apostle of Ireland, of which the Breton *Buez* is but one. It will be sufficient to mention here one in French, bearing close resemblances to the play we are discussing, one in Spanish, due to the arch-priest Montalvan, and another in Spanish, based on this last, by the dramatist Calderon de la Barca. There is every reason to believe that the Breton mystery was written to explain the origin of the Purgatory of St. Patrick, and serve as introduction or prelude to one of the numerous plays of that name. There could be no subject that would appeal more to the imagination of the Breton of two hundred years or more ago, as it would to the imagination of the Breton of to-day, than that wonderful Purgatory which enjoyed such popularity towards the close of the Middle Ages, and the marvelous adventures with which the converted soldier, Louis Eunius, met in it.

The four versions mentioned do not agree on all points in what they tell us of the life and works of Patrick. It will be worth while, perhaps, to point out some of the most striking passages in which they agree or disagree, taking the Breton text as the basis.

The first Prologue asks pardon of the audience for the faults and rudeness of the work and the slips of the actors: "Excuse us, I pray, if we make mistakes, and we will pray Jesus to pardon you, too." As was the practice on such occasions, the players and audience kneel and join in singing the *Veni Creator*, and thereafter, before entering upon the argument of the play, the Prologue pays his respects to the clergy and nobility who are present, requesting their attention: "On you, priests and nobles, depends the attention of all present. Following your good example, they will give us audience and all will remain silent."

Now, says the legend, in that part of Ireland that lies opposite England and is near the sea is a small, sparsely peopled village called Emothor or Emptor. This is Nemthur, where, according to the Old-Irish Hymn by Fiacc of Sletty, one of the oldest Lives of Patrick, Patrick was born. At a time that is not more definitely stated in the legend there lived in that place a knight and, not far away, a lady whose name was Conchèse, or Conquesa, who is the Concess of the oldest Irish

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Lives. Both this young man and woman had made vows of celibacy, but God the Father announced to them through his angel Gabriel that their vows were not pleasing to him, for he had chosen them for each other. The Breton play alone informs us that the knight was at that time sixteen years of age and the lady fourteen. Moreover, his name was Timandre, a name unknown to the other versions. From more reliable sources, however, we know that his name was Calpurnius, that he was a Briton and a Roman citizen, and that his home was at Bannaventa, which was probably in what is now southwest Wales. The Breton *Buez* differs further from all the other versions in calling the maiden Mari Jana. She, says the Breton poet, was sister of St. Germain (of Auxerre), but the others have it that she was sister of St. Martin of Tours. In any case, they agree in affirming that she was of French blood, and Calderon contents himself with informing us that Patrick, for he it is who was afterwards their son, was born

De un caballero irlandes
Y de una dama francesa.

The proposals of marriage of Timandre and Mari Jana are carried out with much formality in the presence of the young lady and her brother, the count. Timandre is supported by his adviser, the vicar, who does most of the parleying for his client. The next scene takes place in the church. The vicar asks the names of the young couple:

"My name is Timandre, at your service; in that name I was baptized into the faith and into the Church."

"And mine," answered his betrothed, "is Mari Jana, also at your service."

The Vicar: "Well, Timandre, are you willing to take this Mari Jana who is here present?"

Timandre: "Yes."

"And you, Mari Jana, do you also promise to take for your husband Sir Timandre?"

"Yes."

The vicar then addresses them a short homily on the meaning of the Sacrament of Matrimony, and, at the conclusion of the ceremony, the entire company go to the wedding feast.

In general, the Breton author is better informed and more precise than the other writers I have quoted. It was five years, he tells us, before the prayers of this virtuous couple were an-

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swered; "a thing," he adds, "of rare occurrence in that land." The visitation of the angels at the birth of the child, and the scene of his baptism, take up considerable time in the action of the play, for the questions of the priest and the responses of the page and governess, who act as sponsors, are given in full, just as those of the priest and the child's parents on the occasion of their marriage. At the command of the angel Gabriel, the name Patrick is given to the boy. One might suppose, from the silence of the Breton author on the subject, that Patrick was the only child of this marriage; but we learn from the other accounts that he had three sisters (or even five, according to a note in the Franciscan copy of Fiacc's Hymn in Honor of St. Patrick) namely: Lupina, Ligrina, and Dorche—the two last are called Tygridia and Dorchea by Montalvan; of whom the first mentioned remained single, but the others married, and the second had twenty-three children, nephews of Patrick.

These popular versions agree in saying that Patrick's parents ended their days in a cloister; and the Breton author, presumably to flatter some local community and without regard to the violent wrenching of the chronology, says that Timandre entered the order of St. Francis and that the mother of Patrick became a religious of the order of St. Clare. They had left the boy, a mere child, in the care and guardianship of the count, his mother's brother, says the Breton author; but, say the others, it was to a lady, who according to the French version was his aunt, to whom he was entrusted. In any case, he was afterwards put to school with the faithful vicar, who, for a certain stipend, engaged to teach him reading, writing, and the catechism, the boy having expressed his preference for learning rather than for a martial career. He was only a lad of six when he performed miracles: he restored sight to the eyes of a man who had been blind from birth; and he could not have been much older, ten, eleven, or twelve years of age, according to the French version and Montalvan, when, by his prayers, he caused a deluge, which had come from the melted snow and threathened to destroy all the land, to subside.

Meanwhile the devils have heard of the miraculous deeds of the child, and of the spread of the faith which he preaches, and, filled with alarm, they convene a council. As these scenes of deviltry are those in which the Breton playwrights and actors

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made their master-stroke, and as the one before us is typical of the class, it will, perhaps, be well to translate word for word a portion of it. We can imagine the mirth of the spectators when some well-known local figure was held up to ridicule.

Lucifer summons the princes of hell "to stretch their legs," and calls upon each to give an account of himself. "It's a long time," he cries, "since any one has come to the fire," and he gnashes his teeth with rage.

Beelzebub speaks: "Prince, here's a draper I've brought down. I pretended to be a simpleton and he gave false measure. He measured his laces and ribbons too short and then sold them at twice what they were worth."

Asteroth speaks: "I've trapped an inn-keeper that kept false accounts. He stole from his customers when their bellies were full, put water in the wine and vinegar, sold for eighteen *sous* an article worth fifteen, gave nine or ten eggs for a dozen, and charged five *sous* for an omelet fried in a sauce of watery cider and dishwater."

Satan, to whom had been entrusted the surveillance of Ireland, reports: "There is a brat there who does more harm than a dozen of us. So I advise you to send some one else, if you wish, but I sha'n't go there again." The upshot of the wrangle is that Asteroth proposes that some one seize Patrick and denounce him to the emperor, and Beelzebub volunteers to undertake the task, disguised as a laborer.

The French version is the only one of the four that gives details of the well-known story of the capture of Patrick by pirates. The Breton simply mentions that Patrick was only eight years old at the time; but the French legend, which is nearer the facts in the case, has it that he was sixteen, and that his capture happened in this way: Patrick was walking along the seashore with a few companions, reciting the psalms, when he was taken prisoner and brought to the far end of the island, where he was sold to a prince of that land. This was the "Emperor" before whom Beelzebub led and accused Patrick; but, because of the boy's tender age, he was punished by being sent away to a solitary place to watch his master's sheep, which are substituted for the herds of swine of the native versions.

Then follows a droll scene in the Breton *Buez*. Patrick is in the wilderness in prayer. God the Father sends the angel Victor to comfort him. But Victor, who, of course, is unknown to Patrick, first tries his patience: "Good-day, young shepherd;

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what is new? You are quite lost to the world in this lonely place. Have done with your melancholy; enjoy yourself. I have cards; let us play a game and dance the steps I have learned at the academy."

Patrick protests that he knows no games, and, besides he has no money.

"What sort of a man are you, anyway?" exclaims Victor. "A man lively and gay is worth the woods full of such bigots. Come, without ceremony, let us make ourselves at ease. Let us dance a little without more ado."

Finally, since Patrick does not yield to the temptation, the angel makes himself known.

The germ of the story of the conversion of the two daughters of the High King Loegaire by Patrick, Ethne the White and Fedelm the Red, is well known even in some of the earliest accounts of the saint's life, but the Breton dramatist has taken the mere mention of the princesses in its source and made a story of his own out of their meeting with Patrick. The older sister accosts Patrick: "Good-day, shepherd. Come here. Tell me, are you content in this place? Two young ladies have come to see you, having heard that you are beautiful."

Patrick makes a move to escape their advances. "Listen," he says, "I am not used to talk to young ladies. That belongs to people like you, not to a poor unfortunate so poorly dressed as I am."

He even loses his temper: "It would be better for you to go home and not have them looking for you for dinner. Hurry to your soup."

As might be expected, the young ladies are greatly mortified at having their charms and blandishments so ruthlessly rebuffed, and they threaten to report him to their father. But, it is hardly necessary to add, they are finally converted to the doctrine professed by Patrick.

The following scene represents the emperor asleep. An angel stands at his right side, at his left stands Lucifer, who says: "Courage, courage, my son. Have no fear in the world. I will protect you when you are oppressed."

The Angel: "What, do you believe in the *idols?*"

Asteroth: "It's a great pity if he doesn't believe in them, old imbecile."

The Angel: "Alas, whoever does not believe will be lost."

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The Devil: "You lie in your face. In this way they will be saved."

The Angel: "It will be a misfortune if they believe in them."

Asteroth: "Away from here, or I will close your beak. For he is ours, have no doubt in the world."

Patrick's life with the cruel emperor has become so unendurable that the angel buys his release for 20,000 crowns, and the second act concludes with another scene of devilry.

Lucifer: "Good-day, companions, I've come back to see you. Don't be surprised if I'm late, for, without exaggeration, I've been traveling all over the parishes of the diocese of Tréguier. Well, Asteroth, have you succeeded in putting Patrick under your law?"

Asteroth: "All the devils together are no match for him. *I* have tried hard enough to tempt him—"

"The deuce. You're a fine fellow, when a little chap causes you such embarrassment. If *I* were at his heels, I'd have him in the net—"

Asteroth: "All the nets in the whole of hell are not enough, I tell you, old stinkard, to catch a man who is in the grace of God. You fool yourself, if you think so."

Lucifer: "What, wretch! I'll teach you to speak hereafter in more proper terms. There, take that on your side, old heedless ingrate. One like you doesn't earn his bread."

The different versions do not agree as to what happened to Patrick on the journey to France, which followed his release from the tyrant in Ireland. Some of them say it was St. Martin at Tours, others that it was St. Germain at Auxerre whom he visited, and by whom he was ordained to the priesthood. Having expressed a desire to visit "the house of Monsieur St. Peter," he set out for Rome. On the way, he was inspired to visit a hermit named Justus who, says the French version, lived on an island in the Tyrrhenian sea, by which we know from reliable documents that the island of Lerins is meant, or, according to the Breton mystery, in the heart of a great forest which we may suppose was on the Alps or Apennines.

When Patrick came up to the hermitage he called to the hermit: "Holy father, open your door to me, I pray you, for the night has come and I do not know where to go."

"Who is it wishes to enter?" asked the hermit. "I cannot give lodging in any way."

"I am a priest on my way to Rome, and I pray you to support me this night."

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"Tell me your name, and we will see. If you are that Patrick, surely I will take you in." For it had been revealed to Justus that Patrick would pass that way, and he had received from heaven a scepter or crosier which he was to deliver to Patrick on his coming. One form of this story dates from as early as the ninth century.

By confusion with his predecessor, Palladius, Patrick is said to have arrived in Rome in the pontificate of Celestine I., who conferred upon him the benefice and archbishopric of Ireland. The Breton mystery brings us to the Eternal City, where we find Patrick conversing with the Pontiff and the cardinals. On his return home, Patrick crosses France and again visits his uncle, who provides him with "chalice, missal, and ornaments," for, as he says, in the land to which Patrick is about to go there are no furnishings.

Patrick, the legend continues, landed on the coast of Leinster, where he remained some time, and then embarked for Ulster in the northern part of the island, where Leogarius, who is the Loegaire of Irish history, reigned. Now this king, whom the Breton mystery calls Garius, had planned, at the instigation of the devils, to destroy the apostle, and at the suggestion of Beelzebub, he sent his chief prince to the church where Patrick was saying Mass, with a pistol in his hand to shoot him; but, as he is about to fire, a thunderbolt hurls him to the ground. This incident is also a reworking of one of Patrick's adventures with the Druids told of in some of the early accounts of his life, how the chief Druid tried to kill Patrick, but the saint raised his hand and cursed him, and he fell dead, burned up before the eyes of all. From here on, event follows event in quick succession. St. Brigit, who, by the way, is associated with Patrick only in the more recent lives, appears and announces to Patrick the secrets which God has to reveal to him. A stage direction follows: *Here a light will be made in the sky.* One of the inhabitants of Ireland cries out: "Look, look, in the air, a great light full of brightness. I dare not venture; I will wait no longer to understand it. I am going to call people. I find here a miracle." (He calls at the door): "James, James. Come out quickly. I am greatly perplexed at what I see. Look, in the air is a light like a triumphant sun."

James in turn calls another: "William, come, my friend. We are in fear here. There is a burning torch in the air above our house." They fall on their knees. Brigit explains

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that it is a sign of the joys prepared for Patrick in heaven. God descends, a crosier in his hand, and leads Patrick to the mouth of a cavern which serves as entrance to the miraculous Purgatory. God promises Patrick that he will suffer no torment at the hour of death, for He will come promptly with his angels to receive him.

Patrick speaks to the bystanders: "My vicar-general, and you my people, the time has come that has been fixed to pay tribute to Jesus, my Savior. All that receive life must sometime die. It is not the fear of death that is my greatest regret. My greatest sorrow is to leave behind the Irish. I have always remembered them in my prayers, and in my sacrifices I prayed for them. This much has been accomplished: I have obtained from Jesus, our Messias, a new Purgatory, created in my name, and, because of me, it has been privileged: Whoever passes twenty-four hours within it will efface whatever offences he has committed in this world. Yonder it is, near the valley. Come with me, we will visit it together."

A host of angels appear in the air singing *Gloria in excelsis Deo.* Patrick, from within the Purgatory, addresses his farewell to the pains and torments of the world, and the mystery concludes with another scene of *diablerie.* Lucifer and Beelzebub had promised Satan, when we saw them last, that they would act diligently on their mission, and not come back empty-handed. And now we find them condoling with each other, for they have got no game, and they are afraid they will be struck and beaten. A happy thought occurs to Beelzebub: "There is no chance of success in this land. Come, let us go to Toulouse to get Louis Ennius. I saw him less than a week ago living riotiously and quarrelsome and cuddling the pretty girls. Come, we sha'n't have any trouble in taking him."

The vulgar versions of the life of St. Patrick reckon that he lived to the age of 120 or even 130 or 132 years. According to the equally unsubstantiated statements of the French version we are considering here, and the Spanish of Montalvan, he was 113 years of age when he died. His burial place was the city of Dun, or Dunio as the word stands in Montalvan, which represents the historical Dún Lethglasse, which contests with Saul the honor of containing the bones of the Irish apostle. The true year of his death was 461, on the 17th of March. The legendary accounts disagree with this, and also with each other. The French version offers the 20th of April, in the year 463;

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Montalvan the 16th of that month, in the year 493, and in the pontificate of Pope Felix. These and other attempts at synchronizing are overlooked by the Breton poet. It was sufficient for him to have produced a preface to and an explanation of that other play which, in his eye, was of greater importance, and to the performance of which he invites his audience to return on the morrow.

I cannot bring this short analysis of the "*Buez* or Life of St. Patrick" to a better close than by giving a translation of the Epilogue which followed it. It offers considerable information concerning the spectators, the author, and the actors, and the obstacles and encouragement which they might expect to meet with in the course of the play. The Epilogue was the capital piece of a mystery and was technically known as the *bouquet*. It must be remembered that these dramas were given on a temporary stage in the open air and that it required several days to play one mystery entire. As the reciter of the Epilogue, who was always the best actor of the troupe, declaimed in flowery terms, the assistants passed among the audience taking up the collection with which to defray the expenses of the production.

EPILOGUE.

Good people, generous people, people of every noble quality, your favorable attention towards us to-day puts us under deep obligations, if we had the capacity, to thank you from the centre of our hearts.

But, good people, relying on the patience which you have continued to show to-day in our favor, I make bold to thank you, so far as I am able, on the part of the actors.

Monsieur the pastor and all the priests have favored us in every way, and, in recompense, I thank them and the joy of Paradise I wish them.

Then the nobles, the people of quality, who have shown us every civility, in return we pray for them and I wish them the glory of Paradise.

Next, the young clerics and the people of the pen, as well as the citizens, I thank, and in turn I wish them, too, the glory of Paradise.

Besides, the heiresses, as many as are present, I thank warmheartedly for having shown us perfect attention, and I ask for them joy in heaven.

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I thank you from my heart, young people, and I wish you a thousand good fortunes, the wealth of the world, many children, and the happiness of Paradise afterwards.

And I ask excuse of all, and once more I invite you all to come to-morrow, if it be your pleasure. I hope that there will be three times as many as there are to-day.

If we have displeased anybody to-day, we promise to satisfy you to-morrow. We will spend our time and will take every pains that we may be able to satisfy every one.

I do not doubt that there will be some hanger-on who, on the way home or while eating his bowl full, will find a thorn to attach to each of us; I see mine already dragging behind me.

But those that are wise and well-intentioned will let them have their say and invite them, if they know their business, to come to-morrow and to give a lesson.

The mystery which you will see is that of Louis Ennius, which we will play, by the grace of Jesus, with the best persons who are able to give it. Then, come all in bands, let no one remain at home.

Now, I have another thing to ask of you: Let every one bring, without fail, a six-real piece; fifteen-sous piece, rolls of farthings, and four-sous pieces will not be refused.

It is to help pay for our supper. And you, company, if you wish to join us in drinking a drop, we will do it most willingly before we leave.

Finally, company, this is your duty. But, those who may not have a *sou*, come just the same and we will strive, all of us, to do our part and satisfy you before you leave for home.

O glorious St. Patrick, you who are in heaven, be our advocate now before God. With true heart, I make our request and that of all who have come to hear us.

Our end and our design and inclination is to imitate you in every way, in order that, by your example, we may overcome sin and be victorious over our enemies.

Glorious St. Patrick, crowned with glory, cause us to imitate your life in this world, that, having followed your example, we may share in the glory and the joy.

In this way I began, in this way I end. I pray you, company, excuse us. To-morrow, by the grace of God, we promise to do better. I am, with true heart, your faithful servant.

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A NATIVE SING-SONG.

BY M. F. QUINLAN.

" They are rhymes rudely strung with intent less
Of sound than of words,
In lands where bright blossoms are scentless
And songless bright birds ;
Where with fire and fierce drought on her tresses
Insatiable summer oppresses
Sere woodlands and sad wildernesses
And faint flocks and herds.

"Where in dreariest days, when all dews end
And all winds are warm,
Wild winter's large flood-gates are loosen'd
And floods, freed by storm,
From broken-up fountain heads, dash on
Dry deserts with long pent-up passion—
Here rhyme was first framed without fashion
Song shaped without form."

—*Adam Lindsay Gordon.*

IT was after the rains. The distant river was a rushing torrent; in the by-wash the bull-frogs made merry; and from the creek close by came the joyful swish and swirl of running water, that slipped along between wet, muddy banks.

In the group of trees gray 'possums swung from bough to bough. Higher up, on the withered limb of a dead gum, a row of laughing jackasses made the air ring with their mirth. Sometimes it was just a faint schoolgirl titter. Sometimes it was a manly guffaw, suggestive of a deep chest and good lung power. Then while one listened the loud laugh gradually subsided into a husky, worn-out chuckle—a comfortable sort of chuckle that one might expect from an elderly gentleman with a good digestion and a double chin.

But before the chuckle has quite died out, the solemn-looking bird at the end of the branch, gives a last feeble splutter. It seems as if he didn't want to laugh, but that he couldn't help it; as if the surrounding country, viewed from the bare arm of a gum-tree, was about the funniest thing in creation.

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Accordingly he relapsed into another peal of exquisite enjoyment. This appears to tickle the fancy of his companions, and again the row of gray-brown birds go off into fresh roars of laughter, until the wonder is that they do not roll off their eerie perch; or develop permanent hysterics. As it is—if one may subscribe to a belief to the transmigration of souls—they look like a row of departed humorists who are cracking jokes in the loneliness of the scrub.

For the rest, it is a faint heart that never rejoices, and the advent of the rains in the back-country is enough to freshen up the most confirmed pessimist.

For thirteen long months not a drop had fallen; before that again but little; and with each successive month, the land had been getting more and more parched and dry. First the grass withered and died; then the stock drooped and lost flesh; finally the patient earth cried out in bitterness because of her inability to succor these things of the wild.

It almost seemed as if the spirit of the Bushland lay under a curse. For instead of the beautiful syren whose voice was like some strange new music heard from afar, and whose call was potent to lure the strong and the young of heart from across the seas to worship at her lonely shrine, here, throughout the dry season, she sat huddled up on the withered plains like some evil witch, haggard and brown, watching, with cruel, gleaming eyes, the death-throes of the Northwest.

But even in the dry season the sky would give promise of rain: just a tiny cloud at dawn that floated over the edge of the horizon. Then the sun would get up and peremptorily order the cloud back whence it came; seeing which, the station authorities would use language that is not adapted to cold print, nor at all kind to the back country.

A drought is one of those things that has no age limit. It may last thirteen months, or thirteen years, or— But to the pastoralist, whose money lies in stock, it matters little to him, after that, how long it lasts. Thirteen years is his age limit anyhow. Before that, he is probably in the hands of the banks. After that, if he's not "broke," he is lucky.

In the Australian capitals no one wants rain; in spite of which it comes. Out back men pray for it without ceasing—and it stays away. Why this should be is not for any man to

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say, but it seems likely that the prayers of the Northwest get hung up in transit; or else the petitions melt before they have time to mount—out there on the red hot plains.

But, however it is, when the rains come, the entire world of the Northwest gives thanks.

To the native camp on every sheep and cattle run it is a time of festival; the breaking up of the dry season being celebrated in a big corroboree or native sing-song. At such times a fat bullock and a sack of flour, are sent down from the homestead, in testimony of the white man's good will.

But of course the advent of the rain was a foregone conclusion to the native camp. The rain was bound to come up at that particular time, for did not the native rain-bringer promise it would come on that very day? Did he not go forth alone to have speech with it, far away in the scrub, where no eye might see the magic that he wrought? and where none might give ear to his spell? For the rain-bringer is a mighty man, and his ways are enveloped in power and mystery. At his bidding the clouds join hands. He speaks, and the rain falls. Verily his cunning is like to that of the white man, in whose hands are the secrets of the earth.

To discuss the methods of the rain-bringer is likely to bring evil in its wake; a possibility which no man of the tribe would voluntarily incur. Consequently, it is difficult to glean accurate information on the subject. But in the absence of direct inspiration, and forming deductions by the light of nature alone, the procedure appears to be somewhat as follows:

A coolamon, or wooden vessel, is borrowed from a mia-mia. The coolamon is then filled with crystalline stones, which are broken up and well pounded, to the accompaniment of muttered incantations. This done, the rain-bringer severs a vein in his left arm, allowing the warm blood to flow upon the crushed stones, which he then mixes with great care. Finally, his wordy spell being ended, he buries the coolamon in the dry bed of the creek.

After that it rains—or it does not, as the case may be. If it does not, the rain-bringer knows that some malign influence is at work. Perhaps some one has watched while he cast the spell. And as Adam said in the garden: "Lord! it was the woman," so here in the Australian wilderness the rain-bringer

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seeks out a native gin and belabors her with a heavy stick. If the gin is innocent, so much the worse for the gin. Anyhow the rain-bringer has done his part; besides which, when he beats a gin his arm is strengthened by a million and one precedents. Has any one sinned? says the world of men. *Cherches la femme.* Thus the primeval curse works itself out, even to the end.

On the other hand, should a peeping gin have flouted the sacred mysteries, and should the rain come down in spite of feminine iniquity—then her baneful influence is ignored. While the tribe give themselves up to rejoicing in anticipation of the rain corroboree which is to be.

At the station camp at Ulladulla, the word had gone round that the manager was to start at daybreak for the Mudgee homestead, forty miles away across the plain. This seemed a good opportunity for the Ulladulla blacks to send a letter to the rest of the tribe who were encamped on the adjoining run.

Now the black man's letter differs considerably from the white man's letter. To begin with, it boasts of no writing, nor signature, nor address. It is just a notched stick, of which every notch represents a separate item of news. Then, too, it does not matter whether the native letter ever reaches its destination, because no one can read it when it gets there. Indeed, the charm of the native letter lies in its infinite possibilities. It may mean anything, or it may mean nothing, according to the co-operation and good will of the messenger who undertakes its safe delivery.

And since the letter, to be effectual, needs to be explained to, and understood by, the appointed carrier, it follows that the said messenger must possess certain gifts of mind and heart if he is to acquit himself of his trust. The meaning of the letter, in fact, depends upon him. If he is silent, then the stick is dumb. If he will not speak to the men of the tribe, neither will the stick.

So the old black boy, in his fluttering cotton shirt, stands outside the homestead, and reads aloud his letter to the "big feller boss," who has consented to act as intermediary between the two camps. The reading takes time; for the black fellow feels the importance of the occasion. Therefore he begins very slowly: First notch—and the old man puts his finger upon it

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impressively—"piccaninny come up"; Second notch—here the brown, shrivelled finger moves slowly up the stick—"one-eyed gin sick"; Third notch, "plenty game on the flats"; Fourth notch—and the old bent figure gesticulates with emphasis—"rain corroboree down the creek, big feller moon."

That is the sum total of the letter; in all, four notches. In reality, it is only the last item that counts. It means that the tribe will gather when the moon is at the full; and that, at the point where the two runs meet, they will celebrate the coming of the rains.

When the appointed night comes, all the scattered members of the tribe have arrived at the trysting place: black boys, gins, piccaninnies—all are there for the native sing-song. And because it is their gala night, the black boys revert to the costume which was customary among their fathers before the coming of the white man. To-night they are men of the tribe once more; hunters in the waste places; trackers in the wild; warriors of the old native stock, whose territory of old was the entire island continent. To-night every blanket is shed; every cotton shirt discarded. Such things belong to the limitations of life in a station camp. Save for a loin cloth, each man is now nude. His chest and back are painted in bars of alternate scarlet and white. His hair is stiffened up with yellow clay, and round his neck is a string of smooth round stones gathered in the bed of the creek.

In the foreground sit the warriors in a semi-circle, each armed with a shield and a spear, or other native implement. Behind them the camp-fires flare and blaze in the white light of the moon, the flames casting their ruddy reflection across the running water of the creek. Ranged alongside are a dozen black gins in a row.

The voices of the black fellows float out intermittently across the night in muffled murmurs, as if the time and place were sacred. They are waiting for the given signal. Presently the sound of subdued voices is broken by a long low wail. Very softly it steals out at first, like a whisper that creeps through the lonely places in the scrub. Then, little by little, it grows louder and stronger, until it opens out into a wild cry of desolation. It fills the air with its note of intense, unutterable sorrow. Like a spirit that knows no hope it seems to moan aloud,

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beating its wings against the bosom of the night. Now the sound dies down in a temporary lull, and again it breaks forth in bitter wailing, suggestive of the cry that sounded of old over the doomed cities of the plain. Ebbing and flowing, rising and falling, the voices of the gins float out across the moonlight in sobbing waves of sound, until the echoes reach out into the far distance and are lost in the boree scrub.

This is the customary prelude to every corroboree. Nay, more, the chorus of the gins forms the musical background to the entire sing-song; their dirge-like chant being the accompaniment to the war-dances throughout the night.

Backwards and forwards they bend, this row of wailing women, while all the time, without ceasing, they beat together two pieces of wood.

Presently a warrior rises to his feet and brandishes a boomerang, preparatory to beginning his story. The voices of the gins are now silent. Each is straining her ears for the recital of the hunter.

Perhaps it is a story of a pompoo murra—*i. e.*, a handful of eggs. This artificial nest is carefully filled with stones, the sight of which is supposed to arouse the envy of the wild ducks, who, not to be outdone, straightway begin to lay in similar nests, of their own making. So the hunter launches out into a concentrated account of the pompoo murra that he made in the swamps where the wild duck were in plenty. Smooth and white were the stones that he had gathered. And the nest was like that which the birds themselves made—so cunningly was it contrived among the reeds in the river bed. And the wild ducks came and built them a nest close beside the pompoo murra where the creek swirls along through the flats. . . .

It is a long drawn-out tale, but the semi-circle of black figures remains immovable; each pair of eyes is fixed on the speaker; every mind is intent in the development of the story.

At the end of the tale, the warrior steps out into the foreground and again waves aloft his boomerang, whereupon three or more men of the tribe step out from the ranks and together they begin a slow, solemn dance. Meanwhile the row of gins, like a Greek chorus, take up the weird chant once more.

The dancers now retire, and for the next ten minutes there

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is a subdued jabber-jabber among the dark groups as they squat around in their original semi-circle.

Then another figure stands up, his shield on one arm, while in his right hand he grasps his spear. This time it may be a tale of the taldra, *i. e.*, kangaroo; or else it concerns the cool-burri—otherwise the emu, of the flying feet—which he has hunted in the silent places of the back country. Or perhaps it is a story of the goonery (wood duck), for which he has lain in wait, while the shadows lengthened and the moon came up.

Another speaker perchance will relate his prowess in spearing fish, quia murra, in the withered creek. Each time it is the recital of some hunting episode—some incident in the life of the open; and with rapt attention is each tale drunk in by the members of the tribe as they sit rigid and motionless in the white light of the moon.

But now the corroboree nears its end. The dancers have grown weary; the story-tellers have relapsed into silence. It is time for the feast.

And while the native groups gather round their camp-fires, intent on cooking their meat, the moon pales at the approach of the dawn.

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FRANCIS THOMPSON.

BY FATHER CUTHBERT, O.S.F.C.

VER wistful, ever detached, Francis Thompson has passed out of the shadows into the truth. The world has lost a great poet—great in the searching quality of his vision and in the constant sublimity of his most passionate conviction; and we Catholics have lost most of all. For no English poet has voiced the Catholic spirit, whether in sorrow or delight, more nobly than he; and none with such intimate freedom and assurance.

The instinct of the Faith was in him and it breathes in all his utterance. And yet he was not a "religious" poet, in the narrow sense in which the term is commonly used; he seldom sang the praises of the saints, though when he did it was with a neighborly understanding and ecstatic adoration of the faith which formed the saint. He seldom sang about Catholicism, but he took an even better way—he carried the spirit of Catholicism with him into the highways and byways of the world's life, and whatever he found true and noble in this life, the Catholic spirit within him appropriated to itself, purifying earthly things of mere earthliness and investing them with a Catholic immortality. In this he was akin to his sainted namesake of Assisi. He himself might not be a saint, but the burden of his poetry is the enduring beauty of sanctity in mortal life. In all his poems he has uttered no word which has not made the Catholic spirit richer in its consciousness of itself; he has touched no human emotion but in the spirit of the faith of the saints; and yet, how enduringly, elementally human his spirit is! He came very near in his poetry to the realization of his desire:

> Ah! let the sweet birds of the Lord
> With earth's waters make accord:
> Teach how the crucifix may be
> Carven from the laurel tree,

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Fruit of the Hesperides
Burnish take on Eden-trees,
The Muses' sacred grove be wet
With the red dew of Olivet,
And Sappho lay her burning brows
In white Cecilia's lap of snows!

To him the solution of all earth's mysteries was to be found in the mysteries of the faith, and in his own thought the lawlessness of undisciplined nature found a higher freedom and an ultimate peace in the redemptive law of Christ. And he was so rightly fitted to utter this harmony of nature and grace, because in him the emotion of nature and the wisdom of faith came so spontaneously and surely and blended so easily. He had not to reason out the essential harmonies of human emotion with the law of Christ; his very instinct was too entirely Catholic; and so he struck the chords of emotion freely and there came forth Catholic melody.

Perhaps the moral quality which dominates most evidently his poetry is its sensitive purity; a purity not of negation or effort, but a positive quality of soul which purified whatever of earth it touched. Not since Dante has poet so transfigured the passion of human love with the purity of Catholic thought, and at the same time left it so convincingly human. Beatrice might accept the homage of "Love in Dian's Lap" and yet remain the inviolate mistress of spiritualized passion. Was ever homage at once so passionate and chaste as that conveyed in the following lines:

Lady who hold'st on me dominion!
Within your spirit's arms I stay me fast
Against the fell
Immitigate ravening of the gates of hell;
And claim my right in you, most hardly won,
Of chaste fidelity upon the chaste:
Hold me and hold by me, lest both should fall
(O in high escalade high companion!)
Even in the breach of Heaven's assaulted wall.
Like to a wind-sown sapling grow I from
The clift, Sweet, of your skyward-jetting soul,—
Shook by all gusts that sweep it, overcome
By all its clouds incumbent: O be true
To your soul, dearest, as my life to you!

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For if that soil grow sterile, then the whole
Of me must shrivel, from the topmost shoot
Of climbing poesy, and my life, killed through,
Dry down and perish to the foodless root.
. . . . . .
O therefore you who are
What words, being to such mysteries
As raiment to the body is,
Should rather hide than tell;
Chaste and intelligential love:
Whose form is as a grove
Hushed with the cooing of an unseen dove;
Whose spirit to my touch thrills purer far
Than is the tingling of a silver bell;
Whose body other ladies well might bear
As soul,—yea, which it profanation were
For all but you to take as fleshly woof,
Being spirit truest proof;
Whose spirit sure is lineal to that
Which sang *Magnificat:*
Chastest, since such you are,
Take this curbed spirit of mine,
Which your own eyes invest with light divine,
For lofty love and high auxiliar
In daily exalt emprise
Which outsoars mortal eyes;
This soul which on your soul is laid,
As maid's breast against the breast of maid;
Beholding how your own I have engraved
On it, and with what purging thoughts have laved
This love of mine from all mortality.
Indeed the copy is a painful one,
And with long labour done!
O if you doubt the thing you are, lady,
Come then, and look in me;
Your beauty, Dian, dress and contemplate
Within a pool to Dian consecrate!
Unveil this spirit, lady, when you will,
For unto all but you 'tis veilèd still:
Unveil, and fearless gaze there, you alone,
And if you love the image—'tis your own!

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I have quoted this passage at some length because it so well illustrates the high spiritual quality of his most passionate utterance. How far removed is passion such as is here expressed from the passion of the Elizabethan poets! One might, perhaps, profitably contrast the one with the other; and note on the one hand the mere earthliness of passion, which at its best would draw heaven down to earth, and on the other, the spiritual sensitiveness which lifts the earth heavenwards and catches in the present emotion something of an eternal aspiration. The comparison would be illustrative of the spirit of Catholicism as opposed to the spirit of secularism. In the one case the spirit in man is made to subserve earthly passion; in the other earthly passion is made to subserve the life of the spirit of faith. Purity in the best of the Elizabethan poetry means hardly more than fidelity to the one in the delight of the flesh; with the Catholic poet the delight is poised in the higher region of the soul, not violently, but as taken up there by passion itself. With him there is no effort in piercing the outward form to arrive at the inward spirit; to the spirituality of his own thought the outward form is hardly a barrier; he is in truth but at intervals conscious of the material lodgment in which the spirit dwells:

> How should I gauge what beauty is her dole,
> Who cannot see her countenance for her soul;
> As birds see not the casement for the sky?
> And as 'tis check they prove its presence by,
> I know not of her body till I find
> My flight debarred the heaven of her mind.

Was it not thus that St. Francis of Assisi regarded all creation? and that Dante gazed on Beatrice? But with what impatience an Elizabethan poet would have thrown the sentiment aside!

It is good in these days, when the emotion of human love is taken so cheaply and debased so easily, that a Catholic poet should have once again invested it with a sacramental glory and given it a regal grace; and it would be well for the world could its sons and daughters be brought to gaze upon it as it reigns transfigured in the verse of Francis Thompson.

But the purity and spirituality of his emotion was bought

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at a price. It imposed upon him a certain reverential aloofness even in intimacy. However beloved, there is an inner sanctuary in the life of the creature which cannot admit any earthly lover, but only the Divine Creator. Undisciplined passion is impatient of the mystery of life; it would tear away the veils that it might gain an entire property in the object desired. Not so the chaste passion of the poet; he bows in awe before the mystery of each individual soul, and recognizes in the mystery the higher claim of God. That inner sanctuary he will not dare to touch lest the judgment of Ozias befall him:

> The sweetest wife on sweetest marriage-day,—
> Their souls at grapple in mid-way,
> Sweet to her sweet may say:
>
> "I take you to my inmost heart, my true!"
> Ah, fool! but there is one heart you
> Shall never take him to!
>
> The hold that falls not when the town is got,
> The heart's heart, whose immurèd plot
> Hath keys yourself keep not.
>
> . . . . . .
>
> Its keys are at the cincture hung of God;
> Its gates are trepidant to His nod;
> By Him its floors are trod.

The intimate sense of each creature's individuality, as expressed in these lines, and of the direct relation between this individuality and the exclusive property of God in his creature, is of the essence of purity as the Catholic conceives it.

We do not wonder that emotion tempered in this wise should have led him to the very portals of a love higher than the creaturely, or that his sensitive soul should not at times feel the inadequacy of any creature to satisfy a heart attuned to so high an aspiration, pulsating with so refined a passion. When all the house seems filled with the desired presence, there is yet

> The hold that falls not when the town is got,

into which no creature can enter but God only; and where only the presence of God can bring peace and joy. And when the outer chambers of the heart have their tenant, but the inner remains untenanted, then to the clean of heart comes that poign-

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ant loneliness, that tumultuous sense of want amidst plenty, which of all aches is the keenest. And so we pass, not unexpectedly, from the elevated passion in "Love in Dian's Lap" into the mystical torrent of "The Hound of Heaven"—of which poem it has been well said that it alone "should suffice to give the author his rightful place among the immortals." "The Hound of Heaven" is the outpouring of a passionate emotion which has reached out to the very Infinite and, aghast at its own venture, turns back and flees, thinking to find its heaven in less intense height. For it is afraid lest finding God it must lose its neighborly fellow creature and become in some way alien to itself: and not for all infinite delight can it endure this alienation.

> For, though I knew His love Who followéd,
> Yet was I sore adread
> Lest, having Him, I must have naught beside.

Fearful, the soul flees, yet ever the Divine Love follows, claiming the soul for itself. It seeks shelter "in face of man or maid," but these only show him his "own betrayal in their constancy"; he turns to little children, but their angels pluck them from him; then does he approach nature, and for a while in her "delicate fellowship" he thinks he has found peace, yet,

> With unperturbèd pace,
> Deliberate speed, majestic instancy,

the Divine Love hunts him down, and at last he lay smitten utterly. Let it be noted how the soul has fled for refuge from its Divine pursuivant, only to those who are constant to him, not to his betrayers. For the soul is in real need of him; only it does not know him in his transcendence; it would have him come down amongst his creatures and enjoy him there; it has yet to learn that it may find the creature in him. And this it learns in the moment of its surrender. It is a great poem; yet to be understood aright, it must be read in relation to its companion poems.

Disease had laid its hand early in life upon Francis Thompson, perhaps it helped to keep him to the end in that simple, detached spirit which was a fitting raiment for a mind so pure; perhaps, too, it was the cause of certain external habits which seemed so incongruous with a soul so refined. He himself was

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content that the world should take him simply as the singer or dreamer of dreams, and he was jealous that no song or dream of his should be false to the ideal which he worshipped. But with himself he was not content.

There were times when he felt the stirring of something more than a singer; when the aspiration of the saint flitted across his soul, creating there a deep discontent with himself. Very humble did such moments leave him, gently, enduringly humble. In the back courts of the Temple would he stand, with his eyes piercingly gazing into the sanctity beyond, not envious of the saints who had reached there, but thankful that they were there; and thankful, too, that his dreaming was true to the sanctity he adored. Because of this fidelity he claimed in his inmost desire—humbly indeed yet insistently—some fellowship with them. It was his hope in life; let us believe it was his peace in death. This hope gave to his unworldliness of soul something more than the unknowing unworldliness of the child, even a glow of otherworldliness. Fondly does this hope appear in the poem entitled "A Judgment in Heaven." It begins, expressing the spiritual attitude of a life-time:

> Athwart the sod which is treading for God the poet paced
> with his splendid eyes.

And what he sees is his own judgment. The singer in him is there, "where God's light lay large"; but

> . . . clasping the singer's glories clings
> A dingy creature, even to laughter cloaked and clad in
> patchwork things:

The singer's earthly form.

> Better thou wov'st thy woof of life than thou didst weave
> thy woof of song!

is the judgment of the sacred crowd. But there are two there who understand the poet better.

> "Turn yon robe," spake Magdalen, "of torn bright song,
> and see and feel."
> They turned the raiment, saw and felt what their turning
> did reveal—
> All the inner surface piled with bloodied hairs, like hairs
> of steel.

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And the poet is saved by suffering which his song has brought him—suffering patiently borne as the price of song. Those who knew Francis Thompson will feel the pathos of these verses, burdened with so personal a note; but they will be glad that in his judgment of himself the rhymer as well as the singer would not be found unworthy:

> Take, Princess Mary, of thy good grace, two spirits greater than they know.

Yet to appreciate the dead poet aright, one must turn from these poems of deeper burden to his poems on children. In some respects these latter poems exhibit him in the character in which he more easily revealed himself to his friends; the deeper burden being kept with a delicate reticence more exclusively for his song. The simple gaiety breaking easily through the subdued pain of his life, like a child's laughter through its tears, the somewhat wayward fun which would come as a sigh of relief into his most serious moods, and the moan which would come in spite of himself at the end of an hour's quiet merriment—all this is reflected in his poems when he wandered into "the nurseries of heaven." In truth he was at home there where the spirit of childhood lives; happy, perhaps, for him if he could always have abided there; and yet no, for he would then have missed the bliss and the wisdom which grow only in the midst of pain.

But it was as with a sense of native freedom that he came into the city of the child, and felt the cool breath of childhood upon his brow. His spirit would then relax into smiles and quaint frolic, as witness "The Making of Viola," and "The Daisy," and the lilt in the verse and thought of "Ex Ore Infantium." Yet ever at the end there comes the moan of one who has drunk too deeply of the sorrow of life ever to forget the pain which is latent in the cradle of the child. For a while he will play at the sweet make-believes of childhood, only to remember that life is not a make believe.

> A child and a man paced side by side,
> Treading the skirts of eventide;
> But between the clasp of his hand and hers
> Lay, felt not, twenty withered years.

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And the man is happy as the child as long as the withered years are not felt; but felt they will shortly be, brought to remembrance "in swift child's whim."

Peace be to his soul who, in his earthly life, knew so little of the soul's peace, but whose message has brought calm strength and ennobling thought to many a fellow-mortal. But so it is most commonly with the poet and the seer: the peace they bring on earth is born of their own travail.

I have written of the spiritual quality of Francis Thompson's poetry. Of its literary quality it has been said that it was too exuberant to be artistically perfect. This is true of some of his work, but not of all; it is least true of his earlier work, where the seemingly riotous flow of his imagery is but the counterpart of glorious spontaneity. In his later work he was less spontaneous, less vital; here it is as though he were recalling experience rather than being compelled by a present experience; and the exuberance is, therefore, less artistically correct. The similarity of quality and style between Francis Thompson and that other Catholic poet, Crashaw, has often been pointed out; but it is a similarity with a difference. In both the poet's style is as a rich red wine, or as the flow of hot embers; words blaze with color, and the emotion is charged, almost over-charged, with fancy. But in Francis Thompson there is a wider range of emotion; a more piercing vision of life. Crashaw wanders across the surface of mystery, whereas Francis Thompson dives down into the deep waters. It is in some respects the difference between the sixteenth century and the nineteenth. Crashaw could never have written "The Daisy," could never have enshrined in verse the invigorating breezes of the South Downs; he would have been hopelessly lost in the tumultuous crash of human experience of "The Hound of Heaven."

Francis Thompson is dead, yet in his death he will assuredly live in the mind and heart of coming generations. For to the sublimely true, death ever brings a resurrection even amidst mortality; his message will search out the true and sublime in many who live after him, and remain for them a witness to the Catholic faith from which he drew his inspiration. So he will remain with us, he whose splendid eyes paced ever faithfully

Athwart the sod which is treading for God.

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LISHEEN; OR, THE TEST OF THE SPIRITS.*

BY CANON P. A. SHEEHAN, D.D.,

Author of "My New Curate"; "Luke Delmege"; "Glenanaar," etc.

CHAPTER XV.

"QUASI PER IGNEM."

HUGH HAMBERTON was not killed by his fall from the cliff. But when the fishermen, who had pulled in furiously to save the children, had leaped from their boat and placed the girls in safety, they found much trouble in raising him from the waters that now were seething around him. He was quite unconscious; and all that they could do was to raise him up and take him beyond the reach of the waves, until his carriage would arrive from Brandon Hall. But they lifted him tenderly and reverentially, as a hero who had probably given his life to save little children from a terrible death.

And when the news of the event had reached the village, all hands struck work, and hastened to assist in every way the brave man who was now and forevermore enshrined in their hearts. Around the cottage firesides for many a night the tale was told, and every circumstance gone over again and again, as the custom is amongst this story-loving people—the call of the child to come down and play, the cheery response of the grave Englishman, whom no adult dare approach or address without deference, the cry of the fishermen, the screams of the girls, the gallant manner in which Hamberton had attempted to rescue them, his fall, etc., all were narrated with some poetical exaggeration that only enhanced his reputation, and sent it far and wide.

Claire Maxwell was terribly shocked and grieved; but kept her feelings to herself under an appearance of calm composure. She would have written or wired to her husband; but waited to obtain the doctor's verdict. That was soon ascertained. No danger to life, but probably hopeless paralysis from

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spinal injury. It was terrible, but it might be worse; and then —it was noble, as of wounds taken in battle in some glorious, if impossible, enterprise.

After some days Maxwell returned, and Hamberton recovered consciousness. For some time his recollection of things was hazy; then the whole succession of ideas and events ranged themselves solemnly before him, and gave him much food for thought during the weary hours that dragged themselves along through the sick man's chamber.

Father Cosgrove was one of the first to call and offer his sympathies. He was elated at the idea that his friend, who was always denying and protesting against Father Cosgrove's estimate of him, had betrayed his own better self in this glorious manner. Father Cosgrove had preached to his congregation a sermon on the event, taking for his text: "Greater proof of love no man can give, than that a man should lay down his life for his friend."

And he drew tears from the eyes of his people by his picture of the glorious unselfishness of this man, rich, powerful, and with all the accessories of happiness at his disposal, sacrificing all freely to save the lives of little children. And a mighty torrent of love and admiration surged around the lonely couch in Brandon Hall, where the invalid was now and for many a long day to be imprisoned.

The interview between Father Cosgrove and his friend was very touching. They silently grasped each other's hands, and said but little; the little on Hamberton's part being a deprecation of all this popular applause and tumult about nothing.

"Look here," he feebly stammered, holding up the many newspaper notices that had been written about him, "see what fools men can make of themselves. Now, there is how reputations are made. It is the entirely hopeless imbecility of men—the eternal tomfoolery of the world."

But Father Cosgrove would only shake his head.

"I'm sure now," Hamberton would continue, "if all the great names and great deeds of the world were examined, it would be as easy to prick the air bubbles as this. No one knows a man but himself; and, unless he is a fool, no one has such a poor opinion of a man as himself."

"That is quite right," Father Cosgrove would say. "That is what all our saints are never tired of repeating."

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"Pah! I don't want your saints, with their fastings and haircloth and nonsense! It is common sense! The confessional of every honest man is his own bedroom and his looking-glass. There he admits everything to himself; and a sorry estimate he makes of his little godhead."

"You are incorrigible!" his friend would say. "But you are a hero! Nothing now can change that."

"Even you do not know me," Hamberton would reply in a kind of despair. "Look, some day I'll command you to tell the truth to the world. I can't stand this horrible mask of hypocrisy."

But one day, after he had railed at everything and everybody in this way, just as Father Cosgrove was leaving the room, he called him back and said:

"Don't be too proud at what I'm going to say."

Then, after a pause, he added: "After all, there is a God!"

When the first shock was over, and all that medical skill could effect was done for Hamberton, Maxwell thought the time had come when he might visit his old friends at Lisheen. He was safe now. The report of his munificence and generosity towards these poor people had been wafted far and wide; and, by degrees, the imagination of the people, so slow to disentangle itself from its preconceived ideas, began to revolve around, and finally settle down on the fact that, verily and indeed and without doubt, Robert Maxwell, Esq., was the man who had served as swineherd and laborer among them; and this for the noble and humane purpose of ascertaining their condition, with a view to its betterment. It was like a fresh dawn of hope in the growing dusk of a nation's despair; for as yet the many acts of the legislature that have revolutionized the condition of the tenant farmers of Ireland had not been placed on the statute book.

If Maxwell were one of those dwarfed souls that loved popular applause and the sound of futile drums and still more futile cheering, he could have had an ovation that would have made any of the leading politicians green with envy. But he shrank from such things as indelicate and somewhat absurd; and he felt even a kind of shyness at the thought that he would have to face these poor people and receive their honest thanks.

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They had seen that everything that could conduce to the comfort, and ease the loneliness of the poor invalid, had been done; and in a quiet hour of a still, autumn afternoon, Claire and Maxwell drove over after luncheon to Lisheen.

They chose the road which Maxwell had traveled the night that he quitted, in shame and remorse, the humble roof that had given him shelter; and as they went, Maxwell pointed out to his wife the places where he had stopped, the thoughts that passed through his mind, the very spot where he was going to throw all up in despair, and creep in amidst the bracken and lie down and die, the lake that glinted in the starlight, the river that murmured on his right hand and directed his course, the laborer's cottage where he had obtained a little food. It is a pleasant thing in prosperity to retrace the footsteps of adversity, and recall, with all the delight of the contrast, the mournful thoughts that seemed to mark these footsteps in blood.

It was five o'clock when they turned in from the main road, and drove slowly up along the boreen that led to the dwelling house, Maxwell still pointing out each spot with its own association.

"I can tell you I was footsore and weary and hungry enough the evening I came along here," he said; "and I had received so many rebuffs that I thought the dog would be let loose on me here. Look, there I lay down to gather myself together, and pluck up a little courage."

They reached the yard; and a great brown collie came out to challenge them and demand their business.

Maxwell whistled, and the angry dog came whining and whimpering and fawning upon him.

"You remain here a moment, Claire," he said, dismounting. "I should like to enter alone."

Claire remained in the trap, holding the reins loosely; and Maxwell entered with the old salutation: "God save all here!"

Exactly the same as twelve months ago, there was no one there but the old vanithee; and she was crouching half-asleep over the wood and turf fire, that was now dying down into white ashes, although the pungent fragrance of it filled the entire kitchen.

"God save you kindly!" she said, rising up, with that air and tone of respectful welcome that belong to these Irish homes.

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"Where's Owen and Pierry and Debbie?" he asked coming near.

"Wisha, then, yer 'anner, I suppose they're up among the praties still. The days are drawin' in, an' they must hurry."

"You don't know me?" he said, anxious to break the spell of mystery that hung around him.

"Wisha, thin, yer 'anner," she replied, peering closely at him through the dusk of the kitchen, "you have the advantage of me. But, sure, you're welcome, whoever you are!"

"You said the same word twelve months ago to a poor tramp that came to your door?" he said.

"I did thin; an' sure 'twas God brought him our way; and sure 'twas well he repaid us!"

"'Tis a quare thing," he replied, dropping into the country patois, "that a man could be six months under your roof; and that you don't recognize him!"

"Oh, Holy Mother o' God! An' is't yer 'anner that's shpakin' to me? Oh, wisha, thin, a thousand welcomes! And 'tis well you desarve it, for shure all we have is yours."

And rubbing her hand in her check apron, she timidly held it out to him.

He grasped it in his own; and something like a sob came into his voice as he said:

"You were more than a mother to me! And how could I forget it for you? But run out and call in Owen and Debbie and Pierry. My wife is here in the yard."

She went out, set the great dog a-barking, and shouted with her feeble voice to the workers. One by one they dropped in, Debbie first.

The girl drew back the moment she saw Claire in the trap; and would have run away, but it was too late. When she entered the cottage she flushed crimson, and then turned deadly pale when Maxwell held out his hand. She barely touched it with her fingers, holding her head aside; but he grasped her hand firmly, and said:

"Now, Debbie, we must be friends again. I am not going to forget so easily all that you did for me when I needed it most."

The strong, fierce pride of the girl kept her silent. She found it impossible to conquer her rage at the thought that they should be under such supreme obligations to him. She

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disengaged her hand and went and hid herself in her bedroom.

When Owen and Pierry came in, the former greeted Maxwell with that air of humble deference that showed how wide he deemed the gulf that separated them. And the remembrance of his rude words the evening of the eviction was a perpetual source of remorse.

"I suppose," he said, in the tone of exaggeration that seemed to him most fit to express his feelings, "if we lived forever and ever, we could never thank yer 'anner enough for what you done for us!"

"Don't speak of it now," said Maxwell. "But, look here, Mrs. McAuliffe, will you put down the kettle, and let us have a cup of tea after our long drive? And Pierry, run out and put up the pony, and let Mrs. Maxwell come in."

This broke the ice completely. The appeal to the old woman's hospitality touched her deeply, and she said, bustling about:

"Yerra, thin, yer 'anner, with a heart an' a half. I'll get you the tay; an' if the missus 'ud come in—"

"She's coming," Maxwell said. "And, look here, get some slices of your own home-made bread—no one can make bread like you, I often told my wife so—and some of your salt butter. We are as hungry as wolves; and we have a long drive before us."

And Pierry went out, and handed down, like a gentleman, the lady from her trap; and, when the tea was ready, the two, Maxwell and his wife, sat down and talked and talked and talked; and asked questions all about the farm and the crops and the cattle, and wanted to know what else could be done?

"Done? O Lord, what else would we want, if we didn't want the wurrld?" said Owen. "Sure, sometimes we say 'tis all a dhrame; an' somebody has put the comether on us. An thin, we haves to go out an' see everythin' agin all over—the new house, the barns, the shtock, the crops, the walls an' hedges an' ditches; an' thin we comes back to go on our knees and thank the Lord, and ax him to pour down blessings on yer 'anner and on yer 'anner's wife all the days of yere lives."

And so, with all mute and spoken deference and gratitude, these poor people poured out their souls to their benefactor; and Maxwell felt that he had been more than amply recompensed for his outlay, just as he felt as he had grown in all

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mental and moral stature by reason of the sharp experience he had passed through there in that humble home.

"I suppose I could hardly keep it up," he thought, "nor would I care to repeat it. But it was a gift of the gods. I feel that I am moving on higher levels now."

The one drawback was Debbie's stubborn refusal to make friends. And yet Maxwell was not sorry. He pitied the girl; but he knew well that far down beneath her rustic rudeness and apparent dislike was the misplaced love for himself.

"Only one thing is wanting now to your happiness," said Maxwell, as they rose to go, "you must get Pierry here married as soon as possible. No house is rightly blessed, unless the faces of little children are there. Isn't that true, Owen?"

"'Tis thrue, yer 'anner; and I begs and prays the Almighty to bless our old age with the sight of young faces. But"—he dropped his voice to a whisper, and pointed with his thumb to the room where Debbie was hiding—"she's thinkin' of goin' over to her sister's in America in the spring; and thin—"

"I don't like the American business at all," said Maxwell angrily. "Why can't Debbie come over to us, and we'll settle her there for life?"

The old people shook their heads. They knew better.

Pierry had got out the trap, and was stroking down the pony and handling the fresh brown harness with all an Irish boy's love for such things. And they were instantly under way.

The old man came out to say good-bye; but drew Maxwell aside. Then, gulping down his emotion and nervousness, he said:

"I said a hasty word to yer 'anner the day of the eviction. God knows it is breakin' me heart, night an' day, since; and sometimes I can't shut me eyes on account of it. Av yer 'anner could manage to forget—"

"Now, look here, Owen," said Maxwell, grasping the rough, horny hand, "if I hear any more of that nonsense, I'll recall all that I have done for you. Don't I know what a hasty word is as well as any man? and to tell the truth I gave reason enough for it! Here, come and say good-bye to my wife. Pierry, my boy, I have some one in my eye for you. It must not go beyond Shrove at any cost!"

"All right, yer 'anner. God bless you!" said Pierry. Then,

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in his unbounded admiration of the trap and harness and pony he subjoined: "Isn't she a beauty?"

They drove merrily homewards, chatting gaily about the people, their ways, their gratitude, their trials. Their hearts were light, because they had the consciousness of having done noble work. Every sacrifice for humanity reaps its reward even in this world.

"What utter and unforgivable idiots we Irish landlords have been!" said Maxwell. "Here, at our feet, were the most loyal, generous, faithful people on earth, who would follow us to death with joy. And we have trampled them into sullen and disloyal slaves, with hate and vengeance storming their hearts against us. Talk of 'lost opportunities,' we have flung to the winds our dearest interests—our country, our race, our happiness!"

"Is it too late?" asked Claire.

"Yes"; her husband said, "in a sense that things never now can be what they might have been. But there may be a chance of redress as yet. The people are forgiving and generous. But, can the leopard change his spots?"

They had mounted the hill, beneath which the lake shone in the starlight and the river ran down to the sea, when Claire suddenly started, and pointing to the horizon, said:

"That cannot be the rising moon, down there in the south-west. I have been watching it for a few minutes, and it seems not to change."

"'Tis a big blaze," said Maxwell alarmed, pushing on the pony.

"It seems in the direction of Cahercon," she said.

"No, it is more southward," he said, though he did not believe it. "I expect some farmer's rick is on fire. Those threshing machines sometimes throw out sparks, and are dangerous."

But he whipped the pony onward; and with eyes fixed on the far-off blaze, which showed so terribly against the darkness of the night, they both fell into silence. When they dipped into the valley, the hills shut out the view of the fire. But in a quarter of an hour, they reached the level plain again; and soon perceived, to their horror, that it was not a rick of hay or straw but houses, perhaps the whole village of Cahercon, that was being wiped out by the terrible element.

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CHAPTER XVI.

"ONE OF US."

When Maxwell and his wife turned the corner of the road leading to the village, the full horror burst upon them. Brandon Hall was in flames. The roof had fallen in; and the fierce flames were leaping up amidst the vast clouds of lurid smoke, which they turned into blood-red shadows that came and went, as the wind shifted the dense, black volumes that poured fiercely as from the mouth of a furnace. With aching hearts and darkest forebodings of evil, they tore madly through the village street; and when Maxwell pulled up, and threw back his pony on its haunches, the animal was covered with the white foam of its sweat. He flung the reins carelessly aside, jumped down, and tore his way through the helpless and wondering peasantry. He was afraid to ask the question that was on his lips, as he came in front of the mansion, and saw that it was gutted from roof to cellar, and that only the walls were standing. But he was swiftly answered:

"He's all right, sir! The masther is all right! He's up at Donegan's cottage! Ned Galway saved him!"

Thus reassured he ran back to his wife, but she had already heard the news; and when Maxwell entered his laborer's cottage, he found her there.

Hamberton was badly shaken and unnerved; but otherwise had suffered but little. It appears that after Maxwell and Claire had left for Lisheen, he had sunk into a doze in his armchair, from which he was rudely awakened by the cry of: "Fire!" Unable to help himself or to rise, he was thinking of the dread possibilities before him, when one of his servants entered his room, and said, in his calm, English way:

"The 'ouse is afire, sir! I think we 'ad better be a moving hout!"

"Certainly. Get some help," said Hamberton.

The man vanished and did not return.

Hamberton, now thoroughly dismayed, made an effort to save himself; but fell back helplessly. He was now face to face with the Fate he had so often wooed.

As yet no trace of the fire was visible in his room; but he heard that deep, distant rumbling of the terrible element, and

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the cries of the frightened servants, and the crash of furniture and heavy timbers, and the gathering of the crowd outside, and their awe-stricken exclamations. And then, a tiny brown cloud gathered in beneath his door, and soon the room was filled with the choking vapor; but he lay helpless, as if bound with chains, awaiting the final stroke, that would come, he thought, at any moment.

Presently, a frightened maid burst in, and cried:

"Fly, sir, fly for your life! The whole house is in flames. Nothing can save it!"

Hamberton smiled sardonically. He could only sit still and listen to the ravages made by the conflagration; and wonder would the floor where he sat fall in, and cast him into a furnace of fire; or would the smoke, ever growing thicker and thicker, suffocate him. He hoped so. He had read that this was always the case in death by fire. The victim was always unconscious before the flames actually reached him. And then, it was only cremation of his corpse; and surely this was only his own last instructions to his executors.

"Not thus though," he thought, whilst the thickening fumes choked him, and made him cough. "Clearly, there is a God guiding things; but not always in our way. And he is a mocking God, who plays with us like puppets. I wonder what would he do if I spoke to him?"

He bent his head, and spoke strange things, that are not to be found in any ordinary prayer book. And then he laughed, whilst his cough grew painful; and there was a growing constriction in his chest, that seemed to make breathing impossible, and to set his heart wildly throbbing. And ever and ever came that terrible rumbling, as of a great earth-upheaval, and crash after crash, as the heavy timbers of the house seemed to rip asunder, and to fall into the sea of fire. Then, he became conscious of the carpet smoking beneath his chair, and, presently, little jets became visible between the boards.

"It is the end!" he said, closing his eyes; when the door was burst violently open, and a great, gaunt figure, its head wrapped in a sheet, broke into the room.

"Where are ye? Where are ye, yer 'anner?" it cried. "Quick, quick, for the love of God!"

"Here!" said Hamberton faintly, whilst he felt his eyes painfully throbbing, and he could hardly breathe.

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In an instant a strong hand had wheeled his bath-chair towards the great window that faced the west. There was a crash of glass, where Ned Galway, leaping on the sill, drove his foot again and again through the framework of the window; and, whilst the smoke broke through the aperture, Hamberton felt a delicious breath of cool night air on his forehead; and he braced himself to make one last fight for life with his brave rescuer.

But the terrible problem now confronted them—how could Hamberton, heavy and helpless, be removed? Galway had shouted down through the smoke to bring the ladders around; and this was speedily done. But the window was fifteen or twenty feet from the ground, Hamberton was a helpless log, the fire had gained from beneath, and the floor and carpets were smouldering in some places, blazing in others. It was only a matter of a few minutes for that floor to fall in and bury them both in the furnace beneath. Hamberton saw it all; and, revived to consciousness and a sense of sight by the night-wind that sometimes conquered the fierce volumes of smoke, and made a pleasant draught in the burning room, he shouted:

"Jump down, Galway! Jump down, and save yourself! You have a wife and family, remember!"

Galway pulled, by main strength, the helpless form on to the broad window-sill, and there for a moment they both rested. They could see, sometimes, as the smoke lifted or cleared, the faces of the crowd, reddened by the light that shone from the burning room beneath them. There was a great cheer when, the ladder having been placed against the window-sill, the faces and forms of the two helpless men were seen; and, as is usual in an Irish crowd, there were sundry suggestions, uttered in all keys of excitement, none of which was really practicable.

Again Hamberton ordered Galway to leave him to his fate and save himself.

"There's no use, Galway," he cried, with a choked voice, "we cannot both go down. Quick, while there's time, and save yourself."

"You wance did me a wrong, yer 'anner," said Ned. "I want to show you now how I can repay it."

A terrible suspicion crossed Hamberton's mind. All the old prejudices against these truculent Irish seemed to flash up in an instant. "He is going to take a terrible revenge," he thought.

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But the next instant he dismissed the base suspicion. And Galway, coolly taking off the wet towel that had already shielded his eyes and face from the flames, threw it around Hamberton's head. Then, slowly creeping out, he planted one foot on the first rung of each ladder, shouting to the people beneath:

"Hould hard for yere lives, there below, and throw all yere weight against the ladders." There were plenty volunteers to do the work.

Then he drew the helpless form of Hamberton, head foremost, through the window; and never lost nerve, although they shouted from beneath:

"Hurry, Ned, the fire is breaking through the window, and will ketch the ladders."

It was a moment of supreme anxiety, when the whole dead weight of Hamberton's body, freed from the support of the window, fell on the devoted fellow. But, accustomed to great emergencies and trials of muscular strength, in his daily avocation as laborer and fisherman, he was equal to the call. And, bracing himself carefully against the two ladders, he bore the first shock with safety. Then, carefully feeling downwards with his feet, he held the helpless burden safe with his strong shoulders and arms. The flames, breaking from the room beneath through the shattered window, caught both sometimes, and burned their hands and clothing. But at length they reached the ground, and, within the help of friendly hands, fell into the arms of an exultant and triumphant crowd.

When Maxwell, therefore, entered Donegan's cottage, and after a few inquiries had been made, Hamberton ordered him to go at once and see after the condition of his brave deliverer. This was worse than was supposed. Ned had been badly burned before he had reached Hamberton's room. The left sleeve of his coat had been completely destroyed in his fight with the flames, as he tore blindly, and with covered head, through the hall and up along the stairs; and the flesh from shoulder to arm was badly scorched Yet he made nothing of it.

Maxwell was dumb before such heroism. He could say nothing but: "Keep it well covered; and, above all, let no water touch it until my wife comes up!"

"Is the masther all right?" asked Ned, heedless of himself.

"He is, my poor fellow, except for some slight bruises. This night won't be forgotten, you may be sure!"

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"He done good to the people," said Ned. "He desarved a good return."

"And he has got it," said Maxwell. "You'll have no reason to regret what you have done."

"I want nothing," said Ned. "But, maybe, yer 'anner—"

He stopped suddenly.

"Well?" said Maxwell.

"Maybe yer 'anner would ax the masther not to say anny more about the 'ghosht' or the 'praties'?"

For this was the eternal jest of Hamberton, who, in the boat, on the road, everywhere, never ceased nagging poor Ned about the famous adventure; quite unconscious, we may presume, how his words galled and burned into the heart of his victim.

"All right, Ned!" said Maxwell. "I promise you you'll never hear of them again!"

"God bless yer 'anner!" said Ned.

They talked over the matter, Claire and Hamberton and Maxwell, during these days, when the destruction of Brandon Hall and all its treasures gave them plenty of leisure to think. They came to the conclusion that, just as in the army, the Irish soldiers may break the hearts of their officers in barrack, and the heads of their enemies in the field, so in civil life, if their little ways are tantalizing, quite opposed to English ways and methods, they can always be depended on in a great crisis, where their loyalty and fidelity are in question.

"I'll never have an English servant in my house again!" said Hamberton. "You saw how they ran that night!"

And when Father Cosgrove, proud of his people, called to offer his condolence to his friend, he was at once silenced.

"I don't want to make you too conceited," said Hamberton, "but I must make another admission. You remember I said there was a God?"

"Yes"; said the priest.

"I wish to add something else!"

The priest waited.

"Men are not *all* bad!"

Slowly, but majestically, a beautiful chateau, in the Louis Quatorze style, faced with red and white brick, arose from the ruins of the burned house, and fronted the ever-heaving and tossing and restless sea. Slowly, but surely, new works were erected, new cottages built, larger enterprises opened. Slowly,

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but surely, a happy and thriving and industrious population grew up around the "Great House"; a population knitted in the firmest bonds of loyalty to those who were protecting and helping them.

And any one of these fine days you may see a bath-chair, in which is an invalid gentleman, rolled slowly along the beach by a one-armed man. "A soldier?" "Well, yes!" "Had been under fire?" "Yes, again." "And wounded?" "Yes, once more!" It is our friend, Ned. The arm had to be amputated in Cork. But no matter. He need work no more. And the old man is very gentle and patient; and has never again even whispered to Ned about the "ghosht" nor the "praties."

But Darby Leary? Have we forgotten Darby? By no manner of means. Darby is all right. Down there in the lodge, built also in Louis Quatorze style, I suppose to suit Darby's tastes, is the neatest little snuggery of a home within the four seas of Ireland. Red and white brick facings, diamond window-panes, riotous and voluptuous creepers without; and within, such neatness and comfort and snugness that sometimes Noney says it is all a "dhrame," an Arabian Night's entertainment, from which some day she will wake up to see the old thatched roof over her head, and the pit of green and yellow slime before her door.

But this cannot be. Because, that lovely brick fireplace is a reality; and that tiled floor is a reality; and those white beds there in the little recess are realities; and—here is a young Noney, her father's treasure and delight, a reality in yellow curls and blue eyes and pink cheeks; and, greatest reality of all, here in the cradle are the *Immortal Twins*. They are the torment of Darby's life. Noney is all right; and, when hoisted in Darby's arms, she plucks with her little pink fingers Darby's moustache (for Darby has now a red, bristling moustache, fierce as that of a French *sabreur*), he shrieks out, but tolerates it, because Noney is the light of his eyes. The twins were duly christened Jeremiah and Daniel. Here comes in another question. Why have the Irish selected these two of the four major prophets as patronymics so popular, that every second boy in Ireland is Jerry or Dan? But Isaias and Ezekiel are nowhere? And if any unhappy boy sported these names, his life would be evermore a torment. But to return. Jeremiah and

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Daniel emerged from the baptismal waters good Christians with respectable names; but, alas! they rapidly descended into the more prosaic and humble forms of Jerry and Dan. Now, here is Darby's great trial. He cannot distinguish the twins. He can no more tell which is Jerry and which is Dan than he can distinguish Castor and Pollux in the heavens.

Noney has not the slightest trouble about the matter. With absolute unerringness, she can distinguish her boys, although she admits that "they are as alike as two pays"; and she waxes indignant, when Darby comes home to his dinner, and Noney happens to have Jerry in her arms, and Darby affectionately, but foolishly, strokes the boy's head, and asks how is his Danny to-day?

"This isn't Danny, you fool! This is Jerry. Anny wan can see that!"

"Oh, of coorse," Darby would say. "Of coorse, it is Jerry. Shure anny wan would know that!"

But to-morrow the same mistake occurs; and Danny is taken for Jerry and Jerry for Danny promiscuously.

It is in the cradle, however, the great trouble arises. It is an understood thing, that Jerry occupies the place of honor on the right and Danny is relegated to the left. One would suppose there could be no mistake here. But Darby, though he knows his right hand from his left, and boasts of the knowledge, is sorely tried to know which is the right-hand side of the cradle, and which the left-hand side. And the trouble is aggravated, because the cradle happens to be but a flat soap-box, with no canopy, or other distinguishing characteristic; and, as Noney slews it around to every point of the compass, poor Darby is in an ecstasy of anxiety every time he comes home, and is called upon to distinguish them.

"Av coorse," he says, "Jerry is to the right. That's there!" pointing to his own right hand. "An' Danny is there!" pointing to the left.

"Well, you're the biggest omadan the Lord ever made!" his wife remarks. "Didn't I tell you twinty times that that's Jerry and that that's Danny?"

"Av coorse, av coorse," says Darby. "Shure, anny wan would know that. Shure 'tis Jerry, me own namesake, that have such purty curls on his forehead."

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"'Tisn't thin," his wife replies, "that's Danny, that have the curls. But Jerry is growing them too!"

"Av coorse, of coorse!" Darby replies. "But I wouldn't give the two av 'em together for Noney. Come, Noney, come! There, acushla!" as the child nestles in his arms, and mingles her silken curls in her father's carrotty locks, "acushla machree! us two agin the world! What do we care for thim ould twins? Aren't you me own little *Colleen Bawn?* Aren't you the pulse of me heart? We'll throw out thim ould twins, an' keep together always, won't we, alanna?"

And the original Noney takes up the dialogue, and talks back to the twins; and the atmosphere waxes warm, and Darby is glad to get out into the cool sunlit air, and talk all his love nonsense to Noney undisturbed.

And sometimes Claire comes down wheeling gaily her own perambulator up to Noney's cottage, and compares her own brown baby with the twins; and they talk in the motherly dialects that are as old, I suppose, as Eve; and almost invariably, after these little interchanges of compliments, certain little baskets come down from the "Great House"; and Darby has the pleasure of seeing on his kitchen table the "two kinds of mate" that were ever and always to his mind the outward and visible sign of that mighty gift of the gods—prosperity.

Robert Maxwell has one misgiving. He knows his happiness, and, like a sensible man, enjoys it. He knows, too, that he has chosen the better part, when he compares his present position with that of the club-frequenting, fox-hunting, rack-renting, mindless, and godless class, whose days must be filled with ever-increasing, ever-changing excitement to save them from suicidal mania. Life to him is duty. But, sometimes, he thinks he has earned his honors too cheaply. True, the remembrance of those awful nights which he spent staring into the darkness, until the faint pencils of the dawn drew beneath the hideous thatch the white canvasses of the cities of the spiders; of the days that went by, in fog and mist, so slowly that he thought they would never again darken into night; of the aches and pains that racked his feeble muscles under the unaccustomed exercise of work; of the loneliness that filled his soul, cut away from all familiar associations with his own class; the loathing of rough food and coarse raiment; of that awful sickness with its delirium.

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Of his mistakes, his humiliation, his anguish under misconception, his separation from those he respected and loved; of their contempt; of public hatred and dislike; of imputed crimes of which he was never guilty; finally, of the gaol, the white-washed walls, the shame of arrest, the desecration of a policeman's hands on his shoulder. All this, of course, made him feel that he had passed well through his novitiate of sorrow, and had borne well the "Test of the Spirits."

Nevertheless, and most of all on these sweet summer evenings, when all were gathered down there on the beach, and the spent seas came fawning in, and skies were daffodil in the west; and when he looked around and saw a people made happy by his benevolence, and sharing, with a noble and reverential equality, the society of their benefactors; when his eyes rested on laborers resting from their toils, and happy mothers crooning over their children, and the young people dancing in fairy rings to the sound of flute or fiddle; and, above all, when his thoughts came back, and he remembered the sad fate of Outram and the banishment of his cousin, and saw in the place she should have occupied, the companion of his cares and of his triumphs, he thought that, if one part of the legend had come true—"the youngest and whitest cloud of a summer day shall nestle in thy bosom"—he was yet not altogether worthy of the final promise: "Thou belongest half to us!"

The suspicion would arise: "It is only when the soul goes out in crucifixion, that that mighty call is accomplished—that greatest of promises fulfilled."

(THE END.)

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THE OBEDIENCES OF CATHOLICISM.

BY CORNELIUS CLIFFORD.

II.—"WAYSIDE OMENS."

EW things are more characteristic of the real soul of Catholicism than its hourly insistence upon the activities which we cited in illustration of its obediential bias towards the close of our last article. Chief among these, as being in a sense either the mysterious parent-root of all the rest, or as furnishing the one touch of supernatural energy that makes them all akin, is the institution commonly recognized as sacramentalism.

In its wider and more material aspects sacramentalism may be viewed, of course, as a concrete phenomenon suggesting points of coincidence with certain Greek or Asiatic mystery-cults, familiar enough to the old-fashioned, classical scholar, but furnishing to the academic devotee of comparative religion in our own generation data that the sincere-hearted Christian seldom learns for the first time without a feeling of dismay. In this sense—a curiously vague and not always accurately defined sense, be it noted in passing—sacramentalism may be admitted to have a history. A fugitive and wonderfully various history it proves to be, as we are only just beginning to learn; for it stretches back through stage after stage of religious development, almost without a break in its apparent continuity, to the far-off beginnings of the race.

But, as too often happens, when the evolutionary hypothesis is stretched beyond the ordered facts of a case, the history, somehow, does not explain the complex phenomenon it pretends to account for. If it bears inadvertent testimony to the Apostolic truth, that, however steeped in superstition men may be, the possible Christian in each one of them will always be reaching out hands to God, if peradventure he may be found, it leaves the deeper significance of Catholic sacramentalism hopelessly in the dark. For a mystery-cult is not merely a phenomenon; it is something inscrutably deeper still. It is at once a symbol

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and a compost of many strange and seemingly unrelated ideas; an outward sign of an inward and sometimes heavenly message.

Approached from this standpoint, which allows so humanistically for the larger outlook and the more spiritual instructions that distinguish the wise historian from the mere synthesist of science, the sacramentalism of the Catholic Church will be found to be a phenomenon altogether unique in the annals of religious experience. That is only what one might expect from the importance attached to it in the creeds of early Latin Christianity. Indeed, explicit belief in sacramental ordinances would seem at one time, if not determinably at all times, to have been a kind of *tessera* or pledge of the obediential spirit exacted from the neophyte before admitting him to a share in these more esoteric instructions which are often spoken of as having been protected by a sort of *disciplina arcani* in the primitive Church.

St. Augustine, in several significant passages of his writings, which have not escaped the attention of modern scholars,* distinctly refers to that article of the Creed familiar to the modern Church as the *communio sanctorum* in terms which show that, in his time, both in Gaul and in Northern Africa at least, the phrase had reference to the *holy things of Catholicism* in general and to *our Lord's sacraments* in particular. *Malos . . . tolerat in communione sacramentorum*, he writes in one of his *Sermons;* and the phrase recurs many centuries later in Abelard; while St. Ives of Chartres in turn bears testimony that in his view the neuter sense of the words was not held to be at variance with traditional teaching.

But under whatever form we find it expressed, whether as *credo in sanctorum communionem* or as *credo in sacramentorum communionem*, the pledge itself, especially when taken in connection with the phrase *per Ecclesiam* with which it was frequently coupled, points to a curiously concrete and detailed application of the Gospel summons to accept Christ as the Way in and through the mysteries administered by his Church. It would seem as though there had entered vividly into the con-

* The literature on the subject is too abundant to be indicated even in outline here. For the ordinary reader Mgr. Batiffol's article on *Le Symbole des Apôtres* in *Vacant et Mangenet* will be found amply sufficient. Professor Kattenbusch, of Tübingen, has written an exhaustive work in two volumes, *Das Apostolische Symbol* (B. I. Leipsig, 1894; B. II., Leipsig, 1900), which is rich in patristic references. His views on the particular point of the present discussion, though challenged by Professor McGiffert, are more in harmony, we think, with the inclusive idea which seems to have prevailed for so long a period in the Western Church. See also the *The Apostles' Creed* by H. B. Swete, D.D., Cambridge University Press, 1894.

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sciousness of Latin Christianity at this important and by no means undefined stage of its history, a deeper sense of the continuity of God's working under both Covenants. It was as if the scattered and unknown framers of both liturgy and creed, incorrigibly mystical as they surely were (perhaps because they were so incorrigibly and indefeasibly Catholic and practical), had realized explicitly, at last, that the sacraments were, indeed, the Church's secret pathways to the Reality which was Christ. To achieve some such economy as that had the Father worked through all the types and shadows of the Old Testament; to that same purpose had the Son worked through the obediences and scandalous self-emptyings of his brief human day; and to no different goal had the Church been working ever since.

So might Catholicism be conceived to argue in the fourth and fifth century; and, in spite of the tremendous changes that have taken place in its mental and moral environment in the interval, its present unhesitating attitude towards the sacramental treasures of its inheritance proves that it argues in identically the same spirit to-day. *The Father worketh hitherto and I also work* is as true of the twentieth century Church as it is of Jesus Christ. Its mysteries are the soul's charted pathways to the city of its strength. Its sacraments are the instruments of a renewal of which it is impossible to reckon the cost.

Like the Incarnation which they recall, as the tool recalls the master that first fashioned it, not merely in their definite outward presentation, but in their inward capacity for transforming, it might almost be said, the original warp of human nature itself, they are the hourly continuation to mankind of those mercies which Scripture speaks of as planned, like Wisdom's House of the Seven Pillars, before the foundation of the world. Within their narrow room spirit and matter meet, it is felt, in obedience to that self-same voice which of old commanded order out of chaos and life out of the great deeps.

Here are junctures, we say, too cunning and recondite for the theologian to define. He only knows they are not less wonderful for being efficient, even in his case, merely to the eye of faith. Human philosophy can neither explain them nor annul them, for they are essences bought at great price from beyond the barriers of time and space. When they effect anything at all, they do so infallibly and in deference to a will for which patience and loving kindness are a species of constrain-

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ing law in a sense that no psalmist could adequately have realized.

As often as the conditions of minister and recipient are verified, the divine effects invariably follow, rite for rite, and way for way. Though the intention of the minister be indeed, indispensable, and the faith and radical good-will of the recipient be as obediently needful, it is neither the faith of the one, nor the dispositions of the same good-will in the other, that can accomplish the unseen result; but the baffling and unique instrumentality—physical or moral, let the metaphysician that has really sounded the mystery say *—the divinely ingested and *ex-opere-operato* efficacy, so to call it, of the ordered ceremony, that, under Christ and the Holy Spirit, must be accounted the true explanation of what takes place supernaturally in the soul and mind of the believer.

No wonder that such a process has been compared to the wonders evoked in the morning of the world. It is both like and unlike that first display of overflowing *ad-extra* power on the part of God. For if the planes and spheres of action are different, if the spiritual forces employed have no analogies in nature to which they can be likened, the matter surely is the same. Those elementary gifts—elementary, at least, in our wonted use of them, in spite of the hidden complexity they may reveal to the after-inquiry of the more philosophic mind —the common, homely gifts, as they have always been regarded, of water, the fruits of the olive, of the earth's yearly increase of corn and the vine, are endued with a potency that is beyond the scope of nature or of magic, because it is a part of that every-day quasi-theandric energy by which our Lord victoriously, though not exclusively, makes good his promise to vivify a faithful Church. *The Father worketh hitherto and I also work!* The entire cycle of mediæval speculation that runs so tenuously, yet so suggestively, from Gilbert of Poictiers to Gabriel Biel, until it is ended by the emphatic pronouncements of Trent; the whole unhappy stretch of subsequent misunderstanding that spreads like the desolate waters of a winter-choked stream from Luther and Chemnitz and seventeenth-century Puritanism to Harnack and Dobschütz in our own day; the movement, now

* See the remarkably suggestive series of *Corollaria* to *Thesis V.* in Fr. Billots' able treatise on the Sacraments: *De Ecclesiæ Sacramentis, Editio 3a Romæ, MDCCCC;* and also pp. 51–79. Fr. Billots' discussion of this vexed problem of *causality* is probably the most genuinely scholastic, while it is, at the same time, the most original in the whole range of latter-day theology.

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active among better Anglican scholars, to face the philosophic problem that lies behind the Scriptural presentation of the sacramental idea—all this but serves to emphasize the unalterable Catholic aspect of a truth which seems to be addressed to the heart rather than to the speculative understanding of mankind. That truth—and it is as unmistakably insisted upon in St. Paul and the Synoptic narrative, as it is in the more avowed mysticism of the Johannine teaching—must be described as nothing more or less than the architectonic* tendency of the Incarnation.

Neither in theory nor in practice has the true Catholic conscience ever shown any feeling but one of resentment towards the essentially heretical view that the Word was made flesh for a definite and local crisis only in the history of mankind. To assert this is not to run counter to the Apostolic statement that *Christ, being risen from the dead, dieth now no more.* On the contrary, it is rather to reaffirm that inspiring prophecy by interpreting it in one ascertainable sense, at least, in accordance with Catholic instincts. The whole of the Church's attitude towards the Mass, which is invariably described as the mystical, yet true, if unbloody, re-enactment of the all-atoning, Sacrifice of the Cross; the entire drift of orthodox teaching on the efficacy of the sacraments, in the sense we essayed to outline above; the prayers of the liturgy; the ideas and symbolisms current in popular devotion, furnish an abundant illustration—if illustration, indeed, be needed—of the profound insight of the Catholic heart into the dogma of the Incarnation viewed both as a fact in history and as a far-reaching, ever-present, ever-operative mystery of faith.

A counter-prejudice in one form or another seems to lie at the root of every system of religious thought that has attempted to explain Christ in other terms alien to the prepossessions of traditional orthodoxy. *Qui propter nos homines et propter nostram salutem descendit de cœlis et incarnatus est de Spiritu Sancto ex Maria Virgine*, we say; and the words have more than a bald historical meaning for the Catholic, learned or unlearned, who recites them with a heart stirred by the inarticulate thoughts

* If the phrase be objected to as sounding needlessly and pompously uncouth, we would remark that no other will serve our purpose quite so well. The English equivalent *upbuilding* will hardly do in the context; and *edifying*, which is a fine old Vulgate homonym, has, by a series of accidents which furnish an instructive commentary on the graceless phenomenon known as pietism, gradually come in our day to have a somewhat sinister connotation.

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of all their neo-cosmic connotation. The miracle of the solitary conception and birth from Mary's womb thus finds its counterpart in the not less striking wonder of the conception and birth of an idealized humanity from the womb of the sacramentally nurtured Church. Both conceptions are inevitably virginal; for the fruit of both is God; or, more determinately still, *the Word in Christ.* As the hereditary taint was stayed in Mary's case for the sake of the Child that was to be, so is it stayed in the Church's case for the sake of the Man that is to be.

By baptism each one of us is made *a new creature*, molded to a new Likeness, *in justice and the holiness of truth.* The Son of God did not become Man and die and rise again merely to leave a unique memorial of himself in the shape of an inspiring example, or even of an authoritative, but purely dogmatic, Church. *He died for our sins*, says St. Paul in a well-known passage, and *rose again for our justification.* It is the risen Christ that is felt to be the secret of the Church's unalterable and ever actual Sacramentalism. If our Lord had planned to found a teaching Church and nothing more, what is known to-day as historic Catholicism would have appeared as historic Puritanism; whereas Catholicism has been from the beginning, both in intention and achievement, surely something more than that. If, on the other hand, the Church was to be an adequate presentation of the mysteriously diffusive Life which became visible and *enanthropic*, as the Greek Fathers put it, in the unity of our Lord's divine Person, then Catholicism becomes the most obvious and deifically human thing in history, and worth as such a serious man's study. A phenomenon so splendid, and yet at the same time so inward and mystical and race-pervading, is, in spite of its unyielding externalisms, something even more than human and seldom less than kind.

These considerations, it is almost a truism to say, have been pathetically obscured, where they have not been altogether overlooked by two distinct classes of minds. We speak of those in whom the natural mystic has been starved or devoutly stifled by the undue conceit, the sustained self-assertiveness, and the rationalities of successful Protestantism; and those, again, who have warped their religious natures by a too absorbing pre-occupation with the prejudices of certain popular, but essentially anti-Christian, schools of thought. That Protestantism has, even in its less arid aspects, tended, on the whole, to

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create an atmosphere unfavorable to the spread of sacramental ideas, will be evident to all who have had living and tactual experience, so to call it, of its habitual mode of viewing things.

Even in those historically more important divisions of non-Catholic Christianity, which, like Lutheranism and Scotch Presbyterianism, have made a sincere effort to retain some vestiges of the sacramental leaven as an inseparable part of the religion of the Incarnation, the same tendency may be detected everywhere at work. In the case of Scotch Presbyterianism it has betrayed itself of recent years as a curious and most uncanny propensity to derive the staple of its "confessional science" from the extreme left wing of the more erudite exponents of German Evangelical opinion. Berlin would seem to have displaced Geneva as the City of its hopes; and that most unprofitable form of theological activity, the indiscriminate spread of translated works, may be said to represent the prevailing activities of a school of divines which, only a century, or, indeed, a half century ago, was profoundly original, if somewhat unlovely and of dour report, in its scholastic knowledge and applied ideas. Ritschlianism, as illustrated by the historical prepossessions of such writers as Herrmann, Kaftan, and Harnack, is the burden of its pulpit teaching and the inspiration of its austere pieties. Surely, it is a kirk that has wandered far from the mitigated sacramentarianism of John Knox!

And the leaven that has made it all but impossible for a Scotch Protestant to be mystical and sign-learned, in spite of the Catholic strain of his mingled Keltic and Norse blood, has worked a still more significant change in the religious consciousness of latter-day Lutheranism. The Neo-Kantian cult, which is at best but notionally apprehended at Edinburgh and at Glasgow, is fervently accepted as a living creed throughout academic Germany; and Hegel and Lotze have had to submit to the restored primacy of the Sage of Königsberg within the past score of years. The change has made itself felt in a variety of ways; but chiefly in the "historic" treatment, as it is called, of the science of theology. A very mythical initiatory rite and a purely commemorative Eucharist, which is in no true sense of the word a "Supper of the Lord" at all, are administered by clergymen who are supposed to profess their belief in Christian baptism and in consubstantiation. Can such a Germany be called Lutheran?

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We have selected this phase of continental Protestantism of set purpose; because, while it has a definite historical symbol or creed by which it may be tested, it is known at the same time to be, like its Scotch shadow, important enough in numbers, as well as in clerical prestige, to have attracted to its support a really able body of scholarly apologists. These men, significantly enough, are all strongly tinged with the philosophic ideas which lend themselves so plausibly to the justification of the hereditary and somewhat confining prejudices of anti-sacramental, anti-ritualistic Christianity. Nor is the particular body of believers known diversely as Protestant-Episcopalians in this country and as "Churchmen" throughout the English dominions, in any happier case. The few advocates of the old-fashioned "branch" theory of ecclesiasticism that remain to them, as well as the more aggressive exponents of the new theory of "inclusiveness" that are slowly supplanting these, are, in spite of their evident sincerity and the prestige of their really unique scholarship, a negligible factor in such a survey as the present stage of the argument compels us to make.

