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THE

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INTERNATIONAL LAW.

BY MOORHOUSE I. X. MILLAR, S.J.

I.

AMERICAN PRINCIPLES, AND MEDIAEVAL TRADITIONS.

PERHAPS to few of Joseph Conrad's many readers would it ever occur to view him as a deep thinker on international politics. Yet, as far back as 1905, his Polish blood seemed to feel the stir of coming events and, like Kubla Khan in Xanadu, he

> . . . . heard from far
> Ancestral voices prophesying war!

In the July number of the *Fortnightly Review* of that year, there is an article by him entitled *Autocracy and War*, which bears striking testimony to his judgment and foresight. Not only did he predict the aggression of Prussia, already beginning to loom considerably larger than a mere probability in the minds of many, but he also analyzed the Russian situation and gave early warning of Russia's inevitable collapse. The point in the article, however, of special interest for us, now that we have entered the War with the determination that "the world must be made safe for democracy," is the arresting statement which sums up what was to his mind the only

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solution to the great international entanglement: "The trouble of the civilized world," he said, "is the want of a common conservative principle abstract enough to give the impulse, practical enough to form the rallying point of international action tending towards the restraint of particular ambitions."

With the world's conscience now aroused by the War, these words, though no more true than when written, sound as if uttered by some oracle. The more so, perhaps, since Conrad, like the real oracle of old, left his readers in uncertainty as to a definite application of his statement. He gave reasons, indeed, and their soundness may be judged from the fact that since the outbreak of the War, they have been clearly reflected in the opinion which there is good reason to impute to Ex-President Taft, that "care must be taken not to put too much reliance upon formal declarations and upon the machinery of even the most approved international system."[1] But whence this principle was to be derived, or what were to be the conditions for its honest and forceful enunciation, Conrad, naturally enough, left the future to decide. That it has done so, at last, would now appear to be the case, though the enunciation has come from a quarter which, doubtless, it never entered into the mind either of Joseph Conrad or of his European readers to suspect.

On April 2, 1917, in his address delivered at a joint session of the two Houses of Congress, President Wilson made this momentous assertion: "We are at the beginning of an age in which it will be insisted that the same standards of conduct and responsibility for wrong done, shall be observed among nations and their governments that are observed among individual citizens of civilized states." However slight one's acquaintance with the world's history during the past several centuries, such an utterance could not fail to strike him with startling effect. At any other period within memory, its reception by the nations would have been, to say the least, decidedly supercilious. It would have met with pretty much the same knowing air with which we might imagine members of the fast set listening to the plain statement of an indubitable moral principle shyly delivered by some "inexperienced" innocent. Yet the remarkable thing about this utterance of

[1] *The Basis of a Durable Peace*, by Cosmos, p. 65.

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President Wilson's is that, not only is the public opinion of this great country, and ultimately, it may be hoped, of the world in general, being gradually committed to the policy of working and fighting and suffering, if need be, for the full realization of the principle it contains, but that although emanating from the chief representative of the youngest of the great nations, it is supported by traditions older, sounder and more in keeping with Christian philosophy than those of any other government in existence today.

If we look back to the beginning of our own history, we find George Washington in his first inaugural address (1789) insisting on the same principle in terms even more explicit. "The foundation of our national policy," he said, "will be laid in the *pure and immutable principles of private morality*, and the preëminence of free government be exemplified by all the attributes which can win the affections of its citizens and command the respect of the world. I dwell on this prospect with every satisfaction which an ardent love for my country can inspire .... since we ought to be .... persuaded that the *propitious smiles of Heaven can never be expected on a nation that disregards the eternal rules of order and right, which Heaven itself has ordained;* and since the preservation of the sacred fire of liberty, and the destiny of the republican model of government, are justly considered as deeply, perhaps as finally, staked, on the experiment intrusted to the hands of the American people."

Again in his farewell address on September 17, 1796, he touched more particularly on the question of our international dealings in these words: "Observe good faith and justice towards all nations; cultivate peace and harmony with all; *religion and morality* enjoin this conduct; and can it be that good policy does not equally enjoin it? It will be worthy of a free, enlightened, and, at no distant period, a great nation, to give to mankind the magnanimous and *too novel* example of a people always guided by an exalted justice and benevolence."

This, in the mind of Washington, as his words indicate, was something very new in the world; and from our present outlook we may well add that it was something very singular; for the same year in which Washington made his first inaugural address, marks the beginning of the French Revolution,

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which at one period of its misguided career closely skirted the American idea of the State, only to miss it finally by the widest possible margin. Yet the fact remains that the conviction that the immutable principles of morality should be strictly considered as binding on governments and individuals alike, had been held and enforced in earlier times; and in this sense there was really nothing new in Washington's speeches. It was merely that the traditions supporting this conviction had long since been set aside, and a numberless series of attempts made to justify by false doctrines the policy and actions of governments that contravened that principle.

In corroboration of this statement, it is interesting to note here that, from the date on which Washington delivered his farewell address, to the date of the promulgation of the bull *Ineffabilis* (September 25, 1296), in which Boniface VIII. sought to bring Philip the Fair of France to a practical recognition of this same principle, there was an intervening period of exactly five hundred years to the very month. As this attempt by Boniface, however, proved futile, and as the validity of the principle of moral obligation for both State and individual began gradually, from then on, to lose its force in the world of nations, George Washington's clear and emphatic statement of it may be truly considered as being something in the nature of a rediscovery. But as will appear in the sequel, not only was it normally accepted during the first centuries of the Middle Ages, but its constant enforcement was the means whereby the real foundations were laid for the "republican model of government" mentioned by Washington in the passage previously quoted.

That "international duties and responsibilities are necessary corollaries of the true conception of the State," [2] follows from what we have just seen. Hence it is important to retrace the origin and growth of this principle of the State's moral obligation, and to show how it was preserved from utter oblivion throughout the period during which it was set aside, until, in spite of the adverse influence of opposing forces, it again reappeared in our Declaration of Independence, was restated by George Washington and his successors, and is

[2] David Jayne Hill, *Proceedings of the Second Pan-American Scientific Congress*, section 6, International Law, etc., vol. vii., p. 94.

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now proclaimed by President Wilson as the only satisfactory solution of the grave international problem to be dealt with after this War is over. Once it is clear that this principle lies at the very root of our civilization; that without it our civilization could not have grown at all, its abstract value, necessary "to give the impulse," will become apparent; while its practical reëmbodiment in our own traditions and in the foundations of our government will show it to be a fit "rallying point in international action," such as Conrad saw was required, "tending towards the restraint of particular ambitions."

In turning our face to the past, however, we are confronted by the vulgar misconception that in the Middle Ages men looked upon authority as irresponsible, that they conceived of the ruler as a person who exercised a capricious and almost unlimited control over his subjects, and that people then had little thought or regard for any rational principles of social organization. This, together with the view that the Middle Ages were unchanging, is primarily due to the shallowness and ignorance of the men of the new learning and of the Renaissance, and is an heirloom of bigotry and prejudice inherited from the violent struggles of the Reformation and of the French Revolution.

The real facts of the case prove just the opposite, as has been convincingly shown by Mr. A. J. Carlyle, whose *History of Mediæval Political Theory* marks an epoch in the treatment of the Middle Ages by non-Catholic historians. "It is of course perfectly true," he says, very much to our purpose, "that mediæval society often seemed to oscillate between an uncontrollable and arbitrary despotism and an anarchical confusion, but this was due not to the want of clear conviction of the right and duties of rulers and subjects, but to the absence of an effective instrument of government. The history of mediæval society constantly impresses upon us the conviction that the real difference between a barbarous and a civilized political system, lies in the fact that the latter has an almost automatically working administrative and judicial machinery, while the former is dependent upon the chance of the presence of some exceptionally competent and clear-sighted individual ruler."[3] Or, to epitomize the matter in paradoxical phrase, the Middle Ages had the principles which

[3] Vol. iii., p. 31.

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only needed enforcing, whereas we, in lieu of principles, have the omnipresent policeman to guard from destruction the institutions to which the mediæval principles gave rise.

To the men of the Middle Ages the one principle that lay behind all authority of the State was the principle of justice. In their minds, much more than in ours, imbued as we are with Pragmatism, Socialism, and the other *isms* whose name is legion, the only conceivable justification of that authority was that it represented justice, and that its primary purpose was to maintain justice. Nor were they confused as to the meaning of the term, for in their conception "justice is .... a quality of will, it is the will to carry out that which is in accordance with *æquitas*, and this is found first of all in God, and secondly in man. Neither God's will nor man's determines the nature of justice, but justice is the conformity of the will of God and man with that which is *æquum*, the conformity of the will of God with that which is His own nature, for .... God is *æquitas*." [4]

Or as the unknown author of the *Fragmentum Pragense*, which antedates the University of Bolögna, expressed it: "Equity is that fair arrangement of all things which demands equal rights under the same conditions. Thus God is called equity for the reason that he so wills; for equity is nothing else but God. This temper when considered as permanently residing in man's will is called justice, and this will when made mandatory either by written precept or custom is called law." These judgments formed the basis of the whole structure of feudal law, and on the strength of them the distinction between king and tyrant became one of the most important of all mediæval conceptions.[5] The authority of the prince was, indeed, recognized as coming from God, but this was not interpreted in the sense which was claimed for it by Protestant and Gallican rulers after the Reformation. For not only was the prince held to be under God, but also under the law; and in mediæval conception, law was something not made nor created by the ruler, but existing as part of the national life. It emanated from custom, and legislative acts were not expressions of will, but records or promulgations of that which was recognized as already binding upon men. Hence it represented an authority which even the king could not over-ride.

[4] Carlyle, vol. ii., p. 11.

[5] *Ibid.*, vol. iii., p. 126.

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In the words of the English mediæval lawyer Bracton: "The king has a superior, that is God, and the law by which he is made king; and also he has his court, namely, counts and barons, for counts and barons are so called as being the king's associates, and he who has associates has a master; if therefore the king should be without a bridle that is the law, they should impose a bridle upon him." [6]

Fully in keeping with all this was the mediæval conception of contract; that is, of an explicit or at least an implied covenant between prince and people: a conception to be clearly distinguished from the speculations of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries relating to an original or primitive pseudo-historical agreement between individual members, upon which political society was assumed to have been factitiously founded. The former, which reappears with its correct mediæval interpretation in Jefferson's wording of the Declaration of Independence, was but a natural and legitimate conclusion from the principle of the election or recognition of the ruler of the community, and from the fact that the mutual oaths of the coronation ceremony constituted an agreement to observe the law and to administer and maintain justice. Moreover, as Mr. Carlyle has definitely pointed out, there is no doubt whatever that the normal mediæval conception of the ruler was of one whose authority rested not only upon the election or consent of the community, but was exercised under the law and constitutionally, with the advice of persons who were not merely his dependents or creatures but in some sense, however vague and undetermined, the representatives of the community.[7]

Thus far, it is true, the supposedly modern idea of the State as a natural institution had not yet been clearly recognized. It was not till Aristotle's *Politics* were rediscovered in the thirteenth century that St. Thomas Aquinas, under their influence and with his giant grasp of the principles both of reason and of revelation, reached the definite conclusion that the State was not merely an institution devised to correct men's vices, but rather the necessary form of a real and full human life;[8] and his doctrine may be said to have made its reappearance in the political world when Burke in his *Re-*

[6] *Ibid., loc. cit.*, p. 72, and note.
[7] *Ibid., loc. cit.*, p. 154.
[8] *Ibid., loc. cit.*, p. 5. St. Thomas I. Q. 96, a 4.

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flections on the French Revolution stated that "He who gave our nature to be perfected by our virtue, willed also the necessary means of its perfection—He willed therefore the State—He willed its connection with the source and original archetype of all perfection."

Nor, could there be as yet any question of international law since all wars, until well on into the fourteenth century, were fought on purely feudal grounds. The beginnings, moreover, of a commercial policy of an international character do not appear in England until the reign of Edward III., while Spain and France stand out for the first time as clearly consolidated nations only towards the end of the fifteenth century, at a date which synchronizes exactly, or almost exactly, with the discovery of America by Columbus.[9] But in the three great mediæval conceptions, viz., that the purpose or function of the political organization of society is the maintenance of justice; that law as the concrete embodiment of justice is supreme over the ruler and the governed; and that the relation between king and people is founded and depends on mutual obligations and agreement to maintain justice and law,[10] we have premises concerning the State from which we will allow an eminent authority on international law to draw our conclusion.

The "distinction," said David J. Hill at the Pan-American Scientific Congress in 1915, "between the constitutional State, founded upon the principles of justice, and the absolute State, founded upon supreme power, has a vital significance in international relations. For the absolute State, international law is merely a set of arbitrary rules, to which assent and obedience may be accorded, or from which they may be withheld, as it may be the good pleasure of sovereign power to determine. But for the constitutional State there are principles of natural justice which are of universal application, for they are the principles upon which the authority of the State itself is founded. To deny the universal validity of these principles and the obligation to observe them in international relations would be to stultify the entire constitutional system, and to admit that it has no solid basis. In short it would be the suicide of republicanism and the reassertion of autocracy; for

[9] W. Cunningham, *Growth of English Industry and Commerce*, vol. i., pp. 265, 479.
[10] Carlyle, vol. iii., pp. 181-184.

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international law regarded as a form of jurisprudence, is simply an extension to nations of the principles of justice upon which constitutional government is erected." [11]

Such then, in brief summary, were the ideas that prevailed throughout Christendom until the end of the thirteenth century; and such, as may be seen from the passage above, is their present bearing on international law, now that they are found reëmbodied in the foundations of our own government. And already, as has been shown by James B. Angell, "the policy of the American people has helped make the international law of the world more humane and just and benign." [12]

Now the question presents itself: whence did these ideas arise, since antiquity can show nothing comparable with them, and how did they come to develop as they did? The question is an important one, for it is chiefly in their historical setting that the practical value of such ideas is to be judged; it is a question, moreover, that must be answered correctly if the thought and events of the past and their influence on the present are to be viewed in their right light and in proper perspective.

First there are many misconceptions to be cleared away, among them the common notion that the customs and traditions of the early Teutonic societies will alone explain the origin and development of mediæval ideas on government. This is clearly unsatisfactory. For though these customs and traditions provided a splendid working basis at the start, they furnished no adequate motive for persevering resistance to the vigorous tendency of strong and unscrupulous rulers to arrogate to themselves absolute and autocratic power; nor did they contain any explicit justification in reason for the claim they made on men's minds for allegiance, a justification absolutely necessary, if adverse influences were to be resisted and these same customs and traditions to enjoy a consistent and normal development. In addition, however simple the motive and justification, they must also be true and in keeping with the general common sense and common nature of mankind. Superstition cannot account for real progress; least of all can it be made to account for the extraordinary progress that char-

[11] *Loc. cit.*, p. 95.

[12] *The Diplomacy of the United States—in Narrative and Critical History of America*, edited by Justin Winsor, vol. vii., p. 513.

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acterizes the Middle Ages.[13] Such notions as Luther's "justification by faith alone" or Kant's "categorical imperative," which would make the individual a law unto himself, may pass as currency with those who have lost their moorings, in a civilization sufficiently well organized on a basis of truth to resist for a considerable period, by the force of its own momentum, the power of false ideas. But it can readily be seen that such doctrines would have served but a sorry purpose, in the mouth of an Augustine or a Boniface facing the impatient and unruly Saxon, with the support of no other philanthropic society but the Church, and the prestige of no other home country but heaven, to back them up. Hence, we find the required motive for resistance to manifest injustice and the rational justification of what was good and true in the primitive Teutonic societies, provided by the teaching of Christian truths and enforced by the Church alone.

Latter day writers have dated modern liberties back to Magna Charta, wrung from John Lackland at Runnymede in 1215, but this again is a mistake. Modern liberties, for all that "liberal" thinkers and German or Germanizing philosophers on government may say to the contrary, began with the Christian martyrs. They first won from the State a recognition of the principle that men are to render "to Cæsar the things that are Cæsar's and to God the things that are God's." Once the fruit of their victory had been gathered by Constantine in his ratification of the distinction between Church and State at the Council of Nicea,[14] it was not long before this principle effected an entire change in the whole conception of law and of the State. To quote a semi-Hegelian: "There was no longer to be one supreme and absolute dominion ruling equally the whole life of the community. Christianity had .... revealed the great opposition between State and Church, so full of consequences for mankind. The State gave up the claim to rule conscience by its laws; it recognized that beside it there was a religious community with its own principle of life, and likewise a visible body different from itself, and essentially independent. This was a limit preventing it from exercising omnipotent sway. It was compelled to hand over religious life to the guidance of the Church. It never, indeed,

[13] Carlyle, vol. iii., p. 14.

[14] *Ibid.*, vol. i., p. 177; also Hefele, *History of Church Councils*, vol. i.

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attained to full clearness with regard to its relations to the Church, but the freedom of religious belief and the reverence for God were saved from the arbitrary will of the temporal ruler. The authority of Christianity depended not on him. Further, the Christian universal empire was no longer to devour and annihilate the various nations, but to assure to all of them peace and justice. The mediæval Roman emperor was not absolute lord over all nations, but the just protector of their rights and freedom."[15] From this to Magna Charta, to the establishment of Parliament and to our own Constitution was, undoubtedly, a long process of development. Yet, when all is said, these were but by-products, in the temporal order, of the first initial victory of Christianity over Paganism.

Out of the principles on which this victory was won there followed logically, as far as the Church's stand in the matter was concerned, the great conflict between the Papacy and the Empire and the struggles between Church and Crown in England and in France. It has been traditional, of course, with non-Catholics to blame the Church and especially the Popes for all these quarrels. But, prescinding from the carefully scientific work in justification of the Papacy done by Catholic historians (whom the votaries of private judgment, for reasons best known to themselves, insist on ignoring), a complexus of testimony in favor of the Popes now exists, through the independent admissions of mutually conflicting non-Catholic historians. The grudging manner common in these admissions proves them to have been extorted by the objective fact that the emperors and kings were the real aggressors and not the Popes.

Bluntschli well says: "The idea of the national State had perished, destroyed by the breaking-up of the national and political unity, by the feudal system, by the conflicting claims of territories, estates, and dynasties. What remained of the Roman empire was rather an ideal international, than a political union of Western Christendom, and this union was held together more by the authority of the Pope and the Roman clergy than by the empire."[16] Had the Popes and the clergy not stood firm against the lawlessness and the autocratic aspirations of emperors such as Henry IV. and the Hohen-

[15] *The Theory of the State*, J. R. Bluntschli, English Translation, p. 29.
[16] *Loc. cit.*, p. 45.

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staufen or of Kings like William Rufus and John Lackland, it is impossible to see where there could be any room in the world today for justice, liberty or constitutional government or any solid ground for international union. If on the Church's part there was a long protracted struggle against the repeated encroachments of the temporal powers, it was due to her consciousness of being in the possession of rights that were inalienably hers by reason of the constitution given her by Jesus Christ Himself and which no power on earth, whether lay or ecclesiastical, could in any way justifiably curtail. But "it was no part of the papal theory, as held by Innocent III.," for instance, "to regard the Pope as a universal temporal monarch, or Rome as a centre of domination in all particulars .... It was supremacy in the realm of religion and morality that (he) had in mind when he proclaimed the superiority of the papal to the royal or the imperial authority .... His motive was not therefore to merge the spiritual authority in the civil, nor the civil in the spiritual, but to subordinate the one to the other in such a manner as to guarantee the peace of the Church and the security of its head." [17]

That this, moreover, was the attitude of the Popes in general is clear from the fact that Gregory VII., against whom the strictures of Protestant prejudice have been mainly leveled, in his many letters to the various kings of Europe in his day, emphatically describes secular authority as being derived from God, and as finding its true character in the defence and maintenance of justice; and his hope was that there might be a true concord and agreement between the *sacerdotium* and the *imperium*, the two authorities which God has appointed to rule over the world.[18] The plain and simple truth is that it was principally through the Church and the influence of the Popes, that the States of Europe came into existence at all as well-regulated communities possessing authority and aiming at prosperous independence.

"That Christianity," to quote an Oxford scholar, "elevated the royal power, was the result not of the Church's self-abasement but of her lofty conception of duty. The great service she bestowed on the kingship was the sense of responsibility. She destroyed the divine descent and substituted the

[17] David J. Hill, *History of European Diplomacy*, vol. i., p. 318.
[18] Carlyle, vol. iii., p. 92-105.

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divine mission. The prestige of a sacred origin was supplanted by the prestige of a sacred function. In holding out a lofty ideal of the kingly duty, the Church wished to raise the kingly character. At the same time she preached no servile obedience. . . . . But perhaps the Church worked in favor of the Crown less directly than indirectly. In paving the way for national union by her discipline, her doctrine, and her consolidation and organization, by counteracting the disruptive forces which were always threatening to break up the not yet consolidated realm, far more than by hedging round with the august rites of unction and coronation the accession of a new king, did the Church minister to the royal power." [19]

But in whichever direction she exerted her efforts: whether in implanting due reverence for authority in the minds of the people or in checking the tyranny of a lawless or unscrupulous ruler, the Church was ever insistent on the supremacy of just law; and when forced to defend her own rights, she was also defending the liberties of the people. "Where Innocent III. had political rights," says another non-Catholic author, "he acted like any feudal lord; where he had ecclesiastical rights he acted according to canon law, and the practice of the papal chancery . . . . and all the canons directly or by logical inference depend upon the Bible; and we shall not understand ecclesiastical pretensions, whether in law or diplomacy, unless we regard them as the churchmen did, as corollaries from the very words of God." [20]

This ecclesiastical system of law preceded the national systems in time and excelled them in precision. G. K. Chesterton but states two plain historical facts when he says, in *A Short History of England,* that "without the Church the Middle Ages would have had no law, as without the Church, the Reformation would have had no Bible."

Now one of the alleged "ecclesiastical pretensions" was the mediæval and Catholic conviction based on "the very words of God," that the Pope has ordinary jurisdiction over all bishops in the Church. Kings and emperors might make them princes of the empire and barons of the realm, and thus obtain for themselves and their people advantages making for

[19] H. H. Henson, *Constitutional Essays,* edited by H. O. Wakeman and A. Hassal, p. 8. [20] Sedgwick, *Italy in the Thirteenth Century,* vol. i., pp. 48-50.

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good government, not to be looked for from an hereditary nobility. Such a line of action was entirely their own affair. But it conferred on them no right to interfere with the independence of the bishops or of the Church in matters spiritual or to over-ride them in concerns of mixed import: partly spiritual and partly temporal. So long as the Pope's arm was not shortened this independence was maintained in spite of all disturbances. The episcopal sees of Europe were filled with worthy incumbents, and in all questions affecting the rights of the individual, the Church was found witnessing to a higher civilization and a truer standard of duty, for the Church represented the only idea of moral government attainable in that age of force, and without the idea of moral government there can be no such thing as constitutional liberty.[21] As we have seen, constitutional liberty did exist and was, in theory at least, normal to this period of the Middle Ages. As President Wilson says in *The New Freedom:* "The only reason why government did not suffer dry rot in the Middle Ages under the aristocratic system which then prevailed, was that so many of the men who were efficient instruments of government were drawn from the Church—from that great religious body which was then, the only Church, that body which we now distinguish from other religious bodies as the Roman Catholic Church. The Roman Catholic Church was then, as it is now, a great democracy." [22]

If we turn to England, the country whose institutions and the principles they embody have contributed most to our idea of the State, we find that the controversy between Church and Crown centred mainly around two questions: the one, the right of appeal to the Pope and papal provision for English sees, the other, the king's right to tax Church property. With the former and its deep significance for Europe in general, we have just dealt. So long as it was settled in England in accord with the just claims of the Church and of the Papacy, England developed normally and rapidly along the line of healthy mediæval ideas; for she was thereby endowed with a succession of strong prelates who were zealous in the defence of the Church's rights against all over-weening claims advanced by successive kings in the matter of taxation.

What this zeal and sturdy resistance has meant to the

[21] H. O. Wakeman, *Constitutional Essays*, p. 295. [22] Ch. iv., p. 85.

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world and to us Americans in particular, may be judged from the fact that by it were established the first precedents for the grounds of complaint enumerated by Jefferson in our Declaration of Independence. To Thomas à Becket we owe the first refusal of a subject to pay a tax to the Crown which he believed to be unjust; a refusal as bold, indeed, and certainly no less patriotic than that of John Hampden centuries later. Hugh of Avalon, Bishop of Lincoln, was the first to maintain successfully (1197) the doctrine that the lands in England were not taxable by the king for the prosecution of a war with which England had no concern. Geoffrey, Archbishop of York, preferred exile in 1297 rather than submit to the levying of a tax upon the clergy which they had not in any way consented to grant. Again, in 1252, Robert Grosseteste, Bishop of Lincoln, and friend and adviser of Simon de Montfort, led the opposition to the king's attempt to take a tenth of the revenues of the clergy on the pretext of a crusade. But most momentous of all was it, when in 1297, Archbishop Winchelsea, armed with the bull *Clericis laicos* of Boniface VIII., obtained the confirmation of the charters by Edward I. whereby taxation was put under the control of Parliament. "'That the constitution of England," says an historian of the Oxford school, "was eventually under Edward I. formed on the basis of a monarchy limited by law and guided by Parliament, by which was secured to each individual the enjoyment of public and private right guaranteed by the law and defended by Parliament, was due in no slight measure to the constant influence of Church opinion on the side of liberty, to the educating effect of Church principles, to the example of Church polity and to the self-denying patriotic labors of men like Stephen Langton, Edmund Rich and Winchelsea, the leading minds among the clergy." [28]

Such then were the early circumstances and conditions under which the principle that the State has moral obligations, originated and developed. Such also were the traditions built up in support of it. The principle, as we have seen, reappears clearly in the speeches of Washington and has now been definitely extended to the whole question of international relations by President Wilson. Yet the immense import of these last two events can never be properly appreciated unless we

[28] H. O. Wakeman, *loc. cit.*, p. 308.

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realize that from the establishment of Parliament in 1295 to the Declaration of Independence in 1776, there was—in so far as the principles were concerned whereon the governments of Europe rested their authority—a real gap in the sound development of normal political thought.

When, thanks to the firmness of Archbishop Winchelsea and the influence of Boniface VIII., mediæval traditions, as regards the State, were at last crystallized by the permanent institution of Parliament, it was none too soon; for it was in the previous year, as we have already seen, that Boniface had been obliged to rise up in their defence against Philip the Fair of France. In the bitter struggle between these two, Philip represents the force of absolutism without restraint, while Boniface stood for the old mediæval ideas of autonomy under the safe-guarding supremacy of law. When, consequently, Philip won, as a result of "the sacrilege of Anagni," the normal progress of mediæval society was brought to a close. Henceforth the false Gallican theories of the divine right of kings, which appear boldly for the first time in the declarations of the Etats Généraux of 1302, begin to cut across every liberal tendency and every generous influence at work during the period we have just reviewed. It only required the doctrines of Luther and Machiavelli to put absolutism in full possession and subject Europe to the weight of the autocratic power of the kings and rulers of the sixteenth, seventeenth and eighteenth centuries.

Happily, before these events took place, St. Thomas Aquinas (1225-1274) had furnished a deeply reasoned and systematic justification of what was true and good in the old order of things. He, perhaps more than anyone else, by the sound development of ideas far ahead of his own times, paved the way for the full and legitimate reëstablishment of the fundamental mediæval principles upon which the American states are founded. For Suarez and the other Scholastic philosophers and theologians of the seventeenth century did but follow in his footsteps; and to them we owe the only solid theoretical foundation possible for international law.

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HENRYK SIENKIEWICZ.

BY ANNIE KIMBALL TUELL.

HENRYK SIENKIEWICZ should have died when there would have been time for the word of literary honor. As it is, he has gone to his grave with but a cursory acknowledgment of his eminence in the world of letters. His genius has represented most familiarly, to the Western world, Polish character and Polish patriotism, but at this acute crisis in Polish history, individual tribute to that genius dissociate from its nationalism, has been withheld as an impertinence. Any critical memorial for Sienkiewicz, if we indulge it at present, must be but the recognition of his service to the "hope of Poland," that Poland which, in the restrained words of a Sienkiewicz appeal, "has deserved well of humanity."

She has deserved best, by the very preservation of her hope. For the persistence of the Polish national genius, obstinate through apparent extinction and reënforced by national tragedy, is the best reassurance we have in these stricken days when men's hearts fear to look into the future. Long ago Sienkiewicz liked to repeat, for Polish comfort, the old saying of Charneyetski: "I am grown not out of salt nor out of the soil, but out of that which pains me." And today there is international need for such consolation. We watch, with misgiving, on the battlefields of Europe the visible reality of the old Greek myth, where the children born of the dragon's teeth destroy one another implacably, sorrowfully. Have we always been sure that none can quell the spirit of England? Then why the note of defiance in our chants of love? Shall the spirit of the chainless mind be certainly and eternally French? Yet how often in history the prophecy has been fulfilled: "The time shall come when mighty Ilion shall be laid low!" But in the clutch of doubt let us remember the Polish nation, come to true national consciousness since it lost its place upon the map, wrought into discipline from the necessities of impotence, schooled in development by the pressure of hostile propaganda and expropriation. We may remember too, that

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Polish literature has grown richly self-expressive through national sorrow, and has achieved its characteristic utterances from the inspiration of patriotic shame.

In the scale of this distinguished literature our Western minds should, under no circumstances, venture to fix the place of Sienkiewicz. We are prone, they tell us, to ascribe to him a disproportionate eminence in the lively Polish fiction of the present. We may accept, without dispute, the qualified applause of those European critics who would temper the excesses of the Sienkiewicz cult, and assert that Sienkiewicz expresses but partially the contemporary spirit, "in its humanitarian inquietude and social fervor." For this very limitation, he may represent all the better that body of the new Poland for whom, before the War, the national question was prior and essential to all others, which was not merely modern or democratic, but doggedly Polish.

He was not of the old Poland nourished upon sacrificial dreams and noble delusions. With his contemporaries, he had left far behind the high-strung traditions of the great romantics, their ecstatic devotion to the sheer ideal of Polish rebirth, which made the immortal life of Mickiewicz and Krasinski—their exultations from despair rejected, their tense companionship with passion-charged abstractions, their apocalyptic visions of a "holy Poland," whose sorrows, like unto none other sorrows, should work redemption. Such faith, torture-nourished, was lovely even in disease. But the Poland of recent years has not sought to save herself by ideals alone. She has been pitted not against the dominations of evil in abstract places, but against flesh and blood, that is to say against Germany and autocratic Russia. She must persist and increase by methods learned from Germany. And she has had to better the instruction.

Sienkiewicz, then, was of the new Poland which would prefer to walk without fainting rather than to soar with eagles. He was of the Poland which had learned, according to the interpretation of its leaders, to admit economic necessity and geographical *ultimatum*. He was of the strong spirits mobilized for work in that nation of dreamers, who would grapple with oppression by counter-construction, and oppose to encroachment the conservation of force, which would strengthen the Polish character for the race struggle by a

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policy of criticism and deliberate disillusion. Still Sienkiewicz was of the camp which, recognizing the consequence of the practical issue, would still preserve for the Polish struggle the idealism necessary for its success. "I see the necessity for quiet and iron labor, but I do not see the necessity for the repudiation or renunciation of any ideals. And I will tell you too that the Pole who does not bear that great ideal at the bottom of his soul is in a measure a renegade." [1]

The share of Sienkiewicz in this common labor was to discover and to liberate in fiction the springs of national health. His was a courageous choice for the subject of Russian Poland, where under the bureaucratic rule, for all the stirrings of potential energy, the faith of reformers must act with least assurance; where the patriot, denied the privilege of efficient service, must see the kernel of society threatened with decay, stricken with civic disease it was not permitted to cure. In such environment fiction for fiction's sake may well have seemed to Sienkiewicz, as to his fellows, fit only for his aversion, the decadent and the *dilettante*. Still less could he restrain his native abundance within the canon of the problem novel. Why contemplate too steadily problems it is forbidden to solve? His regenerative service must be a contribution to national fiction, wholesome, sound and vigorous, "for the strengthening of hearts." "Let us speak," said Bigiel, "not of death but life, and of that which is best in it, health." [2]

In quest of health, and not in romantic rejection of modern reality, Sienkiewicz made the frequent reversions to the past for which he has been reproached.

He has been little prone to salve his country's humiliation by recollection of former glories, by the vainglorious and elegiac retrospect which has enfeebled many a noble Polish energy. To the Polish reformer, he has felt, less than to another, is the regretful backward look permitted. He has known—none better—the glamour of arms, the zest for the old-time military skill, and the pride in Polish valor. But he has had little heart to recall the spectacle of a speciously triumphant Poland. The *Knights of the Cross* unrolls to our vision the victorious field of Tannenburg but performs, without passion, its duty of killing and slaying. *On the Field of*

[1] *Whirlpools*, p. 247, Boston, 1910.
[2] *Children of the Soil*, p. 130, Boston, 1895.

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Glory achieves its plot before the glory begins. And the masterpiece of the Trilogy prefers to end with the fall of Kamenyets, with the deluge of Turkish invasion barely resisted, relegating to the perfunctory finalities of an epilogue the fame of Hotin and Vienna.

Nor has he looked back, in the characteristic Polish style, to complain at the age-long suffering of that Polish land enriched by the blood of centuries. He shows her in her prolonged distress, oft-shattered breakwater of Europe against oriental devastation, the stamping ground of sweeping hordes, desolated by Cossack vengeance, raided by the perpetual advance and retreat of Europe's preying armies. And the repressed sorrow for that protracted discipline, sorrow as unsentimental as restrained, works at times to utterance, more telling for its reticence. So heavily is fulfilled the curse read in the dying eyes of the tortured Cossack, as he watches the Polish legions passing by: "May God punish you, and your children, and your grandchildren to the tenth generation, for the blood, for the wounds, for the torment! God grant that you perish, you and your race, that every misfortune may strike you! God grant that you be continually dying and may never be able either to die or to live!"

Nor has Sienkiewicz looked back primarily to condemn—to ascribe to Poland's improvidence the responsibility for her failure. His corrective criticism he has given, to be sure, with candor and without abatement. Unblinking as history, he has interpreted her suffering as no Messianic sacrifice, but as retribution, however heavy, for her own sins. For always the work of Sienkiewicz, from *With Fire and Sword* to *Whirlpools*, presents a frank study of the Polish character. He shows it in its generosities—its gusto and its magnanimity, its capacity for high devotion, its passions sensitive and intense. He reveals with a no less thorough discernment the springs of its weakness—its *penchant* for evasion and self-deception, its denial of fact, its indolence and its indulgences. There is the civic irresponsibility of magnates condemning in advance to ruin all expended good—the spectacle of a Vishnyevetski denied the leadership lest he lead too well, a Voevoda of Vityebsk losing for a feast a precious military opportunity, a Boguslav Radzivill pulling, in shameless rivalry with foreign traitors, for his share of the red cloth, the com-

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monwealth. There is the turbulent Schlachta stirred to aimless mutiny or to accidental veto by some chance Zagloba. There is the instability of a whole people stampeding from frontier to frontier, following with equal ease a wind of heroism or a wind of panic. But Sienkiewicz does not dissect the faults of his countrymen for the love of censure.

Rather with a hope deliberate and daring has he turned back for the comfort of a faint-hearted present to discover in a past, acknowledged corrupt, the springs of national energy. Boldly, therefore, he chose for the epic background of his Trilogy, that master creation of his prime vigor, *With Fire and Sword, The Deluge, Pan Michael,* the otherwise dispiriting narrative of Poland's seventeenth century, when the nation was crumbling to patent ruin from outside attack and interior debasement. But from these teeming records of violence and treachery, of nobilities drifting unregarded, of sacrifice bound to predestined waste, of private virtue deflowered by public shame, one takes the impress of an energy wholesome, active, unimpaired. Let the impotent busy themselves with their dismal moral-mongering! Let those who lack courage find voice for Jeremiads! "Let us speak not of death but of life, and of that which is best in it, health!"