For of Protestant-Episcopalians, as a whole, it is hardly too strong a thing to say, that, they are neither mystical in temper, nor to any notable degree sacramentally inclined, even in the extremely attenuated sense that their Articles enjoin. In spite of the moral awakening, which began far back in the last century with the spread of Tractarian ideas, and which has continued ever since under the influence of a movement very unfairly and very inadequately described as mere ritualism, it is still true to affirm, after all these years, that they represent too comfortable a standard of worldliness in religious matters to give serious-minded men pause. They have outlook, we should say, without insight; and they are lacking in depth. Their Nonconformist brethren, over whose absurdities and limitations they wasted so much laughter for nearly half a century after the Tractarian crisis was passed, and whom they are endeavoring just as vainly to conciliate now, are, if the truth must be told without bitterness, and as an American Catholic sees it, inconceivably nearer, in the technical and theological sense at least, to the true kingdom of God. Even if it be granted that a handful among them are performing an evangelical mission in familiarizing a ritualistically inaccessible Protestant world with the surface poetry of Catholic worship and

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the historical significance of Catholic ideas, it will have to be admitted, too, that their influence in this country is largely social, in the narrower usage of that term, and derives its prestige from the distinctively American cult of plutocracy and mode.

Surely it is a disquieting fact for the religious observer in the United States to be obliged to note that the soul's ascent in these regions should so invariably mark a corresponding progress from moneyless obscurity to social recognition and polite newspaper fame. This suggestion, be it remarked, is not offered to the reader by way of ironic comment on a symptom in our American life to which many a devout Episcopalian has before now adverted with misgiving, if not with genuine alarm. That partial, but disinterested, modifications of religious conviction take place among our new-world Protestants without passing on to what some adherents of the old creed would demand as evidence of a complete conversion from their point of view, no student of the anomalies of religious human nature will deny. But that these changes of heart may be, and often are, supernatural in principle, what Catholic theologian that has ever had experience of the ways of the Holy Ghost with a troubled spirit would dare to impugn? God's covenanted ways, his modes of procedure, so to style them, we should seem to know; precisely because they are ways and because they are covenanted. They are not always logical, as Scripture and the Fathers remind us; perhaps because they are so condescendingly human and easy for the voyaging heart to recognize. *Facienti quod in se est Deus non denegat gratiam*, is a great Catholic saying. God is ever more than generous to our good will. But who would arrogate to himself the right to predict what must be or what must not be in those unmapped skies across which the divine light flits from dark to dawn in merciful self-adaptation to the alien soul?

All that, we believe, is true in the invisible realm of the Spirit where the Soul of the great Church Catholic and the graces of which she is, under Christ, the guarantor move victoriously to their term. But does that imply that they must be equally true of the world of sense and phenomena and of divinely enjoined symbols and formularies, as in the instance of the visible Church, as well? We may admit, then, frankly and without any suggestion of theological reserve, that there are genuine "conversions" from ultra forms of Protestantism to

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the more mitigated types; and we cheerfully bear testimony to the illuminating fact that American Episcopalians, in common with their religious kinsfolk across the sea, have not a few of these inscrutable achievements to show to their spiritual credit. Our contention is, however, that they are not entirely convincing from the surer Catholic standpoint; and they certainly are too rare in number to affect the sinister significance of the more worldly changes of creed to which we referred above.

And so our original assertion that Protestantism has, on the whole, tended, and instinctively tended, to obscure the sacramental idea by its too absorbing pre-occupation with the actualities of this life, whether in the guise of fashion or philosophy, would seem to be above intelligible debate. By flinging aside the ancient Catholic tradition of a divinely instituted and sevenfold source of grace, producing its separate and distinct results at every turn and crisis of the Christian life by an instrumental, and *ex-opere-operato* kind of causality, it prepared the way for that quasi-naturalistic attitude of soul in the presence of the Gospel mysteries, which seems to have become a specific note or property of its general belief. Whether it was really driven to take up this radical position by the sheer momentum, so to call it, of its earlier protest against certain pre-tridentine misconceptions that no Catholic scholar would wish to defend today, or whether its present bias must be set down to some deeper psychological defect, such as its ill-tempered rejection of the principle of obedience to spiritual authority which, up to the Reformation period, had been recognized as part of the very substance and fibre of faith, and a necessary ingredient of the soul's habitual loyalty to Christ, is of little consequence now. The step was taken. The profound mysteriousness of the sacramental idea was reduced to a mere question of evangelical rites, beautifully symbolic, it is true, but reminiscential, rather than operative or life-giving, and making little or no appeal to the will in its after-encounters with temptation. So many sure ways of health and strength were thus sealed up for future generations that were never to be permitted to hear of them save as dangerous deceits; superstitions of which a spiritual Christianity was well rid.

The process, extending through at least three centuries, by which so stupendous a change in the psychology of Christendom was finally effected, becomes all the more instructive to

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the present-day believer in the religion of the New Testament, when it is studied in connection with another change to which it seems to be related both in its subtler causes and in its more remote effects. In the eyes of the hereditary Catholic it was a slow draining of the springs of grace and character; a phenomenon entirely without parallel in the previous history of religious dissidence. Earlier anti-sacramental movements, like English Lollardism, for instance, had flourished here and there for a while and then died. But the outlook was graver now. For, in spite of Luther's somewhat inconsistent attacks upon Heussgen and the Zwinglian party, in spite, too, of the not less conservative, but equally illogical, instincts at work among a section of the English reformers, as revealed in the studied vaguenesses of the Thirty-Nine Articles, here was a novelty that gave promise of a many-sided but perverted life.

It needs little historic insight to enable the present-day student of religious phenomena to point out how various and yet how fatal that first rejection of the fuller Catholic idea was to prove in the course of the centuries. The slow, draining process whereof we have spoken above was accompanied by another and more terrible emptying-out; a *kenosis*, one might fairly call it, which no optimism of Neo-Kantian faith will enable the candid and plain-minded observer to view with any feeling short of dismay. We speak, of course, of that strange, increasingly cold and challenging attitude of criticism towards the Christ of the Gospels which is maintained by a distinguished body of University scholars throughout Teutonic Europe to-day, and which bids fair to make its influence felt not less disastrously in English-speaking lands also. Under a speciously scientific plea (which we hope to show is only a pseudo-scientific plea at best) of helping the religious student to disengage the historic from the legendary Christ, and setting him before one in his habit as he lived, the Gospel narrative is subjected to a piece-meal process of rejection and emendation that common sense would cry out against in the case of the least authentic biography known to readers of classical literature. The results obtained by this method are many and curious.

Yet, in spite of grave contradictions in detail, as in the problem of our Lord's Messianic consciousness, for instance, there is a remarkable consensus of discovery on one vital point. The Jesus of history can no longer be accepted as the Jesus of the

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Four Gospels of Catholicism. Faith may still account him divine in some sense that philosophy may justify; but science reduces him to a pathetically human, if yet solitary and unique, figure. This is the Jesus of Schmiedel, of Van Manen, of Bousset, of the two Holtzmanns—the shadowy Personality lurking behind the theories of Jülicher, of Wrede, of Baron von Soden. And the essays and studies put forth with such indefatigable iteration by the several less widely known, but not less widely learned *Privat-docenten* in the various universities of Germany and Holland, are further illustrations of the kind of Christ that history, reconstructed along such new lines, will hereafter afford.

And what a scientifically inadequate Christ it is to have inspired such a movement as culminated, we will not say in Catholicism, but in the Christianity of the Acts and the enthusiasms of the various Pauline communities. It is not so far a cry to the discredited Strauss of the earlier nineteenth century; yet surely the thing of shreds and patches that he gave us is a more intelligible figure than this pale ghost of the Neo-Teutonic Gospel! It can hardly be said that we have as yet seen the end of the movement. Conjecture follows upon conjecture and theory upon theory with most widely divergent results; and all the while the exoteric lay intellect is assured that it is being fed upon a fortifying diet of facts—essential facts; by which is meant, it would seem, the author's temperamental transcript of them.

And it is thought that the faith once delivered sacramentally to the saints—Lutheran or Catholic or Dutch Reformed can hardly matter in such a scientific contingency now—will be renewed by such inverted Gnosticism. The pedantry of specialism might conceivably go further; but it could hardly move with more stupefying results. For not the least significant thing about this portentous outburst of religious intellectualism is the apparent sincerity of it all. What is more significant still, is the readiness of Scotch Presbyterians and Broad Church Anglicans to accept it at its own valuation, and retail it in turn, either in popular epitomes, or in translations for a supposedly pietistic, but always very Protestant, world.

We have been at some pains to describe at length this curious *saturnalia* of the German university intellect, because its present excesses will help the discerning reader to grasp the point of our suggestion, that Protestantism lost more than its leaders realized, when it deliberately sealed up the ancient

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paths to an ordered mysticism, by rejecting the Catholic idea of the sacraments, endeavoring thenceforth to feed its hunger for an always indwelling Lord by philosophic pietism, supplemented by unrestrained speculation on an always outdwelling or historic Christ.

The present welter can only redound in the long event to the true glory of the unchanging Catholic cause. It enables one to see that even facts need to be arranged with some sense of their proportions before they can be made to convey a message to the soul. The Catholic Church is no more afraid of facts than it is of mysteries, natural or supernatural. As a living institution she is compact of both, and has categories for a true interpretation of both, *just in so far as religious human nature*—which is not quite the same thing as scholastic human nature—*needs to have them expounded.* In spite of the poignant misunderstandings, the confusions and hesitations pathetically incident to her secular career, we think it no exaggeration to say that the more comprehensive verdict of history will, on the whole, bear out that contention. For what, after all, is history, even in its most pitiless and scandalously scientific form, but a gradual manifestation of the designs of God in Christ?

Framework that waits for a picture to frame!

It is to the same verdict of history that we have appealed in the assertion, made frankly in the earlier pages of this article, that the religious reformers of the sixteenth century made a lamentable mistake when they broke with the old Catholic notion of a sacramental system of grace. For it is to that initial error, more appreciably than to anything else, that their hereditary hardness of temper to the principle of authority in religion and their gradual estrangement from the fuller and Catholic Christ of the Gospels, as the source of that authority, is ultimately due. They departed from the obediences by which man's ineradicable instinct for mysticism was, in the designs of God, to be kept healthy and alive. What wonder, therefore, that, being starved of such authentic helps to true inwardness of vision, the divine lineaments of the Christ of the Gospels should have become, in spite of all their questioning, somewhat unscientifically blurred?

Seton Hall, South Orange, N. J.

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THE ENCYCLICAL ON MODERNISM.

THE following article is the first of the Advent (1907) course of sermons delivered in St. Patrick's Cathedral, New York City, at the instance of his Grace, the Most Reverend Archbishop. The object of the course was to explain the content and application of the Encyclical on "Modernism." The second sermon of the course follows in this number of THE CATHOLIC WORLD. The others will be published in the February number.—EDITOR C. W.

THE RIGHTS OF THE SUPREME PONTIFF.

"I AM THE WAY, THE TRUTH, AND THE LIFE."

BY JOSEPH F. MOONEY, V.G.

NO one, brethren, I think, will deny that the Church in our day is undergoing a severe ordeal. The assertion holds true if the term Christianity be taken even in a loose sense. But it holds still more true, and you can well bear witness to the fact, if Christianity be understood as identical with the religion which you and I profess and with the Church to which you and I belong. It may indeed be a question whether that ordeal is severer than at any other time in the history of the past, but this much is at least certain: it has now some features that are distinctly its own, and that do not lessen its pain and its bitterness for those of the household of the faith. Heretofore, as now, the Church has had her open and avowed enemies, those who made no concealment of their purpose, and who, with motives as varied as the range of human passion could suggest, and with weapons as deadly as human ingenuity could devise, sought to encompass the Church's failure and the Church's ruin.

No great amount of knowledge is required to tell us this, and, as a consequence, our deepest sympathies went out, and are still going out in abundant flow, to the tried and harassed mother of us all. Realizing, then, the greatness and the soreness of her present afflictions, it was hard indeed for us, who live in this favored land of ours, to imagine whence new ones could arise, new dangers come, or new perils threaten. Rumors, it is

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true, of such there may have been; symptoms, too, may have in a measure manifested themselves, but they were so vague and faint that they passed us by well-nigh unheeded; until a Voice from the heights of its own clear vision, and with the weight of its infallible authority, was raised to warn us and to arouse us, to teach us and to tell us that the most prominent of the adversaries of the Church to-day, are to be found in her own bosom. The revelation was assuredly startling to the most of us, but it was a revelation fully substantiated by the solemn words of our Holy Father Pius X., in his latest Encyclical on "Modernism."

Brethren, what do you, as intelligent and, at least, as ordinarily instructed Catholics, think of a system which holds that the proof that there is a God at all, resolves itself in its last analysis into a mere sentiment of the soul; that God's communication with his creatures was not made in the sense or the way in which you have been taught to believe it was made; that the Sacred Scriptures are but a collection of human experiences that may have happened in any religion? A system which holds that our Lord was limited in his knowledge, that perhaps there was a time when he was not conscious of his own Divine mission; a system thus destructive, as the Holy Father says, of his Divine personality? A system which holds that the Church is but the product of the collective consciences of her members, to which collective conscience, her teaching authority, her sacraments, her liturgy, and her whole action must be subject? A system which holds that religious truth may vary; so that what seems to be true at one time, may cease to be so at another; that thus dogma and doctrine may convey very different meanings to the passing generations of progressive mankind?

Ponder, brethren, for an instant, if you will, upon the import of that teaching. Consider the philosophy of it, its theology. Would he who is the Supreme Head of the Church, would he be true to himself or to his sacred trust, if he did not rise up and in words, aye, of blasting force, repudiate, reprobate, and condemn it? Would he who is the Watchman supreme on the towers of Israel, placed there to guard the citadel of truth, placed there to guard the deposit of faith, would he be mindful of his high office, did he not unmask the foes from within as well as without, expose their designs and put upon them the mark of their treachery and their guile? Would he, in fine, to

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whom were said—in the person of the first occupant of that office, the successor in that apostolic princedom—the words: "I give to you the keys of the kingdom of heaven"; the words: "Feed my lambs and feed my sheep"; the words: "Simon, Simon, behold Satan hath desired to have you so that he may sift you as wheat; but I have prayed for *thee* that thy faith fail not, and thou once being converted, confirm thy brethren"; would he not have proved himself a recreant and unfaithful servant if he could forget them, in the hour of need or of peril, for the charge committed to his care? Ah, brethren, he did not forget them, as none from Peter to Pius forgot them, and as the history of Christendom for nineteen hundred years proclaims on its every page. For, go through that history as cursorily as you will, and then say what is the one simple, predominating fact from which you never can get away in the lives of the holders of the papacy. Is it not simply and purely the conciousness of the right which these words of our Divine Lord imparted, and of the duty which they imposed, and the consequent exercise of that right and that duty in every crisis and in every emergency that called for such exercise on their part? Why, brethren, what else after all in one sense does the history of the Church resolve itself into but the history of the aims and the efforts, the trials and the sufferings, and the sacrifices of Christ's Vicars on earth to ward off heresy and error, to check their insidious advance, to repair their ravages, and to preserve intact and undefiled the "faith once delivered to the saints." For this end they felt they were in this world—but not of it.

For it, and to attain it, they withstood Roman power in the heyday of its might and its splendor, and Grecian subtlety in the very acme of its polish and its refinement, Oriental despotism in its crudest forms, and Western barbarism in the fiercest floods of its most savage fury. For it, and to attain it, they opposed the ambitions of kings and potentates, and the lust and passions of the great and the powerful; the sanguinary outbursts of lawless multitudes, as well as the vain and noxious output of proud, arrogant, misguided human reason. For it, and to attain it, their guiding hand and stimulating, but corrective, impulse were upon schools and scholars, whether of olden Antioch and Athens, Alexandria and Constantinople, mediæval Paris and Oxford, as well as the Louvain and Wash-

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ington of to-day. For it, in fine, they bore slander and misrepresentation, persecution and hatred, and stripes and chains, and exile and death. And why? Because they could not do otherwise; because the injunction of the Master pressed ever upon them; because the interests of his kingdom they must at every cost conserve.

Again, brethren, in doing so, from another point of view, they were only measuring up to the full responsibilities of the position in which he himself had placed them. If it was part of our Lord's plan for the salvation of the souls of men, to found a spiritual kingdom—and his words bear no other interpretation—and if the headship of that kingdom was to be in himself and its earthly headship in the Apostle of his choice; and if that kingdom was to be visible, permanent, doing and continuing at all times his work in the world, it surely would be only in accord with the truth and the infallibility of the divine promise, that there should exist, in the presence of men, visible to the gaze of the world, an institution of this character, and thus we should be prepared also to witness in the action of his earthly vicars, whenever and wherever the purity and integrity of the faith, which is the very life of the Church, were touched or jeopardized, only what the princes of this world would do for their own in like circumstances and under like conditions. And as kings and princes would not then hesitate to put forth the whole force of their power and their sovereignty, to employ every lawful means at their disposal, in order to shield their people and their country, so must the Chief of God's Church maintain, without impairment, the spiritual inheritance placed within his keeping and safeguard the weal of the flock entrusted to his care. For him to do otherwise, to be possible even to do otherwise, would be a falsification of the history of the past, nay, a falsification of the divine promise itself.

Modernism, brethren, is the latest newcomer to strut into the arena and to challenge the gaze and attention of the world, not as a foe, but under the guise of a friend; not, as it claims, to attack, but to reform the Church—a reformation, however, which, the Holy Father says, is death. Carried away by the spirit of novelty of the age, dazzled not only by the vaunted triumphs of science in the realms of sense, but also in regions which are beyond its sphere, possessed to the full with an uncontrollable desire to pursue dangerous intellectual pathways,

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and brooking no restraint in its intellectual methods, gifted with a certain scholarship and learning peculiar to itself, Modernism seeks not only to break with the past, but to heap contumely upon it; not only to disregard the Fathers and the Doctors and the Apostolical traditions of antiquity, but to exclude them from any share in its plan for a new interpretation of the Scriptures; for a reconstruction of theology and philosophy, which shall, above all, exclude the Angelic Doctor and his school from their domain; for a reconstruction and reformation of the Church herself which shall make her harmonize her policy and her institutions with the widest and deepest results of scientific inquiry; and, in a word, with every aspiration of humanity.

Modernism, will it last? Who can tell? But one thing is certain, one thing is clear: It can no longer hide itself beneath the broad mantle of the Church; no longer be free to work its poisonous way, not only into the branches and shoots, as the Holy Father says, but into the very trunk of the tree of faith, and into the heart of the Church; but now, being "cast out into exterior darkness," it will be left to find its place among and to share the fate of the other heresies, the other errors, and the other aberrations of human reason, which have so often vexed the course of the bark of Peter down the stream of time.

Brethren, with grateful, loyal hearts, then, will we acclaim the act which has wrought this blissful consummation, and, with joyous obedience, accept it. With renewed devotion will we rally around him whose act it was, and in his voice recognize the voice of him who once said to the tempest and the storm: "Peace, be still." Thus will it ever be, as it has ever been. Thus will it ever be, that our vision will be brightened and our hope gladdened, our courage uplifted and our very life pulsate with the throbbings of a new life within us, as we behold that olden bark ploughing her way triumphantly through the tumultuous seas that would engulf her; ploughing her way triumphantly through the angry waves and the winds that madly beat against her; through the shipwrecks of philosophies and the shattered hulks of the empires and monarchies now strewn along the shores of time; ever bearing with her and within her, the souls of the redeemed, the souls of the redeemed of Christ, and bearing them, aye, up to the eternal mountains that stand forever around the heavenly Jerusalem.

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THE ERRORS CONDEMNED.

BY THOMAS F. BURKE, C.S.P.

IT is our duty to-day, in this one of a course of sermons on the latest Encyclical of our Supreme Pontiff, to bring to your attention the principal fallacies that are there laid bare. The main part of the Encyclical is doctrinal in character. It expounds, and then condemns, not one but many errors which had found defenders in certain circles within the Church at the present time. To this set of errors has been given the title "Modernism." If we consider the basic principles upon which these fallacies are constructed, if we bear in mind that these principles are agnostic and pantheistic in tendency, we may rightly say that Modernism is not new but rather ancient, older even than Christianity itself. But if we consider the principles of Modernism in their application to the facts and dogmas upon which Catholic faith rests and to the nature of that faith itself, if we bear in mind that these principles form the basis of a system that disregards the sacred traditions of Christian teaching, then it is indeed a new heresy or rather a new "combination of heresies."

Modernism attacks the very foundations of belief. Apart from any philosophical considerations, the Catholic rests his faith, his acceptance of the Christian religion, upon certain real things, objective facts and truths concerning God. That God exists; that God has given a revelation to man; that God sent his only-begotten Son upon earth; that this Son is Jesus Christ both God and man; that he founded a Church, to the care of which he committed his teachings and his commands, and that these teachings and commands have been safeguarded and given to men of all times by that Church; these are the preliminaries of the Catholic's act of faith. They are based upon the conclusions of reason and the testimony of history, and without them man can have no certainty as to his religious obligations.

In other words, whatever the spiritual life of any individual

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man may be, to whatever development it may attain, to whatever heights it may reach, to whatever intimacy of union with God it may aspire, that life is built upon historical facts or truths as upon a foundation. Thus whether the Catholic be the humblest in mind and the simplest in devotion, or whether he be possessed of a mental ability akin to that of a St. Thomas, or whether he be vouchsafed extraordinary spiritual privileges such as were evidenced in the contemplative, mystic powers of a St. John of the Cross or a St. Teresa, he builds the structure of his religious life upon truths and facts, certain, objective, real, divine.

For each and for all the foundation is the same. Rob man of the historical basis of his faith; tell him that he cannot know whether Christ existed as he has been pictured or whether he was God; tell him that the miracles heretofore alleged as proofs of Christ's mission and divinity are unrealities and mere human inventions; tell him there is no set of truths really imparted by God to man; tell him that faith is not conviction based upon evidence but rather a sentiment created in the individual soul; and you have cast him adrift on the sea of doubt, to be tossed to and fro by every wind of doctrine.

Now Modernism asserts principles that are bound to give birth to a germ destructive of faith, for it denies the objective reality of those very truths and facts upon which Christianity rests, and in virtue of which man accepts it as a reasonable belief.

Such is the position of the modernists, first because their religious philosophy is in essence agnostic. By this we mean that it denies to man's reason the power to pass judgment or to form conclusions upon anything that is not perceptible to the senses. Human reason is confined entirely within the field of phenomena, of those things that appear. Starting from this principle, Modernism claims that the world beyond the sight of man is likewise the world beyond the intellect of man; and that it is, therefore, impossible to place any trust in the conclusions of that reason concerning God or the things of God. The Deity and any supposed revelation of his will to man are not, therefore, objects of human science, nor are they in any sense historical subjects. Science and history thus become atheistic. God and all that is divine are excluded.

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Immediately the vast difference between Modernism and Catholic teaching is apparent.

While Modernism declares that human reason is incapable of arriving at a knowledge of even God's existence, the Catholic Church teaches that the one true God can be known with certainty "by the natural light of reason by means of the things that are made" (Conc. Vat. De Revel. Can. 1.).

While Modernism declares that the human intellect is under such limitations that it can in no way transcend the visible, the Catholic Church teaches that reason, by the principle of causality, can come to a knowledge of the unseen, and particularly of the attributes of God.

While Modernism declares, on the principle of agnosticism, that it is impossible for the human reason to be the recipient of any external heavenly message, the Catholic Church teaches that it is not only possible but that it is expedient "that man should be taught, through the medium of divine revelation, about God and the worship to be paid him" (Conc. Vat. De Revel. Can. 1).

While Modernism declares that it is not within the sphere of reason to consider any facts and evidences for the securing of belief, the Catholic Church, condemning this assertion, teaches that divine revelation can be made credible by external signs (Conc. Vat. De Fide. Can. 3).

Radical differences these and such as constitute an irreconcilable opposition between the belief of the Catholic Church and the philosophy of Modernism. The latter would build faith upon the negation of the powers of reason, while the former builds it upon the assertion of reason's legitimate conclusions.

This negation, upon which so much of the Modernist system rests, destroys also the validity of one of the primary witnesses to Christian faith, namely, *Miracles*. Since human reason, according to that system, is incapable of any certain knowledge of God, it follows that any facts that partake of a divine character are, likewise, beyond the sphere of man's intellect. The miraculous is impossible. Only the human is recognized. Jesus Christ cannot be conceived by man's mind as divine. If, then, in the accounts of our Lord's life, any miracles are ascribed to him, they are not to be taken as witnesses to the truth of his words or to the divinity of his being; but they are to be con-

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sidered merely as the products of devout imagination, which Christ's Apostles and disciples have read into the story.

This contradicts uncompromisingly the belief of the Catholic. The Vatican Council, for instance, declares: "In order that the submission of our faith might be in accordance with reason, God hath willed to give us, together with the internal assistance of the Holy Ghost, external proofs of his revelation, namely, divine facts; and above all miracles and prophecies, which, while they clearly manifest God's almighty power and infinite knowledge, are most certain divine signs of revelation adapted to the understanding of all men."

We have, then, in our acceptance of Catholic faith the internal assistance of the Holy Ghost, but we have something besides.

Why do we accept the teachings of the Church? Because we believe they are the teachings of Jesus Christ, who is God made man. Why do we believe that Jesus is God? The chief witness to that fact is the *Resurrection of Christ.* If we are asked what evidence we have for the truth of the Resurrection, we answer that we know this great miracle to be a fact in the same way that we know all other events of history, on human, credible, and reliable evidence. With St. Paul we say: "If Christ be not risen from the dead, then is our preaching vain, and your faith is also vain" (I. Cor. xv. 14). In other words, disprove and destroy this great miracle, and you have taken away the whole value of Christianity as a divinely revealed religion.

The modernists declare that not only this great miracle of the Resurrection, but all the miracles attributed to Christ are not historical facts, not things which have really taken place so as to be historically true. While these things are considered objects of faith, in their sense of the word, they are merely the inventions of men, devout and earnest men reading their own ideas into the life of the God made man, that so he might appear unto the world. The practical conclusion is, therefore, this, that the good Christian reading the New Testament would have to remember that all the wonderful works of Christ, all that pertains to his Resurrection and Ascension, and many of his parables—as one writer has pointed out, about seven-tenths of all the Gospel narrative—are things which never actually

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happened in history, but were attributed to Christ by enthusiastic disciples long after his death. As, in connection with their fundamental philosophical principles, faith is founded upon the negation of reason, here faith is founded upon the negation of history. Faith that is robbed of reason as its basis and of history as its witness is like a sun that gives neither light nor heat, painted but not real.

Oh, ye whose teachings have called forth in this Encyclical the unwilling rebuke and condemnation from the mouth of Peter —ye who protest your love for Christ, for Church, for Christian people, who have yielded principles in your mistaken zeal and your desire to reconcile the learning of the world with the faith of Christianity—do you not see, can you not see, that in stripping Christ of his miraculous power, that in taking him from out that world of fact in which he moved and taught, that in making his divinity dependent upon the faith of his disciples, a faith that, in its enthusiasm, did not hesitate to invent and to impose, do you not see that in all this you have joined hands with those unbelievers who recognize that their task of destruction is achieved when they disprove the miracles attributed to Jesus and undermine the historical foundations of Christianity? Do you not see that the reality of the divine Christ is bound up with the reality of his works; that faith in Christ is joined to a knowledge of such historical facts as that he cured the sick and the dead by his gentle touch; that he pardoned the repentant sinner; that he foretold things that were to come; that he died upon the cross; that he rose from the dead; that he ascended into heaven? Do you not see that in destroying these, you destroy him? Do you not see that in saying these beliefs are ill-founded, and that they may change and even disappear, that you annihilate Jesus Christ, God made man?

In keeping with these principles Modernism perverts the idea of *revelation* and distorts the idea of *faith*. Far from admitting a set of truths made known to man from God as from a source apart from man, and far from recognizing faith as the act by which man gives assent to these truths, Modernism holds that both faith and revelation are entirely *within* man. On the principle that our knowledge is altogether subjective and relative, the defenders of Modernism declare that

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what we know of God and ultimate reality is "but certain effects wrought in the soul of man."

The Catholic ideas of faith and revelation are contained in a decree of the Vatican Council, where it is stated that: "This faith, as the Catholic Church professes, is a supernatural virtue by which, through the gift of God and the aid of grace, we believe that the things revealed by him are true, not because of their intrinsic truth as seen by the natural light of reason, but because of the authority of God himself who reveals them to us and who can neither be deceived nor deceive."

From this we see that man, exercising faith, performs an act of his intellect, that there is an internal element in the genesis of that act, namely, the grace of God in the soul, but also that the object of this act is something external to itself, God and his divine revelation.

The modernist substitutes a species of faith totally different, for he makes faith consist not in conviction based upon evidence, but in a religious sentiment or experience totally within man and through which alone he comes to a knowledge of God and religion. More than that, this religious sentiment is not only faith, but with that faith and in it revelation too abides. In other words, faith and revelation are begun and completed entirely within the soul of man. This theory is subjectivism run riot—Protestantism outdone. It practically makes man the creator of his own religion. No external authority would, under such conditions have the right to dictate to a conscience that imagines itself guided directly by the indwelling God. It proclaims one religion to be as good as another. No one could logically question the validity and the soundness of any man's religious sentiment, because, as the world of an external revelation would be to him an unknowable world, so too would be the world of another's spiritual experience.

As a matter of fact, these and like conclusions have already been reached in the school of the modernists. They tell us that all religions are true, and that the Catholic form of religion is to be accepted only because it contains more truth than the others. They deny that the sacraments were instituted by Christ, but claim these were brought into being by the Church; thus robbing the sacraments of their very essence and power. They deny that Christ instituted the Church itself, but hold

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that it was gradually formed in the Christian community; thus taking from that Church all divine authority. They deny that the dogmas of the Church have any stability, but state that these may essentially change or be entirely obliterated as new conditions of life arise. They despise ecclesiastical tradition. Say what they may, they build up a religion different from Catholicism, and they cannot hold to both.

It is, in a sense, an old question that is propounded. Is man, in his religious belief, the master or the pupil, the lord or the disciple? Is man left to wander with no guide but himself and the creations of his own mind and the impulses of his own heart; or is he under the direction of the Supreme Lawgiver and the revealing Lord? If man, taken either individually or collectively, be dependent solely upon himself for the creation and development of his religious being, then Pius X. is wrong. But if, as reason and history testify, there is a God above us, if God has been manifested to man in the person of Jesus Christ, divine and human, if that Divine Person has left upon earth a Church to be a guide unto man as to his teachings and precepts, if the existence of these external facts is necessary for man's religious life, if there exist for man any absolute truth, any truth beyond the borders of his own intellect, then Pius X. is right.

The modernists deny that we can obtain by reason any knowledge of God; they deny the historical reality of miracles; they deny the existence of an external revelation given by God to man; they deny that faith is conviction; but leave it rather a mere sentiment. In all these things they take issue with Catholic teaching, and consequently merit condemnation.

On one day in the life of our Blessed Lord, after he had declared to the assembled multitude the great mystery of the Eucharist, his heart was saddened by knowing that many refused to accept it. Some, who up to that time had been his disciples, turned away and walked no more with him. Then, in tenderness and yet in steadfastness, he spoke to the Apostles: "Will you also go away?" And Peter, for himself and for the rest, replied with the answer of faith and loyalty: "Lord, to whom shall we go? Thou hast the words of Eternal Life."

That scene has been repeated many times in the history of the Church. She has stood "endowed with a single, undying

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personality—an unbroken personal consciousness," bearing testimony to the facts in the life of her founder, to the truths that he taught. In asserting these, she has often seen some of her children refuse submission; she has beheld them depart from her. To-day as question of her teaching arises, and she reasserts her doctrine, some of her children hesitate to accept. They are men who, up to the present, have protested their adherence to her, their love for her, and their desire to bring others unto her; men who, in the words of the Encyclical itself, "lead a life of the greatest activity, of assiduous and ardent application to every branch of learning," and who "possess, as a rule, a reputation for the strictest morality." To them she turns in her tenderness, and yet in her steadfastness, and asks: "Will you also go away?" What will their answer be? We pray that it may be that which St. Peter spoke; but whether it will be so or not is known only to the Searcher of hearts. To all her children, and therefore to us, the Church likewise speaks the word: "Will you also go away?" What is our answer? With faith and with loyalty we reply: "To whom shall we go? Thou hast the words of Eternal Life."

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New Books.

THE THIRTEENTH CENTURY. By Dr. Walsh.

Nobody hearkens more willingly, nor with happier results, than does Dr. Walsh to the invitation given by the Son of Sirac to praise the men of renown, our fathers in their generation. This fine volume,* which does credit to the press that issued it, is, as the title suggests, a eulogy of the men who lived and the works that were achieved in the thirteenth century. That age, with its wonderful activity, its various essays into new paths, its great men in all the arts of war and peace, offers an inexhaustable field to the student, and a splendid storehouse of brilliant material for the popular lecturer. And Dr. Walsh, who is both a student and a popular lecturer, comes forward in this volume, laden with the results of omnivorous reading, and lays his treasures, in almost boundless profusion, at the feet of his audience. All the great issues, forces, and institutions of the thirteenth century are reviewed at generous length—the rise and character, the curricula and the influences of the early universities; the steps taken towards popular education, both literary and technical; the development of letters; the great books and the great writers of the period: the Latin hymns of the Church, Thomas Aquinas, Dante, the Golden Legend, the Romance of the Rose, Joceylin of Brakeland, Matthew Paris, and Vincent of Beauvais; hospitals; famous women; Marco Polo and the story of geographical exploration; the systematization of law; and the beginnings of modern commerce. This catalogue does not exhaust the list of Dr. Walsh's topics.

The contents of the book were first put together in the form of popular lectures, a fact which accounts for the diffuseness of style and the occasional repetitions which are observable. As a professed panegyrist, the doctor, of course, presents only what redounds to the glory of that age; so we do not expect him to strike any strictly judicial balance between the good and the bad. And his *rôle* exempts from criticism his occasional straining of the significance of facts in order to credit his favorite century with the origin of almost all the good things, and some of the questionably good things, which the present age

* *The Thirteenth, Greatest of Centuries.* By James J. Walsh, Ph.D., LL.D. New York: Catholic Summer-School Press.

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claims as its own production, from democracy to co-education; and the practice of initiation into secret societies.

Those who read for entertainment will find the book a rich source of enjoyment and instruction. And we think that there are few well-read persons who will not find in Dr. Walsh's pages some piece of information hitherto unknown to them. It need not be said that the tone of the work is distinctively Catholic. The doctor's underlying purpose is to vindicate the Church's claim to have been the mightiest force in European civilization. Though the doctor never goes beyond the range of a popular lecturer, he occasionally gives utterance to observations and reflections that would do credit to a study of deeper thought. For instance, he draws attention to a fact that is seldom noted sufficiently, either by the advocates or the opponents of evolution. It is that for this theory no argument can be drawn from the development of man as judged by the monuments of his intellect in historic time:

> We may be "the heir of all the ages in the foremost files of time," but one thing is certain, that we can scarcely hope to equal, and do not think at all of surpassing, some of the great literary achievements of long past ages.
>
> In the things of the spirit, apparently, there is very little, if any, evolution. Homer wrote nearly three thousand years ago as supreme an expression of human life in absolute literary values as the world has ever known, or, with all reverence for the future, be it said, is ever likely to know.

As a further proof of his assertion, he cites the Book of Job and the Code of Hammurabi.

We unite with Dr. Walsh in hoping that this book will prove to be the beginning of a series that will offer to the general public the lectures that have been delivered at the Catholic Summer-School.

THE VATICAN COUNCIL. A good translation of the Acts of the Vatican Council* is a most timely contribution to our English theological library. Who can doubt that of all the enormous output of thought that has appeared during the past fifty years, the document which is destined to outlast all the others, and which will have a living value for posterity when almost every-

* *The Decrees of the Vatican Council.* Edited, with an Introduction, by Rev. Vincent McNabb, O.P. London: Burns & Oates.

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thing else that has come from the printing press of the nineteenth century will either have been buried in oblivion or will have become obsolete, is a little book, "no larger than a page or two of a daily newspaper," containing the results of two hundred and twenty-two days' travail of the largest and most representative body of bishops that ever met together since the foundation of the Catholic Church. If that document will have a value for posterity, it certainly has a still higher value for the present day. For, like every other Council of the Church, the Vatican treated of doctrinal matters of special importance to its own age.

Nevertheless, one who would undertake to show, from an analysis of our current theological, pastoral, and apologetic literature, that the Acts of the Vatican Council are not sufficiently utilized, might make out a fair case for the thesis. For a decade or two, indeed, after 1870, there was no end of attention turned to the teaching of the Council regarding the infallibility of the Pope. But since discussion of that doctrine subsided, the decrees may be said to have almost dropped out of sight. Yet the First Dogmatic Constitution deals with questions which, so far from having become obsolete, are every day assuming a growing importance in the struggle between Catholicism and unbelief. The relation of God to the world; the nature of revelation and supernatural faith; the relation between reason and faith—these are the strong places on the ramparts of Sion around which the intellectual struggle surges most fiercely to-day, Nothing is of more vital interest to the welfare of souls than that the rapidly growing section of the laity which is coming into close and insidious contact with unbelief should have a thorough grasp of Catholic doctrine on these subjects. And, with all reverence for the many learned expositors of the Vatican decrees, nowhere is the Catholic doctrine to be found set forth with so much simplicity, clearness, and force as in the text of the decrees itself: "For," to quote from that authority, "the doctrine of faith which God has revealed has not been proposed, like a philosophical invention, to be perfected by human ingenuity; but has been delivered as a divine deposit to the *Spouse of Christ* to be faithfully kept and infallibly declared." Father McNabb's translation offers no opening for criticism. The publishers have given it a setting worthy of its dignity.

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PENANCE IN THE EARLY CHURCH.
By Rev. M. J. O'Donnell.

This work* is valuable, primarily, for its intrinsic merit; accidentally as a "sign of the times." A word, in the beginning, therefore, concerning this secondary importance —the present doctorate thesis is the first that the theological faculty of Maynooth has caused to be published in the vernacular. Furthermore, the essay is distinctly in the modern style (if we may use the word in its blamelese sense), quite in accord with the numerous "Studies in Positive Theology" that we are accustomed to expect from such writers as Batiffol, Vacandard, Ermoni, Turmel, and others.

And, yet again, the topic chosen is at the same time one of the most debated and most interesting in the modern theology, the Sacrament of Penance in the Early Church. Consequently, we may well believe that even conservative old Maynooth now declares that she will not be behindhand in adopting the new tendency of theological scholarship. Of course, as the editor remarks in the "Notes" to the present number of the magazine, there is no "Modernism" in Ireland; it is quite unnecessary for him even to refer to it, except as an interesting but remote phenomenon.

Dr. O'Donnell's work is instinct with the spirit of historical criticism. He has a thesis, indeed; he does not claim to be absolutely dispassionate and objective in his treatment of the subject—he allows that he starts with the purpose of confuting such men as Dr. Lea, but none the less he does not allow his historical findings to be predetermined by his theological convictions. The result is an excellent mingling, in the proper proportions, of theology, history, and criticism.

Needless to say, he does not attempt to cover the whole ground. This volume is a slender one of 150 pages. We may quote his own limitation of the subject:

> In connection with the Sacrament of Penance, it is only towards the end of the second century and the beginning of the third that we find sufficient evidence to formulate a consistent theory regarding the belief and the practice of the Church. With this period, therefore, I intend to deal. My

* *Penance in the Early Church.* With a short Sketch of Subsequent Development. By Rev. M. J. O'Donnell. Dublin: M. H. Gill & Son.

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aim will be not merely to vindicate the sacramental character of penance, but to give a description, full as may be, of the early discipline associated with its administration.

We have already indicated our belief that the author succeeds admirably.

In an introductory chapter, he demonstrates the fact that the Church of the second century was conscious of possessing the power of forgiving post-baptismal sins, and that this power was to be exercised through the ministers of the Church in a public action. In his second chapter he quotes the Fathers of the east and west of the third century, allowing their words to bear the burden of proving that the universal Church exercised her God-given power, at least in some cases. The third chapter deals with the question of the reservation of the *tria capitalia*. Dr. O'Donnell maintains—against the opinion of many able Catholic scholars, including Battifol and Vacandard—that there was no general practice of refusing absolution in these cases. In the remainder of the volume he discusses various collateral questions: Public Penance; Confession, its Necessity and Character; Its Frequency; Absolution; and he includes a chapter on the Development of the Doctrine of the Sacrament.

Altogether the book is possibly the best discussion of the matter in our language. We have still to wait for some one who will answer Dr. Lea throughout, but in the meanwhile we must be extremely grateful for such an offering as this.

THE LOVE OF BOOKS. By De Bury.

Better than the finest accounts of the most eloquent historians does the little classic* which we owe to old Richard de Bury, enable us to realize the appreciation, amounting to affectionate veneration, which the scholars of the Middle Ages displayed for books. In his Philobiblion, Bury may be taken to be the spokesman of his age, and few speakers have exhibited more tender eloquence than is to be found in the pages wherein he praises "the storehouses of wisdom"; exhorts men to love them at their true value, and complains of the neglect and ill-treatment which books

* *The Love of Books.* Being the "Philobiblion" of Richard de Bury, Bishop of Durham. St. Louis: B. Herder.

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receive. Bury's chief interest and ambition in life was to collect books, not that he might revel in the joys of selfish ownership; but to make provision for needy scholars. In the Prologue here he tells, in his quaint, sincere, old-world style, how, taking thought and looking around to see what good work he could set himself to, "there soon occurred to our contemplation a host of unhappy, nay, rather, of elect scholars, in whom God, the Creator, and Nature, his handmaid, planted the roots of excellent morals and of famous sciences, whom the poverty of their circumstances so oppressed that, before the frown of adverse fortune, the seeds of excellence, so fruitful in the cultivated field of youth, not being watered by the rains they require, are forced to wither away."

These talents, he continues, are lost to the Church, because their owners have no money to support themselves or to provide the books necessary to their education. So, he resolved to devote himself to the work of providing books for the needy. "To this end, most acceptable in the sight of God, our attention has long been unweariedly devoted. This ecstatic love has carried us away so powerfully that we have resigned all thoughts of other earthly things, and have given ourselves up to a passion for acquiring books."

This is no empty phrase-making. In his time Bury was tutor to Edward of Windsor, afterwards Edward III.; he was twice ambassador to Pope John XXII.; and, whilst Bishop of Durham, he was Lord Chancellor of England. All his great opportunities for book-collecting were made the most of; his agents were all over Europe, and when a book was found he never counted the cost. It is said that Richard's collections exceeded that of all the other English bishops put together. Towards the end of the work, the author "showeth that he has collected so great store of books for the common benefit of scholars, and not for his own pleasure only." He destined them to a college which he proposed to found in the "reverend university of Oxford, the chief nursing mother of all liberal arts." The most original and characteristic chapters are the Complaint of Books against Wars, against the Clergy already Promoted, against the Possessioners, and against the Mendicants. Expelled, too often, from the houses of the Clergy, the books complain:

> We have to mourn for the homes of which we have been unjustly robbed; and as to our coverings, not that they have

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> not been given to us, but that the coverings anciently given to us have been torn by violent hands, insomuch that our soul is bowed down to the dust, our belly cleaveth unto the earth. We suffer from various diseases, enduring pains in our back and sides; we lie with our limbs unstrung by palsey, and there is no man who layeth it to heart, and no man who provides a mollifying plaster. Our native whiteness that was clear with light has turned to dun and yellow, so that no leech who should see us would doubt that we are diseased with jaundice. Some of us are suffering from gout; as our twisted extremities plainly show.

The books exhibit their endurance of all the ills that flesh is heir to. They are put in pledge at taverns, their ancient nobility is ruined by having new names imposed upon them by worthless compilers, translators, and transformers, "so that, against our will, the name of some wretched step-father is imposed upon us, and the sons are robbed of the names of their true fathers."

Alas! for the noblest of human hopes. What became of the good bishop's books is a matter of conjecture. Most probably they went, at his death in 1345, to the house of the Durham Benedictines, at Oxford, where they remained till the suppression by Henry VIII. Then some went to Duke Humphrey's library, others to Balliol, and the remainder to the purchaser of the dissolved college. How many prayers have been offered up, for the past three hundred years, at "the chief nursing mother of all liberal arts" for the prince of book-lovers? In 1888, for the first time, an accurate text of the Latin original was printed, the results of fifteen years of labor, by an eminent scholar. From that text the present translation is made. This publication is among the first of a series which proposes to issue popular editions of the old English classics. The translator has cleverly preserved the quaintness of the original.

THE RELIGIOUS LIFE. By Lasance.

The indefatigable Father Lasance appears again in the lists with his tenth manual of devotion.* It is in his usual field—the field he has won for himself by his former successes—that of devotional lit-

* *Thoughts on the Religious Life, etc.* By Rev. F. L. Lasance. New York: Benziger Brothers.

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erature, manuals, prayer books, compilations for the benefit of religious communities.

He is part author, part editor of the present volume, and from the combined efforts of his own pen and those of such writers as Dom Bede Camm, Reginald Buckler, Blosius, Father Faber, St. Francis de Sales, and others, he has put together a very comprehensive manual of "Reflections on the General Principles of Religious Life, on Charity, Vocation, the Vows, the Rules, the Cloister Virtues, and the Main Devotions of the Church." The result is a volume that may be used equally well as a source of thoughts for meditation, or a thesaurus of information on the multitudinous points indicated. It is a fit companion for his *Prayer Book for Religious.*

ESSENTIALS AND NON-ESSENTIALS. By Hughes.

How are we to distinguish between what is of obligation and what is not, in matters of faith and practice, is a question frequently asked both by Catholics and non-Catholics. It is one which demands a careful reply that cannot be given in a sentence or two. Vague, evasive answers will not satisfy an intelligent inquirer. Exaggeration, on one side or the other, may easily result in harm. Some time ago the subject was treated with ability in a series of papers in the *Ave Maria,* which are now published in book form.* If the volume bears no *Imprimatur*—which is somewhat surprising—the want is not due to any danger that it might not pass the ordeal of the most rigid canonical censorship. Father Hughes expounds the theological principles of the question with admirable clearness and conciseness; and with detail sufficient to convey a thoroughly practical grasp of Catholic teaching and practice, either to the inquiring stranger, or to the children of the household.

ISRAEL'S HISTORICAL NARRATIVES. By Kent.

No one, at the present day, can go very far in the study of the Bible without feeling at times the need of just such a work as Dr. Kent's Student's Old Testament.† The second volume, which lies before us, contains the historical and

* *Essentials and Non-Essentials of the Catholic Religion.* By the Rev. H. G. Hughes. South Bend, Indiana: The Ave Maria Press.

† *Israel's Historical and Biographical Narratives.* By Charles Foster Kent, Ph.D. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

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biographical narratives covering the period from Samuel to the Maccabean triumph. The work, apart from the notes, chiefly textual, and an introduction on the character of the narratives, is simply an edition of the Old Testament arranged according to subject-matter; thus, in the present instance, the historical materials are disposed, not in the canonical order, but according to the chronological sequence of events. It is, in fact, a sort of harmony of the Old Testament, which gives us at a glance, in parallel columns, all the narratives referring to any particular event, precisely as a gospel harmony or synopsis. Thus, for the reign of David, we have the parallel accounts of Samuel and the Chronicler; for the Maccabean times, of First and Second Maccabees, the editor includes not only the historical books proper, but also the historical portions of certain prophetical books, Isaiah, Jeremiah, and Haggai. The excellent maps and chronological tables will be welcomed as valuable aids by the student—if the cost of the six rather expensive volumes, which will comprise the set, do not keep them out of his reach.

The Catholic reader will be pleased to note that the learned Yale professor includes the two books of Maccabees among his historical sources, and favors their admission into the canon. He will be pleased likewise to see that high historical value is accorded to the first book of Maccabees, and that some historical elements, at least, are recognized as existing in the second; and while he will regret that this scholar has been unable to accord a higher degree of historical trustworthiness to these books of Sacred Scripture, he will better comprehend the reason for it on learning that the erudite Jesuit commentator, Father Knabenbauer, until recently the very bulwark of conservative criticism, has felt constrained to take an attitude on this question essentially similar to Dr. Kent's. The errors and inaccuracies which the Jesuit author points out in these books are ascribed to popular rumor; but they are reconciled with the doctrine of inspiration by an admirable application of the theory respecting the intention of the writer.

The book of Esther is placed by Dr. Kent among the historical writings; not that he regards the facts it relates as real history, but because the work exhibits the temper of the chosen race in the second century before Christ. On his own ground, then, we fail to see how he can in consistency omit Judith and

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Tobias. An impartial criticism will not rank them below Esther in historical worth; and a devout mind will find in them far more food for edification than in the story of Vashti's rival, especially as it stands in the Protestant Bible. We do not doubt that if Judith and Tobias were found in the Protestant Canon, our author could reconcile his conscience to including them among the historical books, just as easily as he has found room for Esther. Dr. Kent's method of dealing with Esther has been followed by the Catholic Cosquin with respect to Tobias; and the Sulpician Father Vigouroux, the present secretary of the Biblical Commission, with unwonted boldness, has added his great authority to the application by giving it his encouragement, if not entire acceptance. If this radical method of dealing with the deutero-canonical historical books is to prevail in the circles of Vigouroux and Knabenbauer, objection on the part of scholars like Dr. Kent to including them in the Canon would probably disappear. Our author's favorable view of Maccabees leads us to hope that he is free from the bias which so unwisely excludes from the Canon the beautiful books of Wisdom and Ecclesiasticus; and that perhaps the day is not far distant when the Church's position respecting the Canon of the Old Testament will be fully vindicated by non-Catholic scholars.

The attitude which the Yale professor takes up in reference to Ezra and Nehemiah is an indication that Van Hoonacker, the distinguished Louvain professor, is at last about to come into his own. The priority of Nehemiah to Ezra in the work of reforming the restored Jewish community, first mooted and then, *post multa certamina*, proven by Van Hoonacker, is fully upheld by Dr. Kent; and it seems likely that the great restorer of Israel will receive the place in history that he deserves. The Ezra of Dr. Kent, however, is far too shadowy a figure to appeal to the historical sense of the Dutch critic.

The general plan of the present volume and its execution are worthy of all praise; but many incidental blemishes, particularly its freedom in questioning or denying the trustworthiness of many narratives, prevent us from recommending this otherwise admirable work as a manual suitable to Catholic students of the Bible.

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A STUDY IN APOLOGETICS. By Gardeil.

This book* is a study of the methods of apologetics. This designation of its character is an indication of its timeliness. In what relation to the supernatural act of faith, stand the motives which prompt our belief that God has given a supernatural revelation, and our assent to the truths contained in that revelation? This problem Father Gardeil considers from the subjective and the objective points of view, and resolves by the principles of St. Thomas. The work, which, considering the scope of the question, is very moderate in size, is divided into three books.

In the first the notion of credibility, the degrees of reasonable credibility, and its special character, are expounded. The credibility of faith, Father Gardeil concludes, is usually based on motives which have a relative force. Nevertheless, the second book proceeds to establish the possibility of rigorously demonstrating the fact of a divine attestation of revelation, in accordance with the words of the Vatican Council: *cum recta ratio fidei fundamenta demonstrat.* In the third book Father Gardeil applies his principles and conclusions to the appreciation of the various methods of apologetics. The existence of scientific apologetic, a type of which is Zigliara's *Propædeutica*, Father Gardeil argues, is a possibility following from the possibility of having demonstrative proof of the credibility of revelation. His next step is to show that, while the motives of credibility, for the most part, do not in themselves possess demonstrative force, yet, grouped under the hegemony of theology, which may be done without falling into a vicious circle, they are adequate. The author then proceeds to examine the subjective method in general. While he concedes to it some subordinate utility and efficacy, his verdict on it is: "L'apologetique immantiste n'aboutit pas comme doctrine; si il semble aboutir dans des consciences individuelles, c'est en vertu des causes qui ne sont pas du ressort apologetique."

In support of this conclusion he examines, successively, the three subjective methods, the pragmatist, the moral, and the fideist. If the pragmatist method confines itself strictly to its own resources, it is incapable of resulting in a doctrine; but if, illogically, instead of building solely on action and life, it assumes the existence of the supernatural in Christian life, it may

* *La Crédibilité et L'Apologetique.* Par le Pere A. Gardeil. Paris: Lecoffre.

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be granted a limited utility in certain cases. In examining the moral method, which he condemns as either inefficient, or, if it assumes the existence of the supernatural, a mere begging of the question, Farther Gardeil, of course, has his eye on Newman. His most significant, direct criticism of the Cardinal's doctrine is contained in a footnote:

> From the very first page of his *Grammar of Assent*, Newman debars himself from reaching apologetically the specifically Christian assent of faith. That assent, in fact, is essentially *propter testimonium*. Now the assent of which Newman speaks all the time, in his *Grammar* and elsewhere, is not an assent essentially relative to veracious testimony, but a belief that is the highest form of opinion, but never transcends the sphere of opinion, which is created by the *vraisemblances* and internal harmonies between the external world *(les choses)* and our interior dispositions. At bottom, Newman, through the Kantian Coleridge, whose influence on him he acknowledged, has his views colored by the Kantian idea of faith, which is characterized by the objective insufficiency and the subjective sufficiency of the motives on which adhesion is based.

A disciple of Newman would reply to this stricture by contending that for Newman a convergence of high probabilities may, by their cumulative force, beget an assent accompanied by complete certitude. In an appendix consisting of a further discussion on the availability of miracles as a proof of credibility, the author brings his principles to bear on the views expressed by Le Roy, Lebreton, and some other recent writers who have advocated the "phenomenalist" position on this subject. This remarkably logical treatise will repay a thorough study. In a closing note Father Gardeil observes that he was putting the finishing touches to the last lines just as the Pope's Encyclical against Modernism appeared, which document, he continues, confirms the views and conclusions of the book, and, in particular, of the appendix, concerning phenomenist philosophy and apologetics.

RELIGION AND HISTORIC FAITHS.
By Pfleiderer.

If one desires to measure the distance traveled by German Protestantism, under the guidance of individualism, since Luther formulated the principle, Dr. Pfleiderer, professor of Protestant theology in the University of Berlin,

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and a widely acknowledged leader and light of contemporary English and American Protestant thought, may be accepted as the register. The readings of that index display the fact that this Protestantism has broken with everything that the first reformers considered essentials of Christianity. The present work* though comparatively small, and superficial in character, consists of a series of lectures delivered to a general audience in Berlin University, and exhibits the professor's valuation of Christianity. In that estimate the supernatural is rejected as mythical, the dogmatic has no place; Christianity is reduced to its purely ethical element, and its Founder is shorn of all superhuman authority. These are the proportions to which Christianity is reduced in order to meet the needs of the vast mass of people in the various Protestant sects who refuse to believe in the traditional faiths of these bodies and yet desire to keep up some profession of Christianity. This Protestantism, eviscerated of the last traces of supernatural religion, is a mere natural theism which graciously accords to Jesus of Nazareth a primacy of honor among the great moral teachers of the world. And it is this conception of Christianity that is accepted, for the most part, among moral and religious teachers of our American secular universities. No wonder that sincere Protestants who still retain allegiance to the creeds of their fathers, and know the present trend of thought, are beginning to admit that all hope of saving supernatural religion from being utterly swept away by the onflowing tide of rationalism and positivism must be placed in the Catholic Church.

If the first half-score of the lectures contained in the collection were issued as a separate volume it might be recommended as a defence of the universality of the religious instinct as manifested in the great ethnic religions of the ancient world. But though, like the curate's egg, parts of it are excellent, the objectionable section is of a character too pernicious to permit any recommendation of the volume.

RITUAL.

The eloquent Dominican, Father Proctor, after an interval of three years, has given to the public at large the course of sermons on Catholic ritual which he deliv-

* *Religion and Historic Faiths.* By Otto Pfleiderer, Professor of the University of Berlin. New York: B. W. Huebsch.

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ered in the Cathedral of Westminster.* In five discourses, which are apologetic in tenor, he treats of the use and abuse of ritual, the soul of ritual, the language of ritual, the centre of ritual, and the development of ritual. The ordinary objections of non-Catholics against the elaborate ceremonies of the Church and the display of material wealth in religious worship are taken up in the sermon on "The Soul of Ritual." Father Proctor also answers those who, in their revolt against excessive externalism in religion, would go to the opposite extreme, and deprive religion of the aid which it receives from symbolic embodiment of internal acts and dispositions. The last address is a reply to the prevalent contention that in all things the early Church ought to be the rule of the Church to-day: "It was so, or it was not so, in primitive Christian times, in Apostolic days, so should it be now."

Father Proctor replies by showing that the principle of development applies to the whole life of the Church. "As there is development in doctrine, development in worship, there must be development in ritual, the Church's expression of doctrine and cult; there must be development in our attitude towards the developed truth, *i. e.*, in our rites and ceremonies."

A logic-chopping critic might be tempted to object that Father Proctor's line of argument proves too much. Sometimes it could be prolonged logically towards the conclusion that the law of development ought to prevent any permanent fixation of ritual at all. Yet in ritual as in dogma, though less rigorously, the Church insists on conformity to ancient tradition. "Truth expands as a tree; so consequently does ritual. Doctrine makes progress, not by change in substance, but by accidental development—so must ceremonial. As Christianity enters more deeply into the hearts, the lives, the minds of men, so it develops greater outward pomp, more exterior worship, more ceremonious demonstration of faith, hope, and love." This principle alone can scarcely account for the development of the ritual of the Mass, without any corresponding doctrinal development; from the simple primitive rite to the elaborate form of subsequent times. It is scarcely fair, however, to expect from an orator the dialectical exactitude of a theological treatise.

* *Ritual in Catholic Worship.* Sermons Preached in Westminster Cathedral during the Lent of 1904. By the Very Rev. Father Proctor. New York: Benziger Brothers.

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A handy, compendious, and accurate little manual of ceremonies proper for ordinary parochial needs is the translation of the German handbook of Father Ganns, S.J. The translation* has been carefully made by one Jesuit, and edited by another, a sufficient guarantee that the book is faithful to approved authorities.

BLESSED JULIE BILLIART. When, in 1906, Pius X. beatified the foundress of the Sisters of Notre Dame de Namur,† it was rightly interpreted as another mark of the Holy Father's zeal for the teaching of catechism. For Blessed Julie Billiart's life was signalized by a marvelous devotion to that office. Born in 1751, she was only seven years old when she began to gather her little companions around her to teach them the catechism. At the age of twenty-three she became a helpless invalid; and for years she gathered around her bed the little ones of the village to give them religious instruction.

Through her subsequent life, almost to the end, pass the baleful storms of the French Revolution. During the early days she was the chief instrument in preserving religion in and around her native village, where a schismatical priest was in possession. Once she barely escaped from a disorderly rabble, who had invaded her home to kill the "dévote," by being carried, helpless as she was, downstairs and placed in a cart by her friends, and secretly conveyed to a place of safety. Her institute, the Congregation of Notre Dame, was launched during the period of peace established by Bonaparte. Her first houses, situated in Flanders and near the French frontier, suffered sadly during the frequent campaigns which swept across that quarter of Europe in the later Napoleonic wars.

Sisters from Gembloux, Fleurus, Jumet, and other towns were frequently obliged to flee to Namur, where they were comparatively safe from military violence. Fugitives in the disastrous flight from Waterloo invaded the Convent of Fleurus. At Jumet a Prussian officer took up his quarters in the convent, and protected the Sisters from annoyance. The Sisters of Gembloux suffered from the French.

* *Handbook of Ceremonies for Priests and Seminarians.* By J. F. Müller, S.J. Translated by A. Ganns, S.J. St. Louis: B. Herder.

† *The Life of the Blessed Julie Billiart.* By a Member of the Sisters of Notre Dame. New York: Benziger Brothers.

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After twenty-two years of helpless suffering the use of her limbs was miraculously restored to Julie. During a mission at Amiens, Father Enfantin, a member of the Fathers of the Faith, who highly esteemed Julie's work, and knowing that she could do more for God's glory if she had the use of her limbs, said to her: "I am beginning to-day a novena to the Sacred Heart for a person in whom I am interested. Will you join?" Julie, unsuspecting, promised to join. On the following Friday, after the erection of the mission cross, Father Enfantin suddenly came to Julie, who was sitting in her chair, and said: "Mother, if you have any faith, take one step in honor of the Heart of Jesus." Julie rose and took the required step—the first for twenty-two years. "Take another." She obeyed. "Take a third." Again she obeyed, remarking that she felt able to continue. "No, that will do. Sit down." And Father Enfantin went away, forbidding her to tell the sisters what had happened. The cure was permanent. The biography continues:

> The sisters had already retired for the night and noticed nothing, for, in spite of her infirmities, Julie needed no help to undress, but slipped on to her low couch from a chair of the same height. For three days she kept her cure a secret, maintaining her self-control so far that she remained seated when, on the following Sunday, the public procession of the Blessed Sacrament passed her door. On the last day of the novena Father Enfantin gave her leave to publish the fact. Julie prolonged her thanksgiving after Mass, while the sisters went down to breakfast. The little orphans, with their mistress, were in the adjoining room, with a glass door looking on the staircase. Suddenly one of the youngest of them gave a scream. "Look, *Ma Mère* is walking downstairs!"

The closing chapter of this excellent piece of biography, in which the story of a modern valiant woman, whose life was one of wonderful activity and true sanctity, is told with good sense and literary ability, contains a modest account of the successes which have attended the labors of her children. Among these successes is that which the work of the Sisters of Notre Dame has achieved in America. "For sixty-three years they have helped the bishops and pastors of the United States to solve the difficult problem of equipping and maintaining Catholic schools absolutely dependent on voluntary support, yet in no

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wise inferior to the State schools financed at the public expense. Their success in educational matters may be gauged from the fact that Julie's American daughters have been selected by the hierarchy to open Trinity College in connection with the Catholic University at Washington." The latest foreign expansion of the order has been in the Transvaal, whither some English Sisters settled last year; and already the political struggle going on there now threatens to involve their suppression.

HISTORY OF COMMERCE. By Day.

A sense for scientific completeness, probably, induced the author of this text-book for beginners in economics* to start *ab ovo*, by sketching the conditions of trade, or all that we know about them, as they existed in the Mesopotamian Valley and along the banks of the Nile, in the days before Joseph. But the author is obviously conscious that the student has but little valuable information to gain from our scanty knowledge of the commerce of these ancient times or of the subsequent ages of early Greece and Rome. For he disposes of all these periods in about thirty pages, out of a total of over six hundred, and begins his serious work in Part II., devoted to Mediæval Commerce.

This part, covering from about the year 1000 to 1500, is a brief but suggestive sketch of the mediæval commercial and industrial world. The story of the rise and expansion of commercial Europe, till it assumes the huge proportions which belong to it in the nineteenth century, makes a large demand on the writer's powers of lucid statement, method, and condensation. Up to the beginning of the last century, the history is little more than a bare outline. But from that date commerce of the various European countries, especially of England and Germany, is treated with rich detail, and the salient factors brought out in bold relief. One hundred and fifty pages are given to the history of the commercial growth of the United States; but, except so far as it is incidentally noted in relation to this country, South America is ignored. The part played by the introduction of railways, and manufacturing machinery, the cultivation of cotton, mining, and shipping receive sufficient atten-

* *A History of Commerce.* By Clive Day, Ph.D. New York: Longmans, Green & Co.

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tion, but the same can scarcely be said of the agricultural expansion since 1835.

To keep so large a subject, however, within the reasonable limits of a text-book, means that some things had to be unduly crowded, or even crowded out. A work of this kind, in the production of which the author has had but little help from similar attempts by predecessors in the endeavor, cannot be expected to attain anything like perfection before it reaches a second or a third, or even a fourth edition, a success to which this one will, no doubt, attain. There are numerous special bibliographies attached to the various divisions, and a large general list of works at the end. To every chapter is added a list of questions well adapted to stimulate the pupil to the cultivation of reflection and personal research.

PATROLOGY.

Students of early church history and patrology will welcome the appearance of another volume of the series of early texts and documents which is being issued under the editorship of MM. Hemmer and Lejay. The present number * contains the Didaché, or Doctrine of the Apostles, and the Epistle of Barnabas. The Greek text is accompanied by a French version, critical notes, and references. M. Hemmer has furnished an erudite, critical introduction to the Didaché, while M. Ogier has written one for the Epistle. The introduction, tables, critical and explanatory notes, place a scholarly knowledge of these two valuable documents of Christian origins within easy grasp of the industrious student.

SOME RECENT VERSE.

Much depth of feeling and much delicate beauty of thought have gone into the making of Miss Logue's brief poems. "The Quiet Hour" †—happily named for its suggestion of solitude and veiled twilight memories fraught with tenderness and pain—is a creditable addition to contemporary Catholic verse. There are signs of immaturity in the little volume, but none the less it has sincere artistic purpose. And in more than one poem Miss Logue has undeniably *touched*

* *Les Pères Apostoliques. I. Doctrine des Apotres. Épitre de Barnabé.* Hemmer, Ogier et Laurent. Paris: Picard et Fils.

† *The Quiet Hour. And Other Verses.* By Emily Logue. Philadelphia: Peter Reilly; Dublin: Browne & Nolan.

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life. The quieter tragedies of men—and particularly of women—are very real to her; but real also is the nearness of God, the pity of his gracious Mother, and the watchful angels. "The Waiting Love" is characteristic in its blending of divine and human love, as also in its severe simplicity and absence of imagery or metaphor. Devotional and meditative poems predominate in the collection, although there is a charming blank-verse narrative of St. Wenceslaus, and the sonnets are, as a rule, excellent. That entitled "The Poet"—

> Most Godlike man of men! upon thy heart
> The woes of all the world are graven deep—

is one of Miss Logue's best pieces of work, and makes us hopeful of her poetic future.

*The Toiler,** a new volume by the Canadian author of *Songs of the Wayside,* brings with it a message of cheer and sympathy and earnest courage. Dr. Fischer has a true love of humanity and of natural beauty; but in metre and in diction he might well be more fastidious. From a critical standpoint "June Mornings" is far better than the title poem; it has in fact more precision of form and more originality of conception than almost any other in the collection.

A new Christmas story in special holiday dress and ornamented pages, entitled *The Little City of Hope,*† by F. Marion Crawford, has just been published by The Macmillan Company. The tale, as with all of Mr. Crawford's work, is admirably done from the viewpoint of writing; but why it should be called a Christmas story, save that it is published for the holiday time and mentions Christmas, we are at a loss to know.

All admirers of that inspiring singer, Sidney Lanier—and we urge those who know him not, to become acquainted with his writings—will give an enthusiastic welcome to a new edition of his *Hymns of the Marshes.*‡ The volume is admirably printed, and the photographs which it contains, taken from the marshes themselves, are a pleasant aid in the interpretation of the songs.

* *The Toiler. And Other Poems.* By William J. Fischer. Toronto: William Briggs.

† *The Little City of Hope.* By F. Marion Crawford. New York: The Macmillan Company.

‡ *Hymns of the Marshes.* By Sidney Lanier. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

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This new volume,* from the pen of Henry Van Dyke, is made up of sketches, descriptive and narrative, which endeavor to illustrate the pleasure and benefit to be derived from days spent out of doors, in touch with the joys that nature offers in wood and stream and mountain. The volume also includes some short stories, done in the easy, pleasant style of Dr. Van Dyke, which are wholesome and refreshing. The technical work on the volume and the illustrations are well done.

Daily attendance at the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass is the subject of a valuable little pamphlet† which, in an interesting way, presents to the reader considerations on the mysteries of the Holy Mass, and the abundant graces which it offers as a means of our sanctification.

A small, handy edition of the New Testament‡ just published should serve well to promote a more frequent reading of Holy Scripture among the faithful. Considering the small price of this volume, no one can have an excuse for not having a copy of the New Testament.

* *Days Off.* By Henry Van Dyke. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

† *Daily Mass; or, the Mystic Treasures of the Holy Sacrifice.* By Rev. J. McDonnell, S.J. Dublin: Irish Messenger Office.

‡ *The New Testament.* New York: The C. Wildermann Company.

NOTICE.

The latest Encyclical of the Holy Father on "Modernism" is too extensive for publication in THE CATHOLIC WORLD. Desirous that it should be obtainable in handy form, we have issued a complete English translation in pamphlet, and will mail it to any address on the receipt of twenty-five cents, postage free. Address, THE CATHOLIC WORLD, 120 West 60th Street, New York City.

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Foreign Periodicals.

The Tablet (26 Oct.): Statistics concerning the American parochial school system are advanced in reply to certain English Catholics who have asserted that here we approve, at least tacitly, of the secular schools. The official stand of the Church on this question is shown to be identical in both countries.——Fr. Thurston, S.J., continues his discussion of the Elevation in the Mass. The main question considered is liturgical, that is, concerning the practice of showing the Host to the congregation.——Although Socialism is characterized by Lady Lovat as "a dream impossible of realization," she says that "the first thing that must strike the reader of articles on the subject of Socialism is the weakness of the arguments in refuting it." A refutation is not attempted here. The writer simply urges Catholics to oppose the Socialist propaganda.

(2 Nov.): Rev. George Angus ventures to break a lance with Bishop Ingram apropos of various remarks made by the latter here in America. For example, the Bishop of London is quoted as saying that "the special function of the Anglican Communion is to preserve exact truth"—yet how is it, asks Rev. Angus, "that she can do this and tolerate within her comprehensive bosom good men who teach exact opposites."——Fr. Thurston points out how an abuse crept into the devotion of laymen at Mass; they came to consider that the mere sight of the Host at the Elevation was sufficient to fulfil the obligation of hearing Mass. In regard to the attitude of the faithful during the Elevation, the opinion is expressed that "the usage which prevails among the good Catholics of one's immediate neighborhood is the safest arbiter of right and wrong in all those rubrical questions in which ecclesiastical authority does not speak plainly."——Promise is made of two more historical romances from the prolific pen of Father Hugh Benson.——Rev. Spencer Jones concludes his study on "Corporate Reunion Regarded as a Science." A double contrast is drawn between matters of dogma and matters of discipline. In the former he shows that it is impossible for the Catholic Church to change, since it is committed to its "de fide" pronouncements,

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while he contends that other churches can and have changed in dogmatic teaching. In disciplinary matters all communions might change and adapt themselves to corporate reunion. The writer notes that the great majority of non-Catholics are opposed to the Church simply because of certain disciplinary rules, *e. g.*, church service in Latin, celibacy of the clergy, etc. It is on these points that he suggests compromise.

(9 Nov.): Contains a statement of the dispute between Mr. Williams on one side, with Fr. Norris of the Oratory and Abbot Gasquet on the other, in regard to Newman and the recent Encyclical.——In the Literary Notes the article by Fr. Clifford in THE CATHOLIC WORLD of October is quoted with approval. The present-day unrest so frankly recognized by the American writer is said to present a "curious contrast to the picture of perfect peace and unanimity fondly imagined by some amiable optimists."

(16 Nov.): The Roman Correspondent states that "never for a moment did the Roman authorities think of associating the name of Newman with Modernism."

The Month (Nov.): Rev. Sydney F. Smith gives an exposition of the Encyclical on "Modernism." He aims at an elucidation of the tenets of Modernism which will enable Catholics to appreciate better the application of the Encyclical to doctrines. The common *a priori* conviction that Papal injunction is detrimental to progress appears to be the justification of critics, however insufficient their knowledge or deficient their judgment. The Pope's right to legislate concerning a matter antagonistic to the fundamental dogmas of Catholicism needs no vindication.——In the article "Science and its Counterfeits," by the editor, attention is called to the distinction between theoretical and practical science. The vast horde of would-be scientists, purveyors of exploded theories, oracles of sensational journalism, have sinned against theoretical science. In opposition to the true scientific discretion of Huxley, Darwin, and Wallace, who acknowledged the impassable gulf between the organic and inorganic, we have the unwarranted assertion of Mr. Edward Clodd, a popular scientist, that the origin of life presents no greater problem than the origin of water.——Rev. Joseph Keating, in his "Apology for Parody," says that the manifest prejudice

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against parody is ill-founded. Many great poets have not disdained to be parodists. Parody becomes objectionable when employed in a malicious or irreverent spirit. The skilful and experienced parodist keeps without the pale of poetry while in the field of burlesque.

The National Review (Dec.): "Episodes of the Month" deals particularly with the attitude that England ought to assume toward Germany. Alfred Austin contributes a poem: "How Can One Serve One's King?"——"Some Unpublished Pages of German Diplomacy," by Ignotus, states that England has many times of late escaped war with Germany only by a hair's breadth, and that Germany must eventually wage war with England.——Lord William Cecil in "Missions of China" reviews the endeavor to Christianize the Chinese Empire, and pays a glowing tribute to the Catholic missionaries' work there. He states that, alone, they are inadequate for the task. ——"The State and the Family," by St. Loe Strachey, is a paper in which it is emphatically charged that the object of the Socialists is the destruction of the family.

The Expository Times (Nov.): Professor Sanday on the Apocalypse. He would like to think that its author himself was a sufferer in the Neronian Persecution.——Rev. Charles S. Macalpine writes of the Sanctification of Christ, basing his discussion on the exegesis of the texts: "Him whom the Father sanctified and sent into the world" (John x. 36) and "For their sakes I sanctify myself, that they themselves also may be sanctified in truth" (John xvii. 19).——The Cambridge Modern History is recognized as the best example of what is now understood by the writing of history.

The Irish Monthly (Nov.): The sixth of the Little Essays on Life and Character is a narrative about the adventures of the writer during boyhood, in the world of books, the friends he met there, and the influence they exert in shaping character.——Alice Furlong's description of the interior peace which reigns in a certain holy monastery will awaken responsive echoes in the hearts of those who have ever visited Mount Mellary Abbey.——"The Tower of Religious Perfection," is a sermon preached by the late Fr. Bridgett, C.SS.R., at the profession of a Redemptorist nun.

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The Irish Ecclesiastical Record (Nov.): The Rev. John Neary contributes a paper on the "Infallibility of the Pope in Defining Dogmatic Facts." It is a brief sketch of Jansenism, dealing in particular with the question raised by Arnauld on the condemnation of the Augustinus. The Jansenist contention, that the propositions were not condemned in the sense of Jansenius, but in a sense erroneously assigned to him, is, to say the least, neither just nor logical. From the controversy we have learned that a dogmatic fact is any fact pertaining to dogma, this includes apprehending the true sense of an author.——The Exposition of the recent Decree is continued. The propositions from the eighth to the twenty-sixth are divided into those concerning inspiration and revelation, and treated under separate headings. By way of introduction, there are a few observations on the nature of revelation and inspiration. The Abbé Loisy's doctrines are mentioned as especially coming under the condemned propositions. "We value," says Dr. Coughlan, "no less than eminent writers, the practical value of Scripture and Creeds; but we believe them to be practically useful because we believe them first to be intellectually true."—— Dr. McCaffrey, of Maynooth, takes the editors of Lord Acton's Lectures on Modern History severely to task for the carelessness manifested in their work. The lectures, it appears, were printed from manuscripts prepared by Lord Acton while Regius Professor of Modern History at Cambridge; but, unfortunately, he was not spared to make the requisite corrections for the press, and those who got the manuscripts ready for publication seemed to think that no corrections were necessary. Aside from these editorial blunders, the lectures themselves possess literary charm, but "should not be called history." Many contradictory and unscientific statements are quoted. "The man who relied on Macaulay, Sharpe, and Burke, may have done excellent literary work, but he is not a model whom we should like to recommend to earnest students of history." The mania of Acton, for accusing the Church, the Popes, and the Councils of murder, is pointed out.

Le Correspondant (25 Oct.): Mgr. Chapon, Bishop of Nice, contributes an article on the traditional and modern critic.

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The latter critics, he tells us, employ methods *a priori* and subjective. They are theorizers who wish to reduce the origins of Christianity to a system.——Writing of religious art in France during the nineteenth century, Alphonse Germain maintains that there was no decadence.

(10 Nov.): The latest novel of René Bazin, *Le Blé qui Lève*, is declared to be excellent by Jacques Duval. It is a sociological study of the past fifty years, and exposes the faults and duties of Catholics in the face of the syndicate movement in country places.——By facts and by the text of their own platform, an anonymous writer proves that the anti-military propaganda of the German and French Socialists can result in nothing but the ruin of France and the welfare of Germany.

La Démocratie Chretienne (8 Oct.): "The Social Sense and the Formation of Christian Consciences," by Abbé Six, defines the social sense as an aptitude and disposition of soul to see and feel at once whether one's acts not only respect the rights of others, but also safeguard the fundamental constitution of society in general, as well as the different organisms which compose it, and the functions implied in them. The writer discusses the necessity for, and the manner of forming, this sense.

(8 Nov.): In the first article, "An Historic Hour—On the Morrow of the Encyclical 'Pascendi,'" Mgr. Vanneufville applies this document to "Christian Democracy" for the purpose of showing that the teaching of the Encyclical, far from retarding, aids the movement for Christian Democracy, while agnostic immanence, on the other hand, would be ruinous to it.——The Social Homily delivered by Cardinal Maffi at the "Social Week" of Pistoia takes up the gospel narrative of the multiplication of the loaves and fishes, and evolves from it lessons in regard to modern economics.——The account of the Congress of German Catholics at Würzburg contains extracts from numerous speeches emphasizing the practical benefits which have already sprung from the union of the Catholics in Germany, and outlining plans for their future efforts.

Études (5 Nov.): M. Ferdinand Prat writes on the theology of St. Paul. He considers the subjectivism of Ritschl's understanding of Paul's theology, and compares this with

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the accepted notion.——The article on the religious crisis of Israel is continued.

(20 Nov.): M. Jules Lebreton has an extensive article on the Encyclical and the Theology of the Modernists. He finds that there are two great influences directing the "Modernist" movement: the religious philosophy of Kant and Schleiermacher and the positive sciences. Under this double influence, certain liberal Catholic theologians have reconstructed the notions of revelation and authority so radically that Protestants have entirely acquiesced. With such reinterpretations the Church authorities can have no patience.——M. Boubée contributes a paper on the "Observance of the Sabbath in England," apropos of the recent convention in Yarmouth.

La Civiltà Cattolica (2 Nov.): "Modernistic Philosophy" is the second article upon Modernism, and purposes to show the entirely naturalistic character of modern philosophy.——An article upon Guyan's "Esquisse d'une morale sans obligation ni sanction" is a continuation of the study of the moral problem considered in previous issues. (16 Nov.): The third in the series of articles upon Modernism is a review of *The Programme of the Modernists*, a book written as a "Reply to the Encyclical of Pius X.—'Pascendi Dominici Gregis.'" The "Programme"—which is an exposition of the principles advocated by the Modernists—is described as "an involuntary confirmation of the Encyclical, which it bitterly assails," and "the critical method," which it advocates as "an application of the naturalistic method to divine things."——"The Lay School," begun in the issue of 19 Oct., is continued.

Annales de Philosophie Chrétienne (Nov.): Most English and American readers will find some of the book notices and the "Chronicle of the Philosophic and Religious Movement in England" more interesting than the set articles in this number of the *Annales*. The editor himself reviews an extremely important work on *The Moral Crisis of the New Times*, by Paul Bureau (Bloud, 1907). The moral crisis is more marked than either the intellectual or the political crisis in France. "France has received no moral education for a century past." The "children of tradition," always blindly opposed to change of any and all kinds, are submitted to criticism for the evil they

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have done, but praised none the less for the "previous service they have rendered in behalf of the moral welfare."——The question of Development of Doctrine is discussed apropos of the joint work of the late M. Brunetière and M. de Labriolle on St. Vincent de Lerins; and, again, in a brief review of *Through Scylla and Charybdis.* The reviewer declares that the title of Tyrrell's latest work might be "Neither Scholastic nor Pragmatist." He defends the unfortunate author against the charge of equivocation or double-dealing in his famous articles on the limits of the development theory. The *Annales* will publish later a more complete review of *Through Scylla and Charybdis.*——Cardinal Gibbons is briefly defended against the attack of Sabatier in the "Lettre Ouverte." ——Sir Oliver Lodge's new catechism is ridiculed.

La Revue Apologétique (16 Oct.): M. C. de Kirwan points out the superiority of the method of criticism employed by men of the school of M. l'Abbé Fontaine over that employed by writers of whom M. Ed. le Roy is a type. He complains that the latter school is imbued with the unjust prejudice that the intelligence of the day is in itself and intrinsically superior to that of generations gone by. ——The recent work of M. Pierre Batiffol on "The Teaching of Jesus" is regarded as dangerous by M. J. A. Wiltmann.——"The Formation of Eve" is given treatment by Philomathe.

Revue Pratique d'Apologetique (1 Nov.): M. Battifol concludes his studies on "The Nascent Church and Catholicism," an analysis of the teaching of the apostolic and sub-apostolic writers concerning the Church.——M. Lepin, known of late for his searching study of the Gospel of St. John, takes the story of the multiplication of the loaves as a means of disproving Loisy's theory that the Fourth Gospel is all "one grand allegory."——Some correspondence is given (the answers being written by M. Guibert) on the ground and the qualities of the obedience due to the recent instructions on Modernism.

(15 Nov.): M. Baudrillart prints his discourse, which was delivered to the students of the *Institut Catholique de Paris*, on "The Modern Spirit and the Christian Spirit." He admits the gravity of the present intellectual situation among Catholic students. He warns against com-

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promise, but insists upon the possibility of a synthesis between intellectual activity and a "submission pure and simple to the authority of the Church." He ridicules the current saying "True in dogma, but false in history," declaring that if such an absurdity be thinkable for a German brain, it certainly is unthinkable for a French one.——M. Lepin finishes his study on the historicity of the narration of the multiplying of the loaves in St. John.——A correspondence on the "failure of the catechism" by the professor of catechetical pedagogy, at Mans.——The Parisian paper *Le Matin* of the 11th of October published a violent attack on Pius X., charging his Holiness with contradicting the intellectual policies of Leo XIII. The charge is answered in this number of the *Revue* by E. A., who carefully covers the questions of "Modern Civilization"; "The Church and the Civil Power"; "Separation of Church and State in France"; "Ecclesiastical Studies," etc., showing that Pius X., in all these matters, is quite in accord with the policy of Leo XIII., whom the writer in *Le Matin*, wishing to institute an insidious comparison, had admitted to be "the admirable Leo, perhaps the clearest brain and the greatest genius of his century."——Of special interest is the page from M. Guibert, demonstrating that Newman is not a "modernist," in the evil sense of the word.

L'Action Sociale de la Femme (Oct.): L. Duval-Arnould contributes a conference on the rights of the child. He considers, in particular, the right to life and to family training: under this heading he discusses divorce. Then follows the right of heritage, with a few thoughts on heredity. The right of personality concludes the article. ——Marguerite Bois tells of the Associations of Heads of Families, whose purpose is to secure for parents some influence on the spirit of the teaching given their children.

Stimmen aus Maria-Laach (21 Oct.): Fr. Bessmer, S.J., treats of "Religious Obedience," at the same time explaining the first eight propositions of the new Syllabus.——Fr. Banterkus, S.J., contributes a treatise on "Taxes on Increase in Valuation."——"A Valuable Contribution to Historical Statistics of Population," by Fr. Krose, S.J., shows

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how much in this direction was done by Bishop Thiel, of San José de Costa Rica, who, with the help of parish registers, gave quite complete statistics of the population of that place.——Fr. Stockmann discusses *Gottesminne* and *Gral*, two Catholic periodicals whose field is religious poetry. He sympathizes with their aim to introduce good Catholic poetry into the German national literature, but cautions them against being deflected into by-paths.

Razón y Fe (Nov.): Ruiz Amado writes at length on the educational problems of Spain. His views are not over-hopeful nor are his judgments of various Ministers of Public Education over-complimentary.——E. Portillo continues his critical study of eighteenth century Spanish Church History in an article on the Concordat of 1753. ——The measurableness of sensations is treated by Ugarte de Ercilla.

Espana y América (15 Nov.): In an article on the "progressive" school of Catholic biblical scholars, Anacleto Orejón expresses his belief in the good faith and sincerity of such men as Lagrange, Hummelauer, Bonaccorsi, Minocchi, Prat, and Battifol, though he is unwilling to agree so fully as they with the conclusions of the "rationalistic" higher critics. He is of opinion, however, "that it matters little to the Catholic whether such books as Judges, the four books of Kings, and others are the original work of a single author or are a mosaic formed out of diverse documents derived from different sources; whether the Psalms are chiefly the work of David and were completed in the time of Esdras, or belonged only in small measure to the royal Prophet and were finished in the time of the Machabees; whether the Epistle to the Hebrews was written by St. Paul, by Barnabas, or by Apollo."——P. M. Velez calls attention to the decadent condition of the Spanish merchant marine and praises the advocates of a more energetic effort to develop trade, especially with the Spanish-American countries.——Maximilian Estebanez treats of the benefits resulting from a sound, well-established system of credit.——Guillermo Jünemann writes about Agustin de Rojas.

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Current Events.

France.

No very striking event has taken place in France. The Anti-Militarists seem to have been shamed into silence, for the time being at all events. The intervention in Morocco, forced upon the country by the massacre at Casablanca, has led to no foreign intervention. In the contest going on in that country between the two Sultans, France has taken the side of the present occupant of the throne, and, in consequence, his success seems to be assured. On his part it is said that he is inclined to renounce his former pro-German tendencies. In consequence, the prospects are somewhat better for a settlement on the lines of the Algeciras Act, which gave to Spain and France the right to organize a police force in order to maintain order on the coast. On the other side of Morocco, the Algerian border, one of the tribes has commenced hostilities, and the prospect has become somewhat disquieting.

The frequency of crimes of all sorts is attributed by many to the practical abolition of capital punishment which has resulted from the action of successive Presidents. The moral influence of the Church in France being now very little, the guillotine is being invoked to punish crime which should have been prevented, if the secular education which the state has established had proved as beneficial as its advocates claim. The public, by the voice of juries at trials, is calling upon the government to carry out to the letter the law as it exists; while the government, strange to say, is striving to suppress this expression of opinion. One of the newspapers put to its readers the question whether or no they were in favor of the systematic infliction of the death penalty; and of the 1,412,000 replies which it received, 1,083,000 were in the affirmative. This discussion, and the causes which have led to it, clearly indicate that although France is very wealthy, said by some authorities to be the wealthiest nation in Europe, it is suffering in what is of far greater importance. The state of the navy, as disclosed by the highest authorities (to which we shall subsequently refer) confirms this view.

The bill for devolution of Church property has passed the Chamber of Deputies. It is of so unjust a character that many who were in favor of the Separation Law voted against it, the

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minority numbering 218. Should the Senate pass the Bill, all the collateral heirs of donors of property to the Church will be prevented from bringing a legal action to recover it. The mania for robbing has become so strong that the government finds it necessary to introduce a bill for the protection of the works of art in the churches and other places.

The loyalty of the troops has been a matter of discussion, owing to certain incidents which took place in the recent movement among the wine growers of the Midi. There does not seem, however, to be grave cause for anxiety. The troops sent to Casablanca have proved not only gallant, but also well disciplined. With regard to the Navy, however, there are the gravest of reasons for apprehensions. These reasons are given by the reporter of the naval estimates for 1908, M. Charles Chaumet. In the administration of the fighting fleet he declares there are on all sides instability and anarchy. "In presence of progressive decomposition every one is casting on his neighbor the responsibility for a situation for which no one personally is responsible. Sailors, engineers, gunners, administrators—are pitted against one another in the most regrettable hostility. There is no longer any confidence. . . . Our navy is a garment too old to admit of patching." Complete discouragement exists among the officers. They are convinced that an entire organic reformation is necessary, and neither Ministerial initiative, nor the Admiralty, nor yet Parliamentary committees can effect the great reform. These allegations are supported by a vast mass of evidence which has been laid before the Chamber of Deputies. M. Chaumet's report was accepted and the Deputies voted that a complete reform was necessary and urgent, and invited the government to present as soon as possible an organic naval Bill.

Germany.

The visit of the German Emperor to England, accompanied as he was by his Foreign Secretary although not by his Chancellor, cannot be looked upon as having no political significance, notwithstanding the declarations that have been made that it was purely a personal visit to his uncle the King. Theretofore the relations between the governments had been what is described as correct, while between a large part of the people of Germany and a smaller part of the people of England considerable distrust and even hatred existed with a

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more or less confident expectation of war in the not distant future. The natural desire for expansion, consequent upon the union of the many states of which Germany once consisted, led to a desire for the acquisition of territory outside Europe, a desire which in several instances had been thwarted by England. This, with other things, contributed to the formation of ill-feeling. The visit of the Emperor has at the most contributed to what is called a *détente*. By the people he was cordially greeted, and the City of London showered upon him all the honors in its power to grant. In the speech which he made he declared that his aim, above all, was the maintenance of peace. History, he ventured to hope, would do him justice by showing that he had unswervingly pursued that aim. The main prop and base for the peace of the world was the maintenance of good relations between the two countries, and as far as lay in his power he would further strengthen them. With his own wishes the German nation coincided.