The very romance of the Sienkiewicz novel is as healthy as the wind blowing from the clean steppes. Here is a stirring land of thrilling change and sweeping chance, apt for Cossack glory and Cossack vengeance, for the hanker of Tartar rapacity or for the stealing of brides. Here love is fair as from the foundation of the hills, but tipped with danger and quickened by the zest of hovering tragedy. Here, too, with a superb literary generalship, are fought the recurring battles, compelling in their mastery and their tingle of martial enthusiasm, sufficient for the beguiling of any pacifist, however conscientious, if caught off his guard. Let him even once watch Volodyovski at a duel, and like one of our novelist's converted priests he will reach for the imaginary sabre which ought not to be at his side. Here too, we must own, is a frank brutailty in the ungloved handling of horrors, an apparent relish for their description which passes at times the measure even of historical thoroughness. But brutality Sienkiewicz would maintain to be far more respectable than the niceties of fastidious decadence.

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For the essential art of Sienkiewicz, true to its principle of health, has created its abundance from human nature's great simplicities. Distrustful of a society subtilized and world-weary, impatient of mincing refinements, he has sought most willingly, even in studies of artificial environment, those elementary emotions by which all men together rejoice and suffer. They are evident in beauty, frank and unconscious where hearts are honest and grown to maturity in clear air. His art at its best is developed by strokes bold and strong. Thus for an early unpretentious work *Charcoal Sketches* was an apt title. And, with few exceptions, in the later plots of ambitious scope the lines are plain, full, broadly suggestive.

First among life's simplicities is the pity of it. And the early short stories, keen with a cosmopolitan diversity which flits from the triflings of the Riviera to the raw American backwoods, are, in significant majority, tales of searching pathos. The finest have always that pathos known best to Sienkiewicz, for all his wanderings, of the peasant soul of the Polish village, honest, stupid, inarticulate, faithful, caught somehow in the trailings of the larger life above and around which it is unable to understand. Such is the quality of the unbearable *Charcoal Sketches,* tragedy of a cottage home wrecked in the stupid village world, where a chance rascal pulls the strings while the intelligent gentry hold aloof. There is little Yanko too, the musician, weak thread of life in an abortive body, slighted, disregarded, broken to death, but a soul of exquisite harmony, and withal a helpless child. Always the demand upon our tenderness is direct, even obvious, but at best compelling, humane with the common knowledge of the common grief.

Here is laughter too, hearty and ungrudging, breath of a strong spirit in a strong body. It is the unquenchable utterance of that interior humor, in which critics have felt Polish literature deficient. Wit there is too in plenty, if we can stop to note that by-product, always with Sienkiewicz, easily superior, in its intimate sagacity and off-hand vigor, to the *bon mot* of the professional amateur. But most considerable contribution of Sienkiewicz to the fibre of Polish literature is his distinctive humor, creative rather than critical, broad rather than subtle. It is the unwearied relish for the simple traits of

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human nature freshly discovered with surprise, ever fresh in the recognition of their truth. Whoso has followed the huddling thoughts of Polanyetski dressing for his wedding, has heard the antiphonal drunkenness of the Bukoyemskis, or has seen the cowardice of Zagloba transformed by fright to sudden valor, has witnessed a spontaneous humor, free play of organic exuberance, rising by natural necessity like a clean fire in pure air.

Here is love too in open frankness, a primary force. We may study, if we will, its debasement in the toyings of a corrupt Warsaw, degraded to a game of sentiment, wantonness, and truant passion. We may watch it in *Without Dogma*, the expense of a palsied spirit in a waste of shame. We may trace in *Children of the Soil* its slow education in the bond of marriage. But its characteristic appearance is in the energy of a fresh and strong-blooded youth, where passion and devotion are surging together in a robust mixture of reverence and clean animalism, frankly physical, but offensive only to the squeamish as the sign not of indulgence but of fecundity.

Here is the religious instinct. For the typical Pole has still in his heart, we may suspect, some Chenstohova, shrine neglected or belittled, but at the threat of hostile defacement a rallying place for high devotion. Sienkiewicz, to be sure, has written as the partisan for whom defence of Catholicism is something more pleasant to him still, the best anti-Russian propaganda. He has written besides as the assured reformer. Knowledge alone could be potent enough to save his Poland. And in the thought even of his atheist, Swidwicki, "Knowledge without religion breeds only thieves and bandits." But there is more than intelligent policy in the revelation of that Catholic worship shown rarely beautiful in souls genuine and kindly—the priest Kordetski whose faith once removed more than mountains in the Polish cause, the näif and strong-souled cavaliers of old time whose trust undoubting was a breastplate and a handy weapon. It is revealed most purely fair in the hearts of good women in days new or old. It rests serene and stable, amid the modern drift of belief and unbelief, waiting for the moment of large experience to alter life's proportions and to recall, within the modern soul, the elementary need to bow down—an end to which, by the suggestion of Sienkiewicz well versed in skepticisms, all flesh

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shall come. "Destruction takes all philosophies and systems, one after another, but Mass is said as of old." [3]

Here too is the love of the soil, instinct rudimentary and universal, essential to the sound life of the Polish character, homely comfort of the Polish heart. It is an instinct as natural as the return of the mole to his little burrow. Hence the dumb tragedy of uprooted life at each upheaval of a peasant home. Hence the tenacity instructed and reënforced, which has magnified beyond calculation the life and death grapple for the soil of Posen against illegal expropriation. Each social theory must be, in the opinion of Sienkiewicz, partial or untenable, which regards the land only as an economic factor, and not as the root of a profound affection. In this affection for the "holy land" is the life of sober security, temperate, wholesome, close to the ground, busy with the primordial labor, in company with the very processes of growth. "That," says the Marynia of Polanyetski, "is the real work on which the world stands, and every other is either the continuation of it or something artificial. . . . . In all other relations that a man holds there may be deceit, but the land is truth." And the search of the Polanyetski family for the full endowment of normal living takes them back at last to the country estate to become "children of the soil." [4]

The sights and sounds of the beloved Polish land now desolate, are never far from our direct vision in the pages of Sienkiewicz. There are the fields fertile and grain-laden, the lines of alders beyond the meadow stretches, the ponds golden in the evening sun, the mists rising under the stars, the nightingale and the homelike frog, the cheerful surroundings of quiet husbandry dependent, as of old, upon the harvest. From such remembrance, Sienkiewicz, acquainted with wandering, has given his share to the literature of the Polish exile. For, from the lodgings of the Polish dispersion, has come perhaps the world's most wistful poetry of home; and from the waters of their many Babylons, the Poles have perhaps most tenderly remembered Sion. Sienkiewicz, intimate with the dumb suffering of the peasant heart has told in *After Bread*, with compassionate understanding, the story of the yearning emigrant, helpless alike before treachery of agents, the misguided efforts of eager benevolence, his own bewilderment, and the

[3] *Children of the Soil*, p. 272, Boston, 1895. [4] *Children of the Soil*, Boston, 1895.

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relentless mechanism of the strong Western world. A pure image of the homesick soul is the lighthouse keeper of Aspinwall, weary of heart, leaf-tossed to a rest at last, who is beguiled from his post by a Polish book and the words of Mickiewicz, dearest to the exile: "Litva, my country, thou art health!"

But the cherished soil is but the substance of the thing unseen, the country of the patriot's devotion. For her sake good men and true are content with barren sacrifice and unacknowledged labor. Cleaving to her and to the receding hope of her public good, they leave father, brother, wife. Her sins at least can be seventy times seven forgiven. Her ingratitude, if hers alone, can be endured with pardon and serenity. Theirs is a common desire—their mother, "Poland as they wish her to be." Theirs is a common discipline—the preference of the common service to their personal and immediate ambitions.

These who yearn and pray and laugh and love are folk of a sinewy stock, with coursing blood and a tactile sense of muscle and bone, emanating vigor and life. Sienkiewicz, however liable to critical rigors on the score of taste or tolerance, is easily superior as the creator. Taught by experience vivid and humane, trained in an apprenticeship of labor unstinted, able by nature to catch character in the act, he built up the power for the making of men. His production of later years flagged, to be sure, the execution grown mechanical, the exuberance slackened. But in the best work of Sienkiewicz, the virile product of his first maturity, as seldom in fiction, the word has been made flesh.

For our surest estimate as for our first delight, we turn still, as of course, to the Trilogy, where the creative power, educated in the school of the short story, was first let loose for its ambition, the mastery of life in big units upon a background of epic scope.

From the crowd of faces fierce and strongly set, stamped with the marks of force or of ferocity, rise to distinctness the dignitaries of the historical background. They bear illustrious names of forgotten lustre, come alive again from the old muster rolls, each apprehended in his life-motive, good or ignoble. Some few, like the idealized Sobieski, are touched up with a romantic glamour to suit the heroics of the story.

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But for the most part they are big and plainly naturally, thrust into a clearness just yet merciful. There is the traitor Lyubormirski, drawn to honorable duty by an appeal with which flattery is shrewdly mixed, but capable of the betrayal to which he is destined by his nature and by the temptations of the time. There is the lord of Zamost in his fortress, self-satisfied, unalterably complacent. There is the wreck of the noble Radzivill, folding in upon himself the dark tragedy of his lonely treachery and crumbling ambition.

But the immortal figures of the Sienkiewicz Trilogy are not oppressively eminent. They are our friends familiar and dear through the long companionship of the woven story, strongly, simply revealed. We know them the better that their traits are few. There is little Volodyovski, of insignificant figure but most significant sabre, simple soldier, simple lover, simple soul. There is his Basia, vivid, valorous, confiding as a child, dauntless as a young Tartar. There is Jendzian, rosy and sleek servant, insinuating profit and suggesting reward, faithful even to perfidy for the sake of his master alone. There is the headlong Kmita, most winning of all the young fire-eaters dear to Sienkiewicz, incredibly daring, incredibly devoted, "knowing not how to love or how to hate with half a heart."

And there is Zagloba, acknowledged master-creature of Sienkiewicz, most lovable of blusterers, better at drinking than Sir Toby Belch, more inventive of brags than Falstaff. The comparison with Falstaff is as inevitable, as it has become conventional. The two must go together. But Sienkiewicz has perhaps claimed justly for Zagloba a better right to the respect and affections of men. In his company, however, we are not fastidious for virtues. We love him as he reprehensively is—boastful, gloriously mendacious, fertile in lies which hurry to mind so fast that he cannot always choose among them, which grow in geometrical progression with time and with his audience—wise in stratagem, valiant in extremity, companionable, with his humor not over nice but as ready as breath, clearest under the stimulus of fright. We love him best, to be sure, in his faithful if sudden heroisms, in his devoted friendships, in his inimitable understanding of human weakness and human truth. It is a sorrow to leave him at the last with the tongue grown quiet forever, cowering in

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broken age by the coffin of Volodyovski, convinced at last that he is old. Far more easily can we bear the ultimate humiliation of Falstaff, babbling of green fields and thinking upon God. Sienkiewicz dealt relentlessly by his Trilogy, to quench its spirits at the end. For whether our good friends of these pages are dead or forever out of sight, we take our everlasting farewell of them with a sharp protest of personal loss. We have had "an old custom to have them in our fellowship."

The superb vigor of the Sienkiewicz historical Trilogy has drawn to itself a stress of appreciation, slighting perhaps to the remarkable modern studies. Though he has chosen for his characteristic material the genuine stuff of large simplicities, he has possessed a lively share of the Polish *penchant* for analysis. He has known how to attack with relish and comprehension the contemporary types of urban ineptitude. He has portrayed, with protest but with masterly understanding, the *coterie* of "artists without portfolios," the Bukovski of *Children of the Soil*, collector and connoisseur, who having dallied away his gifts, comes one day to die, "having eaten bread and not paid for it;" the Sidwicki of *Whirlpools*, cynic who defiles with venom the society upon which he lives; Ploszowski of *Without Dogma*, who deadens the capacity of a gifted spirit by the drug of introspection.

But even these scenes of futile eddy are but the setting for the Sienkiewicz theme of health. Within the vapid trifling of lives desultory or unclean, stands always, among types of lesser beauty, one nature pure and regenerative, one true soul loving and sincere, which, carrying in itself the principle of growth, remains potent to cleanse. It is, by the usual message of Sienkiewicz, the eternal soul of woman, created joyous and clean of heart from nature's abundant fountains, chastened to understanding power by experience sweetly received. She is called Marynia in *Children of the Soil*, Aniela in *Without Dogma*. She is the Hanka of *Whirlpools*, the only spot of unconquered beauty in that desert of drifting sands.

Sound study of contemporary Polish society could not shirk the political issue. Treatment of the theme by Sienkiewicz, a Russian subject of the old *régime*, needed caution and reserve, tempered by the patience which intellectual captivity has taught the Poles. But the criticism, when it has appeared,

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has been all the more telling that it has not usurped the novelist's consciousness to the loss of art's essential sanity.

Sienkiewicz has not wasted strength in unapplied hatred of his enemies. Still less has he adopted the " romantic " policy of loving them. He did not wait for modern political criticism to identify the German as the natural enemy of the Pole. From his early work, he set forth with hostile candor that stern and respectful animosity for the German which is the most deeply rooted of Polish instincts. *The Diary of a Tutor of Poznan* traces with even uncharacteristic vehemence, and less than characteristic humor, the tragedy of a delicate Polish boy suffering in the German schools from the handicap of the unfamiliar language and the deliberate indignities of the German discipline. *The Knights of the Cross,* that sombre narrative of brutal, half-pagan days, has a theme selected, not first by Sienkiewicz in Polish letters, for the chance it offers to flog the Germans over the shoulders of the Teutonic Knights. And *Bartek the Victor,* unbearable tragedy of the Posen conscription for the Franco-Prussian war, casts more pitiful enlightenment upon the blind cruelty of today's unwilling mobilizations for service in the conqueror's army than a dozen reports of Polish commissions.

Of Russian Poland under Tsarism, seething vortex of opposing theories and restive discontents, Sienkiewicz gave at last a political study sufficiently telling in his bleak and sorrowful *Whirlpools.* The narrative of modern revolutionary confusions, tentative, lawless, ineffectual, is rather a manifesto than a novel. Here, for once in the Sienkiewicz mold, fiction is stiffened to symbolism, by an analysis so thorough and so sombre as to seem at times the finish of disillusion. It raises a voice of warning weighted with prophecy, lifted in a wilderness of drifting wastes. It is known for the authentic voice of Sienkiewicz by its bold grasp of a complete civic condition; by its sagacity keen but unyielding, by the consistent set of a temperament conservative for all its liberality, hostile to disorder; by its solemn and insistent summons to the preservation of the national hope as the superlative and single duty.

Disdain for the inferior Russian bureaucracy, implicit in the very silences of Sienkiewicz, despite his rally-cry to Russian colors at the opening of the War, is in this book suf-

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ficiently patent. This is "the race which does not know how to live and does not permit anybody else to live." Theirs is the officialdom venal, retrogressive, stupidly rigorous, which ties the hands of the generous and law-abiding, leaving banditry and anarchy at large. Theirs is the galling check upon popular enlightenment, through which alone the country is to see salvation.

Nor are the Poles exempt from the arraignment. Through the eyes of Gronski, type of a culture patriotic, liberal, but helpless, we watch the frittering of factional energy in the folly of counter-agitation. There are the National Democrats, interpreted, as we should expect from the pen of Sienkiewicz, as a force organized, patriotic, liberal, consistent, but thwarted in effectual propaganda by the tamperings of irresponsible opposition. There are the Conservatives favorable to the Russian entente, sensible, adroit, but short-sighted for far horizons, ready like Esau to relinquish an ultimate heritage for an immediate paltry benefit. "And with us it is not permitted to relinquish anything."

There is the *bête noir* of Sienkiewicz, the Polish Socialist party, blamed for the sporadic violence of its desultory revolutionism, assailed in its logic as "national-cosmopolitan," derided for its Russian affiliations. But the primary attack accords with the dogma of the stout nationalist: that the struggle for the national existence, risked and enfeebled by the struggle of classes, was essential even to economic reform. "Our Socialists have undertaken the construction of a new house, forgetting that we live huddled together in a few rooms, and that in the others dwell strangers who will not assent to it; or rather on the contrary they will permit the demolition of those few rooms, but will not allow their reconstruction."

Whatever the policy or theory under test, we have but the spectacle of effort expended in vain. In vain the wary reforms of benevolent landowners. In vain the choice evolution of superior culture, destroyed like the fine flower Marynia, in a moment of unmotived violence. A heavier condemnation still is implied in the moral failure of the youthful Kryzcki, type of the kindly and progressive noble, proved unequal to the finest test of discipline and self-control. "Neither love for woman nor for fatherland will suffice. He

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will love them, and in a given case will perish for them. But in life he will indulge himself." So ends, by a stern verdict, the ancient leadership of the Polish noble: "Such as he will not rebuild society."

Before revelations so inexorable and so unpleasant, it seems at times as if Sienkiewicz, in his later years, accepted for himself the conclusion of his cynic Swidwicki: "With us there are only whirlpools. And these not whirlpools upon a watery gulf beneath which is a calm depth, but whirlpools of sand. And the sterile sand buries our traditions, our civilization, our culture, our whole Poland, and transforms her into a wilderness upon which flowers perish and only jackals can live." But the true Sienkiewicz answers in the person of the irrepressible optimist Szremski: "Beneath these whirlpools which are whirling upon the surface of our life there is something which Swidwicki did not perceive. There is a bottomless depth of suffering. . . . . With us the people awake in the morning and follow the plow in the field, go to the factory, to the offices, behind the benches in the shops, and all manner of labor—in pain. And why do we suffer thus? . . . . It would be sufficient for everyone to say to Her, this Poland of whom Swidwicki says that she is perishing, 'Too much dost thou vex me; therefore I renounce Thee, and from this day wish to forget Thee! And nobody says that. . . . . Jackals seek carrion, not suffering. . . . . So she lives in everyone of us, in all of us together, and will survive all the whirlpools in the world. And we will set our teeth, and will continue to suffer for Thee, Mother, and we, and if God wills it so—our children and our grandchildren, will renounce neither Thee nor hope."

Perhaps the unsentimental Zagloba would command to make boots for dogs of such consolation. And, indeed, the optimism of Sienkiewicz persisted upon a more palpable basis than this restrained survival of the old Messianic dedication. The policies may have failed in the nation of politicians; the nobles, ancient staple of Polish stock, may have lapsed from prestige. "There remains yet the solid multitude of country peasants. Formerly Dobrowski's March was a watchword for a hundred thousand; today it is a watchword for ten million." And in Hanka Skibianka, peasant woman chanced upon culture, is incarnate that which was, before the mortalities of the Great War, a hope sufficiently tangible for Democratic Poland.

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She moves across the dark pages in a bright beauty able to heal and to revive, a figure of power, radiating health, strong to carry, brave to defend, young to endure, "with a heart of a Polish village simple and faithful." She will achieve her honor at the cost of sorrow; she will exact the reverence due to her full womanhood; and when men think of her, they roll up their sleeves for work.

By the preservation of such optimism, sustained however saddened, Sienkiewicz achieved the supreme contribution of his genius to Polish energy. Such faith, perhaps, would be harder to sustain today. Hunger may, indeed, in the end be strong enough to starve a nation which violence has been unable to bleed. But by the indomitable spirit of his lifetime's work, Sienkiewicz sufficiently vindicated the inherent vitality of Polish culture. For it is the optimism of unconditioned vigor, conscious of its function.

"Because I come of a society in which so much power is wasted," he wrote in an early essay, "every planned and completed work fills me with real respect, and has for me also some wonderful and exceptional charm. Whenever I write *Finis*, at the close of a book of mine, I feel something like a sensation of delight not only because the labor is done, but because of the sensation which comes of a finished work. . . . . A whole series of books, especially when written in the name of a leading idea, is a life task accomplished; it is a harvest home festival, in which the leader of the workmen has earned the right to a garland and a song, 'I bring fruit! I bring fruit!'"

And in this assumption of power and production, easily accorded to the distinguished dead, is still a strong promise for the hope of Poland. For we may accept for our "lucky word" at the grave of Sienkiewicz the prophecy, however qualified, of George Brandes, no great lover of Sienkiewicz, but a good lover of Poland: "The future is not to the avenger, nor," altogether, alas, "to the apostle, but to him who labors with genius."

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THE TOUCH OF EARTH.

BY RICHARDSON WRIGHT.

ONE day in January, some years back, I met a gypsy. He was living in a flat in the heart of Chicago's tenement district, he and his numerous family, living respectably behind clean windows and pretty window curtains, with comfortable furniture and carpets and holy pictures, and all the other material indications of permanent domesticity. To be sure, his women folk wore brilliant kerchiefs and he himself flamed at the waist with an orange-colored sash. Their English was good, quite good, and quite piquant with its accent. Serbian, he said it was.

After a snack luncheon, eaten off a red tablecloth in the kitchen, I asked him, "How is it that you can live in a flat?"

He chuckled behind his big moustache. "It's not so very hard. Today, the cold month. . . . ." He shivered but a light played up into his eyes. "Soon the trees will blossom. Then I will blossom too!"

I went to look him up again—one day in April when I chanced to be in his neighborhood. The apartment was occupied by a family of slovenly and unimaginative Poles. . . . . He had blossomed! How true to the gypsy type, I thought, and went my way.

Then last winter—February, to be exact—my work took me to a group of women in a small Long Island town. They were members of a gardening club, and I was there (perish the thought!) to talk about testing soils so that they would know what seeds to plant and what fertilizers to use. The subject was dull at best. I saw a dreary outlook. But—and this I had not anticipated—they listened with a singular ardor. In gratitude I told them of my gypsy.

"Yes, it's that," sighed one young matron in the front row.

"And something beside," prompted an elderly woman at her elbow. "It's the touch of the earth. . . . . I can't explain why, but it works like magic."

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Here would I presume to explain why the touch of earth is so vitalizing—why it works like magic. Why each year more and more men crave contact with it. Why, as the years creep on, one feels a hunger for it in his soul.

I.

Three things bring us to the earth, and these three hold us to it.

Earth is the oldest thing in the universe, save the love of God. Its traditions are unchanging, like the love of God. And it is for the benefit of all men, the which also is the love of God.

This earth has been hallowed by the three gardens He made: The Eden that God planted eastward, the new Eden of the Resurrection which we are told God has planted for us, and midway the Garden of Gethsemane. "We have lost the first garden," says a saint, "and have not yet attained to the other, but the only way to it lies through Gethsemane. The first was the Garden of Innocence. The last will be the Garden of Perfected Virtue; and between lies the Garden of Suffering."

In all three gardens He has labored, for His love has made them. He was the first gardener. He will be the last. Because they are companions in that work, gardeners know the magic that comes from His having touched the soil.

The gardener may oftentimes be a fool, but he will be a divine fool. "Eyes and ears," said Heraclitus, "are bad witnesses to those who have barbarian souls." Most folk judge by them and by them alone. The gardener judges otherwise, for his is not a barbarian soul. Rather is it a reflection of a divine paradox. Does not his plow scar the soil that he may, in turn, heal the wound with flowers?

It is said of mystics that they all speak the same language because they all come from the same country. So is it with gardeners. They hear flowers that sound and see notes that shine. Enraptured, they listen to the great fugue of succeeding blossoms. Their harvest of joy is as intangible as the blue sky above. It is an opening of the eyes which those who know not the touch of the soil can never comprehend. "The tree which moves some to tears of joy," said William Blake, "is, in the eyes of others, only a green thing that stands in the way."

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The soil from which we sprang—that is the soil the gardener touches. The soil which we can make to bear abundantly—that is the soil in which he labors. The soil to which we shall return—that is the soil to breed his noblest dreams. Because he is part of it, once one knows the touch of the soil, it is to him as something of his own flesh, an *alter ego*, an abiding companion, trustworthy if trusted, abundant if disciplined. It is its fundamental, rock-bottom dependability, this inexorable regularity of crop growth and harvest, that holds a man to the soil once he has known the touch of it. And he yearns for that touch as ever Lancelot yearned for a glimpse of the Holy Grail, because it is abiding and in it is the healing of ages.

II.

Peculiarly enough, the traditions of the soil and of the things that go with it have abided when many others have been forgotten. There is the shape of farming implements. The modern steel plow has no different shape from that used ten centuries ago; the sickle has always been of the one peculiar formation; the rake, the spade, the fork are all the same. The advancement of science has not been able to improve on the shape of these tools. It would seem that they were made once for all.

Here is the sort of thing men cling to. With a world turned upside down by war, with beliefs shattered and hope endangered, men hunger for a touch with those things that never change. The man whose hands hold the plow, holds that which can defy the mutations of time and chance. And even as abiding, is the law of the soil. In the garden nature is at once both friend and foe. Weeds serve their sane, common sense purpose: the gardener must be eternally uprooting them and in uprooting them he is forced to cultivate the soil.

Just as the life of man must be disciplined if it is to be brought to abundant fruition, so must the garden know the discipline of shears and the binding of cords. Something of the same painful discipline that makes saints and martyrs, makes the exquisite flower and the sturdy plant. Lashed to a stake like Joan of Arc, the consuming spirit of a rose blossoms into unbelievable loveliness and gladioli strain flaming arms to the sky.

Neglect this soil and it shall be visited with terrible pun-

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ishments. The Zeppelins of God's winds scatter destructive weed seeds on every side. Nature scorches the soil with the flaming liquids of her suns and scourges it with the artillery of her hails. Vigilance is the secret of perfection in the garden.

This inexorable and inviolate law of the soil remains when other laws are swept aside, and obedience to it is what works the magic in men's souls. The radical of the world may theorize on liberty and license, statesmen may talk of this and councils argue of that; the gardener knows only one law—discipline. From start to finish he must impose discipline, and even he himself is subject unto it. The first frost finds his labors ended. Vigilantly he has watched the metamorphosis of seed to flower. The inexorable blow of winter reduces his garden to a wilderness of withered stalk and blackened blossom. He who has disciplined the soil and withheld the wayward branch that his endeavor bear greater fruit, knows now himself the discipline of the frost.

III.

Then, there is the democracy of the garden—the garden which, like the love of God, is for all men.

You can no more make a garden to yourself than a man can live a life to himself. Try to keep it beautiful for yourself alone, and see what happens—the neighbor, hurrying by to catch his train of mornings, will stop to snatch a glint of joy from those iris purpling by the doorstep! The motorist will throw on his brakes and halt half way up the hill just to see those Oriental poppies massed against the wall!

Nature is always on the side of the public. Build your wall never so high, but her winds will carry the seeds of that choice variety you reserved for yourself to a dozen different dooryards and open fields, where they will blossom next season. Plant your hedgerow never so thick, but a vine will stretch forth a friendly finger through it. Lock the gate never so tight, but the zephyrs will waft odors of rose and hyacinth and mignonette to every passer-by.

It follows, then, that a garden is a public service and having one, a public duty. It is your contribution to the community. Not enough, is it, that law and order be preserved in our communities. Only the policeman with his truncheon would stand between us and the caveman if law and order

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were all we desired. No, it is the mark of civilization that men make beautiful gardens that the joy of the tulip and the columbine can be shared with other men.

On the other hand, it does not follow that gardening comes naturally to all men or that all men are adapted to it. Gardening is not the sort of thing one "takes up." Rather, it takes you up. In some subtle fashion nature pours a cleansing ichor into the blood. One becomes her slave to do the humblest task; her spy against pest foes; her ally for the working of mighty miracles.

Gardening is one form of God's hospitality, when He permits us to be the companion of nature's moods, sharing the poverty of her droughts and the plentitude of her beneficent rains and sun. Such hospitality is not easily understood nor is it always graciously received. But once one has known it, he cares less for other things. The eyes of the gardener are usually the eyes of a man who stands before life as before a great spiritual mystery.

IV.

"Soon the trees will blossom. Then I will blossom too!"

Soon will come hours in the warm spring air when we turn the soil and enrich it, when we plant the seed and cultivate the row. Hot summer days will come, and we will breathe the perfume of myriad flowers and the sensuous richness of the seared earth. Dusks will be ours—quiet, mauve dusks, when we shall sit around watching the countryside darken into night and the fireflies hang their lanterns on stalk and branch. Then the crisp days of autumn, with bush and tree flaming by the dooryard and all nature consumed, like a mighty hero, on a pyre of her own making.

I know of no pleasanter prospects than these, and I would ask for none. Perchance in that Garden yet to be attained, there will be hours more glorious and flowers of more surpassing loveliness. Therefore do I wait, content to touch this soil that He has touched, and with these poor hands fashion a garden where I may meet Him in the cool of the evenings.

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LABOR'S ASCENDANCY.

BY ANTHONY J. BECK.

PORTENTS of great changes are seen in the sky of the economic and social world. Eminent men of all shades of political, economic and religious thought, predict conditions essentially different from those obtaining before the conflict of nations. "It is admitted on all hands," writes Cardinal Bourne, Archbishop of Westminster, in a recent pastoral, "that a new order of things, new social conditions, new relations between the different sections in which society is divided will arise as a consequence of the destruction of the formerly existing conditions." "The very foundations of political and social life, of our economic system, of morals and religion are being sharply scrutinized, and this not only by a few writers and speakers, but by a very large number of people in every class of life, especially among the workers." The army is thinking as well as fighting, while the toiling masses at home are "questioning the whole system of society."

The Cardinal's prediction of "a new order of things" is endorsed by Mr. Charles M. Schwab, President of the Bethlehem Steel Corporation. "The time is coming," he said at a dinner in New York, "when the men of the working classes, the men without property, will control the destinies of this world of ours."[1] Commenting on this remarkable statement, the conservative Springfield (Mass.) *Republican* observes: "The wars of the French Revolution established political democracy. This War will probably open the way for something equally revolutionary and vital in the life of the world. Mr. Schwab is warning the men of his kind to get ready." "Even before the War," said a well-known man of business, Otto H. Kahn, recently, "a great stirring and ferment was going on in the land. The people were groping, seeking for a new and better condition of things. The War has intensified that movement. It has torn great fissures in the ancient structure of our civilization." This edifice "cannot be restored just as it was

[1] *The Literary Digest*, February 16th.

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before. Some changes, essential changes, must be made. The building must be rendered more habitable and attractive to those whose claim for adequate house room cannot be left unheeded, either justly or safely."

Lord Northcliffe, who has the talent of sensing coming events, declared at St. Louis last fall that when the fighters return from the trenches, they will demand a greater share of the rewards of industry. That they have richly earned this, is the opinion of *The Irish Rosary*:[2] "The War has brought it home to the dullest plutocrat that the poor have an incalculable worth at a supreme moment. The greatest proportion of the fighting and dying has been done by them. . . . . Without them all was lost. . . . . The workman, whether skilled or unskilled, will have a fit opportunity of insisting on a wage that will enable him to keep his family in comfort."

The London *Catholic Times and Opinion*,[3] which is not a radical journal, believes that, as a result of labor's realization of its power, "a new world is being born. This travail of human society, which is happening in other lands as well as in ours (England), is seen clearly, is not denied anywhere in the spheres in which men use their eyes. All observers see now that the entry of labor into politics began a revolution, the first stage of which ended when the War forced our government to rely so fully upon the leaders of the working classes and lean so heavily upon the loyalty of the workingmen of this country." The *Times* predicts that "the next election may put labor in office and open a new era in the government" of England. "Such opinions are heard in quarters from which labor knows it need not look for love." It is a noteworthy coincidence that the British Labor Party is being reorganized on a political basis, and that the American Federation of Labor, at its last convention, decided to enter the sphere of politics.

The natural inference from the latter fact, is that in our country also labor is claiming and acquiring more power and influence. "The old order is changing," says Mr. Samuel Gompers, President of the American Federation of Labor. "War has speeded up the change so that into a few months have been crowded milestones that ordinarily it would have required decades to reach. Employers have understood the

[2] December issue. [3] January 14th.

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change. They know that their power over the lives of men is dwindling. They know that under the new order, opportunities and property are being used for the common welfare of all. The change has been brought about by the power of tools in the hands of workers who know the indispensable character of their work. . . . . Certain employers are grasping after their vanishing autocracy." [4]

But they will not exploit as easily as formerly the workers whom this crisis has shown to be indispensable to the success of a great national undertaking. Strikes in various industries brought home to us the importance of the labor wheel in our gigantic war machine. By appointing a mediation commission to study the labor situation and by giving the protesting workers guarantees that whatever grievances they had would be adjusted, the President not only overcame several crises, but also led the way to a just solution of industrial and economic problems which cannot safely be ignored. The measures taken by the Administration to make sure of labor's coöperation are both gratifying from the viewpoint of social justice and an admission of labor's growing power. Noteworthy in this connection was Mr. Wilson's address to the Buffalo convention of the Labor Federation.

In England, so we are informed by *The Catholic Times*, the food controller has acted on labor's advice with reference to food conservation and distribution. The Chicago *Herald* points out that labor also played an important part "in the recent recapitulation of the war aims and peace proposals of the British Empire." The Premier's subsequent speech shows marked traces of the principles laid down in this programme. Besides being very deferential to the Labor Congress, Mr. Lloyd George, in laying before it the government's proposals for increasing the armed forces, submitted to thorough questioning. Evidence of British labor's confidence in its political power is the appointment of a committee on reconstruction which drew up a system of representative post-bellum government for the leading industries. "Labor," says *The Catholic Times*, "has cut itself completely free from Tories and Liberals." Its programme of reconstruction "will take away the breath of some reactionaries and reconcile them to the thought of dying with the dying world to which they belong."

[4] Chicago *Tribune*, February 16th.

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This platform is to be submitted to the coming convention of the British Labor Party. The programme is summed up thus by the Philadelphia *Inquirer:* "All things are to be made new. . . . . Every form and kind of privilege is to be abolished. Wealth is to be conscripted for the public welfare, and the revenues derived from toil . . . . are to be equitably divided among the laboring classes. A national minimum wage is to be established by law and universally enforced; the whole financial system is to be recast from top to bottom, and the industries of the country are to be conducted on the collective principle, whose adoption the exigencies of war have to such a considerable extent necessitated." Commenting on these proposals, *The Inquirer* adds: "Coming from a convention of the Bolsheviki, these plans and purposes and principles would have occasioned no surprise and invited little comment; but their enunciation by an influential and representative body of British workmen . . . . is a significant and momentous sign of the times."

While sympathizing with labor in its just demands for recognition, in its striving for a proportionate share, not domination, in the management of national affairs, and while rejoicing at the prospect that millions of workers will obtain a redress of grievances, we must not close our eyes to the growth of radicalism among the masses, and to the danger that the pendulum may swing too far in the direction of Socialism. Cardinal Bourne probably had this possibility in mind when he wrote: "There are signs of trouble and disturbance which are only very partially revealed in the public press but are well known to those in authority, and which portend the possibility of a grave social upheaval in the future." His Eminence refers to "a small minority" "with increasing influence," who "proclaim that the existing order should be overthrown and destroyed in the hope that out of the chaos and destruction some better arrangement of men's lives may grow up. It is a policy of which we see the realization and first fruits at the present time in Russia." The Cardinal believes that fortunately the majority of the English people are held back from such "suicidal projects" by their practical sense, if not by religious motives. Nevertheless, he considers the dangers very real. That he is not the only one to view them thus, appears from these editorial remarks in *The Irish Ros-*

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ary: "A note of uneasiness is already being sounded by many who think that private and public rectitude will show a frightful decline when the world has time to survey itself after the War. We are to have, it seems, the unscrupulous rich and the unrestrainable poor. Army service will have brutalized the latter. Profit-hunting will have de-humanized the others."