These declarations might have inspired greater confidence if they had led to a less vigorous preparation of the means necessary for entering upon a war. So far, however, is this from being the case that notwithstanding the financial difficulties in which Germany is involved, and the exceedingly heavy burden of taxation under which its population groans, a project for largely adding to the strength of the navy has been presented to the Reichstag. This programme fixes the age limit for battleships and large cruisers at twenty instead of twenty-five years. Seventeen battleships are to be laid down in the next ten years, being an increase on former proposals of three battleships. Large cruisers in proportion are to be built. Within eight years the tonnage of the navy is to be more than doubled. This, of course, involves additional expenditure, an expenditure which amounts to more than $25,000,000. "Unswervingly on the offensive," is the German reply to the limitation of armaments, which was one of the aspirations of The Hague Conference, and the practical commentary upon the Speech of the Emperor. The one thing which tends to place a limit on this warlike development is the want of money. There is for the current year a deficit amounting to $25,000,000, the debt is large and is growing, the taxes imposed last year have proved unproductive. The price of food has risen by about 50 per cent, and industrial prospects are not bright. The

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financial officials of the Empire are at their wits' end to raise the wherewithal, as it is hard to find anything which is not already taxed to the full extent of its power to bear the burden.

For many years Prussia has been striving to supplant the Poles and to drive them from their homes, in order to give their places to German colonizers. The wish of the government is to Germanize Poland; not being able to do it by legitimate means, by superiority of intelligence and skill, large sums of money have been spent in expropriating the land owners for the benefit of intruders of Prussian nationality. Sixty millions were voted for this purpose in 1902. One of the first demands on the new Reichstag has been for the appropriation of a further sum of nearly ninety millions. The proposal elicited warm protests from the Catholic centre and the Poles who are members of the house. It shows the lengths to which the advocates of compulsory unification will go. Gratitude perhaps ought to be felt that the government is willing to pay a fair price for the land which it is determined to take.

Prince Bülow manages the Reichstag by means of a union of parties, who on almost all points of internal politics are opposed to each other. One party is opposed to the extension of popular rights, another is in favor of this extension. The maintenance of a high tariff on food is desired by some, others wish to have it lowered. It is hard to ride so many horses, and the Chancellor has barely escaped a fall to the ground. A member of the National Liberal Party, one of the parties of which the *bloc* is constituted, severely criticised the connection of Prince Bülow with the *camarilla* of which so much has been heard of late. The Prince, to the surprise of all, gave an intimation that he would resign unless he were properly supported. This, of course, was a novel step for a German minister to take; for they have looked upon themselves as responsible only to the Emperor. Some, therefore, think that it inaugurates a new era in German political institutions: the era of ministerial responsibility to Parliament. This, however, is we think a somewhat hasty conclusion.

Austria-Hungary.

The most distinctive event of the month in the Dual Monarchy has been a repetition of the scenes which some two years ago made the Parliaments both of Aus-

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tria and of Hungary a byword throughout the world, and which tended greatly to the discredit of parliamentary institutions. Of these scenes nationalist passions are the cause. For an American the state of things in the Austro-Hungarian Empire, and in the Balkan provinces of Turkey, affords not merely an interesting but an instructive study. Side by side one another for hundreds of years have lived nationalities, too numerous to mention, who have maintained and still maintain not only their own characteristics, but also their mutual antipathies. The result in the Balkan Peninsula is anarchy, murder, and bloodshed, a chronic state of almost civil war, and in the Austro-Hungarian dominions unlimited confusion and parliamentary paralysis. There has arisen no power sufficiently strong to weld these nationalities into one coherent whole. Hopes are entertained and statements are repeatedly made that nothing of the kind is likely to take place here, and certainly no effort should be spared to prevent the calamitous state of things which is the cause of chronic unrest. Vigilance in the preservation of free institutions, and of their preservation from corruption of every kind, will be the only safeguard.

The events at Csernova, in Hungary, illustrate the inconvenience, to say the least, of the residence in the same place of two opposed nationalities. In this case the two nationalities were the Magyar and the Slovak. A patriot of the last-named race, the parish priest of the place, had been sentenced to be imprisoned for two years for having advocated the use of the Slovak language in the law-courts and the schools. A church which he had built awaited consecration, but his parishioners and compatriots, unwilling to have it consecrated in his absence, opposed the attempt to carry out this rite made by the authorities. The armed Magyar police fired four volleys and killed eleven persons (among whom were five women and two children), severely wounded eight, and slightly wounded eighty. This shocking affair naturally led to representations being made in Parliament; but the government, being made up of Magyars (although they were the very same who had distinguished themselves in obstruction in defence of their own asserted rights), paid no attention to the speaker, calling him liar and traitor, and even justified the murders. This is only one example of how liberty is understood by the dominant race in Hungary, by a government which has a son of Kossuth as one of its members.

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Even the criticisms made by some of the members of the Austria Reichsrath were resented as an interference with their right to tyrannize. In fact, a determined and systematic effort is being made by arbitrary means to Magyarize the non-Magyar races, an attempt which is a clear departure from the policy of the great Hungarian leader Deák, who treated the non-Magyar races as younger brethren, and wished a complete tolerance to be given to them. The present generation of Hungarian politicians is greatly wanting in the wise moderation which characterized the re-founders and re-creators of the kingdom. For their own supremacy they have entered into a conflict not only with Austria, but with the majority of their fellow-citizens. The treatment of the Slovaks shows the lengths to which they are ready to go. Of these there are some three millions, and for them there have been provided only three primary schools and one infant school. Their children have, consequently, to attend the Magyar schools, the mistresses of which are forbidden to speak a word of Slovak. The Slovak language is entirely excluded from the secondary schools. Pupils found reading a Slovak book or journal are expelled. Slovak gymnastic and choral and even co-operative societies are forbidden. Slovak literary institutions have been destroyed, and their school association dissolved.

Similar proceedings, although perhaps in not so aggravated a form, taken against the use of the Croatian language, have brought on a contest with the Croats in the parliament, and an agitation in Croatia for separation from Hungary. The same methods of obstruction which the Magyar opposition so long used against the former Liberal governments have been adopted by the Croats against the quondam obstructionists, and the latter are very much puzzled how to save their face and yet have to yield to the same method which they themselves claimed the right to use. Many scenes have taken place and methods to overcome obstruction tried, so many that it would be tedious to describe them. That they should succeed is of the greatest importance, for it is necessary that the treaty made with Austria, after many years of failure, should be ratified by the Legislature.

In the Austrian Cabinet several changes have been made, the reasons for which it is impossible for a foreigner to understand. One result of these changes is: the Cabinet which has

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Baron von Beck for its Premier, now consists of eight Parliamentarians, four officials, and one soldier, and is thus the nearest approach to a Parliamentary ministry that Austria has had for many years. A second result has been to assure the ratification, so far as Austria is concerned, of the new treaty with Hungary.

On the second of December the Emperor-King Francis Joseph entered upon the sixtieth year of his reign, the year of his Diamond Jubilee. He is the most experienced ruler in the world, and one of the best loved. He has learned in the school of suffering so to govern as to win the confidence of the governed. For many years he has been the one bond of union between the numerous antagonistic races of which his dominions consist. In fact, the gravest apprehensions have been felt, lest on his death there should be a general break-up. Foreseeing this danger, he took the wise course of placing the sovereign power upon a more secure basis by promoting the recently-passed bill establishing universal suffrage, and thereby giving the people a greater interest in the maintenance of the power in which they themselves shared. Greater confidence is, therefore, felt in the future stability of the Empire, even in the event of the Emperor's death.

Russia.

The third *Duma* has begun its sessions. How much work it will do or be allowed to do has yet to be seen. There are some who have good hopes of its success, based upon the elimination of inexperienced visionaries and on the chastening influences of the past. This elimination has been secured by an arbitrary alteration of the fundamental law, but where an autocrat rules, gratitude may be felt that the *Duma* as a whole was not eliminated. By the changes which have been made, a preponderating value has been given to the votes of the intellectual and the wealthier classes, the influence of the peasants being thereby greatly reduced: and so men of moderate and sound views entertain hopes that practical reforms may eventuate. Friends of Russia and of the human race wherever found should share in these hopes. It is the only thing that stands between anarchy and despotism.

How great is the need for a change is shown by the following facts: During the eighteen months ended last June 44,020

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persons have been killed and wounded and 2,381 executed. In the words of a landlord, the situation is thus described: "We landlords live in constant fear of assassination. The peasants around us are revolutionaries to a man. Scarcely one of us has not received numbers of letters signifying our death warrant. . . . Every now and then one of us would be murdered, or, at best, his property destroyed. . . . In some cases the 'execution' was carried out by the order of a revolutionary committee, in others by simple hooligans. . . . A neighbor of mine was recently murdered, with his wife in his own house in broad daylight, by a gang of hooligans within a stone's throw of a village, not a single inhabitant of which so much as lifted his finger to offer aid."

To save human society in Russia from lapsing into manifest barbarism, or from being crushed under the heel of a despotism that is worse than barbarism, is the task set before the present *Duma*. The *Duma* is made up of the most incompatible elements, there are some who wish for its complete abolition; of these extremists some desire a return to absolute rule, others a complete subversion of existing institutions. Some accept the consitution, if so it may be called, of the 30th of October; and of these some wish to keep strictly within its limits, while others wish to extend them. In the debate on the address to the Tsar the majority suppressed all reference to an autocracy. M. Stolypin, amid the cheers of a majority, emphasized the fact that they were under the rule of an autocrat and owed their existence to his good-will and pleasure. What will the end be?

One of the results of the Anglo-Russian Agreement has been to bring into discussion a project for linking the Russian Trans-Caspian and the Indian Railways. Between the two systems there is only an interval of 400 miles. The result would be to render it easy to travel the entire distance from Paris to Calcutta by land, and a still further unification of the human race by means of mutual intercourse. It will not be long before it will be possible to take a railroad ticket to Mecca, passing through Jerusalem on the way; for the Turkish government is rapidly pushing on the road which it is making in order to maintain better hold over the Arabian peninsula.

Within the bounds of the Russian Empire there exists the only Legislative Assembly in Europe based on universal adult

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suffrage. This is the Finnish Diet. Its members are elected by women as well as by men, and women may not only vote but may be elected. Such is, in fact, the case. Of the 200 members 19 are women. A law which they have passed may be taken as an instance of the monstrous "regiment" of women. The new enactment amounts to a total prohibition of all traffic in spirits, beer, and wine. For technical and medical purposes spirits may be dealt in by the State. The ecclesiastical use of wine is forbidden, and some non-alcoholic beverage must be substituted for Communion. No one is allowed to keep alcoholic drinks in his house; the law authorizes the police and various other officials to enter any house on reasonable grounds of suspicion and search it for spirits, wine, or beer. Carrying alcohol involves the forfeiture of the vehicle with horse and harness. A vessel, the principal part of the cargo of which is alcohol, will be seized. Such are the provisions of a bill which has been passed by one of the most democratic assemblies of the world. It has, however, to go to the Tsar for approval before it can become law. Strange is the state of things when, for the maintenance of reasonable liberty, an appeal has to be made to the autocrat of all the Russias.

Norway and Sweden.

As a consequence of the separation from Sweden, which took place two years ago, the treaty of 1855 has been abrogated, by which the integrity of Norway and Sweden, as against Russia, was guaranteed by Great Britain and France. Negotiations were immediately entered into by Norway for securing a new guarantee of her independence. These negotiations have resulted in the making of a new treaty, and this time with four great Powers—France, Germany, Great Britain, and Russia. Sweden has been left out—it neither guarantees nor is guaranteed. This has caused no little dissatisfaction in that country—has, perhaps, accelerated the death of King Oscar. He is, in fact, said to have died of a broken heart on account of the ingratitude of his former subjects, whom he had always treated not merely with justice but with a benevolent regard for all their rights. The possession of power seems to deteriorate not only kings and potentates, but also the mass of the people. The new treaty renders it possible that the relations between Norway and Sweden will become strained, and

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precludes the hope of the union or alliance between the three Scandinavian kingdoms—Denmark, Norway, and Sweden—which might naturally have been expected.

Italy.

The trial of Signor Nasi, once a Minister of Education, throws an interesting light upon the morals and manners of "regenerated" Italy. This minister is accused of the commonplace practice of appropriating to his own use funds which should have been applied to the benefit of the public, and of innumerable acts of petty peculation. When these accusations were endorsed by a parliamentary committee, the ex-Minister fled the country. The Courts proceeded to condemn him in his absence, but their proceedings were quashed by the highest tribunal, on the ground of the privilege of an ex-Minister. He then returned. Thereupon the Senate formed itself into a court for the purpose of trying the case, but the end is not yet in sight, for the trial has been so irregularly conducted that all of the legal defenders of the accused have withdrawn, and its proceedings have come to a standstill. The defence of the accused is that he cannot be called upon to account for the moneys which he spent in the public service. The point of the attack is that no money ought to be spent except under the control of the body which granted it. Freedom from rendering an account may, indeed, have been lawful in former times, but is so no longer. A light is thus thrown both upon the methods of the past and on the aspirations of the present, and indicates the desire for a stricter rule of law.

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THE COLUMBIAN READING UNION.

DR. HENRY M. LEIPZIGER, supervisor of free lectures in New York City, has presented his annual report to the Board of Education, which indicates an attendance of 1,141,447 persons, representing 5,464 audiences. There is room for doubt whether the needs of the workingman have had the same consideration that was given in previous years, especially when the first appropiations were voted for the free lecture system. Dr. Leipziger states that it is earnestly to be desired that the work should be further concentrated along university lines to include systematic study of special subjects and examinations which will be recognized and rewarded by the colleges and universities. This recommendation clearly involves a tendency to get away from the masses of the people, in order to specialize on topics that appeal to the few, perhaps less than ten out of every hundred of the average population. The first duty of the Board of Education is to provide for the common schools and the plain citizens. In a neighborhood filled with honest workingmen, who pay high rents in tenement houses, the following subjects could hardly be expected to awaken general enthusiasm:

Europe on the Eve of the French Revolution. New York Harbor. Voltaire and the Critics. The Wonders of New York. The Peaceful French Revolution. The Adirondacks. Robespierre and the Reign of Terror. Niagara Falls. Napoleon and France. The City of Washington. Napoleon and Europe. Beyond the Mississippi. The Fall of Napoleon: Metternich and the Reconstruction of Europe. Cowboy Life on the Plains. The Founding of the United States. The Period of Exploration. The Foundations of Modern Industry. From 1835 to 1850. Revolutionary France and Napoleon III. Land Thirst Awakened. Cavour and United Italy.

A studious comparison of the cost of these lectures with the small number in attendance should arouse the Commissioners of Education to do some thinking on the best plans of instructing the multitude.

* * *

The children's library as a separate department originated with the Brooklyn Public Library, in 1890, as claimed in an excellent account written by Robert E. Park, Ph.D. It is without doubt, however, that the special needs of children were considered and in some way provided for by librarians long before that date. But the honor of making the children's room a success may be cheerfully conceded to Brooklyn; and then to Minneapolis where, in 1893, a library for children was established in which were listed twenty thousand books. This is still the largest children's library in the country. Boston, New Haven, Seattle, Omaha, and San Francisco all opened either reading rooms or circulating libraries for children soon after. Since then, most of the large libraries and many of the small ones all over the country have provided special rooms for children.

In a pleasant room, which is the children's exclusively, they find a

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person always willing to assist them. Most of these librarians have taken, besides the regular library work, a special course preparatory to working with children.

At the Carnegie Library of Pittsburg the training school for children's libraries offers a two years' course for those who wish to take up the work in this department. This course includes, besides the regular library work, lectures on the Planning and Equipment of Children's Rooms, Organization of Children's Departments; Book Selection for Children; Selection for Social Groups, according to race, nationality, or social conditions; Selections for Classes of Children; Selections for Individual Children; Story Telling; Home Libraries and Reading Classes; Catalogues for Children.

The course also gives practice in the work of story-telling. Stories are told that "aim to make the children familiar with some dramatic and romantic forms of world literature, and to rouse their interest in real literature." These stories are tales from "The Iliad" and "The Odyssey," from Norse mythology and "The Nibelungenlied," from Shakespeare, legends of King Arthur and the Round Table, tales of Robin Hood and his Merry Men, and from old English and Scotch Ballads.

Prior to the meetings of the Conference of Libraries at Narragansett Pier, in 1906, a list of questions was sent to one hundred of the largest libraries, asking about their work with schools. The following statistics were compiled from the answers:

Thirty-seven have separate collections of books for use in schools; twenty-seven make work with schools a part of the library work; forty-eight send books to schools. In their co-operation with schools, the librarians try to have books upon topics used in study, also convenient and conspicuous pictures illustrating such studies at the psychological moment. On the day the child reaches Japan in his geography work, for instance, he finds in the library about the walls colored photographs of Japanese scenes and people. To the child this seems a wonderfully happy accident; but it is really due to a plan for systematic and timely help worked out by librarians and assistants.

Among the other devices that the modern school of library training has invented and popularized is the Home Library, a small case of books placed in a child's home. At a stated time each week ten or twelve children of the neighborhood meet about the case, and a visitor from the library gives out the books, and in various ways makes the "library hour" pass pleasantly, with profit to the children.

The Home Library has almost attained the importance of a movement; that is to say, it has come to be regarded as a distinctly social and moral influence. In co-operation with the Social Settlement, juvenile courts, newsboys' homes, and other similar institutions, it penetrates out-of-the-way corners of the city, carrying the experience of the human family in story and history.

* * *

A correspondent reports that he has looked in vain among the encyclopedias within his reach for any account of the abundant literature of Spanish America. This subject was assigned to the Rev. Charles Warren Currier some time ago for a course of lectures at the Catholic Summer-School.

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Father Currier treated of the origins of the Spanish language; Spain's scientific and historical writers; her poets, dramatists, and novelists.

Father Currier added the following bibliography, which is the best available on the subject:

Antonio Leon Pinelo—Biblioteca Oriental i Occidental, Madrid, 1619.

Agustin Davilay Padilla—Historia de la Fundacion y Discurso de la Provincia de Santiago de Mejico. O. P., etc. (This is the first printed work in which reference is made to printing in America.)

Eguiara y Eguren—Biblioteca Mejicana. c. 1755.

Juan Maria Guiterrez—America Poetica, 1846. Apuntes biograficos de escritores, oradores y hombres de Estado de la Republica Arjentina, 1860.

Estudios biograficos y criticos sobre algunos poetas sur americanos anteriores al siglo XIX., 1865. Origen del arte de imprimir en la America, Espanola, etc.

Beristain y Souza (Mexico)—Biblioteca Hispano-Americana Septentrional, etc., early XIX. Century.

Pablo Herrera—Ensayo sobre la historia de la literatura Ecuatoriana.

Jose Toribio Medina—Historia de la Literatura Colonial de Chili. Santiago, 1878. 3 vols.

Vergara y Vergara—Historia literaria de Colombia.

J. M. Torres Caicedo—Ensayos biograficos y de literatura sobre los principales poetas y literatos Latino-Americanos, Paris, 1863. 3 vols.

J. M. Rojas—Biblioteca Escritores Venezolanos, Paris, 1875.

Beiträge zur Geschichte des Romans im Spanischen Süd-Amerika. Ferdinand Wolf in the Jahrbuch für romanische und englische Literatur. Vols. 2 and 4.

Beiträge zur Geschichte der spanisch-amerikanischen Literatur, by Juan Maria Gutierrez, translated by Ferdinand Wolf in the Jahrbuch für romanische und englische Literatur, 1861. Vol. 3.

Jose Domingo Cortes—Diccionario Biografico Americano, Paris, 1875. By the same author: Flores Chilenas; Poetas Americanos; Poetas chilenos; Estadistica bibliografica de Bolivia; Galeria de Hombres celebres de Bolivia; Parnaso Boliviano; Parnaso Peruano; Parnaso Chileno; Parnaso Arjentino; Obras poeticas dramaticas de Jose Marmol; America Poetica; Prosistas Americanos; Poetisas Americanas.

Garcia Merou—Recuerdos literarios. Confidencias literarias.

M. M. Ramsey—Latin-American Literature in "Library of the World's Best Literature." Vol. 22.

Icazbalceta—Bibliotheca Mejicana, etc.

Harrisse—Bibliotheca Americana Vetustissima.

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BOOKS RECEIVED.

THE MACMILLAN COMPANY, New York:

The Little City of Hope. A Christmas Story. By F. Marion Crawford. Illustrated. Pp. 209. Price $1.25.

CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS, New York:

The Messages of Jesus According to the Gospel of St. John. By James Stevenson Riggs, D.D. Pp. xvi.-374. *Hymns of the Marshes.* By Sidney Lanier. Illustrated from Nature by Henry Troth. Pp. viii.-61. Price $2 net.

HINDS, NOBLE & ELDREDGE, New York:

Mediæval and Modern History. By J. A. Dewe, A.M. With Maps and Illustrations. Pp. 518.

MISSION OF THE IMMACULATE VIRGIN, Staten Island, N. Y.:

Society of St. Vincent de Paul. Report of the Superior Council of New York to the Council General in Paris, for the year 1906.

HOUGHTON, MIFFLIN & CO., Boston:

Greece and the Ægean Islands. By Philip S. Marden. Price $3 net. Illustrated. Pp. ix.-386.

GINN & CO., Boston:

The History of Music to the Death of Schubert. By John K. Paine. Pp. 314. *Moral Training in the Public Schools.* The California Prize Essays. Pp. 203.

L. C. PAGE & CO., Boston:

The Sorceress of Rome. By Nathan Gallizier. Illustrated. Pp. xi.-461. *Castles and Chateaux of old Navarre and the Basque Provinces.* By Frances Miltoun. With many Illustrations. Pp. xvii.-456. *Mexico and Her People of To-day.* By Nevin O. Winter. Illustrated from original photographs by the author and C. R. Birt. Pp. 395.

OLIVER DITSON COMPANY, Boston:

Irish Songs: A Collection of Airs Old and New. Edited and the Piano Accompaniments Arranged by N. Clifford Page. Price 50 cents. Postpaid. In cloth, $1.25. *Messe Solennelle (St. Cecilia).* For Soli and Chorus. By Charles Gounod. Price 50 cents.

J. B. LIPPINCOTT COMPANY, Philadelphia:

The Secrets of the Vatican. Illustrated. By Douglas Sladen. Pp. xxvii.-505. Price $5 net. *The Good Neighbor in the Modern City.* By Mary E. Richmond. Pp. ix.-152. Price 60 cents net.

PETER REILLY, Philadelphia:

"The Quiet Hour"; And Other Verses. By Emily Logue. Pp. 69. Price 80 cents net.

OPEN COURT PUBLISHING COMPANY, Chicago:

The Philosopher's Martyrdom. A Satire. By Paul Carus. Pp. 67. Paper.

M. H. WILTZIUS COMPANY, Milwaukee:

The Ecclesiastical Year for Catholic Schools and Institutions. Translated from the German of Rev. Andrew Petz by a member of the Dominican Order. Pp. 288. Price 25 cents.

GOVERNMENT PRINTING OFFICE, Washington, D. C.:

Twenty-fifth Annual Report of the Bureau of American Ethnology to the Secretary of the Smithsonian Institution. 1903–1904. Report of the Commissioner of Education for the Year Ending June 30, 1906.

CATHOLIC TRUTH SOCIETY, London, England:

The Orthodox Eastern Church. By Adrian Fortescue, Ph.D., D.D. Illustrated. Pp. xxvii -451.

CAREY & CO., London, England:

Catholic Hymns and Benediction Services, etc. By S. B. Bamford. Pp. 40. Paper. Price 1*s.* 6*d.* *Mass of St. Bruno.* By Richard R. Terry. Pp. 19. Paper. Price 1*s.* *Mass of St. Gregory.* By R. R. Terry. Pp. 36. Paper. Price 1*s.* 6*d.* net.

ROME PRESS, Rome, Italy:

Is the Pope Independent? or, Outlines of the Roman Question. By the Rt. Rev. Mgr. John Prior, D.D. Pp. 138. Price 50 cents.

P. LETHIELLEUX, Paris:

Manuel du Rédacteur d'Ordo en Latin et en Français. Par le R. P. Dom P. Joumier, O.S.B. Pp. 100. Price 5 *frs.* *Humbles Victimes.* Par Francois Veuillot. Pp. 264. Price 2 *fr.* 50. *Exposition de la Morale Catholique. Le Vice et le Péché.* Par E. Janvier. Price 4 *frs.*

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THE

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THE COST OF CHRISTIAN LIVING.

BY JOHN A. RYAN, D.D.

THE opening article in the November issue of this magazine described the nature, causes, consequences, and fallacies of the theory that happiness and welfare consist in the indefinite expansion and satisfaction of material wants. In the closing paragraph it was said that, "even the majority of Catholics seem to hold to the Christian conception of wealth and of life only vaguely and theoretically, not clearly and practically." Like other Christians, we speak much about the duty of avoiding excessive attachment to and misuse of wealth, but our utterances are mostly of the nature of platitudes. We do not often think into them any concrete meaning as to what precisely constitutes excessive attachment or misuse in the matter of food, clothing, houses, amusements, and "social" activities. Or, when our concepts are more specific, they are generally so liberal and lax as to fit only the very few whose offences under these heads are striking, notorious, and universally condemned. As a contribution toward more definite views and estimates, the present paper will attempt "to apply the Christian conception to the actual life of to-day, and to indicate more precisely the content of a reasonable standard of life."

According to the Christian teaching, man's chief business on earth is to fit himself for the Life Beyond. This task he fulfils by living up to the commandments of Christ and the moral

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law of nature. As applying to the use of material goods and the satisfaction of material wants, the moral law may be summarized in the following sentences. The soul, its life, and its needs are intrinsically superior to the life and needs of the body. The intellect and the disinterested will are essentially higher faculties than the senses and the selfish will. Hence right human life consists, not in the indefinite satisfaction of material wants, but in striving to know more and more, and to love more and more, the best that is to be known and loved, namely, God and, in proportion to their resemblance to him, his creatures. It demands that man shall satisfy the cravings of his animal and lower nature only to the extent that is compatible with a reasonable attention to the things of the mind and spirit. The senses and their demands are not on the same moral level as the reason; they are of subordinate worth and importance; they perform the function of instruments. Whenever they are made co-ordinate with, or superior to, the reason, whenever they are indulged so far as to interfere with the normal life and activity of the reason, there occur moral disorder, perversion of function, and unrighteous conduct. Similarly, whenever the selfish encroaches upon the disinterested will—as when we satisfy our senses with goods that ought to go to the neighbor, when we indulge such passions as envy and hatred, or when we expend upon our minds the time and energy that ought to be given to family, neighbor, or country—the moral order is inverted and violated.

Thus far the moral law of reason and nature. The supernatural, the Christian, moral law is frankly ascetic; not in the sense that it imposes upon all persons the Evangelical Counsels of poverty, chastity, and obedience, but inasmuch as it requires men to wage a continuous struggle against many of the cravings of appetite, and to deny many desires and ambitions which are dear to self. Except the child subordinate his will to that of his parents; his love of play to the demands of school; his desire of possession to reasonable self-discipline; his selfishness and cruelty to the just claims of his playmates, he will grow into a self-willed, passionate, and unlovable youth. He will be the antithesis of the Christian type. The Christian young man or young woman enters into a series of relations in which the need of self-denial is intensified and widened. Purity demands rigid control of the desires of the flesh; temperance requires

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careful self-restraint in eating and drinking; justice enjoins respect for the rights and goods of others, notwithstanding the powerful, manifold, and insidious impulses that make for the violation of this precept; the law of labor forbids indulging the tendency to idleness and slothfulness; charity commands the denial of that self-satisfaction, self-comfort, and self-assertion, which are incompatible with the claims of Christian brotherhood. Christianity is ascetic in the stricter sense of the term when it urges, nay, requires men to do without many things which are in themselves lawful, in order that they may be the better able to pass by the things that are unlawful. The words of St. Paul concerning the athlete who "refrains himself from all things," express the true Christian theory and practice.

Both the natural and the Christian laws of conduct are, consequently, opposed to the current ideals of life and welfare. Both demand that the power to do without shall be cultivated to such a degree that the lower nature in man shall be kept in constant subjection to the higher. Both deny that it is lawful for man to satisfy all wants indifferently, or to seek the indefinite expansion and satisfaction of his material wants.

Concerning the value of material goods, the teaching of the Divine Founder of Christianity is clear and forcible. Consider a few of his pronouncements: "It is easier for a camel to pass through the eye of a needle than for a rich man to enter into the kingdom of heaven." "Woe to you rich." "Blessed are you poor." "Lay not up for yourselves treasures on earth." "For a man's life consisteth not in the abundance of things that he possesseth." "Be not solicitous as to what you shall eat, or what you shall drink, or what you shall put on." "Seek ye first the kingdom of God and his justice, and all these things shall be added unto you." "You cannot serve God and Mammon." "If thou wouldst be perfect, go sell what thou hast and give to the poor, and come follow me." The doctrine of these texts is remote, indeed, from the theory that right life consists in the ever-widening and varying of material wants, and the ever fuller and more diversified satisfaction of them. In many places, and under many different forms, Christ insists that material possessions are unimportant for the child of God, and that those who have much wealth will find it almost impossible to get into his kingdom.

The great Fathers of the Church used strong, almost ex-

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treme language in describing the dangers of riches, and denouncing the men of wealth of their time. Many of them are so severe that they have been, incorrectly however, classified as socialists. St. Thomas Aquinas declared that although man cannot entirely disregard the pursuit and the possession of external goods, he ought to seek them with moderation, and in conformity with the demands of a simple life. Essentially the same views have been held and taught by all the representative authorities of the Church throughout the Middle Ages, and down to the present hour. Neither Christ nor his Church has ever sanctioned the theory that right and reasonable life requires magnificent houses, furnishings, equipage, and entertainment; sumptuous food and splendid apparel; costly recreation and luxurious amusements.

Let us apply these general truths and principles to the use of material goods and the process of satisfying material wants, with a view to more definite and particular conclusions. To begin with, we can enclose the field of material welfare by certain upper and lower limits, within which 99 of every 100 persons must have a place if they are to enjoy satisfactory conditions of Christian living. It would seem that these conditions are lacking whenever an average-sized family in one of the larger American cities receives an annual income of less than $1,000. In another place ("A Living Wage") the writer has estimated $600 as the equivalent of a decent livelihood in some of the cities of the country; but he had in mind the very smallest amount that would suffice, not the amount that is required for a certain reasonable amplitude, security, and contentment, which, though not perhaps absolutely necessary, are normal and highly desirable. When the family income falls below $1,000 per year, the quality and amount of food; the size, appearance, adornment, and equipment of the home; the kind of clothes; the scant provision for sickness, accidents, and old age; the lack of sufficient means for recreation, books, newspapers, charity, and religion; and the oppressively real fear of want, will subject the members of the family to severe temptations that would be unfelt, or much less keenly felt, if the income were above the figure named. Insufficient and monotonous food increases the craving for strong drink; shabby clothes make persons ashamed to appear among their fellows, and lead to loss of self-respect, discouragement, and discontent; an unattractive

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home produces similar results, and impels some members of the family to seek outside associations, perhaps in the saloon; lack of provision for the untoward contingencies of life fosters discouragement and discontent which are harmful to thrift and industry, and productive of irreligion and envy of the neighbor; inability to contribute to religion causes men to remain away from church, while the absence of reading matter leaves the mind barren; insufficiency of recreation is injurious to health, efficiency, and contentment. All these evils are, indeed, relative. They are felt by families above as well as by those below the $1,000 limit. Nevertheless, they inflict serious, objective injury upon one hundred of the latter to one of the former.

How shall we define the upper limit of family expenditure that is compatible with decent Christian living? The question may at first sight seem preposterous, inasmuch as reasonable life is possible at many different stages above the decent minimum. Yet if the Christian view of life is correct, the maximum as well as the minimum ought to be susceptible of concrete statement. If expenditures for material goods begin to be harmful as soon as the limits of moderation are passed and the satisfaction of the senses comes into conflict with the life of the spirit, those limits ought to be capable of definition in terms of goods and of money. To deny this is implicitly to defend the theory that right life consists in the indefinite satisfaction of indefinitely expanding wants.

In the matter of shelter the maximum for an average-sized family—husband and wife and four or five children—would seem to be a house of about twelve rooms. Obviously the mere fact that the residence contains a larger number of rooms does not constitute a serious impediment to reasonable living. Not the quantity of housing, but its accidentals and accessories, is the important consideration. Not the rooms in excess of twelve, but what they generally bring in their train, makes the difference. When the limit here set down is passed, it is not additional comfort in the legitimate sense of that term that is desired, but rather accommodations for numerous servants, facilities for elaborate social functions, and the consciousness of occupying as large or as imposing a dwelling as some neighbor or neighbors. Such a house will usually involve adornment, furnishings, and equipment which will be distinguished more for costliness, richness, and magnificence than simply for beauty.

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All these and many other ends which assume prominence about the time that the twelve room limit is exceeded, do create real and serious hindrances to decent Christian living. Chief among these hindrances are: a great waste of time, energy, thought, and money; many other demoralizing conditions that seem to be inseparable from sumptuous dwellings and the individual and social life therein fostered; the inevitable intensification of the passion of envy; the desire to outdo one's neighbors in the splendor of material possessions, and in outward show generally; a diminution of sincerity in social relations; a lessened consciousness of the reality and the universality of Christian brotherhood; and finally, immersion to such a degree in the things of matter that the higher realities of life are easily forgotten or ignored.

Satisfaction of the food-want becomes excessive when the appetite is stimulated or pampered to the injury of health, and when victuals come to be prized for their capacity to please the palate rather than for their power to nourish. These conditions are reached sooner than most persons realize. Habitually to pass by plain food, and to seek the tenderest and most delicate grades, implies a condition in which the digestive organs are being overtaxed. Mere variety in the articles of diet, when extended beyond moderate bounds, produces the same result. A liberal use of the accidentals, such as, condiments, relishes, exquisite desserts, is likewise harmful. Even a nice attention to the preparation and serving of the food, easily produces undue and injurious stimulation of the appetite. These physical excesses, or extravagances, are generally accompanied by evils of the moral order. The pleasure-giving aspects of diet and of eating become too prominent, and are too carefully sought. There is an excessive attention to the satisfaction of the food-want, which constitutes one form of the vice of gluttony. From it follows a lessening of control over other appetites; for the power of governing the senses is a unified thing which becomes weakened as a whole whenever it suffers injury in any part. Failure to control the food-appetite, for example, reduces the ability to govern the sex-appetite. Finally, the limits of reason are exceeded when the accessories of eating, as the service, the dishes, the dining-room furniture, are distinguished chiefly for their costliness, richness, and magnificence.

With regard to clothing, there is excess as soon as the de-

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sire to be dressed comfortably and decently becomes less prominent than the desire for conspicuousness, richness, elaborateness, splendor. All these are refinements, artificial complications, of the process of satisfying the clothing-want. When they come to be regularly sought after, they cause a waste of money and a deterioration of character. There is waste of money, inasmuch as these ends are relatively—indeed, we might say, absolutely—of no importance to reasonable living. The character suffers through the indulgence of the passion for distinction in mere possessions, and the passions of pride, vanity, and envy. It is obviously impossible to draw with precision the line which separates comfort, decency, and simple beauty from conspicuousness, richness, elaborateness, splendor; but the several estimates of a carefully-selected committee would probably show a fairly close agreement.

The tests of simplicity, moderation, and comparative inexpensiveness mark off the reasonable from the unreasonable in the matter of amusement and recreation. When these conditions are present all the legitimate demands of these wants are abundantly supplied. The spirits are refreshed, the energies are relaxed, the faculties are *re*created. When these bounds are exceeded, when amusements and recreation become elaborate, manifold, and costly, or when they are elevated to a place among the important aims of life, there occurs a perversion which is injurious both physically and morally. Time and money are wasted, energy is expended in the feverish pursuit of new forms of amusement, satiety and disappointment increase, and the temptations to unrighteous conduct are multiplied. Even the practice of making extensive and frequent sojourns in foreign countries, while possessing some educational advantages, consumes time and money out of all proportion to the resulting benefits. In many cases its chief effect is to satisfy jaded curiosity, fill up heavy-hanging time, or feed the passions of vanity and conscious superiority.

The activities that are denominated "social" afford perhaps the most striking indication of the distinction between the reasonable and the meretricious in the satisfaction of material wants. There is a certain moderate scale of social activity and entertainment in which the exercises, the dress, the refreshments, and all the other accessories, are distinguished by a certain naturalness and simplicity. Where these conditions (which are

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more easily recognized than described) are verified, the usual result is a maximum of enjoyment and right human feeling. When these limits are passed; when the chief concern is about the accessories of the entertainment rather than the promotion of kindly human intercourse and enjoyment; when the main object is to emulate the elaborateness, costliness, or magnificence of some other "function"—genuine enjoyment and kindly feeling are generally less than in the simpler conditions, while the damage to purse, health, nerves, and character is almost invariably greater.

The foregoing paragraphs may be concretely summarized in the statement that the annual expenditure for all purposes except religion and charity, in the case of the overwhelming majority of moderately-sized families, ought not to exceed $6,500. This amount should suffice for intellectual and educational needs, as well as for those of the physical order. Since the outlay for religion and charity ought to be in proportion to income, it cannot be included in a general estimate of the maximum decent cost of living. Of the families that at present expend more than $6,500 for the purposes named, the great majority would be gainers, physically, mentally, and morally, if they did not go beyond that limit. Probably the range of expenditure which would afford the best conditions of Christian life for a considerable majority of all American families, lies between $2,000 and $5,000 per annum.

The attempt to state so precisely and to define so narrowly the cost of living according to the Christian rule of life, will probably strike many as presumptuous, preposterous, artificial, arbitrary. Nevertheless, if one is sincere, if one wishes to write to any serious purpose, if one intends to get beyond empty platitudes, one must make some such attempt and in some such terms. And the writer is perfectly willing to have his estimate subjected to criticism, to criticism as definite and concrete as the estimate itself. He is quite confident that, with very rare exceptions, $6,500 dollars will seem ample to cover all reasonable family expenditures for housing, food, clothing, amusements and recreation, social activities, education, and the needs of the mind. When families go beyond this figure they are satisfying wants which in the interests of the best Christian life ought to be denied. In so far as the added amount is spent on a house, its principal effect is to increase not legiti-

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mate comfort, but pride, vanity, waste of time, and unsocial feelings of superiority. In so far as it is expended for dress, it produces the same results, and makes persons unduly attendant to and dependent upon wants that are unnecessary, artificial, and fundamentally ignoble. In so far as it goes for food, it does not mean more nourishment, but some injury to health, and an undue attachment to the lower or animal self. In so far as it is exchanged for amusements, recreation, or social activities, the same and other vices are fostered without any counterbalancing good result. In so far as it is employed for the satisfaction of the needs of the mind—well, no considerable portion of the extra amount is so employed in the actual life of to-day. If it is it goes in almost all cases to purchase rare or costly editions of books, or masterpieces of painting or sculpture. Many of these minister not to the esthetic sense so much as to the desire for things that are costly, unique, conspicuous. The intellectual and esthetic needs obtain a more adequate and a more rational satisfaction in the family of the average college professor than in the family of the average rich man, yet the income of the latter rarely exceeds $5,000 a year.

Where the family expends more than $6,500 for the six classes of wants enumerated, the results, except in a few cases, will be harmful to Christian life, inasmuch as the senses will be exalted to the detriment of the higher will and the reason, the altruistic qualities will be unable to obtain reasonable development in the midst of so many influences making for selfishness, and the character will grow soft, while the power to do without will grow weak.

The belief that men can live noble, religious, and intellectual lives in the presence of abundant material satisfaction, is well called by the economist, Charles Perin, "the most terrible seduction of our time." It counts among its adherents even the majority of Catholics. Whether they have little or much of this satisfaction, they long for more, and are willing to run the risk of the resulting demoralization. Nay, there are Catholics, both clerical and lay, who realize that the majority of their co-religionists whose expenditures are above the level described in these pages would be "better off" in the true, the Catholic, sense of these words, below that level; yet these same Catholics rejoice when their friends reach that scale of ex-

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penditure. So great is the power of a dominant popular fallacy!

Of course there is no intention of asserting that the great majority of those who exceed the $6,500 limit, will be unable to save their souls. All that is asserted is that the overwhelming majority of *all* families, and the great majority of families whose expenditures are actually above that limit, would lead more—much more—reasonable, noble, Christian lives if their outlay were below it, but above $1,000.

Perhaps the strongest objection against the maximum set down here will be made on behalf of "social position." Larger, much larger, expenditures seem to many persons to be justified and necessary in order to maintain that rank in society, that place among their fellows, that standard of living to which they have become accustomed. To sink below this scale would be a hardship and a departure from what they and their friends have come to regard as decent living. Now the requirements of social rank are among the legitimate needs that ought to be regularly met; for, as St. Thomas expresses it, "no one ought to live unbecomingly." In their discussions concerning the duties of almsgiving and of restitution, the theologians have always made definite and liberal allowance for this class of needs. Let us remember, however, that their estimates and conclusions reflect the social conditions of the Middle Ages, when the higher conveniences and the luxuries which absorb the greater part of the expenditures of the well-to-do classes to-day, were practically all unknown; when most of the exceptional outlay was for servants, attendance, and the other accompaniments of public power; and when high social rank had its basis less in wealth than in public or quasi-public authority and functions. Reference was for the most part to rulers, members of the nobility, and public officials. Large concessions were made to their demands on behalf of social position, in order to safeguard their functions and influence among the people. In other words, the chief reason was a social one: the people demanded a certain magnificence in the lives of their rulers and of the other wielders of social authority.

No such considerations can be urged in favor of the rich in a country like ours. Neither popular welfare, nor popular sentiment, nor any sane interpretation of decent or becoming living, will justify expenditures in excess of $6,500 per year. If any

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serious defense of them is to be attempted, it must be based upon the assumption that any reduction of them would injure the morals or the self-respect of persons who had long been accustomed to this scale of living. That any permanent deterioration in conduct or character would overtake any considerable fraction of those who would descend to the $6,500 level, is a supposition that may be summarily dismissed. It is overwhelmingly probable that after a short time of adjustment to the new conditions, the "descenders," with rare exceptions, would be stronger morally than before. The hypothetical injury to self-respect does not deserve serious consideration, inasmuch as it refers to a false self-respect, a fear of being looked down upon by those who have false standards of worth, dignity, and decency. The self-respect which is based upon the extravagant satisfaction of material wants, and conditioned by the approval of those who believe in that sort of thing, ought to be trampled upon and eradicated.

Suppose that Mr. Carnegie, who has declared that the duty of the man of wealth is "to set an example of modest, unostentatious living, shunning display or extravagance," were to take these words seriously, interpreting them according to their ordinary acceptation, and to move from his sumptuous Fifth Avenue mansion into a comfortable, medium-sized house in a respectable, middle-class neighborhood, there to live on a scale of simple and moderate comfort. Does any one think that he would suffer any real loss of self-respect, honor, reputation, public appreciation, or influence for good? On the contrary, he would gain in all these regards. Not the least of his gains would be his enhanced credit for seriousness and sincerity. And his experience would be duplicated by every rich man and rich woman who would make the experiment.

Those who would take this step would be better off, not only in character and public esteem, but even as regards contentment and happiness. At least, this would be the result if practically all who are now above the $6,500 level were to place themselves below it; for the principal factor impelling men to believe in the worth of luxurious living, namely, the social worship of luxury, would have disappeared. It is the popular faith in the happiness-producing power of abundant material satisfaction that leads the possessor of such satisfaction to cling to it. In reality it causes a greater slavery of the mind to the

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senses, and increases anxiety, worry, and satiety. "In proportion as a man strives to exalt and secure himself through external goods, he falls back wretchedly upon himself, and experiences an increase of dissatisfaction and *ennui*" (Perin, *De la Richesse*, p. 11).

If only a few were to make the experiment, they would undoubtedly suffer considerable mental anguish, but it would be only temporary. Besides, it would be more than offset by the increase of mental and moral freedom, by a deeper and truer self-respect, and by the genuine approval of the larger and saner part of the community.

The foregoing discussion may be profitably supplemented by a word on the social aspects of excessive living expenditures. Beyond doubt, a scale of living in excess of the maximum limit defined in these pages renders the overwhelming majority of those who adopt it less able and less willing to make sacrifices for the public good, whether on the field of battle, in public life, or through any other form of social service. It makes great achievements in art, science, or literature morally impossible, for the simple reason that it reduces to a minimum the power to abstain, to endure, to wait patiently for large results. Nor is this all. For every person who lives according to this pernicious standard, there are thousands who are unable to do so, yet who adopt it as their ideal, and strive to imitate it so far as they are able. Hence these, too, suffer immeasurable hurt in their capacity for self-sacrifice, generosity, and disinterested social service. All the lessons of history point unhesitatingly to the conclusion that social no less than individual welfare, is best promoted by moderate living. President Roosevelt has stated this truth in terms that ought to be committed to memory and constantly pondered by every one of his countrymen: "In the last analysis a healthy State can exist only when the men and women who make it lead clean, vigorous, healthy lives; when the children are so trained that they shall endeavor, not to shirk difficulties, but to overcome them, not to seek ease, but to know how to wrest triumph from toil and risk. The man must be glad to do a man's work, to dare and endure, and to labor; to keep himself, and to keep those dependent upon him. The woman must be the housewife, the helpmeet of the homemaker, the wise and fearless mother of many children" (*The Strenuous Life*, p. 5).

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In the opinion of the writer, there are five hundred chances to one that a family will realize these conditions much more fully below than above the $6,500 level.

A stock objection to the doctrine here defended, rests on the assertion that every community needs some examples of life on a scale of material magnificence, in order to prevent the dulling and deadening effect of monotonous mediocrity. Precisely why all the real and solid effects of variety could not be had within the limits set in this paper, is not easily seen. The satisfaction and the uplifting influence that are derived by the masses from the contemplation of palatial residences, splendid raiment and equipages, and the other public manifestations of excessive expenditure, would be vastly overtopped by the benefits that would follow the investment of this money in decent habitations for the poor, schools, hospitals, parks, playgrounds, art galleries, and public concerts. There would also be a decrease of social hatred, envy, and discontent. At any rate a reduction of ninety per cent in the number of the existing instances of magnificent living, would, owing to the comparative rarity of the phenomenon, increase the impression made upon the minds and imaginations of the masses.

The argument on behalf of lavish expenditures for works of art in private residences, is likewise of little value. The assistance and encouragement given to artists would be equally great if these purchases were made for the benefit of public galleries.

It must be admitted that luxurious living benefits industry in so far as it prevents an excessive accumulation of capital, and increases the demand for the products of capital and industry; but the money thus spent would be doubly beneficial if it were employed in works of public and private benevolence.

No direct reference has been made in the present paper to the question of great private fortunes. While these are a necessary condition of excessive standards of living, they are separable, at least in theory, from the latter, and present a distinct problem. The sole object of these pages has been to define as precisely as possible the range of expenditure which is most compatible with—which, indeed, may be called normal for—Christian living. Describing this in terms of dollars may, at first sight, seem ridiculous. Nevertheless, those who admit the soundness of the underlying principles cannot set

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aside the estimate with a wave of the hand. Possibly they will find that it is not easily overthrown by concrete argument. Throughout the article the writer has had chiefly in mind Catholics. For they too are, to a deplorable extent, under the delusion that valuable life consists in the indefinite satisfaction of material wants. This delusion injures those who are below as well as those who are above the reasonable maximum. The former are discontented where they ought to be well satisfied, and envious where they ought to be thankful because of the temptations that they have escaped. The latter frequently see their children grow weak in faith and character, while they themselves become worldly, cold, and ungenerous. The contributions to religion, charity, or education by Catholics who live sumptuously, by all Catholics, indeed, who exceed the bounds of simple and moderate living, are, generally speaking, utterly inadequate as compared with their income. Herein consists the *inordinate attachment* to wealth which is contrary to the Christian principle. It is no longer that ridiculous passion for gold which obsessed the misers of our nursery tales; it is simply the striving for and indulgence in excessive amounts of material satisfaction.

The St. Paul Seminary.

FOOTNOTE.—It ought not to be necessary to remind the reader that wherever a sharp comparison is made between the moral dangers besetting those below and those above the $6,500 limit, the statement must be taken in a general sense. For example: The family that expends $6,490 is evidently in substantially the same situation as the one whose annual outlay is $6,510.

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ARNOUL THE ENGLISHMAN

*AN HISTORICAL ROMANCE OF THE THIRTEENTH CENTURY.**

BY FRANCIS AVELING, D D.

CHAPTER XI.

ARNOUL kept fairly steadily to the course of studies mapped out for him, working less at the legal classes than at those in which individual wit and brilliance told. While he heard much on all hands of the extraordinary ability of Maitre William, as he got, day by day, more in touch with the current life of the University, he kept, more or less, to the classes at St. Victor's, with, occasionally, a lecture at Notre Dame or one of the other already noted schools.

His curiosity took him to the Sorbonne and St. Geneviève, and even to St. Jacques and the Cordeliers. At St. Jacques he had heard Master Elias Bruneto, and John of Rochelle at the Franciscans. And he had seen both John Fidanza, better known as Brother Bonaventure, and Thomas the Neapolitan, who had come to Paris with a brilliant reputation already gained at Cologne. Of the two, he certainly preferred the Dominican brother. A certain class prejudice was in his favor. He was at least a gentleman born, even if he did hold such curious views with regard to the seculars. And what he said seemed to have some sense in it.

At any rate, the sentences that came so slowly from his lips were trenchant; and his dialectic, though far more heavy, was also far more brilliant than that of Maitre Louis. He was lecturing on a very dry and uninteresting subject, so Arnoul thought; and he could not understand how it was that he had such a large following of scholars filling up his lecture hall.

He did not go a second time. His prejudice in favor of the secular party increased rather than diminished; for he was getting hand in glove with the little faction among the schol-

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ars at St. Victor's that acknowledged Maitre Louis as its leader and the exponent of its principles.

The University, he discovered, was just then split up into a great number of these little factions. There were few of the colleges that had not taken up their stand on the one side or the other of the burning controversy; and the students outside the colleges, though more than likely they hardly realized the issue at stake, were as venomous and bitter as partisans could well be. For the most part, and with few exceptions, they were on the secular side; and as there were practically no influences to restrain them, they did not stop short at words or arguments, but used their fists and weapons as well.

Arnoul was coming back one day, along the Rue St. Jacques, from the Petit Pont with Maitre Louis and another of his friends, when they heard a great commotion going on behind St. Julien's Church. Gripping their sticks they rushed round the corner. It was a pair of begging friars—or rather, had been, for one had taken to his heels and was making off as fast as his legs could carry him through the crooked streets. A crowd of men and boys stood round the remaining friar, some of them drunk, some sober, but all abusive and threatening. The poor man was shaking and had changed his cry for alms into a prayer for mercy. "Good gentlemen all," he quavered, "have pity on a poor friar! I have done naught to anger you. I am but a poor brother of the Preachers crying for alms. Ow!" he cried, as the first cudgel caught him on the arm from which his alms-basket hung. "Ow! For the love of God! Holy Virgin, protect me! Ow! Good masters, spare me! Ow!"

He danced about, trying to avoid the cudgels aimed at him, for the crowd had quite lost its reason by now. They looked upon the unfortunate friar as the embodiment of the Dominican order, and remembered in a muddled way what they were pleased to consider their wrongs, their grievances against it.

There was no responsible member of the University within sight, and a sheer lust of torment had seized upon the scholars. Those who had been drinking lurched about, striking at the friar, but as often as not contriving to fetch a ringing blow on the head of one of their companions. It threatened to become a general *mêlée*. A woman—there were several slatternly women standing on the fringe of the crowd, out of harm's

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way—shrieked out vile abuse and urged the students on. At length—for the scrimmage had taken an ugly look and knives were drawn—one of the least drunken of the lot rushed forward and seized the friar's basket. He was a big, burly fellow from Scandinavia. Arnoul had had him pointed out to him as one of the strongest men in the English nation. Reckless of the blows, that would have cracked a less thick skull, he forced the shaven head, with a crash of breaking twigs, through the bottom of the wicker basket. The broken meats and bits of bread fell in a shower round the unhappy man. His face was besmeared and bleeding, for the rough ends of the dry willow twigs had cut and scratched his head. His habit was stained with grease and filth. A general guffaw burst from the students and women, the voices of the latter rising shrill and discordant in the narrow street. The friar was frightened half out of his wits. He stood there rolling his eyes, invoking the saints, crying for mercy, trying vainly to get at his face to wipe the blood from it, like one distraught. One drunken German was still rushing about brandishing a stout club; but he slipped on a greasy mass that had fallen from the friar's basket and tumbled, cursing thickly in his own language, to the ground. The crowd laughed the more. It was beginning to regain its easy-going good-humor. The friar moved his head from side to side as far as his unusual collar would permit, still rolling his eyes and muttering appeals to the "good gentlemen all," until he flopped down upon the cobbles and sat in the midst of the debris of his morning's begging, staring helplessly at his tormentors.

How it would have ended I know not, had not a whispered warning—"The Guard!"—split up the crowd and sent them flying right and left through the tortuous streets and intersecting lanes. Maitre Louis and Arnoul made away with the rest and left the two in the middle of the road, the shaven head of the one pitifully and ludicrously bobbing up and down in its collar of broken twigs, the other lying prone beside him.

Such sights, and worse, were far from infrequent; and Arnoul soon became accustomed to them. But he worked on steadily at his studies, none the less, thinking of his Devon home and his brother, of the great things he was to do. He had his reliquary always about his neck—the golden reliquary with the splinter of the Holy Cross that the Lady Sibilla had given him;

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and from time to time—not very often it is true, since the voyage was a long one—he had news of Buckfast and Woodleigh, and sometimes even of Moreleigh, by monks or pilgrims journeying through Paris.

The news, scarce as it was, was good and always welcome; and when Abbot Benet had passed through on his way to Citeaux again in the following year, he had listened to a long and detailed account of all that was happening at home. Helion was dead and had left much property to the Abbey. Roger and Budd were well and happy; but they both missed him sorely—or said they did. Isobel was more tyrannical than ever; and Sir Guy was, as usual, working hard at Woodleigh and helping the Moreleigh priest, who had become a chronic invalid, incessantly.

"Your brother will kill himself with work," said the Abbot with evident approval. "He is a most zealous priest and a true Christian."

"And how is Vipont?" asked Arnoul tentatively. "Guy must have a great deal to do with him now, if Sir John is so unwell!"

Abbot Benet frowned. "Vipont is as well as usual and as quarrelsome as ever. He is making trouble over his fief at Holne now. His land joins ours. But what interest have you in Sir Sigar?" The Abbot looked his question as well as spoke it.

"None"; replied the boy, blushing in spite of himself. "That is to say, practically none. But I thought Guy—"

"And how are you doing yourself?" asked the monk, interrupting him. "I shall have to give Sir Guy an account of you when I return. I can see that you are well. But your studies—? Your work?"

The interview veered to the lad's doings in Paris; the Abbot listening without any comment to all that he had to tell him.

But on the whole Arnoul was drifting. The Abbot carried back a glowing account of him to Buckfast and Woodleigh. The canons at St. Victor's had endorsed his statements as to work and studies. He himself would have been surprised had he been able to realize how far he had changed. But it was true, nevertheless. Maitre Louis had not proved the best of mentors and Arnoul looked up to him and admired him so that he would not hear a word against him from any one. Maitre

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Giles had tried to speak to him once; but he had been silenced by Arnoul's prompt anger. Nor could he even countenance any of his own misgivings that made themselves felt as Louis showed more and more of that extraordinary and complex character that lay hidden under his affectation of dialectic and indifference.

On one occasion they had gone to a tavern together. It was at the time of the evening walk, when public lectures were over. When they reached the great street of St. Jacques, Maitre Louis spoke confidentially. "A little wine for the stomach's sake! It is the counsel of St. Paul. After decretals it helps the digestion. And I know a famous wine seller close at hand where we can have the choicest."

His companion did not demur; and, turning a corner, they entered the cabaret.

It was very dark and somewhat thick with the stale fumes of wine; but it was certainly a cut above the filthy tavern in the Rue St. Jacques. Louis was evidently a well-known patron of the host, and at once began to speak with him and with the other frequenters of the place.

"Your best!" he commanded. "Your best, Messire Julien! Bring it out! I have brought you a new companion, a brave fellow and an Englishman, who desires the freedom of your hospitality. What! Jacques le Boiteux!—at this time of day! Why, even I would not be here now, if it were not in the execution of a plain duty!"

"Duty," laughed Maitre Jacques le Boiteux thickly. "'Tis a duty that is welcome none the less, my excellent doctor. Aales, my girl, look at Maitre Louis! He comes hither at the call of duty!" And Maitre Jacques joined with Aales in a laugh at the bare idea.

"Duty," he continued, grinning all over his pimply face. "Duty! Of course it is a duty! 'Tis a duty that brings me here too! 'Tis a duty that brings Aales! We have all come because of duty!" He embraced the eight or ten scholars, serving men, and women in a grandiose sweep of his hand.

"I shall prove to you, my good Maitre Louis, by the Organon of Aristotle and Porphyry his Isagoge that it is a duty! You will admit that the Manicheans are the most damnable heretics, to begin with?"

"I admit nothing, Maitre Jacques. You will prove in as

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many arguments as you please, and just as many points as you please. But I am here to drink mine host's good wine and not to chop logic with a lawyer. Logic for the schools, say I; not for the wine house!"

"Ha! Jeannette, my beauty, here is a new suitor for your fair hand! Come hither, girl, and make the acquaintance of Maitre Arnoul the Englishman! If you are off with me, there is no reason why you should not love my friends. Now, don't you be jealous, my Thomassine; don't sulk over there in a corner! Here am I getting Blanches Mains out of the way, that I may talk to you by yourself!" And he laughed brutally.

Arnoul shrank from the rough tone of familiarity and the laugh. This was a side of the Gascon's character that he certainly had not seen before, for Louis had dropped for the moment his habitual mask of gravity and learning and uncovered what lay beneath it. He was learning much of Paris and the scholars under the Gascon's tutelage. He did not like the laugh and he did not like the words; but, ashamed of himself for his dislike of both, he turned to the really beautiful girl who made her way over towards him.

"So you are Arnoul the Englishman," she said, her lips parting in a smile over two rows of pearly teeth. "I have heard that pig Louis speak of you so often. And he has not lied," she continued, frankly scrutinizing his face and form. "He said you were an Apollo, or a Paris. I don't know them; but they must be fine fellows if they are anything like you."

Messire Julien's wine was good; and the company, when he had got over his initial dislike of Maitre Jacques le Boiteux, and forgotten the manner of his introduction, Arnoul found charming enough. It was the first, but by no means the last visit he paid to Julien's tavern.

So he continued studying the crabbed pages at St. Victor's, and reading, without altogether understanding it, the living book of human nature that lay opened before his eyes. He began to think it a fine thing to boast and swagger about as others did; and spent far more than he could afford on clothes and ornament, frequently making his way to the town on the other bank of the Seine, to visit the shops and make purchases. Old Ben Israel noted him down with a shrewd leer as a future client, and bowed until his four fringes touched the earth whenever he met him.

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Arnoul had indeed fitted himself out in fine garments that made him look far more like a courtier than a student. He had exchanged his Devon homespun for a gay dress in which camlet, and even silk, were made up; and he had procured a high, conical felt hat, a new and special creation of Messire Richart Bon Valet. This he wore on special days, when he left his books behind him and went off on some escapade with Maitre Louis or alone. He spent hours on the Pont au Change, gazing into the jewellers' shops and turning over in his mind whether his little store of money would allow of a golden ring or a buckle. When he reluctantly decided that it would not allow of so great an extravagance, he almost resolved to wear his reliquary so that it could be seen. He was in danger of becoming a prig and a fop; and, in spite of all his good intentions and resolves, his studies were becoming very remiss and intermittent. When Maitre Louis, as he had so often threatened he would, left St. Victor's to take up his abode in a private lodging, he had half a mind to accompany him. But the advice Guy had so incessantly poured into his ears at Woodleigh restrained him; or he had not yet sufficient courage to take so bold a step. He remained at St. Victor's and hovered around Louis' lodging, so that it would have been difficult to tell from his dress or the society he frequented whether he was an extern student or a member of an Hospitium.

Thus he lived; dipping into his parchments occasionally, and turning up in his place in the class-rooms just so often as was necessary to escape a reprimand from the Canon Prefect, until the king returned from his crusade.

He made a great point of going to all the religious celebrations of City, Town and University—but this more from love of excitement than from any devotion they aroused. Every one went to them, and one met one's friends there. Also, his visits to Messire Julien's became more frequent. He was beginning to make a great many friends there; and his taste, in friends, was changing too. He would have put that fact down to the enlarging of his mind, no doubt, or to a certain liberalness of principles that began to make itself apparent in his character. But Maitre Giles was the real cause, though certainly the unintentional one, of his ultimately taking himself and his belongings away from St. Victor's.

Now Maitre Giles was a very excellent and orthodox person,

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as will already have been perceived. But he had his failings and limitations. He was, like so many orthodox persons, a terrible bore; and he was stupid to boot. This combination of qualities, together with a habit he possessed of actively interesting himself in the welfare of other people, made him extremely unpopular among the majority of his fellow-students. But, no whit daunted by unpopularity, he pursued the even tenor of his way, grinding at his texts, poring over manuscripts, giving vent to strange-sounding though perfectly orthodox, theories, offering advice in season and out of season, and generally making himself obnoxious.

Maitre Giles was pained and shocked at the backslidings of Arnoul. He followed him about the Abbey as a ferret follows its prey through the windings of a warren; and not infrequently contrived, as he supposed, to impress the young man with his admonitions. Among other things he told him that he ought not to waste so much of his time staring in the shops. That annoyed and irritated Arnoul so much, that Maitre Giles gave no further advice that day. He should employ his time as it suited him; and what was that meddling Giles, that he should watch what he did? thought the boy angrily. On another occasion he overtook him in the streets of the city, near the great square that fronts the palace.

"Have you seen," he asked, "the Christian Saracens who have come to Paris? They were converted to the true faith by the sight of the fortitude of King Louis in his captivity. Also, the Preachers and the Minorites taught them to see the wickedness of Mohammed's law that intoxicates the soul. They have come with letters patent from the king commanding that they be lodged and fed befittingly until his return, when he will himself see to their honorable maintenance."

"No"; Arnoul had not seen them.

"And do you know that the king is coming back from his wars in Egypt?"

Arnoul had not heard the rumor of the king's return; but it, no less than a sight of the Saracens, promised excitement. Maitre Giles often managed to pick up authentic scraps of information. Arnoul would tolerate him and learn what was to happen. It appeared that King Louis had been obliged to give hostages for his person and set out for home, leaving Egypt unconquered, on account of the disastrous war in Flanders.

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He was to arrive almost as soon as the envoys from the French returned. There would be great doings and rejoicings when the king came home. His coming would give a new turn to the war of factions in the University. King Louis was sure to support the regulars against the seculars. Quite right, too! The religious were certainly in the right and the seculars in the wrong.

Arnoul was nettled. "Why do you say that?" he asked sharply. "Every one knows that the friars are lazy, good-for-nothing fellows who will not work, because they find begging pays so well. Look at the houses they have! Look at their intolerable pride! They and their rules are the curse of society. And they preach against the getting of an honest living. They would stop all chances of a career in the Church, did they but have their way."

"So"; replied Maitre Giles, "you have had all that from Louis and his crew. I knew they were poisoning your mind. Do you know anything of the friars themselves? Have you talked with Brother Thomas at St. Jacques, or with Brother Bonaventure the Franciscan?"

"I have heard them lecture," retorted Arnoul. "The one seems to be a pious fool of a mystic; and the other is too heavy and dull for comprehension. How he manages to get his class full puzzles me."

"But he does manage. Louis, with his incessant cackling about St. Amour, has prejudiced you. That man is a saint, mark my words. He is the cleverest man in France; and old Maitre Albert knew what he was saying when he prophesied that the Dumb Ox would shake the world with his bellowing. And so simple and kind he is! Why! he will give hours of his time to helping a poor fellow, like you or me, in a difficulty. I would go to him before any one else, if I were in trouble—though he is only a year or so older than I am. And, what is more, he would listen to me and help me as if I were the king himself or the Duchess of Brabant. But I see you are deep stuck in the mire of prejudice and hatred of their holy lives. Come! Maitre Arnoul, this will never do!"

Arnoul sickened of Giles' criticism and smarted under his well-meant fault-finding. He left him as soon as he could—after they had seen the converted Saracens in their gorgeous eastern dresses, the eleemosynary guests of King Louis at the

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old palace. And he left him in a temper. Giles was a conceited coxcomb—setting himself up in a sanctimonious way as the censor of his doings! He would not brook it!

One or two more interviews with Maitre Giles at St. Victor's made up his mind. It was obvious that as long as he remained at the Abbey he could not shake off this dour and persistent critic. So, saying nothing of his intention save to Maitre Louis, one fine day, just after the king's arrival in his capital, he followed the example of his friend and vanished from St. Victor's.

CHAPTER XII.

Arnoul's new lodgings were in a mean street not far from the Hotel of the Abbot of St. Denis, at the extreme northwestern corner of the University wall, near the Tour de Nesle. They were close to those of his friend Maitre Louis. Once he had taken the step of removing, bag and baggage, from St. Victor's he began to realize to some extent what he was really doing. There were new dangers as well as old with which he would have to cope; and he resolved to be more assiduous than ever before in his work and study. He would, of course, follow the secular doctors now, since, in a sense, he had definitely cast in his lot with them in leaving the Hospitium of the canons. And he would strive all the more to justify the change he had made, and to prove himself capable of managing his own affairs. He could not forget Guy's great hopes, and, after all, was he not a de Valletort? He meant to get on.

The presence of King Louis in his capital made a considerable difference in the gaiety and whirl of life in that excitement-loving place. But the king, while acknowledging the glad welcome of his burghers, took little part in their pleasure at his return. Rumor had it that he was heartbroken over the failure of his Holy War and his own capture; and had shut himself up in the Old Palace to brood. As a matter of fact, Arnoul saw for himself that he was sad and disheartened; for, instead of wearing the apparel that befitted the king of kings upon earth, he had discarded the costly furs and scarlet silks that he used to wear for plain, sad colors, mostly gray or blue, and of a coarse texture. And he would no longer

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suffer the trappings of his charger to be of gold embroidery or rich velvet. Even the golden stirrups and greaves had been replaced by plainer metal.

Still, notwithstanding the royal sadness, the city was gayer than ever, full as it was of high ecclesiastical and military dignitaries; and Maitre Arnoul's last resolutions, like the former ones, began to waver.

When the news came that the King of England would make his royal progress homewards through France, and that King Louis had given orders to the magnates and burghers of all the cities through which he would pass on his way to Paris to receive him with his Queen and court as was fitting, his excitement knew no bounds. All the English nation was excited and full of preparations for Henry's reception by the University—so excited that, while its members shortened their weekly commons in order to provide for the expenses of a right royal welcome to their monarch, many of them did not forget to drink frequently to his health and prosperity, nor to quarrel lustily with the other nations.

Arnoul, on that ever-to-be-remembered night before the King's expected entry into Paris, had distinguished himself by being the most prominent figure in a common tavern brawl. It was at Messire Julien's pothouse. Louis was there and le Boiteux, with the usual company, male and female. But the place was more crowded than usual. All the wine sellers and inn-keepers were doing a roaring trade in those days. There were a couple of Arabians—the one a student, the other a man of middle age who got his living by hawking Spanish parchments, translations of Aristotle, treatises on medicine, works on astrology, who had forgotten the sayings of Lord Mohammed, "Never drink wine; for it is the root of all evil." There was a shoemaker and his wife, from over the bridge, sitting together on a bench in the corner. The shoemaker was a clerk who, for reasons of his own, had given up his studies years before and settled down to leather, keeping the benefit of clergy that his minor orders secured for him, just as many of the tradesmen of the town had done, preferring the jurisdiction of the Church to that of the civil courts. Aales and Jeannette were there as well, with Thomassine. And there were others, scholars, gentlemen's men, women. One singular personage was present, conversing in low tones with Maitre Louis, whom

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Arnoul never remembered having seen before. He was a melancholy looking specimen of a man with high, sallow cheek-bones and deep-set, piercing eyes. His enormous egg-shaped head was bald, except for a fringe of iron-gray hair that began behind either ear, sticking out in wisps at the sides, and continuing in a ragged patch round the back of his head.

His hands were knotted and wrinkled, with long and dirty nails; and his fingers writhed incessantly as he whispered, twining themselves together and separating again. Clad in a rusty suit of black, with no ornament of any kind, save a leathern wallet, to lighten its sombre hue, he was leaning forward in his eagerness towards Louis; and, from the way in which his lips were moving and twisting, he was evidently very much in earnest in whatever he was saying.

Arnoul took a seat on the bench near Jeannette. He had on his finest colors and his conical hat. Messire Julien was bustling about attending to his guests. All were making merry, drinking, joking, singing snatches of popular songs, in the best of humors with themselves and each other, when Jacques le Boiteux, without rhyme or reason, made an insolent remark to Arnoul, coupling his name with that of Jeannette Blanches Mains.

The boy's blood was up in an instant; and a dull-red wave of anger spread over his face and then subsided, leaving him deathly pale. He gripped the handle of a small dagger that was hidden beneath his tunic. But Maitre Jacques, either from stupidity or set purpose, continued his insulting words.

"You think," he sneered, "you can lord it over us with your airs and graces, swaggering about in your fine clothes! I wonder how much Ben Israel has advanced you, upstart cub of an Englishman that you are! Why! You have been here less time than any of us, and you put on airs as if you were a licentiate at least! You and your precious king! What's your knavish king coming here for, I wonder? And Louis! It's just like him to play the pious, peaceable monarch and order us to welcome your—! Faugh! A fig for your little Henry and for you and for all Englishmen, say I!"

But it was more than Arnoul could stand, and, leaping to his feet, he made at the besotten reveller.

"Take that!" he shouted, "and that!" as he drove his fist fair home between Maitre Jacques' eyes, knocking him off

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the bench and sending him sprawling on the floor. "The next time you dare to speak of me, or of my king and country, you will find this steel in your lying carcass!" And he brandished the dagger above the kicking lawyer.

But he had reckoned without Aales. She sprang at him like one possessed, clawing at him with her nails, and trying, despite the weapon, to get near enough to scratch his face or to bite him. In a twinkling the tavern was in an uproar. Every one was fighting with every one else; and the low room resounded with blows and shouting.

But it was soon over; and while Messire Julien was ruefully counting up the damage, Arnoul found himself pushed out into the street and in the company of Maitre Louis and his solemn companion, the man in black.

"That was a foolish thing to do," said the melancholy stranger, as if speaking to himself. "A little more and it might have become bloodshed. And after the Bull about carrying arms, too! Young men are so impetuous and rash."

His voice was deep and resonant, with a strong nasal twang; but Arnoul was still too angry to notice it.

"What would you have me do?" he asked furiously. "Would you see me swallow such an insult tamely? Nay; I shall even now return and plunge my dagger into his lying body!"

He turned to put his threat into execution; but they restrained him and led him away to Louis' lodging, and there, when he had recovered his temper, he was introduced to Maitre Barthelemy, "the most subtle and profound alchemist in the world." Those were the words of Maitre Louis. Maitre Barthelemy bowed, he did not smile. He was one of those persons who take themselves very seriously. On the contrary, he frowned; and producing a scrap of dirty parchment from his wallet he asked the date—day, hour, and year—of Arnoul's birth.

"You are," he observed, "a person of singular qualities and fortune. I can read in the lines of your features that my part shall some day be of use to you. You will take notice," he said, turning to Maitre Louis as he made some crabbed signs on the parchment, "that he has a notable development of the forehead. Moreover, he was born on a Thursday. I would dare hazard that even Mercurius was in conjunction.

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"And, touching the other matter, my good Maitre Louis, you shall see it for yourself. I have obtained it thrice already; but the powder must be added to the liquid—and slowly." He proceeded to give long directions in a language quite unintelligible to Arnoul.

"You have followed me in all I have said?" he asked when he had done, looking towards Louis, who bent his head in answer. Then turning to Arnoul again, he began in a less mysterious tone of voice: "Young sir! I must cast your horoscope and read the stars in your behalf. The mystic heavens of the divine Pythagoras will be in your favor. You will find written a good fortune and a high station, be sure of it! But be more prudent with your weapon in future! If word of it were to reach the Rector, or the Bishop—!" Maitre Barthelemy made a gesture expressive of what might be expected.

As Arnoul had quite recovered his temper by now, he hung his head sheepishly at the older man's rebuke. He was somewhat mystified by the extraordinary language to which he had been listening, and impressed by the alchemist's manner. He certainly was puzzled, though he called to memory some chance expressions let drop by Louis and knew what implicit faith he had in the man.

"I shall read the stars and cast your life," continued the black-robed Maitre Barthelemy. "You shall come to my poor lodging behind the Chateau de Vauvert, whenever you have need of me or my art."

The lad shuddered involuntarily, for it was well known that the Chateau was haunted. Not even the king could induce any one to live in it.

"You have a future before you," the alchemist reiterated. "Of that I am already convinced. And you will come to Maitre Barthelemy whenever you wish his help."

The night was wearing away. Arnoul was fascinated by the glowing—if half-intelligible—sentences of the quack. He looked at Maitre Louis and saw him drinking in every word, with open eyes and mouth. Well, he might perhaps some day avail himself of the opportunity of consulting Maitre Barthelemy the magician. But it was late now; and to-morrow the kings rode into Paris. He had not drunk so much but that he knew it was high time to get to bed, if he was to be up in time to see the entry. So he made his adieux and sought his own lodg-

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ing, leaving Maitre Louis to listen alone to the astrological and alchemical jargon of Maitre Barthelemy.

CHAPTER XIII.

It was ten o'clock by the bells of the city of Paris. Ten o'clock, though, had it not been for the deserted streets in the quarter of the University, it might well have been high noon. The sun shone down upon the roofs and gables of the crowded houses, and sent its beams through the narrow intervals between the overhanging upper stories into all the nooks and crannies of the empty streets, seeking out and showing up clear and distinct every heap of garbage and every scrap of refuse that littered the ground. It was ten o'clock and not high noon, for the beams came slantwise through, making a narrow line of half-shadow—where all was bathed in a diffused yellow glow—along one side of the streets that ran from north to south. Where the stream of sunlight touched the jutting windows of some more than usually exuberant edifice, or a cornice projecting further across the narrow street than its fellows, it made bulging shadows, of queer shapes and consistencies, upon the pavement. But it was difficult to see just where the shadow began and the sunlight ended; for the whole space, even in the narrowest of the twisting lanes, and where the buildings jostled most together, was full of light. There were few people abroad; and, but for the occasional man or woman passing through the deserted streets, Paris might have been a city of the dead.

On a sudden, with the jangling of the bells, the silent city burst into teeming life. Crowds of students poured out of the class-rooms and filled the now animated open spaces. It was the end of the morning school; and, after some five hours of work, and in many cases of fasting, men were ready for the beef and porridge of oatmeal and gravy that formed the staple of their breakfast and dinner rolled into one. Most of the students carried books and rolls of parchment in which they had been noting down, in the curious mediæval shorthand that students used, the chief points of the morning's lessons.

These they would study diligently after the meal, if they were not then occupied in giving lessons themselves, until the hour for supper came at five in the afternoon. Then, always

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supposing that they were diligent scholars, there would follow the discussion of serious problems among themselves, and further studies, until the approach of bedtime warned them, especially in the winter, that to lie with cold feet was neither healthy nor pleasant; and they stamped about for half an hour or so to get them warm again before turning in for the night.

The scholars were coming from the various classes singly or in groups; some of them at once making off in haste towards the lodging, college, or cloister where their dinner awaited them, others lagging behind to talk.

One little knot of men in particular stood and chatted together. It was composed of only four or five students, and among them was Maitre Louis. But from the way they were looking about them they were evidently expecting some one else. It was Arnoul for whom they were tarrying. He came up to them with a brisk step—not, be it confessed, from the school, but from his lodging. He had been adding a few finishing touches to his finery there. These were his guests. He had invited them, on the counsel of Maitre Louis, to do him the honor of dining with him at an eating-house of some report on the other side of the river. Not that the viands would be anything much out of the ordinary to which they were accustomed at home. That was not to be expected. But it was not home; that was the consideration that lent the charm. And there was good wine to be had without the trouble of sending out for it.

The waiting guests welcomed their host with great cordiality. Besides Louis, and those who were invited at his suggestion, Arnoul had insisted upon asking Maitre Giles and Maitre Pierre to be of the party; why, possibly even he could not have said. It may have been that he was anxious to emphasize his own independence, and to show to his former fellows at St. Victor's, through the talkative Giles, how well he was getting on outside the fold of the Abbey. The others were students in Arts and, to a man, of the secular party.

They made their way quickly to the Petit Pont, and across the city. Then, crossing the Pont au Change, and passing the Grand Chatelet, they came to the place at which they were to dine, and found the room set apart for them. After the meal, which proved rather more than an ordinary affair, since mine host had put himself out to provide one or two delicacies

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for the occasion, the wine began to loosen the tongues of the diners. They praised the cooking and the excellence of the fare, voting Arnoul a prince among good fellows and an altogether admirable Englishman. One of his guests compared him with the Flemings—much to the latter's disadvantage; and swore that, though it was well known that all Flemings were gluttons, none could have ordered so choice and so select a repast.

The talked veered by degrees to the University and its doings. Maitre Louis let loose the flood by a reference to his hero St. Amour. Every one, naturally, had something to say. They were not students of the University of Paris for nothing, these guests of Arnoul, and far more than the lessons that they learned in the schools, the burning question that agitated the whole University interested them.

"I heard yesterday," said one, "that the Rector has made a new decree by which the extern students are affected."

"No, no; that's not right," corrected another. "You have mixed it up with the Bull. There is a rumor that the Pope has issued another Bull—a most abominable Bull—against the true and natural representatives of our University. St. Amour, they say, he has deprived of his benefices, with Odo of Douai and Nicholas of Bar and Canon Christian.

"It's an unheard-of insult, if it be true; and the fault lies at the door of those accursed black friars. Why can't the Pope accept the fair arrangement of our sovereign lord, the king, I should like to know? Isn't the commission he appointed good enough? The four Archbishops he named allowed the Jacobins to keep their two chairs—and that *in perpetuum*—against the express and just wishes of the University. What more do they want? One would think they would never be satisfied."

"I crave your pardon," put in Maitre Giles, "but the Jacobins had nothing to do with the Bull. You know perfectly well, all of you, how some of the seculars have been stirring up the common people of the town, as well as the members of the University, against the religious and the life they lead. St. Amour has said publicly, not once but many times, that they are accursed because they live on alms. He has denied that they can preach or hear confessions, even if sent by the Bishop, or by our Lord the Pope himself. And many other things has he said too scandalous for repetition."

"One would think you were a mendicant to hear you talk,"

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sneered another, taking part in the conversation. "Pass the wine, there, Maitre Paul! Why! what interest can any of the students in this free and enlightened University have in defending such wolves in sheep's clothing?"

"The interest of right and of truth," snapped Maitre Giles. It is true he was something of a busy-body; it is true he was at times a singular bore; but he knew he was right this time, and resolved to defend the Jacobins as stoutly as he could.

"They have filched two chairs from the University," growled one.

"They have allowed its privileges to be infringed; and have dared to go on teaching when the doctors shut the schools," argued another.

"They have done their best to destroy St. Amour," said Maitre Louis angrily.

"And what of all that?" asked Giles, imperturbed by the storm of wrath he was raising. "What is the University? It is papal, I believe. We are all clerks, are we not, and under the Church's jurisdiction? And it is a place for teaching. Who better than the Pope to decide who shall have the chairs and who shall not? It is his right—not the king's or ours. And, again! I ask you, where will you find better teachers than those in St. Jacques? Fie! You are partisans to talk thus!"

"Partisans! and what are you?" they all cried in chorus. "What are you but a partisan of the smug and sanctified friars?"

"Have a little more wine," suggested Maitre Giles, keeping himself well in hand. "Maitre Arnoul, pass the wine again, I pray you. Partisans, you said? No; I am not a partisan. I hear lectures at St. Victor's, where the canons are, and at the Sorbonne, where your St. Amour was. No; I think I am not a partisan. But this hatred of the friars makes my blood boil. Why should they be persecuted? Why should the poet be allowed to write so spitefully of them? Why should they be hated by the people? What have they done? I should like to know?"

"Done?" roared the first speaker. "Done? What have they not done? They have stolen the two chairs they are so proud of. They stand apart from the rest of the University, caring nothing for its honor or its welfare. They seek to oust the secular professors, with their knavish policy and their great

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parade of sanctity. Done, is it? Isn't that enough to have done, rascally hypocrites that they are? How can you or I succeed, if these scoundrelly friars are to come into the places that were meant for us, and do the work of clerks and teachers, free gratis, for nothing?"

"Ah! There you have hit the nail on the head," rejoined Maitre Giles with a smirk of joy. "It's seldom but when it touches through the pocket that the heart moves. So—! They work for nothing, and they do better work than you; that's where the shoe pinches, is it? Well, if that's the case, a fig for your disinterestedness, and a fig for your love of the University!"

"Have a care, Maitre Giles," whispered Arnoul, the host; "do not provoke the gentlemen too much."

"In God's name!" Giles broke in roughly—and this showed that he was indeed in earnest, for Arnoul had never heard him use even the mildest of expletives—"In God's name! Would you have me listen to these slanders and not answer them?"

Arnoul was silent, if the rest of the company were not.

"Who is there in all Paris comparable to St. Amour?" asked one.

"Are the seculars to vanish from the Church?"

"Who founded the regulars I know not—Dominic, Francis, Benet—but the priests are of the institution of God," argued another.

"You may say what you will," replied Maitre Giles. "If the seculars had remained as they were founded, they would even now be as the religious are. It was a clerk secular, I mind me, who said: 'Little Jesus! Little Jesus! How I have confirmed your law and exalted it in this question! Forsooth, had I wished to go against you, I should have known how to weaken it with stronger proofs and arguments, and even to disprove it altogether!'"

"Those are the words of Simon of Tournai. I have heard them before," commented Maitre Louis, in the act of lifting his cup to his lips. "But they were said long ago, and now-a-days no secular would ever dream of saying things like that."

"Probably not," said Maitre Giles drily. "He would find

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his persiflage against the friars of little effect, did he commence it with such a heading. We are more prudent now, good Louis; but we have none the less the hateful verses of Rutebœuf to listen to."

"And whose fault is that," another asked roughly, "if it is not the friars themselves?"

"'Tis the fault of the seculars, instigating all Paris against the religious," replied Giles calmly.

Arnoul's dinner, which began so well, threatened to end badly, if not in a free fight, between the secular students and Maitre Giles. He attempted to draw the conversation to a more general issue.

"But this antagonism is not a new thing," he ventured. "Nor are the faults all upon one side."

"Oh, wonderful!" exclaimed several of the guests. "Maitre Arnoul has so keen a mind! He has touched the truth in this matter!"

"I believe you," replied Maitre Giles. "It is by no means a new thing. The University has known it and has had to fight against it from the beginning. As far back as Abelard—and there was a Bernard to fight against him. And now it is the religious and St. Amour and Odo. It has always been the same. Why was Aristotle forbidden to the students if Thomas can expound him now in open school?"

"I have heard it said that the early translations contained Saracen errors," answered Maitre Pierre, speaking for the first time. "But, indeed, it is as Maitre Arnoul and Maitre Giles have said—from the beginning there have been two sides. You have Anselm and Bernard against Abelard."

"Yes; but that's not the same thing. The cases are not parallel. Bernard stayed in his monastery, and did not try to force himself and his monks into positions in the University; whereas these friars—there's no contenting them. Besides, they are not so holy and so disinterested as they would have us think."

"Bethink you," Maitre Pierre returned again. "There are two sides to every question; and much is forgotten in the heat of argument. There are bad friars—not a doubt of it! But that is no reason to condemn the whole order. And because there are good seculars, it's no reason why we should hold

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them all for saints. This crisis is far more a battle of principles and privileges than of personalities. But it is the personalities that come to the fore and make themselves felt, while the principles lie hidden deep beneath them."

"But, Maitre Pierre, surely Maitre William is a notable personality," said Louis.

"Undoubtedly," was his reply. "Undoubtedly he is a personality; but you would not have it that he and Christian and Odo and Nicholas are stirring up the clerks and people against the friars simply in order to make themselves felt. No; they represent what is bad in the secular spirit. It is incarnate in their persons and comes out with all their personality soaked into it. I do not say that they are bad men—"

"I should think not indeed!"

"Incredible presumption!"

"The jackanapes of a friar-toadying— Pah!"

"No, they are not bad men"; Pierre went on when he could make himself heard. "Maitre William has done much for the University and for the new college of Maitre Robert of Sorbon. Neither is the secular spirit altogether a bad thing in itself. But in this question it is the misfortune of these doctors to be the representatives of all that is worst in that spirit. They are known by what is bad in that which they represent, rather than by what is good."

"And the cursed friars," argued one of the seculars, "they are to be known always by what little there is of good, and not at all by all that there is of bad."

"Your pardon, Maitre Just! 'Tis the other way about here also. You and your party know them by what is bad. You laugh at their begging and poverty; and hate them for it. But you love to know them by that crazy book of the Abbot Joachim. You think of them all as blasphemous deceivers, because one or two of the Cordeliers have adopted the teaching of the Eternal Gospel."

"Of all the lies that have come from the mouth of hell," growled Maitre Just, banging on the table till the cups jumped again, "there are none such as are to be found in that unholy book! There's a sample of your friars for you! Is it not the barefooted brothers of the Franciscans who have published the blasphemies?"

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"And St. Amour who has written *The Perils of the Last Times?*" questioned Pierre innocently.

"There's no comparison between them," shouted Just. "Where has William written or taught that his doctrine is better than that of Christ? Yet your unholy friars are preaching a book that asserts that the teaching of the Abbot Joachim excells that of the Lord! A book that states that the gospel will come to an end in the year 1260 and a new law of the spirit succeed it! And they assert that only the barefooted are fit to teach men eternal and spiritual truths! Accursed that they are! Spawn of the devil! those friars!"

"My good friend," said Pierre, endeavoring to calm the angry man, "surely you do not believe that the friars teach such wicked doctrines! Have you heard Maitre Bonus-Homo or Brunetus say such things in the schools? It is as I say: You fasten upon the evil teachings of a few, and dub the whole order heretical and accursed in consequence. It would be just as foolish for me or my side to judge of all the seculars by the book William of St. Amour has written!"

"But privileges! privileges! The University privileges!" began another. "They must not be infringed; and the friars are infringing them. They will not stand with the rest! If they had their way, they would turn the University into a nursery of begging brats, and recruit us all for the glory of their own orders."

"And then," put in Giles with a laugh, "they would begin to fight among themselves! Wherever you have men you will have battles; and neither the wisdom of William nor the sanctity of Brother Humbert can oust human nature."

"Come, fill your cups," cried Arnoul, glad to see that the conversation was taking a better turn, and trying to steer it yet further from the dangerous rocks of controversy. "Fill your cups and let us drink to both sides—to the corded friars and the black friars as well as to William and Nicholas and Odo of Douai! Drink!" And he set them the example by draining his cup the first.

The conversation, like all conversations in those days, had been heated and intense. Men were very much in earnest, and the merest spark would have sufficed to set the whole University in a blaze. Their host had been noting the changing ex-

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pressions of his guests, as well as listening to their words; and he had seen the rapid play of feature that accompanied the speeches. To a man the seculars were down upon the friars, and would hear no word in their favor. Their faces had expressed as much when Giles and Pierre were speaking. And, if Giles was an index to the other party, they were as unready to listen to anything in favor of the secular side. Maitre Pierre, however, seemed to have struck a happy line in pointing out that there were undoubted faults to be found on both sides. Arnoul could quite conceive how the friars seized upon all that was worst in their adversaries and exalted it into the common type of the secular. And he saw for himself how the blameless life and real teaching of the Franciscans and Dominicans were distorted into crafty, shifty, and even unchristian living and principles, when such insane ravings as were contained in the Eternal Gospel were put forward as a sample of what the friars held and practised. There were faults on both sides, as Maitre Pierre said, but neither was entirely bad. Still, of the two, the seculars certainly made for personal independence and liberty; and that, to a lad of Arnoul's character, seemed to be worth far more than obedience and restraint.

When his party was over, as they made their way back through the crowded town to the south side of the river, the latest production of Parisian satire fell upon their ears. Some one had set it to a lilting air and was singing it for the benefit of the gaping crowd. It was a harsh voice, and an unmusical, that sang the words; but the people applauded and caught up the refrain, destined to resound for many a long day in Parisian streets:

"Frère Predicator
Sont de mult simple ator
Et sont in lor destor
Mainte bon parisi.
Papelart et Béguin
Ont le siècle honi."

Maitre Just turned to Arnoul laughing. "There's your friar! Drawn to the life! A nice reputation he's got, in truth!"