America, the Jesuit weekly, in quoting this warning observes: "No doubt the same social and economic problems that Great Britain must face and settle after the War will have to be met and solved in this country also. For our entrance into the world struggle seems to be producing conditions here which are similar to those prevailing in England and Ireland, and it is none too soon for the wisest heads in the land to begin considering how these evils can be remedied."

The editor of *The New World*, official organ of the Archdiocese of Chicago, believes that "England is but a few laps ahead of us in its development. The pendulum is beginning to swing in America, though, it is true, very slowly. It must be brought to a stop, at a dead centre, before it reaches an angle as acute as that from which it is now being repelled." The New York *Times* considers it fortunate that Russia has furnished "an object-lesson . . . . to illustrate the unhappy working out" of Bolshevikism. That unhappy country's chaotic condition will no doubt have a sobering effect on workingmen clamoring for recognition. A United Press dispatch, dated London, February 1st, quotes Arthur Henderson as saying: "There's a revolution coming, all right. . . . . The revolution will have the thoroughness of the Russian revolution, but will avoid Russia's disasters." Though repulsive in its terrible consequences, the Russian upheaval had such a quickening effect on discontented masses in other countries before its true workings became known abroad, that it is to be feared its net result may be a stimulus to radicalism everywhere. "The Bolsheviki sentiment," declares Mr. Schwab, the steel king, "must be taken into consideration, and (that) in the very near future."

One of the most effective ways of doing this and of taking the wind out of radicalism's sails is to remedy industrial abuses, to put industry more generally on a democratic basis; in other words, to abolish autocracy where it blocks coöperation for industrial peace and national prosperity. The need of

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this from even a business standpoint, was recently pointed out by Otto H. Kahn. "Business," said he, "must not deal grudgingly with labor." Business men "must give to labor willing and liberal recognition as a partner with capital." Mr. Kahn advises business to "devise means to cope with the problem of unemployment and to meet the dread advent of sickness, incapacity, and old age in the case of those whose means do not permit them to provide for a rainy day." He speaks like an advocate of Christian social reform when he adds to these fundamentals of social justice the exhortation to "bridge the gulf which now separates the employer and the employee, the business man and the farmer." He believes in translating into action "sympathy for and . . . . recognition of the rights of those whose life is now a hard and weary struggle to make both ends meet."

Such words and the spirit that prompts them, augur well for the future industrial understanding and arrangement which, in the words of the Boston *Transcript*, "will save America from anarchy." In the interests of national welfare, it is to be hoped that many capitalists who have indulged in autocratic methods, will come to accept Mr. Kahn's view of the situation. His advice that labor be recognized "as a partner with capital," is most gratifying. Adopted on a large scale, it would spell real democracy in industry and knock Socialism into a cocked hat. As Mr. Hilaire Belloc pointed out at length in his papers on *The Distributive State*,[8] the tendency of modern social legislation has been to make the State a kind of custodian of property, and to pacify the discontented workers by granting them concessions which do not go to the roots of social and industrial ills and problems. In an effort to stave off Socialism, he argues, we have resorted to something like State Socialism. As the only practical, thorough solution of the difficulty, he suggests means of gradually and peacefully distributing property among larger numbers, and of giving the propertyless worker a personal stake in the means of production and distribution.

Cardinal Bourne seems to share Mr. Belloc's view on the drift of social reform measures: "Legislation under the guise of social reform tended to mark off all wage-earners as a definitely servile class, and the result, even before the War, was a

[8] THE CATHOLIC WORLD, December and January, 1918.

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feeling among the workers of irritation and resentment which manifested itself in sporadic strikes."

If the worker receives a living wage such as Pope Leo XIII. demands in his famous encyclical on the condition of labor, he will, under ordinary circumstances, not need old age pensions and similar assistance from society. Leo XIII. understands by a living wage a compensation "sufficient to enable" a workman "to maintain himself, his wife, and his children in reasonable comfort."[6] "For it is a most sacred law of nature that a father must provide food and all necessaries for those whom he has begotten; and similarly, nature dictates that a man's children .... should be provided by him with all that is needful to enable them honorably to keep themselves from want and misery in the uncertainties of this mortal life. Now in no other way can a father effect this, except by the ownership of profitable property." "This great labor question cannot be solved except by assuming as a principle that private ownership must be held sacred and inviolable." While the last sentences are aimed mainly at Socialism and intended as an argument for private property, they affect the wage question. Moreover, the illustrious Pontiff adds: "The law, therefore, should favor ownership, and its policy should be to induce as many people as possible to become owners."

From this viewpoint it is gratifying to note the large number of stockholders in American industrial enterprises, railroads, factories, etc., and the tendency to enlarge these holdings among people with little means. However, it must also be borne in mind that, according to the findings of conservative economists of recognized standing and according to figures compiled by the Bureau of Labor Statistics, millions of toilers in this country receive less than a living wage. This contention is strengthened by the following consideration: only two or three million workers, probably less than one-fourth of all our industrial, as distinguished from agricultural, workers are organized. During recent years various classes of organized workers have struck for higher wages on the ground that their wages no longer covered the cost of living. And yet the protesting workers generally receive from thirty to fifty and, in some cases, one hundred per cent more

[6] No. 22 Catholic Truth Society publications, pp. 11, 40.

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wages than the average unorganized toiler. At a recent hearing before the Government Wage Adjustment Board, the representative of the western railways declared that all men with families receiving less than one hundred dollars, "must be having a strenuous time" to make ends meet.

In spite of workmen's compensation laws, minimum wage boards, women and child labor legislation, there is evidently much room for social justice. Many workers are not pressing their grievances for fear of weakening the country's military efficiency. Most of those who have done so in spite of the crisis, have obtained concessions, principally in the form of increased compensation. Their success will probably make itself felt after the War in numerous demands by other unions and workers, unless the cost of living decreases considerably. "Labor," says Mr. Gompers, "knows that the international principles for which we are fighting (democracy, equal opportunity, etc.) have a counterpart in the normal relations between man and man."

It would be idle to assume that living wages, decent working conditions, recognition of the fundamental right to organize, and a general redress of grievances will solve completely our industrial and social problems. Material relief is less than half the problem. In recent years our country has repeatedly witnessed the spectacle of the best paid workers growing restive and threatening to paralyze vital national agencies. Government investigations have revealed instances where captains of industry reaped big dividends and paid low wages. These experiences point to the great importance of inculcating among large circles of employers and employees the Christian social spirit. This duty is all the more imperative in the interests of national welfare, as many millions of our people have never had the good fortune to receive an education in sound morals and, consequently, have no social conscience based on moral responsibility to God for their acts toward their fellowmen. The consequence has been lawlessness on the part of workers and capitalists. Among the latter it has led to unlimited, cutthroat competition, which, as Cardinal Bourne points out, affected the whole industrial structure. "The effect of competition uncontrolled by morals," says His Eminence, "has been to segregate more and more the capitalist from the wage-earning classes and to form

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the latter into a proletariat, a people owning nothing but their labor power and tending to shrink more and more from the responsibilities of both ownership and freedom. Hence the increasing lack of self-reliance and the tendency to look to the State for the performance of the ordinary family duties. While the constitution (of England) had increasingly taken on democratic forms, the reality underlying those forms had been increasingly plutocratic."

In other words, political democracy is not by any means always synonymous with democracy in industry. If autocracy in industry has been promoted by "competition uncontrolled by morals," then the way to remove effectively grievances and to "bridge the gulf which now separates the employer and the employee," consists in restraining competition in accordance with a sound system of economic and business morals. Economic liberalism, which lies at the root of capitalistic abuses, must be replaced by the spirit of Christian solidarity, which induces each class to consider itself part of an inseparable whole and to seek its welfare by promoting that of the entire commonwealth. The Springfield *Republican* indirectly admits this, when it boasts that the religious revolution of the sixteenth century "left a free field for modern individualism and industrialism." Here we have a proof of Pope Leo's contention: "All the striving of men will be in vain if they leave out the Church. . . . . It is the Church that proclaims from the Gospel those teachings by which the conflict can be put an end to, or at least made far less bitter." To promote right conduct she has special powers. "They alone can touch the innermost heart and conscience, and bring men to act from a motive of duty." The Church teaches the rich man to make the right use of his possessions, to pay a living wage, to recognize the right of his employees to organize, etc. She also impresses on the workers the duty of giving a full day's work for a living wage.

Hence, the practical citizen who has some grasp of our industrial situation and its true causes, will not only agitate for a minimum wage, for workmen's compensation, sickness insurance, sanitary working conditions, the eight-hour day, and other things to be obtained by means of legislation; he will also disseminate the Christian truths which foster social justice, genuine industrial progress, and national prosperity.

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Next to performing our full duty by the country in this crisis, we can do nothing more patriotic than to help pave the way for an early and orderly solution of great industrial problems which vitally affect the well-being of the entire nation. We must put our industrial house in order, if we do not wish to run the risk of having it wrecked by radicals who do not exercise discretion in the choice of means. The only effective means to counteract the allurements of radicalism is a programme guaranteeing prompt and thorough redress.[1] Therefore, let our slogan be: Christian democracy in industry!

WHEN THERE WAS PEACE.

BY LUCILLE BORDEN.

HAD you asked me where I stood, I should have answered,
"Galilee,"
For all the air was sweet with Christ-like peace, and the sea slept
quiet
Save at the shore where lapping ripples murmured lingering,
A gentle chorus raised in prayer.
Cliff's suntipped lifted, their primal Gothic lines prefiguring,
Then melted down to ribbons of pale beach.
Fishers' barks were floating on the water's bosom, waiting.
Out beyond the ebb and eddy of their keels stretched a long line
Of white, almost a moonpath through the breaking day;
And one might dream a Figure walking on the waves
Had left a shining glory where It stepped.
Then when the little boats drew near, the long white line turned
crystal.
Fish in abundance on the shore flashed, shimmering under nets.
What wonder that the picture rose of Galilee, the Twelve, and
One?
Only Sorrento, half adrouse, lay smiling at the dawn.

[1] Rev. J. Kelleher in *The Irish Theological Quarterly Review*, January issue.

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A BUCCANEER OF CHRIST.

BY CHARLES PHILLIPS.

IN the old days, before the War—that is, three or four years ago! in the days when secret sailings at night, or in the gray of dawn were unknown—the departure of an American army transport for foreign shores was a gala event. Those of us who have witnessed such a scene, cannot forget it; whether we were one of the boys on board, or one of the friends—or perhaps one of the heart-stabbed mothers—left waving farewell on the pier, the picture will remain in our memories forever: the huge white and yellow bulk of the transport at the dock, its portholed sides towering high above the gathered crowds; its gangways, amid the hum of voices and the tread of feet, busy as a hive with the passing in and the passing out of men and women, or freight and baggage; the marching ranks of the soldiers filing up on the decks and down to their cabins in the hold .... at last the pulling away—the cheers, the signaling of hands and handkerchiefs, the fluttering of flags; then the bright outburst of lively music (what a mockery are its merry strains to many a heart!) as the band strikes up a tune, and the transport backs slowly into the wider waters of the bay, moving with that vast majestic serenity which only a ship may possess—a gesture, as it were, so large and final and impersonal that not all the clamor in the world, of voices, of music and commotion and flying flags—and breaking hearts—can turn it or distract it from its inevitable way. So did a transport sail in the olden days. In a little while nothing but a great moving bulk remained for our straining eyes to follow, its decks lined with khaki-clad lads whose fast receding faces and figures quickly faded to a far-away, pathetic blur; and even the music coming over the water grew muffled and mute at last on the freshening wind.

I.

On a certain bright April morning, years before the War—many, many years, to be exact; for it was the seventh of

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April, 1541—the gay port of old Lisbon in Portugal was the scene of such a sailing. Thirty-five of the army transports of King John were departing for the far East; and to the blaring of the royal trumpeters and the sweeter and more solemn chant of farewell hymns, the lumbering vessels, masts ablaze with color and blunt-nosed prows pointing down the waters of the Tagus to the open sea, began their memorable journey.

Though this royal fleet, bound for the Indian Colonies, was primarily on martial service, bearing the king's garrisons to their distant posts, it carried, nevertheless, such a heterogeneous concourse of human beings as never could be found in the neighborhood of a transport in these later days of rigid military organization. There was a small army of soldiers aboard, it is true; but likewise there was a veritable host of fortune seekers and adventurers, emigrants and colonists; hundreds of the scum of Portugal, seeking new seas to drift upon; hundreds of others, more ambitious, in search of new fields in which to conquer fortune; some even in search of new and fairer opportunities than their native land had afforded, to make homes for themselves and their families: all these thrown together in one mad, anxious mass, and all these in addition to the sailors of the crews and the soldiers of the garrisons; all these, and one other—a passenger whose figure stood out amidst the noisy colorful scene, conspicuous and striking, not so much because of his garb (which was that of a priest, a common enough sight in those days of universal Catholicism), but because of his face, his manner, his whole carriage and bearing, which was at once arresting and magnetic. He was young, good looking, dark eyed, dark skinned, with a mop of luxuriant black hair tumbling across his brow, and a well-knit comely frame: a man just in the full bloom of his young prime, just thirty-five years of age, in fact, with all the marks of manly maturity fulfilled in him and all the force and grace of youth still his. His dark expressive face was alight with emotion as he bade farewell to the friends who flocked about him, or busied himself in the moving throngs, speaking here a word of consolation or encouragement, giving there a friendly touch of the hand that comforts with silent eloquence when words fall dumb. In all that picturesque, moving tumult, whether trumpets blared or voices

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were lifted up in song, whether soldiers marched or women wept, he remained the centre of the scene.

The fleet sailed. One by one the sea took the ships to itself. Lisbon's gay harbor fell silent. Europe faded in the blue. And still, to the mind's eye of those left behind, waving their farewells to the receding sails, that alert young priestly figure, standing out on the deck, his hand upraised in blessing, dominated the picture. As they turned away at last and set their faces again to the city and the common course of daily life, they talked of him, going together in little groups to discuss his name, his family, the facts and gossip that had come their way concerning him. And so also, on the ships themselves, he was destined to be still the central figure of the scene. Undreamed of hardships were ahead of those gay-flagged transports—delays and wreck and disease, hunger and thirst and death; and through them all this priest of the sultry skin and the fine passionate eyes, was to move with the succoring hand of a veritable saviour; was to share food and water with the lowliest; was to give up his cabin, and even the clothing on his back, to the sick and suffering; in short, was to be one with them in their sufferings until they came to love and worship him with the devotion men pay only to heroes.

But they did not wait for the dark hour of distress to admire him and look up to him. There was something so soldierly, so manly, so human and attractive, about this striking figure in the black soutane, whose lot was cast in such a strangely mixed company, that it was only natural that questionings and surmisings concerning him should quickly fly on the wind, from steerage to steerage and from deck to deck. Those who knew anything about him had the pride of the initiate on them; others were not backward about supplying needed facts. Who was he? What brought him here? Whither was he bound? And why? Chaplain? Missionary? Envoy? Ambassador? (He had an air about him, no denying!) Under orders? Or—as one of the irreverent, in a jocund moment laughed off—just plain adventurer like the rest of us? Gossip was rife, and legends blossomed full-blown out of the speculative air, recounting who and what this gallant-appearing gentleman of the raven hair might be. He was of the blood—that was plain; yet none of your high-and-lofty manners, mark you! See how he mingles with the men

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of the crew; how he spends hours with the soldiers cooped up in their reeking cabins; how he walks the decks with the officers. Is there any he would pass by? He talks navy with sailors, tactics with soldiers, commerce with traders, home ties with lonesome emigrants—why, even gaming with gamblers! Yes, even that! Only last night, hearing below-deck the roaring blasphemies of a notorious gambler who was losing heavily and cursing God for his ill fortune, did he not go down to look on at the game—and even throw the noisy fellow a handful of coins to quiet him, bidding him play them for a change of luck? And did not the fellow, from that instant, win everything? (Yes; and went to confession to the padre the next evening, to boot!)

The young priest was a nobleman; that conjecture was right. And he was both chaplain and missionary too; and envoy; and ambassador; and under royal orders. His name was Francis Xavier; he was the son of Don Juan de Jaxu, late Councillor of the King and Lord of Xavier and Ydocin. He was a priest of the recently-organized "Companions of Jesus" —a Jesuit; a missionary bound for the East; a Roman ambassador, bearing with him briefs conferring on him full powers of a Papal Nunciature; and an envoy of his sovereign, John of Portugal, with royal credentials recommending him to the good will of such august celebrities as David, King of Ethiopia, and the kings and lords of the Isles of the Persian and Oceanic Seas.

Thus did it happen that he was all that his gossips made of him in their talk. But he was even more, this dauntless-eyed young priest, whose eager soul shone in his fine face with that magnetism which proclaims a lover of humanity. The jocund irreverent was as right as his fellow guessers. Padre Francisco was an adventurer too, like the rest of them. He was in truth a pirate, a buccaneer.

In those days the color of romance put a glamour over the world that made travel abroad a thing of magic, something for only the high-hearted to venture upon. Rich argosies rode the seas, bearing to the brightly flagged ports of Europe their bales of costly wares, of silks and ivories, of perfumes and spices and rare woods, of all the gems and treasures of the Orient. It was an age of romantic fortune hunting and reckless adventure; of pirates and princes, of thieves and paupers,

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of splendor and degradation, of silks and nakedness. The sweet fumes of the spices of Araby were in the nostrils of the world, the heady perfumes of the Indies and far Cathay were blown like a profane incense across the earth. This strangely mixed throng of crews and passengers, of colonists and soldiers, in which Francis Xavier, priest and gentleman, found himself, had one thing at least in common—the lure of fortune to be found in the magic East.

Was it this, then, that Xavier also saw, through the shimmering smokes and radiant mists, through the rainbows and the miasmas of the giddy world? Was it treasure-trove and booty that he too dreamed of and went seeking for? Was his reckoning also of cedar chests packed to bursting with silken marvels and curious jewels and golden ingots—a caravel of wealth to bring back home with him to Portugal? No. He, Francis Xavier, was never to return to his native shore; he knew it and he so chose. It was on something brighter, fairer, more costly still that his heart was set; something that gleamed and flashed through the sea fogs of the Indian horizon with the beauty of celestial lightning, an unearthly loveliness, an ethereal light. Soldier he was, yes; and adventurer, and pirate, and buccaneer. But it was of souls that he was dreaming—a vast, waiting host of immortal souls; the benighted hordes of the Orient, sunken in pagan darkness, degraded, starved for the Bread of God, athirst for the crystal waters of Christ's vivifying Faith. Yes, he too would be an adventurer—an adventurer of God. He too would be a fortune hunter—a fortune hunter for heaven. He too would ride the seas and go plundering around the world! But souls should be his trafficking; to purchase them for heaven he would fling prodigally on the wind the shining coins of love for Christ, love for all humanity; even the red coin of his own blood, if need be. That was his great dream.

II.

In a time like this of the twentieth century, when transports cross the Atlantic in a week or less, what would our soldier boys think of spending six months on the water journeying from home to their port of destiny? Yet even the six months allowed for the passage of King John's garrisons from Lisbon to Goa, in that year 1541, went by; and again a month;

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and again; and yet again; and still no port was made. The journey actually took a year, from April 7, 1541, to May 6, 1542, so appalling were the obstacles encountered. For forty days after leaving Sierra Leone the fleet lay in sweltering calms, tossed almost to destruction by sudden gales, yet making no headway. Packed in their steerages, nauseated by the incessant pitching, or sick from putrified food and wormy water, without sanitary conveniences, and finally without even sufficient clothing, the crews near to mutiny, the soldiery desperate, the passengers panic stricken—thus was the fearful passage made. The sufferings endured by Francis Xavier during this terrible time were enough to break the spirit of any but a thoroughbred. To his dismay, for instance, he found that he, bent on sailing the seas wherever the cry of souls might lead him, was the most wretched of sailors! For two months, he was continuously seasick. At Mozambique, where the fleet was forced to lay by in the winter, he finally fell into a fever and delirium that nearly cost him his life. He was bled to utter exhaustion in the effort to save him. How often, in those darkest of all his days, his thoughts must have wandered over the past, back to his childhood, his youth, his university days—going over and over again the strange story of his life. For it was a strange story, as strange, at least, as any of our stories are, in their wonderful God-made adjustments and their undreamed of human outcomes.

He was a soldier by very birth. He had been born amidst the clash of arms, and had lived his first tender impressionable years under the frowning walls of a fortified citadel, the patron of which was none other than the soldier-angel St. Michael, clad in armor, with breastplate and lance. When he was only six years of age the din of actual battle was in his ears, in the Castilian wars that swept around his ancestral home; when he was but nine, he saw the outer wall and the gate-house of his own father's castle battered down and demolished in an attack. And when he was fourteen, though still too young himself to take up arms, the taste of war came even closer to him; for in that year his two brothers, Juan and Miguel, were taken prisoner at the storming of Pamplona, whose Captain, Ignatius of Loyola, stood powder-blackened in the breach that the Basques had made, defending the walls with his life, and falling only when his fortress fell. In due

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time Francisco heard the thrilling story of that gallant fight from his brothers, who had escaped from the enemy; but little did the youth, listening to that exciting tale of war, dream what storming of his own soul's citadel he himself was yet to suffer at the hands of that same Ignatius.

War brought impoverishment to the estates of Xavier: their lands were wasted, their rentals lost. But the family was a proud and hardy one. They kept their heads. The three boys lived a normal, healthy life. Francis was the athlete of the group—a swimmer, a hunter, a racer, everything that a boy ought to be. And he was proud and high spirited too, with a hot temper and a quick tongue, and all the warm-heartedness that goes with such human failings. And he was ambitious. They were all ambitious. When the time came for the boy to pass from his home tutoring to higher schooling, he set his heart on the best that the world could afford—nothing less than Paris and the University would do for him. So to Paris he went, his head up, his heart singing, and his hand just a little flush with spending money. His elder brothers bent on mending the family fortunes, stayed at home, slowly rebuilding, reclaiming, adding field or orchard to their harried estate; and regularly they sent money off to Francis at his school in expensive Paris. But still his funds ran continually short, and more and more his letters home were demands for money. A time came, indeed, when he was all but recalled from Paris and the money-spending career to which it was tempting him. A family counsel was held over the young man's "doings;" his mother was almost ill with anxiety. But he had a sister—how many a man, having his fling and suddenly caught up at it, owes his saving to a loyal sister's love!—and in the end her plea prevailed, that Francis be let finish his education, whatever the cost. She had supreme faith in the lad. "These extravagances are only a passing phase," she argued. "Francisco will make good!"

Francisco, called to time, cut down his expenses; but it was no easy matter. He had drifted in with a set that made spending a necessity. There was one affair in particular that was costing him a pretty penny, but which, now that it was begun, he could not drop. He was having his family pedigree legally established at the heraldic offices—an expensive business, to be sure, but one that his youthful pride had demanded

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when he had entered the College of Sainte-Barbe and found himself among associates with whom rank counted—whose rank, though no better than his own, was patented and established. So did his pride cost him the hard-earned money sent from home.

Also the life he led cost money. It was the same life that students at universities the world over have lived since ever there were universities. But the Paris of that time was a Paris of such extravagant corruption as is unknown even in these modern Babylonian days. Brawling and duelling, philandering and the vilest of indulgences were the order of the day with the Parisian students—or of the night, rather; with the day left for sleep and whatever meagre studies could be crowded in. Francis swung into this life as others did. He was one of the boys, joining them on their nocturnal expeditions, seeing vice rampant with them, even his own professor leading the roysterers. And though the sturdy young Basque did keep himself pure amid all these degradations, it was not so much because of spiritual convictions or supernatural laws as because of plain downright fear of the consequences. For he had seen more than the broad fun of the thing; he had seen some of the rotten fruitage of the sins committed around him, the horrible diseases that they engender; he had even seen one of his own teachers die in corruption and agony as a result of his licentious ways. God touched him that way; he was shocked and frightened; he drew back. It was all the grace of heaven, of course, working in its own mysterious course; for there was his mother at home, never ceasing to pray for him; and that sister who had fought to keep him at the University—she was actually giving up her life, body and soul, for him, dying a slow and agonizing death, suffering untold tortures, all for the saving of his soul. She was a living holocaust offered up for the brother she loved. He was dearly bought! but worth the price!

After a long spell of this sort of thing, studies and friends, periodical gay times and desperate economies, a new element suddenly entered the life of our young Basque student. In 1529, when Francis Xavier had reached the age of twenty-three, there entered the College of Sainte-Barbe one day a poor middle-aged unkempt and shabby extern scholar named Ignatius—Ignatius of Loyola; yes, the self-same captain who

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had defended the breach at Pamplona against the elder Xaviers ten years before. By strange chance—by the grace of God—this new student was assigned to the same room occupied by Francisco and his bosom friend Peter Favre; but if the unlikely newcomer imagined that the brief bowing acquaintance of a decade ago with Francis' brothers, was to serve now as an introduction to the younger Xavier, he was much mistaken. Francis disliked him; looked upon him as an intruder, and one beneath him at that; refused to help him with his studies; joined with the others in jeering at him for his uncouth ways and common dress; hazed him; made life generally miserable for him. Yet this strange Ignatius, this soldier who had had the spirit to defend the walls of his garrison with his blood, still persisted in loving his new and scornful friend; and the time was to come when Francis would love him too, and cherish him more dearly than life itself; and obey him and submit his uttermost thought to him. So the drama of their friendship was acted out, God knitting their souls together all unknown to them—until the hour struck when the flippant talk of Francis Xavier was silenced in the presence of his odd companion; until the time even came when that same Francis, still remembering how to spend and to run into debt, was forced to accept from Ignatius the loan of money earned by him at menial tasks about the college. There was a surrender for the proud spirit of the Basque! Surely the citadel of Xavier's hot young heart was falling before the onslaught of the quiet, patient Loyola!

But none of this was wrought quickly, by magic or miracle, as in a tale. Human nature took its wonted course. Months and even years were to pass to work the change. In 1529 Francis and Ignatius met. It was not till 1534 that Peter Favre, the erstwhile room-mate of Xavier, returning to Paris from a long absence, found his friend an altered man. Foolish pride seemed to have gone out of him; the patents of his family rank were become trivial. He prayed now, instead of talking flippant talk; he did penance instead of running the streets at night. And he had fallen in love with My Lady Poverty, the mystical bride of his Assisian name-saint. He had surrendered to the Captain of Pamplona at last.

Yet had he changed so very much after all? Had his warm heart turned cold? His eager nature chilled? The

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story that follows his capitulation to Ignatius shows him still the same passionate-souled, affectionate, strong and tender man, who could enjoy a good tale and a good jest, and laugh with his fellows as heartily as ever—and love them as heartily as ever, too; all the more capable now of loving friends, the world, all of humanity, because he had learned the secret of loving God. From the glowing heart of Ignatius he had caught the fire of noble dreams. They were bound together now as with bonds of steel. Soldiers they still called themselves; and when at last their friendship flowered into the formation of their Company of Jesus, it was as a military organization that it was planned and conceived, with Ignatius its chosen captain—the nucleus of a mighty army designed in their dreams to conquer the whole world with the fire and sword of Christ's love and faith. And what a magnificent battlefield they chose! Jerusalem and the gentiles; the pagan lands of all the earth, unto the uttermost isles of the sea; the souls of Turk and infidel, heathen and savage, for their spoils of war.

Francis was thirty years old when he left Paris and the University. He was heavy hearted at that parting. What man is not, going out forever from the walls that have known all his youthful visions, all his young manly aspirations, the whole story of his passing from adolescence to maturity? Now, how those dreams had changed—from glory and honor and family rank, to the wageless service of all mankind. Yet how unchanged was his warm pulsating heart!

For the three years which followed in Italy—since every circumstance imaginable arose to baffle the Companions' high ambitions for soul-conquest in foreign lands—all the suffering humanity that such a heart could reach in hospital, in home, in confessional and pulpit, tasted of its warmth and its sweetness. At Venice, in the Hospital for Incurables, Francis spent happy days comforting the suffering, easing the restless, making beds, bandaging sores, washing beggars' rags, bathing the leprous, digging graves and burying the dead. And all the time his heart was singing in him! He was perfectly happy; and his dream of vaster fields of toil still grew apace. The lure of the Indies, catching the fancy of the world, was in his blood too, now, and not to be denied. He too would be an adventurer abroad; and though still the call did not come, he

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bided his time in soldierly patience, joyfully doing the tasks allotted to him while he waited.

When the call did come it was like a true soldier's orders, with less than a day given him to make ready for his departure. "Xavier," said Ignatius to his secretary—for Francis was now in Rome with his captain—"you know that two of our company have been ordered to India. Bobadilla is too ill to go, and King John's ambassador cannot wait. You must go."

"Certainly," said Francis Xavier. "At once. Here I am."

He was a real soldier.

III.

The long year on the seas, or becalmed in stagnant harbors, drew at last to an end. On a soft evening in early May, in 1542, over twelve months after they had set sail from Lisbon, the coasts of India were sighted by the fleet and the green palms of Goa loomed darkly at sunset across the still water. It is not hard to imagine the thrill with which the eager-hearted Francis, standing on the deck of the flagship, beheld that sig! t. Amid all the exultation of joyous relief in that exciting hour, no heart in the whole half-dead, half-delirious throngs that crowded the gunwales of the transports, beat as high as did the breast of Xavier. Whatever the consummation to others: rest after the endless journeying, fresh water, clean food, land at last and solid ground to tread on, to him it was still more and more. It was the beginning of the realization of his soul's desire. The gates of the forbidden lands were actually opening to him at last! They might move on their hinges with an infinite tardiness but they were opening; and he would enter! In his mind's eye, all the panorama of the pagan East, swarming with lost souls, spread before him like a vast Chinese fan. What treasures he was to win, what glorious plunder he was to pluck from the spirits of heathen night to fling over the bright parapets of heaven! Here was the battlefield at last—the Isles of the Sea, the Indies, the Orient; a worthy tourney-ground for his soldier's heart. And beyond lay conquests greater still, because even more inaccessible—hidden China, shut in behind its fabled walls, an absolutely forbidden land to the Portuguese adventurer of that day, wherever else his fortune hunting might carry him. Even

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then, past the green palms of Goa, the soul of Francis Xavier was sighting and scaling those impregnable walls. Perhaps in that very moment of landing that fair May evening, he set his eyes on his ultimate conquest, the one final prize he was to aim for. And if the sea, under the red sunset, flamed to an incarnadined flood, may it not have been to him a mystical sign of the red martyrdom he already craved in his secret heart?

But it was not alone to die for God, if need be, that Xavier had come on this adventuring; it was first of all to live and work and fight for Him, as a soldier under orders, as a free lance and a buccaneer of Christ. And so forthwith his work began. The story of his life and adventures during the next ten years, as he sailed the seas and penetrated the isles of the Orient, surpasses any romance the mind of a fictionist could imagine. Under the steady flame of brazen skies, in weltering heat, through typhoon and tornado, shipwreck and sickness, peril of the sword and peril of the sea, through fever and disease and weariness unto death, he passed gloriously, triumphantly, tirelessly, his tremendous nervous force and seemingly inexhaustible energy of mind and body driving him on and on over almost unbelievable leagues of land and water, ever quick with the burning rapidity of an unquenchable flame, yet ever patient with a Godlike patience when tarrying and waiting were for the service of souls or bodies. The mere list of places he visited and the tribes to which he preached would fill a book. Many a time his arm fell weary with the happy task of pouring the baptismal waters on the heads of his unnumbered children.

The organizing and administrative work accomplished by Francis Xavier during this decade proved what a soldier he was. He had the military mind. However much of a free lance and adventurer he might be as he traveled the seas and explored the isles to hunt out needy souls, when it came to the management of the Christian missions in the East, which was his stupendous task, he revealed himself a true scion of the soldierly house of Xavier, endowed with executive gifts of the highest and the power to lead and command. Having mastered himself, the mastery of others was a simple matter. His work grew apace: providing for a native clergy and its training; caring for the lepers; establishing hospitals; purify-

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ing prisons; building churches; dispatching missionaries, recalling them, working out an orderly commissariat for their sustenance—it was a colossal task in itself, and, with his own far-reaching missionary labors added, it became a veritable miracle in its discharge. Not only was he preacher and teacher, but also he was civic reformer and social worker wherever he went, raising up from sloth and degradation not only the souls, but likewise the bodies of tens of thousands. In one mission alone, where his coming had discovered nothing but the most abject corruption, he left, in the brief space of two years, some thirty thousand converts!

But whatever his administrative work, he still remained the pirate, the buccaneer, cruising the deep for heavenly spoil. Thirteen times he, the worst of sailors, who could not endure without nausea the slightest pitching of a boat, made the skull-flagged six-hundred-mile voyage from Goa to Comorin; from Travancore to the pearl fisheries of Ceylon; from Malacca to Singapore; from Papua to the Cochin; into the islands which he happily called "The Isles of the Hope of God," on and on, backward and forward, he went his tireless way, until at last his journeying brought him to mysterious Japan, and to the very gates of forbidden China. Blithehearted and happy, making friends with everyone, pirates or traders, Mandarins or coolie slaves, daring, audacious, joyously fighting at every turn the devil whose emissaries challenged him wherever his keel cut the sand or his foot trod the jungle or the settlement—so did he go his triumphant way. At Comorin it was the subtle fine-spun opposition of the Brahmin and his castes that Xavier had to contend with; at Goa, the corrupting indifference of a degraded Christianity, where there was only a saintly Franciscan bishop and a handful of the faithful to back him and support him against the onslaughts of the devil's hordes. For it was not alone the darkness of native paganism, with its animalisms and its obscenities, that he had to fight; nor alone the slippery antagonism of the dreamy Oriental sophists; but worse by a thousand times, the open scoffing and sin-hardened indifferentism of the European colonies in Asia, where Christianity had become a farce, where apostasy was a joke and marriage a vulgar jest, where the violation of every moral law known to civilized man was flaunted with brazen effrontery. This corruption of the emi-

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grated European in the Orient came nearer than any other obstacle he encountered, to breaking the heart of Francis Xavier. It was a double barrier set in his way, treason in his own camp; for not only were there these apostasized souls of his fellow-countrymen to win back to decency, but there was the well-nigh invincible effect of their bad example on the natives to overcome.

But there was too much fight, too much of the true soldier, in the heart of the sturdy Basque for it to break, whatever the pressure. Almighty God Himself was the only one to Whom Francis Xavier would surrender—never to the devil of indifferentism or of ignorance, or of his own bodily ease. So on and on he went, winning victories, capturing his tens of thousands, heaping up his heavenly booty of souls regained, still preaching, teaching, organizing, reforming, cleansing the filthy Orient, body and soul; on and on, flushed with victory upon victory, yet counting still more and more, as time went by, on the one great final conquest, China the Impregnable, to the capitulation of which he was eventually to bring up his best trained, seasoned forces. All these days of ceaseless toil, of perilous travel, of daring venturing past the boundaries of unknown lands, of penetrating into the very heart of the stubborn savage East, were not only days of victory in themselves, but likewise days of preparation for the crowning drive which was to put the climax of complete triumph on his long campaign. That was his great objective, and nothing could daunt him in his aim for it. The head-hunters of Borneo did not frighten him, nor the cannibals of Sumatra, nor the insane immoralities of Ceram. Nothing stopped him, nothing daunted him; and so well-trained was his mind and his body, so given to orderly and programmed activity, that the amount of work he accomplished was almost unbelievable. Yet through it all, with his brain forever teeming with dreams and plans for the uplift and betterment of these lost worlds, his hands forever busy executing those plans and making of his dreams realities; his eager soul forever flaming with fire caught from the topmost towers of heaven; through it all he still remained the same human, tender-hearted, companion-loving gallant who had won the hearts of his fellows at the University, and had captured for all eternity the affection of the austere Loyola; the same hardy adventurer who had

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tramped the fields and floods of Italy or breasted the snows of the Alps on his journey to Portugal, chumming along the way with soldier boys, caring for the horses of the cavalcade—he loved horses—and living the normal human life of a healthy high-spirited man. Sometimes he was very tired and very lonely. He had a tender affection for places and persons; always there was cropping out some evidence of his love for this small village or that distant settlement where some happy human incident or some notable victory for Christ his Commander, had brightened his solitary way. His love for his friends was a thing of rock, immovable. His homesickness, and his delight in letters from home, were pathetic. Once the mail, coming after months of waiting, brought him no word from his beloved Ignatius. He was literally prostrated by the disappointment. Can you not see him, feel him, this marvelous, flaming, love-breathing creature of holy passion and transcendant power, sweeping across the pagan night of the East like a burning torch brandished in the hand of God?