Giles frowned angrily. "It's that spiteful Rutebœuf again," he exclaimed. "Were it not for such as he and his kidney,

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the good people of Paris would know where to look for holiness and learning! But what with these jealousies and squabbles in the schools, and the acrid spleen of such men as this sour rhymer, and the readiness of the people to abuse anything that is good, they do not know where to look at all."

"Papelart et Béguin
Ont le siècle honi,"

shouted the crowd in chorus.

"Yes, that's it"; commented Giles. "They learn to hate all that is devout and religious, and make mock at sanctity and holy lives. They will ere long become a nation of infidels."

"In the University," said Maitre Pierre under his breath, as if speaking to himself, so low that Arnoul just managed to catch his words. "In the schools I fear me there are already infidels, learning and teaching. Some of these seculars have gone so far in their hatred of the religious that they have attacked religion itself."

"Papelart et Béguin
Ont le siècle honi!"

The words and tune caught and stuck in Arnoul's mind. He walked on with the others in a brown study, thinking. He had learnt many things at his dinner party.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

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FRANCIS THOMPSON, POET.

BY THOMAS J. GERRARD.

ONLY a few weeks ago I was chatting with Francis Thompson in his cosy retreat at Southwater, whither he had gone as the guest of Mr. Wilfrid Blunt, to see if haply he might pull together his shattered frame. But the phthisis fiend had caught him in a tight grip. He was a dying man; and an old man, too, although only forty-six years of age. Still, even in his extremity the characteristics of his life were manifest, a shrinking from the fellowship of men, a keen perception and love of the Church and her teaching, a gorgeous imagination, and a ready and masterful power of language. I could not say that conversation with him was even an easy thing, if by conversation one means an unceasing flow of talk. Besides talk there were thoughtful silences. Then, after the thought, came the outpouring of its rich expression. The doings of the outside world had little interest for him, but the messages which I had for him from his little circle of friends set him all aglow. Now he is gone. His spirit, however, enshrined in his verse, remains. The world which knew him not, which did not make it worth while to know him, will now wake up to find what a genius it has lost.

Francis Thompson had a hard life. He was at first intended for the priesthood. A Lancashire man by birth, he was educated at Ushaw. When he decided that he had no vocation for the Church, he turned his thoughts to the profession of medicine, and for some time studied at Owen's College, Manchester. This, however, was less satisfactory. He could not bear it. So he came to London and gave his life to letters. And if this life afforded him an outlet for his flights of thought and imagination, if in a large measure it satisfied the hunger of his soul and the thirst of his mind, it failed him altogether in his care for his poor body. He tasted poverty in its lowest dregs. Many and many a time he was on the cruel streets of

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London at night with nowhere to rest his head. He sold matches and held horses' heads to get a few pence to buy food. I will not dwell further on the sad picture, except to say that about the time of his thirty-first year a good Samaritan came to him who lifted him from the depths, and made him write, and published his work, and saw to it that he should always know where he could find a meal and welcome.

But the poet ever lived alone, alone and yet not alone, alone with himself and God and our Lady and the saints. He always remained poor, though he did not again go down the deep pit of despair as heretofore. The fruits of his risen life of reason are now bequeathed to mankind in his three books of poetry: *Poems*, published in 1893; *Sister Songs* in 1895; and *New Poems*, 1897. He also wrote a little book in prose called *Health and Holiness*, a Study of the Relations between Brother Ass, the Body, and his Rider, the Soul. This was in 1905. One more poem, contributed to the new series of the *Dublin Review*, completes the record of Francis Thompson's work.*

The obvious thing to say about his poetry is that it is a rich expression of an imagination unbounded in its fecundity. The most superficial reader observes this at once. Whether the choice of words is of the best only those who are widely read in the richest of all the tongues of the earth are fit to judge. There is something, however, in this poetry which goes deeper than imagination. It is the law of reason. And there is something in it which confirms and transcends even reason. It is the dogma of the Catholic Church. As Coventry Patmore said, Francis Thompson was Catholic through and through, from the beginning to the end of his being. His work is the concrete refutation of the idea that thought and imagination in order to be free must be unfettered. It is only very small poets who mistake independence for freedom. All the great ones recognize fetters of some kind as the needful condition of liberty. Mrs. Meynell finds this bondage in that of metre. "It is no wonder," she says "that every poet worthy the name has had a passion for metre, for the very verse. To him the difficult fetter is the condition of an interior range immeasurable." Oftentimes to the uninitiated this bondage of verse must be unrecognizable. Thus few would see in Patmore's poems, unless

* We may add to this list two short poems contributed to THE CATHOLIC WORLD, and which are reprinted in this number of the magazine. [EDITOR C. W.]

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they had been told beforehand, what he calls catalectic verse. "Nearly all English metres," he writes in his preface to *The Unknown Eros*, "owe their existence as metres to 'Catalexis,' or pause, for the time of one or more feet, and, as a rule, the position and amount of catalexis are fixed. But the verse in which this volume is written is catalectic *par excellence*, employing the pause (as it does the rhyme) with freedom *only limited by the exigencies of poetic passion.*"

Some of Thompson's poems are likewise catalectic *par excellence*, employing pause and rhyme with freedom limited only by the exigencies of poetic passion. But this freedom is kept within the bounds of faith and of reason, simply because the passion of the poet was so completely informed by reason and his reason so completely informed by faith. And it is precisely the bonds of faith and reason which have served to make the poet great. This vast universe, made up of physical and spiritual realities, is a reflection of God's mind. Man's unaided mind sees but an infinitesimal part of it. The imagination, servant of the mind, perceives infinitely less. Therefore, the poet whose imagination is controlled by reason, and whose reason is informed by faith, is as a giant among pigmies when compared with those who affect to despise what they call the fetters of dogma. He has a broader and deeper insight into the totality of things, and so therefore is the better able to tune his song in harmony with cosmic perfection.

When these great issues are considered, the question of mere words becomes a small one, for, after all, words are only conventional signs. And it is the part proper to genius to choose them. Lionel Johnson said of Francis Thompson that he had done more to harm the English language than the worst American newspapers: *corruptio optima pessima.* I remember, too, when *Health and Holiness* first appeared a popular writer came to me with the first page of it: "This is an age when everywhere the rights of the weaker against the stronger are being examined and asserted: the rights of labour against capital, of subjects against their rulers, of wives against their husbands, the lower creation against its irresponsible master, man. Is it coincidence merely, that the protest of the body against the tyrrany of the spirit is also audible and even hearkened?" Would I, I was asked, have thus used the word "hearkened"? "No," I was bound to say, "I could not use it. Nor may you. But

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Francis Thompson is of those who may. He belongs to those who build up our language. He may make ventures which would be sheer impertinence in the likes of you and me."

Certainly our poet has gone beyond convention in the choice of words. But then it must be claimed that he has won his right to do so by his wide grasp and observance of laws which are so far above human convention. Nor can it be denied that in doing so he has done it beautifully. When he writes, for instance, in the ode "To a Snow-flake":

> What heart could have thought you?
> Past our devisal
> (O filigree petal!)
> Fashioned so purely,
> Fragilely, surely,
> From what Paradisal
> Imagineless metal,
> Too costly for cost?
> Who hammered you, wrought you,
> From argentine vapour?

it makes us think twice and wonder whether, after all, we have really been right in our excessive zeal for the Saxon word.

Passing from the words to the thought behind them, it must be noticed that the standpoint from which Thompson first and foremost looks out on life is that of a little child. It would hardly be enough to say merely that he loved children. He loved them with a reverential love. Yes, and he feared them with a reverential fear. From the childlike point of view he looked into this world and found its smallness; and he looked to the beyond of this world and found the greatness of the beyond. Thus his "Ex Ore Infantium" at once strikes the keynote:

> Little Jesus, wast Thou shy
> Once, and just so small as I?
> And what did it feel like to be
> Out of heaven, and just like me?
>
> Didst Thou kneel at night to pray,
> And didst Thou join Thy hands, this way?
> And did they tire sometimes, being young,
> And make the prayer seem very long?

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And dost Thou like it best, that we
Should join our hands and pray to Thee?
I used to think, before I knew,
The prayer not said unless we do.
And did Thy Mother at the night
Kiss Thee, and fold the clothes in right?
And didst Thou feel quite good in bed,
Kissed, and sweet, and Thy prayers said?

For a time the poet lived at the Premonstratensian monastery at Storrington. He dearly loved to be about a religious house. Those of us, therefore, who have had the privilege of visiting this home of the monks and of walking out from there on to the beautiful downs of Sussex, can easily picture him standing on one of the slopes and looking out for his "Daisy."

The hills look over on the South,
And southward dreams the sea;
And, with the sea-breeze hand in hand,
Came innocence and she.

Where 'mid the gorse the raspberry
Red for the gatherer springs,
Two children did we stray and talk
Wise, idle, childish things.

Oh, there were flowers in Storrington
On the turf and on the spray;
But the sweetest flower on Sussex hills
Was the Daisy-flower that day!

And "Daisy" had some sisters and brothers, and a father and a mother, all of whom were honored by the poet's song. "To my Godchild" is addressed to Francis M. W. M.; and "The Poppy" to Monica; whilst "Love in Dian's Lap" is addressed to their mother. But hear how he tells of "The Making of Viola," another of the same family.

The Father of Heaven.

Spin, daughter Mary, spin,
Twirl your wheel with silver din;
Spin, daughter Mary, spin,
Spin a tress for Viola.

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Angels.

Spin, Queen Mary, a
Brown tress for Viola!

The Father of Heaven.

Weave, hands angelical,
Weave a woof of flesh to pall—
Weave, hands angelical—
Flesh to pall our Viola.

Angels.

Weave, singing brothers, a
Velvet flesh for Viola!

From childhood his thoughts move forward to girlhood. "Sister Songs" is an offering to two sisters, two whom we have already met as children. Here the poet's lighter music is at its best. The children of spring, leaves, blossoms, sunbeams, fairies, all things beautiful of the season, are invoked to sing the praises of Sylvia.

Then, Spring's little children, your lauds do ye upraise
To Sylvia, O Sylvia, her sweet, feat ways!
Your lovesome labours lay away,
And trick you out in holiday,
For syllabling to Sylvia;
And all you birds on branches, lave your mouths with May,
To bear with me this burthen,
For singing to Sylvia.

Then he comes to speak of the "elder nursling of the nest," and at once he is in his splendor:

But if mine unappeasèd cicatrices
Might get them lawful ease;
Were any gentle passion hallowed me,
Who must none other breath of passion feel
Save such as winnows to the fledgèd heel
The tremulous Paradisal plumages;
The conscious sacramental trees
Which ever be
Shaken celestially,
Consentient with enamoured wings, might know my love for thee.

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Here truly is spiritualized passion, passion ablaze and yet under perfect control. It is the fruit of sound dogmatical devotion to our Lady. In the beginning of "Sister Songs" he calls upon our Lady to aid his lay in what he has to say of her two maidens. The devotion is carried to highest pitch in his "Love in Dian's Lap."

One of the most powerful and telling proofs in the apology for the Catholic Church is the history of what she has done for the honor of woman in raising her to her rightful place as a rational being equal with man, especially in the later years of history. The development of thought and feeling in this direction seems to have gone *pari passu* with that development of thought and feeling about our Lady which culminated in the definition of the Immaculate Conception. Had St. Thomas lived to this hour and seen the change wrought, he had never been content with that point of Aristotelianism which spoke of a *mas occasionatus*. He gave many thoughts to Dante, but surely not Dante's thought of Beatrice. A leading critic of our time has said that only Beatrice and perhaps Laura have received such devotion as Thompson has paid to woman in this poem. The latter comparison was also that of Coventry Patmore who wrote of the lines that "Laura might be proud of them."

Let us see then how Thompson, by the aid of his imagination and words and form, leads us out along that way of eminence *(via eminentiæ)* in which, according to the Thomist doctrine of analogy, the human mind sees the unseen things divine. He is the first to feel the beggarliness of language as fit to convey the content of his concepts.

> Oh, but the heavenly grammar did I hold
> Of that high speech which angels' tongues turn gold!
> So should her deathless beauty take no wrong,
> Praised in her own great kindred's fit and cognate tongue.
> Or if that language yet with us abode
> Which Adam in the garden talked with God!
> But our untempered speech descends—poor heirs!
> Grimy and rough-cast still from Babel's bricklayers:
> Curse on the brutish jargon we inherit,
> Strong but to damn, not memorize, a spirit!

Realizing that even when the best has been said, the best

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remains unsaid, he rises first from the earthly commonplace to the earthly ideal:

> Teach how the crucifix may be
> Carven from the laurel tree,
> Fruit of the Hesperides,
> Burnish take on Eden-trees,
> The Muses' sacred grove be wet
> With the red dew of Olivet,
> And Sappho lay her burning brows
> In white Cecilia's lap of snows!

In this way does he tune our ears to his theme. Thus prepared we may approach the direct object of his address:

> O therefore you who are
> What words, being to such mysteries
> As raiment to the body is,
> Should rather hide than tell;
> Chaste and intelligential love:
> Whose form is as a grove
> Hushed with the cooing of an unseen dove;
> Whose spirit to my touch thrills purer far
> Than is the tingling of a silver bell;
> Whose body other ladies well might bear
> As soul,—yea, which it profanation were
> For all but you to take as fleshly woof;
> Being spirit truest proof;
> Whose spirit sure is lineal to that
> Which sang *Magnificat.*

His earthly ideal is only a suggestion of his heavenly ideal. The poet will learn all he can and then admit that he knows next to nothing. His work of desensualizing everything is carried to extreme. Perhaps it was the reaction from this movement of thought which led him in after years to write his *Health and Holiness.* Greater experts than he in the art of holiness have had to admit to themselves that their youthful zeal against the body was not altogether according to knowledge. However, there is not much danger of such zeal becoming widespread, and so we may freely avail ourselves of the poet's help in the endeavor to look through and beyond the body to the spirit.

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Thus do I know her: but for what men call
Beauty—the loveliness corporeal,
Its most just praise a thing unproper were
To singer or to listener, me or her.

God laid his fingers on the ivories
Of her pure members as on smoothèd keys,
And there out-breathed her spirit's harmonies.

The grace of Eve is a reminder of the grace of the Second Eve, and the grace of the Second Eve is an expression of the grace of God. Still when the poet has made all his flights of fancy he comes back to say that the analogy falls infinitely short of the reality.

Beyond your star, still, still the stars are brighter,
Beyond your highness, still I follow height;
Sole I go forth, yet still to my sad view,
Beyond your trueness, Lady, Truth stands true.

And so God's ways of looking at things are not man's ways. This is the poet's hope in looking forward to divine judgment.

Is it the all-severest mode
To see ourselves with the eyes of God?
God rather grant at His assize,
He see us not with our own eyes.

It is very well and very necessary in these days to realize and understand as much as possible what is meant by the dark glass of mystery. Many, many souls go wrong because they have not grasped this doctrine. The unquenchable thirst for the Beatific Vision makes men impatient of the present vision, which at best is but enigmatic. Thompson is never tired of reminding us of this:

Shade within shade! for deeper in the glass
Now other imaged meanings pass;
And as the man, the poet there is read.

Again:

Cosmic metonymy!
Weak world unshuttering key!
One
Seal of Solomon!

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Trope that itself not scans
Its huge significance,
Which tries
Cherubic eyes.

Primer where the angels all
God's grammer spell in small,
Nor spell
The highest too well.

Once more:

Nature, enough! within thy glass
Too many and too stern the shadows pass.

The last quotation brings me to speak of what I believe to be Thompson's fault—his pessimism. It is quite true that his pessimism was that of resignation, not of rebellion. Nor again was it without hope. In the stanza following the one just mentioned he gives beautiful evidence both of his patience and his hope:

Not without fortitude I wait
The dark majestical ensuit
Of destiny, nor peevish rate
Calm-knowledged Fate.

And the star of his hope is: "The Woman I behold, whose vision seek all eyes and know not." Still, when all allowances have been made, I think we must admit that there is a want of balance in the grouping of his picture. He is a mystic and is gifted with both sight and insight. But, fortunately, we can point to other mystics who have been gifted with broader sight and deeper insight. I speak particularly, of course, of this point of pessimism. I cannot allow to pass without protest such lines as these:

Ah, the ill that we do in tenderness, and the hateful horror of love!
It has sent more souls to the unslacked Pit than it ever will draw above.

nor again these:

'Tis said there were no thought of hell,
Save hell were taught; that there should be
A Heaven for all's self-credible.
Not so the thing appears to me.

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'Tis Heaven that lies beyond our sights,
And hell too possible that proves;
For all can feel the God that smites,
But ah, how few the God that loves!

Should any reader feel tempted to indulge such sentiments, I recommend an earnest and devout study of the *Revelations of Divine Love*, by Mother Juliana, of Norwich. There he shall read how all shall be well, and all shall be well, and all manner of thing shall be well. "And also, for more understanding, this blessed word was said: *Lo, I loved thee! Behold and see that I loved thee so much ere I died for thee that I would die for thee; and now I have died for thee and suffered willingly that which I may. And now is all my bitter pain and all my hard travail turned to endless joy and bliss to me and to thee. How should it now be that thou shouldst anything pray that pleaseth me but that I should full gladly grant it thee? For my pleasing is thy holiness and thine endless joy and bliss with me.* This is the understanding, simply as I can say it, of this blessed word: *Lo, how I loved thee.* This showed our good Lord for to make us glad and merry."

But those who knew Francis Thompson best say that he was full of inconsistencies; at least they found it hard to reconcile the various aspects of his character. It is not surprising then to find that the same environment of Storrington which furnished him with the note of elemental simplicity in "Daisy" also supplied him with the inspiration for the complex grandeur of his "Ode to the Setting Sun." In the grounds of the monastery there is a great crucifix. As the poet would stand at the door of the guest quarters he would look out on this crucifix and beyond along the Sussex hills to the Western sun. And the glory of the sunset is cast upon the cross. The scene gives him his theme.

The red sun,
A bubble of fire, drops slowly toward the hill,
While one bird prattles that the day is done.

O setting Sun, that as in reverent days
Sinkest in music to thy smoothèd sleep,

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Discrowned of homage, though yet crowned with rays,
  Hymned not at harvest more, though reapers reap:

For thee this music wakes not. O deceived,
  If thou hear in these thoughtless harmonies
A pious phantom of adorings reaved,
  And echo of fair ancient flatteries!

Yet, in this field where the Cross planted reigns,
  I know not what strange passion bows my head
To thee, whose great command upon my veins
  Proves thee a god for me not dead, not dead!

For worship it is too incredulous,
  For doubt—oh, too believing passionate!
What wild divinity makes my heart thus
  A fount of most baptismal tears?—Thy straight

Long beam lies steady on the Cross. Ah me!
  What secret would thy radiant finger show?
Of thy bright mastership is this the key?
  Is *this* thy secret then? And is it woe?

Alpha and Omega, sadness and mirth,
  The springing music, and its wasting breath—
The fairest things in life are Death and Birth,
  And of these two the fairer thing is Death.

The long, long history of the sun is reviewed. Through all the old-world mythologies his life-giving power is noted. Through ages and ages he is discerned giving form and color and perfume to all creation. Thus is the imagination led through cycle after cycle, until the culmination is reached. The poet has taken us from nature to nature's God. He was very fond of the saint of Assisi, and even lived for a time at the gate of the Franciscan monastery at Pantasaph. I cannot help thinking that he had in his mind that poet's hymn to the sun when he wrote this ode. "Praised be my Lord God with all His creatures, and specially our brother the sun, who brings us the day, and who brings us the light; fair is he and shines with a very

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great splendor: O Lord, he signifies to us Thee." In a few wondrous lines, which are simply big with thought about God and the Incarnation and Redemption, the modern poet speaks the same idea.

> If with exultant tread
> Thou foot the Eastern sea,
> Or like a golden bee
> Sting the West to angry red,
> Thou dost image, thou dost follow
> That King-Maker of Creation
> Who, ere Hellas hailed Apollo,
> Gave thee, angel-god, thy station;
>
> Thou art of Him a type memorial.
> Like Him thou hang'st in dreadful pomp of blood
> Upon thy Western rood;
> And His stained brow did veil like thine to-night,
> Yet lift once more Its light,
> And, risen, again departed from our ball,
> But when It set on earth arose in Heaven.

Thus far the poet has emphasized that aspect of analogy which makes us realize how distinct and distant God is from us. And in doing so he has performed a very useful service in a day when the pantheistic tendency has been gaining such strength. But God is not only infinitely distinct and distant from us; he is also infinitely near to us. The recent Encyclical has declared that there is a conception of immanence which, if properly understood, is irreproachable, and that the sense of this concept is that God working in man is more intimately present in him than man is even in himself. Provided that we make quite sure that God is above us and distinct from us, then we not only may but must believe that he is immanent in us. All the mystical saints have realized intensely this active nearness of God to the soul. Thus St. Augustine could reflect on his past life and say: "Thou wast driving me on with Thy good, so that I could not be at rest, until Thou wast manifest to the eye of my soul."

A Catholic poet then, wishing to enter into the higher flights of mysticism, could not be content with the merely transcenden-

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tal aspect of his analogies. In so doing he would be wandering off into sheer Deism, which means the annihilation of all poetry and of all that is beautiful in religion. Francis Thompson, then, being at once true Catholic, true poet, and true mystic, attains his highest and best when he treats of the transcendental immanence of God. His masterpiece is "The Hound of Heaven." Usually his poems take the form of climax. He gives one a long and gradual preparation for the culmination. Here, however, one comes upon the picture whilst it is in full movement. The soul is fleeing from God, but cannot escape him, for he is in every nook and corner of the world, nay in every nook and corner of the soul's whole being.

I fled Him, down the nights and down the days;
I fled Him, down the arches of the years;
I fled Him, down the labyrinthine ways
Of my own mind; and in the mist of tears
I hid from Him, and under running laughter.
Up vistaed hopes, I sped;
And shot, precipitated
Adown Titanic glooms of chasmed fears,
From those strong Feet that followed, followed after.
But with unhurrying chase
And unperturbéd pace,
Deliberate speed, majestic instancy,
They beat—and a Voice beat
More instant than the Feet—
"All things betray thee, who betrayest Me."

The soul finds excuses. It is afraid lest in its effort to win Divine Love it may lose all created loves. And so it runs here and there, following only the instinct of its lower affections. But stars and moon, dawn and eve, winds and lightnings all refuse it company, on account of their fidelity to the Divine Lover. The soul who has always been so fond of children, and who had hoped one day to be found in the nursery of heaven, now turns to the children instead of its Divine Lover. But their angel snatches them away. Then it tries the secrets of Nature.

I laughed in the morning's eyes.
I triumphed and I saddened with all weather,

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Heaven and I wept together,
And its sweet tears were salt with mortal mine;
Against the red throb of its sunset-heart
I laid my own to beat
And share commingling heat;
But not by that, by that, was eased my human smart.

The soul's pace slackens whilst God's pace maintains its speed. The soul feels God's love about it as a never-fading weed. It is tired out. It can no longer pursue the sweet things of earth. Yea, even they have taken flight. "Lo, all things fly thee, for thou fliest Me!" At last the Divine Lover must speak plainly:

"Strange, piteous, futile thing!
Wherefore should any set thee love apart?
Seeing none but I makes much of naught" (He said),
"And human love needs human meriting:
How hast thou merited—
Of all man's clotted clay the dingiest clot?
Alack, thou knowest not
How little worthy of any love thou art!
Whom wilt thou find to love ignoble thee,
Save Me, save only Me?
All which I took from thee I did but take,
Not for thy harms,
But just that thou might'st seek it in My arms.
All which thy child's mistake
Fancies as lost, I have stored for thee at home:
Rise, clasp My hand, and come."

And now I have a scruple as to whether I have not done Francis Thompson an injustice in tearing so much of his beautiful work from its beautiful context. I would, however, call the reader's attention to the fact that I have not made a single note of reference. My aim has been to give an appreciation which shall excite a desire to go to the books themselves. The works of Francis Thompson are few in number and they must be read from beginning to end. The Catholic public is all debtor to him for what he has given to its literature. And he

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is debtor to none, except to that little handful of friends who helped him when life went hard with him; who watched by his bedside as he lay dying in the Hospital of St. John and St. Elizabeth; and who laid him to rest in the cemetery at Kensal Green. One of his sublimest odes had been an anthem to Mother Earth. By anticipation he thus took his leave of this sad passing world of things:

> Now, mortal son-like,
> I thou has suckled, Mother, I at last
> Shall sustenant be to thee. Here I untrammel,
> Here I pluck loose the body's cementing,
> And break the tomb of life; here I shake off
> The bur o' the world, man's congregation shun,
> And to the antique order of the dead
> I take the tongueless vows: my cell is set
> Here in thy bosom; my little trouble is ended
> In a little peace.

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A NOTE ON FRANCIS THOMPSON.

THE following poems, contributed to the October, 1895, and June, 1896, numbers of THE CATHOLIC WORLD, by Francis Thompson, are republished at the request of many of our readers, and as an evidence of the interest of THE CATHOLIC WORLD in the work of this great poet. [EDITOR C. W.]

REJECTED LOVERS.

Foeta.—I have loved women—they have paid my pains!
I have loved nature—rather clasp the sea!
I have loved children—look not there for gains:
I have loved much, but I have loved not Thee.
And yet when all these loves were loved and proved,
None have loved me, but Thou, divine Unloved!

Christus.—Thou ask'st; I ask, and have not at thy hand.
All ways hast sought, and hast thou found no way?
Ah child! and dost thou yet not understand,
And in thine own, beholdest not My case?
O little love! does no man pity thee?
Lo, it is writ, that none has pity on Me!"

LOVE AND THE CHILD.

"Why do you so clasp me,
And draw me to your knee?
Forsooth, you do but chafe me,
I pray you let me be:
I will but be loved now and then;
When it liketh me!"

So I heard a young child,
A thwart child, a young child,
Rebellious against love's arms,
Make its peevish cry.
To the tender God I turn:—
"Pardon, Love most High!
For I think those arms were even Thine,
And that child even I."

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THE "RANSOMERS": A CATHOLIC FORWARD MOVEMENT.

BY G. ELLIOT ANSTRUTHER.

THE phenomenon in religious life in England with which this sketch proposes to deal is the outcome of a work that is hardly twenty years old. In a sense it is true that ever since the days of Catholic Emancipation, or, more definitely, since Newman and the other Oxford converts, a Catholic forward movement has been going on in Great Britain. The Church has not merely expanded and developed along the lines of normal progression; she has besides risen mightily in popular esteem; ground lost for more than three centuries has been regained in many directions; and, although Catholic doctrines are still misunderstood by a large number of Protestant Englishmen, it is as true that the misunderstanding is diminishing steadily, and this partly because Catholics themselves are doing more, year by year, to make their beliefs and practices better known to their Protestant fellow-countrymen. In this work, so necessary and so useful, a large part has been taken by the Guild of Our Lady of Ransom, an organization which has leapt to the front with rapidity and determination, to do battle in Protestant England for the cause of Holy Church.

The Guild of Ransom claims to be nothing more than one of a number of influences, independent and yet in a sense inter-dependent, that are steadily moving towards the picture of a re-Catholicised England; but the particular works in which the Guild engages, covering, as we shall see, a wide and important field, entitle that body to special examination apart from other societies that, more or less directly, make for the same end. It may be well, also, before detailing the various branches of the work, to note briefly the genesis and scope of this remarkable undertaking.

The Guild of Our Lady of Ransom was founded twenty years ago—to be exact, on St. Willibrord's Day, November 29, 1887. Its founder, still happily reigning as Master and leading spirit in the work, was the Rev. Philip Fletcher, a priest-convert from the Anglican clergy; with him was associated a layman,

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Mr. Lister Drummond, also a convert. These two men were the first members of a society which has enrolled more than sixty thousand members, or "Ransomers," on its list during the past twenty years.

The object of the Guild, to state it tersely, is the conversion of England: officially it is given as being "to ransom souls from the Captivity of Error in this world, and of Purgatory in the next." The scope is thus definitely marked, but it allows work of a many-sided character and provides openings and opportunities for militant as well as spiritual propaganda. But the latter has always first place. The highest of the three grades into which the Ransomers are divided—white, red, and blue—are the White Cross members; these are priests who undertake to offer Mass at least once each year for the Guild's intention. In this manner many thousands of Masses are celebrated annually for the Conversion of England, and thus the great apostolate of prayer that was set on foot by a saintly Passionist, Father Ignatius Spencer, is continued. Moreover, the first duty of every member of the Guild, irrespective of grade, is to recite a short daily prayer.

The constitution, colors, and mottoes of the Guild were chosen by Father Fletcher with what must seem to us a singular felicity, for they link the present with the memory of struggles and martyrdoms in the England of a bygone day. The three colors are not, indeed, of any national significance; they are those of St. John of Matha's Order of Trinitarians, established for the redemption of captives.

The name "Ransomer" comes from the thirteenth century order founded by St. Peter Nolasco, whose members earned the title when engaged literally in the task of ransoming Christian slaves. The daily prayer opens with the aspiration: "Jesus, convert England; Jesus, have mercy on this country!"—the last words of the Venerable Henry Heath, a Franciscan martyred at Tyburn in 1643. The motto adopted consists of the stirring and beautiful phrase: "For God, our Lady, and the Catholic Faith;" this, together with the badge of the Five Wounds, recalls the famous Pilgrimage of Grace, the heroic, short-lived campaign which marked the last effort of the Catholics of England to strike a blow for the Old Religion. Even if the thought means prostration at the shrine of pure sentiment, it is good to feel that the splendid watchword which rose so bravely on faithful lips in Yorkshire and other parts of

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England, is heard again in connection with another rising in defence of the Catholic faith.

It is time now to consider, as shortly as possible, the different branches of Ransom work, and the spirit which animates and unifies the whole; for without the requisite spirit there could be comparatively little success. It follows, therefore, that every Ransomer must cultivate a disposition of genuine friendship towards those with whom he or she will be associated in the work there is to do. Class distinctions may affect relations in secular life, but within the Guild of Ransom the active and successful workers are noted, as much as for anything else, by their freedom from the British vice of "snobbery." In common work for a common cause many valuable personal friendships have been made between, for example, professional men and poor water-side laborers: all are needed, and have their share, in the campaign of Ransom.

One of Father Fletcher's earliest efforts in pursuit of this campaign was to re-create wherever possible the outward and distinguishing signs of Catholic devotion such as characterized the English people in pre-Reformation times. Thus it was decided to revive several of the most famous mediæval pilgrimages, and others have since been added to their number. The principal of these events is the annual pilgrimage to Canterbury in honor of St. Thomas à Becket.

At first the townspeople of the ancient city viewed the Catholic invasion, with its procession through their streets, and prayers at the site of the martyrdom, with curiosity and not a little Protestant disdain. Last year the altered spirit was shown by the reception of the pilgrims at the railway station by the Mayor of Canterbury, who welcomed them in a cordial and sympathetic address. Another notable revival is that of the historic pilgrimage to Walsingham. Each year, also, there is a pilgrimage to York, in honor of the martyrs of the northern province, while in London on St. Edward's Day the Ransomers repair to Westminster Abbey and kneel in devotion around the shrine of the Confessor. These are but the chief of a number of pilgrimages undertaken by the Guild as part of its ordinary programme.

Even more remarkable, as an indication of what can be done among a Protestant population, are the public religious processions which have now become an annual feature in many Catholic parishes, especially in London. The Guild, of course,

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lays no claim to originating outdoor Catholic processions. In a few places public or semi-public gatherings of the kind have taken place for many years, and in Lancashire especially there are processions on a large and magnificent scale. But these latter are more in the nature of demonstrations, largely spectacular, whereas the processions organized by the Guild of Ransom are purely devotional, public manifestations of Catholic faith. Hymns are sung *en route*, the rosary and other prayers recited in the streets, and halts made frequently in order that a Pater, Ave, and Gloria may be said before some street altar or window shrine erected by a Catholic householder.

To one whose experience of religious life in London has never included a sight of one of these processions, the spectacle of public fervor and edification produces, when first seen, an impression of surprise that so remarkable an advance should have been possible in districts where the great majority of the inhabitants are, theoretically at any rate, Protestant. The success has been secured by the bold principle of fearlessly proclaiming a love of faith, and offering the challenge of Catholic loyalty to whatever spirit of opposition the district might be expected to produce. In one or two instances organized Protestant societies attempted to stop the processions, and questions as to their legality were raised in Parliament. In another case, open violence was threatened, but a body-guard of Catholic men, mostly Irish laborers, nipped that little project in the bud. Nowadays, as I have said, the procession is part of the year's life in many London parishes. It is looked forward to with pleasurable expectation by Catholic and Protestant alike, the latter being hardly less interested and eager than his neighbor of the faith; and were a plebiscite of opinion to be taken of the entire district, it would be found, probably, that, whatever their religion, the inhabitants would regard the cessation of the Catholic procession as little less than a local calamity.

At every procession the police attend in force and control admirably the large crowds which assemble. In the cases of the larger processions, mounted officers are told off by the authorities to clear the route; but this welcome police aid is solely for the sake of good order; it is never required for purposes of protection. The vast crowds press forward, but only with the eagerness of reverent curiosity. Heads are bared as the statues and clergy pass, and a space is made almost automati-

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cally when a street altar is reached, so that Father Fletcher may kneel before it on the pavement and offer a short prayer. Some of these street altars, especially in the east end of London, are large and handsome erections, entailing no small expenditure in money and labor. In one very poor riverside parish—Wapping—upwards of eighty window shrines were counted on the occasion of the last procession. At night these are all lighted, and the various Catholic houses are again visited by the clergy, the scene smacking of some religious *festa* in Italy rather than the heart of what is still nominally Protestant London.

Another important work carried on by the Ransomers, belonging to an altogether different field, is that of giving Catholic Evidence lectures in parks and other public places. Hyde Park is London's popular forum, where orators of every imaginable shade of opinion expound their views to crowds of varying sizes. For years anti-Catholic lecturers poisoned the public mind with their diatribes, and beyond the occasional opposition of some Catholic in the audience, whose indignation leapt to action, their campaign went on unchallenged and unchecked. The Ransomers have changed all that. Every Sunday evening during the summer months one of the Guild's accredited lay-lecturers gives a lecture in the Park, explaining Catholic doctrines and answering objections. These lectures attract large and attentive gatherings; they are always orderly; and, as the speaker deals with a constructive subject, and has no occasion for bitterness or vituperation, they are in this and in other respects strong where the enemy's platform is weak.

An English crowd is shrewd and fair-minded enough to note and profit by the contrast, and one hears nowadays a great deal less in Hyde Park about Rome's refusal to "face the light," when it is known that in the course of a few hours a Catholic layman will arrive on the scene for the express purpose of inviting it.

It has been a gratification to several of the Ransom lecturers to know that their efforts have been so far appreciated as to lead to invitations from non-Catholic societies of various kinds for explanatory lectures in public halls and chapels; and these have often been accepted. Catholic lectures are given also in other parts of London, and in several provincial towns, as well as occasionally on the sea-front at popular watering-places.

In connection with the lecture campaign, the work of tract

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distribution is a valuable auxiliary. In this the Catholic Truth Society generously co-operates by a free grant from its stock of excellent leaflets. The tracts are given out in small quantities to "Red Cross" Ransomers—the working members—and are distributed at the park gates after a lecture, or outside an anti-Catholic demonstration, or in other places where they are likely to do good. The Guild has evidence that cases of conversion have been due, under God, to the public lectures, while the amount of popular prejudice that can be met by this means is incalculable.

The foregoing particulars do not by any means exhaust the sum of the Guild's activities; it is, indeed, a body which takes occasion by the hand in any way calculated to further the end in view. Reunions of the members are held from time to time, to review the situation and stimulate enthusiasm for yet further work. The Ransomers have a monthly magazine of their own, *The Second Spring*, a title that fittingly perpetuates Cardinal Newman's reference to the Catholic renaissance in England. Subsidiary labors, largely under Father Fletcher's personal direction, include work among boys who have left school, an "Intercession Book" for the registration of intentions, a "Deo Gratias Book" for recording conversions or the return of lapsed Catholics, and much else in the way of quiet effort. And in all this it is the Guild's boast that it has not one salaried worker in its ranks.

What is the secret of the Ransomers' success? I am disposed to find it in the fact that the Guild has inculcated in its members a spirit towards their faith that has made them proud of it, willing and anxious to manifest it, glorying in the public evidence of it, ready to embrace every opportunity of holding up the spectacle of their loyalty to it as the badge of Catholic self-respect. It is the half-hearted, lukewarm, timorous Catholic who draws down upon himself and his Church the scorn of the indifferent and the ignorant. But a new light leaps into their eyes, a quickened intelligence animates their minds, an altogether different attitude towards the Church of God is theirs when they come face to face with public demonstrations of Catholic fervor, bold, determined, and sustained. To foster this spirit by the methods indicated, and so by degrees to draw the people of England nearer to the Church, has been for twenty years, and is still, the special work of the Ransomers.

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THE ENCYCLICAL ON MODERNISM.

We regret to announce that, through the illness of the Rev. William O'Brien Pardow, S.J., we are unable to publish in this number of THE CATHOLIC WORLD, as announced, his contribution on the subject of Modernism. We hope to be able to publish his paper in an early number of THE CATHOLIC WORLD. In place of Father Pardow's sermon, we publish this month the following paper by Very Rev. George M. Searle, C.S.P. [EDITOR C. W.]

MR. CHARLES JOHNSTON ON MODERNISM.

BY GEORGE M. SEARLE, C.S.P.

T is somewhat surprising to find in the *North American Review* an article indicating such an entire misconception of the whole matter of which it treats as that in the December number on "The Catholic Reformation and the Authority of the Vatican." Its subject is the Modernist heresy; and the author, Mr. Charles Johnston, seems to imagine that the Church can accommodate itself to this, and actually derive new life and strength from it, whereas in fact it is simply and absolutely destructive of the very idea of the Church as the guardian and preserver of a definite divine revelation. Of course, from his point of view, it is not inconceivable that the Pope, the Cardinals, the Bishops, and the whole teaching authority in the Church should abandon their claim to teach, and become merely "seekers" after truth, instead of believing that they possess it; but Mr. Johnston does not seem to realize that this is simply to drop the fundamental idea of the Catholic Church. They would, by such a course, become Protestants, agnostics, or infidels at once.

It is, no doubt, rather hard for non-Catholic Europeans or Americans to realize what the position of the Catholic Church is with regard to the matter of religion; though it is really very much the same as that of the scientific world in the matter

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of physical science. Accustomed as they are to regard religion as merely a matter of speculation, in which no definite and certain results can ever be obtained, they seem to fail even to conceive the position of those who maintain and really and thoroughly believe that certain facts in the domain of religion are known with absolute certainty, though many of them are entirely unattainable by abstract reason, and in no way verifiable by experiment or observation.

Of course the method by which these facts have been ascertained is different from that employed in scientific research, as has just been implied; but we regard them as having even a higher degree of certainty than that possessed by any of those of experimental science. We believe them to have been revealed by God himself, and committed by him to the custody of an organization which he has founded for the purpose, and to which he has promised his continual and infallible assistance. The system—if it may be so called—of Modernism is in itself entirely irreconcilable with this fundamental Catholic position. It does not need to have the Church condemn it; it condemns itself in the minds of all who really hold Catholic principles. But when the Church does formally condemn it, the impossibility of a Catholic holding it becomes even more manifest. The idea that it is going to spread and gain ground and put a new face on the Catholic Church as a body, is obviously absurd. If Modernistic theories ever could affect the Church as a body, the Church would simply cease to exist; it would have no definite faith, and would be resolved into a number of individuals holding different views on every religious question, and in no way distinguishable from others who had never been Catholics at all.

The fact is that Modernism, from the true Catholic standpoint, is, to a large extent, mere nonsense. We may take, for instance, the paragraph from the *Rinnovamento* which Mr Johnston says "is finely said, and in the true spirit of liberty." We will substitute in it for "Christianity," "religion," "faith," etc., "science"; for these things are science to a Catholic, and science of the highest and most certain kind. Suppose we say, then, as a paraphrase:

"Science is Life; it is unquenchable aspiration, it is hope, it is the striving of the whole being toward that which in life partakes of the material (we substitute this for the 'eternal' in

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the original); it is the progressive elevation of our hearts and minds in a passionate search after truth."

(Without, of course, any expectation of ever finding it.)

"It is in vain that we try to enclose science in intellectual system and definitive expressions of its development. It is by its very nature a continuous becoming; . . . as if a divine (or, we will say, human) artificer were seeking to express in pliant clay, ceaselessly and ever unsatisfied, his ineffable ideal."

What arrant nonsense this would be, applied to physical science! And to the Catholic, it is just as nonsensical applied to religion. Religion is a matter of fact, just as physical science is. The Resurrection of Christ is one of its primary facts. "If Christ be not risen again," says St. Paul—that is, if his Resurrection be not an actual historical fact—"your faith is vain." If we were to have, in astronomy, a perpetual "striving of the whole being" to find out whether the earth is round or flat, or whether it is larger than the sun or smaller, what an absurd thing astronomy would be! And yet this is the sort of thing that the Modernists would have us do in religion. One of the propositions condemned in the Syllabus runs as follows:

"The Resurrection of the Savior is not properly a fact of the historical order, but a fact of merely supernatural order; neither demonstrated nor demonstrable."

That is to say, it is simply an imagination, and as utterly useless as would be a speculation as to the appearance of the other side of the moon.

The human artificers of natural science are, of course, far from completing their task; but they are not unsatisfied, in the sense that they feel their work to be a failure, which seems to be the idea as to the Divine Artificer in the above Modernist passage. Their work is good, comprehensible, and practical, as far as it goes. The Divine Artificer of the true religion cannot, of course, make us completely understand all that he himself does, any more than we understand all of physical science, of which he also is the author; but it does not follow that we understand nothing clearly and practically, in either one or the other. If we did not, it would be better to abandon both studies, as a waste of time. There is no "true spirit of liberty" in "ever learning and never attaining," as St. Paul says, "to the knowledge of the truth"; "you shall know the truth," says our

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Lord, "and the truth shall make you free." That is to say, the actual knowledge of it shall make us free, not a perpetual and fruitless hunting after it.

Mr. Johnston proceeds to inveigh against the Vatican for setting itself against this "true spirit of liberty." We cannot better illustrate the absurdity of his complaint than by continuing the parallel which we have instituted between religion and natural science. Suppose that in one of our universities a professor was found to be teaching the flatness of the earth, or maintaining that the circumference of a circle was exactly three times its diameter, or any other scientific heresy, and to be obstinate in his views; would not the authorities get rid of him, if possible? And if his heresies were numerous and struck at the very basis of all scientific teaching, would they not be still more intolerant, would they allow him to teach or lecture, or have any text-books he might have written used as such in their institution? Would they not "stem the tide of" his "intellectual life," as far as it could affect their students? Would they not see that the "brand of heresy" was "stamped on them," and have them "held up to the reprobation of the (scientific) faithful"?

Mr. Johnston, however, seems to have a strange idea that the Holy Father wishes or intends to institute some sort of violent proceedings; to drive heretical teachers out at the point of the bayonet. He even makes the absurd mistake, apparently, of supposing that the Pope, in calling on the Cardinals to combat error and defend the truth "even to the shedding of blood," means that they are to shed other people's blood. It seems hardly necessary to say that this means that they have undertaken and promised to suffer martyrdom, if necessary, for the truth. This ridiculous blunder is perpetrated again, later in the article.

He also strangely misunderstands a condemnation of the Syllabus. The proposition condemned is as follows:

"Since in the deposit of the faith only revealed truths are contained, under no respect does it appertain to the Church to pass judgment concerning the assertions of human sciences."

This condemnation he seems to understand as meaning that under *all* respects it does appertain to the Church to pass such judgment. He does not realize that when a proposition is condemned, it is simply its logical *contradictory* that is asserted.

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That is, in this case, it is asserted that in *some* respects it does appertain to the Church to pass judgment on the assertions of human sciences. Notice, not on the well-established results of human sciences, when they keep strictly within their own sphere; but on their assertions, often hasty, and touching on matters not entirely in the sphere of natural science; as that, for instance, of the complete evolution of man, soul and body, from the inferior animal creation. These matters concern the Church and the faith; it is no more an impertinence for the Church to concern herself with them, than it is for a physicist like the late Lord Kelvin to pass judgment on the conclusions of a geologist as to the age of the earth. The Church does not in all these matters claim absolute infallibility, which is reserved to General Councils, and to the Holy Father, speaking *ex cathedra;* the matter of Galileo, to which Mr. Johnston alludes later, has been so thoroughly thrashed out that it is quite unnecessary to discuss it here. But the conclusion that the Church has no business to speak at all, is entirely unwarranted. And the imagination that she insists on speaking on all occasions as to "what shall or shall not be held true, whether in criticism, history, or science"; that there is a "claim of the Vatican to exercise, by divine right, a despotic power over men's intellects, forbidding to the faithful all true liberty of thought," is simply absurd and ludicrous, contrary to the actual facts of the case, and founded on ignorance of the facts, and of the meaning of the phraseology used in ecclesiastical documents, as in the case just quoted.

Mr. Johnston proceeds to launch out into a very "despotic" study of the whole question as to the authority of the Holy See. He says: "This claim grew up, I am entirely convinced, as a part of that process by which the Bishop of Rome assumed the title of Sovereign Pontiff, till then worn by the Roman Cæsars, and with that title assumed much of the Cæsars' power." He says: "I am entirely convinced." That settles it, of course. "*Johnston locutus est, causa finita est.*" The claim, he says, of the supremacy of Peter is a cardinal part of the Vatican's claims, and should be "sifted as wheat is sifted." Of course Mr. Johnston, in his few pages, does this sifting, which he seems to think has never been done before. His sifting, in the first place, is made on the basis of Scripture. His competence for this branch of the investigation can be pretty

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well judged from his calm assumption that St. James of Jerusalem was "not one of the Twelve"; a simple ignoring of the whole Catholic position in this matter. Mr. Johnston probably holds that this James was actually the son of Joseph and Mary. Of course he does not explain why St. Paul (Gal. i. 19) calls him an Apostle—"other of the Apostles saw I none, saving James the brother of the Lord"—and he seems to be quite unaware of the possibility of a more distant relative being called a brother in Hebrew usage. It is all very well for a writer or student to make up his mind in favor of one view or another; but it is not quite so well to be ignorant of any view differing from one's own, especially when this differing view is the one which has always been held by the vast majority of those interested in the subject.

Mr. Johnston also displays the usual one-sidedness as to the teachings of our Lord, which is quite conspicuous in modern Protestantism. Indeed, it is a characteristic of Protestantism—and we may say of heresy in general—to take some particular texts; to choose them—as the word heresy itself implies—and ignore the rest. He says: "Where do we find Jesus claiming despotic authority over men's intellects, and demanding that they shall renounce their convictions?" Well, one would think that he would remember a pretty strong, important, and fundamental instruction reported as given by our Divine Lord to this effect: "He that believeth and is baptized shall be saved; but he that believeth not shall be damned" (Mark xvi. 16). We quote the ordinary Protestant version, as being a little stronger even than our own. Rather despotic this seems to us. "If you do not renounce your convictions, you will be damned"; or "condemned," as we have it. One man, simply as such, cannot lawfully or validly thus threaten another; but the Divine Master can thus speak, and so could the Apostles, or those who have a right from him to speak in his Name. As St. John, who may be supposed to have had, above all others, the spirit of Jesus, says: "We are of God. He that knoweth God, heareth us. He that is not of God, heareth us not. By this we know the spirit of truth and the spirit of error." Of *truth*, and of *error*. It was the denial of a *dogma*, namely, that of the Incarnation, of which he was speaking. And there are plenty more passages similar to these, of our Lord and of his Apostles, if Mr. Johnston will take the

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trouble to look for them. But he simply follows the line so often taken nowadays, that our Lord did nothing but lay down rules for a sort of universal philanthropy; that the "way" and the "life," which he proclaimed himself to be, consisted entirely in this; as for the "truth," now despised by our modern Christians as "dogma," that is regarded as quite unimportant.

This one-sidedness crops out in him continually. He says of St. Peter that "He expressly forbids the bishops to lord it over the faithful, declaring that their only authority should be that of holy example." In fact St. Peter declares nothing to that effect. He says simply: "Neither as lording it over the clergy, but being made a pattern of the flock." Just the same as would be said by the Pope nowadays. It does not follow, because precept should be strengthened by example, that no precept should be given. All authorities in the Church, from the Pope to the lowest in the hierarchy, know and are continually reminded to avoid arrogance, to act as fathers, not as slave-drivers. But authority, and obedience to it, are necessary in every organization. St. Paul most distinctly states this as necessary for Christians (Heb. xiii. 17): "Obey them," he says, "that have the rule over you, and submit yourselves; for they watch for your souls." (We quote the Protestant version.) Evidently these who are to be obeyed are ecclesiastical superiors, not secular ones; though these also have to be obeyed in their own sphere.

Mr. Johnston seems also to be entirely ignorant of the Catholic idea with regard to the authority of the Apostles, as distinct from that of the bishops of subsequent times. The Apostles were specially inspired and directed individually, and each had his own field of action; but the bishops following them had no such independence; such an arrangement could be only temporary, unless a perpetual miracle were to be worked. For the Church, spread over the whole world, and deprived of the special divine assistance given to the Apostles themselves, one Supreme Head was necessary, to preserve unity of faith and of discipline; representative government, by congresses or councils, would not be sufficient or practical. The successor of St. Peter in the Roman See is the only one for whom this position has been claimed; and for him it has generally been allowed. The other Apostles were, therefore, in a different position with regard to St. Peter, from that occupied by the bishops with re-

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gard to his successors. Still it would be lawful, even now, to remonstrate with the Pope; and—of course—even to disobey his commands, if they were in plain opposition to the law of God. It is only in definitions *ex cathedra* with regard to matters of faith and morals, that his decisions are, by divine assistance, infallible and irreformable. But of course, in other matters, as with all authorities, the *presumption* is in his favor; and the overthrowing of this presumption is rather a matter of theory than of actual fact.

There is a strange mixing-up of the question of the temporal power with that of the government of the Church in the latter part of Mr. Johnston's article. He really seems to think that the Church claims temporal power over the whole world to the exclusion of any other authority. "If Peter," he says, "could recommend obedience to the son-in-law of Messalina, what becomes of the necessity of temporal power?"

This is really laughable. Of course just the same recommendation, nay, formal command, has been given by the Church in all ages, and is given to-day. Temporal rulers are always to be obeyed in their own sphere, as we have said; and it is because this principle is so strongly impressed on Catholics that they make the best citizens. But the claim of the Church to a particular exercise of temporal power, limited to a certain area, is quite another matter. Of course Mr. Johnston may think this a poor plan, and that the spiritual influence of the Church would be increased by abandoning it; but *we* are convinced (if he will allow us to use his own phrase) that the Head of the Church can act more impartially toward its various nations if he is not the subject of any one in particular in the temporal order. For either a subject or a sovereign he must be.

As to Mr. Johnston's flights into history, our space hardly allows us to follow him. No one doubts that some of the Popes have not been as free from worldly ambition as could be desired. But that has nothing to do with the principle of the temporal power as just stated, or with the right of the Head of the Church to define the truth as revealed by Christ, and committed to his care.

What is most absurd of all, perhaps, in Mr. Johnston's paper is his representation of our present Holy Father as a man actuated by a love of domination, or desirous of being a despot in intellectual matters, or in any others.

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Probably there are few men less anxious for authority or control over others than he. He began life, and has continued it, simply absorbed in the desire to serve God, and to benefit his neighbor. He would have been glad to remain a parish priest to the end of his days; and his elevation to the Papacy was to him an almost unendurable affliction in every way. But when it was forced on him, he took up its awful burden with a firm determination to be faithful in bearing it, and to pursue the clear duty which was unavoidable, of bearing witness to the truth which had been left to his charge. He has no desire to impose his own private opinions on any one; it is only the deposit of faith which concerns him; and it is simply because the theories of the Modernists are completely destructive of it that he is determined, as all his predecessors would have been, to root them out of the Church by all means lawfully in his power.

Mr. Johnston says: "Let us declare an irenicon." The Holy Father, and Catholics generally as such, have no love for fighting or quarrels; but as for irenicons between truth and falsehood, between certainty and doubt, between light and darkness, they are not possible. Pius X. and all Catholics must say, in these matters, what St. Paul said long ago: "What concord"—or irenicon—"hath Christ with Belial? Or what part hath the faithful with the unbeliever?" Or, to adapt his words to the present day: "What irenicon hath the real Catholic with the Modernist?"

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THE CAUSES OF MODERNISM.*

BY JOSEPH W. DAILY, C.SS.R.

LAST Sunday you heard an able and eloquent analysis of Modernism. You understand now that Modernism, "lays the axe not to the branches and shoots, but to the very root, that is, to the faith and its deepest fibres. And, having struck at the root of immortality, it proceeds to disseminate poison through the whole tree, so that there is no part of Catholic truth it does not touch and strive to corrupt" (Encyclical).

Therefore, the Holy Father in his Encyclical, "Pascendi Dominici Gregis," has well characterized Modernism, not only as heresy, but as the very synthesis of all heresies; that is to say, it is a compound of all the heresies that have attacked the faith. You know now the nature of Modernism. It is agnostic in its essence, it perverts the idea of revelation, and distorts the idea of faith. Modernism, in fact, leads to annihilation of all religion. Let us go a step further this morning and analyze its causes. It is impossible to cure an evil, to apply an efficacious remedy, unless we know the causes. Let us then consider the causes of Modernism, so that knowing them we may avoid them, and, consequently, avoid the malady itself.

The Holy Father in his searching arraignment of Modernism points out the causes "that have engendered it and fostered its growth."

"The proximate and immediate cause of Modernism is the perversion of the mind: the remote cause is *pride*." Pride has engendered every opposition to God and things divine. In opposition to the expressed will of God, pride suggested to our first parents to eat the forbidden fruit, that they might become as God. In opposition to the will of God pride prompted David to number his subjects, with the result that seventy thousand of his people fell victims to the plague. And wounded by the denunciations of Jesus Christ, pride prompted the priests and Pharisees to put him to death. The demon of pride has been at work from the very beginning, endeavoring to dethrone

*The third sermon of the Advent (1907) Course preached in St. Patrick's Cathedral, New York City.

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man from his exalted estate, urging him to soar to forbidden heights, that his fall might be inevitable and all the more disastrous.

Now pride, intellectual pride, is especially harmful when it besets a man of strong and powerful intellect. For when such a proud man errs (and err he may, for to err is human), his errors are dangerous, because he will not retract; and dangerous, secondly, on account of the many others he will lead into error with his great intellect and attainments. When, therefore, such a man takes up the economic, the social, the political, or religious questions of the day he commands a hearing. This flatters his pride. He congratulates himself that homage is being paid to his superior intelligence. Goaded on by the spirit of pride, he keeps himself before the public by constant advertisement. His utterances are placarded in glaring headlines. Finding himself talked about, his importance assumes prodigious proportions in his own estimation. When his utterances appear dangerous to faith, he will not hearken to suggestion; he will not take advice. Puffed up by the demon of pride, he believes himself well-nigh infallible and will brook no correction.

The most gifted man is liable to make mistakes. St. Augustine made mistakes, so did St. Thomas, and these were intellectual giants. It was a mark of greatness in them to realize their mistakes, and retract them. A proud man will not acknowledge a mistake. Imagining his reputation will suffer, and not having the humility to acknowledge and retract, he will make a new theory to cover his mistake. And lo, there is your full-fledged Modernist. Do not think I am exaggerating, for the Holy Father himself in his Encyclical says: "Pride sits in Modernism as in its own house, finding sustenance everywhere in its doctrines and occasion to flaunt itself in all its aspects."

"It is pride which fills Modernists with that confidence in themselves and leads them to hold themselves up as the rule for all; pride which puffs them up with that vainglory which allows them to regard themselves as the sole possessors of knowledge, and makes them say, inflated with presumption, "we are not as the rest of men," and which, to make them not as the rest of men, leads them to embrace all kinds of most absurd novelties. It is pride which rouses in them the spirit of disobedience and causes them to demand a compromise between authority and liberty; it is pride that makes them the reformers

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of others, while they forget to reform themselves, and which begets their absolute want of respect for authority, not excepting the supreme authority. There is no road that leads so quickly and directly to Modernism as *pride*."

Modernism pretends to new things and new methods. Therefore, of necessity, it opposes scholastic philosophy, despises the authority of the ancient and, until now, revered Fathers of the Church, and ignores tradition. We must maintain that it is most essential to acknowledge and follow authority in matters of dogma. In fact, any man who thinks he assimilates knowledge without the assistance of another deceives himself. The child must have its tutor to teach it the alphabet and the value of combined letters. The young man entering a profession must have a teacher to explain the key to the art he would master. Men who have attained the pinnacle of fame in their chosen professions have all had their masters. St. Augustine had his St. Ambrose, and St. Thomas Aquinas his Blessed Albertus Magnus. Now what authority have the traditional teachers whom the Modernists repudiate? What is scholastic philosophy? It is the philosophy that trained the greatest minds of the world to-day. It is the philosophy that trained the greatest minds the world has ever seen. It is the philosophy that trained an Albertus Magnus, a St. Thomas Aquinas, a St. Bonaventure, an Alexander Hales, a Scotus, and a Suarez. What is scholastic philosophy? It is the philosophy that brought thousands to the feet of these great masters of human thought. Thousands and thousands of knowledge-loving and knowledge-seeking students flocked to the great universities of the Middle Ages, to Paris, to Cologne, to Padua, and Bologna to study scholastic philosophy.

What is scholastic theology? Does it treat of mechanics? of technology? of electricity? Does it treat of the physical, material world as such? No, it treats of metaphysics; that is, of the unseen world reached only by reason. It treats of the soul, of the true God from the viewpoint of reason. It treats of the universe, of the world, inquiring into its highest, its ultimate causes. It may aptly be styled a divine philosophy.

However, on account of the abuse of the method of scholastic philosophy some centuries ago, the philosophy itself came into disrepute. The effects were soon felt, especially in the training of the teachers of our faith. And this more so during the

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century just closed, which witnessed the apotheosis, as it were, of reason, "reason unadulterated by faith," as the votaries of the purely material sciences would have us believe.

When the danger was at its height the great Popes of our own time appeared on the scene. Guardians of the faith that must save the world, they witnessed the havoc which the neglect of scholastic philosophy was working among priests and even among bishops. Therefore, "Back to Thomas Aquinas" rang out into the Catholic world. "Back to Aquinas," they ordered the professors of theology. And when a professor was found who would not go back to Aquinas, under the plea that it meant back to darkness and ignorance, these great Popes did not hesitate to debar him from his professorial chair.

Those ousted professors had their followers. No wonder, then that there were and are scholars in the Church who in public and in private despise scholastic philosophy. No wonder, then, that when they see their idols, their teachers, dethroned, they feel resentment and disgust for the philosophy that caused their overthrow. You see, then, from this that opposition to scholastic philosophy has caused Modernism.

Having seen the reason why the Modernists despise scholastic philosophy, it is easy to discover why they despise what is traditional in the Church.

The votaries of scholastic philosophy were the great theologians, the teachers in the Church in bygone ages. Those theologians, one and all, venerated tradition; venerated, therefore, their predecessors in the chairs of theology; venerated the Fathers of the Church, all of whom constituted the preservers of the faith. Now this method of proceeding, this love and veneration for the *veteres*, the ancients in the faith, as regards the teachings of the Church, is most reasonable.

Our faith, the dogmas of our holy religion, the truths taught in the Catholic Church, though not against reason, yet have not been formulated by reason, because they are revealed truths. They were formulated by Christ and his Apostles. It is a principle of faith that with the last of the Apostles the "depositum fidei clausum est," that is, that the depository of the truths of faith is closed. Therefore, there will be no further revelation that the universal world will be obliged to believe under pain of eternal damnation. To use an up-to-date expression, our faith is made up of revealed truths to

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be handed down from father to son under the guidance of the Church, and, therefore, derived ultimately or in the last instance from tradition.

This principle was uppermost in the methods of the scholastic theologians. Hence their respect for tradition. Now the Modernists despise the scholastic theologians on account of their philosophy; they despise them, too, on account of this method, this respect for tradition, and all the more so, since modern thought pretends to break away from all tradition and follow pure, unaided reason alone. The Modernists insist on positive theology, and extol it to the detriment of scholastic theology, and they have no use for tradition.

Modernism, despising tradition, breaking away from the past, associates with so-called modern thought. And modern thought, not being in harmony with tradition, is not in harmony with the faith handed down to us in the Gospels. Hence Modernism is ashamed of the "foolishness" of the Gospel. Accommodating himself in manner of thinking to modern thought, the Modernist curries the favor of the popular idols of the day. He, therefore, ignores revelation and so substitutes his reason as his guide in dogma. Thus all dogma must pass in review before him, and he eliminates what does not fall in with his vagaries.

But, as the Holy Father himself says in his Encyclical, the Modernists display such activity and such unwearying capacity for work in behalf of their unworthy cause, that it is a great source of pain to see them waste such labor in their effort to ruin the Church, when they should have bent all their energies for her service. Misguided zeal has bred in the Church some of her bitterest enemies. So with the hope of making converts, the Modernists minimize the teachings of the Church, they yield to the caprices of a material world and make concessions opposed to the unity of the faith.

The Holy Father certainly diagnoses the causes of Modernism very thoroughly when he accuses the Modernists of pride, of an ignorance of scholastic philosophy, of lack of appreciation for the Fathers and tradition. He discloses additional causes when he accuses them of an unprincipled spirit of liberalism born of an overweening desire to be on terms of intimacy with the materialists of our day; and when he points out that zeal,

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unattended by the light of a supernatural faith, leads to the darkness of unbelief.

From the very first moment of her existence to the present day the Church, the Spouse of Jesus Christ, has had her opponents. Her worst enemies, however, have been those she had nursed at her own breasts. The Church, the kind Mother, deplores the waywardness of her rebellious children. She is, however, ready to pardon them if they repent and return to the spirit and profession of that faith of which she is the custodian.

Let me recall to your minds the case of the great Fénelon, the Bishop of Cambrai. "He was learned; he was the foremost scholar in French literature. Even to-day his writings are regarded as models of elegance. He was full of zeal for God's glory, firm in his convictions and courageous in defending what he considered right." Unlike the Modernists, he was humble and respectful of tradition and submissive to authority. Holy and learned man that he was, yet he was misled by some fanatics, and defended most vigorously by voice and by pen against the great Bossuet a doctrine afterwards condemned by Pope Innocent XII. When he heard of his condemnation by the Pope, did he criticise the Pope's decree, and read into it what was not in it? Did he make distinctions or claim misunderstanding? This is notoriously the manner of procedure begotten by the pride and false independence of the Modernists. No; "that truly great man read his own condemnation from the pulpit. He set fire with his own hand to a pile of his own books. Out of his own wealth he constructed a remonstrance of gold, the base of which was a facsimile of the condemned book placed under the feet of Jesus Christ; so that every time he gave Benediction he proclaimed his own humiliation and submission."

We must never forget that faith is a gift. St. Paul reminds us of this when he says: "Not that we are sufficient to think anything of ourselves as of ourselves, but our sufficiency is from God."

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A LETTER TO THE KING.

BY KATHARINE TYNAN.

PASSERS-BY used to stop at the low gate to look at John Quinn's garden. It was, indeed, in striking contrast to those of the slatternly neighbors. It was packed as full as it could be with flowers and vegetables. All through the spring and summer and autumn the flowers made little mosaics of color. There were fruit, apples, pears, plums, gooseberries, currants, raspberries. The vegetable beds were full all the year round. In the fine weather a canary hung from an apple bough and sang his shrillest. He had for neighbor a parrot which was the delight of the children. The little paths were marked out neatly with white stones. At the bottom of the garden, quite away from the cottage, the hens had homes and enclosures of their own. There were a couple of hives of bees in a green corner. There was a summer-house. A tall mast stood on a tiny grass-plot and fluttered the Union Jack. There was a pigeon cote hanging on the end gable of the house.

A garden of delights, and the house was no less delightful. Rose Quinn was a shrewd, thrifty, clean, tidy woman, who was the envy, the dread, and yet the sheet-anchor of her neighbors in illness or distress.

She kept her house spotlessly. When the sun came in by the south window the brass candlesticks on the chimney-piece, the dish covers on the walls, the copper lustre jugs on the dresser, the pots and pans, winked again. All the plates and dishes showed clean faces, as did the pictures on the wall where sacred personages and saints mingled with Irish patriots and had for neighbors the king and queen. In the place of honor above the mantel-piece was a large framed photograph of John's old ship, the *Knight Commander*. Below it hung Sir John Fisher, cut from an illustrated paper and framed in a border of shells, and John's old Captain, now Admiral Seeley.

Rose's grate was as brightly polished as the rest. The red-tiled floor, newly ochred every day, was in pleasing contrast to

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the white walls. Everywhere about the room were the ingenuities of the sailor-man, as well as the wonderful things John and his sons had brought home from foreign parts. The children of the neighborhood thought it a heavenly place. When Rose was amiably inclined she was not averse from showing the shells, the ivory carvings, the sandal wood boxes, the old man and old woman in the weather house, the glass ball with the snow-storm inside it, the instruments of the Crucifixion and the Cross itself miraculously sealed up in a bottle of water, the thousand and one curiosities that were so wonderful to the children.

The neighbors used to talk about Rose behind her back, asking each other rhetorical questions as to what was the good of all that cleaning and whether the woman thought she was going to live forever? A special object of their ridicule was the mat outside the door, on which people had to wipe their feet before being admitted to Rose's kitchen. They shook their heads over John and said they pitied him. Sure there couldn't be any real comfort with a woman who was always cleaning up. Widow Hagerty's opinion seemed to find general endorsement. "It's all very well to be clane," she had said, "but for myself I'd like a little place that wasn't *too* clane. Claneness is terrible cowld."

Rose's neighbors dreaded her for the sharp edge she had to her tongue. She was a little woman with pale reddish hair, and pale blue eyes which her neighbors called green when she had been scolding them. She had been a very pretty girl when John married her, with that evanescent beauty of complexion which often accompanies red hair.

When she opened out on the neighbors a spark would come in the green eyes. She had very little patience with the wastrels and slatterns among whom she lived. The worst of it was they couldn't do without her. She was the only one who knew anything about illness, or the rearing of children, and she was as good in an emergency as the parish nurse herself. While the sickness was urgent Rose was as silent as she was efficient. But all the time her eyes roved to and fro, taking everything in; and when she was free to speak, she spoke to good purpose. She would reduce even the most redoutable matron to tears; in fact she was so thoroughly feared that she had never yet met the man or woman who would stand up to her.

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"Twas no wonder she druv her boys away from her," the neighbors said when they smarted under the memory of the things she had said to them.

This, however, was quite unfair, for Rose's menfolk swore by her, and the other women knew it, even when they pretended to pity them.

She was the mother of four sons. Three of them had followed their father in taking to the life of the sea. They were A.B's on the *Knight Commander*, like their father before them. The fourth had not followed them only because his mother's love for him and his for her kept them together. They were all dear, but Jack, the youngest, was also the dearest, and Rose could never have spared him.

Jack and his father both worked at the rope-making factory, which was a little farther up the stream by which the collection of cottages was built. But the sea had the same fascination for Jack that it had had for the other brothers. Mrs. Quinn used to say of her boys that, from the time they could toddle alone, every wind that ruffled every pool of water used to set them longing for the sea.

Jack never grumbled that he must be the home-keeping one. He worked cheerfully at the rope factory, but every moment of leisure that he had he was down with the fishermen on the shore, out with them in their boats, sometimes with some of the young gentlemen from the Club-House in their little yachts. The sea drew him as irresistibly as it had drawn his brothers. He was a born sailor. He had sat at his father's feet and learnt everything that old salt had to impart. The gentlemen from the Club-House knew that there was no better hand in a yacht, especially if the wind got up, than young Quinn. He had refused many invitations to go on more or less lengthened cruises, although his eyes longed to go. His love for his mother kept him, and in time there came his love for Mary Kelly.

Perhaps the love for Mary had always been there. They had sat on the same stool at the infant school, and even then Jack had taken Mary's part against aggressive infants. They had gone blackberrying hand-in-hand. They had looked for *frauglians—i. e.*, bilberries—in autumn together. They had never seemed to tire of each other's company. What could be more natural than that the affection between them during childhood and youth should have become love in due course?

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Mary was a refined, delicately pretty girl, who looked just a little above her station and had manners to suit her looks. She was a great favorite with the nuns at the convent school; from monitor she had become a regular teacher. The nuns had taught her acomplishments. She could play the piano, had a smattering of French, could embroider and paint a little in water-colors; she could also cook and make her pretty frocks; but of these latter things Rose Quinn took no notice.

It was perhaps natural jealousy that made Rose take so contemptuous a view of the girl's accomplishments.

"She'll be like her mother before her, a streel, only a genteel one," she said angrily to her son when he came to her with happy confidence to tell her that Mary had said yes to him.

She knew as well as any one, better indeed, for she had for some time been watching Mary with the eyes of jealousy, that Mary was a good girl at home, and had done her best for her dragged-down mother and the long family of children. She knew perfectly well that Mary had accomplished a little revolution in that cabin which hung above the stream, a place so miserable to start with that reform seemed impossible. She knew it, and the sense of her own injustice only made her angrier.

"I suppose you expect," she said tauntingly, "to bring Judy Kelly's daughter into my clean, tidy house, and to make me the old woman in the corner. I tell you, Jack, you'll never do it. As long as I live I'll stand against you and her."

He looked at her, quite pale from the shock of her anger, which had never before been directed against him, and for a moment the look in his eyes nearly brought her to her senses. Then he turned on his heel, and she remembered that he was the image of his father, and that his father had been a terribly obstinate man when roused out of his slow gentleness.

"I never thought of bringing my wife under your roof," he said, and walked towards the door. But at the threshold he paused and turned round.

"Is that your last word," he asked, "that you'll stand against her and me?"

For a moment the mother's heart shook within her. Then her jealousy swept over her furiously. He cared nothing about his mother. Nothing mattered to him but Judy Kelly's daugh-

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ter. She remembered many bitter, irrelevant things; how Patsy Kelly had been drowned just beyond his own doorstep, having stumbled into the stream when he was coming home one night from Sweeny's public house, among other things.

"Bring me home a decent girl," she said, "and I'll be talking to you. The child of a drunkard and a streel. It's little I thought what I was rearing you for."

But the end of the speech was spoken to a silent house. Jack had gone out leaving her alone.

It was noon-time when this took place. The long hours of the afternoon wore by silently, in a stillness so profound that the ticking of the wag-by-the-wall clock, the buzzing of a fly in the window-pane, the snoring of Jack's terrier on the hearth, sounded disproportionately loud, at least to Rose's cold and excited fancy. There was plenty of noise outside. There was not a day in the year when the little cluster of cottages was not more or less noisy. But she had closed the door, and had seemed to close herself in with silence and fears.

As she sat darning Jack's stockings by the sunshiny window her hands were damp and cold with the apprehension of her thoughts. Now and again in the quietness she felt her heart throb like a living thing. She had never before said a harsh word to Jack. Jim and Bill and Paddy, his brothers, had often and often got the rough side of her tongue. Nor had it meant anything to them. They were slow and gentle and patient like their father. Once beyond the clacking of her tongue they forgot it. Not so Jack. Jack had been the one to take things to heart, and she had known it. He had come in that morning quite sure of her sympathy in his joy. She recalled the incredulous amazement with which he received her first violent words, an amazement which gave way at last to a bitter and hurt resentment. Why couldn't she have held her tongue? After all there was nothing against the girl. She recognized to the full the unfairness of blaming her for her father's and her mother's faults; she had half a mind to kneel down and pray and repent. But she would not; and presently the softer mood was replaced by one jealous and irrational.

It was the longest, slowest afternoon she had ever spent. When the click of the garden gate sounded she got up and put away the stockings. Her moods had been changing all the afternoon. The hard one had the ascendency as she went for-

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ward to open the door. How dared Jack look at her like that, she who had always been the kindest of mothers to him.

She drew back the bolt and let the door swing open with a lowering, angry face. Then her face changed, and her heart began its painful throbbing once more. It was her husband, and alone. Jack and he had always come together. Where was the boy now?

For the moment she had no more thought than that he had absented himself in anger, was with Mary perhaps, or—

John's gloomy face put a stop to these surmises. Behind the gloom there were grief, weariness, indignation.

"Jack's gone!" he said, answering the question on her lips.

"Gone! Where is he gone?"

"You gave him your tongue this afternoon, Rose, woman. If you meant to do it, you should have begun long ago. You never denied him anything. He's gone to Portsmouth to join the other three. There's none o' them left now to look after us in our old age. Who's going to dig the garden, I should like to know?"

"To Portsmouth? Why should he go to Portsmouth? Isn't it enough for the king to have three of my sons?"

"The king has nothing to say to it. It's your own temper, Rose. He was as bright as he could be this morning. Whatever you said to him knocked him about terribly. Then—Mary Kelly 'ud have nothing to do with him."

"Mary Kelly! Nothing to do with my son!" Rose said with a flash of the old spirit.

"She's not going to marry a man whose mother thinks ill of her. Between ye two women ye've played the mischief with the poor boy. I'm not blaming her, mind. I brought her word Jack was gone, and she went as white as a sheet. Why wouldn't she refuse to take him, till his mother asked her?"

Rose went away to a little inner room, and closed the door behind her. At this moment she could bear no more.

The long summer days went by in what seemed to Rose a deadly monotony. John was away all day. She missed terribly the brisk foot on the gravel path, the bright face in the door. Jack had a way of running home for a word with his mother—with Mary, too, no doubt—while the other men smoked their pipes after the dinner-hour at Spillane's.

She worked with a tenfold energy, but her power of accom-

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plishment was less. She had repelled the neighbor's sympathy, and now it was offered no more. They respected the closed door, the forbidding back which Rose turned to the world when she worked in the garden. It was wonderful how in Jack's absence the weeds made headway, wonderful how the hedges grew ragged, the grass dishevelled, how untidiness and disrepair seized on everything.

To be sure John did his best, but John was getting old. People said he had aged suddenly when Jack went away. When he came home from work he was better content to sit and smoke, with the head of Grip, Jack's old terrier, on his knee, than to do anything more strenuous. Grip was a trouble to Rose too. He was always listening for a foot, turning his eyes on her with a dumb question that made the poor woman suffer acutely.

No letter came from Jack, no such loving message as would have lit up the lonely present with hope for the future. The other boys wrote home at long intervals; they were no great scholars and letter-writing was a pain to them. Jack was all right. He was serving on the Admiral's ship, not on the *Knight Commander*. He was as expert as anybody in a very little time. He hadn't had much to say when they saw him.

Once there was a message, but for John, a tender message, as though the young man's obdurate heart had failed him. But of Rose not a word. Not a line from Jack himself, although he was a much better scholar than his brothers.

Rose rarely went out now, never unless necessity called her. Once or twice she had seen Mary Kelly's tall figure approaching her, and had turned back to her own house to avoid meeting her. She would watch from behind a window curtain Mary pass with her chin in the air. Mary's pride was at least equal to her own. But, despite her spirit, Mary was looking badly. That chin now, which had been so round and white, had shrunk and showed a thinness of the neck. Sorrow had dimned her eyes and her pretty bright color. She was much thinner than of old, and walked with a more lagging footstep when Rose's eyes were not upon her. Sometimes her head drooped as though the great mass of corn-colored plaits it carried were too much for it.

To be sure she worked harder than ever. Her mother had had a worse winter than usual with the rheumatism, and was in bed half her time. And Mary worked like three people to

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earn her little salary at the convent, and to keep the cabin over the thriftless mother and the children, who were so round and rosy, despite their privations.

One year, two years, passed. Jim and Paddy and Bill had each had their few weeks of holiday, had fluttered the girls immensely with their picturesque sailor garb and their sun-browned comeliness. Each had a good report of Jack to make in his taciturn manner. Each in his turn carried a message from Jack to Mary Kelly. There was no message for the mother. She had a jealous knowledge that smote her to the heart of the messages which were carried elsewhere. After each of these visits Mary noticeably picked up, regained something of her old comeliness, her old springing step.

The time came when Jack was with the Naval Brigade before Ladysmith. When the news first arrived that he had gone to the front there was a half *rapprochement* between the two women. Mary, passing by the Quinn's cottage, stood for a barely perceptible fraction of a second looking at Jack's mother. She had something in her breast which was her talisman against life and death, yet it could not keep her from asking herself why she had let him go. Rose advanced a step or two. She knew that Mary had had a letter. John had had one that had contained no mention of her. She advanced an imperceptible distance. Then jealousy stabbed her sharper than a sword. She turned her back on the girl and went into the cottage.

After that there was a dreary time of watching and waiting for the two women. Rose was no scholar and was very shy about revealing the fact, and John was getting half-blind. The anguish which Rose endured while John's finger crept slowly down the war-news night after night, the more intolerable waiting through the days till John should come home to read for her these odd hieroglyphics which might mean so much to her, were cruel. And to be sure Mary Kelly could tell at the first glance if Jack was safe, if one might breathe a sigh of relief for oneself with a sigh of pity for the many whose sons' names appeared in that dreaded list.

To be sure the garden and everything about it had become sadly changed from what it was when Jack was at home, although Rose worked indefatigably, worked till her back could hardly straighten itself, till her limbs ached and her head swam. She was planting cabbages one mild, fine spring day, when she

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heard the sound of rushing feet close by, and some one flung the little gate open and made straight for her. It was Mary Kelly, but so wild, so disordered, that she was almost unrecognizable for the quiet, refined girl of everyday life. She had a newspaper in her hand which was flying open in the March wind.

"He's hurt," she cried, "he's hurt. He's been struck by a piece of shell. He's in hospital."

Apparently she had forgotten the injuries she had suffered at Rose's hands, and had come to her as the one other being on earth who loved Jack as she did.

Then the something really fine and high-minded which gave Rose's character its distinction appeared.

"We have to bear it together," she said, and passing an arm about Mary's shoulders she led her within the cottage and closed the door, to the great disappointment of the neighbors who had followed in Mary's wake, and were coming as near as they dared, considering Rose's formidable name.

In the sad vicissitudes of the days that followed the two women clung together. Sometimes there was no news at all; sometimes the news was of a varying shade of blackness. It was some weeks before the first glimmer of hope came, and those weeks had made Rose old and Mary a spectre of her former comeliness.

But at last there was hope, and when the hope once came it grew stronger and brighter every day. In fact Jack mended so rapidly that in barely two months time from the date on which he had received his wound he was reported as dismissed hospital and returned to active service. But by that time the worst of the war had spent itself and Jack was soon coming home.

Long before that, however, the most complete reconciliation had been effected between Jack's mother and Mary. They had become the closest and dearest of friends. Reconciliation was hardly the word, when Mary would not listen to Rose's abasement of herself. "Sure there's nothing to forgive between us," she would say, "and if there was, wouldn't I have to be forgiven for taking him from you?"

Another strange thing happened that spring. Mrs. Kelly had a letter from her brother in America, a brother unheard of for many years. He was coming home. He had made money

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and was going to buy the farm on the slope of the mountains where he had been born, if it was possible to buy it. He was going to add to its narrow bounds. He was a widower without children, and he wanted his sister and her children to live with him.

It would have been a bad lookout for Matthew Brady if Mary had not been training up the children her own way ever since she had been of an age to make the diversion from her mother's slatternliness. The little girls were at the convent school, the boys were with the Christian Brothers. Their faces were so polished with soap and water, their hair so sleek, their clothes so well washed and brushed and so carefully mended, that none could have supposed they were the children of streelish Judy Kelly. The children had begun to put Judy on one side in an affectionate manner. She had grown so used to being given a chair in the sun, while the children washed and cleaned, that she had almost forgotten to grumble over the scandalous misuse of water and scrubbing brushes that was like to give her her death of cold.

Meanwhile, what was to become of Mary when the family moved up to the mountain farm? It would be too far for Mary to come and go to Rose as she had been used to. Since Biddy and Katey had proved so useful about the house, Mary had been a good deal with Rose, helping her with one thing or another. That summer the garden bloomed resplendent with sweet peas, and carnations, with holly-hocks and stocks and lilies and cabbage roses. For, to be sure, Jack might soon be expected home. He was sure to get leave after his long absence. He knew now that Mary and his mother were reconciled, and he wrote long, loving letters to one woman as well as to the other.

Then—it was about June—they had a great disappointment. The Admiral's ship was going to the Rock—to Gibraltar instead of to England, and, of course, Jack was going with her. There was no knowing when he would have leave now, when he would be able to come home and marry Mary. And to be sure if he could come home itself, wouldn't he have to go back again and serve his time? It would be only a honeymoon and he would have to go back again.

The day this letter came Mary sat in Rose's cottage, sad and silent. She was making her wedding garments listlessly.

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The delight seemed to have gone out of her task. Sure, goodness knows if she'd ever be married. Goodness knows but Jack might die or she might die; or she might be an old maid and uncomely before they could be married.

Suddenly Rose, rubbing listlessly at the brass candlestick, turned around, with a sudden bright spot of excitement in either cheek.

"Sit down, Mary Kelly," she said, "and write a letter to the king. Write it from me, Rose Quinn. By all accounts he was terrible fond of his own mother, an' he's real good-natured. Sit down there, girl, and write."

Mary's alarms were overcome. She sat down and wrote at Rose's dictation a letter to the king.

To the King of England, Buckingham Palace, London.

YOUR GRACIOUS MAJESTY: You have three of my sons already serving you on the *Knight Commander*, and you're kindly welcome to them as long as you want them. But my Jack, that was the little one, joined last April was two years, through having some words with me, being of a hasty disposition, which I've long since repented. He is on the *Dianeme* coming home from the Cape to Gibraltar. He was ever and always a good boy, if your Majesty will make inquiries about him. His father and myself are growing old, not a boy to look after us, and I never had but the four boys, and your Majesty has the whole of them. Besides, there's the little girl he was to marry. If your Majesty would send us home Jack, there isn't a night or day we wouldn't pray for you,

Yours respectfully,

ROSE QUINN.

It was only Rose's will power that made Mary write the letter, which she quaked over with a vague fear that it might be high treason.

The letter was duly despatched, and Rose was just beginning to be anxious as to whether it had reached the king or been intercepted by somebody or other, when one day a very fine gentleman in a very fine carriage drew up at the garden gate.

"Are you Mrs. Rose Quinn?" he asked, taking off a hat, which Rose described afterwards as having such a lovely shine

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that it must have been made in heaven—in due time that hat, which was only a smart topper, came to have a coronet surrounding it in Rose's memory of it. "I am glad to tell you, Mrs. Rose Quinn, that his Majesty has received your petition, and has ordered that your son be discharged from his duties, and sent home to you. He also wished, through me, to present you with a little gift in consideration of the fact that you have given so many sons to his service."

Mary came in a little while later to find Rose sitting staring still at the crisp Bank of England note on the little table, unheeding the buzz of gossip outside the closed door, for the neighbors were so wildly excited by the grand carriage and the visit of its occupant to Rose that they were peeping in at the windows and lifting their children up to report what Rose was doing. It wouldn't have happened in the old days, but of late Rose was less formidable.

A week later Jack himself came walking down the street, quite recovered from his accident, and looking as brown and comely and radiant as ever intending bridegroom looked.

His old place at the Rope Works was open to him. A great part of the king's gift had gone in buying the cottage next to his father's. Already the dividing hedge was gone. The cottage was painted and papered and had muslin curtains at its windows. The young couple were to live in the new cottage and the garden was to be a common one. It would have been a dangerous experiment in the old days, but not now, when Rose and Mary understood and loved each other.

In time that visit of the beautiful gentleman who was the king's messenger is likely to rank among the apocrypha of the village. In fact, some of the children and old women believe that he was St. Patrick, a belief if not exactly shared by Rose, is at least not displeasing to her.

Any of these summer evenings, if you should chance to pass by the two cottages, as pretty as a picture in the flowery and fruitful garden, you might chance to hear John Quinn the third saying his small prayers preparatory to being put to bed.

"And now, my honey-jewel, say: 'God bless the King!'" you may hear Mary's voice say.

The small loyalist repeats the prayer in a language which might be Volapuk; but his mother and grandmother seem to understand it all right.

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THE PRIEST IN CARICATURE AND IDEA.

BY CORNELIUS CLIFFORD.

NSTANCES in argument are dangerous things; but if one might be permitted to prescind for an understanding moment from the problem of the Papacy, which suggests difficulties not quite so perplexing and of an entirely different order of thought, it might be urged without irony that the real crux of Catholic Christianity has in every age been found to lie chiefly in its priests. For, whether we like to admit it or not, we Catholics are, for good or for evil, largely priest-made. We are baptized by priests, taught by priests, shrived and counselled by priests, married by priests; our very souls are fed by their indispensable ministrations; and not even the most careless of us will venture to undergo the "ceremony of death" without having a priest for mystagogue by his side. It is their thoughts that give meaning in all the acuter crises of life to our thoughts; their obediences tend inexorably to become our own. What wonder, therefore, that the priest should be both a sign and a portent; a thing to be scrutinized, if the claim of Catholicism to be a Way is not to be accounted idle and vain?

Now the very first thing that strikes one when he attempts to view this symbol and instrument of our faith, not in separate attitudes and posturings, as the devotee beholds him, but as he is in himself and altogether, is the paradox, we might almost say the riddle, of his complex personality. There need be no question here of vice or of the more grievous forms of sin. We are dealing with the priest of current, every-day experience—a creature, not always unlovable, who aspires, however illogically, to be an elaborate compost of many evangelical virtues; an embodiment in little of those austere ideals providentially framed for us by the great Catholic reactionaries who triumphed at Trent. It is of this type we are speaking and of the larger and not ignoble class who look up to him, and yet fail pathetically to reach his decorous level. Here is

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a character, one might say, that almost mocks at analysis, because familiarity with it only serves to emphasize the anomaly of so much gold overtopping such obvious feet of clay. Yet the shock that intimacy seldom fails to give to the thoughtful in these matters is only an analogue—an instructive and really edifying analogue, if one will only approach it in the proper frame of mind—of that vaster surprise that awaits the inquirer who turns from the priest of our own time to the priest of history. There again one meets with the same tale of robust faith and equally robust failure; the same synthesis of ethical opposites; the same perplexing tangle of contrasts that makes up the staple of what the theologian asks us to believe is the larger gospel of the Christian Church: the story, namely, of our Lord's mystical progress along the crowded highways of the world. Here, indeed, is a web woven of many strange tissues. Darkness and light divide the warp of it; and through the woof there runs a medley of colors that the most life-jaded of us will hardly confess to having known on sea or land. The cynic may affect to comprehend it; the optimist may assure us that it will spell out its own meaning some day before the worn shuttle finally ceases to work. But the man of faith, who is a devout believer, usually, in the human triumph of the Incarnation, is not so easily appeased. He feels it can neither be reduced to a formula, nor summed up in a parable; and the only lesson he can bring himself to read into or out of the jumble according to his prepossessions, is the perennial lesson of Christ's inscrutable patience, and the reverence with which his Father seems to wait upon the self-determinisms of man's will.

In this "mystery of iniquity" the priest, let us avow it with candor, plays no negligible part. We are right, no doubt, in maintaining that because the nobler among his kind more than outnumber the base, his achievements, on the whole, must redound to the glory of God and the cause of religious truth. The presence of such men in history as the late Curé d'Ars, for example, means something to human character; and it means good. We cite this extremely challengeable case advisedly; because we think that neither with a certain notable section of our English-speaking fellow-believers, nor with the serious-minded Protestant world at large, has the force of the instance been estimated at its real worth.

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But if Catholicism may be said to be strong through such accumulated obediences, especially in an era of spiritual revolution like our own, it must be remembered, too, that the misdeeds of not a few of the priestly order in times past, to say nothing of certain "offences and negligences" still patent in the present, have made its position to many honest minds almost as correspondingly weak. A little evil is bruited a long way in this carping world, if it is known to have worn for a while the linen of the saints. In allowing this much we are implicitly restricting the question to the personal morality of the priest; but he has a corporate and representative side to his character as well. He is, in a sense, the source as well as the symbol, of the institution known in history as ecclesiasticism; a thing distinct from, and opposed, in the judgment of many, to the less questionable blessing of the concrete Christian faith. In his ecclesiastical capacity also, then, the priest, as every student of history knows, has much to answer for.