Then the day came at last when the mightiest of his dreams seemed about to be realized. The tocsin had struck for his invasion of forbidden China. He who had thus borne the torch of Faith for a decade along the horizon of the Orient, kindling the fires of God in innumerable hearts, could be satisfied now with only the deepest night, the very heart of heathenism itself, through which to bear the illuminating flame. Toward China his face had long been set; to China his heart now ran singing ahead of him. Like Josue with his Jericho, Xavier had marched tirelessly around the Dragon's walls for ten glorious and fruitful years, leveling all before him, beating his way up to the ultimate barriers, and mustering about him a mighty host of regenerated souls whose prayers were to be his invincible phalanxes in this final effort. He was at last to enter the capital of the enemy.

He knew that the venture meant death; but he had no fear of death: he even dreamed of the martyr's crown; but death too soon, before his work was done, he dreaded; and he dreaded, too, the possibility of wasting away his years in dungeons and chains—for the hideous prison tortures inflicted by the Chinese on Christian intruders were an established fact, of which he had seen actual evidence while caring for some who had escaped. What he prayed for and planned was

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work—fifteen or twenty years of work, at least—fifteen or twenty years of glorious campaigning in the very stronghold of paganism. Then, if God would be so good, promotion in the ranks, to the high honor of martyrdom. But first, the big campaign.

It was a happy day that he sailed from Singapore, after months of heart-breaking delay, with the last of a thousand obstacles that red-taped officialdom had put in his way removed. Though his ten arduous years in the trying Orient had added two decades instead of one to his age, and though his fine mop of thick black hair was now turned snow white by the stress of his long campaigning, the heart of ardent youth was still in him, quick, like a soldier's before action. Out to the high adventure he went, " over the top," bent on the last redoubt, the topmost rampart.

Alas for a soldier's hopes! Though up to the very gates of the Forbidden Land Xavier's Commander had now led him, it was, in the end, only to change suddenly his orders, as soldier's orders are so often changed, without a moment's warning or explanation. The Chinese coast was now in sight of the ship that had brought him from Singapore; now he was anchored at the mouth of the Si-Kiang, whose yellow waters were to lead him up to Canton; and still delay upon delay. He could anchor there, with the coast in sight, looming up to invite and tantalize him; but no one would take him further. That was too risky a business for even the most intrepid trader. It was August; and then it was October—and he still was waiting. Then the trading junks began to sail away, one by one, leaving him every day more and more alone, and farther and farther away, it seemed, from his goal. November found him almost deserted and almost desperate, camped on the little island of San-Cian, with no one but a Malabar servant and a young Chinese boy to keep him company, the while he still contrived and schemed to find a way to reach the mainland. Finally he succeeded in bribing a Canton merchant ship to carry him across. His heart beat high again.

And then the new orders from Great Headquarters!—sealed orders, brought in the night by the Dark Angel of Immortality; release; no glorious long campaign; no Red Badge of Martyrdom; no yearned-for China to be opened by his hand to the light; only orders—and obedience.

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In a little grass hut on the coastal island, where now the waiting soldier lay stricken to illness by the fever of delay, Francis Xavier fought his greatest battle, conquering not China, but himself, so that he might submit willingly, resignedly, joyously, to his Commander's orders. To give up uncomplainingly all his hopes, all his dreams, of victory, conquest, promotion—and that at the moment when they seem nearest realization; to salute and obey instantly, and say in his heart, "Thy will, not mine," no matter how bitter the cost —what more can a soldier do? Of him is demanded the greatest of victories, the surrender of himself. So that night the Basque soldier received his orders and obeyed, passing, not through the Dragon's forbidden walls, but into the courts of God's celestial capital. With only his crucifix to comfort him, and only his Chinese boy to watch in terror over his last agony, stripped of his hopes and his dreams he stepped forward to render his accounting. But with him he took, not alone his own fine soldier spirit, chastened, obedient, willing, joyous to the end; but in his belt he bore such a rich plunder of immortal souls, caught up from the darkness of eternal night, that all heaven must have acclaimed him, as does all Christian earth today, the model of models and the patron of patrons for the man who would fight the battle of life in a soldier's way: loyal and daring, audacious and fearless when it comes to winning victories for his Commander; instantly obedient, self-sacrificing, self-effacing, when it comes to fulfilling that Commander's orders. He was a soldier to the last salute!

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AN APOSTLE OF THE ITALIANS.

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

IF ever there was a social problem so complex as to seem almost hopelessly insoluble and so many-sided as to perplex and bewilder the best intentioned, it was the welfare of the Italian immigrant in this country during the past twenty-five years. Not only schools for the poor were needed, but for the better classes as well, where they might find sympathy with their national aspirations and character; hospitals also were necessary to prevent the pitiable condition of sufferers coming to dispensaries and city hospitals with little or no knowledge of English and subject to being unfortunately misunderstood to their own detriment. The hard manual labor in which their fathers were engaged, involving numerous accidents, left many orphan children to be cared for, and in a thousand other ways, also, these willing workers bearing so many difficult burdens of the country, demanded sympathetic assistance. The question was where would one begin, and having begun how carry on and diffuse any social work widely enough to cover these needs not alone in the coast cities of the East, but everywhere where the Italian immigrant had gone or had been brought by others.

Many people, even Catholics, feel that very little has been done, especially by Catholics, for the solution of this vast problem, although it mainly concerns our Italian Catholic brethren. Such a thought, however, betrays ignorance of an immense work that has been developing around us during the last twenty years. The recent death of Mother Francis Xavier Cabrini at the Columbus Hospital, Chicago (December, 1917), has emphatically called attention to the fine results secured in this important matter by her congregation of the Missionary Sisters of the Sacred Heart. Not quite seventy when she died, she had established over seventy houses of her religious. Her institute, less than forty years old, numbers its members by thousands. From Italy, where her foundation was made, it has spread to North, South and Central Amer-

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ica, as well as France, Spain and England. No wonder that at her death, she was honored by those who knew her work as a modern apostle whose influence for good proved that the arm of the Lord had not been shortened: that He still raised up great personalities to meet the special needs of the Church in all generations.

Mother Francis Xavier Cabrini was born at St. Angelo di Lodi, July 16, 1850. Her parents belonged to the Italian nobility. From her early years she gave evidence of devout piety, and at the age of thirty undertook the organization of a congregation that would devote itself to teaching especially the children of the poor and of training school teachers. Her first house was founded at Codogno in 1880. A series of houses sprang up, during the following years, in and around Milan, and her work having attracted the attention of Leo XIII., she was invited to open a Pontifical School at Rome. This succeeded so admirably, that the Pope saw in it a great agency for the benefit of Italians all over the world. This great Pontiff had been very much attracted by Mother Cabrini's character and her enthusiastic zeal, which overcame obstacles that to many seemed insurmountable.

Accordingly when the foreign missionary spirit developed among her Sisters, Mother Cabrini, knowing the blessing that always accrued to a congregation for missionary work, applied to the Pope for permission to send her Sisters into the Orient. Pope Leo suggested that her mission lay in exactly the opposite direction. He recommended the Americas, North and South, as a fertile field for the labors of the Missionary Sisters of the Sacred Heart. Mother Cabrini receiving the suggestion as a command from God, proceeded to carry it out. A few months later she embarked for America with her Sisters, and assumed charge of a school for the children of Italian immigrants which was opened in New York in connection with the Church of St. Joachim.

Immigration was then at its height, the social problems of the Italians were at a climax, Americans had scarcely awakened to the need of doing anything, the Italian government was aroused to the necessity of accomplishing something, but politics were blocking the way, and it looked as though a little band of Italian Sisters could accomplish very little. Yet in a few years it became evident that this

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mustard seed was destined to grow into a large tree whose branches would shelter the birds of the air.

Mother Cabrini very soon realized that despite the importance of teaching, there were other crying needs of our Italian population that must be met if there was to be a solid foundation for the solution of social problems among them. Ailing and injured Italians needed the care that could properly be given them only by their own. Seeing in the celebration of the five hundredth anniversary of the discovery of America by Columbus, then impending, an auspicious moment, Mother Cabrini, in 1892, opened Columbus Hospital in New York. It had an extremely humble beginning in two private houses and with such slender support as would surely have discouraged anything less than the zeal of this foundress, convinced that she was doing God's work on a mission indicated by the Pope himself. Before long, the fortunes of the hospital began to brighten, until now it is one of the recognized institutions of New York, situated in a commodious building that brings it conspicuously to the notice of New Yorkers. Before the outbreak of the War, plans had been drawn for a ten-story building which should have been finished before this, and would have been one of the most complete hospitals in the country.

But Columbus Hospital was only the beginning. Mother Cabrini's great work of schools for Italian children of the poorer and better classes, was not neglected, but it was now evident that hospitals offered the best chance to win back adult Italians who had abandoned their faith and to influence deeply those who could be brought in no other way under Christian influences. After an Italian had been under the care of these devoted Italian Sisters, it was, indeed, hard for him to neglect his religion as before, and many a family returned to the devout practice of the Faith when the father had had his eyes opened to the practical virtues of religion by his stay in the hospital. Hence, in 1905, Columbus Hospital, Chicago, was founded under extremely difficult conditions. For some time the failure of this enterprise seemed almost inevitable, and Reverend Mother Cabrini's heart was heavy at the prospect of her beloved poor deprived of skilled care. She did not lose courage, however, and she was rewarded, after a particularly trying time in which her greatest conso-

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lation and help was prayer, by the assured future of the hospital.

A little later, a branch hospital known as Columbus Extension Hospital, was established for the very poor in the heart of an Italian district in Chicago, at Lytle and Polk Streets. Five years later, Columbus Hospital and Sanitarium in Denver was founded and a few years later Columbus Hospital, Seattle. All of these were in excellent condition, with abundant promise of future usefulness, and healthy development at the time of Mother Cabrini's death. This holy woman brought to the service of her zeal for religion such good sound common sense and business acumen and efficiency, as to call forth the admiration of all who knew her and who realized what she was accomplishing in the face of unlooked-for and almost insurmountable difficulties.

Municipal and state officials were often staggered at the projects she undertook with apparently utterly inadequate means at her command, but after a struggle and hard work, the abundant success she realized, opened their eyes to the fact that here was not merely an ordinary activity but something so extraordinary as to suggest the assistance of a supernatural agency.

Prominent officials in this country and in Europe, not only in Italy but in France and Spain and England, had learned to admire unstintedly the humble, simple, little Mother of the Missionary Sisters of the Sacred Heart who at first appeared a hopeless enthusiast, yet proved on comparatively short acquaintance to be the most practical of women. In explaining how she succeeded in doing things that seemed hopeless to others, she was in the habit of saying: "What do you wish? you men who look at these problems have too much to do, and then you want to do too much all at once. For instance, there is no need of lengthy discussion as to the necessity for protection for immigrants, but what is needed is to put protection for the immigrant into effect. You see I do not discuss, I find that there is a good thing that ought to be done. I set myself and my little institute at work at it at once. I do not despair of finding the means with which to do it. I always feel confident that somehow or other I shall always find them. I do not know quite how it is that I find these, and others do not, but perhaps that is because I am only a little nun whom

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nobody minds, and therefore perhaps I meet with less opposition and people are ready to help me." That was all that she was in her own estimation, just "a little nun," but under the modest habit of a nun she possessed a soul constantly open to aspirations and ideals, tenacious of purpose and ready to do anything once she was sure that it would redound to the glory of God by benefiting mankind.

A favorite expression of hers, often repeated to her Sisters and often uttered even in her dealings with secular people, was: "I can do all things in Him that strengthens me." Her entire confidence in God, her utter lack of self-sufficiency, her constant confession that she was but "a poor little nun," bore her triumphantly over all difficulties. Her foundations remind one of St. Teresa's journeys to make her foundations, and of her character and simple-hearted confidence in tackling the most difficult problems under conditions that seemed most forbidding. One recalls the Spanish Saint's reply when told that she was assuming a preposterous task in setting out to found a house of her Order with only three ducats at her disposal. The words are famous in the history of religious endeavor: "Teresa and three ducats, can do nothing, but Teresa and three ducats and God can accomplish anything."

Poor St. Teresa made her long journeys either on foot or in an ox-cart. Mother Cabrini's journeys were made under less difficult circumstances, but the length of them probably made them at least as tiresome and trying as those of the Saint three centuries and a half ago. Nothing could give a better idea of the extraordinary vigor and marvelous power of action of the little nun than an account given to one who knew her well:[1] "I came a month ago from South America. I am just setting out for Chicago. After a fortnight there, I expect to go to Los Angeles and probably not long after, I return to the East, from there I shall have to set out for Italy. In the meantime, however, I must try to make it clear to the Commissioner of Immigration that our Columbus Hospital is giving aid directly to the Italians." At that time the statistics of the hospital showed that over 100,000 Italians had been discharged from it cured.

In the midst of her activities in North America she did not forget that the Pope's recommendation had included all

[1] *Il Carroccio*, January, 1918.

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the Americas, and so she voyaged to South America in order to lay foundations there. Schools were founded in Argentina, in Brazil and then in Chile and Peru. Once she made the journey over the mountains from one side of the South American Continent to the other—and it must not be forgotten that the Cordilleras are even higher than the Alps—on mule back, running all the risks of that old-fashioned mode of travel. Many a precipice's edge had to be passed on her sure-footed little beast, and once Providence seemed almost to have abandoned her. The animal disappeared with her over a precipice and she was saved, apparently only by a miraculous intervention. Nothing could diminish her zeal, nor quench her enthusiasm for her work. Dangers and trials might come, her one idea was to accomplish as much as possible before the end came, and the darkness set in and no man could labor.

Her South American missionary labors were successful, and she founded houses at Buenos Ayres, Mercedes and Rosario in Argentina, at Rio de Janeiro and San Paolo of Brazil. On her return to the United States there came the call for her Sisters to go to Central America. They tell the story of her sending to New York for one of her Sisters whom she had chosen to be the head of the foundations in Central America, to come to her in Los Angeles. The good Sister's train was delayed and Mother met her almost at the door telling her that she was sorry for the delay of her train, but now no time was to be lost. She must set out at once for Nicaragua. There were very few words to be said, for it was deeds not words that she loved, and soon the definite foundation of a house in Central America had been made.

At the time of her death there were, as we have said, more houses of her Congregation than she counted years, though her work as a foundress had not begun until nearly half of her life was run. It is said that as a young woman she had in her zeal for missionary labor asked her confessor for permission to join an order of missionary sisters that would take her far from home, so that home ties should count for little in life, and should surely not disturb her complete devotion to her vocation. Her confessor replied that he knew of none. There were no missionary sisters in the strict sense of the word and so Mother Cabrini founded the Congregation of the Missionary

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Sisters of the Sacred Heart, which has flourished so marvelously.

Houses of the Congregation are established about Milan, and at Genoa, Turin, Cittá della Pieve, Monte Compatri, Marsciano; and hospitals and orphan asylums in Paris, London, Madrid, Bilbao, as well as other places in Europe and here in America. The greatest extension of the Congregation has taken place in the United States where, besides the Hospitals already mentioned, there are schools in New York City, the Villa of the Sacred Heart for children of better class parents at Fort Washington Avenue, an orphan asylum at West Park, schools in the parishes of the Transfiguration, of St. Charles in Brooklyn, of St. Rita and the School of Feminine Crafts in connection with the Church of the Madonna of Pompeii. In New Orleans there are two schools and a large orphan asylum; in Chicago, besides two hospitals, there is a school, and in Denver, a school and an orphan asylum, as well as a hospital and sanitarium. There are schools at Newark and West Arlington, N. J.; Scranton, Pa.; at Dobbs Ferry, N. Y., and a school at Seattle which was the opening wedge for a hospital founded later at this extreme end of the continent. Mother Cabrini took advantage of the sale of a large hotel in that city to secure it for this hospital.

Everywhere she emphasized the Italian origin and spirit of her work. No wonder then that the Ambassador from Italy deeply concerned with the problem of making the Italian people here as happy and contented as possible, but above all of keeping them from being imposed upon in any way, called her his "precious collaborator." "While I may be able to conserve the interests of the Italians," he said, "by what I am able to accomplish through those who are in power, she succeeds in making herself loved and esteemed by the suffering, the poor, the children, and thus preserves these poor Italians in a foreign country."

In spite of her devoted Italian sentiments, she drew her postulants from practically every nationality in the country. Many an Irish girl, after looking into Mother Cabrini's wonderful eyes, felt it her vocation to help this wonderful little woman in the work she had in hand. She won all hearts to herself, but only for the sake of the Master, and so it is that in the course of scarcely more than twenty-five years, her Con-

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gregation counts nearly five hundred members here in America. It has some three thousand throughout the world, all intent on accomplishing the social work that has been placed in their care, and of solving the problems brought about by the huge Italian immigration to the Americas in the eighties and nineties of the last century.