A thoughtful writer of these days, whose secularistic tendency has already attracted a good deal of notice, because of a certain suppressed fervor of quasi-religious conviction that accompanies it, has summed up the general indictment on this score so well that we can hardly do better than transcribe his objection here. The objection, it will be observed, loses none of its force for seeming to identify the bane of the priest with the larger bane of the Catholic Church. Our author remarks:

> That Church is now commonly regarded as one of the great civilizing agencies of the world; and I have no desire to dispute its claims. Let all that is urged for it in this respect be granted. Let it be admitted that it evolved order out of chaos; that it civilized barbarism; that it fostered the virtues of charity and peace in an age of universal war; that it kept alive the tradition of philosophy and culture, fostered the arts, disciplined the mind, and inspired the spiritual life. Let all this be admitted, and nevertheless it is true that the evil wrought by the Catholic Church is so incalculable, that a sober and impartial historian would hesitate to pronounce whether, even to an age of barbarism, it was more of a blessing than a curse. Consider its record. If it has preached peace, it has also filled the world with war; if it has saved life, it has also destroyed it; if it has raised the spirit, it has also degraded it; if it has kindled the intelli-

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> gence, it has also extinguished it. Deliberately and in cold blood, in pursuance of a policy, it has tortured the souls and burnt the bodies of men. Deliberately it has struck at the root of virtue by evoking and fostering slavish fear and desire, by promising a material heaven and threatening a material hell. Deliberately it has invited men to lie, and punished them for adhering to the truth. Deliberately it has arrested, so far as it could, the nascent growth of science, and thwarted the only activity by which man may alleviate his material lot and set himself free for the triumphs of the mind and the spirit.
>
> In saying this, I am stating simple matters of fact, such as no competent historian will dispute. And the point I want to make is, that the Good and the Evil of the Church have both proceeded from the same principle, from the principle of ecclesiasticism. Because the Church claimed to possess a revelation, therefore it conquered the world, and therefore also it harried and tortured its conquest. Because it relegated reason to a secondary place, therefore it produced Dante and Aquinas, and therefore also it persecuted Galileo and burnt Bruno. Because it appealed primarily not to the intelligence of men, but to their fears and desires, therefore it imposed upon them an authoritative moral order, and therefore also it invited anarchy when the order was superseded.*

The passage recalls, if it does not altogether rival, an equally eloquent, and much more famous, attempt on the part of the late Stuart Mill to prove the essential malevolence of nature. Like that famous indictment, also, it fails—not because the author speaks vaguely and with a suggestion of sounding and depressing generalities, that one fears may be true, but because he deals with a mass of facts, and deals with them very badly. He misarranges his summary, and then he misreads it. There is not a citation in the whole disedifying list which cannot be backed up by a particular fact of history; yet the general inference is so false that many a "competent" historian will impugn it, for the plain reason that the "facts" are not quite as "simple" as he seems to imagine. In each one of them the "ecclesiastical" priest may have played his part, and played it, we grieve to say, in any but a Christ-like spirit of forgiveness

* *Religion: A Criticism and a Forecast.* By G. Lowes Dickinson. New York: McClure, Phillips & Co., 1905, pp. 13, 14.

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and pity. What does it prove? Simply this, that in the sorry business of official persecution, as of personal sin, the priest may be said to have but added to that evangelical inheritance of scandal which is rightly felt to be at once a witness to the Church's indefectibility and a stimulus to her instincts for self-renewal; while the lesson of his moral obscurantisms has gradually educated the wiser among our apologists to an accepted discipline of shame. We are more candid than our fathers, and are not as concerned as they were to deny whatever makes for the ill-repute of the Catholic name. Is it because the deeper significance of history has been brought home to us in this age, and taught us, as the Roman Breviary seems to do, to look otherwhere for the proof of our consistency and our strength?

In whatever sense we may feel impelled to find an answer to that question, the fact admittedly remains that the shortcomings of a priestly minority have been frequent enough, even in the post-Reformation Church, to have reacted upon the body to which they belong. The result is that the whole clerical order of some of the most flourishing portions of Western Catholicism suffers to-day from that most curious of surviving disabilities—an ostracism, namely, which is partly social, partly religious, and partly intellectual, and which is all the more difficult to attack, because it is the specious outcome, in great measure, of many generations of successful misrepresentation and caricature.

It is a trite enough experience in the history of Catholic thought for its apologists to be obliged to deal with misrepresentation. That is only a part of the unrelenting irony of things; an issue, it might be called, of the general fortune of religious war, which drives men as unmistakably to the insincerities of debate and the cultivation of an elaborately devout disingenuousness, as actual warfare develops in them a spirit of malevolent strategy. Fortunately, however, it may be said that acrimonies of this sort only tend to become acute, when they are domestic and intraliminal. Men and brethren of the same creed are in this not unlike family litigants who will greatly find quarrel in the straws of their tribal honor or its supposed executory devises. For marriages and money separate kinsfolk; and tithes and tonsures and points of ecclesiastical precedence sunder those who have been born anew to become co-heirs with Christ. In these junctures men argue without mutual under-

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standing. They grow angry; they indulge in recrimination; they withdraw into opposed camps, where they invent tales about one another which they come in process of time to believe in. So is religious travesty engendered in an uncharitable world. It is a common phenomenon; and the kind of passion it invariably begets in the sectarian soul we call by the sinister, but significant, name of *odium theologicum*. It is peculiar to no creed. One may detect evidences of it in modern as in ancient Judaism; the Mohammedan tribes of Morocco and the Sudan are not strangers to it; the discontented millions of India are kept in civic equipoise and rendered fairly good subjects of a remote *Kaisar-i-Hind*, because their conquerors have learned to make a humane use of such irreligiously religious centrifugalism.

The representation we speak of in connection with the priest, however, is of an entirely different complexion. It is different in origin, different in method, different, it might be urged, in spite of many debatable counter-considerations, in its peculiar ethos and spirit. It is much less acrimonious, for one thing, and is not incapable of decorous laughter. It is nearly always genial in manner, especially in these latter days; and ever more uniformly moderate in tone. Indeed, it might be said to suggest a certain covert and semi-intellectual type of disdain; a *hauteur* of the religious conscience, which, like the actual *hauteurs* of posturing men and women everywhere in an over-sophisticated world, is twice comical for being so unchallengeably naïve and so imperturbably well-bred. If one were asked to describe it further, one might say that it was a belated and somewhat illegitimate blend of seventeenth century intolerance and latter-day liberalism, whose sole issue in these times was an amiable but sterile propensity in favor of those half-truths which are crueller in the hurt they do to the cause of whole truths, or truth at large, than so many vindictive lies. Half-truths, indeed, have fed the bantling from the beginning; but how far back his parentage goes, only the patient explorer of the by-paths of literature can tell. It may possibly distress the Catholic whose sense of history is so untutored and child-like that he unhesitatingly reads into the events of the past all the orthodox emotions of the present and is forever confusing unchangeableness of dogma with that other unchangeableness which is only a passing inertness in the atmosphere of sentiment and

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opinion that dogma invariably tends to beget, to learn that the caricature of his own priesthood, which lurks like a grotesque dream in the religious consciousness of Protestantism to-day, is a derivative, in some sense, of the Middle Age.

That wonderful thirteenth century, which is said to have given Catholic Europe its cathedrals and its universities, which prepared the way for Dante's *Vision*, and which added so appreciably to the political splendor of St. Peter's See, also gave us the *fabliaux*, the *lais*, the *pastourelles*, the drinking songs of the Scholastic world, the untraced *Reineke Fuchs*, the ribaldries of Rutebœuf, the satires of Adam de le Halle. It is a curious literary brood for an age of faith to have produced; yet, as we shall see when we come to contrast its genial coarseness with the scurrilities of the more rancorous Reformation period, the faith is indubitably there, and the spirit of it is great, lending point both to lampooners and lampooned. Every rank and order of visible Catholicism is laid fearlessly under toll; but it is the priesthood that pays heaviest of all. From the Pope to the poorest "Massing" priest, each several sinner of them is travestied without compunction, according to his offence, or lashed with whips of more than orthodox scorn.

It was among the French, the *Gens Francorum inclita*, the most orthodox, as they were, even in that formative period, the most intellectual of the peoples of western Europe, that the lead was taken in this work of unreflecting, but corroding, caricature; and England, Germany, and the Italian peninsula were not slow to follow. The movement—for it really amounted to that—acquired still further significance as the towns began to grow and their prentice populations to acquire civic importance. The transition, through Boccaccio and the lampooners of the Friars, who seemed to spring up everywhere during the next few generations, to the spirit that became articulate in Rabelais or that found vent of another sort in the indecencies of the *Epistolæ Obscurorum Virorum*, was an easy one. Salimbene's curious *Chronicle*, which had been produced as far back as the year 1280, and St. Catherine of Siena's *Book of Divine Doctrine*, which was dictated to Fra Raimondo nearly a century later, furnish even the most charitable student with a curious commentary upon the condition of affairs so faithfully reflected in the literary currents of the time. If the latter witness be objected to, on the score of her too exalted devotion to the clerical ideal,

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the same can hardly be said of the easy-going Franciscan. Like the robust and unquestioning Catholicism it so paradoxically embodies, Salimbene's reel of tales is perfectly candid, perfectly transparent, and disconcertingly detailed. Let us also add that it is perfectly naïve. It is the record of an essentially vagabond mind that knows how to move us alternately to wonder and laughter; and sometimes to a medley of more evasive emotions, compounded largely of incredulity and tears. Nevertheless there is one quality that surely redeems it from the imputation of nastiness; for, from first to last, there is not the faintest trace in it of a "snicker," nor any evidence of a prurient disposition to lower the level of the priestly ideal. That twice sinister tendency was to be the outcome of a much more modern age. Meanwhile, as we have already stated, the change in mood and tendency was a facile one. We can mark its course through our own literature, from the healthy crudities of the earlier *Robin Hood* ballads to the more dour presentments of *Piers Ploughman's Vision and Creed*, with its picture of *Antichrist* making a kind of archiepiscopal visitation of a great religious house, all the monks going out to him in procession and receiving him with great pomp and ringing of bells, as their father and lord. It is a strange ecclesiastical progress assuredly; but it is not yet, as the average critic is too ready to suppose, either Lollard or Protestant. *Idleness* may go out at the Devil's bidding to make an assault on *Conscience* and take a thousand prelates in his train; but the spirit that conceives the horrible suggestion is still loyal to the priestly idea. The genius of Geoffrey Chaucer intervenes for a happy interval and alters the note, but not the content, of the indictment; yet Chaucer, too, like the obscure secular priest that wrote the *Vision*, is, we feel, Catholic to the core. If the Canterbury Pilgrims are depicted in motley, it is not a doubting Wycliffite that describes them; but a soul in love with the clean and Christ-bought sacramentalities of the Church.

It must be admitted, however, that adolescent Protestantism, when it did wake to its powers, soon caught the trick of caricature from a generation of satirists that would have turned with contempt from the notion of a purely teaching and non-mystical priest. Before the sixteenth century was well into its fourth decade a new and terrible meaning was read into the old lampoons. The materials for a religious revolution had been

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gathering, as they were destined to gather two centuries and a half later for another and more logical change of front. Henry the Eighth may have sincerely desired to remain Catholic in temper and creed, while breaking with what was confidently assumed to be the mere political supremacy of Rome; but there was a momentum in the movement he had started in the degradation of the clergy, and the suppression of the more tempting monastic foundations, which it was difficult even for his despotic hand to stay. The reign of violence that had to be checked by the passage of the famous Six Articles has been described for us by a justly popular historian whom no Anglican scholar will be likely to accuse of undue leaning towards Roman ideas. The stream of libellous pamphlets issuing from the new sectaries on the continent had begun some years previously, and was being steadily directed into the most effectual channels by a group of Lutheranizing prelates who knew how to wait upon events. The secular clergy, of course, were the chief objects of attack in these underground publications; but neither were the religious spared. The late J. R. Green writes:

> The suppression of the lesser monasteries was the signal for a new outburst of ribald insult to the old religion. The roughness, insolence, and extortion of the Commissioners sent to effect it drove the whole monastic body to despair. Their servants rode along the road with copes for doublets and tunicles for saddle-cloths and scattered panic among the larger houses which they left. Some sold their jewels and relics to provide for the evil day they saw approaching. Some begged of their own will for dissolution. It was worse when fresh ordinances of the Vicar-General ordered the removal of objects of superstitious veneration. The removal, bitter enough to those whose religion twined itself around the image or the relic which was taken away, was yet more embittered by the insults with which it was accompanied. . . . Fresh orders were given to fling all relics from their reliquaries, and to level every shrine with the ground. The bones of St. Thomas of Canterbury were torn from the stately shrine which had been the glory of his metropolitan church, and his name was erased from the service books as that of a traitor. The introduction of the English Bible into churches gave a new opening for the zeal of the Protestants. In spite of royal injunction that it should be read decently and without comment, the young zealots of the party prided themselves on

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shouting it out to a circle of excited hearers during the service of the Mass, and accompanied their reading with violent expositions. Protestant maidens took the new English primer to church with them, and studied it ostentatiously during matins. Insult passed into open violence when the Bishops' Courts were invaded and broken up by Protestant mobs; and law and public opinion were outraged at once when priests who favoured the new doctrines began openly to bring home wives to their vicarages. A fiery outburst of popular discussion compensated for the silence of the pulpits. The new Scriptures, in Henry's bitter words of complaint, were "disputed, rimed, sung, and jangled in every tavern and ale-house." The articles which dictated the belief of the English Church roused a furious controversy. Above all, the Sacrament of the Mass, the centre of the Catholic system of faith and worship, and which still remained sacred to the bulk of Englishmen, was attacked with a scurrility and profaneness which pass belief. The doctrine of transubstantiation, which was as yet recognized by law, was held up to scorn in ballads and mystery plays. In one church a Protestant lawyer raised a dog in his hands when the priest elevated the Host. The most sacred words of the old worship, the words of consecration, "Hoc est Corpus," were travestied into a nickname for jugglery as "Hocus-pocus." It was by this attack on the Mass, even more than by the other outrages, that the temper both of Henry and the nation was stirred to a deep resentment; and the first signs of reaction were seen in the Act of the Six Articles, which was passed by the Parliament with general assent.*

But no subsequent counter-effort, either of persecution or hazardous propaganda, could purge out the leaven that had taken hold of the English character under the stress of these terrible events. The clergy of the old régime had suffered most. Some of them, a scandalously notable, yet not actually large number of them, it would seem, had sinned greatly; but it was the system, rather than the individual, that was chiefly to blame. Clerical human nature is no worse than average human nature; and even were we without the evidence afforded by a fuller study of the State papers, we still should not need the pleading of Abbot Gasquet and the group of fair-minded, modern scholars associated with the Cambridge school of historical re-

* *History of the English People*, Ch. vii., § i.

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search to enable us to form a just estimate of the facts. The mischief was done, however; the priests of the old régime were henceforth to be described in terms which have since passed into the vocabulary of the great non-Catholic tradition. They were lazy, self-indulgent, and avaricious, for the most part, and instinctively opposed to the happiness of religious mankind.

What Mary, according to her vision, tried to do and failed, the Armada likewise missed and left in sorrier case. It was an era of strange but vigorous births; and where so much was new men speedily forgot what was best in the old. The conspiracy of events that helped so significantly during the next generation to ensure the political success of the Act of Settlement under Elizabeth, created the mental atmosphere that made for development and permanency. The thoughts of English-speaking mankind began to be shaped to a Protestant pattern. In spite of the heroism with which the victims met them, the disabilities began to tell. Religion which, for all its civic relationships and state entanglements, had in times past been consistently held up as something ecumenic and mystical and ultramundane, was now made to appear insular, semi-naturalistic, and worldly-shrewd. The priest, as its official and daily functionary, holding his jurisdiction by a title that no earthly crown could impart, became a twilight and unfamiliar figure in English life; a creature of subterfuges and disguises, dreading, apparently, the honest glare of day. Everything, indeed, seemed to work to his disfavor. What Cecil and the test-framers had astutely aimed at, a group of scholarly and unselfish exiles, shaping by uncertain channels the policy of the Roman See, contributed still further to emphasize. If the elusive and never satisfactory form of ecclesiasticism by which he was governed during the next two centuries and more kept alive in him the quiet courage of a martyr, it also tended to denote him, when he appeared at all, as that worst of expatriates, a plotter and intriguer against the hard-won liberties of his home-loving kin.

Nor was that all. The literature that largely colors, where it does not shape, the stock of ideas common to the English-speaking races of both hemispheres to-day, was growing up in the long interval; and its characteristic note, as Newman has reminded us, was unalterably, uncompromisingly Protestant. Shakespeare, it is true, may be a curious, but not inexplicable, exception, standing in this, as in everything else, magnificently

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apart; Crashaw and Dryden may furnish other instances in rebuttal; but the fact remains that the great body of our classical writers, down to the very close, it might almost be said, of the Victorian period itself, is a subtly biassed and anti-Catholic body, rude with prejudices, and often with brutalities, that must give pain to every intelligent upholder of the ancient creed.

It hardly falls within the scope of the present essay to attempt, even roughly, to classify these imputations against historic Catholicism, or to show how inevitably, like the dead flies in the Scriptural unguent, they detract from much that is otherwise soothing and of good effect, even upon the more recondite taste and incorrigibly spiritual standards of the Catholic conscience in these matters. But if the Church at large fares ill in English literature at large, the priest fares worse; and his character, as depicted in the great Protestant tradition, is not a pleasing one to contemplate. For what is the sum of his presentations? No one book will exhaust the portrait; but the composite result, so to call it, is forbiddingly, if at times somewhat ridiculously, dark. In romance and poem and political pamphlet alike, in simile and metaphor, he is a strange compound of vices, nearly all of them petty, some of them revolting, and many more simply impossible. He is despotic, overbearing, crafty, plausible, hypocritical, avaricious; a great legacy-hunter, a daring fabricator of lies, thick-skinned in honor, a sanctuary beau among women, a sycophant among men, a disturber of families, a kill-joy among the innocent, a shrewd angler for flattery and place, lazy, restless, energetic, busy as a mediæval devil and nearly as ubiquitous, ascetical, and sensuous in a breath, a mighty drinker, a devout trencherman, a slave of the Pope, a tool of the Jesuits, a secret emissary of the Inquisition; and, if there be any other vice, cardinal or diabolical, that has been astutely overlooked in all this shining catalogue, seventeenth century Puritanism, either at home or in America, or, for that matter, Victorian Anythingarianism, as set forth in a score of poems and novels of undoubted sincerity and unassailable literary repute, will supply the needed instance. Nor is it in separate and distinct embodiments merely that the travesty is discoverable, but in the vague and intangible use of illustration and epithet, in the misty by-product known as atmosphere, that much of the traditional falsehood is

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kept actual and alive for the many that read and never suspect. Some of the most honored names in modern English literature—to say nothing of the "harmless drudges" that make our dictionaries and works of reference—might be cited in support of this contention; if the educated reader has not already made out a mental list of his own. Browning, Swinburne, Longfellow, J. H. Shorthouse, and Charles Reade; Thackeray, Froude, Macaulay, Kingsley, Sir John Seeley, Ruskin, Mill, Carlyle;—we purposely restrict ourselves to such authors as may be said to have been an influence at some time or other during the past fifty years—there is not one of these that has not offended; not one that has not idly flung his stone.

Reticence, we are assured, is a virtue to-day; and sobriety, even in caricature, is a canon for the art of the time; but not, apparently, when historic, or even present-day continental Catholicism is in question; and most certainly not when priests become the facile theme. Newman used all the resources of his personal prestige and all the gifts of his incomparable powers of rhetoric, more than half a century ago, to laugh the grotesque propensity down; but he failed. The list of instances we gave above is a fairly long one, and more than fairly representative; for the least obvious sinner in it can be convicted out of his own scripture with due courtesies of chapter and verse; and yet it contains only a tithe of those that might be named. One would have thought that the blow dealt to hereditary and contented bigotry in the *Lectures on the Present Position of Catholics in England*, in 1851, would have opened the eyes of the thoughtful to the injustice of the traditional caricature of Catholic institutions and ideals. The discourses were masterpieces in the art of effective irony. They were noble in tone; level and convincing in argument; straightforward in their indignant lucidity; and they carried with them to an astonishing degree, only directed now to newer and more popular uses, the ring and the irresistible magic of the old style. Half of England hung upon them; all the world read them; but what difference did it make in the end? With the exception of Carlyle and of Lord Macaulay, the list of offenders we submitted above is one that has grown up since Newman's protest was made. Browning, it is true, had written *The Confessional* and the *Soliloquy in a Spanish Cloister* before 1845; but he published *Bishop Blougram's Apology* in 1855. Charles

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Reade gave what he felt to be his great masterpiece to the public in 1861. It was, significantly enough, *The Cloister and the Hearth.* Mill uttered his famous sneer about the "wife's influence in Catholic countries" being "another name for that of the priest" in an article on "The Enfranchisement of Women," which appeared in the *Westminster Review* in the July of the very same year in which Newman delivered his *Lectures;* the words were printed again, this time in a book of essays, in 1864. *John Inglesant* came out in 1881; and, though this generation is not likely to see such another master of prose as the late Mr. Shorthouse was, we may be perfectly sure that we shall see more than one unsuspecting imitator of his half-Quaker, half-Anglican bias.

Prejudices die hard; but they die. Contact with the actual —which is God's way of helping Truth—kills them, as by a quiet excess of daylight, in the end.

Behind the incongruities, tragic or grotesque, that are so inscrutably involved in this parable of the priest in caricature, beneath all the variations, the uncertainties, the griefs, the heroisms, the follies, too palpably human, of its history, there lurks an idea that is worth a good man's study; an idea so separate, sacrosanct, and unique, that one may wisely give hostages to time for the sake of it, and then boldly blazon its central meaning to the world as one of the supreme tests, perhaps the holiest test, of the enduring obediences of Christianity. It is the idea of the priest as he is in himself: *a Way, through Penance and the Mysteries of the Altar, to the Father.* Having to do daily with mysteries, he is himself a mystery; being that further Christ whereof the Apostle speaks; a miracle of the Spirit's fashioning; an untared field of wheat; a soul set upon a candle-stick; an unfallen Lucifer; an angel for high embassies and awful functions, as becomes one who is called to be a gospeller of the New Testament; an epitome at once of the humanisms and the self-abasements of the Incarnate Word. To set forth this idea in words is no easy task; though the Church does it daily in action. But if one must find a formula in which to sum up its logical content, yet not so as to ignore the inevitable corrections furnished only too abundantly by history and life, one can hardly do better than adapt to present purposes the account that the Fathers of Trent gave when, in the teeth of much actual scandal, and with minds serenely unperturbed

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by the apparent counter-evidence of the Apostolic age, they affirmed substantially, that "Holy Ordination" is something more than a human invention or product of history; that it is "not in vain that bishops say: '*Receive ye the Holy Ghost*'; because it is, in the strict sense of the word, a Sacrament of the New Law, instituted by Christ, imparting an indelible character to the recipient, giving him the power to forgive sins, and clothing him, above all lesser men, with the *charisma* which enables him to consecrate and offer the Body and Blood of the Lord."*

On a subject so large and beset with so many difficulties, Scriptural, archæological, and religious, that pronouncement may be said to embody (even for our own times, when the problems involved in it are being eagerly debated from a fresh point of view) the clearest and most candid summary of what will always be accounted a dark matter. While it gathers up in brief the traditional teaching of Catholicism upon the essentially inward and mystical character of its chief ministers, it leaves the historical development of the idea of a restricted priesthood and its precise sacramental relation to the Apostolic episcopate of the New Testament untouched. Interesting as the undefined point may be to ecclesiologists and historians of dogma, it is of slight importance to the spiritual life of the faithful at large; and no amount of controversy is likely to make it actual. It rose to a certain prominence in St. Jerome's time, and provoked that plain-spoken Father to some curious utterances. Since Tridentine days it has acquired, from time to time, a quasi-scholastic interest, due, in appreciable measure, it would seem, to the somewhat bizarre genius of Vasquez, and more notably to the studies carried on by the great Jansenist scholars of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. The essays contributed to the subject more than a generation ago by Bishop Lightfoot, and afterwards by Principal Hatch, were, in spite of the breadth of learning they revealed, too manifestly actuated by a characteristically Protestant desire to discourage a growing preference for sacerdotalism in a certain section of the Anglican Church to make them wholly pertinent to our present concern.

It is the idea of the priest, then, as emphasized at Trent, that has been the inspiration of everyday Catholicism from the beginning. It has done this, moreover, in two distinct ways,

* *8 Can., xxiii. Sess.*, 1563; *cf.* Denziger, 838-842.

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each of which may be said to have contributed to the development of the Christian life. It has enforced the principle of obedience in every stratum of Christian society; and it has kept alive the accrete charities and graces of sacramentalism, without which obedience would have degenerated into mere tyranny, or never risen at best above a hard militarism, with all the hurts and limitations that so unlovely and so un-Christ-like an ideal must, of necessity, have entailed. For the priest, as Catholicism understands him, is no mere pedagogue of the conscience, enforcing rules and going before our Lord's disciples as a mere prophet or prayer-leader in the Way. He is set apart for such indispensable work, it is true, because in his normal state he comes to mankind *as one that is sent.* There is a true apostolicity about him. *He speaks as one having authority*, and is intrusted with power over a designate portion of the mystical body of Christ, either as pastor or caretaker. The distinctions introduced later into Catholic Europe to emphasize certain applications of this idea to mediæval or even to modern society, leave this master consideration untouched. But while his will is panoplied with such jurisdiction, his heart and soul and conscience are clothed with something inconceivably more Godlike still. He is a personality chosen, anointed, and irrevocably set apart from ordinary flesh and blood by a solemn imposition of hands, in the name of the Church, to have power henceforth over the real, but sacramental, Body of Christ. The separation seals him and stamps his very personality with an impress, or character of the soul, which is as much holier than the impress of baptism as the sacramental Body of the Lord is more sacred than the mystical womb out of which he was born again, through water and the Holy Ghost, to become a new creature in the sight of God. This is the true character and blessedness of his order; and through it he becomes an effective witness and instrument of the Incarnation much more infallibly than the mysterious vessels of the altar at which he serves tend to become a witness and instrument to the faithful of his higher and holier self.

Is it surprising that Catholicism should have cherished such a type of man, saved him from commonness by an austere discipline of celibacy, and watched over the purity of his mind and heart with a jealousy comparable only to the concern with which its Pontiffs have watched over the purity of Scripture

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itself? How easy the vast burden of precedent in his regard becomes, when appraised by such dear prejudices of value! How inevitable the peculiar and sometimes cramping quality of his education! His asceticisms, how reasonable; his dress and grave demeanor, how needful! The very idiosyncracies of such a life, it might almost be said, the celibate manner, the set features, the often inscrutable air, the little oddities of voice and glance and gesture, acquire a dignity of their own and are accepted as things consecrate and mysterious, because of the primal unction of his election and ordination. Not in vain were his hands tied in that great ceremony; for, by an act of renunciation which finds its meaning, as well as its defence, in the self-elected bondage of the Passion, he must go through all his days as one maimed and disfurnished of half his manhood for the sake of the holier virility his ministrations will beget in others through Christ. If in the eyes of the world he seems a poor creature, yet to the eyes of the Church, whose treatment of him almost amounts to a cult, and whose sense of him is like a perpetual touchstone of interior religion, he is the most august character on earth; for he is clothed with God, is strangely linked in his more representative aspects, as by a kind of moral transubstantiation, with the Humanity of his Son, and is drenched daily with the sanctities of Calvary. That such a man should still be a Way to the Catholic soul, in spite of all the evil wherewith the world and his own conscience revile him, is a miracle as great as Christ or Christianity; for it is in his person that these twin embodiments of the one Mystery meet indefeasibly for witness; and we know, surely, that *their witness is true.*

Seton Hall, South Orange, N. J.

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New Books.

THE WESTERN SCHISM. By Salembier.

The editors of the International Series again show their good judgment in selecting their subject * and the author who is chosen as its expositor. The great Schism of the West—to employ a term which usage rather than the term's correctness has consecrated—is one of the great episodes in the history of the Church. To that melancholy period, when Christendom was divided against itself, and rival parties, and rival claimants to the office of Supreme Pontiff, exhibited more conspicuously the frailty of human nature than the spirit of Pentecost, hostile writers have appealed as to an unanswerable proof against the claim of the Church to apostolic continuity and holiness.

The shades of that tremendous picture have been darkened by Protestant historians; and, at least since the Protestant Reformation, as a result of the exigencies of polemical warfare, many Catholic writers have wasted their time in seeking to excuse or palliate the conduct of prominent personages, and rather neglected to set forth, in its imposing splendor, the testimony which the entire crisis bears to the divine strength which ensures the endurance of the Church. For seventy years pontiff was arrayed against pontiff, kingdom against kingdom, clergy against clergy, and every great party on either side was split up by minorities that supported the opposing faction. As the struggle proceeded, spreading desolation throughout Europe, and bringing in its train a condition approaching to anarchy, the body of the faithful in every land, with the Catholic instinct for unity, implored their leaders to make every sacrifice in order to restore peace once more to the household of the faith. Yet for years every effort at compromise or peace was brought to naught through selfishness or ambition.

When confusion was at its worst; when three rival Popes were excommunicating one another; while the hostility of the three camps was strengthened by all the forces of national rivalries, and, as the result of the confusion of minds, propagators of false doctrine found the times unusually propitious, then, if the Church had been but a work of human policy, as

* *The Great Schism of the West.* By L. Salembier. Translated by M. D. New York: Benziger Brothers.

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Macaulay, in his famous passage, has called her, her doom would have been at hand. To relate this struggle, extenuating nothing regarding the maleficent factors of the case, is to set forth, it may be said, a peremptory inductive proof that in the constitution of the Church there is a power, not of men, which makes for unity and immortality. This proof M. Salembier, who is a professor in the Catholic University of Lille, has unfolded in a form suitable to the general reader, and yet exact enough to merit the approbation of the professional historian. He discharges his task in that spirit of sincerity which it was one of the late Pope's greatest services to the Church to commend effectively to Catholic historians. While he keeps back nothing of the disagreeable truth, he takes pains to present the consoling facts which more than counterbalance the evil. One of his strongest sections is that in which he dwells upon the fact that even during the period when confusion was at its height, in both jurisdictions, the Church's work went on amid the great body and brought forth fruits unto sanctification.

Upon the great question of the struggle—who was the rightful Pope?—M. Salembier adopts the opinion which, thanks to recent investigation, almost all scholars adopt to-day as practically certain. After the death of Gregory XI., in March, 1378, a conclave assembled in Rome, consisting of four Italian, five French, and seven Limousin cardinals. This body elected the Archbishop of Bari, who was crowned as Urban VI. As M. Salembier conclusively shows, these electors were under no coercion; they subsequently ratified their choice, and, in various ways, acknowledged Urban as the duly elected Pontiff. Consequently he and his successors, Boniface IX., Innocent VII., and Gregory XII., were the true successors of St. Peter down till the pacification established by the Council of Constance in 1417 by the election of Martin V. The sudden change in Urban's character immediately after his election, his violent measures, his refusal to accept any advice, and his repeated outbursts of reckless temper—traits which St. Catherine of Siena, the staunch supporter of his claims, begged him, for the love of Jesus Crucified, to mitigate a little—were the entirely insufficient reasons which prompted a majority of the Cardinals who elected him to coalesce afterwards with the Avignon cardinals who had not taken part in the Roman election. This coalition on September 20, at Fondi, elected Robert of Geneva to

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the papal chair. He assumed the title of Clement VII., and the great Schism was begun. Clement died, and his followers elected, as his successor, the Cardinal de Luna, who took the title of Benedict XIII. In detailing the various subsequent phases of the struggle, in which France played an important part, the withdrawal from Benedict, the proceedings of the Council of Pisa, whose attempt at pacification, by declaring the two rivals deposed, and by electing Alexander V., resulted in establishing three claimants instead of two, the author dwells upon the baleful influence which these events afterwards exerted in the growth of Gallicanism in the French Church. He even says that the act of France in breaking with Benedict "paved the way for the despotic proceedings that Napoleon would afterwards carry out with regard to Pius VII." Unless we are to interpret this statement in a very loose sense, it savors of the *post hoc ergo propter hoc* argument. For Napoleon's policy was born, not of Gallicanism, but of the Revolution; and he troubled himself very little, indeed, to justify his despotism by canonical precedent, or by appeals to political procedure under the house of Valois.

Some portions of this work are not smooth narrative, and, consequently, not easy reading. The writer's method of touching on minor incidents interrupts the general flow of the story. But the reader will be amply repaid for this demand on his attention, by the acquaintance he gains with the complicated dealings of the various parties. Here and there, too, one may notice some vacillation in M. Salembier's judgment of some phases and personages. For instance, he tempers his estimates of Clement VII. and of the successor of Alexander V., John XXIII., with a measure of mercy which he withholds from Benedict XIII., whose good faith seems to have been at least as strong, and whose general character was at least as creditable, as that of John XXIII. Most writers agree rather with Von der Hart that, if in Benedict we have a "*lachrymabile exemplum*," John XXIII. offers a "*miserabile spectaculum*," and the latter showed no less hatred than the former for the direct successor of Urban's successor, Gregory XII., whose noble conduct M. Salembier worthily extols.

The lesson of this great struggle, M. Salembier sums up with judicial moderation:

> An epoch of decadence, say some; a century of renaissance,

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say others. A mixed period, we will say, like all the ages of history, but one in which the world-stream carried on in its troubled waters less gold than sand and slime.

Those who expect to find in every period of history an ever brilliant proof of the divinity and sanctity of the Church, are sometimes liable to cruel disappointments. At certain eras, the fact is clearer to the eye of faith than to that of reason.

In a given age, even in a Christian age, we do not always find the Church showing herself in all her glory, without spot or wrinkle, as the bride of Jesus Christ. Still less do we find her as the Church universally venerated and obeyed. Rather must she be compared to the cloud, sometimes dark and sometimes light, which led the Hebrews in their journey towards the land of promise.

The history of the Church, like that of her Divine Master, has a divine and a human side. At certain eras it is the former that shines forth; in the age that we have studied the second is more in evidence. The earthly existence of the Society founded by Jesus Christ sometimes affords matter for criticism and furnishes a pretext for unbelief or strife; but belief in her divine authority surely stores up merit in the sphere of faith, and ever keeps a crown in reserve for the moment of victory.

The Catholic historian who discharges his task in the spirit of M. Salembier is the man who provides the effective antidote to the poison distilled by hostile writers on ecclesiastical history; for, to quote the words of Leo XIII., "studied in this fashion, the history of the Church in itself affords a splendid and conclusive proof of the truth and divinity of Christianity."

A copious and partially classified bibliography is to be found at the end of the volume. The quality of this work, as well as that of the preceding numbers of the series, indicates that the editors of the International Catholic Library are doing an invaluable service to the Church in the English-speaking world.

CONTROVERSY.

The International Catholic Truth Society has issued a new edition of McLaughlin's *Is One Religion as Good as Another?* * under the editorship of the Rev. Dr. Lambert. The indifferentism which, nearly twenty years ago, Father

* *Is One Religion as Good as Another?* Edited by Rev. L. A. Lambert, LL.D. Brooklyn, N. Y.: International Catholic Truth Society

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McLaughlin so ably refuted has not diminished since; so, his excellent little pamphlet is still a timely book. The editor has improved the original by supplementing to it some pages taken from the little book of similar scope, *Does it Matter Much What I Believe?* by Father Otten, S.J. There is no doubt but that, to-day, when everybody reads, and almost everybody concerned is too busy, or too apathetic, to read large books on religious subjects, the short, well-written, popular tract is of much more service for the diffusion and defence of Catholic truth, than the great, formal, controversial, or theological tome, and it would be a superficial view of the matter to fancy that very much less scholarship and ability are required to succeed in the former than in the latter line of authorship. Besides possessing a thorough knowledge of Catholic theology, any one who undertakes to present it effectively to the non-Catholic world to-day must thoroughly understand the mentality to which he addresses himself, and possess the knack of divesting doctrine of its technical clothing, and, without sacrificing accuracy, present it, with forceful logic, in popular language.

No person has devoted himself with more success to this work than Father Otten, whose industrious pen now presents two new pamphlets,* nowise inferior to his former productions. The first one, *The Catholic Church and Modern Society*, contrasts the respective positions of the Catholic Church and the various non-Catholic denominations, as effectual opponents of the naturalism and all-dissolving scepticism of the age. The other booklet is a concise but complete exposition of the sacramental system and the part that it plays in Catholic life. Father Otten, unlike too many former controversialists, understands the psychological fact that to attack directly a man's cherished beliefs is more likely to confirm his antagonism than to force him to surrender.

The surest way to vanquish error is to present the truth. Father Coppens publishes a short historical sketch† of the establishment of the Reformation in Germany, Great Britain,

* *The Catholic Church and Modern Society. The Sacramental Life of the Church.* By Rev. Bernard J. Otten, S.J., Professor of Philosophy in St. Louis University. St. Louis: B. Herder.

† *The Protestant Reformation. How it Was Brought About in Various Lands.* By Rev. Charles Coppens, S.J. St. Louis: B. Herder.

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Switzerland, and the Scandinavian Peninsula; with a brief glance at its fortunes in Ireland, France, and the Netherlands. He introduces his subject with a chapter on abuses in the Church. He shows how Gregory VII. brought about reform in his day; and, the inference is, in due time God would have brought about, through the medium of legitimate authority, a reform of the abuses that existed in the beginning of the sixteenth century. Therefore the disastrous rebellion of the Protestant reformers was not the work of God. Courteous and moderate in tone, Father Coppens ought to make an impression on non-Catholic readers. One is surprised that he has not strengthened his position, as he might easily have done, by precise references to non-Catholic historians; for Protestants will not accept, without challenge, an account of the Reformation from a Catholic pen; and the purpose of this little book is scarcely to convince sincere Catholics that Luther, Knox, Calvin, Henry VIII., and Elizabeth were enemies of the Church of God.

Under the guise of a tale,* the main characters and facts of which, the author assures us, have been drawn from life, a lady with a facile pen, and a command of good, easy English, relates the conversion of three High Church people—a clergyman, a young lady, and a naval officer. Plot there is none, and the narrative is very loosely thrown together. The greater part of the book, and it contains about four hundred and fifty pages—consists of dialogue and conversation, in almost uninterrupted flow, in the course of which nearly every point of faith and practice on which the Catholic Church is in opposition to Anglicanism is persuasively defended and explained. The writer is familiar with the prejudices and distortions which pervert the viewpoint from which Protestants regard Catholic doctrine and discipline. The naval officer's conversion is brought about chiefly through his association with missionaries during his sojourn on the Chinese station, where he has an opportunity to witness the heroic self-sacrifice of the missionaries and the fruits of Catholic faith among their neophytes. In this portion of the story, which is richer in action than the other parts, as well as in her description of some domestic

* *Back in the Fifties. A Tale of Tractarian Times.* By Elizabeth Gagnieur (Alba). Montreal: Sadlier.

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scenes at home, the writer gives evidence that, had such been her purpose, she could have produced a tale that, through the interest of the narrative alone, would hold the reader's attention. As it is, the book is of a kind to interest deeply and assist any person of culture who, from the outside, is turning a longing but uncertain look towards the Church.

SPIRITUAL LITERATURE. When there is only too much evidence that we are witnessing a widespread decline of Christian faith, there is encouragement and hope in the fact that, on the other hand, there never has been, since the Reformation, such an interest as exists to-day in the great mediæval saints and mystical writers of the Catholic Church, especially in St. Francis and his followers, in Thomas à Kempis, and the entire school of Mount St. Agnes. The scholarly edition of the entire works of à Kempis, issued by Dr. Pohl, of Bonn, has been eagerly welcomed. The demand for it has induced Dom Vincent Scully to prepare an English translation * of the volume which consists of the Meditation on the Incarnation and the Sermons on the Life and Passion of our Lord. The great characteristic of these, as of all the writings of à Kempis, is a deep, tender, childlike love of our Lord. The translator, who has rendered his text into thoroughly idiomatic English, has enriched the volume with a highly instructive general and critical introduction.

The Dominican, Father Mézard, who knows his St. Thomas from alpha to omega, has produced, in Latin, two compact little volumes of meditations which, he may justly claim, form a compendium of the great Doctor's teaching on religion and the ascetic life.† Father Mézard has searched all the works of St. Thomas for passages suitable for pious meditation and arranged them in the form of brief meditations for every day of the liturgical year. The words of the original are retained and, usually, references are given to the sources. Only one of the meditations—that on the Immaculate Conception—is not

* *A Meditation on the Incarnation of Christ. Sermons on the Life and Passion of our Lord.* By Thomas à Kempis. Authorized Translation from the Edition of Dr. Pohl. By Dom V. Scully. St. Louis: B. Herder.

† *Meditationes ex Operibus St. Thomæ Deprompte.* Auctore P. D. Mézard, O.P. Tom. I., II. Paris: Lethiellieux.

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taken from St. Thomas. Needless to say, then, that there is not a line of empty phrase-making or fanciful futilities in the entire collection. Every sentence contains a thought which carries true to head and heart.

Another treasure of the middle ages, that is now for the second time presented to English readers, is *The Dialogue of St. Catherine of Siena.** The *Dialogue* was dictated to her amanuensis by St. Catherine while she was in a state of ecstasy. Much of it, as may easily be guessed from the circumstances of its composition, is obscure and mysterious. Yet its general drift is perfectly clear. Catherine traces with a firm hand the way by which the Christian is to pursue righteousness and attain to God. With a profound knowledge of the human heart and of the conditions which prevailed in society during the troubled, distracted age in which she lived, she draws the picture of the vices which she lashes. At other times she discourses with wonderful insight and fervor on the secrets of the spiritual life—prayer, obedience, the attainment of perfect love. Though a great part of these revelations were given with a special view to the deplorable state of society in ecclesiastical and general life that prevailed during the Great Schism, the *Dialogue* has, nevertheless, a permanent value, and will soon become a favorite with those who study it—for it is to be studied, not merely to be read. The translator has prefixed a short but sufficiently detailed sketch of St. Catherine and her times, which helps greatly to a proper understanding of the book. He has added, too, an edifying and touchingly reverent account of the death of the saint by an eye-witness. He has done his work with so much skill and good taste, that one is all the more surprised that he should have fallen into the mistake of giving to the chapter on Catherine's death a title which evokes profane and strangely foreign associations.

Yet three other volumes of meditation, deserving of commendation, remain to be noticed. One is a new edition of the meditations translated from the Italian by the late Bishop Luck of New Zealand, chiefly for the use of religious.† The volume was highly commended, on its first appearance, thirty years ago,

* *The Dialogue of the Seraphic Virgin Catherine of Siena.* Translated from the Italian by Algar Thorold. New York: Benziger Brothers.

† *Short Meditations for Every Day in the Year.* From the Italian. Translated by the Right Rev. John E. Luck, O.S.B. New Edition. New York: Benziger Brothers.

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by Cardinal Manning, and has since become well known among many religious congregations.

Another,* also from the Italian, contains twelve meditations on the Sacred Heart. The meditations are very suitable for use at public novenas or sodality meetings.

Finally *The School of Death*,† for which also we are indebted to an Italian author, consists of thirty meditations on death. Each meditation is developed with a view to inculcate some particular virtue or duty. The reflections are brief, pointed, and well arranged.

DECISIONS OF THE HOLY SEE.

No more timely book could appear just now than one answering clearly, frankly, and fully, the question, What is the value of, and what is the obligation imposed by, pronouncements of the Pope and the various Roman congregations? The question in more specific form is, with increasing frequency, addressed by members of the laity to their spiritual guides, who, owing to the unsatisfactory treatment which the subject has received in many of our theological text-books, are frequently embarrassed to find a precise, accurate answer. A professor in the Jesuit seminary at Hastings, England, the Rev. Lucien Choupin, S.J., has just published a treatise‡ which, for method, clearness, precision, and sincerity, leaves nothing to be desired. In the opening chapters Father Choupin deals with pronouncements which are infallible—the nature and scope of infallibility, its object, and the nature of the adhesion which the faithful must give to such teaching. He next proceeds to discuss the authority of such pontifical encyclicals and constitutions as do not share the guarantee of infallibility, and consequently cannot demand an act of faith, properly speaking, in their contents. Yet these, he shows, impose on all the faithful a weighty obligation of another kind.

As examples of this class, he cites the encyclicals of Leo XIII. He next examines the value of congregational decisions

* *Meditations on the Sacred Heart.* From the Italian. By C. Borgo, S.J. New York: Christian Press Publishing Company.

† *The School of Death.* From the Italian. Translated by the Rev. George Elson, I.C. New York: Benziger Brothers.

‡ *Valeurs des Decisions Doctrinales et Disciplinaires du Saint Siège.* Par Lucien Choupin. Paris: G. Beaucheone.

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doctrinal and disciplinary, with special consideration of the Inquisition and the Index. Here Father Choupin is conspicuously clear; and lays down the principles by which a good many difficulties, which are by no means satisfactorily treated by many writers, are disposed of.

The dogmatic decrees of the Holy Office, he shows, may be confirmed in what is called the ordinary form. In that case such a decree remains an act of the congregation, and does not become an act of the Pope. If the decree is confirmed *in forma specifica*, by the Pope, it becomes an act of the Pontiff. Does it then become an act of the Pope speaking infallibly? It may, or it may not accordingly as the Pope does, or does not, express his will to exercise his prerogative of infallibility. The sense of a doctrinal decision emanating from the supreme authority, but not guaranteed by the prerogative of infallibility is that it is prudent and safe *(sur)* to regard a given proposition as erroneous, etc., or, conformable to Scripture, etc., in the present state of science. Such a decision demands an internal, intellectual assent. Still it is not infallible nor irreformable. The truth or falsehood of the proposition in question is not settled. If, therefore, as rarely occurs, we find solid reasons in favor of a condemned opinion, or against one that has been thus approved, we are humbly and respectfully to present them to the competent authority which will duly weigh them, and, if necessary, may revoke its former ruling.

Father Choupin does not offer any example of a congregation or the supreme authority revoking an erroneous decision in this manner. But when, shortly afterwards, he proceeds to examine the case of Galileo—which he treats with perfect honesty, he applies the principles which he has laid down.

Reviewing the famous case, he cites the text of the two condemnations—that of 1616 and that of 1633. The latter declares that the opinion that the sun is the centre of the universe, and does not move from East to West, and that the earth moves, and is not the centre of the world, is contrary to the Holy Scripture. It afterwards designates this opinion as error and heresy. What is the value of this decree? It is useless, declares Father Choupin, to deny that the heliocentric theory has been condemned as heretical. Useless also to pretend that the Pope has not intervened in the act of condemnation. But he approved the decision only in the ordinary form; consequently

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his infallible authority is nowise engaged in the question. The fact, then, is that both the tribunal of the Holy Office and that of the Holy Inquisition, Father Choupin says, were deceived in declaring that the Copernican system is false in philosophy and opposed to the Holy Scripture; it is neither one nor the other. It is true that these congregations derive their powers from the Pope, but even if they did act under orders from the Pope, his infallibility is not therefore compromised, since he confirmed the decisions only in the ordinary form, and not *in forma specifica*. If this valuable distinction had always been kept in view by zealous apologists, opponents of the Church would not have been so frequently entertained with the spectacle of defenders of truth trying to prove that two and two do not make four.

As Father Choupin observes, in conformity with, and in defense of, his own method against possible criticism, "the best tactics to defend the Church is truth. The difficulty is neither to be disguised nor exaggerated. We must appreciate things at their just value." In dismissing the subject he draws attention to the fact that less than two hundred years after the condemnation, that is in 1822, the Holy See permitted to be printed in Rome books teaching that the earth moves round the sun; and the edition of the Index which appeared in 1835 no longer exhibits in the list of condemned books those which teach the heliocentric theory. It is not to be expected that a Roman Congregation will explicitly admit that it has blundered. To do so would be the ruin of its authority. But when, within the comparatively short period of two hundred years, it reverses its policy in deference to the unanswerable arguments of science, who can reasonably contend that Rome is the enemy of scientific progress?

Father Choupin treats in detail the Syllabus of Pius IX. The history of that document is traced, and each of its propositions explained by reference to the context of the pronouncement in which it first appeared—a method of interpretation which, in many instances, modifies considerably the apparent import of the proposition as it stands detached in the Syllabus. The author's judgment on the doctrinal value of the Syllabus is:

> If we cannot say with certainty that the Syllabus is an *ex cathedra* definition, or that it is guaranteed in all its parts by

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the infallibility of the Church, it is at least, without contradiction, an act of the Sovereign Pontiff, a doctrinal decision of the Pope, authoritative in the universal Church, and, therefore, entitled to the obedience and respect of all the faithful.

It is to be regretted that this work is in French; an English translation would, we are sure, be welcomed.

PROVERBS AND PHRASES. Appreciating the educative value of a good collection of proverbs, "the wheat which remains after a whole world of talk has sifted through innumerable minds," and offended by the vulgarity or indecency of much that is to be found in extant collections, the author of the present compilation* offers a book of proverbs to which no exception can be taken on the ground of impropriety. He has brought together a large number from various languages. But the collection is by no means complete. We miss many of the most sparkling gems of proverbial wisdom, not alone from foreign nations but from the vernacular. In compensation, there is a large number of popular quotations from classic authors, ancient and modern, which can hardly be ranked as proverbs, or even as proverbial sayings.

LITERARY CRITICISM. A successful candidate for the degree of Doctor in Philosophy at the Catholic University of Washington, has, with happy results, taken as the subject of his obligatory dissertation a point in the development of the early English drama.† The precise scope of his study is thus defined by himself:

> With a view of ascertaining one line of family resemblance (in the early dramatic forms, the liturgical drama, biblical cycles, and moral plays) I propose to indicate in the earliest attempts at dramatic expression in England the playwright's effort to present on the stage the activity of the human faculties—reason, will, and perception—as seen in their moral bearing on the individual's life in the light of mediæval Christianity.

An academic dissertation that will satisfy an exacting exam-

* *Proverbs and Proverbial Phrases.* By C. F. O'Leary. St. Louis: B. Herder.

† *Character Treatment in the Mediæval Drama.* By Timothy J. Crowley, C.S.C. Notre Dame, Indiana: Ave Maria Press.

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ining faculty must avoid the picturesque, and devote itself to dry scientific analysis. Mr. Crowley has, however, triumphed over the limitations imposed upon him by the conditions which called forth his study, and has succeeded in presenting his subject attractively, with a wealth of knowledge of the literature of and insight into his problem, so that he may be read not alone for instruction but also for entertainment.

Among a collection of papers by Mr. Baldwin,* most of which have already appeared in *The Atlantic Monthly* or elsewhere, are four or five that are good examples of sound literary criticism of that old-fashioned type which, with good taste and a knowledge of life as well as of books, exhibited sound common sense, displaced now-a-days too frequently by crude psychologising, or ambitious attempts at philosophic generalization. In "My Friend Copperfield" the question of whether or not Dickens is to be classed as a realist is ably discussed. The influence of Sterne in French literature Mr. Baldwin traces especially in Xavier de Mæstre's delightful little story *Voyage Autour de Ma Chambre.* Essaying to determine what is the secret of John Bunyan's undying power, Mr. Baldwin rejects the common opinion that Bunyan formed his syle on the Bible. Bunyan, he holds, did not form his style from books at all.

> In the last analysis, Bunyan's style is as unliterary as possible, as uninfluenced by literature, as true to the ways of common spoken speech—in a word, as oral as any that was ever put into a book. It is the speech of a genius; but it is still common speech. It is common speech transmuted by an intense originality. As the artistic expressive instinct of other authors uses their literary inheritance in ways so individual as to show their own creative originality, so Bunyan used the popular oral inheritance. There is his originality. He used the common speech; but he used it as it had never been used before. He talked like Tom, Dick, and Harry; but he talked as they could never dream of talking, in that he talked like himself.

Are you among the aspiring throngs whose ambition it is to enter on the highly remunerative career of writing short stories for that munificent Mæcenas, the popular magazine? If you are, then, in the language of the personal column, you will

* *Essays Out of Hours.* By Charles Sears Baldwin. New York: Longmans, Green & Co.

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find it to your advantage to read Mr. Baldwin's study on that form.

A volume of Shakespearian criticism* which, on its first appearance in 1870, received the high approbation of Edwin Booth, and yet never became as widely known as it deserved, is now republished. It is the *Review of Shakespeare's Tragedy of Hamlet*, by the late George Henry Miles. A poet and a dramatist himself, with the gift of eloquence and striking originality, Miles put all his powers, including his faculty for unbounded admiration and idealization, into this essay. For him Shakespeare is the prince of literature, and Hamlet is the child of Shakespeare's predilection upon whom he lavished all the riches of his genius. Miles repels with scorn the theory that Hamlet was a weakling:

> There is never a storm in Hamlet over which the "noble and most sovereign reason" of the young prince is not as "visibly dominant as the rainbow," the crowning grace and glory of the scene. Richard is the mind nearest Hamlet in scope and power; but it is the jubilant wickedness, the transcendent dash and courage of the last Plantaganet that rivet his hold on the audience; whereas, the most salient phase of Hamlet's character is his superb intellectual superiority to all comers, even to his most dangerous assailant, madness.

With wonderful insight into the technique of the dramatic art, Miles reviews all the chief scenes and speeches of the tragedy, and marshals, in favor of his view, argument after argument, till they assume a cumulative force which is almost irresistible. If sometimes one suspects that he discovers meanings in a situation, a phrase, or an ellipsis in the elaboration of the action—and, in his eyes, Shakespeare is never so elliptical as he is here—which seem to be read into the text, nevertheless, whatever opposite view one may have hitherto adopted, must henceforth justify itself against these arguments urged with so much eloquence. Let us hear him urge his theme on the crucial point of Hamlet's seeming vacillation regarding the killing of the king:

> With inimitable skill, the mighty dramatist details precisely the forfeiture of soul from which Hamlet, except in one wild tumult of delirious wrath, steadily recoils. Hamlet's hands are tied by conscience and faith; Laertes has practically

**A Review of Hamlet.* By George Henry Miles. New Edition. New York: Longmans, Green & Co.

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> neither; has a talent for blasphemy; delights in daring the gods to do their worst; would be glad to cut a throat in the church. Yet how pitifully dwarfed is the son of Polonius beside the son of the Sea-King! How he quails before the royal pair that in Hamlet's grasp were powerless as sparrows in the clutch of an eagle! It seems as if Shakespeare had anticipated the demand for more dash in his hero, and presented the type of a fast young soldier only to exalt the grandeur of the too misconstrued prince. Those who point to Laertes' prompt action to revenge his father's death, in contrast to Hamlet's delay, forget that Hamlet's father was thought to have died a natural death. Hamlet had no *proof* to verify his suspicions; his only witness was the Ghost! Beside the measured, principled retribution of Hamlet, the revenge of Laertes is vulgar, cowardly, and criminal; his anathemas but the coarse mouthings of a school boy.

Miles sees in Hamlet superb intellectual strength and a strong and tender conscience which guides the whole course of the prince's conduct. And, he argues, the secret of the tragedy's hold on men is that it mirrors forth the struggle between passion and conscience, and the sharp antithesis between fate and providence; and throws across the action of life the deep shadow of the world to come.

> It is the only play of Shakespeare's in which our interest in the central figure is compelled to extend itself beyond the grave. When Lear, Macbeth, or Othello dies, our connection with them is dissolved; their mortality is the only thing that concerns us. Whereas, in Hamlet, we find ourselves gazing after him into that undiscovered country from whose bourne no traveller returns. . . . Hamlet is not directly on trial for the loss of his soul, but the question of eternal loss or gain is constantly suggested. The critical awe and popular love it (the play) never fails to awaken can only be attributed to that rare but sovereign charm with which the highest human genius can sometimes invest a religious mystery. There is a poetic compulsion that after the fatal defeat of so blameless a youth, after a career of such unexampled, unprovoked agony, there should be in distinct perspective, the ineffable amends of a hereafter.

There is more education in this book than is to be found in many specimens of what are called, through courtesy or bland presumption, courses of English Literature.

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THE WELDING. By McLaws.

The past decade has seen innumerable novels and plays dealing with the Civil War. Some of them told their story dramatically and well; others painted memorable portraits of one or two of the great men of the period; there was at first a distinct purpose to lay bare the horrors of a slave-holding community from the Northern viewpoint—and of late there has been a growing tendency to turn the other side of the shield and portray the more generous and beautiful characteristics of the much-suffering South. To review, wide-eyed and open-minded, the whole stupendous problem ten—twenty years ago, would have been an impossible thing; even now it is a thoroughly difficult matter—thrice difficult within the artistic limitations of the novel. Yet Miss McLaws has attempted no less a task, and has achieved it most creditably.* In the life-story and love-story of David Twiggs Hamilton—born son of a Georgia cracker, later page in Congress and captain in the Confederate army—we are face-to-face with conditions before and during the war. We listen to the memorable debates of Webster, Clay, and Calhoun; when, before the Congress of 1849–50, "the national skeleton, slavery, threatened to break from its confines" and blacken with its grim shadow the whole face of the land.

It may be noted just here that Miss McLaws writes from a standpoint unique and particularly favorable to her purpose—the standpoint of one whose head is with the North and abolition, but whose heart is unalterably loyal to the South. With infinite patience and admirable tact she traces the further tangling of the threads, the futile compromises, the rising fever of enmity on both sides of the line. David Hamilton was no "fire-eater," with the wiser and saner heads of the South he abhorred secession. Yet, when the blow was struck, he stood ready to shed his blood for Georgia. "That is just the point whereon the North and the South fail to understand each other," he writes to his Northern sweetheart. "We, the people of the South, are citizens of our States, the Northern people are citizens of the Union." To-day we see how this failure to understand brought about the inevitable dissolution; and how, in the wisdom of God, the Nation was welded from the ruins of the Union.

* *The Welding.* By Lafayette McLaws. Boston: Little, Brown & Co.

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The more personal side of the narrative is constantly interesting, and we heartily congratulate Miss McLaws on her work.

The library of ascetical and mystical literature * which is being published by Herder, of St. Louis, is one which we recommend most enthusiastically and earnestly to priests. The volumes, from a material point of view, are tastefully and durably bound in leather; the paper is of the best; the type clear and the printing well-done. The publishers have spared neither time nor money in the production of the volumes, and surely they merit the financial support of those in whose interests the work is done. Moreover, the price is surprisingly low, when one considers the workmanship and the fact that the volumes are printed entirely in Latin.

The matter of the books before us show that the library will embrace, as Cardinal Fischer in his preface states, the most valuable contributions to spiritual literature, with which every priest ought to be familiar. And there is special fruit, as the Cardinal continues, to be gained by reading these works in the Latin tongue.

The two volumes already issued include the *Memoriale Vitæ Sacerdotalis*, by Claudius Arvisenet; the classical treatise *De Sacrificio Missæ*, by Cardinal Bona; and the *Manuale Vitæ Spiritualis*, by Blosius. The editor of the series, Father Lehmkuhl, S.J., promises to publish in subsequent volumes treatises of St. Francis de Sales; Ven. de Ponte; St. Thomas Aquinas; St. Theresa; and many others.

Our thanks are due to the publishers for putting within our reach works of such special value, and again we recommend them heartily to every priest.

A collection of familiar Irish songs and airs is presented in *Irish Songs* † by N. Clifford Page, who edited the songs and arranged the piano accompaniment. The airs are both old and new; and modern Irish songs are included.

* *Bibliotheca Ascetica Mystica.* Series OperumSelectorum quæ consilio Card. Fischer denuo edenda curavit A. Lehmkuhl S.J. *Memoriale Vitæ Sacerdotalis.* Auctore C. Arvisenet. *De Sacrificio Missæ.* Auctore Cardinal Bona. *Manuale Vitæ Spiritualis*, continens L. Blosii Opera Selecta. St. Louis: B. Herder.

† *Irish Songs.* By N. Clifford Page. Boston: Oliver Ditson Company.

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Foreign Periodicals.

The Tablet (23 Nov.): Francis Thompson is said to have been a "Catholic poet in a sense so complete and significant as the student of his life may find to be unique."——*The Tablet* is pleased to note the "noble and dignified" attitude assumed by *The Dublin Review* at this trying time.——Another authoritative article from the *Osservatore Romano* is quoted as saying that "even though there might be in Newman's works some pages or sentences which were not absolutely in conformity with the mind of the Encyclical itself, it is altogether absurd to try to argue from this that Newman personally is condemned as a Modernist."

(30 Nov.): The writer of the Literary Notes speaks incidentally of the Catholic Encyclopedia as a work which may haply help to unite the scattered forces of Catholicism.——By virtue of the latest Motu Proprio the Biblical Commission now ranks as a new Roman Congregation.

(7 Dec.): Quotes address delivered by Abbé Gaudeau to the Catholic Institute of Paris. He affirms that the recent Encyclical must be considered an infallible document.——Gratification is expressed over the results of the Roman examinations; English-speaking students made an unprecedented record.——The Roman correspondent states also that the elevation of Mgr. Kennedy to the hierarchy is a well-merited recognition of his zeal in raising funds for the American College.——The College of Cardinals has received two new members, both Italians, Mgr. Gasparri and Mgr. de Lai.——Newman, as a poet, is contrasted with the late Francis Thompson; the Cardinal is said to be the seer of faith; Thompson the singer of contrition.

(14 Dec.): Rev. H. C. Castle, C.SS.R., contributes a supplementary study to Wiseman on the Sixth Chapter of St. John.——The first steps in the beatification of Pius IX. have been taken at Rome. The processes of two other well-known servants of God have also been advanced, Mother Barat and Ven. Mother Postel.——The Silver Jubilee of Cardinal Rampolla's episcopal consecration was celebrated recently.——The Bishop of Newport's Advent Pastoral is given in full. It is an explanation of

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the Encyclical, "Pascendi Gregis." All Catholics are urged to study their religion, for, the Bishop says, "It is a rare thing to find Catholics in these days who have any grasp of the length and breadth of their own religion."

(21 Dec.): The cruise of the American fleet to the Pacific cannot fail to prove a magnificent object-lesson to the world of the strength and enterprise of the American Republic.——The death of the Very Rev. Wm. Canon Greaney is noted.

The Month (Dec.): Rev. Sydney F. Smith's article, entitled "The Revision of the Vulgate," gives a brief history of the several revisions of the Vulgate and an exposition of the principles on which the new revision will be carried out. It discredits the assertion of Rev. H. J. White, in his article on the Vulgate in *Hasting's Bible Dictionary*, that Papal authorization for the revision of the Vulgate is intended to prevent private investigation for further improvement of the text. The article enumerates the different sources from which the material for the revision is to be drawn. It also mentions the fact, lately announced, that Abbot Gasquet is President of the "Revisory Committee."——"A Comparative Study of Blessed Edmund Campion and Cardinal Newman," by Rev. Thomas Wright, draws attention to characteristic features common to both lives.——Thomas Dale, in "Latent Catholicism in Certain Oxford Writers," claims that the writings of Matthew Arnold, Ruskin, and Browning have been most influential in leading the thinking element of Protestantism into the Catholic Church.——"The Blessed Sacrament and the Holy Grail," by Rev. Herbert Thurston, calls attention to the apparent impetus given to the devotion to the Blessed Sacrament as a result of the legend of the Holy Grail.

The Expository Times (Dec.): Prof. Sayce begins a new presentation of the archæology of the Book of Genesis.——F. W. Lewis protests against what he calls the critical habit of comparing St. John's Gospel with the Synoptics, to the disparagement of the former. He asks whether any one has as yet shown that the portrait of Christ given by the first three Gospels is complete, and maintains that to make Mark a standard whereby to judge

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the Gospel of John is a begging of the question.—— Gregory's Canon and Text of the New Testament is reviewed by Rev. James Moffatt, who finds in it very much of real merit and very little deserving of adverse criticism. The work is not written exclusively for scholars, nor burdened with quotations in foreign languages.

International Journal of Ethics (Jan.): The Moral Development of the Native Races in South Africa, by Ramsden Balmforth, states that the theological and moral concepts of a civilized people are apt to be meaningless to a race yet undeveloped, and consequently that successful missionary propaganda demands a concomitant educational propaganda.——John A. Ryan discusses the morality of Stock Watering. Stock Watering is typical of almost all the improper practices of corporations. It is typical, because it is essentially an attempt to get excessive and unjust profits on capital. It has its origin in the greed that is not satisfied with reasonable returns. To this desire for excessive profits, is due all that is formidable or worth considering in the current opposition to corporations.——Chester Holcombe, compares Oriental Ethics with Western Systems.——Ira W. Howerth writes on the Social Ideal.

Le Correspondant (25 Nov.): An anonymous contributor describes the Sinn Fein agitation.——M. Leblond is of the opinion that the success of France's colonial policy in North Africa depends almost entirely upon the quality of education given the natives. For this reason he contends that it is the duty of the French government to give every encouragement to the missionaries who are the natural educators.——M. Enlart's *Manual of French Archæology* is criticised most favorably by Louis de Sommerard.

(10 Dec.): The Church is not the enemy of science, concludes Mgr. Mignot. She does not accept every unfledged hypothesis; but she has never refused to recognize the attested discoveries of scientists.——An account of the life and works of Albert Sorel, the eminent diplomatic and political historian, is contributed by M. de Laborie.——The necessity of instituting a sweeping reform in the management of European libraries is the

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theme of an article by A. Britsch.——Fénelon Gibou criticises the recent report on the liquidation of the suppressed congregations, made to the President of France. Its statements here and there are false, and, on the whole, the report is inaccurate.

ades (5 Dec.): M. de la Taille has a picturesque critique of Modernism in his lecture upon the recent Encyclical. He rakes the philosophy of the Modernists with classical allusion, and defends the Pope's order for a return to St. Thomas' philosophy, by pointing to the present revival of Gothic architecture.——M. Sortais has a paper on Michael Angelo and the history of the artist's turbulent relations with Pope Julius II.——M. Paul Dudon has an article on the problem of recruiting the French clergy.

(20 Dec.): A paper on the philosophical remains of the late poet, Sully Prudhomme, is the first in this issue.—— The article on Michael Angelo is concluded.——Most interesting to Americans is the review by M. d'Alès of the new Catholic Encyclopedia, Vol. I. The writer finds no words strong enough to express his appreciation of the American enthusiasm which brought forward so monumental a work.

nales de Philosophie Chrétienne (Dec.): L. Leleu continues and concludes his article on "Mysticism and its Relations with Ontology."——A. Godard gives a lively, running sketch of the history of the popes at Avignon.——C. Huit begins a dissertation upon Platonism in France in the eighteenth century.——In the course of a review of a work on the early life of Lamennais, by A. Feugère, Maurice Masson writes some sympathetic pages on the psychological and temperamental side of the personality of the ever-to-be-pitied Lamennais. M. Masson thinks that a remembrance of Lamennais' early ill-health, his characteristic melancholy of soul, and his unsatisfied longings for personal affection is indispensable to an understanding of his later rebellion.——C. Dessoulavy reviews Mr. Campbell's volume on *The New Theology* with more tenderness than we have seen it treated by any other opponent. He attributes the wide notoriety of the book largely to the rarity of the spectacle of a synthesis of liberal theology proceeding from

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a minister of the Gospel, and he seems to indicate a suspicion that Mr. Campbell, with deliberate choice, adopted the method of liberalizing theology in order to hold a congregation that would have melted away from him had he preached orthodoxy.——G. Deltour reviews M. Chauvin's work on *The Ideas of M. Loisy on the Fourth Gospel.* He takes M. Chauvin severely to task for his method and his bias. The only proper way to answer M. Loisy is, first to penetrate into his mind, and grasp the *ensemble* of his exegesis. It is futile to attempt to refute his conclusions by aligning against them a motley throng of opinions from various scholars.

Revue du Clergé Français (1 Dec.): The editor rejoices over the success of the past twelve years of the *Revue*, and its prospect for the future.——M. Lepin examines, in detail, the narrative of the resurrection of Lazarus, with a view to proving that Loisy's thoroughly allegorical interpretation is generally forced and frequently fanciful. ——L. Maisonneuve concludes his study of the theory of miracles, examining Le Roy's ideas on their constitution and apologetic value. He finds that Le Roy's views on this matter do such violence to tradition and to philosophy that they are untenable. Le Roy's errors spring from his Hegelian idealism. M. Maisonneuve thinks it unfortunate that Catholic thinkers should try to reconcile dogma with the "dialectics, the autonomies, and the categories" of Kant, which alone made possible the "delirium" of Fichte, Schelling, and Hegel.——J. Turmel criticises rather sharply the work of O. Blank on the teaching of St. Augustine on the Holy Eucharist. Turmel evidently thinks that the traditional explanations of St. Augustine's apparent unbelief in the Real Presence, are disingenuous, if not dishonest.

Stimmen aus Maria-Laach (28 Nov.): A. Baumgartner. S.J., contributes an article on the poet Joseph von Eichendorff apropos of the fiftieth anniversary of his death. He discusses his works and shows his influence in the development of Catholic literature in Germany.——J. Bessmer, S.J. finishes his treatise on "Docility of Faith." ——H. A. Krose, S.J., discusses the results of the German census of 1905 with regard to religious confession.

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While the Catholic population, in proportion to the Protestant, had increased very little since the founding of the empire, in the years 1900–1905 the Catholic proportion noticeably increased; but this was due largely to immigrants from Russia, Hungary, and Italy. Unfortunately many of these immigrants, who settled chiefly in Protestant parts, are being lost to the Church through zealous Protestant propaganda. Thus in the little kingdom of Saxony alone, since 1900, not less than 5,772 Catholics have been induced to apostatize.——Chr. Pesch, S.J., in "The Conclusion of the Schell Affair," points out in what doctrines Schell's errors lay, and how these are to be avoided.

(1 Jan.): H. J. Cladder, S.J., speaks of the Encyclical "Pascendi" and Modernism, showing that the letter of the Pope does not impede the progress of knowledge, but rather the false philosophy on which Modernism is based.——St. Beissel, S.J., in an article, "Modern Art in Catholic Churches," illustrates the favorable attitude always taken by the Church towards new forms in art and style corresponding to the taste of the ages.——V. Cathrein, S.J., in a paper on "Protection of Animals and Christian Obligation," answers accusations made by Protestant "Societies for preventing cruelty to animals."——J. Bessmer, S.J., has an article, "The word of God," in which he discusses the errors and methods of the Modernists, and especially of Loisy.

Revue Pratique d'Apologétique (1 Dec.): In the opening article M. Lebreton discusses the study of Christian origins. Against those who minimize the value, or fear the results, of these historical inquiries, he maintains the necessity and helpfulness of a thoroughly scientific investigation of the concrete facts on which Christianity rests. In the second part of the essay he deals with the objection that we Catholics cannot study these questions calmly and impartially, because our deepest interests are too much bound up with their answers, and also because our answer to every important question is determined in advance. He grants that the orders issued by Church authorities sometimes call for sacrifices on the part of scholars, but he maintains that those sacrifices

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are, in the long run, beneficial.——M. Touyard gives a brief sketch of the times in which Amos lived, dwelling particularly on the political, social, and religious condition of Israel. The second part of his article is a study of the prophet himself.——H. Lesêtre treats of the historicity of Samson and his adventures.

(15 Dec.): M. Guibert develops an argument for the existence of God from the scientific facts that the usable energy of the world is constantly decreasing, and that life has a beginning.——M. Touyard concludes his study of the prophet Amos by a summary analysis of his teaching.——A third article consists of a discourse delivered by Cardinal Mercier, at the University of Louvain, on the recent Encyclical and Philosophy.

La Civiltà Cattolica (7 Dec.): Contains the Latin and Italian text of the "Motu Proprio" of Pius X., upon the decisions of the Pontifical Biblical Commission, giving the censures and punishments decreed against those who disobey the prescriptions against the errors of the Modernists.——A sketch of St. John Chrysostom viewed from 1907—the fifteenth centennial of his death—and in the light of the saint's three great characteristics—his love of solitude, his hatred of dignity, and his wonderful preaching.——"Modernistic Philosophy," an examination of the philosophy of the Modernists, in which the writer states that "to Modernism—except by way of misnomer—is wrongly attributed the name of Philosophy or the epithet Philosophic."

(21 Dec.): "The War Upon the Catechism" is an attack upon the "Masonic-Radical-Socialistic" movement in Italy to exclude the Catechism from the lay schools. ——"Nietzsche and Immorality," an examination of Nietzsche's Philosophy with reference to the "Study of the Moral Problem" treated in previous issues.

Studi Religiosi (Sept.–Dec.): Professor Minocchi, the editor, announces the suspension of his magazine with this issue. Running through the seven years of its life, he describes its aims, struggles, and the causes which have now induced him to withdraw it from the field. It has stood for progress in religious science, but with the advent of the Encyclical "Pascendi," finding himself at a

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loss to distinguish between what is modern and what is "modernistic," he sees no alternative but dignified retirement.——The present crisis of Catholicism in Germany is described—the history of the Schell affair; the Congress of Wurzburg; the crisis proper.

Razón y Fe (Dec.): The complete Latin text of the Encyclical "Pascendi" is followed by an explanatory article from the pen of L. Murillo.——J. M. Aicardo writes of the religious poetry of Lope de Vega.——Ruiz Amado concludes his discussion of the needs and reformation of the Spanish educational system.——Pablo Pastells gives a few pages from the history of the sixteenth century struggle between the Spaniards and Portuguese over the Philippines.——Pablo Hurnandez, in an article about the expulsion of the Jesuits from the Paraguayan Missions, clears the Portuguese minister, Carvalho, of the charge that he fathered the opposition to the Jesuits.——Julio Furgús describes two relics of Moorish art discovered at a comparatively recent date—one the partly decipherable epitaph of some distinguished Moor; the other a handsome metallic vase.

Theologisch Practische Quartalschrift (Jan.): Rev. Albert Weis, O.P., contributes the first of a series of articles on "The Christian Basis." It is absurd to broaden the application of this term so as to make it incompatible with the idea of a church organization or system of doctrine, as many wish to do. "Christianity really exists only in the form of the Church and was never realized in any other way."——Rev. Georg Wagnleithner presents for catechists an outline of lessons from the catechism, with examples from the Holy Scriptures, for inculcating in the youth a love of purity.——Dr. Vinzenz Hartl writes of the present-day exegetical questions in their relation to popular education. He sketches these questions briefly, with the solutions offered by Von Hummelauer. The present questions, compared with those which agitated men's minds in the past, are far less weighty.——B. Eyckmans, S.J., writes of an institution founded by the Jesuits in France and Belgium for the purpose of giving to workingmen a chance to make a short spiritual retreat under intelligent direction.

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Current Events.

France.

The military system of France is not so popular as the advocates of efficiency would wish. In opposition to the advice of the highest officers, and against the urgent recommendation of the Minister for War, the Chamber of Deputies has voted for the reduction of the period of military service for reservists. The motive of the members of the Assembly was the desire to please their constituents; but the fact that a shortening of the term of service will please them is significant.

The sentence passed upon M. Hervé, that he should be imprisoned for a year and pay a fine, shows, however, that attacks upon the army are not to be made with impunity. Attacks upon religion may be made and no voice is raised in protest. The army and its discipline, however, are too sacred for a word to be said against them. Without discipline where would be the army? and without the army where would the country be? Safety still depends upon force. That this should be the case proves how little progress has yet been made.

M. Hervé is not the only one who has made attacks upon the army. He is an outsider; within its ranks the same spirit has shown itself. In various regiments stationed in the south a number of soldiers manifested an anti-militarist spirit, shouting, "A bas l'armée," they refused to obey and sang, after arrest, anti-militarist songs. They were sentenced to long terms of imprisonment. How widespread this spirit is no one knows. Even in the schools it has made its appearance. The father of a boy has been allowed damages on account of the unpatriotic teaching given by a teacher who was a follower of M. Hervé.

It took six weeks to pass through the House of Deputies the Briand Bill for the devolution of Church property. The supporters of the Bill declared that its opponents acted in an obstructive manner; but the fact is that the bill is of such a confiscatory character that among even the Radical Republicans it is looked upon as dangerous to the rights of property; and even their hatred of the Church could not persuade them

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to support it. Consequently, the majority in its favor was only 177. The Senate has not yet passed judgment upon it.

Very little is heard of the promised social reforms which were so much to the front at the opening of Parliament. The imposition of an income tax, which formed an important part of this legislation, has proved so unpopular that other means of raising money have been adopted.

The death of the Minister of Justice has led to the transference of that Portfolio to M. Briand. The latter, however, while relinquishing the headship of the ministry of Education, still retains that of Worship—although, as the state connection with Worship has ceased, it is hard to see what room there is for such a ministry.

Germany.

What was hailed by some writers in the newspapers as the dawning of a new era of ministerial responsibility to Parliament has proved merely one of the political expedients rendered necessary by the continental system, which makes a minister depend upon the co-operation of a number of small parties. As a rule, these parties approximate somewhat closely to each other in their aims and principles; but Prince Bülow's *bloc* is made up of extremists, who in internal affairs have almost nothing in common. The main rallying points are the external policy and a common hostility to the Catholic Centre and to the Social Democrats. The smothered hostility of certain spokesmen of the National Liberal party, one of the constituent elements of the *bloc*, having burst forth in outspoken criticism, Prince Bülow gave a clear intimation that he would resign if they did not come into line. This they have done after some little hesitation. All that has been recognized is the expediency for co-operation. Prince Bülow no more looks upon himself as responsible to the Parliament now than before. This step forward has still to be taken, nor is there any immediate prospect of its being taken.

The Prince's hope for the success of his government, as he himself declared, is in being able to settle certain practical questions by the mutual co-operation of parties opposed to one another in their principles. These principles they are not to be called upon to abandon. The Conservatives may remain Conservatives, but must lay aside reaction—at all events for the present. Liberals must hold in check the excrescences which find

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favor in the streets. The doctrinaire spirit must be laid aside; self-renunciation practised; party egoism curbed. He looked forward to the combination of the old Prussian Conservative energy and discipline with the broad-minded Liberalism of the German spirit. While there would remain uplifted heads in Germany yet they would be anointed with a goodly drop of democratic oil.

The practical questions upon which Prince Bülow hopes for agreement include proposals for the amendment of the laws of public meeting. Under the present law the police officer, the representative of the government, sits by the side of the chairman of the meeting; and if anything is said which meets with his august disapprobation, by the simple expedient of putting on his helmet the meeting is dissolved. The new proposals recognize the fact that all men, and not merely officials, are, according to the scholastic definition, rational animals, and should therefore be treated as such. It will not, if these proposals become law, be enough for the officer to put on his helmet, but he will have to open his mouth and give his reasons before the meeting is dissolved. But, as he remains the sole judge as to the goodness of these reasons, not much is gained. No step forward, however, is to be despised. While this relaxation of arbitrary action will please the Liberal element in the *bloc*, the Conservative element is to be conciliated by the provision that only the German language is to be spoken at public meetings. This is looked upon as an outrage by the Poles, by the Alsatians and Lorrainers, and by the Danes on the borderland, and has caused a great outcry.

Other proposals of the government include a mitigation of the existing savage and demoralizing law of *lèse majesté*, which imposes heavy penalties upon all who make remarks which are looked upon as derogatory to the Emperor or any member of his family, and encourages the odious practice of espionage. The Bourse laws which prohibit, and, in our opinion, rightly prohibit, certain practices of which Wall Street is fond, are to be altered in deference to the desire of dealers in stocks and shares. Certain social ameliorations are also promised. The main preoccupation of the government is to find the means of raising more money. The deficit of the past year and the plans for the increase of the fleet make this an urgent necessity, while the difficulty is so great that no satisfactory solution of

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the problem has yet been found. The misguided persons who have apprehensions of the foreign policy of Germany feel some little consolation from this fact.

The policy of Germanization of the alien races, which is the motive for allowing no other language except German to be spoken at public meetings, finds a more emphatic expression in the bill which has been laid before the Prussian Diet to expropriate against their will, and to deprive of their lands, the Poles in Prussian Poland. This proposal has excited great resentment, not only among the unfortunate inhabitants of Posen, but also among the members of the same nationality in the Austrian Empire. These constitute in the Austrian Reichsrath a not uninfluential body, and their indignation was so great at what they compared to a mediæval plundering raid, that they set aside all the rules and regulations of international comity which forbids the interference of one nation's parliament in the affairs of any other country. A solemn protest was made against the proposed expropriation, in which not only Poles took part but the other branches of the Slavs—Czechs and Slovenes, Serbs and Croatians, Old Ruthenes and Slav Social Democrats. The discussion was ruled to be out of order; but, as the Slavs constitute the overwhelming majority of the population of Austria, the indignation which is felt by so many may have an effect upon the foreign policy of Austria and lead to a still further weakening of the Triple Alliance.

With reference to France and Morocco Prince Bülow has in express terms recognized that the French government had no choice but to take the measures which it has taken in self-defence, and that no infringement had been made of the Act of Algeciras. On their part the declarations of the Prince are recognized by the French Press generally as satisfactory; but there are not wanting, however, some who express the desire that the deeds of the Germans should be brought into fuller harmony with these declarations of their Chancellor, and attribute the troubles which have arisen in Morocco to the belief entertained by the Sultan that the Powers were divided—a belief based upon the action of certain German agents.

The German Emperor's visit to England and the warm welcome which he received from not only the Court but the people have, in the opinion of the Chancellor, dissipated the cloud of misunderstanding which, for so long a time, has thrown its

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shadow over the relations between the two countries. The result of this visit and of the other visits which have been made, and of the agreements which have been entered into, afford strong grounds for the hope that peace is well secured for an indefinite period. There are always possibilities of war—but there is no probability of a European war in the near future.

The enlargement of the ship-building programme, of which mention was made last month, has by no means satisfied the wishes of the German Navy League. It has published an appeal for a still greater increase, an appeal which has met with the condemnation not merely of members of the Centre, but also of the Conservative Right. A still more important blow has been dealt to the League in consequence of the election of General Keim to the office of President. This election has led to the resignation of the head of the Bavarian branch, the heir to the throne, Prince Rupert. Large numbers of Bavarians who were members of the League have followed the Prince's example. In Baden also there have been numerous secessions with the approval, it is said, of the Grand Duke. It was General Keim, it may be remembered, who took, in the last general election, aggressive action against the Catholic Centre and tried to raise the *furor Protestanticus*. Numerous secessions were threatened at the time, but a compromise was made by which these secessions were averted. The election of the offending general has re-opened the whole question. It is rumored that the Emperor himself is against the general. If this should be the case his retirement might take place, and the dissolution of the League be avoided. The influence which the Navy League possesses is all against the maintenance of peace; for this reason no great regret can be felt that this influence should suffer diminution. In the opinion of some of the North Germans, too, the Navy League has gradually become pernicious, inasmuch as it incites the North and the South against each other, and persistently fosters mistrust abroad. Its agitation was the source of the constant irritation which threatened to put Germany at enmity with the whole world.

The second trial of Herr Harden has resulted in the reversal of the judgment of the lower Court. The evidence given at the second trial seems to have made it certain that Herr Harden was mistaken both in regard to the practices of the accused and of the existence of a *Camarilla*.

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Austria-Hungary.

In several important respects matters have gone well with the Dual Monarchy. The Treaty which regulates the commercial relations between Austria and Hungary, which, as has been already mentioned, has been concluded between the two governments, has now received the necessary sanction of the two Parliaments, and this long-standing subject of contention will be no longer a matter of controversy. That Hungary should have acquiesced in an arrangement by which an increased quota is paid by her towards the common expenses, and which perpetuates the dual system against which the Independence Party now ruling has for so long set itself, seems to indicate a return to saner and more moderate counsels. The adoption of this wiser course towards Austria may, however, be due to the results of the attitude which the Magyars have taken towards the Croats and the other non-Magyar races. It was only by a manœuvre that the bill ratifying the treaty was got through the Hungarian House. The obstructive tactics adopted by the Croats rendered a full discussion impossible. The Croats have been led to take this course on account of the oppressive measures to which they have been subjected—measures which they claim are a breach of the compact under which, since 1868, the relations between the two nationalities have been regulated. The Hungarian Premier has declared his intention of crushing all opposition, and has threatened to dissolve the Croatian Diet over and over again until he succeeds. Accordingly, when the Diet met in the middle of December, before it could proceed to business, the Ban, amidst cries of "Down with the Magyar lackey," read a Royal Rescript dissolving the Diet. Thus a new conflict has been inaugurated. Meanwhile the Universal Suffrage Bill, to introduce which the present Hungarian Ministry was formed, is still withheld. The fact is, the Magyars are more intent upon securing and maintaining their own supremacy than upon anything else; and yet they desire to be looked upon by the world as the choice defenders of liberal institutions, and are deeply grieved when, in the light of their own actions, their claim is questioned.

Nationalist passions are also rife in the Austrian Parliament. Obstruction is regarded as a legitimate way of proceeding and has been practised by a group of Ruthenians. Balked by an ingenious ruling of the President, the indignation of one of

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their number was so great that, having broken his desk in two, he hurled half of it at the head of the offensive ruler. Sad to say the missile grazed the skull of one friend and struck the temple of another, missing the President altogether. The session of course was closed, and great shame expressed that such a scene should have been possible in an Assembly which was the first to be elected by universal franchise.

In view of these quarrels between the various races, which have lived for so long side by side under the same ruler and yet in constant conflict, the question cannot help arising why no force strong enough to bring about unity has been found. And when this country's (America's) unity is considered—a country so much larger in extent and so much greater in population, with a larger variety of races within its bounds—a further question arises: What is the cause which has produced a more perfect union in the one case than in the other.

Russia.

The Third *Duma* still exists, and as it has proved itself amenable to the government's control there seems to be no immediate prospect of its dissolution. The supporters of the government have had the distinguished honor of being invited by M. Stolypin to a reception as a token of mutual confidence and in recognition of the fact that both he and they were the creatures of the autocrat, from whom all authority flowed, and upon whom their existence depended. These principles seem to be accepted by the majority. This is the way constitutional government is understood in Russia. There is, however, an opposition which does not accept these principles, but this opposition is, in the eye of the government, made up of revolutionists.

Acquiescent as is the *Duma*, it has not been without its scenes. One of the members, who by a mere *lapsus linguæ* compared M. Stolypin's neck-tie to the Mouravieff collar, meaning thereby to indicate an analogy in their respective methods of combating revolutionary excesses, was suspended for the *maximum* number of sittings. The rage of the Right was so great as to make them storm the rostrum. Comparisons are drawn in the press between the rowdyism shown by the Extreme Right and the orderly behavior of the Extreme Left.

The trial of the ex-Deputies who signed the Viborg mani-

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festo may, perhaps, have had a moderating influence upon the members of the existing *Duma*. *Sic transit gloria mundi.* The autocrat's power, it is evident, is not yet abolished. Although seventeen months had elapsed since the meeting at Viborg, 157 members of the first *Duma* were arraigned for inciting the population of Russia to disobedience and resistance to the law. The accused declared that they had acted in obedience to their solemn duty to the nation, as a protest against the sudden brutal dissolution of the *Duma*. With the exception of two, all the accused were convicted and sentenced to three months' imprisonment and the loss of all political rights.

The trial of the ex-members of the first *Duma* is only one of many trials which have been taking place in Russia. Mutineers at Vladivostock, inciters of *pogroms* at Kieff, members of the second *Duma* accused of being implicated in a plot against the Tsar, the General commanding at Port Arthur, have all been brought to the Bar.

The bureaucrats have arrived at the conclusion that the revolution is at an end. The present *régime*, with its subservient *Duma*, is to be consolidated by the aid of the army and the police. Hopes are entertained that the peasants have given up any aspirations after self-government. So bright is the prospect in bureaucratic eyes, that steps in a backward direction, of a still more absolute character, have been taken; and it is feared that still more will be taken. The school organization, which was formed in Poland immediately after the October manifesto for the purpose of enabling Polish children to receive instruction in their own language, has been dissolved by the Governor-General of Warsaw. This despotic act was unprovoked. During the two years it has been in existence 30,000 children have been educated at the schools of the organization, and it had been the means of fostering a feeling of confidence and hope of just treatment. These hopes are now dashed to the ground.

Finland also is again in dread of an assault upon her recently restored rights. Rumors have been about that the present governor is to be recalled, on account of the too great regard which he has had for these rights. So far, however, nothing more has been done than the appointment of an aider and abettor of the notorious Bobrikoff as Deputy Governor-General. It is said that under pretext of manœuvres an army corps is

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to be sent into the Duchy. And so the Finns are, with good reason, becoming anxious.

On the field of politics many surprising changes take place. That Russia and England should join their diplomatic forces, and that this combination should be in support of a constitutional *régime* in Persia, in opposition to its hitherto absolute ruler, is perhaps as remarkable an event as has ever taken place. But this is what the last few weeks have witnessed. For some little time a constitutional government has been established; the Shah, however, does not find it at all to his tastes. It limits him in many ways, particularly in his pleasures, which are of such a character as would not bear description. Accordingly, he attempted a *coup d'etat*, but, unfortunately for him, he has no army, and could only array in support of his efforts a number of hooligans and roughs. Strange to say the love of liberty has permeated through and through the inhabitants of Persia, and all the force of the country is on their side. The Shah, however, seems to have entertained hopes of Russian support. Perhaps in former days he would have received it. But, in consequence of the recent agreement with Great Britain, the two countries were bound to act in unison, and their common action was in support of the now-established constitutional *régime*. Hence the efforts of the Shah proved futile, and Persia still possesses a constitution.

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THE COLUMBIAN READING UNION.

WHAT is the outlook for religious journalism? In answer to this question the *Sunday-School Times* publishes the following summary, indicating the importance of the religious paper in the past and what it is likely to be in the future:

Twenty years ago there were 581 religious periodicals in the United States; this year (1907) there are 804; 36 of the 804 have an average circulation of 100,000 or over. Of this 36, it is possible to trace, from published reports in N. W. Ayer & Son's *American Newspaper Annual*, the varying circulations of 26 during the last few years. The total number of religious papers to-day is almost half as large again as it was twenty years ago. The 100,000 class to-day is nine times as large as it was twenty years ago. The largest circulation to-day is seven times as large as the largest of twenty years ago. These facts do not look as though the field of the religious paper had disappeared yet. But the total number of religious papers has been slightly decreasing in the last five years.

We can set it down that religious papers are not in the business of entertainment, though many legitimate secular papers are. The religious paper can make little appeal to the lighter or the purely secular side of people's interests and sensibilities; in any such attempt it is wholly outclassed by the journalism that finds a chief field there. The religious paper has a clear title to the field of the deepest interests of men and women. And this *field* will go out of existence when the art of reading and the kingdom of God are done away with. Not before.

* * *

Miss Valfrid Palmgren, the young Swedish woman who spent three months in this country in the study of American libraries, is taking back a most enthusiastic report of our circulating system. She was sent here by her government, leave of absence having been given to her for the purpose from the Royal State Library at Stockholm, where she is assistant librarian.

* * *

The voracious readers of the latest novel, whether good or bad, should stop to think at times on the folly of their conduct. Perhaps the following description from a keen critic may assist the chronic novel readers to do some beneficial thinking for their own mental improvement. The criticism is taken from the New York *Evening Post* of June 15, 1907:

Sentimental novelists would not know what to do without the weeping heroine, but in French fiction the weeping hero has the place of honor. This may be partly due to classical tradition; for even the *romancier* of the Boulevards remembers pius Æneas and the oft-repeated *sic fatur lacrimans*. Yet in most cases the tears of the hero are not manifestations of distress, nor

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even of emotion. They are merely part of the dramatic setting, like the local color of a magazine story. Some situations in French fiction do, indeed, make the plentiful use of tears seem not too unnatural. In Daniel le Sueur's last novel, for example, the reader can but sympathize with the group of weeping men who gather at the Morgue in search of a friend who had been stabbed in the back. But even this masculine emotion is often self-conscious and hysterical; as when the afflicted person calls attention to himself by exclaiming, *je pleure;* or when, like the distressed villian in one love story, he begs the heroine to notice that he is shedding tears.

The thousands who have read Octave Feuillet's *Romance of a Poor Young Man* will recall the scene when the hero's hard-hearted father, at the death-bed of the hero's mother, relented, ran to her, and, with heart-rending sobs, pressed the poor, martyred body to his breast. The poor young man himself underwent hardships without a tear, but cried at trifles. He wept when he ate a crust of bread which his sister gave him. When the rich heroine was about to be married to the wrong man, the hero retired to his room and mopped his eyes with a handkerchief which had once belonged to her. He did not shed tears when he fell into the lake and was nearly drowned, nor when he broke his arm; but when his incognito was discovered, and he was forsaken by the young woman, he declared: "I fell on my knees before the place where she had stood, and then, striking my forehead on the marble, I wept, I sobbed like a child."

Gaboriau, who professed to admire Spartan virtues, was nevertheless compelled to turn on the water-works frequently. In one stirring story, when the disguised detective discovered the heroine trying to poison herself with charcoal fumes, great tears rolled down the good man's cheeks, as he murmured in a choking voice— The heavy father in the same novel, who was also a count, was surprised by his daughter when his eyes were filled with tears. Her surprise must have been greater than his, however, for she saw tears, great tears, which, flowing along his dyed beard, became tinted, and fell like drops of ink upon his shirt-front.

There are, of course, French novelists who do not appreciate the beauty of emotional display. Their characters show restraint; the authors do not feel the pulse of the people. But there is one author, little known to most Americans, Jules Mary, whose tales of murder, love, and madness are very affecting, not to say harrowing. After reading one of them, we instinctively wipe our eyes, or brush imaginary tears from our shoulder or coat-sleeve. A trap is laid by the author. His characters, when they first appear, are not such as should be moved easily; yet before the *dénouement* is reached they are, to a man, weeping. No one escapes. There is the wicked nobleman in *Un Mariage de Confiance.* We are lulled into security as we read about him in the opening chapter: He burst into a sonorous laugh which uncovered his gums and a row of teeth white as milk, pointed as those of a cat. But in the second chapter we find him weeping because the heroine is pretty. The matter-of-fact Dutch husband, who is the successful rival of the wicked nobleman, finding that the latter has made love to his wife, rolls on the carpet at the feet of his father-in-law, his strength exhausted, needing to weep but not being able, sobbing without tears, until at length, moisture appearing in

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his eyes, he cries like a child. There also is the hero in *Un Coup de Revolver* who had one of those robust natures peculiar to mountainous regions. The reader had hoped that his low voice might not be one which trembled with emotion; but it was not to be. Indeed, in his case, weeping seemed to be a very upheaving process—probably because of his robustness. Frequently, a contraction compressed his throat and prevented him from speaking. He saw the woman he loved subjected to severe cruelty, but he did not whimper. When, however, she afterwards called to him and said: "Weep not, you shall have these flowers," he felt a stifling sensation mount from his heart to his throat. His clenched hands beat the air, and he rolled on the floor, crying with a hoarse voice.

The *juge d'instruction*, who in real life is a prosaic, unfeeling person, is the very Niobe of French fiction. In one story such a magistrate, while engaged in uncovering a crime, discovers that his fiancée's relatives are implicated. First, his emotion was so strong that he was forced to sit down; second, he was oppressed by the tears of joy which mounted to his eyes; and, third, his voice trembled so that he could not speak; and at length a sob interrupted him; he bit his lips till the blood came, clenched his fists until the nails pierced the palms of his hands.

In English novels a wan smile expresses grief; a supercilious curl of the lip, showing his even teeth, denotes anger; a sardonic laugh is the sign of villany. But in French romances, when hero or heroine, detective or criminal, Polish count or Irish governess, begins to speak in a broken voice, or there is a sign of tears, let the reader go to a safe spot and prepare for the worst.

M. C. M.

* * *

Some little while ago, at a meeting of the Philothea Society, held at the home of Mrs. Schuyler Neilson Warren, New York City, Miss Agnes Repplier read one of her essays, "The Choice of Books," first published in THE CATHOLIC WORLD of October, 1906. Miss Repplier explained that not only had the pressure of work made it difficult for her to prepare something new, but also, as a friend assured her, "because a thing is published it does not follow that it is read." The latter remark may be, in a measure, humorous, but it is also, unfortunately, a luminous commentary on the lack of appreciation and study by Catholics of good Catholic literature.

If the Philothea Society, which is doing praiseworthy work in this direction, succeeds in arousing Catholics to a practical appreciation and support of representative Catholic writers, among whom Miss Repplier is a worthy type, it will have achieved a glorious and fruitful work for God, for the Church, and for souls.

Reading the essays of Agnes Repplier, with their wide range of subjects —literary, æsthetic, dramatic, social, political—one is led to realize what is so often forgotten in a non-Catholic country, *i. e.*, that the Catholic Church is *Catholic*, universal in the most comprehensive sense of the term; that she is the Mother and Protector not only in the theological domain of faith and morals, but of truth and beauty wherever found. This is brought home to one in the essays of Agnes Repplier. She is essentially Catholic in every-

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thing that she writes. An inspiring example, both in heart and intellect, of Catholic culture, with its notes of beauty, distinction, and universality, she is ever *fortiter in re, suaviter in modo*, possessing a critical faculty keenly refined, and a saving grace of humor.

Perhaps the most apt appreciation we may make of Miss Repplier's work is to turn one of her own literary criticisms upon herself:

We realize at once the charm of a Catholic atmosphere, unfretted by dispute. To what but Catholicism do these stories owe their inspiration? What else gives them their grace and sweetness? Yet they are guiltless of argument, and wholly unconcerned with the theological convictions of their Protestant readers. Rather do they seem to take for granted that the reading world is as Catholic as themselves; and it is this intimate directness of speech, this smiling disavowal of complications, which makes them so perfect of their kind. It is the attitude of the old chroniclers, Froissart and Philip de Commines, who are never hostile and argumentative like modern historians, because they take no count of opposition. It is with a perfect sureness of touch, a serene certainty that admits no shadow of disaffection.

Thus in her essay, "The Choice of Books," she writes of the delightful stories of Mr. Henry Harland. To make such a criticism of another is to merit it, in an eminent degree, for oneself.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

LONGMANS, GREEN & CO., New York:

The Economics of the Household. By Louise Creighton. Price 50 cents. *Dilecta Biblica.* By a Sister of Notre Dame. Price 30 cents. *Christ in the Old Testament.* By B. W. Randolph, D.D. *Tales of Troy and Greece.* By Andrew Lang. Price $1.50 net. *Cradle Tales of Hinduism.* By Margaret E. Noble. Price $1.60 net. *The Golden Porch.* A Book of Greek Fairy Tales. By W. M. L. Hutchinson. Price $1.50. *Mankind and the Church.* Being an Attempt to Estimate the Contribution of Great Races to the Fullness of the Church of God. By Seven Bishops. Edited by Bishop Montgomery.

G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS, New York:

Princess Nadine. By Christian Reid. Pp. v.-340.

FUNK & WAGNALLS, New York:

The Magnet. By Alfred O. Crosier. Pp. 497. Price $1.50.

BENZIGER BROTHERS, New York:

The Curé's Brother. A Laumont Story. By David Bearne, S.J. *Ancient Catholic Homes of Scotland.* By Dom Odo Blundell, O.S.B. With Introduction by Hon. Mrs. Maxwell Scott. *The Story of Ellen.* By Rosa Mulholland (Lady Gilbert). *Many Mansions.* Being Studies in Ancient Religions and Modern Thought. By William S. Lilly. *The Fathers of the Desert.* Translated from the German of the Countess Hahn-Hahn. By Emily F. Bowden. In two volumes. *Told Round the Nursery Fire.* Written and illustrated by Mrs. Innes-Browne. *The Churches Separated from Rome.* By Mgr. L. Duschense. Authorized Translation.

THE KNICKERBOCKER PRESS, New York:

The King of Rome. A Biography. By Victor von Kubinyi. Pp. xii.-114.

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HENRY HOLT & CO., New York:

A Turnpike Lady. By Sarah N. Cleghorn. Pp. vi.-257.

ISAAC PITMAN'S SONS, New York:

Isaac Pitman's Short Course in Shorthand. An Exposition of the Author's System of Phonography Arranged in Forty Lessons. Price $1.25.

EUGENE CHRISTIAN, New York:

The Crime of the Medical Legislation. By Eugene Christian. Pp. 64.

LITTLE, BROWN & CO., Boston, Mass.:

The Great Secret. By E. Phillips Oppenheim. Illustrated. Pp. 293. Price $1.50.

RICHARD G. BADGER, Boston, Mass.:

Quivira. Poems. By Harrison Conrad. Illustrated. Pp. 117. Price $1.50.

JOHN MURPHY COMPANY, Baltimore, Md.:

A Synthetical Manual of Liturgy. By the Rev. Adrian Vigourel, S.S. Translated by the Rev. John le Nainfa, S.S. Pp. xix.-251.

J. H. FURST COMPANY, Baltimore, Md.:

Maryland; the Land of Sanctuary. A History of the Religious Toleration in Maryland from the First Settlement Until the American Revolution. By William T. Russell. Pp. xxxviii.-621.

KYLER & SON, Ashland, Pa.:

Short Poems. By Grant Tyler.

NOTRE DAME PRESS, Notre Dame, Ind.:

Character Treatment in the Mediæval Drama. By Timothy J. Crowley, C.S.C. Pp. xiv.-181.

B. HERDER, St. Louis:

Man and the Ape. Are They Cousins? By Frank McGloin. Price 10 cents. *Indifference; or, What is Most Worth Caring About.* By L. J. Walker, S.J. Price 30 cents. *The Life of St. Jerome, the Great Doctor of the Church.* From the Original Spanish of Fray José de Sigüenza (1595). By Mariana Monteiro. Price $3.50. *History of the German People at the Close of the Middle Ages.* By Johannes Janssen. Vols. XI., XII. *Art and Literature to the Beginning of the Thirty Years' War.* Translated by A. M. Christie. Price $6.25. *Society, Sin, and the Savior.* Addresses on the Passion of our Lord. By Father B. Vaughan, S.J. Price $1.35. *Distinguished Converts to Rome in America.* By D. J. Scannell-O'Neill. Price $1. *The Return of Mary McMorrough.* By Rosa Mulholland. Price $1.50.

THE BURROW BROTHERS COMPANY, Cleveland:

History of the Society of Jesus in North America. Colonial and Federal. By Thomas Hughes, of the same Society. Documents Volume I. Part I. Nos. 1-140 (1605-1838). Pp. 600.

BROWNE & NOLAN, Dublin, Ireland:

A Commentary on the Present Index Legislation. By Rev. Timothy Hurley, D.D. With a Preface by the Most Rev. Dr. Clancy, Bishop of Elphin. Pp. xx.-252. Price 3*s.* 6*d* net.

BLOUD ET CIE, Paris, France:

Apologie elementaire: Dieu et la Religion. Par J. L. de la Paquerie. Pp. 580. Price 4 *frs.*

GABRIEL BEAUCHESS ET CIE., Paris, France:

Christologie. Commentaire des Propositions xxvii.-xxxviii. de Décret de Saint-Office "Lamentabili." Par M. Lepin. Pp. 116. Price 1 *fr.* 2. *La Théologie de Saint Paul.* Par F. Part, S.J. Premiere Partie. Pp. ii.-589. *Jésus-Christ: Sa Vie, son Temps.* Par le Père Hippolyte Leroy, S.J. Pp. 360. Price 3 *frs.*

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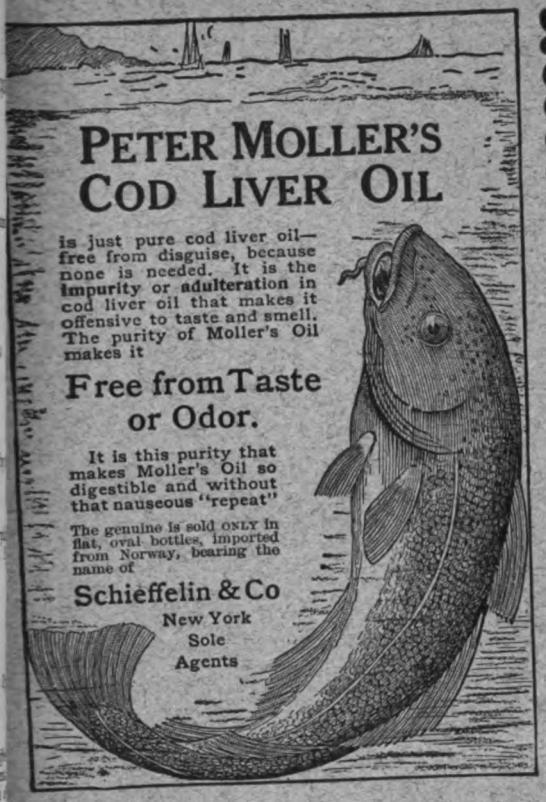

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THE

CATHOLIC WORLD.

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LIBERALISM AND FAITH.

SOME THOUGHTS ON THE CRISIS IN MODERN THEOLOGY.

BY W. H. KENT, O.S.C.

EVEN those who are by no means disposed to adopt the pessimism of certain French writers, who talk of "two Catholicisms," must fain confess that we are apparently passing through a period of crisis in which two very different schools of theological thought are contending for the mastery. The stress of this strife has been specially felt in France, and in the field of biblical criticism. But unmistakable traces of its presence may be found in many other lands, and the controversy covers a wide field of apologetics, philosophy, and historical study.

In the current discussions on these subjects there is, as indeed there has ever been, room for almost endless varieties of opinion. And the divisions among our theological writers generally bear more resemblance to the multitudinous groups and parties in the French Chamber than to the simpler English system. Yet in most of these domestic controversies it is possible to distinguish two main schools of thought, though their characteristic principles admit of divers degrees and shades and variations, thus giving rise to the various subordinate groups and parties.

And, without attempting to press the analogy too far, the two parties may be sufficiently described by the nomenclature

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accepted in English politics. On the one side is the venerable school of Conservatives—commentators, theologians, philosophers, and historians, who cling very closely to all established traditions. Like their brethren in the world of politics, they make authority their watchword, they are all for law and order, and are ever ready to invoke the unanswerable argument of coercion. They may be likened to the provincial doctors in *Middlemarch*, who "stood undisturbed in the old ways." And on the other hand are ranged the more liberal school of critical historians and apologists, who would fain have us adopt the latest methods of historical research, dealing with the new difficulties in a new fashion, and meeting our opponents on their own ground and with their own weapons.

As was only natural, the attention of the public has been almost exclusively occupied by certain advanced writers, some of whose works or opinions have fallen under ecclesiastical censure. And if only for this reason superficial observers may possibly suppose that the recent action of the authorities has decided the whole question in favor of the more conservative party. But those who have some knowledge of the principles laid down in such a work as Viva's classic *Theses Damnatæ* will readily see the absurdity of this hasty conclusion. Such censures must be taken strictly and literally, and the condemnation of excessive laxity is no endorsement of extreme rigorism.

On a former occasion it was said, with some truth, that the Vatican Council made a clean sweep of the Extreme Right as well as the Extreme Left. And in like manner it may possibly seem to some of us that if the recent authoritative censures are a rebuke to the extremists on one side, they are also in some sense a rebuff to the extremists on the other. Be this as it may, it is at any rate clear that even if we get rid of extreme men and extreme opinions we shall still be very far from the solution of the problem and the close of all discussion between Conservatives and Liberals. We may, if we like, eliminate all the opinions of Abbé Loisy and let all his books be buried in oblivion. But this will scarcely put an end to the biblical question or reconcile the divergent views of Père Lagrange and Padre Schiffini.

There is no need to enter into any questions of detail in regard to the chief points at issue in the discussion, or to argue

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the case for either party on its own merits. The object of the present paper is pacific rather than polemical. For though it were a rash and hopeless enterprise to attempt anything like a fusion of the opposing parties, it may be possible, at any rate, to relieve the tension and lessen the needless bitterness of current theological controversy.

It must be freely confessed that the discussion of these questions is too often something very different from the peaceful disputations of an earlier age in which each school was ready to acknowledge the orthodoxy of the other, or the analogous struggle between two constitutional parties in secular politics. It is rather a case in which the Conservative is prone to regard the Liberal as a dangerous revolutionary, a rebel in heart, whose action within the walls is a graver peril than the attacks of open enemies. And, on the other hand, the Liberal in his turn is apt to think of his opponents as a party of obsolete obscurantists, swayed by prejudice, blind to the needs of the hour, and exercising an intolerable tyranny over the younger generation of Catholics. Of course here, as elsewhere, there are not wanting some moderate men who would fain adopt a middle course and stand like the pathetic figure of Falkland "ingeminating peace" between the warring factions. And others, again, though taking a more decided line themselves, are yet ready to show some sympathy with their opponents, and to treat them with courtesy and Christian charity.

But it would be idle to deny that there are some stern censors who feel it their duty to deal with their erring brethren in a more rigorous fashion. The literature of the earlier controversies which raged around the Vatican Council is filled with hard sayings and sharp censures of "Liberalism" and "Liberal Catholics." And the same strident note has often been sounded of late in books and pamphlets and articles in periodicals. The theme, no doubt, admits of almost endless variations. For the erring brothers may be met with mild remonstrance, with dignified rebuke, with sharp censure, with scorn and ridicule, with indignant denunciation.

But though the notes may vary somewhat according to the different degrees of guilt on the one hand, or the peculiar character and temperament of the accuser, there are, withal, some leading ideas that run through most of these pages of polemical theology, and they combine to give us a painful picture of the

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Catholics who have fallen a prey to the delusions of Liberalism. It seems that these unfortunate men are wanting, or at any rate weak and wavering, in faith. They have little or no reverence for established and orthodox traditions. They have been infected by poisonous infiltrations of Protestantism and Rationalism. They are puffed up by pride, or weighed down by worldliness. They are traitors within the walls, ready to make dangerous and disastrous compromises with the enemy without.

Let me hasten to add that while, as may be gathered from what has been said so far, I cannot accept this as a just account of the Liberal position, I have no wish to deny that there are real dangers in this direction. For, even apart from the fact that we have been warned not only by heated controversialists but by the voice of authority, the existence of some such peril is sufficiently obvious. No one, surely, can fail to see that many rash and reckless writers around us preach and practice a rationalism which is destructive of all religion and all authority. A Catholic engaged in critical research may shrink from these excesses, while he welcomes the good work done in many fields of learning by Protestant or rationalist writers. He may seek, in St. Basil's phrase, to follow the example of the bee and find honey in the flowers without taking the poison. He may remember how much the Fathers learnt in Pagan schools, and how the Schoolmen owe not a little to the wisdom of Jewish and Muslim masters. But it is well that he should frankly recognize that there is a danger of being carried too far by the influence and example of the new world around him. Good and evil are strangely blended together in the writings of the new masters, and the student's attempt to seize and assimilate the good must needs be accompanied by some danger of adopting the evil. The danger may be safely met by taking prudent precautions. But those who doubt its existence will scarcely escape it.

Much the same must certainly be said of the subjective or moral dangers. As Jowett justly reminded some too dogmatic Liberals, even the youngest among us is not infallible. And it is a safe inference that those who are not infallible will sometimes be mistaken. With the best will in the world, the student who sets out on the scientific search for truth will sometimes miss his mark. For much of the best scientific work is, strictly speaking, experimental; and in this field, at any rate, it is true

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to say that a man who makes no mistakes will never make anything. The biologist may be at fault on a plain point of fact, as Huxley himself mistook the nature and origin of "Bathybius." And the most careful historical critic may find himself deceived by some spurious document. And apart from such external causes of error, he may be misled by an unconscious bias in favor of a new theory, by a spirit of party, by an exaggerated loyalty to a leader whom he delights to follow, or by a natural pride in his own knowledge or in the results of his own labors.

These moral dangers, it may be well to add, are common to men of all parties. The pride of heart that makes the hopeless heretic is not necessarily or inseparably associated with principles of progress and liberty. It is, unhappily, true that these things have too often been found together; and the history of heresies shows a long list of men who fell away by pride in their own learning or acuteness of intellect, hasty reformers who rebelled against the restraint of authority and made light of the wisdom of the ages.

But over against this series of what may be called the rationalizing and revolutionary heretics and schismatics, there are others who have erred from an excess of conservatism, men whose hasty and unguarded zeal for orthodoxy and for the tenets of their own fathers in the faith makes them recoil so far from one heresy that they fall into an opposite error. Thus a proud and intolerant fanaticism against Nestorianism was the origin of the Eutychian heresy. And even when it does not have this fatal effect on their belief, pride may still be a very present danger to the hunters of heresy. If only for this reason, it is well that we should be reminded that the Pharisees were the orthodox and conservative party.

Much the same may be said of the worldliness and laxity of morals which, as we all know, is another fruitful source of heresy and schism. This laxity and license has often been associated with liberalism in religion.

But have we not heard of the "two bottle orthodox"? And is there any reason to suppose that this combination of rigidity of doctrine with laxity of life is peculiar to an obsolete school of Anglicanism? No moralist, I suppose, would be likely to question these general principles, or to claim that the writers of any party are free from human frailty.

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And it can scarcely be denied that, in point of fact, heresies, as we have seen, have arisen from widely different causes. The straitest stickler for traditional Conservatism may freely allow that, after all, it is possible to go too far in this direction. Catholics of the Liberal school may yet more readily make a like admission on their part, seeing that lapses on this side have been more frequent, at least in these latter days, as some recent Roman decisions might suffice to show us. And indeed this is only what might be expected in an age of Rationalism and Revolution. But it is another matter to admit that Liberalism, in the true sense, is something essentially inimical to the spirit of faith, that it is due to lukewarmness or indifference, to some weakness or want of supernatural faith, the *piæ credulitatis affectus*. This is so far from being the case that it may even be urged with some show of reason that in many matters to take what would be called the more liberal line betokens a deep and enduring faith in Revealed Religion.

In saying this I have no wish to speak in disparagement of the faith of those who take an opposite course and regard all that savors of Liberalism with holy horror. On the contrary, one may well believe that this excess of caution and conservatism is due to a genuine zeal for the integrity and purity of Revealed Religion, and is a very natural reaction against the excesses of the opposite party. In any case, it must be remembered that the mind of man is capable of curious inconsistencies, and it is always hazardous to judge of a man's faith from the logical consequences of his policy or his professed opinions. But making this necessary reservation, and looking at the matter in the abstract, I certainly think that an excessive caution or an apparent fear of freedom is not the best and most obvious sign of a faith that rests on firm foundations. This may be illustrated by the analogous case of an attack on a man's legitimacy or on his personal character. Here, one who welcomes a full and free inquiry without fear or favor, would surely show more faith, more confidence in the justice of his cause, than one who betrays alarm and endeavors to burke or limit the discussion.

It would be presumptuous to criticise the policy of the ecclesiastical authorities in this matter. And those who are apt to chafe at checks and restrictions should remember that these things are often necessary, especially in the case of the studies

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of the young or books that are within reach of the general reader. For an inquiry, or an argument that is harmless in the abstract, may possibly be a source of danger to some classes or to individual souls. And in the eyes of the Church the faith of the people is, naturally enough, a matter of more moment than the freedom and progress of critical science. But it could be wished that those who insist on the need of these safeguards were more careful to avoid giving a false impression, as though it were not merely a question of the belief of individuals, but as if the faith itself had cause to fear the onward march of science.

Of course we all confess that there can be no real conflict between Revealed Religion and the philosophy of sound reason, or the facts of science and history. But this faith does not go very far, if we merely mean that our religion agrees with the testimony of history and science—when history and science have been first cut and fashioned so as to be in agreement with our religion. For it is obvious that this much, at any rate, might be safely said of *any* religious system, *e. g.*, Islam or Mazdeism. And without incurring any suspicion of having adopted either of those ancient religions, one may venture to say that they will probably prove to be in harmony with the history and science and philosophy carefully prepared for this purpose by orthodox Mazdean or Muslim masters.

To the observer, who sees only from the outside, it may sometimes seem that Catholics mean no more than this when they carefully keep to books composed by pious and orthodox persons, and then proclaim that their faith is in harmony with history and philosophy and science. But in truth the Catholic who has a deep and firm faith in the divine origin of his religion means something very much more than this. For he knows that whatever may be the case with false or imperfect human systems, the religion which comes from God must be in harmony with the real facts of science and with the history that really happened; and he has no fear to face the facts. He does not ask for an artificial philosophy, or a fettered science, or a bowdlerized history. He may rightly recognize the necessity that the Church should impose some checks in order to safeguard the faith of her little ones. But at the same time he is confident that, even among those who pursue their scientific and historical studies in unfettered freedom, the results ulti-

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mately achieved according to the true principles of science will be in agreement with Catholic doctrine—though they may possibly correct or modify some of the passing opinions of fallible theological writers.

Apart from these graver accusations, there is another ground on which Liberalism is naturally open to objections and subject to sinister suspicions—to wit, that it savors of novelty. For it must be confessed that many of the more Conservative school are rather apt to regard everything that is new as something dark and dangerous; and one fancies that they must sometimes feel perturbed at the prospect of a new heaven and a new earth. On the other hand, many of their opponents, partly moved by a feeling of impatience with the past and its votaries, will be ready to insist that the novelty of the liberal views is really one of their main recommendations. But possibly a closer acquaintance with the work of the old schoolmen and Fathers might enable some of us to see the question in a somewhat different aspect.

It will, at any rate, have the advantage of variety in a discussion hitherto marked by a somewhat wearisome iteration, if I venture to suggest that there is really more of novelty in what is commonly regarded as the ultra-conservative position, and that many of those who are roundly condemned as dangerous innovators and revolutionaries are simply following in the footsteps of their fathers. This is no mere paradox, but a sober statement of fact. If the more liberal writers among us are alert to every improvement in current methods of science and criticism, if they endeavor to defend or elucidate the ancient doctrines of the faith with weapons or instruments borrowed from the science and scholarship of their own age, they are only doing what was done in earlier days by the great mediæval masters and the Alexandrine Fathers before them.

Much the same may be said of another charge which is very often brought against writers of the more critical and progressive school—and not only against the more advanced critics like M. Loisy, but against such sober and orthodox scholars as Père Lagrange—*i. e.*, that these misguided men have borrowed ideas and arguments from the non-Catholic critics and philosophers of Holland and Germany. It may be observed in passing that the indebtedness of our Catholic scholars to these external sources is sometimes exaggerated; for, even apart from any

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alien influence, there is a progressive criticism that builds on the foundations laid in happier days by such men as Petavius and the French Benedictines and Oratorians.

None the less, it must be confessed that some of our recent writers have availed themselves of the work achieved by non-Catholic critics and thinkers, whose writings undoubtedly contain grave errors of doctrine, and can only be used with caution by Catholic readers. As I have already had occasion to remark, we have good reason to be on our guard against dangers in this direction. But there is really no need to get in a panic, or to raise an alarm about foreign "infiltrations." And, to speak frankly, the peculiar line adopted by some of our amiable alarmists is strangely at variance with the principles and the practice of our best teachers in the past.

In these days of dogmatic journalism and amateur Inquisitors, it is idle to complain of the censures so freely passed on living writers. But one may be permitted to remind the censors that some of the very things they condemn in Catholic critics of the present day were done without scruple by the early Fathers and the mediæval schoolmen. Happily no foolish fear of Rabbinical infiltrations kept St. Jerome from seeking the aid of Jewish teachers. No narrow pride of orthodoxy forbade St. Basil and Gregory the Theologian to profit by the eloquence and learning of Libanius. And in like manner, in a later age, St Thomas did not disdain to gather in the words of wisdom uttered by pagan philosophers and their Moslem commentators. Are we to treat these old masters as if they were like the Scribes and Pharisees who sat in the chair of Moses? Must we receive their doctrine and shun their example?

It can hardly be maintained that the course pursued by our fathers in the past has now become impracticable or unavailing, that there is no room for further progress, that there is now no truth whatever to be found in the voluminous writings of those who are laboring outside the fold of Catholic orthodoxy. Hot-headed zealots may be tempted to adopt this attitude of uncompromising hostility to all modern criticism and philosophy. But, unfortunately, this position is perilously akin to a theory which has already incurred condemnation. And, even apart from this uncomfortable fact, it would be hard to reconcile this philosophical pessimism with sound Catholic principles.

It reminds one, rather, of the narrow Jansenist theology,

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which taught that no heavenly grace was given to those outside the fold of the visible Church. For, as Scheeben justly observes, the old battle which Jansenists and their opponents debated on the field of morals has now been renewed in the realms of knowledge. And here, as on the former field, we are beset by two widely different dangers—on the one side Rationalism, on the other Traditionalism. Against the first of these opposite extremes we have been repeatedly warned of late. But there is, to say the least, some little likelihood that the other peril may be overlooked or forgotten. And those who are disposed to indulge in indiscriminate condemnation of the work of non-Catholic thinkers and scholars, will do well to consider the decrees against Traditionalism and certain decisions of the Vatican Council.

Much more might be said on this point. But possibly these suggestions may suffice for our present purpose. In a word, they may be enough to show that in these domestic discussions among Catholics, the weight of authority is not so entirely on one side as some of us are apt to imagine. And even those who take what may be called the Liberal line, who are alert to all the movements of contemporary science and criticism, who have a love for sane liberty and true progress and desire to treat outsiders with broad-minded tolerance, may fairly claim that they are true to the best traditions of the Catholic schools. At the same time, these reflections may help to make it clear that the difference which divides the two parties is by no means so deep as one might suppose from the heated language of alarmists. In its last analysis, it is not a difference in principles but in their application to the facts. The most Liberal of Catholic writers necessarily has much about him that is in the best sense Conservative. For not only does he hold fast to the ancient faith of his fathers; but, as we have seen, his Liberalism itself is no novelty, for it is in accordance with the principle and the practice of the Catholic Fathers and schoolmen. And in the same way it will be found that the most staid and orthodox Conservatives among us are by no means opposed to the principle of progress. This may be readily seen by comparing their opinions and their writings, not with those of their more progressive contemporaries, but with those that were in vogue two or three centuries ago. In point of fact, I fancy that we are all moving, though we have not all arrived

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at the same stage, and we are not all traveling at the same pace.

A candid consideration of some of these points may possibly help to relieve the tension of current controversy. For it must be confessed that there has been a good deal of needless acrimony, largely due, as so often happens, to mutual misunderstandings. It is to some such cause that we must ascribe the strange exaggeration of our domestic differences, and the pessimism which would divide the world of theology into revolutionaries and reactionaries. But though a juster appreciation of the facts might lessen the differences and improve the character of the controversy, it would be idle to look for anything like general agreement on these matters. And to speak frankly, I cannot think that such a result is to be desired. There have ever been schools and parties in Catholic thought and theology. In the age of the Fathers there were the schools of Antioch and Alexandria; and the middle age had its Thomists and Scotists, Baconists and Ægidians. Why should we desiderate a wearisome uniformity which would involve a break with the past and make our modern theology something strangely unlike the spacious theological literature of our fathers, with its breadth and movement and life and liberty? It were far better to be content with the old maxim: "In certis unitas, in dubiis libertas, in omnibus caritas."

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ARNOUL THE ENGLISHMAN

*AN HISTORICAL ROMANCE OF THE THIRTEENTH CENTURY.**

BY FRANCIS AVELING, D.D.

CHAPTER XIV.

THE sun rose smiling and fair on a fair and smiling city. Paris hardly knew herself, she was so gay and garlanded. The streets had been swept clean—so clean that one could have spread one's best velvet cloak upon the cobbles without a trace of dust. All garbage and mud, the litter of the straw merchants, and the scraps and odds and ends that would make the way unsightly, had been carefully removed. The houses and churches that lined the road from the Porte Papale to the Petit Pont, and on, across through the city, to the Pont au Change, and on again, passing under the frowning arches of the Grand Chatelet, through the town and out by the Porte St. Martin, were adorned with festoons of leaves and flowers. Flowers and leafy branches were everywhere, in the windows and over the doors, looped across on ropes from one side of the road to the other, and hanging, bright with interwoven bits of cloth and painted devices, over the route of the royal progress. The bells of Notre Dame were pealing; and all the Abbey bells and church bells, bells little and great, bells high and low, sonorous and cracked, answered in chorus.

All Paris was afoot and making its way, with smiles and laughter and jests, towards the Porte Papale—Paris; that is to say, the University; for the sun looked down this cloudless morning, upon three distinct gatherings of human beings; and the one at the southern gate was of scholars and students.

The living units of this first—and they undoubtedly thought themselves the most important of all—were converging from every direction upon the Papal Gate. The colleges and the friaries, the lodging houses and monasteries and abbeys, within

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and without the wall, were pouring out their occupants in continuous streams that filtered through the crooked channels of the lesser streets, and grew and gathered and swelled into one great rush as they all came together in the Rue St. Jacques and surged towards the great gate.

The burghers of St. Germain's and the inhabitants of the newly-building Terre de Laas on the west, the burghers of St. Marcel and St. Victor on the south and east, came trooping in by lateral gates, still further contributing to the confused mass of clerks and friars, monks and University officials, boys, women, men, and girls, that were gathering with such great good humor to welcome the kings of England, France, and Navarre.

From the four quarters of the city proper, a smaller crowd was coming together at the head of the wooden bridge. This was distinctly a courtly and ecclesiastical assembly, more brilliant in color and more grave in feature than that at the Porte Papale. Here were the officials of the Old Palace who had not gone in the train of King Louis to meet King Henry at Chartres. Here was the Archbishop, with the chapter of his Cathedral, the Cardinal Dean of the Church of Paris and the Cantor, the three Archdeacons, the sub-Cantor, the Chancellor, the Penitentiary, and forty-three of the fifty-two Prebendaries of Notre Dame, each clothed in the rich ecclesiastical garments that belonged to his particular rank and station.

Besides this gorgeous nucleus, standing together in a compact body of rich color, there were other dignitaries. Four or five bishops with their attendants, a number of abbots and priors of the various orders, in white or black habits, and monks were scattered about in little groups.

The prior of the temple, at the head of a little band of his knights, rode up into a conspicuous position.

A metal crucifix gleamed in the sun's rays high above the crowd; and in front of the choir of singing boys and men in their white surplices were two lads carrying, respectively, a vessel of holy water with the aspergillum, and a smoking thurible.

They were not so noisy as the crowd at the Porte Papale; but they were conversing and chatting, none the less, as they waited to receive the royal party and conduct the kings to the cathedral.

A third gathering, of considerably larger dimensions than

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either of the former, had collected in front of the Grand Chatelet. It was composed of the burghers—citizens, traders, merchants, Jews, apprentices, and master craftsmen, with their wives and daughters; together with a fair sprinkling of countrymen and women who had come in through the town gates to see the pageant.

While this crowd could not boast the select magnificence of the ecclesiastical gathering upon the island, nor all the festive youth of the University contingent, it made up for what it lacked by the motley variety of dress and feature that it displayed. All the trades—though the trade guilds had not yet been formed by the Provost, Stephen Boileau—were represented; for all the town of Paris was gathered together at the Grand Chatelet and in its vicinity. Those who came late had to be content with a place in the Place de Grève or by the Porte Pepin. Dogs were barking and children were wild with excitement and delight. Proud mothers rocked their screaming babies in their arms and lifted them up to see the pretty crowd, a proceeding that made them scream all the more.

The Provost of the merchants, with his subordinate officers, was there, solemn and dignified in his dress of state, frowning at the screaming children, fussing with the hang of his robes, bestowing a smile now and again upon some prominent member of his little kingdom, conscious of his own importance.

There was a continuous buzz of talk, howling, barking, stamping, shuffling, movement.

Those who had had the forethought to bring food were rapidly disposing of it with laughter and jokes, to the envy of their less provident neighbors.

The sun played upon the concourse, bringing the patchwork of color out in strong light—yellow and red and blue and green; furs and cloth, with silks here and there; and ornament of silver and ornament of gold; tall hats and low coifs, and wimples and flat bonnets; talking and laughter and snatches of song; garland and green bough and tapestry hanging from the windows.

This was the assembly of burghers in front of the Grand Chatelet, waiting to meet their sovereign lord and master and his royal guest, Henry III., King of England.

But to return to the gathering at the Porte Papale. Arnoul had taken his stand near the gate, in the centre of a little

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group of his friends. As he looked round him, at the vast concourse coming together from every side, he saw the strangest collection of gala dresses imaginable. There were the Procurators of the Four Nations standing apart, with their attorneys, and the beadles waiting to collect the scholars into orderly bands. There was a white-robed group of Premonstratensians, headed by their abbot, from the convent in the Rue Hautefeuille; and a brown group of Cordeliers with their sandals and knotted cords. There were the friars from St. Jacques with their black cloaks, and the Carmelites beside them in their white ones; and near by stood a rank of Bernardines from the abbey beyond the Bièvre. Arnoul recognized the two Buckfast brothers in this last group.

And then there were the scholars—tens of thousands of them, it seemed to him—in every conceivable variety of cassock and habit, going in and out among the compact groups of the religious, surging backwards and forwards towards the flower-bedecked gate, pushing, shoving, laughing, calling out, shouting to each other, waving the branches and bunches of flowers they held in their hands high above their heads.

They were a jolly crowd, these scholars of the Four Nations, ready for any emergency, but doubly ready to welcome kings. They would turn out in their thousands for a funeral, or for a feast, and swell the ranks of a procession, so that when its head was entering Notre Dame its tail was still forming itself at St. Methurins. But it was not every day in the year that they had a chance like this! And so, remembering their importance and their privileges, they shouted themselves hoarse, and waved their green branches and bright-colored cloaks, when they had them, and pushed and jostled each other in high good humor, singing snatches of the songs with which, roaring their loudest in chorus, they would welcome the royal train as soon as it should come into sight.

The nations were slowly sorting themselves out of the general confusion and beginning to group themselves in the rear of their Procurators, when a strident voice broke in upon the clamor and babel of tongues.

"Room! Make room there for the Rector! Room for the Deans! Room for the Professors of the University!"

The crowd parted right and left as the splendidly robed procession of University officials made its way, preceded by the

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beadles, from the University Church of St. Mathurin. There was the Rector himself—the Englishman, John of Gecteville—and lusty cheers rang out for him from English throats as he advanced, gorgeous in his rectorial robes at the head of the professorial body.

In the University he had precedence over bishops and cardinals, and even papal legates; and scholars, masters, monks, and friars—though the Four Nations had elected him from among the artists and had made him what he was, the *Capital Scholarum*—gave way before him as he passed onward to the gate.

Then there were the Syndic, the Deans and the Doctors of the Faculties; the twelve theologians walking in front in their ermine tippets and with their doctor's bonnets upon their heads. After them came the Scholasticus of St. Genevieve in his canon's robes, severe of visage and mien as one who sat with the Chancellor of Notre Dame for the examinations of the University teachers.

Robert de Sorbon was there too, and the two Dominican professors. And then, as the many eyes of the throng watched the passage of the official body, the well-known figure of St. Amour came into sight.

There he was—the thin, angular face, almost ascetic in its fierce compression and energy; the high forehead with the penciled brows slightly contracted, as they always were, giving him an habitual air of pride and obstinacy; those dark and gleaming eyes, shining with intelligence and audacity.

Clad in his doctor's robes of cloth and fur, he walked straight along the path made before him through the crowd, looking neither to the right nor left, as though seeing nothing of all the people whose eyes were bent upon him.

A Dominican friar spoke under his breath when he had passed, calling him blasphemer, mocker, reviler, and consigning him with all his party to the depths of the nether pit.

And then, the procession passed, the crowd surged together again.

Arnoul caught scraps of conversation as he threaded his way through the press to take up his stand in the ranks of the English, to whom the first place, near the gate, was allotted.

"They say"—it was a Franciscan speaking—"that the King of the English has translated his mother—whom may God assoil!—into the church at Fontevraud."

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"That is true," answered a brother standing by. "That was before he sent envoys to the king. I saw it myself; and I held a lighted taper in my hand as the body of Isabella was borne from the graveyard. It was a right pious deed."

"And Henry was ill at the time," pursued the first speaker.

"He was suffering," the second made answer. "Therefore he went on pilgrimage from Fontevraud to Pontigny, where is the tomb and shrine of the holy Bishop St. Edmund. To whom the king made vows and many precious gifts for the grace of health."

"And he received that for which he prayed?"

"Of a certainty! Was not St. Edmund an Englishman also? You shall see him this day in the vigor of his health such as he—" But the rest of the sentence was lost to him.

The ranks were fairly drawn into order by now. Nations, religious orders, scholars, and masters were separated off from each other, into groups, waiting for the signal to begin their songs of welcome and drop into line in the procession that was to escort the royal cavalcade through the University. In the windows that overhung the great gathering, all the length of the long street, women in bright-colored garments had taken up their station. Their eager faces were framed, as it were, in floral wreaths. Tapestries and velvets flaunted in the breeze.

And then the bells of Notre Dame des Champs began to ring in the distance—the appointed signal of the approach. The crowd surged to and fro—every one straining eyes along the dusty road. At last the royal horsemen came in sight; and as the kings, riding abreast, passed through the gate, shout after shout welcomed them; and the ringing voices of the scholars joined in one vast unison of song.

So the kings passed, with their queens and escorts, with compliment and singing and smiles, and to the accompaniment of the shouting of their most loyal subjects, the scholars of Paris, through the Porte Papale and on to the city.

King Louis had put on again the silks and velvets, the scarlet and the gold, the furs and jewels, that he had laid aside on his return from Damietta, and rode beside his royal brother, splendid in his noble grace and carriage. King Henry rode smiling at his right. After them came the long train of nobles, the two sisters, Queens of France and England, the chaplains bishops, abbots, esquires, monks, and serving-men, who constituted their following.

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And with the English Nation going before, and the rest of the University following behind, with prancing horses trapped out in purple and scarlet velvet and in cloth of gold, with jangling bits and armored knights and retainers, with festoons of flowers on either hand and above their heads, amid the tramp of twenty thousand feet, and the singing of ten thousand voices, and the strains of music and the clash of bells, they passed out of the domain of the University into the domain of the Church of Paris, lying with its cincture of silvery water beneath the shadow of Notre Dame.

At the bridge head the royalties were received by the ecclesiastical body, cardinals, bishops, and canons, and conducted with greet solemnity to the church. Most of the scholars had turned back at the Petit Pont, resolved to spend the day and night in celebrations and carousals at home; but Arnoul, with many of his compatriots, followed in the wake of the kings and their court. The nave of the great cathedral church was filled to overflowing with the throng, and there was little to see over the heads of the people from where he stood. The solemn chanting that had taken the place of the scholars' singing continued until the procession ceased to move and the blue incense clouds rose in the far distance in front of the high altar. People beside him were craning their necks and whispering, so that it was impossible for him to hear, any more than see, what was going on at the other end of the gray arched church. But he listened and gathered information from those who spoke around him. The king had chosen the Old Temple for his place of residence. It was big enough surely, for it was capable of housing the general chapter of the knights when they met. And Louis would remain in his palace in the city. He had made offer of it to King Henry. There was to be a great feast for the poor at the Temple on the following day. Quantities of fish and flesh had already been commanded and the wine sellers had been carting heaven knew how many skins up to the Temple. The king was to visit the Sainte Chapelle—he had a great devotion to the saints. The relics there were wonderful and without number; besides there was the Crown of Thorns. He would give gifts, most like, as at Pontigny.

So they chatted and speculated until, the brief service over, they surged out of the cathedral again.

The royal train mounted and rode off in the direction of

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the Pont au Change. But the press in the narrow streets was becoming excessive; and the sun was hot. Arnoul, hearing rather than seeing the enormous throng waiting on the other side of the Grand Chatelet, made his way out of the crowd and turned back towards the University.

South of the river all was in an uproar. The monks and friars had prudently retired into their cloisters; and there was no sign of the governing body in the streets. The scholars were rushing about shouting and singing where they had not already taken to the dice or drinking; and in some quarters the various nations were coming into conflict. But after all, seeing that it was a feast day of unparalleled magnificence, it went quietly enough for the University of Paris until nightfall, when lamps were lighted in the windows and at the street corners, and the scholars brought out the thousands of candles with which they had provided themselves. And then ensued scenes of wildest confusion and indescribable horseplay in both Town and University. In the flickering light from the guttering candles, clerks and citizens, men and women, boys and girls, danced and sang, and drank and shouted. All the day long in the city so marvelously adorned, in joy and singing, with flowers and all kinds of pomps and exulting, had they rejoiced. And all through the night and the next day did they continue their revelry and riot, until, thoroughly sated with the pleasure and fatigue of their feasting, they quieted down again into something approaching the usual state.

Arnoul reached his lodging well towards evening, fatigued with the heat and excitement of the long day. But he had no intention of remaining there by himself, while there was so much going on outside. He had a mouthful of food, and rearranged his dress, dusty and disordered by the day's jostling. Then, catching up the candles he had got ready, he descended the long flight of stairs and let himself out into the street.

It was good to be alive, he thought; good to be plunged into this seething caldron of life, actual and intense. The rush and the excitement of the day had got into his blood, his heart, his brain. He was ready to rush into the thickest of the crowd, to assert himself, to do as they did—and more.

For an instant the thought of Guy and of Sibilla flashed upon him. His own great projects floated luminous before his mind. But he resolutely turned away from them. What were

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they, after all? Life was now! Now! Now! He would live now with the rest! What was the use of trying to coop himself up in a stereotyped form of prejudice and constraint, when the hot blood of youth was running, pulsing through his veins? His senses and imagination were stimulated to fierce action by all the events of the day. His brain whirled in a fantastic dance of passions let loose. He saw all things through a rosy haze and glamor that enchanted him. The very smoke from the guttering tapers, the reek of wine, the hot breath, swept across his nostrils as a sweet perfume; and he drank it in, exulting that he was alive. It was the present that mattered—not the future! What a fool he had been not to see it all before as he saw it now! Why had he let indistinct thoughts of the Abbot or of Guy sap his vitality as he had done? No; this was life and he should live it to the full! He was his own master! There was no one to gainsay him!

He made his way to the accustomed tavern. Faces leered and smiled at him as he passed. The guttering flames threw strange, distorting shadows over them. And he smiled back, with joke and answering coarseness. These people were living too; and they knew the value of life! Wine and dancing and song! How gay they all were—and how happy! Yes; they were right and the old monks wrong! The true life was to enjoy oneself now—without thought for the morrow! How was it that he had never realized it before? The blood surged through his veins and the unloosed phantoms of passion made riot in his brain. He pushed the low door open, and entered, calling loudly to Julien for wine. His voice drew all eyes towards the door, where he stood erect, as if conscious of his own beauty, with head thrown back and hair falling backwards from his temples. His cheeks were glowing and his eyes sparkling with an unusual fire.

Maitre Louis, playing with two of the scholars and the shoemaker, was in the act of throwing the dice. Jeannette, Thomassine, and others were watching the game. As with one consent they made room for him at the table. He staked and threw in his turn—and won. Whenever it came to him to throw, he won. Jeannette was leaning over his shoulder now, looking on. Her warm breath fanned his cheek. A wisp of her hair touched his brow. This was life and living! To win at a throw of the dice and quaff the ruby wine, and hear

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Jeannette whispering in his ear! If Maitre Jacques were there, he might say what he would! He would not resent it. For he was alive and thrilling to the finger tips with the full joy of living! What was King Louis in the Old Palace, even now in the act of exchanging his scarlet velvet for rough gray wool? He had not the secret of life! And who was Henry, holding his gallant court in the Temple, compared to him? A delicious sense of warmth crept over his faculties as the wine flowed. The scent of flowers stole in upon him, the flowers that Jeannette had carried when the procession passed. The singing and the monotonous noise of dancing in the street came subdued through the closed door and soothed him. But, above all, the feeling that he had thrown off all bonds of restraint, that he was living for the moment—living fully, passionately, recklessly—bathed him in an exquisite sense of personal completeness. He was in a sort of ecstasy of self-assertion, giving the fullest rein to his emotions, sinking his reason beneath a wave of sense. He had clean forgotten all the past. There was no Sir Guy at Woodleigh, no Sibilla, no Abbey! There was only Jeannette leaning on his shoulder, and Louis opposite him, and old Julien serving the wine! This was to be alive!

As the hours sped, lawyer Jacques made his appearance with Aales. He looked the worse for his rough usage, but he said nothing to Arnoul, until the wine had loosened his tongue. Then he began as before to make insulting jests. But the boy answered him with coarser repartee, turning towards Jeannette to watch the effect of his words. She blushed and smiled, nodding her head at the discomfiture of Maitre Jacques; for she was used to the language of taverns and made no pretence at being shocked. Besides, she admired this great, strapping Englishman, who was so strong and handsome; and it was a pleasure to hear him speaking in language that she best understood.

Jacques himself was surprised. He had no doubt wanted to pick a quarrel when he was prepared for it. He grumbled and muttered under his breath to Aales, looking spitefully out of his little ferret eyes at Arnoul, until the dice box was thrown aside, and, with a final cup of wine, the party broke up.

Louis and Arnoul, with the two girls, went out into the crowded street.

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CHAPTER XV.

While the events recorded in the preceeding chapters were taking place, while Paris was living its gay and roystering life, while doctors were busy with their bitter disputes and students ready with practical illustrations of the teaching of their masters, while the character of Maitre Arnoul the Englishman, as he had come to be called, was developing and shaping itself by its contact with the lives of his associates, it must not be supposed that his Devon friends had forgotten the lad who had passed from them and set out with the Lord Abbot for the famous schools of the French capital. On the contrary, there were few indeed at Buckfast or at Woodleigh who did not often call to mind the good-humored, handsome boy who had been so universal a favorite with them all.

First and foremost, there was the parish priest, Sir Guy, who, now that his dreams seemed to be actually on the way towards realization, always thought and spoke of his younger brother as "My brother, the clerk of Paris"—as if such a mystic formula of words naturally conveyed to his hearers, as indeed it did, with a corresponding glow of satisfaction, to his own mind, the limitless height of possibilities to which, in this case at least, such a clerkship was inevitably bound to lead. His brother's pride in Arnoul was not to be measured by any ordinary standards. If he was aware of any weakness or defects in the lad's character, for him at least they were virtues which in the long run, would manifest themselves to his advantage; and the good points that every one who knew him at all, from Abbot Benet to Roger the fisherman, would have been only too ready to attest, became for simple, fond Sir Guy the very summits, the mountain peaks, of excellence such as are reached by few, if indeed by any, mortals in this imperfect world.

As the weeks and months drew out, Guy not having Arnoul near him to advise, forgot that there was any subject upon which his advice might have been necessary or useful; and, dwelling on the end rather than upon the means, pictured Arnoul already in his doctor's cap, coming back triumphantly to his home to accept the honors and dignities that would be sure to be thrust lavishly upon him.

So Sir Guy dreamed and built airy castles for Arnoul to live in; the while the lad, as we have seen, was going to the

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bad just about as quickly as circumstances would permit. But then Sir Guy knew little or nothing of Paris and his brother's doings there; and so he dreamed on, happy in his ignorance, of the glorious career that would bring wealth and honor to them both.

The Abbot, too, had Arnoul often in his thoughts. He knew what sort of a place Paris was, far better than Sir Guy did; and he realized, as few but monks can realize, what its difficulties and dangers were. But he had the utmost confidence in his own judgment and he had also the utmost confidence in Arnoul. It did not need his seeing him, as he passed through Paris on his yearly visit to Citeaux, to be sure that all things were well with him. Had he not had the lad in his own keeping while he was in the alumnate; and, if need might be, were there not the Cistercians at Paris for Arnoul to consult if any difficulty should arise? No, he did not worry; for he was so sure of the boy. Which shows, perhaps, that even a monk and an abbot may be mistaken in his reading of a character that he thinks he understands.

Budd, of course, and his good dame, had frequent speech with regard to the "young master." Like Sir Guy and Abbot Benet, they missed his presence sorely—perhaps more, in their simple way, than either of the priests. Paris, for them, notwithstanding all that Arnoul had poured into their ears about it, was little more than a name; but they knew that he was there to gain learning and advancement, and, with Sir Guy, they harped always on the day when he should come back to Devon possessed of both.

But there was another who was interested in Arnoul and his doings, who though she spoke of him seldom, if at all, had him in her thoughts none the less often. This was the Lady Sibilla, the daughter of Sir Sigar Vipont.

Her life, until Arnoul came into it, in the manner already narrated, had been a quiet one and uneventful. She had lived happily with her father at Moreleigh, troubled only by his fits of depression and moroseness, until the memorable day on which he had lifted his hand against her. Then a whole series of new factors had come into play. It was not that she loved her father any the less. Her blind devotion to him was as great and, if anything, more tender than ever before; but a touch of sadness had crept in to color it. The outburst had

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brought Vipont to his senses, for a time, at any rate; and he was lavish in atoning for it by every means in his power. Still Sibilla could not forget—though she never needed to forgive—the awful scene and the fact, so wounding to her pride, that servants and strangers had been witnesses of it. Even had she been able to forget, she would have been reminded of it every time she saw the priest of Woodleigh; for he, good, blundering soul, who would have cut off his right hand sooner than willingly cause pain to any living creature, asked her the most pointed questions of Sir Sigar every time he saw her. Then there was Arnoul. As the days passed, after he had left England, she found herself thinking more and more often of her chivalrous protector. His image had burnt itself deep upon her memory—his strong, shapely form, his noble brow, his thoughtful eyes. How handsome he was! How strong! How gentle! She had fallen in love with him as a matter of course, after the manner of people of the story books, though she did not know it. It was only after she discovered that his memory was ever growing more present to her and dearer, that she began to realize how he had gone to Paris, taking with him something more than her precious relic in its golden reliquary.

When she confessed her love to herself, in the silence of her own chamber, the hot blushes rushed mantling to her cheek. How noble he was, how true, how brave! There was no epithet too high or noble for him; no word to express the halo of romance with which she clothed him. He was her knight! He had her gage! And she was his lady, for whom he would do battle! What mattered that the golden sun shone bright outside her window? What mattered the blue dome of sky closing in the mellow coombs that swelled from the bosom of the earth to meet it? A single kestrel hawk hung poised in mid heaven. Beneath, in the cool, green woodland, a dove called to its answering mate. The pages chattered in the court below. The clank of steel came up shrilly from the guardroom. She could hear the whirr of the spinning wheels in the women's chamber. But she closed her great brown eyes and thought of Arnoul de Valletort, breathing his name softly and many times over to herself. She could understand, now, the beating of her heart when she had spoken to him at the castle gate and had bound her guerdon about his throat. It was love—the first stirrings of the spark divine within her breast, now fanned

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into a flame by the dear breath of memory. It was love, the more precious to her, in that it was hers and hers alone, shared with no soul—no, not even with his. And when her cavalier should return, his days of learning over, then fate should weave their two lives together in one enduring strand, just as fate had first brought them into touch and set her heart on fire.

When would he come back—and what? Sibilla began to speculate and dream her dreams like Sir Guy. He would come back to her, not an ecclesiastic but a doughty knight and, after a stately and honorable wooing, he would lead her to the altar. He would return with honor and renown to win back his patrimony or found a great estate for himself in the country of his birth. Or if he came back poor, as he had gone, what mattered it? Poverty was no barrier that true love could not overleap. Only—her one fear—Sir Guy spoke of his clerkship as if Arnoul were already in sacred orders and bound with the clerical vows. But she trusted her instinct more than Sir Guy's glowing hopes, and put her faith into the keeping of her own true heart.

And so Sibilla spun her romance into the texture of her quiet life at Moreleigh and dreamed day dreams; until her cheek began to grow so pale and her manner so pensive that her father took notice of it. He attributed it to his outburst of rage as to a cause, and spoke to her of it in his rough, kind way.

"What ails you, child?" he said to her one day. "The roses are fading from your cheeks with the fading petals in the gardens. You are sad, Sibilla, and grieving. Nay, tell me not, child"; as she made to answer him—and there was bitterness in his tone as he spoke, though his great hand rested lovingly upon her little one. "Tell me not, for I know the cause. I do not blame you, child. I do not blame you, but—but—cannot you forget?"

"Father, Father," she interrupted him, the tears starting to her eyes. "You know I have forgotten save when you recall it to me thus. Forgotten? Is there anything that could stand between us? Oh, Father, you wrong my love for you in thinking so. You dishonor your own love for me!"

"Still, Sibilla, you are not well. Some secret trouble?"

"No, Father; it is nothing. I am quite well. Believe me, I am well." She drew herself up to her full height, so that the clinging gown she wore fell in graceful folds from her

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shoulders to the ground. Her head was thrown back as she smiled into his eyes, the lights dancing in the corners of her own, and the fresh blush of color showing upon her cheek. Her bosom gleamed like faint blushing ivory kissed by the sun where the pale green silk was cut away at the throat. A narrow circlet of dull gold was clasped about her neck.

"Ah! That is something like my Sibilla! Now you look as I would have you always look—happy, careless, fearless, as of old. But one can see," he continued, "how pale you have become lately, and how serious, none the less. You are not the same light-hearted girl you were, Sibilla. You are sure that there is nothing?"

"Nothing, Father," she repeated, smiling up at him again, and blushing in spite of herself.

He saw the smile and the blush, and kissed her gravely upon the brow. She returned his embrace, putting her soft arms around his neck. "Now will you believe me, Father?" she said.

"Believe you? Yes, child; of course I believe you. Why, your two eyes shine like twin stars, my Sibilla! Your lips are the very bow of Cupid! One might think you were in love to look at you, so does the love-light shine in your eyes! Who is it, child?" he asked in banter, stumbling by chance upon her secret. "Surely my child, my bird, my pretty Sibilla, has not given away her heart?"

"Father!" she exclaimed, blushing furiously, and averting her face.

"Ah! So I have found you out, little one!" He smiled in jest, half divining the truth.

"And who is the happy suitor that aspires to the hand of the heiress of the Viponts? Come, Sibilla! Who is it? Young Clifford? Tracy? Why, what a quiet minx you are to fall in love without telling your doting father all about it!"

"Father, how can you!" cried the girl, now on the verge of tears again, her bosom swelling with emotion. "I have never spoken of love to a single soul! Father, how can you say such things! No one has ever made love to me—no one!" And Sibilla stood proudly on her dignity and looked at her father with flashing eyes.

"Come, Sibilla, come! Do not be angry! One of these days it will have to be, and then you will not speak like that,"

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he said sadly. "And maids do lose their hearts; in truth they do! Why, your mother—God assoil her!— But there is some one, child, whom you have seen—?"

Was it maidenly, thought the girl quickly, was it consistent with the pride of the Viponts? What would her father say if she did tell him? There was no reason why she should not keep her secret safely locked up in the innermost shrine of her own heart. No one knew. No one need ever know. It was hers and hers alone, a thing unshared and incommunicable.

But as a counterbalance to this thought there was another. When a maid loves truly—or a man, for the matter of that—there is a comfort, a solace, and a pride in speaking of the object of the love, in confessing to a real passion. She had no mother, poor maid, to confide in, and she loved her father dearly. Never before had she had secrets from him. Why should she hide this? She was not ashamed of her growing love for Arnoul. Rather was she proud of it—proud with that blind, unreasoning pride that is love itself, wrapping the loved one in a glamor of perfection, like a saint in his sanctity, intangible and unassailable.

She made up her mind suddenly, unsuspiciously, without misgiving.

"Yes, Father, you have guessed rightly. There is some one."

"Young Tracy, Sibilla? Pomeroy? Clifford?" Vipont named houses of Devon fame, assured position, great estates.

"No, Father, it is none of those"; replied the girl quietly, her downcast eyes seeking a refuge from her father's searching glance.

"Who then? Bauzan? Surely not! He is too old—and too ugly." He ended with a laugh.

"No, none of those." The long lashes swept her cheek. "It is the brother of Sir Guy of Woodleigh, Arnoul de Valletort, whom I love."

"What!" gasped Vipont, almost speechless with astonishment. "Sibilla, Sibilla, what are you saying? Arnoul de Valletort? The boy has not an acre of land to boast of! Come, girl, what madness is this?"

"It is no madness, Father, but the simple truth. God help me! I know not that he even cares for me; but I confess it —I love him with all my heart and soul."

"By the wounds of God, girl!" retorted Vipont, fast work-

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ing himself into a passion. "Have you no modesty? Have you no pride? Have you no shame? A Vipont and a beggarly Valletort mated! Faugh! My gorge rises at it! A Vipont—and my daughter! The younger brother of a fallen house—the brother of the shaveling priest of Woodleigh! Are you mad, girl? Have you lost your senses?"

"You asked me, Father," the girl answered, pale and trembling. It was much harder than she thought. The confession was not enough; she must also defend her new-born love. "You asked me, Father, and I have answered you. I have told you what my lips would reveal to no one else. Arnoul de Valletort claims as good a lineage as we. I see no madness in such love, nor do I feel in aught ashamed."

"But he is a beggar!"

"Is there naught but gold to think of in the world?" asked the girl bitterly, lifting her swimming eyes to his.

"I will not hear of such a thing!" stormed Vipont, the danger signals of rage swelling red upon his brow. "My daughter shall not think such thoughts. Have done with it, girl! A beggar and, they say, a clerk! Let your modesty spare you shame! This Valletort is half a monk! Besides, he does not love you! He cannot love you! He has not dared —has he—to whisper to you of love?"

"Ah!" Sibilla sighed. "You have asked me, Father, and I have answered you truly. I love Arnoul, come what may. He has not spoken to me. He may never speak. For aught I know he does not look on me with love—"

The man swore a dreadful oath. "I will not hear of it," he shouted. "I forbid you to speak—to think, of such a thing! No daughter of mine"—and he raised his hand threateningly —"no daughter of mine shall so demean herself! Shall, do I say? You have demeaned yourself already and dragged your honor in the dust in making such a shameless boast! God's blood! Would you go to him upon your knees and beseech his condescension?"

"Father!" exclaimed the girl pleadingly. "Father! Remember, I beseech you!"

Is was enough. The man's visage paled suddenly and his hand dropped to his side. He had been within an ace of striking her. For a moment he stood silent; then, the pent-up wrath choking his voice, he spoke.

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"Forgive me, Sibilla, but do not goad me too far. Forbearance has reached its snapping-point. Such words as you have spoken are enough to stir my rage to very madness. I forbid—I utterly forbid—these thoughts of Valletort. And if the churl should dare to raise his eyes to you, I shall send him —I swear it on my faith!—to join his forebears in hell. But he will never dare! Such thoughts are unmaidenly in you, Sibilla. Put them from you! When the time comes for you to marry—when it comes, I say—I will find you a suitor. But this Valletort— I will not have you think of him!"

The girl stood white and trembling. Vipont's forced calmness was worse than his anger. Still she made answer.

"Father, in all I can I will obey you. It is not from fear but from love that I have never disobeyed you yet. But I cannot do this thing! I cannot promise! It is not in my power! How can I love when you bid me love, or hate when you bid me hate? I would never do aught against your will; but as well might I bid the wind to cease from singing through the leaves as bid my heart not to love!"

"Then you are no daughter of mine," replied Vipont in the same cold voice, shaking with suppressed passion. "I forbid you to love this Valletort whelp, Sibilla! Mark you, I forbid this! You will forget it as a passing fancy. I, your father, command you!"

And, fearful of himself, he turned on his heel and left her.

The poor child burst into tears. It was hard enough to tell her father of her love—far worse that he should take it like this. Oh, why—she wondered—should affection have come thus into her heart? Why should it grow to be a part of herself? Why should she love at all? She found no answer, for there is none. So she dried her eyes after a time and went to her women, suffering silently, swayed hither and thither by the cross-purposes of her heart. Yet, such is the waywardness of human nature, from that day her love for Arnoul grew ever greater, and her presentiment of its ultimate fruition more strong and certain. And from that day her heart was happy with a serene happiness and proud with a glorious pride, as having raised her maiden love above all other things so high that she could bring herself to boast of it in the very teeth of her father's displeasure.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

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OVERLANDING.

BY M. F. QUINLAN.

"Now this is the law of the Overland that all in the West obey,
A man must cover with traveling sheep a six-mile stage a day;
But this is the law which the drovers make, right easily understood,
They travel their stage where the grass is bad, but they camp where the grass is good;
They camp and they ravage the squatter's grass, till never a blade remains,
Then they drift away as the white clouds drift on the edge of the salt-bush plains.
From camp to camp and from run to run they battle it hand to hand,
For a blade of grass and the right to pass on the track of the Overland."

—*A. B. Paterson.*

F all the avocations out back, there is perhaps none that requires so many qualifications as that of droving. It takes a smart man to be a drover. Not only must he understand the handling of stock, but also the management of men.

On every overlanding trip he has in his employ from eight to twelve men, six or eight shepherds, a cook, and a horse boy. These are usually rough customers, difficult to handle, hard to hold in leash. And since pistols are proscribed in the back country—no one carrying firearms without a special license—the drover who knows how to use his hands is the one who enforces respect.

In the gray wastes of Australia, where the employer and employed stand side by side in the battle of life, it is invariably the best man that wins.

There are not too many rules and regulations out back. In engaging a hand no arrangement is entered into beyond the rate of payment; the length of his job depends on a variety of possible incidents. For instance, if a man sleeps during his watch and the cattle break camp in the night, he may be turned off in the morning. Or perhaps when a bush-shanty is struck on the lonely plains, the shepherd may succumb to an almighty thirst. For these or such like delinquencies the hand is subject to instant dismissal. When summary notice is given along the track the drover must be prepared to take off his coat and settle matters then and there. It may be that the drover's man does not care a hang whether he is turned off or not, but for the sake of appearances he may feel impelled to

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protest. Hence there will be a round or two with the boss. If a man is dismissed close up to a shanty, he receives just the amount of pay that is due to him. If on the open plains, where no human habitation is within call, he is entitled to rations as well. With this provender he strikes out on his own, sometimes in the hope of making a homestead, but more often doubling back to the last bush-shanty. For to the drover's man the nearest shanty is the best shanty. To him these wayside places of refreshment are all too few. To him in particular the lay of the "Bush Christening" is especially dear, were it only for the opening voice:

"On the outer Barcoo, where the churches are few
And men of religion are scanty,
On a road never crossed 'cept by folk that are lost,
One Michael Magee kept a shanty."

Indeed the bush-shanty out back has much to answer for. But even though his men may at times stray away from the path of sobriety, the wise drover will hesitate to turn off a hand in the open spaces. Hands are scarce in the back country. It may be many days before he comes up with a traveler—and the man "on the wallaby"* is not always keen for a job. So the drover must exercise judgment and sometimes be content to look the other way.

But besides knowing how to deal with men, the overlander needs to know his way about. Unless he's an expert bushman he's no good. Out here in the wilderness the drover should be able to take his bearings by day and by night. So too he must have a keen eye for observing passing things if he is to avoid being "bushed." It may be the lie of a dead gum; or a projecting bit of rock; perhaps the trace of the mail in the sand; or, best of all, the faint track of emu pads on the dry ground. These earth marks are not easy to find, but since they generally lead to a water hole, they are worth studying.

According to the rules of the Great Stock Routes, cattle must travel ten miles a day. For sheep, it is a six-mile stage. But while sheep can live on the run without much water, provided the feed is green, on the dry, dusty road, they need to be watered daily. With cattle this is even more necessary.

* A slang term for an "out-of-work" along the track.

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And as the Government tanks only occur at intervals varying from six to twenty miles, it follows that the finding of natural water is an important matter to the drover with a big mob.

In these dry stretches it is difficult enough to find water for the camp. The water cask is jealously guarded by the cook, while each man carries his own water bag. These are replenished at an occasional creek along the line of route. Sometimes the creek, which in the good seasons was a swift running stream, has shrunk up into a chain of water-holes, the liquid therein being of both the color and the consistency of mud.

But whatever the difficulty to the drover of providing water for his men, these pale before the greater difficulty of supplying the needs of his stock. To be obliged to shift camp every day —twenty-four hours being the outside limit for grazing on a Government reserve—and to make provision, finding feed and water for twenty thousand traveling sheep, is no light task in a dry season. Yet this is the daily problem which every drover must solve for himself out back.

Apart, however, from these material matters, the drover has other questions to face; and the obstacles put in the way of the overlander may have serious consequences. Therefore, if he is to stand his ground in dealing with the pastoralists, through whose country lie the open stock routes, he must have a clear and definite knowledge of all legislation affecting traveling stock. He must know the different Acts of Parliament which protect the interests of the squatter, no less than those which appertain to the rights of flocks and herds.

In a bad season, with the sheep dying all along the route, the desperate drover will disregard all the rules of the road, and, regardless of the lurid expostulations of the station hands, he will spread out his sheep beyond the half-mile track, battling his way in the teeth of everything, determined only to keep the life in his flocks. At such times every man's hand is against him; and he—what does the desperate drover care for the printed word? Yet—

". . . this is the law of the Great Stock Routes—'tis written in white and black—
The man that goes with a traveling mob must keep to a half-mile track;

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And the drovers keep to a half-mile track on the runs where the grass is dead,
But they spread their sheep on a well grassed run till they go with a two-mile spread.
So the squatters hurry the drovers on from dawn till the fall of night,
And the squatter's dogs and the drover's dogs get mixed in a deadly fight;
Yet the squatter's men, though they hunt the mob, are willing the peace to keep,
For the drovers learn how to use their hands when they go with the traveling sheep. . . ."

From the heart of Queensland to the Victorian capital is a long way; longer than I can say. But from Melbourne to the Queensland border—that is, just over the fence—it measures twelve hundred miles. This is a common trip for the drover, but it's a big thing, take it all round; and it is natural that it would entail some foresight and the arrangement of certain preliminaries. First of all, there is the drover's contract which must be carefully drawn up and duly signed.

In former years the drover was paid so much per head for every sheep, or every bullock, on delivery at their appointed destination. For sheep the rate was perhaps nine pence, perhaps one shilling per head. And when this was multiplied by say, twenty thousand, the profits to the drover were considerable, even when the working expenses had been deducted; for the drover must always pay the wages of the men, and find their "tucker," besides supplying mounts and remounts throughout the trip.

But this payment per head, though satisfactory from the drover's point of view, was found unsatisfactory to the pastoralist. For instead of his stock arriving at the capital in prime condition, as they were when they left the run, they were delivered thin and ragged; the aim of the drover paid by the job being to hurry them on, romping them over good and bad pastures alike, so that they might the sooner reach their distant goal.

To-day, however, a different arrangement holds. Every drover is now paid according to the time he spends on the trip. Thus the pastoralist finds it better to pay the drover so many

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pounds per day for an indefinite period, and thereby ensure the good condition of the stock.

For every sheep that is lost on the road, the drover must pay. Sometimes the rate is eleven shillings a head; other times it may be as high as twenty shillings a head. But if, on the other hand, one sheep or a hundred and fifty sheep die along the track, the drover will suffer no loss, provided he can produce the scalps of the missing sheep. By the scalp is understood the two ears with the connecting strip of hide. On every pair of ears are certain marks for identification. First there is the registered Government ear-mark; and secondly the station age mark, which latter mark will only be known to the station hands of the particular run to which the sheep belongs.

When the drover's contract is settled, the sheep are counted and then branded. In New South Wales T. is the brand; in Queensland it is a large Q. over T. (Queensland Traveling Stock). This brand is placed, not on the flank but on the back. According to a Government regulation no traveling stock may pass along the open routes unless this obligation is complied with; and the drover who would endeavor to slip across with unbranded sheep would be promptly held up on the border by the Government authorities on the charge of "lifting" cattle.

But, besides having his sheep properly branded, the drover needs to provide himself with certain documents signed by a Justice of the Peace, which will give him the right of way along the track of the Overland. First there is his permit and then his traveling statement—the latter being similar to a merchantman's bill of lading—giving such particulars as the number of sheep in the mob, where from, their destination, the late owner's name, the name of the buyer, and lastly the name of the drover. All these things are entered in the drover's papers, which must be shown on demand to every inspector along the route.

Occasionally it may happen that in the hurry of setting out, a paper is carelessly filled in, and though the omission may not be of much importance, the zealous inspector will hold up the drover as a matter of abstract principle. The immediate result of such an action is uncertain, since every drover acts on his own

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responsibility when it comes to an emergency. To knock out the inspector is the quickest solution, and sometimes the only one that occurs to the drover, but the wisdom of this course depends on the chances of a magistrate being within a practicable radius. Anyhow the drover is always ready to take the risks, being a light-hearted son of the South, and possessed of the optimism which accompanies a well-knit frame and a fist like a sledge hammer. And if in the enthusiasm of the moment he happens to handle the Government inspector a bit roughly, it may subsequently transpire that this devil-may-care drover is the son of a prominent citizen in some distant capital, that his father holds the King's Commission in a sister State, and is altogether a power in the land. Then the magistrate may possibly manage to find cause why a warrant should not be issued, while the son of his old friend leisurely rides away into the gray silence, with his pipe between his teeth and his heart untrammeled by care.

The night's camp is always arranged beforehand, therefore the first thing the drover does, is to despatch the cook and the horse boy to fix up things in advance. In the light wagon driven by the cook are stored all the provisions and the camp requisites, including the drover's tent and the men's swags. And while the cook busies himself getting the camp ship-shape, the horse boy hobbles the horses—perhaps fifteen or twenty—which are to serve as remounts throughout the trip. If the horse boy thinks fit, he may give the cook a hand in the culinary arrangements, but in this case the cook must clearly understand that the services rendered are works of supererogation and no more. The horse boy takes no orders from the cook. Only the boss may lift his voice in the camp. Were the cook to take to himself any such prerogative, the chances are a hundred to one that the horse boy would "go for him" with an ax.

No; the rights of the individual are jealously guarded out back, any infringement being put down instantly and with a firm hand.

The next duty of the horse boy is to prepare the enclosure in which to "hold" the sheep. This is done by throwing up a light barricade of green boughs or the dead limbs of trees. But as a complete barrier of wood would entail too much labor, a row of stout wooden pegs are hammered into the ground, and

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along this line of pegs is stretched a length of white calico, about twelve inches wide. In the daytime this barrier would not suffice to keep in the sheep, but it answers for the night.

When overlanding, sheep are never left unguarded, in view of the possible danger of their breaking camp. Usually one man remains on watch—with "scrub" cattle two, since the latter are more difficult to hold.

The watches are in shifts throughout the night, the last watch being taken by the boss. He has plenty to think about and to arrange before the camp is astir.

Just before daybreak the boss stirs up the horse boy, who has to track up the horses before the gray plains awaken; before the birds begin to twitter, and the hum of the insect world fills the ear and shuts off the sound of hobbled hoofs far out in the scrub.

At dawn, or soon after, the overlanders are again on the road. In dealing with a large mob of twenty thousand sheep, it is usual to break them up into separate flocks, of four thousand to a flock, this being a convenient number for two men to handle. The sheep dogs are worked in relays, every dog taking a shift each alternate day. Either barbs or kelpies are best for shepherding. Collies have too little stamina for overlanding. No bushman would be bothered with a collie. According to him every collie requires a bucket of water, a pair of shoes, and a shady tree, otherwise he'll knock up; whereas the wiry kelpie is built for the strenuous life and will battle along through the drought and wag his tail at the end of it. The kelpie is always game.

Once the flocks are started, they are in the hands of the shepherds. The drover goes on ahead to examine the country. He has always enough to fill his mind, and the anxieties of the way may not be shared by any one. He must keep his own counsel and make his own plans. Wherever the track lies along a river frontage, water is assured, the Government reserves being situated at regular intervals of six miles. Sometimes it happens that another mob of traveling stock is close up. The drover must know what mobs are on the road and where they are. Should two mobs arrive simultaneously, there is always the danger of the sheep getting "boxed," therefore, if one mob be already camped on the reserve, these must be drawn

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off further along the track, while the newly arrived mob is watered. These must then go further out to a camp improvised by the drover.

For feed there may be some grass to be picked up, but the river frontage is usually eaten bare. Boree scrub is good eating for stock, and so is the stunted salt-bush—as distinct from the Old Man Salt-bush which grows to a height of eight feet. Both grow on the plains, but the latter makes poor feed. In parts of New South Wales and Queensland the Darling Pea grows in isolated patches of country. In appearance it is pretty enough, composed as it is of two shades of delicate green, but to the drover it is a plant accursed. When sheep eat it they go silly, butting their heads into the ground, attempting to climb trees, and refusing to come in to water. Pea-struck sheep have usually to be destroyed.

Another difficulty that the drover has to grapple with is to gauge the strength of the next river. In the dry seasons the sheep can ford a river without much difficulty, but after the rains, when the water swirls along high up on the banks, it may be an exciting time for both men and stock. Sheep can swim well, but they will never take the initiative in crossing running water. What the drover has to do, therefore, is to get them started; for whatever the foremost sheep does, that the mob will do.

So the mob are driven up against the river bank and the drover chooses a leader—one with curly horns is best—and with this sheep in tow he passes across the river in the ferry. Arrived at the opposite bank, he ties the animal up by the horns to a neighboring tree. No sheep likes to be separated from the mob, consequently he begins a series of "baa-baaing." This attracts the attention of the mob, who start fidgetting to join the isolated wether. Now is the time for the drover, who accordingly signs to his men. Helter-skelter, one after the other—right side up, wrong side up, any way up—the sheep are pitched into the swiftly running river. There is a mighty splashing and frightened bleatings, but once in the water each sheep strikes out for the bank ahead, while the rest of the mob, fearing to be left behind, jump in after their mates, and the crossing is safely accomplished.

Thus day follows day along the open track, and the mo-

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notony which would seem to be inseparable from life in the open spaces is broken by the obstacles and difficulties of the way. The subtle charm of the wild is in no sense affected by the seasons. Be they good or bad, whether in sunshine or in storm, the drover lies under the spell of the bushland, in whose keeping are the great stock routes which lead away from the busy haunts of men into the silent places where the human heart finds rest.

How well the Australian poet knew this is indicated by those lines which throb with a sense of fulfilled desire—of joy and contentment, the heritage of those whose lives are passed on the far-reaching plains where beats the heart of the great Earth-Mother. Thus he writes:

"In my wild erratic fancy, visions come to me of Clancy
Gone a-droving 'down the Cooper,' where the Western drovers go;
As the stock are slowly stringing, Clancy rides behind them singing,
For the drover's life has pleasures that the townsfolk never know.
And the bush hath friends to meet him, and their kindly voices greet him
In the murmur of the breezes and the river on its bars,
And he sees the vision splendid of the sunlit plains extended,
And at night the wondrous glory of the everlasting stars."

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LORD KELVIN.

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

ON December 17, 1907, the cable brought the news of the death of Lord Kelvin, one of the greatest of the scientific investigators of the last century, and of the last two generations probably the most important contributor to applied science and scientific theory. Few men have been more honored by his contemporaries than this man, in whom royalty honored itself by raising him to the peerage. Ten years ago a most enthusiastic celebration was held in honor of his completion of fifty years' service in the University of Glasgow. At this jubilee delegates from every civilized country and every important scientific society in the world came to do honor to this dean of physical science.

The following estimate of Lord Kelvin was written by one of his scientific confrères, Arthur G. Webster, of Clarke University:

> With the death of Lord Kelvin, on December 17, there passes away the grandest figure of contemporary science, and with it closes an epoch in the history of physics. When William Thomson was born, in 1824, Ohm's law of the flow of electric currents had not been discovered, Oersted's discovery of the magnetic action of the current was but four years old, while Faraday's capital discovery of the induction of currents was not to come for seven years. The wave theory of light had been but recently set on its feet by Young and Fresnel, and was not yet thoroughly believed, while the two laws of thermodynamics, perhaps the most important contribution of the nineteenth century, were unknown. All these things Lord Kelvin saw, and a great part of them he was. Probably no one, with the single exception of Helmholtz, born three years earlier, exercised greater influence on the science of the nineteenth century, while to compare the influence of these two great physicists with that of Darwin is as bootless as to question whether the grass is greener than the sky is blue.*

* *Science*, January 3, 1908.

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Lord Kelvin himself, however, would have been one of the last men to admit that he was proficient in science. Some eight years ago, when he resigned his professorship at Glasgow University, wishing still to maintain his connection with the institution, he entered his name as a student in the matriculation books. This was what he considered himself to be—a life-long, patient student of science. Few students who have ever matriculated at any university have so well deserved the name as he, even during these last years.

When physical science is considered in its popular sense, the name of Tyndall suggests itself as the representative modern investigator. Lord Kelvin was a greater man than Tyndall, though he came much less before the public, for he was the real leader of scientific thought in physics, not only among English-speaking people but for the world. It is curious to reflect that much of Tyndall's reputation was a mere exploitation of his outspoken agnosticism. Lord Kelvin, eminently conservative, a profound believer in the Creator and in the moral obligations of man to his Creator, and of this life as a preparation for the next, had no such adventitious aid to fame.

More than once Lord Kelvin publicly proclaimed his utter disagreement with those who assert that science teaches nothing about creation or a Creator. Less than four years ago, at a meeting where rationalism was the subject of discussion, he stated his convictions on the relations of science to the belief in a Creator and to the manifestation of God in the world around us. He declared that many of the assumptions of rationalists and materialists are absurd in the light of science alone. The doubts of the incredulous, he maintained, were much more bothersome than the difficulties experienced by the believer. It is impossible to understand the meaning of life and the universe when one has rejected the existence of God and the immortality of the soul.

Lord Kelvin's speech on the occasion mentioned was reported in the London *Times* for May 2, 1903. Two days later the distinguished scientist corrected certain words in the report of the *Times*, but acknowledged that the rest might stand:

> Science positively affirmed creative power. Science made every one feel a miracle in himself. It was not in dead matter that they lived and moved and had their being, but in the

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creative and directing power which science compelled them to accept as an article of belief. They could not escape from that when they studied the physics and dynamics of living and dead matter all around. Modern biologists were coming once more to a firm acceptance of something, and that was a vital principle. They had an unknown object put before them in science. In thinking of that object they were all agnostics. They only knew God in his works, but they were absolutely forced by science to admit and to believe with absolute confidence in a directive power—in an influence other than physical, dynamical, electrical forces. Cicero denied that they could have come into existence by a fortuitous concourse of atoms. Was there anything so absurd as to believe that a number of atoms by falling together of their own accord could make a crystal, a sprig of moss, a microbe, a living animal? People thought that, given millions of years, these might come to pass, but they could not think that a million of millions of years could give them unaided a beautiful world like ours. They had a spiritual influence, and in science a knowledge that there was that influence in the world around them. He admired the healthy, breezy atmosphere of free thought in Professor Henslow's lecture. Let no one be afraid of true freedom. They could be free in their thoughts, in their criticisms, and with freedom of thought they were bound to come to the conclusion that science was not antagonistic to religion but a help for religion.

The life of such a man is worth profound study. Lord Kelvin, William Thomson, was born in Belfast, in 1824. His great colleague in the realm of physics, John Tyndall, was also of Irish birth. The Celtic qualities of poetic imagination and intellect eminently fit the Irish for success in literature, and the same qualities, under proper circumstances, have a like effect for success in scientific investigation. In a lecture on the Irish School of Medicine, delivered at Johns Hopkins University some years ago, I called attention to the fact that Irishmen, as far as their opportunities went, were quite as successful in science as in literature.

It has always been generally recognized that a very important portion of what is called English literature is really due to the native genius of English-speaking writers of Irish birth and parentage, whose Celtic qualities of mind and heart

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> have proved the sources of some of the most significant developments in the language of their adoption. What a large lacuna would be created in English literature by the removal from it of the work of such men as Dean Swift, Goldsmith, Burke, Sheridan, and Moore! It is not generally known, however, that if the work of the distinguished Irish physicians and surgeons of the last century were to be blotted out of English medical literature, there would be left quite as striking and as wide a gap.*

Lord Kelvin was always proud of the fact that his qualities of mind and heart were essentially Irish. In the course of a popular address delivered at the height of his fame, he emphasized the fact that he was proud of his Irish origin and character, and said:

> The only previous enumeration of the senses according to which they were considered as being more than five in number, is, so far as I know, the Irish counting of seven senses. The seventh sense of the Irish, if I am not mistaken, was the common-sense; and I believe that among my fellow-countrymen, for I talk as an Irishman, the possession of this seventh sense, which in my judgment the Irish possess to a noteworthy degree, has done more in the course of time to temper the woes of the Irish people than would even the removal of the "melancholy ocean" which surrounds their shores.

Lord Kelvin received his education at the universities of Glasgow and Cambridge. He was the son of James Thomson, LL.D., a distinguished professor of mathematics in the University of Glasgow, where the son began his academic career. At the age of eighteen he went to St. Peter's College, Cambridge, and his success, especially in his favorite study of mathematics, can be realized from the fact that he became First Smith's Prizeman and Second Wrangler. This meant that he was head of his class, and second in the severest examination in mathematics held anywhere in Europe. One might conclude that he was a "grind." But he won the Colquhoun Sculls as the best oarsman at Cambridge, and during his senior year was president of the Musical Society of the university.

* *Makers of Modern Medicine.* Article, "The Irish School of Medicine." By James J. Walsh, M.D.

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This diversity of interests remained with him all his life. A writer in the *Athenæum* says of him that "throughout his long life he retained his powers wonderfully, and had that fine simplicity of nature which goes with greatness. His interests were by no means confined to science, and when he was over eighty he would converse with the animation of a boy on all sorts of subjects."

After leaving Cambridge he went to Paris. Kelvin's genius was eminently mathematical. He worked for nearly a year in the laboratory of the famous Regnault, and there prepared himself for that life-long devotion to the mathematical side of physical science. In the words of Helmholtz, he had "the gift of translating real facts into mathematical equations and *vice versa*, a gift which is far rarer than the capacity for finding the solution of a given mathematical problem."

At the age of twenty-two years Lord Kelvin was appointed professor of natural philosophy in the University of Glasgow. Under the term natural philosophy was included at that time most of what we now call physics, that is, the general subjects of sound, heat, light, electricity, and the basic principles of matter. He held the professorial chair, thus early occupied, with ever-increasing prestige for fifty-three years.

Lord Kelvin first came into public prominence in connection with the laying of the Atlantic cable. It is very probable that but for his absolute assurance and his complete confidence in the result, founded on good scientific reasons, the cable never would have been laid, or at least not in our time. When the first attempt failed, it was he who insisted that there were no insurmountable physical obstacles in the way. He was the electrician of the second expedition. Because the ordinary telegraph apparatus, with its delicate relay, proved too heavy for a long submarine cable, a more sensitive receiver was found necessary. Lord Kelvin, by his inventive genius, devised such an instrument, and thus solved the largest problem which presented itself in the laying of the cable. The principle of his device is extremely simple. A current of electricity passing through a coil of wire always influences the magnetic needle. In Kelvin's apparatus a tiny magnet is suspended by delicate silk fibre inside a coil of very fine wire. The minimum current causes this to be deflected. As it is so small, however, it is difficult to note its movements. To detect even the slightest move-

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ment, a minute mirror is attached to the magnet. On this a ray of light is thrown. The slightest deviation of the mirror causes a large deviation in the reflected ray of light. The indicator-hand, though of considerable length, is absolutely without weight, since it is this beam of light. Signals may be made through this with a very small current. The whole apparatus is most ingenious and gives the best possible idea of the practical bent of Kelvin's mind. The principle thus applied by him, of using a ray of light as an indicator, has been adopted frequently in applied mechanics.

Other ingenious inventions of Lord Kelvin deserve to be mentioned. His voyages as cable-electrician, as well as his devotion to yachting as a recreation, suggested many inventions for the use of navigators. He invented an apparatus for determining deep-sea soundings which was much superior to instruments formerly in use. He used piano wire instead of rope; and thus the indicator of his sounding apparatus depends on the pressure of the depth of water, and not on the crude, more or less guess-work, measurement of previous times. He is also the inventor of a compass in which lightness and sensitiveness are well exemplified. The card of his compass is supported by silk strings. He perfected the method of correction of the compass for the deviation to which it is subject because of the ship's magnetism. The original idea for this came from Abbé Hauy, the father of crystalography, but Kelvin's elaboration of it practically gave us the instrument in use to-day. Besides Lord Kelvin was the inventor of a number of instruments for the measurements of units of various kinds in electricity.

Lord Kelvin did not confine his inventive applications to electrical science. Like many another scientist of the nineteenth century, his thoughts naturally turned to meteorology. With his profound knowledge of the great influence of electricity on air, it is not surprising that he should have realized that the continual changing of the electrical condition of the atmosphere must have an important effect on other atmospheric changes. He felt that the recording of these changes would sooner or later help in the forecast of weather conditions. He invented an apparatus by which such a record of the variations of the electrical potential of the atmosphere may be recorded automatically.

Very early in life Lord Kelvin commenced that devotion to

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original scientific research which was to characterize his entire career. Few present-day students realize how difficult it was to introduce into the world of scientific thought the theory of the conservation of energy, now such a common-place. The obvious of the present is sometimes the impossible or the absurd of a past generation. Motion stops, it is true, but we realize that its arrest, the energy by which it is carried on, is changed into heat. The heat of the sun, on the other hand, is practically the prime motive power of everything that moves on earth. Our main sources of energy are wood and coal. We are able to liberate energy so readily from these, because the sun's heat has been stored up in them, and the potential energy thus accumulated may be readily utilized. Even when we use a waterfall as a source of energy, it is the sun that is the prime mover. The sun's heat vaporizes the water of the ocean, carries it in the form of clouds over the land whence it came, is shed as rain, and flows back again into the sea.

Practically every schoolboy now knows all this, and most of them realize that no motion is ever really lost, no energy ever ceases to exist. It may change its mode of action, but that is all. Heat is a mode of motion. The store of energy in the universe is not lessened, in spite of our employment of it for our own purposes. We lower the plane of it somewhat, but the total amount of it remains. Long ago St. Thomas Aquinas said: "No thing will ever be converted into nothingness"; and Aquinas meant that neither matter nor energy could ever be destroyed, and that they would never be annihilated. He had reached this conclusion by deduction which, as a method of arriving at a new truth, is often scoffed at to-day. It is usually stated that these principles of the indestructibility of matter and the conservation of energy were first discovered at the end of the first half of the nineteenth century, but as a matter of fact they were then for the first time experimentally demonstrated; as principles they had been known long before. The truths seemed so novel and even impossible to the scientific world, however, that for a long time scientists absolutely refused to listen especially to the doctrine of the conservation of energy.

Three men are responsible for this new development in science. They are Robert Mayer, a German physician, and the Englishmen, Joule and Lord Kelvin. Kelvin, in 1847, at the

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age of twenty-three, before the British Association, stood as the champion of the theory of the conservation of energy, which had just been set forth in its complete and logical form by Joule. Old scientists listened with impatience to this young man who was trying to teach them something that they could see at once was absurd. Absurd is such a dangerous word in science. Nearly all the great discoveries have looked absurd to some distinguished scientific authority when they made their first appearance. It is not astonishing that men who have been teaching a particular science from thirty to forty years, should refuse assent to the supposed new discovery of a young man. Kelvin's paper on the conservation of energy received, therefore, scant attention.

The young man, however, was right. It required a decade of patient demonstration and forceful exposition to make the points of the new doctrine clear, but Kelvin did it, and then the English scientific world realized that a new star had arisen above its horizon, and that illumination over many obscurities might be confidently looked for. Nor was it destined to be disappointed. It was not long before developments of the doctrine began to come from the young man's pen. He practically laid the mathematical foundations of the modern theory of heat. He was the first to suggest that the sun was cooling, and that a time would come when, owing to the absence of the sun's heat, all life would disappear from this universe. Many calculations have been made of the length of time this would require, and the figures vary from twenty million to two hundred million years.

It is a curious indication of the changeableness of scientific theories that after this principle of the conservation of energy had become a common-place in popular knowledge, an entirely different theory is coming into vogue. Physics is regarded as acquired knowledge of the natural phenomena of the universe, but the deductions from such knowledge must oftentimes be revised. Sometimes, indeed, the very contradictory of a proposition once generally held must be accepted in the light of subsequent investigation. After we had all made up our minds that the world, instead of burning up, as we had been accustomed to think because of the dicta of Holy Scripture, and while it had been generally conceded that the sun and the earth were gradually cooling, more than a doubt is thrown on this lat-

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ter theory by the discovery of radium. Radio-active substances exist very abundantly within the earth and in the sun, and it is more than probable that these bodies are developing new heat instead of becoming cooler in the course of time. There are distinguished scientists who do not hesitate to say that the earth will lose the life now on its surface, not as a consequence of becoming too cold to support life, but because of growing too hot to permit it, and that eventually the earth will become practically a flaming mass. This curious reversion to the older theory of the consummation of the world, is interesting as a new development in science.

It is not surprising, however, that Lord Kelvin, having originally introduced the other theory, should have refused to accept the supposed action of radio-active substances. At the last meeting of the British Association he declared that entirely too much was claimed for radium, and that much more study and experiment would have yet to come, before any of the consequences of its action could be accepted by scientists generally. He occupies the same position with regard to the new ideas in science as that taken by the older men against himself in his statement of the conservation of energy sixty years ago, and only time can tell whether he is right or wrong in this last position.

His work as a student of science, especially in his later years, had been accomplished with unremitting devotion, in spite of a serious affliction borne so uncomplainingly for nearly twenty years that only his most intimate friends knew of it. He suffered from facial neuralgia in one of its intractable forms, and the torment of it often took him from his work, though never until the pain was unbearable. It was well known that wherever he went he carried with him a little note-book, so that when unoccupied by business or social duties he devoted the time to working out whatever scientific problems he might be engaged on at the moment. He seemed to consider that he got many precious lights as to the methods of experimentation and the real significance of observations that he had made while poring over his pocket note-book. He used to say that preparatory consideration of the details of experiments, and especially reflection on the meaning of the results obtained, were even more important than keenness of observation at the time of the experiment itself.

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A worker in science of this kind might possibly be expected to be so preoccupied with thoughts about his scientific observations, past and future, as to be absent-minded with regard to most other things, and to be at best a quite unsatisfactory friend or companion. On the contrary, however, Lord Kelvin was always noted for his kindliness and courtesy towards others, and for the thoughtfulness with which he not only met but even anticipated the wishes of friends. It has been said that his charming personality endeared him even to those who met him but once. Those who knew him best all re-echoed the sentiment of one of his colleagues, who said that Lord Kelvin was noted quite as much for "his childlike humility, his very remarkable power of inspiring affection as well as esteem, and his interest in and sympathy with every one, as for his successful scientific investigations."

One is tempted to wonder what Lord Kelvin's attitude was towards certain materialistic tendencies in the science of his time, and especially in biology. As an answer to the inquiry, we have a distinct declaration from Lord Kelvin, made at the height of his career, and in his full maturity. About thirty-five years ago he was elected president of the British Association. In his inaugural address he reviewed certain tendencies in the science of his day. Darwinism was the topic of the hour. His opinions on the subject are well worth recalling. The following paragraph shows the attitude of the great scientist towards faith and the things of the spirit:

> Sir John Herschel . . . objects to the doctrine of natural selection, that it was too like the Laputan method of making books, and that it did not sufficiently take into account a continually guiding and controlling intelligence. This seems to me a most valuable and constructive criticism. I feel profoundly convinced that the argument from design has been too much lost sight of in recent zoölogical speculations. Reaction against the frivolities of teleology, such as are to be found, not rarely, in the notes of the learned commentators on Paley's "Natural Theology," has, I believe, had a temporary effect in turning attention from the solid and irrefragable argument so well put forward in that excellent old book. But overpoweringly strong proofs of intelligent and benevolent design lie all around us; and if ever perplexities, whether metaphysical or scientific, turn us away from them for a

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> time, they come back upon us with irresistible force, showing to us through nature the influence of a free will, and teaching us that all living beings depend on one ever-acting Creator and Ruler.*

Lord Kelvin frequently expressed himself very emphatically on this matter. For instance, on one occasion he said: "The only relation of dynamics to theoretic biology is the absolute negation of an automatic beginning or an automatic persistence of life." He had previously said: "It is impossible to understand the beginning or the continuance of life without an all-ruling creative power, and it would be entirely unjustifiable for us to build any conclusions drawn from the science of dynamics as to the future condition of the earth which might seem to suggest pessimistic conclusions as to the fate of the intelligent beings who dwell upon the earth." It is sometimes said that as men grow older they grow more conservative and sometimes their repugnance to the thought of death ending all, forces them to a belief in personal immortality. It was not only at the end of life, however, but at all times, that Kelvin insisted that science taught the existence of a Creator and the immortality of man. The expressions that we have quoted were all used between his fortieth and fiftieth year, when his intellect was in its prime.

Lord Kelvin was, then, a great man as well as a great scientist in the best and broadest sense of these terms. An affectionate friend, a kind husband, a fervent believer in the things of the spirit, as well as a distinguished scientist, his life is a lesson to this generation. Only too often it is presumed that science leads men away from faith, but this is true only for the minds that are too small to hold both science and faith. Lord Kelvin was but following the tradition of the great discoverers in electricity in remaining a believer in the orthodox views of creation and man's relation to the Creator. Every one of the prominent names in electricity is that of a man who was a firm believer in the great truths of religion. Volta and Galvani, the Italians whose names represent the basic discoveries in practical electricity, were good Catholics. And Galvani was, at his dying request, buried in the habit of St. Francis. Oersted, the

* Report of the forty-first meeting of the British Association for the Advancement of Science, held in Edinburgh, August, 1871.

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Dane, was a firm believer in revealed religion and its power to lift men up to higher things. To him we owe a remarkable apology for Christianity. Ampère was a devout Catholic and so was Coulomb. Ohm, the discoverer of the great principle of the law of electrical resistance, was also a Catholic.

Faraday, who took up the work of these continental investigators and carried it on so wonderfully in England, was an elder in one of the Protestant non-conformist sects, and often confessed his belief in God and a hereafter. The next great English scientist in electricity, Clerk Maxwell, one of the most wonderful mathematicians, as far as applied mathematics is concerned, of the nineteenth century, was a devout Anglican. The last great name in electricity is that of Roentgen, in whom we resume the chain of original discoverers who belong to the Catholic Church.

Lord Kelvin, then, far from being an exception to the general run of scientists in his acceptance of religious truth, is but another example of the constant historical tradition in science, that the supremely great minds do not have their faith obscured by science. Lord Kelvin's career and achievements deserve the attentive study not only of those interested in science, but also of those occupied in the work of Christian Apologetics.

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A MOUNTAIN GRISELDA.

BY JEANIE DRAKE,

Author of "In Old St. Stephen's," "The Metropolitans," "On Pigeon River," etc., etc.

BEHIND walls of dripping moss-green boulders and in the cool noon-day darkness of interlaced tree-tops and overleaning crags rushed invisibly above the cabin's smoke, and leaped and tumbled and foamed and sang Salola's waters on their way to the distant ocean. But the tiny cabin itself, of logs mud-plastered, clung to a grassy slope below, where the sun silvered the laurel's pale-rose blossoms and set a-flaming the tall candles of the chestnut trees.

Ben's Cove the sunlit nook was called; though the oldest mountaineer knew not who Ben was or what his family name. If such he owned it was without local habitation, for Dan Callett's shack, hewn by himself from primeval timber, was the first man-built home to dispute freehold with wild-cat or mink in this far forest solitude. Across and across the cleared patch, slanting sharply up the slope beside his house, went the young farmer now, guiding a tilting harrow which burrowed and flung the soil about. Behind him, with easy, swinging step, walked a girl of eighteen, one hand gathering her apron together, the other in large and noble gesture scattering its seeds abroad. Her handsome, uncovered head was as finely poised as a young deer's, and the fitful spring breeze, tightening and rippling the narrow draperies, made evident her free, unconscious grace. At the end of the last row he turned and paused, and letting fall her apron, her arms hanging straight at her sides, she stood confronting him, the harrow between. His naturally frank face wore now an expression half-sullen, half-uneasy, and his gaze avoided her to interest itself in certain chinquapin bushes sending down fragrance from high up the cliff's front.

"Smells like grapes e'enamost," he commented. "Thar'll be oodels o' nuts this fall comin', looks like."

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She heeded this as little as she did the crisp air flinging down to her spicy, woodland scents and fluttering her cotton skirt. "Last night," she said, in her even, restrained mountain tone, "you been out again, makin' ten times in the month. An' I been by myself—up here in this lonesome holler, with a screech-owl a-hootin' an' a painter a-yowlin' near by. Not that I'm afeard"—with a quick spark of fire in red-brown eyes, color of her hair. "Don't you be a-thinkin' that, Dan Callett! For you know I shoot e'enamost as straight as you; an' I slep with the gun handy. But when I give up my paw, thet's a lone widder man, an' the boys an gals thet was my friends, for *you*, 'twas on your promise to quit your wildness an' foolishness for *me*."

"Thar's diff'rent idees o' foolishness," he muttered.

"Name it worse, then," she flashed, "to leave your work by day an' your sleep by night, at the call of a pack of low-down rowdies thet's known to run a still, an'll git ye into jail yet."

"I don't tech the stuff," he protested with heat.

"I ain't sayin' you do," she answered steadily. "'Tain't likely a church member'd a-married you ef you had. But they're a-pullin' you on a road thet leads to thet an' worse ruin. Now listen to me, Dan"—her voice and eyes wonderfully softened—"you think more o' me, sure, than o' them thar trash. Leave off runnin' the mountains nights breakin' the law; an' me so lonesome without you down in Ben's Cove."

"It's jes as folks says," he returned, still gloomily intent on the chinquapins. "Give a gal a term or two at the Normal School, an' she thinks she's a man's boss. But you ain't a-goin' to be mine. I was a fool to give you any promises, an' I'd be a double fool to keep 'em."

She flushed and fired and hardened again. "An' I'd be a fool three times over to stand by an' watch you break 'em. I made up my mind to-day'd be the last time of layin' it before you. An', as you end by choosin' them, you lose me. I'm leavin' you this very minute, an' for good."

"What!" he exclaimed, in such amazement as caught his errant gaze and held it upon her now. "Leave me! Where'd you go? You're crazy, Juno!"

His wife's girlish figure, drawn tensely to its height, looked

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taller and slimmer than ever. In a long pause, while they faced each other, the hidden cataract above and immemorial rocks and woods preached Nature's constant, disregarded sermon to stormy human hearts.

She motioned his words aside with such gesture as would have become the goddess whose name she wore. "I've helped you put in your crop. The cow and calf are fed. I stayed up all night scrubbin' your cabin. You'll find everything clean an' in its place. Your dinner's on the fire. But I won't ever step inside your door again—until you've changed."

She turned and lifting her sunbonnet from the wood-pile, stayed at the spring for a last drink, her eyes across the gourd's rim, dwelling long on the little clearing.

He followed, leaving the harrow in its ridge. "What's to prevent my liftin' you up," he asked hoarsely, "an' tyin' you here, if I like to?"

"I'd git loose some time," she returned with composure. "You know you ain't able to keep me here, unless I choose. Mis' Brattle, to the Willow Inn, 'll send up for my things. I'm a-goin' thar to help with the milkin' an' housework." She passed, with her swaying graceful step, down the trail from the Cove to the valley of the Salola, her husband watching until the last glint of the sun upon her chestnut hair, the last flutter of her cotton skirt, had vanished.

Then he sat upon his doorstep, pulling on an unfilled pipe. "Them white pigeons I brung her from Easton," he muttered, unconscious that he spoke, "they hold their heads up proud like hers. I got to water the laylock bush—she thinks a heap o' them flowers. An' me an' June on'y married three months! Well, sirs! But no woman ain't a-goin' to drive *me!* No; no!" And he ground his teeth in pain he took for wrath, and smashed his pipe against the step.

At any other than the Willow Inn the unusual rush of early guests, combined with unpreparedness, might have caused some mental anxiety or flurry in host and hostess. But an Oriental of immovable fatalism would be more accessible to such agitation than Mr. and Mrs. Brattle. Inborn calm was with them intensified by environment of Nature's solitudes, in which they saw the course of the stars and progression of the seasons unaffected by petty human disquietudes. So that guests who clamored for fresh water or more abundant towels were entire-

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ly at liberty to get them for themselves, or to appeal to Juno Callett, if her varied duties permitted her attention.

"It is really astonishing how much the girl gets through," they agreed among themselves, "and without the least fuss or noise or hurry. Industrial School training, they say."

"The Industrial School didn't give her that face or carriage, though," remarked an elderly physician, refugee from city heat. "Look at her now, crossing the lawn with that basket of apples on her shoulder. How she steps! A stately nymph in calico! My dear"—to his wife—"let us carry her off with us. I am venerable enough to remark without risk that she would be a refreshment to jaded, urban eyes."

"Mrs. Brattle might object, or even Juno's husband."

"A husband! That young thing!"

"Whom she has left. Very wild, they say. Wilder than ever since she has gone away. Associates with the most reckless fellows."

"Did she tell you?"

"She! Her talent for silence amounts to genius. And with a natural dignity—surprising in her station—which forbids personal questions."

"Oh, come, Mrs. Rathbone," interposed knowingly a newcomer, a young man with a camera, "you don't mean to say a mere country girl, a handsome milkmaid, couldn't be won over by a bit of flattery into prattling a blue streak about herself. At any rate, a man might try."

"He might," said Mrs. Rathbone drily. "That is a detestable person," she remarked to her husband, when the one in question had strolled away.

"Your reason, fair lady?"

"Because he is."

The young man, whose name was Teague, approached her husband later in the day and said significantly: "I can at least give you some good pictures of the beautiful Juno to take home with you, Doctor. I've snapped a lot of dandy poses."

"With her knowledge?" Mrs. Rathbone asked.

"Well, not exactly. But that makes no difference."

"You think not?"

Being thus challenged, as he chose to consider, Mr. Teague was gathering plums in the far pasture just as June Callett came across the meadow after sundown milking. He relied somewhat

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on tourist regalia of brilliant plaid knickerbockers and silken sash and yellow shoes to dazzle the simple rustic. Even more on flattering looks and broadly flirtatious accost.

"What a picture you make, June! I wish I had my kodak. That wonderful hair, and such roses in your cheeks! He'd be a lucky man who might touch those lovely flowers. I'll bet the very cows fall in love with you at that sweet call I heard from the house."

"They've more sense than some humans," replied the girl, in soft mountain drawl.

Anything enigmatic in this must be, he lightly concluded, pure accident from an unsophisticated rustic; and he sauntered with her towards the turnstile. "Let me," he said, with flourishing gallantry, and, mounting beside her, would have taken a bucket. She swerved away from him, and he, persisting, laid a caressing hand on hers; when, in some manner, the pail was upset and its creamy contents drenched him from head to foot.

While he still gasped and wiped his eyes, Juno, in the dairy, was quietly explaining to the indulgent Mrs. Brattle: "I tripped on something in the meadow and wasted one bucket's milk; but thar's a-plenty in the spring-house for the crowd."

It needed some days after this for Mr. Teague's self-complacency to smooth its plumes and rear its crest. "But I should really forgive the clumsiness caused by a bashful mountain girl's pleasure at my attentions," he reasoned. And was prompt to join Dr. and Mrs. Rathbone setting forth on a Sunday exploration, with Juno as guide. The girl mounted before them, lightly and easily, up the steep trail; and, with Mrs. Rathbone's eye upon him, Mr. Teague ventured no immediate advance. On their tardier progress Juno waited patiently, up ahead, her figure poised on some rock or cliff against the mountain's verdure.

"Handsome creature!" repeated the physician. "A perfect forest nymph."

"Oh," cried his wife, interrupting, "see the dear little hollow down below, and a tiny brook trickling. Somebody must live there. There's a cabin and corn fields and a gay patch of flowers. Let us go down nearer."

"The view you want," Juno interposed, her gaze avoiding Ben's Cove, "is up above, near the Falls."

"Dr. Rathbone'll go with me," said the lady. "It's fasci-

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nating down there. You needn't come—we'll be back in a minute."

"Take trail then to the left," called the girl, "a short cut to the Falls; we can meet you there."

This appeared Teague's opportunity. He alertly lessened space between himself and Juno, who moved on and up and crossed, on stepping-stones, a stream which, dividing, surrounded a flat rock in its middle. On this, with water tumbling and splashing about them, sat four men playing cards.

"Picturesque, if not pious," called Teague gaily, overtaking the girl on the opposite bank. "Did you see that big fellow with dark hair scowl at me? It's your duty as guide, June, to save me from bears and snakes and mountain desperadoes."

She heard not a word, her lips compressed and breath fluttering. He caught her sleeve, holding her in the screening thicket, and, so near that beauty of curve and tint made him daring, leaned to kiss her. But a rough, masculine grasp tore him away and flung him wide against a tree trunk.

"You darned dude, how dare you?" growled Dan Callett, black with rage.

The other man, courageous enough after the first surprise, clenched his fist and made for him. But Juno stood instantly between, facing her husband, in seeming care for Teague.

"You're very good, Mr. Callett," she said, in slow scorn, "an' if I was a kid I might feel obleeged for your meddling. But I been a-takin' care of myself for some time, an' I'm a-goin' to do it still. So, you're free to go back to your own business, which looks like loafin' an' gamblin' an' Lord knows what else—on Sunday!"

Thus put in the wrong, he hesitated, frowning, while a coarse laugh echoed from the group he had left on the rock.

"Juno, Juno," called a feminine voice from above.

"There's a lady with me," added the girl; and motioning Teague to precede her, went on, leaving her husband silenced yet furious.

Mr. Teague inwardly exulted. "Why, the poor child dreaded that mountain bully—for me! If Mrs. Rathbone could know this!" In high spirits he chattered incessantly, assumed a manner of caressing patronage to their guide, and contrived in costly indiscretion to whisper to her. "I know something," he said, "will soon punish that clownish brute for frightening you."

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She slackened pace at once, with such sudden interest as further elated him. "Is it a secret? But you can tell *me!*" she urged sweetly.

"Had any one seen her smile like this before?" he thought, in delighted wonder. "You must not mention it to a soul, mind! It is a dead secret. But I have a friend in the revenue, and know they are sending a party up to-morrow night to capture a still on Bear Trap; and that fellow's one of the gang they're after. I've half a mind"—affectedly—"to go with them myself and help land him in the penitentiary." She certainly turned pale—yes, by Jove! in her alarm for his safety. Why need the Rathbones have stayed just then to wait for them!

Climbing up to Ben's Cove under next morning's star, Juno thought fiercely: "Dan Callett shan't never come near me again! But I ain't a-goin' to let a pack of curs pull down a man!" And, making sure that its master was absent, she slipped her warning in printed, unsigned scrawl under the cabin door. Then, unmissed, was back in the valley to attend to milking and breakfast duties; to see girls no younger than herself go off, lighthearted and gaily clad, on pleasure excursions; to be contemptuously conscious of Teague posing for her benefit, and at nightfall strolling to the village, "to meet friends," with significance meant for her ear only.

"I heard you movin' a heap last night," said Mrs. Brattle to the girl next morning, sweeping the veranda; "ain't you well, June?"

But for answer Juno grasped her arm, dropping the broom. "What's that?" she whispered, looking at a buggy approaching from the mountain foot and a man with bandaged head leaning against the driver.

"Looks—like—Teague," announced the leisurely Mr. Brattle.

It was, indeed, Mr. Teague himself, somewhat injured and more chagrined. "Some of their spies had warned the moonshiners," he declared. "We found no still—nothing—nobody. But coming down a narrow trail, Indian file, I was aimed at from cover—the cowards! The doctor says my head is full of bird shot. It'll take days to pick it out. I owe my life to the wretched creature's poor shooting—miserable ruffian!"

Juno Callett's cheeks were crimson—her eyes flashing. "You really reckon our boys ain't acquainted with guns?" she asked

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deliberately, standing forth, to the amazement of all. "Bird shot ain't meant to kill—humans—but jest for a lesson to meddlers. If bullets are wanted they ginully sends them purty straight. But one lesson's enough, ef their target ain't quite a plumb fool." And, as she walked off, it was suddenly revealed to Mr. Teague what she thought of him and had always thought.

Then came news to any whom it might interest that Dan Callett, suspected of this offence, had left for the coast; and the little cabin in the Cove was silent and deserted. Mrs. Brattle, noting his wife's pallor, answered her announcement: "Well, June, seein' as you've done spoke your mind purty free to one of the boarders, and your paw really needs ye to the toll-gate, I'll have to let ye go; but I'll miss ye powerful." Then, at the girl's quick embrace and impulsive whisper: "Name o' the Lord!" said the landlady. "Go, then, and take care of yourself, and I'll be over to see ye when the crowd gits away."

But mountain days glide unmarked and mountain miles are long, and the kindly Rathbones and the crest-fallen Teague were gone with the other guests from the Willow Inn, and summer had merged into fall, and that into winter, before Mrs. Brattle's visit to the toll-gate was paid. Then she found the little household dependent on Juno, silent and efficient as ever, but with something touching now in her beauty, which impressed even the unimaginative visitor.

"Is she a-honin' for Dan?" the matron wondered; but "How's the baby?" was what she asked.

"Oh, he's all right," answered the toll-keeper, eager to plunge into personal grievances. "I allow as ye found the road here powerful cut up, Mis' Brattle? But 'tain't my fault if the county lets it git so. An' it's my duty to collect toll, an' I'm a-goin' to do it. The boys passin' here keeps a-grumblin' an' a-kickin'; an' a lot of wagons has been a-goin' round by James' Gap, three miles longer. If they choose to ill-convenience theirselves thetaway, 'tain't my business; but 'tis to make 'em pay when they comes this way—rough or no rough."

"What'll you do if you're laid up with your rheumatiz?" asked the placid Mrs. Brattle. "Reckon June kin keep a crowd o' wagoners from pushin' past free—specially after Saturday market?"

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"She ain't my darter, ef she kaint, "grimly replied the widowed toll-keeper. And June gave him a reassuring look.

Mrs. Brattle's jesting suggestion became weighty earnest a week later when, the toll-keeper being laid up helpless with a rheumatic seizure, it was Juno's duty to come forth to each passer-by and collect the varying dues.

"Worth twice the money to see that mountain beauty," lightly declared a chance tourist or two. But the more frequent native had eyes for only the mud-holes, and protested that it was "plumb robbery."

"Complain to the county, then," retorted June, with spirit. "We're put here to collect, an' we got it to do. Pay here or go round by the Gap."

One dark and cloudy Saturday the passers were few, and the day wore on to evening, when she heard, from within doors, creaking of wheels returning from market. She came out, unlocked and swung loose the chain, and stood on the little porch awaiting toll.

With cracking of whip and jest and laugh, loud even for Saturday, from wagoner to wagoner, the foremost would have driven on calling: "'Tain't good enough for pay, tell your paw; an' we been advised not to waste time goin' round James' Gap. So long!"

"Stop! Stop right there!" she cried, and was in and out again with a gun. "If you try to cheat the toll, sure as you're alive, I'll shoot." Then she first perceived sitting beside the driver a young man, broad-shouldered and black-haired. "You! You!" she gasped, and recovering herself: "Perhaps 'twas you, Dan Callett, advised them not to pay, or go round peaceably!"

"It was," he retorted, with defiant hostility, and bent forward to strike the mules.

Then Juno calling: "I warn you—once—twice—three times!" pulled the trigger, aiming a little ahead, but, unhappily, the animals plunged forward at that exact moment, and her husband wavered in his place and fell back.

All was confusion—the train of wagons stopping, their drivers shouting and running to the front; but, before even his companion could aid the wounded man, the girl had climbed beside him. "Help me lift—no, *no*, *no*, I tell you, he's *not* dead! Bring him in here—on my bed. Take the mare—in the stable—don't wait—the doctor—at once."

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There followed a time of hourly uncertainty, when she, who had endangered Dan Callett's earthly existence, strove, with courage maintained against despair, to save it. Then, his fine constitution aiding devoted nursing, he exchanged delirium for bewildering physical exhaustion, which Juno tended in pallor and silence and careful self-restraint. One day she met a strange, long gaze from his eyes, and stopped at once, standing straight and tall beside his bed.

"I'll give myself up, if you say so," she breathed in low monotone.

"For what?"

"For—for—oh, if I'd a-killed you! But—I—never—meant—it—Dan."

"I allowed—mebbe—not." But his look was cold as hers had once been, and wandered from her, estranged by sudden recollection of their parting in the Cove. There was silence; a clock in the cabin ticked loudly; outside the limping toll-keeper laughed and a little child crowed. "I had the queerest dreams," said the young man abruptly, "I'd see you in that same blue frock, but there was a baby in your arms had pulled your hair all tumbling down—like pictures in a church down to the city."

She was gone and back in a moment, her face luminous, her air proudly submissive, a laughing infant cradled against her swiftly beating heart.

"Whose?" he whispered.

"Yours, Dan. Yours and mine," and sank on her knees beside him, that his weak arm might encircle both. "He favors you powerful, my man. You'll forgive me your hurts—for him. And I'll forgive the broken promises—but you'll keep them now—for him."

Dan Callett drew a long breath at the wonder of it. "I'll keep them, my gal, for you—for *you*, that's sweeter than a posy. But the little feller's all right; and we'll take him to the Cove and find the cherry trees and laylocks, and the white pigeons waiting for us."

June pressed closer to his shoulder and laid her cheek on his.

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LORD BACON'S CHARGES AGAINST SCHOLASTIC PHILOSOPHY.

BY MICHAEL HOGAN, S.J.

THOSE who have become eminent in the world of physical science, and are therefore well qualified to judge, declare that Lord Bacon was no scientist himself, and that he was the father of scientists only because he successfully pleaded the cause of science. His pleading in behalf of physical science took the form of a crusade, which he not inaptly termed the "demolishing" part of his philosophy. The harangues of that crusade —to some of which we shall have occasion to refer in the following pages—are to be found in his *De Augmentis* and in the first book of his *Novum Organum*. There we find him pointing to the sacred domain of knowledge and telling the world how for centuries it has been desecrated by the Mohammedanism of deductive philosophy. He writes:

> If that philosophy which we have derived from the Greeks was not manifestly a dead letter, it would never have happened that it should have adhered almost immovable to its original footing, without acquiring any growth worthy of mankind, and this so completely that not only an assertion continues to be an assertion, but a question to be a question. . . . This slavery of philosophy arises merely from the impudence of a few and the indolence of the rest of mankind. . . . The Aristotelian philosopy, after having destroyed other systems by its disputations and its confutations, decided upon everything, and Aristotle himself then raises up difficulties at will, in order to settle them. *The same method is now in use among his successors, whose aim is not so much to throw light on the questions under consideration, by evidence, authority, and examples, as to indulge in the most trifling subtleties and hairsplitting.* . . . But by far the greater number of those who have assented to that philosophy have bound themselves down by prejudice and the authority of others, so that it is rather obsequiousness and concurrence than unanimity. With regard to authority, it is the greatest weakness to at-

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> tribute infinite credit to particular authors, and to refuse his own prerogative to Time, for Truth is rightly named the daughter of Time and not of Authority. . . . Those very leaders who have usurped the dictatorship in learning, will yet, when they occasionally return to their senses, complain of the subtlety of nature, the remoteness of truth, and the obscurity of human wit. . . . The present system of logic rather assists in confirming and rendering inveterate, the errors founded on vulgar notions, than in searching after truth, and is, therefore, more harmful than useful. *We therefore reject the syllogism, and, in everything relating to the nature of things, we make use of Induction for both the major and the minor propositions.**

There is manifested in all this an extravagance of accusation that would make the charges it contains unworthy of notice, were they not the dicta of Lord Bacon, whose great name will be a guarantee to many of their truth and justice. And yet the foregoing is but a fraction of what he has to say against ancient philosophy. Indeed, he seems to act on the old vulgar policy, that if a good deal of mud be thrown some of it will surely stick. He complains of a "slavery of philosophy," a "dictatorship in learning," a "binding down of the understanding by prejudice and obsequiousness," an "enchaining of the power of man by the bonds of antiquity, authority, and unanimity."

It would be impossible to bring forward against ancient philosophy a charge so utterly unfounded. One of the principles of that philosophy is, that a writer's authority, whoever he be, is worth just as much as the argument he adduces in favor of his opinion, and nothing more. "Tantum valet auctoritas quantum valet argumentum," is a motto familiar enough to any one who has had even a little acquaintance with Scholastic philosophy. Albertus Magnus writes: "A philosopher should admit nothing without sufficient reason: for it is a desire innate in all of us to know the causes of things. *It may behoove the Pythagoreans to swear by the word of their master. For our part, we are content to receive the doctrine when its truth shall have been proven by reason.*"

Roger Bacon is equally emphatic: "Authority is worth nothing unless it be accompanied by a reason; it makes us believe, but it does not make us understand. We yield to authority, but we are not convinced by it."

* The italics occurring in all the citations from the works of Lord Bacon are ours.

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These passages have very little of "obsequiousness" or "slavery" in them. And nevertheless they are fair examples of the attitude of the Schoolmen towards authority in purely philosophical questions. Not only did they not follow Aristotle blindly or slavishly—and this is evident from the many points of Scholastic doctrine that are in open contradiction with his teaching—but they were the first to revolt against the blindness and servility of Averroes and the other Arabian followers of the Stagyrite, who contended that his writings were absolutely free from error, and therefore must not be contradicted nor even questioned in anything whatever.

But authority, rightly understood, is not and cannot be excluded from any science. As long as there are problems too intricate for the ordinary inquirer—and at what period or in what science have they not abounded—so long will the pronouncements of genius be appealed to, in favor of conflicting opinions. And why should it not be so? Why should not a theory, of whose truth or falsity we ourselves are unable to judge, receive some confirmation from the assent of those better able to weigh the motives than we are? As a matter of fact, there has been thus far no department of investigation (and probably there never will be) in which authority does not obtain in a greater or less degree. Max Muller is appealed to in philology, Blackstone in jurisprudence, Cuvier in zoölogy, Niebuhr in history, Liebig in chemistry, Lyell in geology, Faraday in electricity, Herschel in astronomy. If one does not understand the theory of determinants, or the laws that govern the motion of projectiles, it is not considered obsequiousness to accept the one on the word of La Place, or the other on the authority of Newton. A new theory about the nature of heat, or the causes of magnetic attraction, or the formation of crystals, would be sufficiently recommended to the scientific world of to-day by the mere authority of Lord Kelvin. Why, then, should authority, so much invoked in every other science, count for nothing in deductive philosophy? If the philosophy of Aristotle had already withstood the world's scrutiny for over a thousand years, were the Scholastics obsequious because they considered this fact an added presumption in its favor? They did not create the authority of Aristotle; they found it already established. For centuries prior to the rise of Scholasticism, the philosophy of Aristotle had flourished and his authority had held sway in

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the schools of Syria, Arabia, Persia, and Alexandria. In fact, it was through translations from the languages of these Oriental schools that the works of Aristotle first became accessible to the scholars of the West.

And while Lord Bacon thus inveighs against authority, is he conscious of the "dictatorship in learning" which he himself is about to inaugurate, of the life-long chains, the "slavery," the "obsequiousness" he is preparing for mankind, in a system of philosophy, which, according to his own words, is to "level men's wits and leave but little to their superiority"? "Our method of discovering the sciences," he says elsewhere, "is such as to leave little to the acuteness and strength of wit, and, indeed, *rather to level wit and intellect.* For, as in the drawing of a straight line or accurate circle by the hand, much depends on its steadiness and practice, but if a ruler or compass be employed, there is little occasion for either; so it is with our method" (*Nov. Org.*, Bk. I., Aph. 61).

Bacon regrets that authority has usurped the prerogative of Time in begetting Truth, "for Truth," he says, "is the daughter of Time and not of Authority." Now if the deposit of natural truth—of which alone there is question here—like the deposit of revealed truth, keeps steadily disclosing itself from one century to another, and ever remains the "daughter of Time," is it not reasonable to look for a growth in the daughter proportioned to that of the father? And yet, though Time had been rolling its ceaseless course for well-nigh six thousand years before the prophet of the New Philosophy was ushered into existence, when at length he came he did not find truth upon the earth. "Our only hope and salvation," he says, in the preface of the *Novum Organum*, "*is to begin the work anew and raise or rebuild the sciences, arts, and all human knowledge from a firm and solid basis.*"

We shall burden the reader with only one other instance of his characteristic incoherence. In the face of all the accusations cited above, and many others which from lack of space have not been cited, he subjoins the following: "The ancient authors and all others are left in undisputed possession of their honors. For we enter not into comparison of capacity or talent but of method, and assume the part of a guide rather than a critic." How much of a guide and how little of a critic is evidenced in the passages already given! How like a guide and unlike

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a critic he behaves when he says in the opening lines of the *Novum Organum:* "They who have presumed to dogmatize on Nature, as on some well-investigated subject, *either from self-conceit or arrogance, and in the professorial style*, have inflicted the greatest injury on philosophy. For they have tended to stifle and interrupt inquiry exactly as they have prevailed in bringing others to their opinion, and their own activity has not counterbalanced the mischief they have occasioned by corrupting and destroying that of others."

It is difficult to reconcile this, and what has gone before, with the following protest culled from the same treatise: "We make no attempt to disturb the system of philosophy that now prevails. We leave the honor and reverence due to the ancients untouched and undiminished, so that we can perform our intended work, and yet enjoy the benefit of our respectful moderation." How much in harmony with all the violent invective already quoted is this expression of his peaceful project! "An established Church," says Cardinal, Newman, "must first be national, and after that be as orthodox as it can." Lord Bacon must first deal what he considers a death-blow to ancient philosophy, and after that be as "moderate" as he can. But is it not ludicrous to find him loading that philosophy with assurances of respect and moderation, and at the same time constituting himself its headsman? Alas, that he should have lost sight of these his own pledges before he had yet passed from the page on which they were so beautifully written.

Another of Lord Bacon's charges is that ancient philosophy has "adhered almost immovably to its original footing, without acquiring any growth worthy of mankind." If this accusation implies that deductive philosophy has had little or no development, it is false. Let any one who would doubt it read the history of the Scholastic period from its beginnings in Scotus Erigena, about the middle of the ninth century, to its noonday splendor under Albertus Magnus, St. Thomas of Aquin, and Duns Scotus in the thirteenth. If the accusation means that many of the conclusions of deductive philosophy have remained fixed and are destined to remain so, it is true; but this, so far from being to its discredit, constitutes its chief excellence. The unchanging character of these conclusions is derived mainly from three sources—the subject-matter with which that philosophy is concerned, the principles on which it is founded, and

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the assent which the mind gives to its conclusions. And first the subject-matter of deductive philosophy is little liable to change. The notion of "being" must always remain a transcendental notion, wider than the most general classification. It must always have the attributes of unity, truth, and goodness. Its division into finite and infinite being must always be adequate. God must always remain the origin and destination of all created things. His perfections cannot cease to be infinite as time goes on. His Providence cannot be extended to his creatures at one period and withdrawn from them at another. His external glory must always depend on the service creatures render him, just as it did at the dawn of creation. Man cannot cease to be made up of soul and body. His soul cannot cease to be spiritual and immortal. His intellect cannot cease to operate through the medium of his senses. His will cannot cease to render him a free and consequently a moral agent. He cannot cease to be the subject of rights and duties—rights and duties towards his Maker, rights and duties towards his family, rights and duties towards civil society; rights and duties in justice, rights and duties in equity. Truth, even in God, must always be the conformity between mind and object. Justice must ever consist in "rendering unto Cæsar the things that are Cæsar's and to God the things that are God's." Theft will always be the taking of what belongs to another without his knowledge and reasonable consent. A lie will always consist in deliberately saying other than we think, and murder in taking the life of a human being on private authority. Is there much room here for getting away from what Bacon calls the "original footing"?

Another source of permanence in these conclusions is the eternal and immutable character of the principles on which they are founded. The principle that a thing cannot be itself and, at the same time and in the same respect, something else or nothing at all, must hold good whenever and wherever there is an intellect. Every effect must always have a proportionate cause, whatever be the circumstances in which it is produced. The mode of operation of every being must always be determined by its peculiar nature. It is impossible that one endowed with intelligence should act without a purpose. Good, either real or apparent, must be the object of every human desire and every human appetition. Free choice must always be a condition of the merit and demerit of human actions. Every

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duty begets a right to the means necessary for the discharge of that duty. Every moral law requires a sanction to insure its observance. In the moral order such is the distinction between what is good in itself and what is bad in itself, that neither can ever become the other, nor can man be ever exempted from the obligation of doing the former or avoiding the latter. Is it to be wondered that there should be no growth in this direction?

A third reason why many of the conclusions of deductive philosophy are not likely to vary, is that they are based on evidence, and evidence leaves the mind in absolute certainty, without need or even possibility of further speculation. That which was absolutely certain in the thirteenth century, could not become more certain or less certain in the fifteenth, sixteenth, or nineteenth.

Experimental science, on the contrary, lacks every one of these sources of permanence. The subject-matter with which it deals is constantly becoming wider and wider. Its scope extends to the whole material universe visible and invisible. It is directly concerned with every property of that world of matter, and with every change which takes place in it, whether such change be the result of natural causes, or is brought about by contrived agencies. It is not content with investigating the properties of the substances elementary and composite which it finds in Nature, and under the variety of aspects in which Nature presents them. It is continually forming new combinations of elements, breaking up existing ones, and varying in a thousand ways the conditions of rest and motion, heat and cold, attraction and repulsion, light and shade, contraction and expansion, condensation and rarefaction, pressure, absorption, radiation, and the like, according as one or other of these conditions is favorable to the desired investigation.

The principles of experimental science lack the character of permanence. If we except those which it borrows from metaphysics, there is not one of its principles that is not open to error. That which is now a hypothesis may become a theory fifty years hence, and a century later be altogether rejected. It was for a long time a principle in astronomy that the planets moved in circular orbits, since the circle is the simplest, and therefore the most natural, of geometrical figures. Many of the astronomical calculations of Copernicus, and even of Newton, were

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founded on this erroneous assumption. It was a principle in physics that as a force is necessary to move a body, so a perpetual supply of force is necessary to keep it in motion. All of what Kepler calls this "physical reasoning" was carried on under the influence of this misconception. And Gallileo, for a time at least, shared both of these delusions. Another principle of physics for almost two centuries was that the velocity of light is increased in a refracting medium. It was put forward by Newton in the seventeenth century and held its place until the contrary was proved by Foucault about the year eighteen hundred and fifty. It is an axiom of physical science that potassium is an element, and that white light is made up of the seven colors of the spectrum neither more nor less. But this only means that no one has yet succeeded in further decomposing the one or the other. Indeed the received classification of elementary substances is open to suspicion when viewed in the light of some recent experiments of Sir William Ramsay, wherein he claims to have accomplished the long-wished-for and long-sought-for transmutation of one element into another. By usage we have become so familiar with what physicists call the law of gravity, that we doubt its existence about as little as we doubt our own. And yet our confidence in it may be shaken to-morrow by the hopelessness of trying to reconcile it with some established fact or principle which the calculations of the physicist had hitherto ignored.

Finally the conclusions of physical science are not based on evidence that would justify us in regarding them as altogether unalterable. The constant modes of activity and influence which we observe in Nature, and which we call physical laws, are not founded on the Divine Essence, and hence immutable as God himself, but rather on the divine decrees, and therefore liable to exceptions through divine intervention. Nor is this the only way they are unreliable. We have not, and cannot have, absolute certainty that they exist at all. The infinite wisdom and goodness of the Creator are an infallible guarantee that there are such things as physical laws, but not that there is a law of conservation of energy, or a law of harmonic planetary motion, or a law of definite and multiple proportions. The most we can claim for these or any other individual physical law is that they are plausible conclusions from observed facts, since they seem to explain all the phenomena thus far known to us, and to satisfy

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every test to which they have hitherto been subjected. "Real discoveries," says Dr. Whewell, "are mixed with baseless assumptions, not rarely or in peculiar instances, but commonly and in most cases. *To try wrong guesses is apparently the only way to hit on right ones.*" The possibility of a plurality of causes, where he who is observing or making an experiment can discover only one, because of his helplessness in ultimate analysis, must keep the conclusions of physical science forever outside the domain of absolute certainty. St. Thomas says: "The visible world changes; it *must*, therefore, owe its origin to One who cannot change. It was not and now it is; He Who brought it into existence *must*, therefore, have existed always. It was produced from nothing; He Who created it *must*, therefore, be infinite." Avogadro says: "If the molecular theory of matter be the true one—if there be such things as molecules—and if, moreover, the conditions of temperature and pressure be the same, then *it is probable* that equal volumes of all gases will contain the same number of molecules." No one need be surprised that the one system should have "adhered almost immovably to its original footing." Neither is it surprising that the other system should not.

And is the crime of having an assertion continue to be an assertion, and a question to be a question, peculiar to deductive philosophy? Chemists speak as familiarly about "starch" and "cellulose" as potters do about clay, and has the question "what is starch," "what is cellulose," ceased to be a question? Has the single-fluid theory of Franklin, or the double-fluid theory of Coulomb ceased to be an assertion, after one hundred and fifty years or thereabouts? Has the undulatory theory of light, put forward by Huyghens more than two hundred years ago, and now the popular theory, ceased to be an assertion? Has the emission theory, proposed by Descartes, supported by Newton, and ever since the rival explanation, ceased to be an assertion? What about the phlogiston theory of combustion? It began with Stahl in the seventeenth century and was exploded by Lavoisier only a hundred years later. It has ceased to be an assertion only by becoming an absurdity. What about the several theories regarding the elements of material substances? The dynamic theory originated with Leibnitz towards the end of the seventeenth century, and was modified by Wolff and Kant and Boscovitch in the eighteenth. At present its claims on our acceptance

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are being urged anew by many scientists. But it is still an assertion. The atomic theory goes back to Leucippus, five hundred years before the Christian era. Democritus remodelled it, and it has had many remodellers since. It held its place till yesterday as one of the favorite theories. But it has "gone the way of all flesh." It is no longer an assertion. What about the "ions" and the "electrons" that are now enjoying their brief hour of popular favor? What about the Darwinian theory of "natural selection"? It has been before the world for half a century and to-day it is mentioned by scientists only to reject it.

The charge of subtleties and hair-splitting, so far at least as it relates to the bulk of the Scholastic teaching—for it is not necessary to defend every doctor of every school—is easily answered. The opposing schools of philosophy were unchristian in spirit and doctrine alike. In this respect little was to be looked for from the Arab or the Jew. The one aimed at shaping a philosophy that would defend the dogmas of the Koran, the other, a system that would uphold the Talmud. Both assailed the teachings of the Catholic Church, and both claimed for their arguments the authority of Aristotle. If, then, the objections against the truths of Christianity were urged with subtlety, why should the Schoolmen be expected to dispense with subtlety in answering them? Instead of applying themselves as some of the rival systems had done, to the absurd task of trying to reconcile Revelation with Aristotle, they reconciled Aristotle with Revelation, by a more correct because more subtle interpretation of his meaning.

But nowhere perhaps does Lord Bacon give us so full an insight into his true mental character as when he decides to "reject the syllogism and make use of induction for both the major and the minor propositions." This is equivalently a resolve to use observed facts, and nothing but observed facts, as a medium of inference in deducing physical laws. But the "father of physical science" did not see that no accumulation of facts, however extensive, used as premises, can ever warrant a universal conclusion, and that *without a universal conclusion there can be no law and consequently no science.* One may have seen a stone fall to the earth ten thousand times under the influence of gravity, but these ten thousand instances can of themselves give him no assurance that the same will happen the next time, and every time the stone finds itself in mid-air; and without

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such an assurance his knowledge is in no sense scientific. The connection between the stone in mid-air and its having been attracted to the earth, is merely historical. It is only something which *has been*, not something which *must be*. The ten thousand instances are nothing more than an enumeration of individual facts, and there is no science of individuals. The expression is self-contradictory. One of the most fundamental rules of logic—and a rule which no one, who wishes to reason aright, can disregard—requires that the terms must not be more general in the conclusion than they were in the premises. If, then, Lord Bacon is resolved to "make use of induction for both the major and the minor propositions," he must be content with a particular conclusion. In order that a universal law may be legitimately inferred from any number of observed facts, the general principle known as the uniformity of Nature must enter into the reasoning. If I start out with the assurance that the same physical agency acts in the same way—produces similar results—whenever it acts under similar conditions, I can be sure that the phenomena of yesterday will be repeated whenever such an agency acts with the same conditions verified; I can be sure that whenever a stone is thrown into the air it will fall to the ground by the attractive force of gravity.* To establish the existence of this law of the uniformity of Nature, is the work of metaphysics. Physical science is unable to establish it.† And yet it would not be a science at all without it. Here we have the grounds for the Scholastic axiom that an induction, to be valid, must have an analytical premise. Moreover, the sub-

* The reasoning process, according to syllogistic form, would be as follows: The same cause acting under the same circumstances must always produce the same effect. But the attraction of gravity upon a stone in mid-air is the same cause acting under the same circumstances.

Therefore, the attraction of gravity upon a stone in mid-air must always produce the same effect. But the effect produced yesterday by the attraction of gravity upon a stone in mid-air was to make it fall to the ground.

Therefore, the effect produced by the attraction of gravity upon a stone in mid-air *must always be* to make it fall to the ground.

What form Lord Bacon's reasoning with two inductive premises would take, it is difficult to imagine. If he were validly to infer a physical law from such premises, he would be accomplishing what is more difficult than to bridge chaos.

† "All physical science starts from certain postulates. One of them is the objective existence of a material world. It is assumed that the phenomena which are comprehended under this name have a 'substratum' of extended, impenetrable, mobile substance, which exhibits the quality known as inertia, and is termed matter. Another postulate is the universality of the law of causation; that nothing happens without a cause [a necessary, precedent condition]. Another is, that any of the rules, or so-called 'laws of nature,' by which the relation of phenomena is truly defined, is true for all time. The validity of these postulates is a problem of metaphysics."—Huxley, *Essays*. "A Half-Century of Science."

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ject-matter of the inductive or particular premise must be compared with that of the analytical or universal premise, for all reasoning, inductive as well as deductive, is "a comparison of a least part with a greatest whole, by means of a greater part or lesser whole."

Now of this process of comparison the syllogism is but the expression. To exclude the syllogism, then, would be to omit the comparison, or, what comes to the same thing, to deal with the phenomena of yesterday, and the similar ones observed again to-day, as isolated units, without inquiring why they are similar, or whether their recurrence be not the result of a uniform mode of action on the part of the causes which produced them. But Lord Bacon is resolved to investigate Nature without concerning himself with the inquiry whether Nature acts uniformly or not. He has made up his mind not to borrow from metaphysics. He will not be found eating with sinners. The syllogism too must go as being "too confused, and allowing Nature to escape from men's hands." Yet he was using the syllogism on every page of his writings and at the same time pronouncing it worthless in science. It is recorded that Elizabeth refused to appoint him to the office of Attorney-General, saying that he was "a man rather of show than of depth." He surely displayed no great depth when he decided to discard the syllogism from his philosophy, and to "make use of induction for both the major and the minor propositions."

Strange anomaly (!) Lord Bacon does not hesitate to declare to the world, that he has taken all knowledge for his province; that his *Novum Organum* is intended to supersede the *Organon* of Aristotle; that the method therein described is to secure physical discoveries by the most certain rules and demonstrations; nay, more, that it is to furnish a firm and solid basis for the sciences, arts, and all human knowledge. Nothing but shortsightedness could have led him to make such claims in behalf of such a system, and at the same time to pronounce the philosophy of Aristotle and the Schoolmen, which he found stamped with the approval of twenty centuries, to be "a system of vicious demonstrations which merely subject and enslave the world to human thoughts." When shall the popular delusion about his mighty intellect be dispelled? When shall the sacred name of Philosophy be severed forever from the name of Lord Bacon?

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ZOÉ AND THE PRINCE.

BY MARY CATHERINE CROWLEY.

"OÉ, Zoé Chauvin, *moi aussi!*"

The baby, just learning to walk and to talk, stood by the side of the brook and screamed; screaming, at least, was to him an old accomplishment. The shabbily-clad little girl making her way across the stepping-stones to the small island, with the new baby in her arms, looked over her shoulder and aimed at the defenceless head of the senior baby a volley of Canadian French.

Insult being thus added to desertion, the cry of the injured rose higher in a prolonged and indignant wail.

By this time Zoé had reached the green oasis in the middle of the stream. Gently laying the new baby on the grass under a sheltering bush, she turned back, threaded her path again over the bright, rippling water, administered to the young disturber of her peace a shaking that literally shook the cry out of him, and picking him up under one of her arms, as if he were nothing more than a bundle of waste from the great mill above the dam, carried him over to her fairyland.

For this is what the secluded islet, with its three dwarf willow-trees and wild growth of brush and blackberry vines, was to Zoé. What though the outer world, the village of Millville, knew her as only an unkempt, bare-foot little drudge, the child of factory people? Here in her island domain she was a beautiful princess, living in an enchanted place. The largest of the willows was her palace, its curtains of green were rich tapestries, the birds chirping in the bushes an orchestra of musicians, the few berries on the vines a banquet spread by the hands of invisible servitors; the grass from which wild-flowers peeped up here and there was a splendid carpet.

Many of these ideas Zoé gleaned from a wonderful book she had borrowed from the mill-hands' library; but other pretty conceits were her own. For a child sees fairyland through the

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prism of its own personality, and the reveries of no two day-dreamers are ever alike.

The senior baby was the jarring note of the symphony, for he was altogether too obstreperous to fit into the scheme of the fairy palace. He was the square peg of commonplace thrust into the round hole of poesy. The new baby might be a changeling, or a tiny, white hind; almost anything sweet, since it was too wee even to cry much; but the senior baby was a source of perplexity, until Zoé decided that he should be the army. In the Wonder Book, an army was always rebelling and showing insubordination, and the *rôle* suited him to a dot. Even a beautiful princess has trouble.

The chief assailants of the realm were a horde of mosquitoes which sometimes drove the princess, the changeling, and even the army into exile. When the mosquitoes were not very annoying, however, Zoé, her faded blue calico frock changed by fancy's wand to shimmering satin, sometimes spent almost the whole day in her sylvan paradise. For, since the new baby was being brought up by hand, a bottle of milk satisfied its one idea of happiness, while a lunch of bread and a drink from the brook, with the chance of a few more berries having ripened since yesterday, constituted a feast for the princess and rations for the army.

On these occasions, however, when the afternoon grew old and the shadow of the great mill spread over the broad sheet of water above the dam, leaving only a rim of brightness around the opposite edge of the pond, then Zoé came back to the realities of life and, knowing it lacked but an hour to "closing time," hurried home with her charges. For in that hour must be accomplished the housework of the day. The rooms must be "tidied up" and the evening meal prepared for father and step-mother toiling in the mill.

That a less happy-go-lucky housekeeping would have been more conducive to the family comfort goes without saying. Yet, after all, for a little girl of her years, Zoé did her part; and if she surreptitiously spent her time on the fairy island, the pleasant summer days in the open air kept the babies well and added to the little store of the child's own strength upon which she was soon to draw prodigally.

This particular afternoon was not to be as others. While Zoé was "flying around getting supper," and shortly after the

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factory whistle "blew for six o'clock," a group of women came down the street whereon the operatives' houses faced. Supported by the arms of two among them tottered a young creature, almost a girl, whose once pretty face was pale as death.

From the dilapidated Chauvin house the child saw them approaching, and rushing out, cried in alarm: "Finon, Finon, *qu' avez-vous?*" The limp woman was her step-mother.

"She just keeled over beside her loom, and went off in a dead faint," explained a kind-hearted, wizened-faced daughter of New England. "Your father, Pierre Chauvin, was discharged for drunkenness this morning, an' the poor girl worritted over it, I guess; the more so, when she heard awhile ago that he's shook the dust of the village from his feet an' gone off, nobody knows where. It's a good riddance to a bad bargain, I say, but Finon don't seem to look at it in that light. When the heart-break comes to some women, it 'fects them different than what it does others."

Perhaps Finon was a poor-spirited young thing; or, was it that the long, ten-hour days of toil in the mill when the new baby was still so very new had wrung from her the last remnant of her strength? After a few days, when it became plain beyond a doubt that Pierre Chauvin had deserted her, she broke down completely.

"She lacks Yankee grit. But how can she help that, being a Frenchy with two babies to care for?" said the neighbors.

"Zoé, I could not tend a loom now if they gave me all it earned; yet, perhaps, after a little while, this may not be so," said Finon to the child. "I am sorry; there is no other way. You must go into the mill. You are under the age, but I can get you in."

Pierre Chauvin had two other daughters, Josette and Laure, who earned "big money" at the looms, wore fine clothes, went to dances, and were of the gay set of the factory town.

These lively demoiselles had not approved of their father's second marriage, they considered his wife beneath them socially, and seemed to forget that litte Zoé was their sister.

Laure woke up now, however. Meeting the child in the street she called to her. "Hello, *mignonne*, stop a moment and speak! Say, Zoé, I'll get you a good place on my floor at the factory, and you can come and live with us instead of

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drudging for a step-mother. It is time you were doing for yourself. You'd look real pretty if you were dressed up. My, but I wish I had such a nice pink glow in my cheeks! I keep my color in a little box, child. Well, will you come?"

"No"; answered Zoé laconically.

There the sisterly interest ended.

"What could one do with such a stubborn minx?" protested the offended demoiselle, whose patronizing offer of assistance was so sturdily rejected.

Zoé was not conscious of any love for her step-mother. Finon had treated her neither well nor ill. Zoé had been to Pierre Chauvin's second wife only a part of the machinery by which she was surrounded, a machine that had picked up the broken threads of a joyless domestic life.

But now Finon, touched by the child's loyalty, and noting how small and fragile she was for her age, would have spared her had it been possible.

It had cost Zoé a pang to refuse Laure's offer, she was enchanted with the idea of going into the mill. Now she would earn, money, money, money! She did not regret her father's defection; drink had made him morose and harsh. She was proud that she was going to be, for a while, the bread-winner for the family. *Le bon Dieu* had given it to her to do.

"Yes, I will earn so much money that, besides taking care of Finon and the babies, I shall be able to buy silk dresses like Laure and Josette, and a hat with a beautiful white feather," she said to herself in a blissful dream. "Then, as in the Wonder Book, some day, far, far in the future, perhaps the prince may come."

It was the usual rounding-out of the fairy tale.

Thus, with a brave heart, Zoé went to work at the cotton mill. Other little girls were there, and almost all of these she had known at the village school. The superintendent was always ready to employ the girls, they were so deft-fingered and so much steadier than the boys.

Zoé was the smallest and youngest of the child-workers. Like some of the others, she was set to minding the bobbins. When a thread broke she had to catch and tie it; when the bobbins were full she took them out and replaced them with new ones. All day long, from seven o'clock in the morning until six at night, with only an hour's rest at noon, she stood

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on her little feet and minded the bobbins, until her little hands and head and eyes grew so weary she hardly knew what she was doing.

At first, even though tired, she was happy at her task, and, when the end of the week came, and she brought home her small wage to Finon, no one among all the mill children was prouder than Zoé.

In the second week the novelty wore off, and the child began to feel like a little untamed hare or bird caught in a snare.

How bright were the autumn days, how she longed to be out in the sunshine, longed even for the care of the babies and the housework, rather than to be chained here like a slave one might say, for it was nothing but toil in this great room, with the noise of the machinery ever in her ears, and the bobbins ever whirring round, until, with watching them, her eyes grew dim and her head dizzy.

In the beginning Zoé tried to make a play of it all. The superintendent was an ogre who had shut her up in a dismal castle, where a malicious fairy, the forewoman, set her a seemingly endless task. Being a princess, however, she would accomplish the task and regain her freedom. But, after weeks and weeks, the task appeared no nearer completion than at first.

"Finon was going into a decline," the neighbors said. Only twice, during the golden glory of October, was the child able to steal away to the fairy island. Then came the white frosts of November, and after that the winter.

For a year and a half Zoé worked in the mill. Her face grew wan and pinched, but no one noticed. Were not all the mill children pale and anæmic? Her black eyes became dull and vacant, but were not all the mill children listless and stupid-looking? Her frock was shabbier than ever; few of the mill children were well dressed.

"Little French Zoé is a good worker, but, like all foreigners, she is queer, and getting queerer every day," said the forewoman. "Sometimes there is a look in her big black eyes that fairly gives me the shivers."

Up to this time Zoé had loved to go to the church and, kneeling before the beautiful statue of *Notre Dame de Pitié*, murmur her childish prayers, as she dimly remembered having been taught to do in the village of the province of Quebec, from which the Chauvins had come. But now she grew care-

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less. Sometimes on Sundays she slept late and did not go to Mass; often Finon was too ill to go. Zoé straightened up the house for her.

Father Gabriel, seeking his straying lambs, called at the cottage in the round of his visitations. "Who made you, Zoé?" he asked, putting to her the first question of the catechism.

"God."

"Why did he make you?"

"To work," answered Zoé bitterly.

Alas, many of these children of the mills are almost wholly uninstructed; yet, when reproved for not coming to Sunday-School, they say they are too weary. "Can one be severe with them?" murmured the zealous French priest, as he sadly wended his way homeward.

The summer came for the second time; the fairy island now looked a long way off. Even when Zoé passed it, the charm that had hung over it, with the soft violet haze, had disappeared. It seemed to her only like a motionless green dragon guarding the mill-race, and lying in wait to devour any reckless little girl who might attempt to escape from the eternal grind of the mill. She would not have gone near it for the world.

"Time seems so long to a child, and trials appear insurmountable. Zoé despaired of relief from the toil to which she was doomed. Finon could never work again; Josette and Laure had married and gone to live in a neighboring city; Pierre Chauvin was heard of no more.

How the child grew to hate the great mill and even its shadow, which darkened the surface of its mirror-like pond looking deep down into the depths of the blue water, as if determined not to let one little drop escape from the labor of helping to turn the vast machinery. Zoé felt as if she were that one tiny atom in the current of Millville life.

"She has wheels in her head," declared the forewoman.

"Ah, if the mill were not there!"

Zoé was frightened when the thought first came to her. "If the mill were not there the work could not go on." But the mill was so high, and solid, and strong; it would be there until doomsday.

If a bolt of lightning would only strike the great buildings; if a hurricane would but sweep them away, or an earthquake

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would shake the tall walls from their foundations and send them toppling into the lake. None of these things happened; but the wheels in Zoé's head whirred louder.

One evening, as the operatives were leaving the mill, she lagged behind unnoticed until all were gone. The heavy gates closed with a clang. But she could get out when she chose. She had only to unlock one of the windows on the lowest floor and squeeze through the space between the iron bars. Being so small and thin the feat would not be difficult; she had tried it.

Her work for the day was not over; no, there was something to be done more important than even the superintendent knew.

Zoé crouched upon the floor; she struck a match, and tossed it from her. A small tongue of flame leaped up from a pile of cotton waste collected in a corner.

The child sprang to her feet with a cry of delight. As she turned to flee, however, a hand clutched her shoulder, and her heart seemed to stand still with fright, as she looked up into the face of Eph Sargent, the factory watchman.

"Ha, ha, so you are setting fire to the mill, you little devil!" he exclaimed as, with the rapidity of thought, he dragged her along to the place where the hand-grenades hung, and, seizing one after another of them, flung all on the flames.

Within two minutes after it started, the fire was extinguished and the mill saved.

Oh, if Zoé could have taken those two minutes out of her life.

"What would the mill owner do to her?" she dazedly wondered?

"Let you go, hey?" replied Eph to her pleading and sobs of remorse. "Wall, I guess not. You will spend the night in jail, never fear. Don't you know you are a criminal; and for this you'll probably be sent to prison to stay until you are grown to be a woman? Come on, whimpering won't save you."

With many a shove and cuff he dragged the wretched child to the house of the superintendent, a police officer was summoned by telephone, and Zoé was lodged in the jail.

The news spread among the factory people.

"She is a little fool," they said.

Finon dragged herself to see the child. "Oh, Zoé, why did

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you do it?" she lamented. "What will become of us now? Our French people have done so well in the mills, but you have disgraced them. You have brought trouble even upon the babies."

The next morning, after a night of mental torture, Zoé sat on a bench in the matron's room, a picture of stoical hopelessness. The one advantage of her forlorn situation was that she did not have to stand all day, as at the mill.

"Is this the little girl?"

A woman's well-modulated voice broke the stillness of the room.

Zoé raised her eyes with a dull stare as a lady, accompanied by a young man, entered the room with the matron.

"Yes, Mrs. Morton, this is the small imp of Satan."

Zoé shrank back into herself and turned her head away, in sullen defiance.

The matron went on down the corridor, but the lady, crossing the floor swiftly, took the child by the hand.

"My dear, I am your friend," she said sweetly. "I look after the children who are brought into court and help them if I can."

The face that bent over the young prisoner had lost the beauty of youth, but in its kindness it seemed to Zoé as the face of an angel.

The child burst into tears. In another moment the lady's arm was around her and she was drawn to a heart generous and tender enough to have mothered all the unhappy children whose wretchedness moved its compassion.

"Zoé, I am sure you understand now that it was very wicked to try to set fire to the mill," said the lady gently. "Why did you do it?"

"I had to work so hard and I was so very tired," faltered Zoé, trembling so pitiably that the lady had to hold her closer. "I thought if the mill was burned there would be no more work for a while and I would have a rest."

"Poor little creature," exclaimed the young man, as he walked up and down with rapid strides. "Poor little creature."

In the afternoon Zoé was brought into court.

When she heard her mad act described by the counsel for the mill-owner, she was frightened at the depth of her depravity.

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"Oh, truly, I am very wicked," she said to herself. "How can I ever again even dare to lift my eyes to the little Jesus in the arms of *Notre Dame de Pitié?*"

She would be sent to prison. Her fate seemed sealed. Just as she reached this conclusion, she caught sight of Mrs. Morton and her son, who had come to the jail. Zoé had often seen them before. They sat in the front pew of the church.

And now George Morton sprang to his feet. He was actually taking her part.

Was it true, then, that although she had done wrong, very wrong, there was still some hope for her, not only here, but before the court of Eternal Justice, which she pictured as far away beyond the blue sky?

This was the young lawyer's first effort, a petty case, for which, prompted by his sympathies, he had volunteered. Yet, had it been the great opportunity of his life, he could not have been more in earnest.

"Technically the defendant has committed a crime," he acknowledged; "but upon whom does the real responsibility rest? Is it upon the child, over-worked for a pittance, robbed of her puny strength, of her right to develop physically and mentally in God's sunshine, robbed almost of her reason, her sense of right and wrong confused by excessive toil? We have just heard it stated that she does not seem to have any real sense of the enormity of her offense; that she is 'a little out.' But I ask your Honor," queried Zoé's advocate, turning to the judge, "is it not rather the so-called Christian civilization of this State that is 'a little out'? Has *it* any real sense of the enormity of its crime in permitting the existence of the system of child-labor of which this incident is an unfortunate result?"

Thus he went on, not melodramatically, not posing for effect or indulging in bombastic oratory, but quietly and with logical force, arraigning the manufacturers, the capitalists, the men of his own class, with whom, he maintained, lay the genuine culpability.

Zoé, enthralled, heard his eloquent plea, and, while her little heart beat tumultously, a thought flashed upon her.

Here was the prince, the real prince of whom she had dreamed ever since the days of the fairy island. Not a prince of romance, she was too young for this sort of day-dreaming (if the feminine fancy is ever too young); at least it was not of

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romance she thought now; it was only that before her stood the embodiment of manly nobility, truth, and generosity, one eager to help the poor, the unhappy, the down-trodden, to upraise even the sinful whom he might meet along his way. And he was come, when all others seemed to have forsaken her, to save her, Zoé, and restore her to liberty.

The judge had paid close attention to the argument of the young lawyer, whose family were prominent in the community.

"The court gives due consideration to your statements, Mr. Morton," he now said. "Nevertheless, since children *are* employed in the factories, and this at the earnest wish of their parents or guardians, they must not be permitted to become lawless menaces of society."

The superintendent of the mill, who was present as the representative of the proprietor, smiled superciliously. Seldom does labor run up against capital without being worsted.

Not all mill-owners are hard men. But to be masters of great manufacturing plants, of the mechanical forces, to know that hundreds, sometimes thousands, of operatives depend upon them for daily bread, that for a weekly wage they own the strength, the maximum toil of an army of human beings, to whom their word is law, bringing misery or happiness—these things greatly tend to make men hard. The adamantine relentlessness of the machinery, its utter disregard for all else but a ceaseless demand for "more," too often enters into the very fibre of their natures.

The owner of the cotton factory had decided to make an example of Zoé.

Undaunted, her champion continued. He urged that, especially in juvenile offenses, the object of justice is not so much the punishment, as the reformation of the offender, an object unfortunately not always effected by reformatories and industrial schools. And then—Zoé's heart almost stood still with a suspense that was half-gladness, half-pain—then he announced that the relatives of Madame Finon Chauvin had sent for her and her children to go back to the province of Quebec, that she was ready to start at any time, taking Zoé with her also, if it might please the court to let her go? Might not the ends of justice be served if she were simply removed from the scene of her desperate deed, committed in a moment of childish despair and temporary insanity?"

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Mr. Morton respectfully submitted the point to his Honor.

Here was a means of satisfying in part the officials of the mill, and yet of showing clemency to the dazed offender. The judge seized upon it.

"The prisoner is discharged, with the understanding that she be removed elsewhere, so that the property of the complainant shall be no longer endangered," he ordered pompously. "The next case is called."

Banishment! But was it a punishment that had been meted out to Zoé? Back to Canada! She recalled only dimly the village where she was born; yet, from the haze that half veils the early years of childhood, several scenes and incidents stood out clearly. She had played in the fields unreproved, and there were no tasks to do. Then her sisters had come to Millville and obtained work in the mill. From that time her father talked of the great and glorious country of "the States." Having married Finon, he brought her away to New England, and Zoé too. All were to grow rich in their new life.

But what had "the States" done for them? Pierre Chauvin, temperate and good-humored, if somewhat indolent, at home in Quebec, had become surly, a hard drinker, and a loafer, whose taking off of himself was regarded as a blessing. Finon was going to die, and Zoé's physical endurance was broken down by the long hours of toil that even a man's strength finds irksome.

Ah, it would be no hardship to go back to the land of contented poverty, where the people are idle only because there is little work to be had.

Thoughts like these struggled through the mind of the child, and her heart thrilled with thankfulness.

As a uniformed guardian of the peace led her from the court-room and turned her out into the world once more, he spoke a parting word of good advice on his own responsibility; but she hardly heard him. For was not that her champion coming down the steps with his mother?

Zoé ran towards them. "Oh, sir," she cried, impetuously grasping the hand of her deliverer, "how can I ever thank you for what you have done for me? I have no money now, but I will work, somehow, somewhere, and one day I can pay you in part. Not every bit of money in the whole world could fully repay you."

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"Pay me, child?" rejoined the young lawyer, tightening his clasp of her thin, feverish fingers. "Do you think I would take money earned by these tired little hands, this weary little brain? No, Zoé; you shall repay me, but it must be by trying to be good and to grow strong. Then the machinery won't go whirring through your head any more, and you will not attempt to right your wrongs like a crazy anarchist. Will you promise me this?"

Zoé's voice shook with a sob as she promised.

She never saw him again; but from that day he was her hero. Her gratitude had in it no element of selfishness. Even when at home in French Canada, where she found simple employment and grew to be a good and pretty demoiselle, never in her wildest flights of fancy did she imagine that she could ever be anything to him. He was as far above, beyond her, as though he were, indeed, a knight from fairyland.

Finon was dead; both the junior and the senior babies had become sturdy urchins. In time Zoé loved and married a son of the soil. But there was one who ever remained her ideal of chivalry and honor—the prince who took a wretched little girl by the hand, when all the world seemed against her, and led her toward hope and happiness, a path that had brought her back to her native village, to kneel again at the feet of "the *Child who was set for the condemnation of many in Israel*," and the compassionately smiling *Notre Dame de Pitié*.

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THE SHAKESPEARIAN CLOWN.

BY A. W. CORPE.

THE immediate ancestor of the stage clown, a character which attained its culmination in the plays of Shakespeare, was the "Vice" of the mediæval "Moralities." The Moralities themselves derived their origin from the "Mysteries" or "Miracle Plays" of the Church. In the mysteries the devil was a prominent personage, duly furnished with suitable apparel, horns, cloven feet, hooked nails, and other grotesque properties. On the decline of the mysteries, the secular moralities sprang up and, to a certain extent, usurped their place. In the latter, in addition to the personation of the devil, was a character called "Vice," sometimes also called by other titles as: "Sin," "Hypocrisy," "Iniquity," and the like, as in the passage in Richard III.:

Thus like the formal vice, Iniquity.

The principal function of this personage was to belabor the devil, for which purpose he carried a wooden lath or dagger. Sometimes he would jump on the devil's back and pretend to pare his nails and otherwise harass him. In the "Histriomastix" occurs the stage direction: "Enter a roaring Devil with the Vice on his back." However, the Vice did not always have the best of it, for his adventures not unfrequently terminated on his being himself carried off to hell by the devil.

From early times it had been the custom for kings and great men to keep attached to their courts fools or jesters, to afford amusement to them and their households. These would probably be persons somewhat abnormal in their intellects—eccentric characters—whose manners and sayings would have the merit of originality, and be a welcome relief to those who had no resource in liberal studies during the hours unoccupied by the chase and warlike sports. Others, again, would be men, perfectly sane, but with cleverness enough to affect slight mental derangement. Viola in "Twelfth Night" says of the clown, Feste:

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This fellow's wise enough to play the fool;
And to do that well craves a kind of wit.

Others, again, would be men possessed of real wit and humor, whom a frolicsome disposition incline to this kind of life; Yorick, the "fellow of infinite jest, of most excellent fancy," whose gibes, gambols, songs, and flashes of merriment, which were wont to set the table in a roar, at once occurs to us. Many names might be quoted of jesters, regularly licensed to the English courts; visitors to the Palace at Hampton Court will not have failed to notice the portrait of Will Somers, court jester to Henry VIII.; Archie Armstrong, court jester in the times of James I. and Charles I., will be remembered as figuring in Scott's *Fortunes of Nigel;* one is mentioned as attached to the French court as recently as the time of Louis XVIII. These persons were usually dressed in a fantastic, motley habit, from which circumstance, motley came to be used as equivalent to fool; Jaques, in "As You Like It," referring to Touchstone, says: "Motley's your only wear"; and Shakespeare, speaking of himself, says (Sonnet cx.) that he had made himself "a motley to the view." For head dress the fool had a hood surmounted by a cockscomb, and he carried a bauble; the Vice of the Moralities was usually dressed in the costume of the domestic fools, and when the clown, in course of time, became a stage personage, the characters of the two became blended into that of the stage clown as represented by the dramatists of the period preceding Shakespeare. As may easily be supposed, the character afforded frequent opportunities, the exercise of the ex-tempore witticisms condemned by Hamlet in his Address to the Players; it was reserved for Shakespeare to elevate this character from the level of buffoonery to one of unique importance.

The creations of so many-sided a man as Shakespeare defy classification—each is his own individual self; and in studying the Shakespearian clown we must not confine ourselves to the purely domestic jester, such as Touchstone, Feste, and Lear's faithful follower. Both Speed and Lance in "The Two Gentlemen of Verona"—one of the few plays of which the First Folio contains a list of the characters—are described as "clownish servants" to Valentine and Proteus respectively. In the dramatic action they are the body-servants of their masters, but in addi-

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tion, Speed acts the part of the blundering, word-distorting fool, and Lance that of the sententious jester. It will, perhaps, be the simplest course, in considering some of these characters, to take them in the probable order of the productions of the plays in which they occur; the development of the character will thus be made apparent.

In "Love's Labour's Lost" there are two characters more or less answering to the description of the fool. Dull, a constable, and Costard, called in the modern editions a clown; there is also a schoolmaster called in the latter part of the play "the pedant," under which name a somewhat similar kind of diversion to that of the clown was submitted to the spectators. One of the attendants on the King of Navarre, on the introduction of the "fantastical" Spaniard, Armado, announces that "Costard the Swain" shall be their sport. Dull and Costard presently enter, and the nature of their humor is soon apparent. After one or two verbal distortions, Costard relates an incident in his love-passages with Jaquenetta:

"The manner of it is, I was taken with the manner."

"In what manner?" asks Biron.

"In manner and form following, sir; all those three; I was seen with her in the manor house, sitting with her upon the form, and taken following her into the park; which, put together, is in manner and form following. Now, sir, for the manner—it is the manner of a man to speak to a woman; for the form—in some form."

Moth, Amado's page, might pass for a jester of the witty sort, but in truth, not only the humbler characters, but even the lords of the King of Navarre's court and the Princess of France and her ladies, all indulge in badinage and repartee chiefly based on verbal quibbling; the following is a fair specimen of Moth's wit: Amado had asked Moth to name great men who had been in love and said: "Let them be men of good reputation and carriage."

"Sampson, master," says Moth, "he was a man of good carriage, great carriage, for he carried the town-gates on his back like a porter; and he was in love."

Biron and Rosaline, the slightly sketched studies to be thereafter developed in the persons of Benedick and Beatrice, do not aim much higher in their style.

Another of the Princess' ladies aims higher when she says,

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on her lover offering to kiss her: "My lips are no common, though several they be," impertinent allusion to the legal sense of the words.

Moth is answerable for the witty remark, after Sir Nathaniel and Holofernes have been engaged in a long discussion, carried out in fantastic fashion and with affectation of learning: "They have been to a great feast of languages and stolen the scraps."

With reference to the verbal quibbling, so frequent in Shakespeare's earlier work, it may well be the case that it did not bear the air of poverty of wit, with which we regard it, but that it was the fashion and acceptable to the audience of his day; as Rosalind says:

> A jest's prosperity lies in the ear
> Of him that hears it, never in the tongue
> Of him that makes it.

In "The Two Gentlemen of Verona," Speed alone, according to the modern editions, is described as "clownish"; but, as already stated, both the servants are so described in the First Folio; certainly we should give the preference to Lance, with his immortal dog. We may pass over Speed's puns, but his description, in Act II., of a man in love and what follows, is excellent. A little later Lance and Speed meet, but their conversation is chiefly quibbling; as Speed says: "Your old vice still; mistake the word." Lance's soliloquy on the object of his affections, and the discussion with Speed following on her several qualities, is in a higher strain; his conclusion that her wealth makes her faults gracious, is one that still holds its ground. But Lance lives in our memories on account of the famous soliloquies upon the unsympathetic and ill-mannered "Crab" in Acts II. and IV., from which it would be superfluous to quote. Early as the play is, perhaps Shakespeare has never done anything more exquisite in this style; we seem, in fancy, to trace the changes of look and attitude of the cur, as his master complains of his callousness, while he himself watered the ground with his tears, or when he tells how he had taken upon himself the blame for the cur's misdeeds, and lectures him upon his lapses from gentlemanlike behavior; and we feel with Lance how foul a thing it is, when a cur cannot keep himself in all companies.

The comic characters in "The Midsummer Night's Dream,"

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with the all-too-ingenious Bottom, humorous though they are, and though many verbal distortions occur in their parts, do not possess the characteristic of the true clown, and need not detain us.

Lancelot Gobbo, Shylock's servant in "The Merchant of Venice," is described as clown in the modern editions; but perhaps Jessica's description of him as "a merry devil," and Lorenzo's as "a wit-snapper," are nearer the mark. The argument between his conscience and the fiend, whether he should run away from his master, is a fine piece of humor.

"'Budge,' says the fiend. 'Budge not,' says my conscience. 'Conscience,' say I, 'you counsel well'; 'Fiend,' say I, 'you counsel well'; to be ruled by my conscience, I should stay with the Jew, my master, who (God bless the mark!) is a kind of devil; and to run away from the Jew, I should be ruled by the fiend, who, saving from reverence, is the devil himself.'"

Lancelot is not without the humanities; in the dialogue with his half-blind father, when he tells him that his son is dead, he talks of the "Fates and Destinies and such odd sayings, the Sisters Three and such branches of learning"; and in a later scene with Jessica, where he suggests, by way of excuse for her change of faith, that she may not be the true child of her father, he says: "Truly, then, I fear you are damned both by father and mother; thus when I shun Scylla, your father, I fall into Charybdis, your mother; well, you are gone both ways." His passages of wit are of a more polished style than those we have hitherto met with. Compare his farewell to Jessica—"Adieu! tears exhibit my tongue, most beautiful pagan, most sweet Jew! . . . These foolish drops do something drown my manly spirit; adieu!"—with the first soliloquy of Lance with his dog.

The "unimitated inimitable" Falstaff cannot be classed among the clowns, but he is certainly in the finest vein of his humor in those scenes where he plays the part of jester to the Prince, and, unless I am mistaken, these scenes show that, under this strange combination of wit, vanity, selfishness, and sensuality, there was a real affection for the Prince, ill-requited by the cold rebuff of the newly-crowned King, who had so often sought recreation in his company: "The King hath killed his heart," the quondam Mistress Quickly says in the following play, where we are told of the poor old man's death.

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Dogberry and Verges, the famous city officers of Messina, in "Much Ado About Nothing," are not strictly clowns, but, in addition to their part in the action of the play, they serve to amuse the audience by their grotesque blundering, and, on more than one occasion, give utterance to philosophy unawares. Dogberry's charge to the watch is in the best style of clownish shrewdness: Seacole being put forward for Constable, on account of his superior education, Dogberry goes about to moderate his self-esteem by the delightfully absurd antithesis "To be a well-favoured man is the gift of fortune; but to write and read comes by nature"; and checks his ready claim to both by the equally delightful sarcasm: "Well, for your favour, sir, give God thanks, and make no boast of it; and for your writing and reading, let that appear when there is no need of such vanity."

Dogberry then proceeds to his charge: "You shall comprehend all vagrom men."

Possibly there is here an allusion to the recent Act of 39th Elizabeth, enacting that all players, except as therein specified, should be adjudged rogues and vagabonds, as, in point of fact, they had already been held to be; it would not escape the audience that the term might comprehend the poor player himself.

"You are to bid any man stand, in the prince's name," he goes on.

"How if he will not stand?" asks one of the watch.

There is philosophy as well as shrewdness in Dogberry's answer:

"Why, then, take no note of him, but let him go; and presently call the rest of the watch together and thank God you are rid of a knave."

The disposal of those found drunk in ale-houses is settled in an equally satisfactory manner, and the problem of how to deal with a thief is evaded by a witticism of which the speaker may be supposed to have been unconscious: "Let him show himself what he is and steal out of your company."

Ending his charge, Dogberry impresses upon the constable the dignity of his office: "You constables are to present the prince's own person; if you meet the prince in the night, you may stay him."

Verges questions this, but Dogberry maintains his position with a proviso:

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"Five shillings to one on't, with any man that knows the statues, he may stay him; marry, not without the prince be willing; for, indeed, the watch ought to offend no man; and it is an offense to stay a man against his will,"

The short scene wherein Dogberry and Verges take the examinations of the conspirators, is full of delightful blunders—one may be quoted. Conrade has told Dogberry he is an ass. Dogberry fires up:

"Dost thou not suspect my place? dost thou not suspect my years? oh, that he were here to write me down—*an ass!* But, masters, remember that I am *an ass;* though it be not written down, yet forget not that I am *an ass.* . . . Oh, that I had been writ down—*an ass.*"

We now come to two examples of the ideal Shakespearian clown—the domestic jester retained to enliven the times of merriment with his quips and frolic, or to relieve the tedious hour with his shrewd and sometimes caustic sayings. Touchstone, the clown of "As You Like It," is of the sententious and satirical order, the vein of humor of Feste of "Twelfth Night" lies rather in mirth and merriment.

Celia and Rosalind, the twin stars of "As You Like It," are discussing how they shall employ themselves, when Touchstone enters and announces that Celia is to go to her father. She asks: "Were you made the messenger?" "No, by mine honour, but I was bid to come for you," he replies; and being asked where he heard that oath, makes answer: "Of a certain knight that swore by his honour they were good pancakes and swore by his honour the mustard was naught; now, I'll stand to it, the pancakes were naught and the mustard was good, and yet was not the knight forsworn"; and illustrates his meaning by suggesting that the ladies should swear, by their beards, that he was a knave; and ends with the epigrammatic remark: "The more pity, that fools may not speak wisely what wise men do foolishly."

Her uncle's jealousy has banished Rosalind; Celia will renounce her father and go with her, and they will make for the forest of Arden, as Ganymede and Aliena, and Touchstone shall accompany them "to be a comfort to their travel." Arrived in the forest, Touchstone interviews in turn the simple inhabitants of the place and of the banished Duke's retinue, the philosophic Jaques. It were needless to refer to the pas-

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sages called forth by the various circumstances of the interviews; besides such passages lose their point, detached from their surroundings. We will quote Jaques' account of Touchstone:

A fool, a fool! I met a fool i' the forest,
A motley fool; a miserable world!
As I do live by food, I met a fool;
Who laid him down and basked in the sun,
And railed on Lady Fortune in good terms,
In good set terms, and yet a motley fool.
"Good-morrow, fool," quoth I. "No, sir," quoth he,
"Call me not fool till heaven hath sent me fortune."
And then he drew a dial from his poke,
And, looking on it with lack-lustre eye,
Says very wisely: "It is ten o'clock:
Thus we may see," quoth he, "how the world wags:
'Tis but an hour ago since it was nine,
And after one hour more 'twill be eleven;
And so, from hour to hour, we ripe and ripe,
And then, from hour to hour, we rot and rot;
And thereby hangs a tale."
. . . O noble fool!
A worthy fool! Motley's the only wear.

"What fool is this? says the Duke.

O worthy fool! One that hath been a courtier,
. . . and in his brain,
Which is as dry as the remainder biscuit
After a voyage, he hath strange places cramm'd
With observation, the which he vents
In mangled forms. O that I were a fool!
I am ambitious for a motley coat.

"Thou shalt have one," says the Duke.

"It is my only suit," quippingly replies Jaques.

"As You Like It," according to the manner of comedies, terminates in marriages: the Duke with his train and the other personages are assembled—"There is, sure, another flood toward, and these couples are coming to the ark!" remarks Jaques; then, observing Touchstone and Audrey: "Here comes a pair of very strange beasts, which in all tongues are called fools."

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Touchstone, with an affectation of grandiloquence, bids "Salutation and greeting to you all!"

Jaq: Good my lord, bid him welcome; this is the motley-minded gentleman that I have so often met in the forest; he hath been a courtier, he swears.

Touch: If any man doubt that, let him put me to my purgation.

Whereupon follows the famous dissertation upon the seven degrees in a quarrel and the superlative value of *if*, which it would be superfluous to quote; the humor of the characteristic break, however, where Touchstone says, aside to Audrey (whom he had previously introduced as an "ill-favored thing, sir, but mine own"): "Bear your body more seeming, Audrey," may be noticed. The character of Touchstone is well summed up by Jaques and the Duke: "Is not this a rare fellow, my lord? He's as good at anything and yet a fool," says Jaques; and the Duke replies: "He uses his folly like a stalking-horse, and under the presentation of that, he shoots his wit." Those who have seen the late Mr. Compton in this part, will remember his admirable representation of it: the air of gravity and shrewdness he put into it, the look of inscrutable wisdom with an under-current of humor.

If in "As You Like It" we have a "swift and sententious" clown, as the Duke terms him, "Twelfth Night" exhibits in Feste a clown of a somewhat different complexion. We see comparatively little of him, but from the scenes in which he takes part with Sir Toby Belch and Sir Andrew Aguecheek, we perceive that, though he could on occasion put on a sententious manner, he more nearly resembles Hamlet's Yorick in his humor. In answer to the question of Viola (posing as Cesario), "Art thou not the Lady Olivia's fool?" He answers: "No, indeed, sir, the Lady Olivia has no folly; she will keep no fool, sir, till she be married; and fools are as like husbands as pilchards are to herrings—the husband's the bigger; I am, indeed, not her fool, but her corruptor of words."

But, whatever his bent may be, he shows himself equal to all occasions. On his first appearance in the play, in company with Maria, he adopts the usual quibbling style: "Well, God give them wisdom that have it; and those that are fools, let them use their talents"; and afterwards, by way of soliloquy: "Wit, an't be thy will, put me into good fooling! Those

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wits, that think they have thee, do very oft prove fools; and I, that am sure I lack thee, may pass for a wise man; for what says Quinapalus? 'Better a witty fool than a foolish wit.'"

Upon Olivia's entrance, he assumes a more serious vein; she has said, "Take the fool away," in reply to his salutation, "God bless thee, lady!" He follows up with, "Do you not hear, fellows? Take away the lady." "Sir, I bade them take you away," she says. "Lady," he replies, "*Cucullus non facit monachum;* that's as much as to say, I were not motley in my brain. Good Madonna, give me leave to prove you a fool"; and he then proceeds to deliver an admonition, serious enough, if in jesting form, against the folly of undue grief for the departed.

But it is in the scenes with Sir Toby and Sir Andrew Aguecheek that we see him, or rather picture him, at his best. We fancy we hear him singing his songs and leading in the catches and holding forth about Pigrogromitus and the Vapians passing the Equinoctial of Queubus, whereby he did "impetico" Sir Andrew's "gratillity"—it may be fooling, but it is "very gracious fooling." We see little more of him—true he visits Malvolio in the prison as Sir Topas, the Curate, and afterwards in his own proper person, and then again as Sir Topas, but this is rather the part of mimic man of a jester; we hear him once or twice singing his songs, and at the end of the play we have another song from him. Whether this piece of doggerel is worthy of the occasion may be a question; it is, however, to be noticed that another verse of the same song is sung by the fool in King Lear.

Lavatch, the clown in "All's Well That Ends Well," has only a subordinate part; perhaps his best piece of humor is when he explains to the Countess, that he has "an answer will serve all men"; this is no other than "O Lord, sir!" which seems to have been fashionable at the time. He finds however, that this, though it may serve long, may not always serve, for it would answer too appropriately to a whipping.

"Measure for Measure" contains two characters of the clownish order—Elbow, the Constable, who recalls Dogberry and Mistress Overdone's servant, Pompey—it will be beside the purpose to go through more in detail, but Pompey's "I hope here be truths," in the examination before Angels and Escalus, must not be forgotten. The whole of this scene is ad-

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mirable; especially to be noted is the ingenuity with which Pompey crosses the scent.

The play of Hamlet affords us, in the person of "the first grave-digger," a type of the simple yet shrewd countryman. From his opening sentence, "Is she to be buried in Christian burial that wilfully seeks her own salvation?" to the end of the short scene in which he appears, he is unique—a man without education, but of quick natural parts, apt to pick up what he might hear in the local courts of law or in conversation at the ale-house, ready and pungent in repartee, and withal having a good opinion of himself—a not very unusual combination, and yet how the figure stands out from the canvas.

Othello's servant is described as a clown, but he has so small and unimportant a part, that it is unnecessary for the present purpose to consider it.

Neither need Trinculo, the usurping Duke's jester in "The Tempest," detain us. He and Stephano, the butler, are amusing enough in their talk, but their talk is not of the kind with which we are now concerned. We may be permitted to suppose that Trinculo's professional abilities were reserved for his master's entertainment.

The fool in "Timon of Athens" has only a slight part; perhaps the best specimen of his repartee is when Varro's servant tells him he is "not altogether a fool," he says, "nor thou altogether a wise man; as much foolery as I have, so much wit thou lackest." He only appears in the scene from which this is quoted.

There remains the fool in "King Lear," "one of Shakespeare's triumphs," as Professor Bradley terms him; a character more nearly akin to the domestic retainer than is the case in most of the instances we have noticed. Lear calls him "boy" —for that matter, the fool calls Lear "boy"—but it does not necessarily follow that he was not grown up. Probably some slight touch in the brain added piquancy to his speech and permitted him a greater familiarity than usual. Though blunt and caustic in his utterances, he regards his master with a dog-like affection, and faithfully follows him in his misfortunes. He thus occupies an important position in the play, and to quote him at length would be to quote a great part of Lear also.

In a scene that we are tempted to quote at length, Lear and the fool have been conversing. While they are talking, Gon-

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eril enters and begins to upbraid Lear with the disorderly co duct of his followers, and his allowance of it, and Lear's pe up rage breaks forth:

> Are you our daughter? . . .
> Does any here know me? . . .
> Who is it that can tell me who I am?

"Lear's shadow," answers the fool. Repulsed by Goner Lear will take refuge with Regan; the fool says: "Shalt s thy other daughter will use thee kindly" (using the word in double sense); "for though she is as like this as a crab's li an apple, yet I can tell what I can tell. . . . She will tas as like this as a crab does to a crab." After some further bar tering, while Lear, brooding over Goneril's behavior, grow frantic, the fool says: "If thou wast my fool, nuncle, I'd hav thee beaten for being old before thy time." "How's that? says Lear. "Thou shouldst not have been old before tho hadst been wise," is the reply, and Lear breaks out into th piteous wail:

> O let me not be mad, not mad, sweet heaven!
> Keep me in temper; I would not be mad!

Arrived at Gloster's Castle, where Regan and Goneril have met, Lear finds Kent in the stocks; the fool exclaims: "Ha, ha, look! he wears cruel garters" (making a pun on the word cruel). "Horses are tied by the heads, dogs and bears by the neck, monkeys by the loins, and men by the legs; when a man is overlusty at legs, then he wears wooden nether-stocks."

A little later, we see the fool, with the half-crazed king, in the storm: Lear will brave the tempest. "Blow, winds, and crack your cheeks!" he cries in his passion; but the fool sees things differently: "O nuncle, court holy-water in a dry house is better than this rain-water out o' door. Good nuncle, in, and ask thy daughters' blessing: here's a night pities neither wise men nor fools."

Then we come upon the wonderful passage, where Lear, trembling on the verge of madness, will be "the pattern of patience," will forget his rage, his sufferings even, and will think upon the distresses of others; he will have Kent and the fool to take shelter in the hovel before him, he will remember the poor and wretched, the homeless, the hungry, of whom he had taken too little care:

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In, boy; go first. You houseless poverty,—
Nay, get thee in. I'll pray, and then I'll sleep.
Poor naked wretches, wheresoe'er you are,
That bide the pelting of this pitiless storm,
How shall your houseless heads, and unfed sides,
Your loop'd and window'd raggedness, defend you
From seasons such as these? O, I have ta'en
Too little care of this! Take physick, pomp;
Expose thyself to feel what wretches feel,
That thou mayst shake the superflux to them,
And show the heavens more just.

The fool finds Edgar in his disguise, in the hovel, is frightened and begs Lear not to enter: "Come not in here, nuncle, here's a spirit. Help me, help me!" Edgar comes forward, and Lear, fast lapsing into actual insanity, takes him to be a replica of himself: "Hast thou given all to thy two daughters? And art thou come to this?" Gloster enters and leads Lear and the others to a farmhouse near his castle. Here Lear, now quite mad, imagines that Goneril and Regan are about to take their trial, and the fool enters into the humor. Lear says to Edgar:

Thou robed man of justice, take thy place;
And thou [to the fool], his yoke-fellow of equity,
Bench by his side. . . .
Arraign her first; 'tis Goneril. I here take my oath before this honourable assembly, she kicked the poor king, her father.

Fool: Come hither, mistress, is your name Goneril?

Lear: She cannot deny it.

Fool: Cry you mercy, I took you for a joint-stool.

Lear, presently calmed, says: "Make no noise, make no noise; draw the curtains: So, so, so. We'll go to supper i' the morning. So, so, so." To which the fool adds: "And I'll go to bed at noon."

Then the fool disappears from the play.

After Shakespeare, the stage clown quickly died out; Ben Jonson never introduces the character; Beaumont and Fletcher seldom; Massinger never. A few generations later, the domestic fool, as an institution, became extinct; we are indebted mainly to Shakespeare for continuing to us the memory of it.

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New Books.

HISTORY.

The *History of the Society of Jesus in North America, Colonial and Federal,** is the title which Father Hughes has chosen for the work which has already exacted from him so many laborious years, and which, before its completion, if it is to be completed on the scale of the first volume, will absorb a great many more. He explains why he has chosen this somewhat unwieldy geographical designation contained in the title. After observing that Parkman had appropriated the shorter and popular epithet of "Jesuits" to denote the Society, in the title of his work, *The Jesuits in North America in the Seventeenth Century*, Father Hughes states:

> This was a rather wide undertaking for that brilliant writer; and his performance did not carry it into execution. He treated of the French and left out the Spanish and English Jesuits in North America. We, for our part, could not pretend to adopt so comprehensive a term. We feel that our title, like our subject, must needs be circumscribed, to distinguish it and exclude from it Spanish and French North America. This we have attempted to do with the aid of two adjectives, "Colonial and Federal," which imply a double stage of history, as before and after the American Revolution, and also include Canada from the time of its being ceded to England. The definition of our subject, by means of these two adjectives, connotes a line of history which was not common to New Spain or to New France.

The portion of the American history covered by the present volume properly belongs to the history of the English province of the Society. But it has been judged more consistent with the general symmetry of the projected universal history of the Society, of which this is a part, to attach the story of the Maryland mission to the American, rather than to the English division.

English affairs occupy a good third of the space; for, besides defining the general features of the religious situation in England, and the position of the Society, Father Hughes, in

* *History of the Society of Jesus in North America, Colonial and Federal.* By Thomas Hughes, of the same Society. Text, Vol. I., from the First Colonization till 1645. New York: Longmans, Green & Co.

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order properly to discuss the character of Lord Baltimore's high-handed dealings with the clergy and their possessions, enters into an examination of the law of Mortmain, the scope of the *Bulla Cœna*, Test Acts, and Oaths, and the nature of the charter which Baltimore obtained from the English Crown. A remarkable feature of the work is that it pleads strongly for a reversion of the hitherto entertained opinion that Cecilius Baltimore was a kind and generous protector of Catholicism. On the contrary, Father Hughes charges him with tyrannous rapacity, duplicity, and a persistent pursuit of his own aggrandizement at the expense of the interests of the Church. And Leonard Calvert does not fare much better; for Father Hughes' evidence goes to prove that, though Leonard was not quite so unscrupulous, he generally proved a pliant tool in the hands of his elder brother.

Bristling with documents and references at every step, full of meritorious discussions on canon and civil law, on obscure incidents and complicated political and legal transactions, this work supplies food for the serious student, rather than easy entertaining reading for leisure hours. It will prove an invaluable mine for future historians.

A text-book on *Mediæval and Modern History*,* by a professor of St. Thomas' College, of the archdiocese of St. Paul, is written according to the ideal that now prevails of what educational history should be. It assigns much less space than used to be allowed to military and political events, and much more to the nature and character of institutions, the significance of the religious, social, and industrial forces which have made modern civilization. Proportion and perspective are, generally speaking, respected. A topical summary at the end of each section will assist the pupil in the work of memorizing; and a judiciously chosen list of references will help to inspire a taste and serve as a guide for more extensive reading. Each paragraph is numbered, and is introduced by a line of heavier type indicating its import. The writer relates events in a very objective fashion, and seldom expresses either approbation or condemnation. Indeed one is somewhat surprised, remembering the name of the college on the title-page, that the story

* *Mediæval and Modern History: Its Formative Causes and Broad Movements.* By J. A. Dewe, A.M. With Maps and Illustrations. New York: Hinds, Noble & Eldredge.

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of the Italian revolution, the capture of Rome, and the destruction of the temporal power of the Pope is related without a word of disapproval for the men or measures that brought about this consummation. The title of the manual is somewhat inaccurate; it treats only European history.

The two volumes of the English version of Janssen's *History of the German People*[*] that have just appeared correspond to Vol. VI. of the fifteenth German edition, which was enriched with copious notes and other additions, under the editorship of Ludwig Pastor. These volumes are a survey of German civilization and culture from the end of the Middle Ages to the beginning of the Thirty Years' War. No other chapter of his work exhibits so manifestly the vast erudition of the author in his chosen field. He passes in review here, music, painting, sculpture, engraving; popular literature, including folk-lore, songs, satires, lampoons, books of jests, and love stories; the literature of occult arts and diabolism; and the various schools of the drama. From every one of these different fields of evidence he comes laden with facts, and critical inferences based on them, to convince the reader that the first stages of the Reformation were attended by decay in all forms of art, a deep corruption of morals, and an incredible coarsening of manners throughout every grade of society.

COMMENTARY ON THE INDEX.
By Dr. Hurley.

Since the publication of the new Syllabus of Errors and the late Encyclical by the Holy Father, attention has been directed anew to the work, purpose, and powers of the Congregation of the Index. The appearance of such works as Father Hilger's *Der Index der Verbotenen Bücher* and *The Censorship of the Church of Rome*, by George H. Putnam, has also stimulated interest in the history of condemnation by the Church of certain prohibited books. It is, moreover, of great practical importance that Catholics, and especially priests who have to speak and write upon the matter, should be thoroughly and in a scholarly way acquainted with the exact legislation concerning the Index of forbidden books.

We know of no work in English which gives one the oppor-

[*] *History of the German People at the Close of the Middle Ages.* By Johannes Janssen. Vols. XI., XII. Translated by A. M. Christie. St. Louis: B. Herder.

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tunity of making himself familiar with such legislation, except the volume before us,* which has just appeared; and our sincere thanks are due to the author, Dr. Timothy Hurley. The volume includes what may be termed the whole legislation of the Church on the question of prohibited books. It gives us the letter of Pope Leo XIII. of 1897, the rules adopted by the Congregation of the Index, to which this letter was a preface, and the Bull, "Sollicita ac Provida" of Benedict XIV. which, in the reform of the Index by Leo XIII., was allowed to stand. The author dwells upon the necessity to-day of some censorship of the press; cites instances where similar legislation has been and is enacted by civil governments; relates the history of the development of the three departments of the Index and the scope of each.

He would disabuse our minds of a popular fallacy that the Index in its legislation is co-extensive with the field of the natural and the divine law, and that it contains all the books that are forbidden to us. Dr. Hurley in writing the volume faced an arduous and a delicate task, one that has its peculiar, circumstantial difficulties at the present time, when the partisans of this school and of that would interpret the rulings of the Index to their own special views or, on the other hand, would scout and weaken its authority and its practical usefulness entirely.

To our mind Dr. Hurley has done his work in a capable, well-tempered, and judicial manner. He is evidently a close student of the great Angelical, Thomas Aquinas, and we may say that he has brought something of the spirit of the great Doctor to the execution of this work. He has endeavored, without narrowness or partisanship, to set forth the mind of the Church; to show the logic and the necessity of her legislation; to point out that her purpose is not arbitrary nor reactionary, but that, conscious of her responsibility in the care of souls, she would, and she must, guide her children on the upward road of learning and advancement, and warn them from hidden pitfalls of which they otherwise might not know.

Every priest, particularly one who would preach on prohibited books or write on theological subjects, and particularly also one who would pass judgment or censor the work of another,

* *A Commentary on the Present Index Legislation.* By Rev. Timothy Hurley, D.D. Dublin: Brown & Nolan.

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ought to possess this book and study it carefully. It will be informing. The judicial temper and the true Catholic spirit guiding the author may be illustrated by quoting his commentary on Rule 39:

> In Rule 39 the legislator admonishes the examiners of books that, in passing judgment on certain opinions and doctrines, their minds must, in accordance with the directions of Benedict XIV., be free from every prejudice; they must lay aside all indulgent leaning towards their native country, towards their community, towards the schools in which they were trained, and towards the institute to which they belong; they must lay aside the principles that are the guiding marks of mere schools or parties, and must, instead of such, be guided solely by the dogmas of the holy Catholic Church, and by the common teaching of Catholics—as contained in the decrees of the General Councils, the Constitutions of the Roman Pontiffs, and the unanimous teaching of theologians. In a word, they must imitate that broad-minded liberality of the Angelic Doctor, who is almost to be admired as much for the way he deals with those who differ from him, as in the way he expounds his own view, and who, before condemning any one's opinion, instead of searching for faults, strives in every way he can to reconcile it with the Catholic doctrine.

BRUNHILDE'S PAYING GUEST.
By Caroline Fuller.

A pleasant variation on the rather overworked theme of the prosperous North and the impecunious South is *Brunhilde's Paying Guest.** A Southern woman, no longer young, of artistic temperament, who has sacrificed her ambitions to filial duty, opens a boarding house. She reconciles the enterprise with her family pride by the thin fiction that her boarders are guests. One of these guests speedily falls in love with her; and she with him, after a decorous delay. But would it be honorable and wise for her to take advantage of the love of a man so much younger than herself? Without any ambitious effort at character-drawing or analysis of motive, and without the aid of any villain or harrowing situations, the auther sketches a pleasant comedy full of refined people, and redolent of the social atmosphere of Southern life.

* *Brunhilde's Paying Guest.* A Story of the South To-day. By Caroline Fuller. New York: The Century Company.

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SLUM STORIES.

Some striking pictures of the misery, poverty, and crime amid which the London poor pass their lives are drawn from actual experience by those two indefatigable slummers, Miss M. F. Quinlan * and Miss Olive Katherine Parr.† The readers of THE CATHOLIC WORLD need not to be told of the power of Miss Quinlan's graphic pen, with its command over pathos and humor. Miss Parr, who certifies that her stories are actual histories, some of which have figured in the London press, writes with "more matter and less art." Both seek to awaken among Catholic women an interest in social work, by inculcating the fact that even in the most vicious and degraded souls there still live pulsations of a nobler life, if one can but discover them and stimulate them by sympathy and encouragement.

ST. MARGARET OF CORTONA. By Fr. Cuthbert.

St. Margaret of Cortona, the mediæval Magdalen, was not precisely a wanton, or an "abandoned woman," but a girl who fell through excessive gayety, and over-great affection. She lived nine years with her lover "in defiance of law and convention," the only mitigation of her sin being her constant hope of lawful marriage with the man who had deluded her. He was murdered, his promise remaining unfulfilled. But his death was the occasion of the conversion of Margaret. Her reversion to virtue and to God was characteristically whole-hearted. She fought her way through many temptations, gave her life to the poor, outdoing them in voluntary poverty; merited admission to the third order of St. Francis, and died a saint. Her "legend" by her confessor, Fra Giunta,‡ is given with the delicious simplicity and naïveté of the early Franciscan chroniclers. The introduction to it, in seventy-five pages, by Father Cuthbert, is an admirable little treatise on her religious psychology, with not a little unobtrusive moralizing. The contrast between the modern touch of Father Cuthbert and the mediæval artlessness of Fra Giunta, is most striking, but each in his own way is extremely enjoyable.

* *My Brother's Keeper.* By M. F. Quinlan. New York: Benziger Brothers.

† *Back Slum Idols.* By Olive Katherine Parr. New York: Benziger Brothers.

‡ *A Tuscan Penitent.* The Life and Legend of St. Margaret of Cortona. By Father Cuthbert, O.S.F.C. London: Burns & Oates.

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THE VIRGIN BIRTH OF CHRIST.
By Professor Orr.

No Catholic on this side of the ocean feels any temptation to doubt the virgin birth of our Savior; indeed, so fundamental and, as it were, instinctive is their belief in the virginity of Mary, that they cannot understand why professing Christians should question that article of the Creed. Yet, outside the Catholic Church, this point is vehemently debated, more so at present, perhaps, than any other. Many scholars and preachers take the attitude that the virgin birth is a matter of no religious importance, and, at best, historically doubtful; the more radical stoutly deny it, or insidiously treat it as a belief beneath the serious consideration of a thinking man. To this new field Protestantism, fulfilling its destiny, is moving with greater or lesser rapidity; despite the efforts of individual scholars, it advances steadily, resistlessly, like a glacier, destroying and being destroyed, whose progress man is powerless to arrest.

That it is obedience to its original impulse, rather than the logic of facts, which is hastening Protestantism towards the precipice, is made clear by the present work* of Dr. Orr. Here we have a book by a Protestant divine which the Master of the Sacred Palace himself might approve; of almost immaculate orthodoxy, it might, with the sacrifice of a few sentences, pass for the product of a Catholic author. It shows, with great strength and clearness, that there is nothing in the facts of Holy Scripture or in the doctrines of Protestantism, which should lead to disbelief in the virgin birth of Christ; yet, if signs are prophetic, this able effort will avail little to turn back the course of destructive thought in the church of the author. If facts and reasoning alone had weight with his co-religionists, he would gain the battle for the old dogma; but he has also to contend against the temperament which results from the original sins of Protestantism—the desire of novelty and the instinct of destructiveness.

Such an enemy scholarship alone cannot vanquish. The more is the pity, then, because Dr. Orr gives us here a sound and thorough piece of work. Many critics who take the same view as himself of the fundamental question may think him

* *The Virgin Birth of Christ.* By James Orr, D.D., Professor of Apologetics in the United Free Church College, Glasgow. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

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unduly conservative in regard to a few critical points; but these do not affect the substance of his argument, though they may weaken it in the eyes of those who dread not to keep step with the advance guard. The book is characterized by good sense, by an appeal to plain reason; it can be easily followed by an intelligent layman who is interested in religious questions, and we heartily recommend it to all who desire an excellent summary of the problem and of the proofs.

There are two Catholic doctrines which issue clearly from our author's reasoning, though he fails to perceive them—the Immaculate Conception of Mary and the superiority of a religious virginity over the married state. One wonders why there is such earnest striving to maintain the fact of Mary's virginity, if there be in it no surpassing excellence; or why God should work a great miracle to preserve the purity of his mother's body and not confer the grace which would keep her soul untainted of sin.

THE CONGO.

Mr. Richard Harding Davis makes his bow to the public with a stout volume in his hand, to tell us all about his interesting but somewhat cursory trip to Congo Land,* and to add to the perplexity which besets our efforts to reach "the truth about the Congo." Mr. Davis is a master of literary perspective and a keen judge of materials suitable to strike the reader's attention. He describes his arrival and brief sojourn, in company with Mrs. Davis, at Banana, the "front door of Leopold's 'shop,'" and his subsequent trip up the river as far as Stanley Pool. He denounces without measure King Leopold, his officials, and all his works and pomps. Though he himself did not see much of the blood-curdling atrocities, he heard a great deal about them, and he implicitly credits his informants. Though his indignation against oppression is infectious, one cannot help regretting that he did not take a little more time in order to see things for himself. His description of his futile essay in hunting the hippopotamus, and of many incidents aboard the river steamers, are quite diverting. But his trick of introducing exaggerations, which he does not mean to be taken seriously, is a dangerous one. For,

* *The Congo and Coasts of Africa.* By Richard Harding Davis, F.R.G.S. Illustrations from photographs by the author. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

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when he does mean to be taken literally, the suspicious reader may think that he is treated to another bit of jocular hyperbole. Returning by the Cape and the East Coast, Mr. Davis saw something of the Gold Coast, Lorenço, Marquey, and Zanzibar, of which places he gives some interesting accounts.

PEDAGOGY.

The two successful essays, and the three which, in the opinion of the judges, were next in merit, submitted for the prizes offered by a citizen of California for the best and the next best essay on "Moral Training in the Public School" * are published by the committee that had charge of the competition. The first paper, which bore off the prize of five hundred dollars, was written by Mr. C. E. Rugh, principal of a school in Oakland. A Philadelphia clergyman won the second prize, of three hundred dollars. The book is well worth the study of educators. To say that any or all of the essays furnish a solution of the problem of how efficaciously to teach and inculcate morality on a non-religious basis would be to declare that the impossible has been achieved. Indeed the significance of these attempts lies in the fact that they manifest eloquently the meagre, superficial, fragmentary, and devitalized idea that must be formed of morality by the teacher who will divorce it from religion. The conception of it as embodied in these essays, speaking generally, has but faint correspondence with the connotation of the idea of morals which we associate with the Decalogue, conscience, duty, virtue. The prize essay dwells mainly on the means which the school and its courses provide for developing the social sense in the child. Good citizenship, character as understood to signify these qualities which make the successful business man, or the economically satisfactory social member, are the ideals which are aimed at. The author of the second essay endeavors to go a little farther; and outlines a method which would build on deeper and firmer foundations. But if he does so, it is because he falls back upon religion for his basic principles. His solution is: Let the State teach in her public schools the system of morality which is embodied in her own laws, with such sanctions as the religious character of the State herself supplies. In developing this prin-

* *Moral Training in the Public Schools.* The California Prize Essays. New York and Boston: Ginn & Co.

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ciple he claims that this moral system in public schools would be remarkably full and complete, and would cover, in the main, "the ten all-embracing precepts of the "Decalogue," and "would, in the United States, as in all the world, allow of appeal to those religious sanctions which provide the highest motives for obedience."

Apart from its main purport, this collection of views is well deserving of study for much valuable pedagogical instruction that it contains. It is, too, a pregnant, ready-made text for a powerful article in defense of our parochial schools. We trust that somebody will take advantage of the opportunity.

CAMPING AND TRAMPING WITH ROOSEVELT.
By John Burroughs.

The veteran naturalist, Mr. Burroughs, in his own delightfully picturesque and easy style, gives us a brisk and breezy account of the tour to the Yellowstone Park, which he made in company with President Roosevelt in 1903.* The incidents of that episode in the strenuous life lose nothing in his hands. He brings out in strong relief the President's hearty democratic manner and his love and knowledge of fur and feather, in all the varieties with which the wild West abounds. In a sort of appendix, entitled "President Roosevelt as a Nature-Lover and Observer," Mr. Burroughs, with an eye to the nature fakir controversy, enters the witness box to testify to Mr. Roosevelt's knowledge of wild life, and his exceptional powers of observation. Mr. Burroughs tells of many cases in which the President identified all sorts of birds, many of them rare ones, under difficult circumstances, in the Yellowstone and around Sagamore Hill. More than once, in terms slightly different, Mr. Burroughs declares that "The President is a born nature-lover, and he has what does not always go with this passion—remarkable powers of observation. He sees quickly and surely, not less so with the corporal eye than with the mental. His exceptional vitality, his awareness of all around, gives the clue to his powers of seeing. The chief qualification of a born observer is an alert, sensitive, objective type of mind, and this Roosevelt has in a pre-eminent degree."

* *Camping and Tramping with Roosevelt.* By John Burroughs. New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

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THEOLOGY.

During the past year an inquiry was made in France among the seminaries in order to find out what authors were used as text-books, and whether those employed were or were not satisfactory. Eighty-four seminaries replied; and out of this number fifty-one used the course of Father Tanquerey. Out of this number thirty-one were satisfied with it. Those who bore favorable testimony to its value approved it for having dropped many questions no longer of actual interest, in order to make room for others that have in later days swum into the ken of the theologian. Among the suggestions—few and unimportant—offered for its further perfection were two: that it should exclude the decisions of American Councils, and that its bibliographies should be less American. Now these two characteristics it is which, with its other merits, have largely helped to win such favor in our own country for Father Tanquerey's two courses, the one in Dogma, and the other in Moral. It is with pleasure that we note these two features strongly emphasized in the new edition of his Moral Theology.* This present course is so much more systematic and complete than the former edition, and differs so much in arrangement, that it would be more accurate to treat it as an independent work. Its three volumes cover the entire field of Moral and Pastoral Theology. The last volume, treating of the Sacraments, is notable for the fact that Father Tanquerey, who evidently is convinced of the pernicious effects which have resulted for our theological training through the anti-scholastic custom that grew up within the last two hundred years of divorcing the moral from the dogmatic course, has made some approach towards the sounder method of earlier days. Another merit of the work, more pronounced in the present than in the former edition, is his recognition that the economic and commercial life of our age has given rise, or given added importance, to many moral problems of which the older authorities knew nothing or next to nothing. Certainly it may be said that our traditional authorities set forth the eternal principles by which such questions as, for example, the rights of labor unions, the morality of strikes, of selling on margin, of stock-watering, of trust combinations, etc., may be solved.

* *Synopsis Theologiæ Moralis et Pastoralis.* Ad Mentem S. Thomæ et S. Alphonsi. Tomi Tres. Auctore Ad. Tanquerey. New York: Benziger Brothers.

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But the student and the professor find the greater and the more difficult part of their work in the application of general principles to complicated problems—and in this respect our ancient authors do but little for the student. By way of footnotes and other references Father Tanquerey furnishes a large bibliographical direction that, it may be hoped, will stimulate and guide the student to the much-needed work of wider personal study of writers who treat, in their moral aspect, the great social and economic problems of the day. It is pleasant and encouraging to observe that the author's long residence in America shows its effect in the broader view which he takes on some points which European writers have treated in a manner that gives too much importance to the merely local appreciations of their *milieu*. Of this feature we must be satisfied with quoting a single illustration. Treating of the obligation of parents to educate their children, Father Tanquerey, laying down the nature of this education, writes:

> Imprimis educatio debet esse *virilis*, quatenus ea tendere debet ut *viros* gradatim efformet. Sunt siquidem parentes ac magistri qui putent in junioribus nihil aliud desiderari nisi perfectam animi docilitatem ac cæcam voluntatis obedientiam quâ statim ac et sine quærelâ amplectantur opiniones a superioribus expressas eorumque mandatis pareant. Non ita instituuntur viri, ratione ac libertate pradita.

Father Tanquerey is systematic in his arrangement, clear in exposition, and the generous size of these three volumes indicates that his scale of treatment allows ample detail.

Under the title of *La Theologie du Nouveau Testament*,* Père Fontaine, or, to follow the form of the present volume, M. l'Abbé Fontaine, takes up the question of doctrinal development, or the evolution of dogma, for the purpose of refuting the views of some of his compatriots which he condemns as subversive of Catholic faith. He absolutely denies the possibility of entertaining *salva fide* the views expressed by M. Le Roy and others of that school. In vain, he argues, do they claim the authority of Newman, for Newman's theory radically differs from theirs. Though he considers Newman's theory, on

* *La Theologie du Nouveau Testament et l'Evolution des Dogmes.* Par l'Abbé J. Fontaine. Paris: Lethieulleux.

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the whole, to be safe, he believes it to stand in need of certain corrections which he proposes. M. Fontaine, it is pleasant to observe, does not display in this work the tone of personal acrimony which so greatly depreciated the value of his *Infiltrations Protestantes*. With the exception of references to quite recent events and publications bearing on the exegetical and theological situation, the present work is a reiteration of the opinions and arguments which the learned author has forcibly expressed in his former volumes. Had it not been completed before the appearance of the Encyclical "Pascendi Gregis," he might have invoked the august authority of that pronouncement for his position.

FOLIA FUGITIVA.

This volume* consists of a collection of papers read at an English Diocesan Conference by various members who chose their own topics. "If we are asked," says the editor, "why we cannot be content to let them rest in the seclusion of their manuscript, and why we should wish to obtrude them on public notice, we can only reply that such was the darling wish and oft-expressed desire of one to whom St. Erconwald's conference owes a great debt of gratitude, but who is no longer amongst us to urge the fulfilment of his desire." The person referred to here is the late Bishop Bellord, Vicar-Apostolic of Gibraltar, whose paper, "On the Number of the Saved," holds the place of honor in the book.

The editor, unnecessarily we think, pleads for indulgent criticism, on the ground that the papers were not intended for publication. In respect of both matter and form the collection is a very creditable one. It has, also, a potency for good beyond its intrinsic merits; it is an object-lesson for the stimulation, by a method within reach of diocesan clergy everywhere, of intellectual life among them.

If we were called upon to point out the paper of most permanent value, we should select that of Father Thomas Gerrard on *The Grammar of Assent*. Within the compass of twenty pages it presents a beautifully lucid synopsis of that famous book. Father Gerrard sees clearly the true meaning of Newman, which so many have desired to see and have not seen.

* *Folia Fugitiva*. Leaves from the Logbook of St. Erconwald's Deanery. Edited by Rev. W. Colgan. New York: Benziger Brothers.

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In this country, doubtless, almost everybody who skims first the table of contents will turn over at once to the pages in which the Rev. Dr. Fortescue treats of "Americanism." The writer, at the offset, announces that he aims not at proving a thesis, but at telling a story, and, with a modesty which is by no means out of place, premises the observation that "one's own view of a movement never matters much." Americanism is, or was, in Dr. Fortescue's estimation, a well-defined movement which originated in this country and afterwards spread to France. When drawing his picture, he traces as the leading features the attachment of "Americanists" to their country; their spirit of tolerance towards their non-Catholic fellow-countrymen; their unalterable convictions on the subject of Church and State; and their unquestioning attachment to Catholic faith. But he tells his readers, who would have placed him in an inextricable embarrassment if they had requested proof of the assertion, that "it is certain that in their books and sermons one does not find very much about dogma, and nothing at all about controversies concerning grace and free will." The favorite text, we are told, is St. James i. 27. The controversies concerning grace and free will have, by general consent, ceased to be considered fruitful subjects for the pulpit. If Dr. Fortescue had ever examined any large quantity of American sermons, say, the number of volumes of *Five Minute Sermons*, by the Paulists; or if he had ever attended one of our American Missions, whether to Catholics or to non-Catholics, he could not have been guilty of his statement concerning the absence of dogma in American sermons.

Speaking of Father Hecker's career, Dr. Fortescue writes that on leaving the Redemptorists Father Hecker returned to America and founded his congregation. Inadvertently he omits the all-important fact that, in doing so, Father Hecker was acting on the advice and with the cordial approbation of Pius IX. And when, pray, has Father Hecker spoken "slightingly of the vows"?

Many other instances of incorrect statements and erroneous interpretations of incidents and issues might be cited. And, although he records the protestations of our hierarchy that the Americanism condemned by the *Testem Benevolentiæ*, had no footing in this country, Dr. Fortescue conveys the impression that the contrary was the case. If he had sufficiently

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pondered a fact which he notes—that "the movement, as long as it stayed in America, in spite of all opposition to it, was not in any way censured by the authority of the Church"—he would scarcely have described as one consistent, homogeneous movement those indigenous American traits and tendencies which provoked no censure or stricture, and the exotic Americanist doctrines proscribed by Leo XIII.

Referring to Americanism in France, Dr. Fortescue speaks of the return of "a number of anti-Christian, sometimes pornographic, French writers to the Church; and he mentions four names only, Bourget, Brunetière, Coppée, and Huysmans. But, he continues, the movement came to nothing, "and most of these writers went quietly back to their pornography, which, by the way, a good many had never dropped." We acquit Dr. Fortescue of meaning to include among the deserters the writers whom he names above. But the context is far from clear, and, as it stands, it involves a cruel injustice to the dead.

It is only fair to observe that the imperfections of Dr. Fortescue's history do not seem to be the offspring of prejudice; but result from the mistakes in perspective and interpretation into which one easily falls who, without first-hand, personal knowledge, undertakes to give a judicial account of a foreign affair, which, to be properly understood, must be viewed from within as well as from without.

THE KING OF ROME. This prettily finished book,* which contains a biography of L'Aiglon, the son of Napoleon I. and Marie Louise, is rather an expression of the writer's intense admiration for the first Napoleon and his ill-starred son than a serious contribution to history. It is chatty, gossipy in tone; speaks of the Little Corporal with the enthusiasm of a private of the Old Guard, and of the Duke de Reichstadt with the undiscriminating tenderness of a devoted nurse. Marie Louise, Metternich, and all who conspired to turn the son of Great Napoleon, as the author calls his idol, into a German, are severely condemned. To the biography proper are added some chapters on related subjects—the Countess Camerata, a niece of Napoleon; Béranger's Poem, "Les Deux Cousins, ou Lettre

* *The King of Rome. A Biography.* By Victor Von Kubinyi. New York: The Knickerbocker Press.

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d'un Petit-Roi à un Petit-Prince";—and several tables of Bonaparte genealogy. The illustrations, of which there are about a dozen, are good. Among them are photogravures of the Empress Eugenie, Maude Adams as Duke of Reichstadt in Rostand's "L'Aiglon," and the Honorable Charles J. Bonaparte.

CHURCHES SEPARATED FROM ROME.
By Mgr. Duchesne.

The latest addition to the International Catholic Library is a well executed translation of Mgr. Duchesne's study of the origin of the Church of England,* and of the various Eastern schismatic bodies that broke away from Rome in Byzantine times. The English Church is dismissed in one brief introductory chapter in which the Roman origin of British Christianity is made perfectly plain. If this chapter were omitted altogether the unity of the book would be greater; for it would then be a concise study of one single phase of Church history—the separation of the Eastern Churches from Rome. With the details of this complicated subject at his fingers' ends, and taking care not to perplex his readers with a mass of unimportant details, nor to lose himself and them in the immense clouds of theological controversy that hang over the entire field of inquiry, Mgr. Duchesne sets forth, clearly and concisely, the entire story of the first secessions, the subsequent subdivisions of the schisms, and the historical position of the Monophysites, the Greeks, the Illyrians, and the schismatic African Christians who sprang from the Christian missions south of the Roman Empire. Though the writer deals rather with origin than with present-day conditions, he imparts an actual interest to his treatment of the question by a temperate yet crushing criticism of the reply made by the Greek Patriarch, the Lord Anthimius, and his suffragans to the kindly advances made to them in the Encyclical, "Præclara," by his Holiness, Pope Leo XIII.

In reviewing the causes of the great rupture between Rome and Constantinople, Mgr. Duchesne does not find that the methods and the spirit of those who had truth on their side were always without reproach. A little more moderation, a little more concern for charity and less for insisting on useless theological distinctions, or for imposing merely national preferences, and the deplorable division might have been remedied.

* *The Churches Separated from Rome.* By Mgr. L. Duchesne. Authorized Translation from the French by Arnold Harris Mathew. New York: Benziger Brothers.

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He relates, as an example, the wise conduct of St. Athanasius after his return from exile in 362.

Mgr. Duchesne does not discuss the probability of reunion nor the concessions that, towards this desirable consummation, might be made without any derogation from the principle of necessary centralization. But it is his wont to emphasize significant facts, and trust to the intelligence of his readers to draw their own inferences.

THE ORTHODOX EASTERN CHURCH.
By Fortescue.

While the serious student will appreciate the masterly precision and brevity with which Mgr. Duchesne goes to the heart of his subject, the general reader will, probably, find that he is not sufficiently acquainted with the history of events to follow Mgr. Duchesne with full comprehension. And others will be disappointed at finding but little information on the present condition and position of what he knows vaguely as the Greek Church in the lands beyond the Adriatic, the Vistula. Another writer, the Rev. Dr. Fortescue, has met this popular demand with a work which, in its kind, is of no less conspicuous merit than that of Mgr. Duchesne. In *The Orthodox Eastern Church*,* a large octavo of five hundred pages, Dr. Fortescue presents an ample history of the Eastern Schismatic Church, with a complete conspectus of the present position of the various bodies which now constitute it, or trace their origin to it.

Dr. Fortescue is an accomplished narrator. His pleasing, lively, picturesque style makes interesting even the dreariest phases of the dreary wrangles which gave rise to the different loosely-jointed parts which now make up the Orthodox Church. Especially instructive are the sections in which he gives a detailed account of the actual religious and political situation and the diversities of ritual, existing among the fifteen or sixteen churches which are at present very inaccurately lumped up together by most Westerns under the designation of the Greek Church in Russia, and the nations of the Balkan peninsula.

It will be surprising if Dr. Fortescue has not left himself open to some criticism as he has picked his way through this immense maze of age-long quarrels, racial and polemical, where much is obscure and a great deal more is presented in conflict-

* *The Orthodox Eastern Church.* By Adrian Fortescue, Ph.D., D.D. London: Catholic Truth Society.

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ing ways by the records of parties. There is no fear, however, that any adverse criticism will seriously detract from the solid worth of this remarkable work. The picture of the religious and political condition of the schism as it exists to-day, split up into bitterly hostile groups, with a Patriarch who is little but a name, while almost everywhere the ecclesiastical authorities are minions of the State, is a depressing one. The most sinister figure on the dark canvas is the Russian Government, which has reduced the Church within her boundaries to slavery, and, for political ends, assiduously foments religious dissension among the surrounding nationalities. Nobody knows this better than the Patriarch himself. Dr. Fortescue cites a long list of instances to prove his charges against the Czar and his government. As to the prospects of a reunion Dr. Fortescue is not hopeful.

> Is there any hope? Unhappily one cannot see any immediate prospect. A schism always becomes stronger by mere inertia as the centuries pass; things get settled down in that state, prejudices and jealousies fossilize into principles that seem too obvious to allow discussions, immediate antiquity—the past that people know best because it is just behind them—is against reunion.

The only glimmer of hope, we are told, is in the Uniates and in a small body of enlightened men, who, in Russia, are working, as far as one can work in Russia, to promote an awakening of their Church in the direction of the Roman Church.

As a confirmation of his assertion that there is actually an awakening in Russia towards Roman Catholicism, Dr. Fortescue might point to a book which has just appeared in French—*L'Avenir de l'Eglise Russe.** The greater part of its contents first appeared about a twelvemonth ago, in the *Revue Catholique des Eglises*, in the form of letters from a Russian scholar to M. Chevalier, well known as the author of some notable studies on the Church of England. The writer of this volume enters into an analysis of Russian social and religious conditions, in order to interpret the psychologic characteristics of the people. The Russian people are, he maintains with striking argument, eminently religious, Christian, mystical. The history of the country leads him to the conviction that, if it has remained for nearly a thousand years in a state of isolation and passivity, this is

* *L'Avenir de l'Eglise Russe.* Par Joseph Wilbois. Paris: Bloud et Cie.

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because God has destined it to exercise, in the future, an immense conservative influence towards strengthening Christianity in the imminent struggle against infidelity. The present subordination of the Church to the State is, he seems to believe, an artificial and transient situation. Comparing Russian orthodoxy with Roman Catholicism, he holds that they differ primarily in their conception of the Church. For the Russian, the Church is essentially and predominantly an invisible, spiritual unity, rather than a visible society—"between Roman Catholicism and Russian orthodoxy there is more than a religious difference, there is a social difference." And, the Russian "is schismatic because he does not understand the term schism in the same sense as we do; if the Communion of the early ages is to be restored there must be first of all an agreement on the sense of the word Communion." In conclusion M. Wilbois discusses the question of reunion. Reunion, he says, is necessary to the future of Christianity; it is coming. But it will be established, not by the absorption of Russian orthodoxy into the Roman fold, but on the basis of a Communion in which East and West will agree without sacrificing their respective idiosyncrasies.

THE SORCERESS OF ROME.
By Gallizier.

The tale of *The Sorceress of Rome** has its setting in the dark days of the tenth century, and all who know the unhappier side of those times, the wars, the intrigues, the immoralities of secular and ecclesiastical history, may easily picture what a story an imaginative writer, who dwells upon these characteristics, may make of the times. The author of the present book knows nothing of neutral tones—he lays on high, glaring colors from start to finish. Lurid, sensational, he is an inexact and poor historian, and an equally poor novel writer. The volume is gotten up gorgeously, with loud and varied illustrations. Fantastic, over-drawn, surfeited with the extreme and the erotic, the production was not worth the labor and research expended upon it.

We are shortly to have an American *Roads to Rome*, such a book being in course of preparation by Miss Georgina Pell Curtis, 2919 North Ashland Avenue, Chicago, Ill. It is on the same lines as the English book of the same name, wherein the story of their conversion is told by the converts themselves.

* *The Sorceress of Rome.* By Nathan Gallizier. Boston: L. C. Page & Co.

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Miss Curtis asks, through THE CATHOLIC WORLD, that all American converts, whether now at home or abroad, who are willing to submit their "story" to her, will please do so. The MS. must be in her hands before July 1, 1908.

A new edition of Webster's Dictionary, entitled *Webster's Modern Dictionary—Intermediate School Edition*,* will be found practical, well-adapted for all intermediate grades, and useful for the general public. It is printed in good, clear type and contains useful supplementary matter.

The latest text-book of the Isaac Pitman system of shorthand is a handy and valuable manual.† The lessons and new matter of this edition are presented in a brief way, and as thoroughly as the size of the volume will permit. It will recommend itself to the student who wishes to gain a mastery of the system within a very short time.

We have received from Fr. Pustet, New York, the *Repertorium Oratoris Sacri*, a work consisting of four volumes and including outlines of six hundred sermons for all the Sundays and holydays of the ecclesiastical year, and for other special occasions. The work includes a wide range of moral and dogmatic sermons selected from well-known preachers and theologians of many nationalities. The sermons are arranged according to the chronology of the ecclesiastical year and the work contains an index of all subjects that are apt to present themselves to the preacher. We cordially recommend the volumes, and priests engaged in parish work will find them particularly useful and suggestive.

Katharine A. O'Keeffe O'Mahoney is the author of an interesting volume, *Famous Irish Women*. Miss O'Mahoney goes back in her sketches as early as the days of pagan Ireland, and continues through every century, even to the present day, including noted American women of Irish descent. The sketches are necessarily short, but are well done. The volume is published by the Lawrence Publishing Company, Lawrence, Mass.

* *Webster's Modern Dictionary of the English Language, Adapted for Intermediate Grades.* Compiled by E. T. Roe, LL.B. Chicago, Ill.: Laird & Lee.

† *Course in Isaac Pitman Shorthand.* An Exposition of the Author's System of Phonography, designed for use in Business Colleges, High Schools, and for Self-Instruction. New York: Isaac Pitman & Sons.

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The Philadelphia Catholic Standard and Times Publishing Company have issued a small but very practical work, considering the purpose for which it was issued, entitled *Latin Pronounced for Catholic Choirs*, by the Rev. Edward J. Murphy. It will serve as a great help to choir masters who must deal with boys and men not acquainted with Latin.

The Ave Maria Press, of Notre Dame, Ind., has republished, from the pages of the *Ave Maria*, Abbot Gasquet's papers entitled *The Question of Anglican Ordinations.*

We have received from the Catholic Truth Society, of London, the *Way of Truth*, by the Rev. P. M. Northcote, O.S.M. The aim of the author is to prove the claims of the Catholic Church from the very Scripture which Protestants take as their spiritual guide; *Rome's Witness Against Anglican Orders*, by Rev. Sidney F. Smith, S.J.; *The Education Question in England*, including six notable papers; *Blaise Pascal*, by Rev. G. O'Neill, S.J.; *Pantheism*, by William Matthews; *Alleged Difficulties in Holy Scripture*, by M. N.

The Australian Catholic Truth Society, of Melbourne, has sent us the following pamphlets: *St. Francis of Assisi and Mediæval Catholicism*, by Rev. James O'Dwyer, S.J.; *Religion and Amusements*, by Ronald Stewart; *Religion and Society*, by Benjamin Hoare.

A small, timely volume, useful in instructing children and, we may say, adults also, on the liturgical matters of Catholic practice, has been issued by the Wiltzius Company, Milwaukee, Wis., entitled *The Ecclesiastical Year.*

To any one who would wish to know the real value of the works of Marie Corelli, we recommend the booklet published by the Examiner Press, Bombay, India, entitled *The Writings of Marie Corelli*, by S. Boswin, S.J.

Acta et Dicta is a collection of historical data regarding the origin and growth of the Catholic Church in the Northwest, and is published by the St. Paul Catholic Historical Society, St. Paul, Minn.

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Foreign Periodicals.

The Tablet (28 Dec.): The *non possumus* attitude of the Popes during the last thirty-seven years is defended in an article on "The Pope and the Italian Government."——An interesting study on Venetian guilds and art is contributed.——Fr. Thurston, S.J., digs out valuable information from old Anglo-Saxon chronicles regarding the origin of the Mass vestment.

(4 Jan.): John J. Toohey, S.J., begins a series of articles on "Newman and Modernism." This contribution is "to show that it (Newman's teaching) accords in all essential particulars with Scholastic philosophy." Quotations are also cited to prove Newman's loyalty to the Holy See.——"Literary Notes" commends the attitude of the *Dublin Review* toward the Encyclical, welcoming especially its "dignified reticence" in matters on which discussion is inopportune.——An Anglican estimate of the Encyclical, sympathetic and commendatory, is quoted at length.——M. Batiffol's removal from the Rectorship of the Institute of Toulouse, it is insisted, was due not to pressure from Rome but from the bishops who direct the Institute.

(11 Jan.): Fr. Toohey contends that Newman is not a "Newmanist" in the sense that recent writers have constructed, notably Bremond and Dimnet.——Roman Correspondent announces that before long an important document will be published regulating discipline in the seminaries of Italy.——A correspondent, "Theologus," protests against certain interpretations given to Newman's words by the *Dublin Review* and *La Croix*.

(18 Jan.): Fr. Toohey, S.J., aided by his brother authorities on Newman, P. P. Fontaine and R. P. Schiffini, maintains that the great Cardinal is not touched by the recent Syllabus, and denies his alleged connection with the Modernist doctrine of Immanence.——It is stated that M. Batiffol, till lately Rector of the Catholic Institute of Toulouse, will occupy the office of chaplain in a Parisian college.——Who wrote the Encyclical? Fr. Billot, S.J., asserts that he had no part in the construction of the document.——H. Bremond contrasts Fr. Toohey's estimate of Newman with the criticisms of W. G. Ward,

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Manning, and various Jesuit authorities, all of whom condemned Newman for his disregard of scholasticism. "To attempt, as Fr. Toohey does, to transform Newman into a scholastic, is possible only for one who knows nothing about Newman or nothing about scholasticism."

The Month (Jan.): Reverend Geoffrey Bliss gives a critical analysis of the works of Francis Thompson, whom he designates a "Wizard of Musical Speech," and of Richard Crashaw, a "poet's poet."——Under the title "Stipends for Masses," Rev. Herbert Thurston gives the history and theology of the custom of giving money payment for Masses. "The labourer is worthy of his meat." The Mass is not purchased, neither is there any equation between the intrinsic value of the Mass and the stipend given. That which is given is in acknowledgment of the priest's services.——Arthur J. O'Connor draws attention, in his article entitled "Socialistic Movement in England," to the present lamentable condition of the poor in England. Socialism, he says, is the most popular remedy offered for the present evil. This popular Socialism is neither "Individualism" nor "Collectivism," but, as defined by Mr. Balfour, "The State is to take all the means of production into its own hands, that private enterprise and private property are to come to an end, and all that private enterprise and private property carry with them." The ideas which underlie this principle are growing throughout Europe and America. The writer points out the causes of the growing tendency toward Socialism.——Rev. Thomas Wright, in his comparative study of Newman and Campion, points out the similarity of benefit which they derived from patristic literature.

The Church Quarterly Review (Jan.): H. Egerton, in an article entitled "Socialism and Reform," subjects the basic conceptions of modern Socialism to a critical examination, and compares them with other conceptions which appear to him to point to a preferable mode of reform. He maintains that the fundamental philosophic and economic principles of present-day Socialism cannot be profitably used as instruments of reform.——At the conclusion of a lengthy discussion of the relation between education and crime, W. G. E. Rees lays down the following prin-

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ciples which cannot, he thinks, be lost sight of in any re-settlement of England's educational system. "Religious instruction must be welcomed as an integral part of the school training of English children. No apparatus of Sunday-Schools and supplement classes would be adequate to the task of building up national character on the only solid basis—that of religious truth. And the religious instruction thus welcomed and encouraged, must be freely given to their own belief by men and women to whom it presents itself as an organon of life and not as a system of drill."

The Expository Times (Jan.): Rev. James Moffatt reviews Lepin's *L'Origine du Quatrieme Evangile*, which he regards as a satisfactory presentation of the external evidence supporting the conservative view of the origin and authorship of St. John's Gospel.——Bishop Gore's recent work, *The New Theology and the Old Religion*, receives an extensive notice. It was written, the reviewer says, to show the advocates of the New Theology what the old religion really is, for they have grossly misrepresented it. (Feb.): Mention is made in the "Notes of Recent Exposition" of a *Fragment of an Uncanonical Gospel*, edited by Dr. Grenfell and Dr. Hunt, who discovered it last year at Oxyrhynchus. It is of value and interest especially because of its bearing on the criticism of the Fourth Gospel.——This number contains also a lengthy account of the various papyri recently discovered in Egypt. Reference is made in this connection to Fr. Lagrange's article in the *New York Review*.

The Crucible (28 Dec.): The editor states in an article, "Catholic Women's League," the aims and progress of this society.——B. Anstice Baker proposes "A Society of Priests' Housekeepers."——Frances Zanetti, in a paper, "Helping Hands," wishes to promote a "Girls' Mutual Aid Society" as a national work, and shows what has already been done by such societies in different localities. ——Margaret Fletcher, in an article, "The Catholic and the Feminist Movement," discusses the question how the Woman's Movement can be brought within the influence of the Church. She says that the Protestant attitude on marriage led on the Feminism Movement to agnosticism

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and socialism, while the Catholic Church, by her moral and religious teaching, established and defended the true rights and privileges of woman.

The Dublin Review (Jan.): The Encyclical "Pascendi"—acceptance of, and obedience to, this utterance of the Supreme Authority. Some current misrepresentations are set right. Newman's idea of dogmatic symbols is not condemned. The Encyclical can be properly interpreted only by those who understand how such documents are gotten up, namely, theological experts.——"Letters of Queen Victoria," reviewed by Rev. R. Hugh Benson. The letters show the versatility and the admirable character of Queen Victoria.——"A Reminiscence of Father Ignatius Ryder," by Wilfrid Ward, brings to light many interesting incidents in the career of the great Oratorian. ——"The Roman Church down to the Neronian Persecution," by Rev. E. J. Bacehus.——"Olden Faiths and New Philosophies," by Rev. W. H. Kent, O.S.C., is a review of W. S. Lilly's recent book *Many Mansions*.

The Irish Ecclesiastical Record (Jan.): The opening article is a *résumé* of the leading events in Church circles during 1907. The political measures effected by Catholics in different countries of Europe are mentioned, and a statement given of the Irish University Question as it stands at present.——Rev. J. Kelleher endeavors to impress intelligent men with a realization of the influence which their participation in civic and national politics will exert. There are two classes of men to whom he especially appeals. The one holds itself aloof because it considers all politics venal and corrupt; the other is entirely indifferent to the ethical aspect of public affairs. Every person entitled to vote is bound to exercise this privilege for promoting good government. The article closes with an apology for religion in politics. The Socialist can go to any extreme he wishes in defence of his principles. But a howl is raised when a practical believer in Christianity champions his religious ideals.—— "The Continuity Theory" is a refutation of the authorities brought forward to support the assertion that the present Church of England is the same in doctrine and jurisdiction as the Church existing before the Conquest.

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Historical facts are offered as proof that both the ancient British and the Anglo-Saxon Church of Augustine recognized papal authority.——The elucidation of the decree "Lamentabile Sane" is continued. The propositions concerning the divinity of Christ, his knowledge, his resurrection, and our redemption, form the subject for the present paper.

The Irish Educational Review (Jan.): We welcome a new magazine from the island of saints and scholars. Its field is exclusively educational.——Professor E. J. McWeeney writes on "Tuberculosis in our Schools." By comparative figures, the death-rate from tubercolosis is shown to be greater among the school children of Ireland than those of England or Scotland. Means are suggested for fighting the evil.——George Mansfield, D.L., offers a solution of the University Question. Let Trinity College retain its autonomy and endowments. Change what is at present "The Royal University" into a residential college under the vocable of some Irish saint, make it self-governing and possessed of all its former privileges. St. Patrick's College, Maynooth, might be affiliated in this university scheme, thereby becoming the Catholic counterpart of the Divinity School of Trinity College.——Norah Meade, Scholar R. U. I., in a paper on "Women in Universities," advocates separate colleges for women, with common attendance with the men at the general lecture courses.

Le Correspondant (25 Dec.): Mgr. Mignot maintains that the religion of the Old Testament is essentially supernatural. The Jewish idea of redemption, the final triumph of the Kingdom of God, it must be conceded, were partially, if not entirely, different from those of other religions.——"The Ports of France," by A. Davin, deals with the present conditions of France's foreign trade.——Henry Bordeaux contributes an analysis and appreciation of the works of Rudyard Kipling.——"A Charmer and Charming" are the words which Count de Lagrèze employs to sum up the character of Oscar II., the late King of Sweden.——Jean Teincey relates the chief incidents in the romantic but tragic relations of Mrs. Fitzherbert and the Prince of Wales, afterwards George IV.

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(10 Jan.): Lt. Colonel Rollin outlines a plan to be followed by the French attachés, so that the officers of the army may be kept in touch with the doings, the resources, and the plans of other nations.——A. de Lapparent contributes a short account of the life and work of Prof. Janssen, the illustrious astronomer whose recent death is so deeply deplored by all classes of French scientists.——Henri Lammens contributes an article on the Germanization of the East. By facts and figures he proves that, in the commercial and scientific realms, Germany has an immense influence.——Reform in China goes on, writes "Avesnes"; women are no longer to be practically enslaved; war is declared on opium; reform is promised and is actually taking place in the army; and constitutional government is only a matter of time.

Revue du Monde Catholique (Jan.): M. Saraéte, in "Voix Canadiennes," makes many observations. He finds, in the words and deeds of Sir Wilfried Laurier, much to commend. In M. Laurier's address, however, given recently at a banquet in Paris, M. Saraéte feels that to France poor justice is done.——The editor publishes another letter on the "Pretended Marriage of Bossuet." The author of the letter shows the important witnesses of Voltaire to be unreliable, and proves by quotation from "Memoires de Legendre," that M. Gaignet fixes upon conclusions that critical study does not warrant.

Études (5 Jan.): The opening article discusses "The Church and Biblical Criticism." The author considers the reasons why the Church refuses to sanction the methods of criticism once they have passed a certain point.——H. Berchois writes on the "Spoliation of the Church in France."——A paper on the "Fragments of the Manuscript of Menander," discovered by M. Gustave Lefebvre in Upper Egypt.

(20 Jan.): M. Louis Baille has an exhaustive article on the philosophy of St. Thomas with reference to its recent recommendation by the Pope.——H. Leroy contributes a suggestive paper on the movement for social work and the conditions that should attend it.——An article on "Literary Forms and Christian Thought."——An interesting sketch of the late Pierre Janssen and Lord Kelvin.

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Revue Bénédictine (Jan.): D. G. Morin discusses the discovery of the *Dicta* of Heriger on the Eucharist. His article consists of a review of the main points in the discovery and of an appreciation of the various theories concerning the authenticity of the work.——D. U. Berliere concludes his catalogue of the scattered fragments in the papal archives of the fourteenth century.——Paul IV., in his *rôle* as transformer of the Vatican palace, is the subject of an article by D. R. Ancel.——D. P. de Meester continues his "Study on Orthodox Theology." His contribution in this number is confined to the presentation of the principal orthodox theories on the material world and man considered in his origin and nature.——A hitherto unpublished commentary on the first 70 Psalms is here given to the public.

La Revue Apologetique (Dec.): "The Divinity of Christ Revealed in the Synoptic Gospels" is the thesis of G. Lahousse, S.J. Jesus appears in the three Gospels as a legislator equal to God; he is supreme judge of the human race, possessed of the power of forgiving sins, and an authority over the bodies and souls of men which knows no limit.——The problem of faith and the fruits of belief are discussed by Pierre Guan, S.J.

La Revue Pratique d'Apologétique (1 Jan.): M. Lepin subjects the allegorical interpretation of the Fourth Gospel to a sharp and minute examination in connection with the Lord's walking on the water. Various slight differences between St. John's narrative and that of the Synoptic Gospels furnish the author strong and, in his own judgment, conclusive arguments against the new theory.——Mgr. Le Roy's lecture, opening the course in the "History of Religions in the Catholic Institute of Paris," sketches the theories that attempt to account for the origin of religion; outlines the plan of study and furnishes a fairly large bibliography on the subject.——H. Lesêtre maintains the partial historicity of Job.——R. Simeterre writes about the condemnation of the Aristotelian and Thomistic philosophy in the thirteenth century to show that the facts in nowise countenance the already expressed belief that Modernism will yet find a home and a place of honor in Catholic theology.

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(15 Jan.): L. Grandmaison treats of the development of Christian dogma.——H. Ligeard begins a discussion of the views held by Scholastic theologians from the thirteenth to the eighteenth century on the relations between the natural and the supernatural.

La Démocratie Chrétienne (8 Jan.): "The Causes or the Preliminaries of the Separation of Church and State," by M. Paul Lepeyre, reviews the causes, the lessons, and results of the Separation in France. The French clergy have, for a long period, been partially divorced from the people. The rejuvenation of the Church will be brought about in France, as it has been in England, Germany, and other countries, by the formation of a democratic priesthood.——A speech by M. Jean Lerolle at a meeting of the Association of Catholic Youth outlines in detail the reforms for which they stand. These are concerned with such questions as the integrity of the family, workmen's organizations, etc.

Revue des Questions Scientifiques (20 Jan.): "The Darwinian Elimination in Repression," by M. A. v. d. Mensbrugghe, concerns itself with the refutation of the materialistic notion of the essential nature of crime and the penalties by which society sanctions its criminal laws. The writer points out the evil consequences of the denial of free will in the matter of responsibility and penal punishment.—— M. P. Duhem writes of Josiah Willard Gibbs, formerly of Yale, apropos of the publication of his Scientific Papers. Along with a brief biographical sketch, the author discusses many of the mechanical theories put forth by this scientist.——R. P. Thirion, S.J., brings to a close his discussion of Pascal's part in the discovery of the atmospheric pressure. Pascal has been credited with a more prominent part in this discovery than he really deserves.

La Papauté et les Peuples (Dec.): A magazine devoted to the special defence of the papacy by means of an international review of such matters as bear mediately or immediately upon the Holy See.——Contains the continuation of an *international tribunal*, quotations from authors of all types and countries, on the civil supremacy of the papacy in the Middle Ages, and in the juridical and philosophical services of the popes.——An article on the op-

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pression of Corea by Japan and the "humiliating affront inflicted upon the Hague tribunal by Japan."——*Un Diplomate* writes of the Concordat agreed upon by the Holy See and Russia concerning the study of the Russian language in the seminaries of Poland.——Reports of correspondents in Germany, England, Belgium.——Chronicle of the court of Rome.——Catalogues of pontifical nominations and of audiences granted by the Pope.

La Civiltà Cattolica (4 Jan.): The allocution pronounced by Pope Pius in the Consistory of 16 December is given in Latin and Italian.——"The Jubilee Year of the Holy Father," a commemorative article upon the fiftieth anniversary of Pope Pius' ordination to the priesthood.——"Theological Modernism," a critical application of the philosophic principle of the Modernists to theology, with a view to showing the incompatibility of these principles with Catholic theology.

(18 Jan.): "Historical Truth and Popular Culture," an article protesting against that falsification of European history which ascribes to the Revolution of 1789 the origin of liberty, and to the Church during all the preceding years the fostering of despotism.——"Theological Modernism" is continued.

España y América (1 Jan.): Father Juvencio Hospital, O.S.A., contributes a sketch of Buddhism as a religious system, to his series on the religions of China.——The opening article of a proposed series, by Father S. Garcia, on Modernism, contrasts the rationalistic and the traditional Catholic conceptions of the nature and evolution of dogma.——Father Candido de la Puente tells of what he declares to be a well-organized movement for the deliberate falsification of modern French history.

(15 Jan.): Father Meliton writes at length of a famous painter known as "The Greek." He was a disciple of Titian and founder of the school of Toledo, where he died in 1625.——Felipe Robles discusses, from a philosophical standpoint, the essence and definition of a verb.

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Current Events.

France.

The chief pre-occupation of those who are interested in public events in France has been the state of affairs in Morocco and the changes which have been taking place. There, as in most of the other regions of the earth where one man is trying to control the doings of all the rest, the most perfect, if so it may be called, chaos exists. Abdul Aziz, hitherto the recognized Sultan, has been rejected by most of the tribes throughout the length and breadth of the country, after having been deposed in the capital itself. The ground for this deposition was, strange to say, the recognized democratic principle that he no longer enjoyed the confidence of the people and had, therefore, no claim to be considered the accepted ruler of the country. This was the judgment of the religious authorities; it was accepted by the people dwelling in the capital; they accordingly formally proceeded to elect a new Sultan. Their choice fell upon Mulai Hafid, the brother of Abdul Aziz, who had already received the allegiance of a considerable number of the tribes in the South. The election made by the people of Fez has been accepted by most of the tribes even in the north, and so Abdul Aziz must be looked on, for the present at least, as merely an ex-Sultan, although still recognized by the Powers as the *de jure* ruler of the Moors, so far as it can be said that they have any ruler. For, besides Abdul Aziz and Mulai Hafid, there are two other claimants, to say nothing of Raisuli, the bandit, who still holds his own in the mountain fastnesses of northern Morocco, and has only just released from his clutches the Scotch Knight Sir Harry Maclean. The payment of an enormous ransom had been agreed upon for his release, as well as the giving up of a large number of the robber's friends and associates; but such was the disturbed state of the country that it was for a long time impossible to carry the agreement into effect. The new Sultan, Mulai Hafid, proceeded at once to declare a religious war against all foreigners, but so little is the fervor of the Mahometans that even warfare in the name of religion, that lowest form of zeal, has so far failed to stir them into action.

In view of the prolongation of the extremity of misery to which the prevailing anarchy subjects so many, it is impos-

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sible not to feel indignant at the action of the potentate who, by his intervention, is its cause, or at least its occasion. The peaceful penetration of Morocco by France was prevented, and the decisions of the Congress at Algeciras now rule the situation. The temptation to go beyond these decisions has been strong and there are foolish friends and astute enemies of France who would push on the French government to send troops into the interior and restore order by taking possession of the country. With great self-denial and good judgment all projects of this kind have been rejected, and strict adherence to the Act of Algeciras has been maintained and is to be maintained. On the other hand, the proposal of M. Jaurès and of the Socialists of whom he is the representative, which amounts to a complete abandonment of Morocco, has been negatived after a debate in the Chamber of Deputies in which, for the first time after his fall, M. Delcassé made a speech. To the present state of Europe, and to the existent relations of the various states one to another, M. Delcassé has been perhaps the most potent contributor. He conducted the negotiations which led to the Anglo-French *entente* and to the amicable understanding which now exists with Italy; to the restoration, in short, of France to the position which she had lost since the war of 1870; and if she had had the courage to stand by him, when he was attacked by Germany, the situation in Morocco would be very different from what it is to-day. But in a great crisis France seems to be paralyzed, and as she was afraid in 1882 to co-operate with England in Egypt, so in 1905 she failed to stand by the man who had in recent years been of the greatest service to her.

Ever since his fall M. Delcassé has kept silence and has carefully avoided doing or saying anything calculated to embarrass his successors in office. The interpolation of M. Jaurès on the Moroccan policy of the government, however, made it incumbent upon him to give an exposition of the guiding principles of French foreign policy for the ten years during which he held office. This policy had as its result the destruction of the hegemony in European affairs of the Power most opposed to France. His fall had as its effect the placing of France in Morocco under the surveillance and control of other Powers. That he fell was due, he said, to the fact that his fellow-countrymen had been deceived and had been led to believe that he

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was leading them into war with Germany. There never was, he said, any real danger of a war, even if France had refused to take part in a Conference. That France did consent to take a part in the Conference was, he said, to be regretted. As, however, she had taken this course, she must, of course, loyally fulfil its provisions. The present moment he declared to be serious, the real stake at issue being the future of France as a Great Power. Her chief danger lay in her own hesitancy. Her duty was to become stronger and stronger; ready, indeed, to discuss all questions seriously, but at the same time maintaining the efficiency of her armies as also of her *ententes* and alliances.

By a majority of 436 to 51 the Chamber expressed its confidence in the policy of the government. This policy consists in working under the Algeciras Act, protecting her subjects in Morocco, maintaining neutrality in its internal affairs, going "neither to Fez nor to Marakesh." On the other hand, any further nationalization than that introduced by the Act of Algeciras will be resisted.

Were it not for Morocco there would be very little to say about France. This is undoubtedly a good sign, for a peaceful, uneventful life, while bad for chroniclers, is good for nations. The Foreign Minister, M. Pichon, has paid a visit to Spain and people think, or at least say, that a definite agreement was made between the two countries. It seems certain that they are acting together more cordially than at first. No progress has been made in the social legislation which has been so often promised. A proposal, however, has been brought forward for electoral reform. Some two hundred members of the Chamber have formed a group for the adoption of the *scrutin de liste* and of the proportional representation of which Lord Courtney of Penwith has been so long an advocate in England. The present system in force in France is what is called the *scrutin d'arrandissement*. By this system one member is elected for each of the 591 constituencies into which France is divided. In the *scrutin de liste* the voting would be by departments, and each voter would have as many votes as there are members to be elected for the department. Second ballots are necessary under certain conditions in both systems; the new proposals, however, do not involve second ballots. The numerical importance of each party will be ascertained by the counting of the votes respectively given for each party, and the seats will be divided

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in proportion to the number of votes secured. The system of proportional representation has already been adopted in Belgium, Switzerland, Denmark, and Argentina, and has for its main object the fairer representation to minorities. What right the 51 have to rule over the 49 has been and is an anxious question to many students of modern politics. Proportional representation solves this question by trying to take away this right. It remains to be seen whether or not its advocates will carry their point in France. In the event of their success it would, doubtless, have great influence over other countries.

Germany.

While in France discussions upon the best way of securing for each citizen a due share in the government are remote and academical, in Prussia the question has become very urgent and actual, and has led to a series of disturbances in the streets of Berlin. The Prussian franchise was described by Prince Bismarck as the most wretched of all electoral systems and seems to deserve the description. In each of the wards of every constituency the electorate is divided into three classes in accordance with the amount of their property as assessed. Let, for example, $300,000 represent the value of this property; then all who have property amounting to one-third of this sum form the first class, and these alone have the right to vote for its representatives. In some cases a single family or even one or two wealthy individuals form the class and send to the electoral college three representatives. The second class is made up in the same way of those whose property amounts to a second third of the total value. They are more numerous and less wealthy than are those who belong to the first class; but less numerous and more wealthy than those who make up the third class. Each of those classes sends three voters to the electoral college; this college, in turn, elects the Deputy of the ward to the Prussian Chamber. The result of this method is that in no case can the working classes elect a representative of their own interests to defend and explain their wants; they are entirely swamped by the richer classes.

The situation is aggravated by the fact that the members of the Reichstag are elected by universal suffrage; the workingman, who is powerless in his own country, has a voice in the

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government of the Empire of which his particular country is but a part. For some time back efforts have been made to secure a revision. In most of the other States of the Empire these efforts have been successful; Prussia remains unreformed, under the domination of one of the most selfish of oligarchies. Shortly after the opening of the session the Radicals brought forward a resolution in favor of the alteration of the Constitution, so as to establish for the elections universal, equal, and direct suffrage with secrecy of the ballot and a redistribution of the seats in accordance with the change of population. This proposal was met by Prince Bülow with a vague undertaking to consider a way of remedying some of the defects which he acknowledged to exist; he was not sure how it could be done; but he was sure that universal suffrage was not the way. The Prince seems to think that the small tradesman is the most trustworthy element of the nation, and indicated that any reform which he would promote would be for the purpose of increasing his influence. The firm foundation of the well-being of the nation had, however, not yet been found, and no immediate proposals on the part of the government were to be expected.

The promoters of reform were naturally not satisfied with this answer, and not only on the day on which this debate took place, but on the following Sunday, demonstrations were made of discontent by large numbers of the working people. This is a new departure on the part of the Social Democrats; hitherto they have deliberately rejected those methods. Of the wisdom of changing their plans they must themselves be the judges. The penalties in Prussia for breaches of order are severe, the policeman and still more the soldier are very sacred personages. In the recent demonstrations the police were able in the end to maintain order, and this without the help of the military. The present state of things remains quietly in possession.

It is satisfactory to note that the movement for reform, of which the Radicals are the initiators, is supported by the Catholic party, not indeed in its entirety, but in its principal features. They voted for the proposals so far as they included universal direct and equal suffrage and the secret ballot, but did not support the redistribution of seats. The Poles, too, supported the reform, on the ground that the nation, as a whole, would not

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subject them to oppression; it was the classes and not the masses that were fond of persecution. The proposal was, however, rejected.

An attempt was made to raise the question in the Reichstag; but Prince Bülow would not allow the question to be discussed, on the ground that it was exclusively the concern of Prussia, an internal question with which the Imperial Parliament had no power to deal. He could not, however, prevent the debate to which he would not listen. In this debate the various parties defined their attitude towards the desired reform. In particular the representative of the Catholic Centre declared that, in their opinion, a State which had adopted universal taxation, universal military service, universal compulsory education, could not in justice refuse universal suffrage. The Centre supported the Social Democrats in their desire for a more adequate discussion of the question; but this was defeated by the united forces of all the other parties. The *bloc* stands in the way. At the same time the raising of the question has put a severe strain upon it. The agitation for reform is spreading throughout Germany beyond the limits of Prussia; nor does it seem likely that, having gone so far, it can be suppressed; although it is a stronghold—one of the last—of autocratic power.

The Prussian government is still urging on its plan for the expropriation of the Poles, although this project has been condemned by the best opinion of Europe as a measure worthy only of mediæval times. In the debate in the Upper Chamber of the Diet Cardinal Kopp, Prince-Bishop of Breslau, in reply to the attempt to justify it by reasons of state, declared that there were some great principles of justice which had obtained the acceptance of the civilized world, and that to infringe those principles, as was being done by this bill, was an affront to the conscience of humanity. Moreover, it was inexpedient, inasmuch as it was playing into the hands of the party who wished to destroy all private property—the Social Democrats. The Cardinal's condemnation has been re-echoed on other grounds and even in stronger terms, both by those who would sympathize with his standpoint and by those who would be opposed to it. M. Leroy-Beaulieu, M. Émile Ollivier, Count Tolstoy, Prof. Brentano, M. Maeterlinck, M. Seinkiewicz, have all felt it a duty to denounce this high-handed attack upon a cruelly wronged race.

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But, although indignation may be felt at this new step, it will not cause surprise to any one who has paid attention to the treatment which has been meted out for a long time by Prussia to a quiet and law-abiding race. The present is but the most recent of a long series of desperate efforts to secure by force what fair competition has failed to obtain. When brought face to face, the Poles have always outmatched the Germans. Seeing this, Prince Bismarck introduced a colonization law which, with increasing degrees of stringency, has ever since formed the basis of Prussian policy in the Polish districts. Germans were assisted by the State in order that they might emigrate into Poland, estates of the Poles were bought and divided among these emigrants. Every means was used to destroy the Polish ideas of nationality; their language was discouraged in the schools and in public. Every Pole was forbidden to set up a new dwelling on his own land. Immense sums of money were spent in support of these measures.

But in spite of all, the Poles, like the Israelites of old, have grown stronger under oppression. The attempts to displace them have given them a cohesion such as never existed before. Their numbers have increased, and instead of having lost their own, not merely have they not become less numerous in their own country, but they have spread in large numbers into Silesia, and large colonies of them have migrated to the opposite side of Prussia—the Rhine Provinces. They have turned the Germans out of trades which they had previously monopolized and have secured possession of the best lands. In Poland the immigrating Germans have become isolated. This is the reason for which Prince Bülow has introduced the new law. He wishes by forced expropriation to save the Germans from being overrun; and by injustice he hopes to save the State. It is not the first time that such attempts have been made; nor have they always been frustrated. Let us hope that this attempt may prove disastrous to its authors.

The Navy Bill involving, as already mentioned, a large increase in the number of ships to be built in each year, together with a proportionate addition to the annual expenditure, has passed its second reading in the Reichstag, the only opponents being the Social Democrats. The Catholic Centre gave its support to the measure. In fact, travelers in Germany affirm that the one subject upon which all Germans seem to be in perfect

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agreement is the necessity of having a great navy, and that they are prepared to make sacrifices in order to secure this object. One result of the increase proposed by the government is that the British cabinet has definitely decided to construct at once the long-projected naval station at Rosyth, to the west of the North Sea; while Mr. Stead, that heretofore ardent advocate of disarmament, declares that it is now the duty of Great Britain to lay down two *Dreadnoughts* or *Invincibles* for each German one. The outcry raised against General Keim has induced him to resign the Presidency of the Navy League. What effect this will have upon its strength and efficiency it is too soon to judge.

Meanwhile a new question has arisen which is greatly exercising the mind of diplomatists. It is called the Northern Question, and it concerns the freedom of the Baltic. Rumors are about that it is the wish of the Emperor that this sea should be declared to be the private property of the powers situated upon its shores, and that other nations should be shut out. Such a project cannot, however, have been seriously made; the mere declaration of it would lead to war. The more probable account is that, on the contrary, the object of the negotiations is that the *status quo* of the Baltic, as a *mare liberum*, should be guaranteed by Germany, Russia, Sweden, and Denmark.

Austria-Hungary.

The internal questions which have so long agitated Austria having at length been settled, it has now become possible to take more energetic action in foreign affairs. Macedonia lies at her doors, a region the whole of which, for the past few years, has been the scene of massacres innumerable. Ten thousand murders in four years, it is said on good authority, have been committed with impunity, to say nothing of devastated villages, ruined industries, and the absence of any sense of security. It says little for modern progress and a great deal for long-standing selfishness that such a state of things, fully known and understood, as it has been, should be allowed to continue. Some efforts have been made to curb the Turkish power, but it is clear to all who are willing to see that, as long as that power continues to exist, no permanent settlement can be made. The agreement of Austria and Russia to work together has only had the effect of prolonging the

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agony. The new activity manifested by Austria may possibly break up the union between the two countries. Mutual rivalry may break out, and this may lead to more good being done than has been accomplished by their alliance. The proposal of Austria to develop her railway system, so that it may reach the Ægean and the Mediterranean has excited the keenest criticism in Russia, and may lead to open opposition to Austrian plans.

The Hungarian government has as last found a way by which it hopes to defeat the obstructive tactics by which it has of late been harrassed. It has been a very difficult task, for it owes its own existence to the wholesale use of these same tactics. The bill for universal suffrage, so long expected, has not yet been introduced. To prepare it is, perhaps, a still more difficult task; for in the eyes of the government the supremacy of the Magyars must be maintained over "the enemies of the nation," as Count Apponyi styles the Croatians, Serbs, Roumanes, and Slovaks, who must all have seats and who are almost as numerous as the Magyars. However, a new Ban has been appointed for Croatia, and various concessions have been made to appease the feelings which have been outraged by the attempt to over-ride their cherished aspirations.

Russia.

The third *Duma* still exists, but all parties agree that the masses of the people have lost all interest in it. Its existence is recognized as being conditioned on a complete subservience to the government and on its being a docile instrument of its will. One or two changes have taken place in the ministry, a notorious reactionary having been appointed minister of Education. The position of M. Stolypin himself is far from secure. Although he has become more and more autocratic, he is not altogether pleasing to the wielders of the real power. Meanwhile tyranny and oppression have full sway. The system of administrative exile for the punishment of political actions is in full activity. Men and women are being sent, at a moment's notice, to the ice-bound regions of Siberia, so little food and clothing being given them that they are always on the verge of starvation. The need that reigns is so awful that it passes all powers of description.

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Italy.

The ministry of Signor Giolitti still remains in office. One notable change, however, has taken place. Ever since the formation of the kingdom a military officer has always had the charge of the War Department; on the resignation, however, in December last a civilian has been appointed. For the first time the military forces are brought into subordination. The present position of the army is said to be critical. Frontier defence has been neglected. Sufficient recruits to fill the cadres cannot be found. Discipline is poor, dissatisfaction and unrest exist as well among the officers as the men. Officers criticize their superiors in magazines and newspapers. Modernism, in fact, has invaded the Italian army.

Throughout the country too, and not merely in the army, widespread dissatisfaction is felt. The Socialists are gaining greater influence, reckless labor agitations are fomented, while the authority of the State is being defied by many revolutionary anarchical groups. The assassin of King Humbert has been publicly glorified in the streets of Rome. The government is apathetic or sides with the most violent and least reasonable party.

Portugal.

The awful crime which has been committed in Portugal has made that kingdom the chief centre of interest for the past few weeks. No words, of course, can express a sufficiently strong condemnation of the brutal deed, nor does it fall within the scope of these notes to describe it in detail. The events which take place in Portugal are, as a rule, so much outside of the movements to which the attention of the world is given, that a complete account of their sequence is difficult. No special correspondents are considered necessary to record them for the benefit of the students of current events. So far as we can learn, politics have for a long time been in a very bad way; both parties were equally corrupt; all the politicians were self-seekers and known to be such. The public debt was increasing, the public finances in confusion, education neglected, and all the efforts which were made by the King and the few public-spirited men in the country were nullified and frustrated by an obstructive Cortes. The King, about nine months ago, was persuaded by Senhor Franco, a man who was

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seriously anxious for real reform, to entrust him with a temporary dictatorship to set aside the parliament and to govern by decree. The country acquiesced quietly enough for the time being, in the hopes of good results, and many real reforms seem to have been effected. But as time went on Senhor Franco's methods became more drastic, and although a date had been fixed for the election of a new Parliament, newspapers were being more and more frequently suppressed, prominent politicians sent to prison, and a great number of malcontents arrested. Even municipal institutions were assailed, being taken over by commissions. On the very day of the murder judicial functions had, by decree, been given to the executive. In fact a feeling seems to have got abroad that the dictatorship was to be made permanent. This strengthened the hands of those who wished to establish a Republican form of government, and inflamed the passions of those who wished to destroy all government. And so persons willing to commit the atrocious crime were found.

The result has been the abolition of the dictatorship. A new sovereign has ascended the throne, called thereto by the constitution which he has sworn to observe and to cause to be observed. All parties have rallied round the youthful monarch; but an immediate change of ministers was demanded. Senhor Franco resigned and fled at once from the country. The new ministry, as an emergency measure, suspended all constitutional guarantees, and proclaimed martial law throughout the country. The next step which it took was a wiser one—it annulled all the decrees of the dictator by which the Press was controlled and those under which summary procedure was taken against political offences, and many of the political prisoners were at once released. The new King has declared in the clearest terms his purpose to remain ever faithful to the Constitution, and under no circumstances to have recourse to a dictatorship. A good lesson has been learned, but at an awful cost.

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THE COLUMBIAN READING UNION.

CARDINAL LOGUE presided at the Dublin meeting of the Catholic Truth Society, when the following paper on Voices of Irish History was read by T. B. Cronin, a young literary light of great promise:

The human mind never soars to such sublimity as when wrapped in the spell of many voices calling from the spaces of the past. The deeds and thoughts of other days never die. They live on as memories, and we accept them as our heirlooms, and veil them in the gauze of fancy, and raise them up above our heads and hail them as aspirations. If a land had not a long and shining line of memories to light it at its work, it would toil on in the gloom forever unillumined by wisdom, unrevered by time, and frowned upon by destiny. And this rare old land of ours is a land of memories. Spirits of epochs that are dead are under our crumbling gables and hovering over our broken shrines. And these memories all have voices.

What message has our music for us? The old, old message of life and death—the life that filled the courtyard of Emania with snorting steeds; that welled up serene and beautiful in the cultured cloisters of Lismore; that shone in the harp and manuscript that glorified a hundred halls of Banba; and overflowed in the pining love that brought drown the sorrowed exile into the green graves of Gaul and of Spain. And the death which our music breathes of! Oh, in all the world there is no death like unto that of a once proud and powerful nation. Winding through every crevice of our civilization, through music, song, and dance, through patriotism, virtue, and renown, through blood and tears and jubilation, is the passionate appeal of our ancient language for a lofty place in the thoughts of the men and women of to-day.

What say the voices that rise so fast and thick upon each other's tracks, out of the blood-strewn wastes and desert places of Erin's story? They speak of grand things that were and are to be. They say, too, that of all lands laying under the great, all-seeing eye of heaven, there is no land so bright, so inspiring, or so true as this. They say, too, that each of us must toil on with our eyes forever fixed on the realization of a nation's dreams. There is a legend which has come in the wake of these ever-crying voices from out the white soul of the ages, and it whispers that dark-haired Rosaleen shall reign again a queen when there is esteem of the olden language of the Gael.

* * *

There was never a more intense Irishman on American soil than the first Bishop of Charleston, though his name, John England, might give a contrary impression. He was born at Cork on September 23, 1786, and died at Charleston, on April 11, 1842. He has been called the light of the American hierarchy. His far-reaching intellect saw the imperfect organization of the American Church—its bishops far apart, and battling with poverty and countless other difficulties. He wrote to his brother prelates, urging upon them the necessity of assembling and taking counsel for united action. He lived to see this cherished desire of his heart accomplished, and his solid and brilliant mind shed its rays of light and wisdom on the first Councils of Baltimore.

There was no part of the Church in which his influence was not felt. He was constantly consulted by bishops, priests, and laymen from every part of the country. At Rome his influence in Church matters was very great. In compliance with the invitations of the bishops and priests of other States, this extraordinary man often went to herald the truths of the Church, or to appeal in behalf of the poor and afflicted in his own matchless style. In the summer of 1830 he lectured in Cincinnati Cathedral, and a writer of the time says that a new impulse was thus given to the inquiry for religious truth.

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Bishop England was the reviver of classical learning in South Carolina. With the object of providing a clergy of his own for the diocese he opened at Charleston a classical school, in which aspirants to the ministry were made teachers while they pursued their theological studies. This school received numerous scholars from the best families in the city, and yielded a sufficient income to support the theological students while preparing for the priesthood. His great aim was to present the Catholic Church, her doctrines and practices, in all their truth and beauty and grandeur, before the American people. In his efforts to do this his labors, perhaps, have never been equalled by any other man. It was with this object he established the *United States Catholic Miscellany*, in 1822.

On his arrival in America he found the Church comparatively defenseless; but he soon rendered it a dangerous task to attack or villify the faith of his fathers. Many who ventured on this mode of warfare were glad to retreat from the field before the crushing weapons of logic, erudition, and eloquence with which he battled for his Church, his creed, and his people. He was the real founder of Catholic journalism in the United States. He saw that the Catholic religion was regarded with contempt; and to him fell the splendid work of changing the current of public opinion and of giving the Church a status in the Republic. He perceived at a glance the value of the press, and set about employing it.

* * *

Among the Southern poets of the Civil War period two are entitled to enduring fame. One was the Rev. A. J. Ryan; the other was James R. Randall. The death of Mr. Randall, which occurred January 14, will cause deep sorrow. He was imbued fully with the spirit of the old South. He was in absolute accord with all its aspirations. He had been in touch with the men—soldiers and statesmen—who molded its destinies in the days that tried the souls of the strongest and most resolute. In the period following the civil strife Mr. Randall's pen was devoted to the advancement of the South. He was loyal to the last—ever ready, and even eager, to render service to the people among whom his lot was cast.

Mr. Randall was born in Baltimore, January 1, 1839. On his mother's side he was descended from Rene Leblanc, the gentle notary in Longfellow's Evangeline. He was educated at Georgetown University, traveled in South America, settled in New Orleans, and became a contributor to the *Sunday Delta* and professor of English literature at Poydras College.

The account given in the *Delta* of the invasion of Maryland by the Massachusetts troops as they passed through Baltimore, April 19, 1861, so excited Mr. Randall's feelings that he could not sleep. He was anxious to do something that might cause his native State to join the Confederacy, and at midnight left his bed, and by candle light wrote Maryland, My Maryland. The metre is similar to James Clarence Mangan's Karaman, O Karaman. He read it to his students next day and they praised it so highly that he sent it to the New Orleans *Delta*. It was widely copied throughout America and Europe. Oliver Wendell Holmes said: My only regret is that I could not do for Massachusetts what Randall did for Maryland.

A few days after the poem was written Miss Hetty Cary, of Baltimore, heard it declaimed by a friend and began singing it to the classic melody of Lauriger Horatius. Words and music were thus united in Mr. Randall's native city, and from that time on it was sung in every Southern camp and in thousands of Southern homes.

Mr. Randall wrote other poems and war ballads, among them The Lone Sentry, There's Life in the Old Land Yet, and The Battle-Cry of the South. He never collected his poems in book form. In 1866 he married Miss Katherine Hammond, of Summer Hill, S. C. After the close of the Civil War Mr. Randall engaged in newspaper work, and for twenty years was editorial writer on the Augusta *Chronicle*, and later Editor-in-Chief of the New Orleans *Morning Star*. He was an exemplary Catholic. M. C. M.

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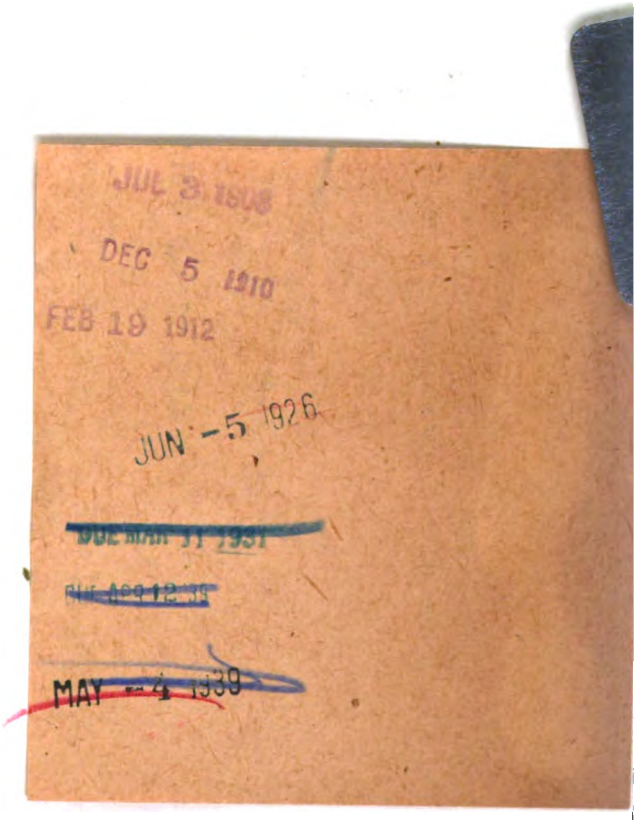
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