When the Italians entered the War, Mother Cabrini, by cable, mobilized her Sisters in Italy for the aid of their native country in every way possible. The houses of the Congregation were transformed into hospitals and refuges for the convalescent, as well as asylums for the sons and daughters of those who had fallen on the field of battle. Her devotion to her Italian people was so great, *Il Carroccio,* or as it is called in English, *The Italian Review,* published in New York, compares her to Florence Nightingale, for what she has accomplished both in peace and in war. Nor may anyone who knows all the circumstances of her work, deny that the comparison is more than justified.

Scarcely more than a generation has passed, and Mother Cabrini has thousands of co-workers and many hundreds of thousands of beneficiaries. What will the fruit of her labors mean three generations from now, if anything like the original initiative be maintained? Only the future can reveal the full significance of her story. One thing is certain, that after reading the brief sketches of her life that have thus far appeared, we may not doubt that God still provides the necessary agents for great works. When needs are most crying, someone is raised up who is equal to them. When conditions are at their worst, someone comes to find a way out of the difficulties. After the pioneer work is done, its difficulties are lost sight of by those who enjoy its results. But the pioneer succeeds only by the personal immolation of self and the ability to lead others to the same heights of sacrifice.

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ST. MATTHEW AND THE PAROUSIA.

BY EDMUND T. SHANAHAN, S.T.D.

IV.

THERE is a striking change of phrase in the twenty-fourth chapter of St. Matthew. The Lord employs two different modes of expression to describe His *Parousia* or "Coming." In one instance, it is said: "They shall see the Son of Man coming on the clouds of heaven with power and great glory; and He shall send forth His angels with the great voice of a trumpet; and they shall gather together His elect from the four winds."[1] In all the other instances—five in number—nothing is said about this attendant feature of "glory," nothing about "the angels" or their assembling of the elect, but simply that "the Son of Man cometh,"[2] "the Lord shall come,"[3] or "so shall be the coming of the Son of Man."[4]

Has the word "come" the same unchanging sense in these three forms of expression? Is there no difference between the picture of the Son of Man gloriously coming to gather *all* the elect and the picture of the Lord's return to His individual servants *singly?* Is the insertion of "glory" in one instance, and its omission in all the others, a literary accident of passing moment? When the "coming of the Son of Man" was divided off from the "coming of the Son of Man in glory with His angels"—did this halving of the quotation mean nothing particular in the mind of a writer who took such literary liberties as this, with a sacred phrase of prophecy? Or—was the difference in phrasing purposely designed to report the Lord as speaking, not of one event only, but of two, perhaps even three? Questions these, which no scholar may rightfully object to raising, so great is their bearing on the whole course of New Testament interpretation, whichever way the answer may eventually be found to run.

It is usual with Biblical scholars to take these varying

[1] Matt. xxiv. 30, 31.
[2] Matt. xxiv. 42, 46, 50.
[3] Matt. xxiv. 44.
[4] Matt. xxiv. 27, 37, 39.

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forms of expression as referring to one and the same event—the Second Advent, the Final Return; and much of the baffling mystery with which the whole Gospel is made to fill comes for the most part from their having been so taken. But what if this interpretation should prove itself ill-founded? What if the Return be not the meaning either intended or conveyed by the shorter expression: "The coming of the Son of Man?" What if we should find that its point of reference is history, not eschatology; the public inauguration of the New Kingdom on the ruins of the Old, not the consummation of both together at the time commonly expected? What if it be textually and critically capable of proof, that nothing was further from the mind of St. Matthew when he employed this expression, than the thought or expectation of the Lord's personal Return?

It must be confessed that this exegetical possibility has but little at first sight to commend its entertaining. A writer who declares, to all appearances at least, that the Son of Man will come in glory immediately after the destruction of Jerusalem,[5] can hardly be presumed to have drawn much distinction, if any, between the inaugurated and the consummated Kingdom. But is the twenty-fourth chapter of the First Gospel self-interpreting? May not the discourse with which it is taken up have the key to its thought and language in the chapters that precede? And in any event, would it not be safer to make a special study of these two phrases in the other portions of the First Gospel before presuming upon our ability to understand them at sight in the twenty-fourth chapter? St. Matthew, interpreted by himself, is a safer guide to follow than our own subjective impressions, or the whole host of contemporaries whose opinion he is supposed to share. Twice already has he told us, through the contexts which surround his borrowed phrasing, that surface indications are likely to lead astray.[6] Somewhere, we feel sure, in the course of his theme's unfolding, he will also give us to understand whether two quite separate events were in his mind, or one only, when he wrote of "the coming of the Son of Man" and "the coming of the Son of Man in glory," with the angels in His train.

It is a most engaging quest, this study of the language of

[5] Matt. xxiv. 29.

[6] *St. Matthew and the Parousia.* THE CATHOLIC WORLD, February and March, 1918.

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St. Matthew and the thought which it shadows forth. Nothing pertinent greets us in the first nine chapters of his Gospel. Not till the tenth is reached do we find the "coming" mentioned; and the circumstances of its first mentioning are so strange that many think it out of place—a dislocated document. The Lord is warning His disciples to expect suffering and persecution when they go forth to give testimony to His name; and at the end of the admonition, He disbosoms Himself of this solemn assurance: "Amen. I say to you, you shall not finish the cities of Israel, till the Son of Man come."[1]

What does it mean? That the Lord shall visibly return to earth in glory, before His disciples shall have had time to go through Israel, with His name upon their lips? There is not the slightest indication from the context that such is, or is not, the meaning, though many so interpret it, on the ground that the obvious tenor of the words will bear no other reading. But may not words, and these words in particular, have a meaning the very reverse of obvious? Is it not well within the bounds of the possible, if not of the likely, from what we have already found in the two immediately preceding studies, that the phrase may mean the fulfillment of prophecy *in a new and unexpected manner?* In that case, an appeal to the obvious would be the wrong way of going about its understanding, since the clues of meaning are not in the words themselves directly regarded, nor in the sources from which they are quoted, but in the new interpretation which the Great Teacher gave them—a fact to be determined in every instance, from the context of the Gospel, not from the thought that went before. The proper attitude in literary circumstances like these is to suspend judgment respecting the location and meaning of the verse in question, until such time as it shall be known with surety, from evidence elsewhere gathered, whether the language here employed has old thought or new within its folds. To proceed upon the supposition that the Lord's personal Return to earth in the near future *must* have been the idea which St. Matthew had in mind when this mysterious verse was written is to presume the equivalence of the two phrases: "the coming of the Son of Man" and the coming of the Son of Man in "glory"—the very point which is in dispute. Instead of hazarding an impressionistic judgment, we shall leave this

[1] Matt. x. 23.

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text uninterpreted for the moment, hoping to return to it later with a key.

Have we the spark of meaning that fires the train, the kindly light that shimmers through the gloom, in a couplet of verses which we are now about to consider?[8] They impress the searcher as of more significance to the present quest than almost anything else in the First Gospel; and one of them has about it all the beckoning invitations of a clue. The verses occur at the end of an instructive context where the Jewish preconception of the Messias comes into conflict with the unexpected teaching of the Lord. Jesus is proving from the prophets that He must go to Jerusalem, there to suffer many things of the priests and Scribes, when St. Peter, shocked beyond measure at the mention of death as part of the Messianic programme, undertakes to rebuke the Lord for this ill-beseeming utterance.[9] To the impetuous Head of the Apostolic College, as, indeed, to all the Twelve, nothing could have been more abhorrent than the thought of death in connection with the Messias. It was opposed to the whole trend of Jewish speculation, at variance with the popular expectancy, out of keeping with the power and dignity of the Elect One, and at odds with the current doctrine of salvation. Death? It simply could not be. The Christ, when He came, was to come as its glorious overcomer, never, even for a time, to be subject to its sting. The Christ, when He came, would put an end to man's mortality, and reign forever at Jerusalem with the resurrected Just. No violent hand of priest or people could ever be laid upon the Anointed of the Lord, the Holy One Who was never "to see corruption," and over Whom the shielding mantle of Almightiness would forever drop its folds.

Imagine St. Peter's surprise, therefore, when the Lord instantly rebuked him for not "savoring the things which are of God, but those which are of men." Imagine his still keener disappointment when the Lord proceeded to describe physical death, not as something to be saved from, when the Kingdom came, but as the very portal of entrance into everlasting life itself. Christ corrects the whole Jewish conception of death before His astonished hearers, telling them not only that "he who loses his life for My sake shall find it," but also that persecution and mortality are not to cease when the King-

[8] Matt. xvi. 27, 28. [9] Matt. xvi. 21-26.

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dom comes. These liabilities shall continue as before; and whoso would remain in His following must take up his cross in like manner and be prepared to suffer unto the end for His name's sake. If St. Peter felt a shock of surprise at the thought of the Lord's going to a death of shame on the wood of the tree, his disenchantment was not lessened but increased, when the Master exacted a like readiness on the part of His chosen ones, as the price of their discipleship, nay, even of their membership in the Kingdom. Ignominy and buffetings and forfeiture of life stood forth as His appointed portion and as theirs.

It was in this tense moment of shattered dreams and collapsed expectancies, of vanished glory and of looming shame, that the Lord gave utterance to two statements which seem to us to be leading lights. After asking "What doth it profit a man, if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul?" Christ immediately declares: "For the Son of Man 'shall' come in the glory of His Father with His angels; and then shall He render to every man according to his works. Amen I say to you, there are some of them that stand here who shall not taste death, till they see the Son of Man *coming in His Kingdom.*" [10]

What is the textual relation of these two verses? Do they connect the Lord's personal reappearance with His "coming in His Kingdom?" Biblical critics see no alternative to this conclusion. The verse which describes the coming in glory is introduced in the Greek text by a near-future verb; and this, they tell us, is the clearest of indications that the author expected the Return at the end of the Jewish age. The argument seemed well-founded, until investigation sapped it of all base.[11] The supposed near-future verb was found to be a verb of prophetical necessity instead, without any intended reference to the nearness of the event described; and when this fact stood forth in its truly leading light and import, the accepted view of criticism lost one of its stanchest props. Another prop vanished when the phrase, "end of the age" was examined. Textual and critical considerations cleared it of all association with the current thought of Judaism, nay, established the fact of its reëmployment in a new and non-

[10] Matt. xvi. 27, 28.

[11] *St. Matthew and the Parousia.* THE CATHOLIC WORLD, February, 1918.

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Jewish sense. The angels, it was discovered, are not said to go forth at the end of the age of Israel, but at the end of the age of the "Kingdom of Heaven," when its world-wide course is run.[12] So that if previous results may be taken for pillars of guidance in reaching a conclusion, the author of the First Gospel had no intention of reasserting the eschatology of Palestine when he placed these two verses alongside in the sixteenth chapter.

But if the verses were not written to connect the "coming of the Son of Man in His Kingdom" and His "coming in the glory of His Father"—were they written to disconnect these two events and to draw a distinction between them, not drawn before? It must be confessed that this is the first thought which suggests itself when the supposed grammatical connection of the verses melts away in the light of criticism. The dominating idea of the context in which the verses are found is the *new interpretation* of prophecy by Jesus. The Lord is portrayed as opening up the Scriptures afresh to the astonished Twelve. His corrective teaching is clearly indicated by the words: "From that time Jesus began to show"[13]—a statement that would have no meaning, if the sum of existing opinion was about to be reaffirmed. And the future, as Jesus reveals it, is evidently not to the liking of His company; the new world-view not nearly so attractive as the old. The Chief of the Apostles protests against the forecast of the Master. He is manifestly disappointed at the thought of the Lord's not coming in glory, at the thought that He is not to triumph over His enemies, as all Palestine expected, but to be led like a lamb to the slaughter, without opening His lips to complain. And Jesus is evidently disengaging His new revelation from the doctrine of the schools, when He rebukes St. Peter for preferring the speculations of men to the Word of God.[14] There is to be no exemption from death among His followers, no immediate Messianic Reign of glory over all the enemies of good.[15] "If any man would come after Me, let him deny himself, and take up his cross, and follow Me. . . . . For the Son of Man shall, indeed, come, as prophesied, in the glory of His Father, and then shall He render to every man according to

[12] *St. Matthew and the Parousia.* THE CATHOLIC WORLD, March, 1918.
[13] Matt. xvi. 21.
[14] Matt. xvi. 23.
[15] Matt. xix. 28, no contradiction of this statement.

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his works," even unto being ashamed of those who were ashamed of Him and the word of doctrine which He brought.[16]

These two statements are *connected.* Three causative particles tie them together in all three accounts, as may be seen in the connective "for's" with which the verses are introduced.[17] But—what is greatly to our present point—the verse about the Lord's "coming in His Kingdom" is *disconnected* from the verse about His Second Advent, and made an independent utterance. All the reports so have it; grammatically the case is beyond all doubt.[18] And, therefore, the scientific conclusion follows that St. Matthew, in these two verses, faithfully reports the disconnection which Jesus taught between His "coming in His Kingdom" and His "coming in the glory of His Father." The Lord's own words themselves are recoverable in the present condition of the documents, notwithstanding existing opinion to the contrary.[19]

When the relationship of the verses in dispute is thus slowly distilled from the surrounding context, the thought which instantly appears is a continuation of the idea already found expressed in the thirteenth chapter: the putting-off of the coming in glory, and the deferral of the Judgment, from the beginning of the Messianic Era to its close.[20] The Lord is here announcing a doctrine that did not exist in the previous thought of Palestine: the doctrine of the Second Coming. The Jew had been educated to no such forecast of history as this. When the Christ came, He might disappear for a fractional while; but that He would come twice—the first time to establish the Kingdom, the second time to "gather out of it all scandals and them that work iniquity"[21]—such a redistribution of events was neither taught nor expected by the official theologians of Israel. It is a doctrine plainly not of Jewry, but of Jesus, and the mere fact of its mention in the pages of the First Gospel shows the un-Jewish character of the teaching which is there set down. A suspect expression in the thirteenth chapter,[22] another suspect expression in the six-

[16] Matt. xvi. 24, 27; Luke ix. 26.

[17] Matt. xvi. 25, 26, 27; Luke ix. 24, 25, 26; Mark viii. 35, 36, 37, 38.

[18] Ἀμὴν λέγω ὑμῖν.—Matt. xvi. 28; Καὶ ἔλεγεν αὐτοῖς.—Mark viii. 39; Λέγω δὲ ὑμῖν ἀληθῶς.—Luke ix. 27.

[19] *Theology of the New Testament,* Stevens, pp. 150-166.

[20] Matt. xiii. 24-30; 36-43. *St. Matthew and the Parousia.* THE CATHOLIC WORLD, March, 1918.

[21] Matt. xiii. 41. [22] συντέλεια τοῦ αἰῶνος.—Matt. xiii. 39, 40, 49.

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teenth,[23] have unfortunately kept this distinguishing feature from the recognition which is its due. We have mistaken corrective teaching for the old eschatology of Palestine, and connected two events which Jesus and His disciples insistently put asunder.

That the Saviour quoted the phrase about the "coming of the Son of Man in His Kingdom," to correct the beliefs of His hearers, and not to make these beliefs His own, appears even more clearly when we study the mental situation which had to be met and faced by a Teacher of the new. The audience to which the Saviour spoke and St. Matthew wrote, shrank from the thought that anything could possibly *not* happen which had been divinely foretold to come. The persuasion that history is the realization of prophecy, and that its course can know no swerving from the path which the prophets drew, stood like a sentinel truth before the minds of nearly all. Whoever undertook to speak or write to such an audience had to address himself particularly to this persuasion and wrap his new message, if he had one, in the old, prophetic language of the Seers. He would suffer an instant challenging, did his utterances seem to leave even a minor prophecy unfulfilled, as the Lord Himself was, on a celebrated occasion, while coming down with His disciples from the Holy Mount.[24]

There was one prophecy dearer, perhaps, than any other to priests and people, the non-fulfillment of which would not be tolerated in any teaching, it was so inwoven for the Jew with the word of God itself. This was the golden prophecy of Daniel, which seemed to hold out the promise, that at the end of the Jewish days, when the power of the "holy people" was broken and their band dispersed, "One like unto a Son of Man would come on the clouds of heaven, to receive power,[25] and glory, and a Kingdom—a Kingdom in which all peoples, tribes, and tongues should serve Him without end." "I beheld in the vision of the night, and lo, there came upon the clouds of heaven One like unto a Son of Man; and He came even to the Ancient of Days; and they presented Him before Him. And He gave Him *power*, and *glory*, and a *Kingdom;* and all peoples, tribes, and tongues shall serve Him: His power is an everlasting power that shall not be taken away;

[23] μέλλειν.—Matt. xvi. 27. [24] Matt. xvii. 10.
[25] "Dominion," "sovereignty."

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and His Kingdom one that shall not be destroyed." [26] In the eyes of a folk bred to look upon history as the faithful echo of prophecy, Daniel's vision of the *Parousia* was bound to become reality when the ancient seat of David fell a prey to the heathen arms.[27]

How was Jesus to prove Himself the fulfillment of this prophecy, and how was the author of the First Gospel to set Him forth as such? The Messias had been prophesied to come at the end of the Kingdom of Israel; but as a matter of fact, He had appeared early within the generation that was to live to see it, and had ascended to the Father some two score years before the Government fell. The point that needed proving was the truth of the predictions concerning the *Parousia* at the end of Israel's days. And when we turn to the pages of the First Gospel, we find the "coming of the Son of Man" six times mentioned in connection with the destruction of the City, or the generation then living [28]—exactly what we have just been led to expect from a study of the audience and its inherited point of view. The Pharisaic schools had mistaken the closeness of events in prophetic vision for their nearness in time, and Jesus was soon to apprise them of their error. He who had not come to destroy, but to fulfill,[29] early assured the people that "all things" relative to Israel "would be brought to pass." [30] Even some of those standing by—St. Mark says the statement was addressed to the crowd—would not be gathered to their fathers, "till they saw the Son of Man coming in His Kingdom." The assurance is most categoric and solemn.

But when we look with sharpened eyes into the structure and running of the text, we find that an unprecedented thing has happened: *Jesus has divided the prophecies concerning the end of Israel into two distinct statements, where Palestine saw but one!* Owing to that crowded form of predicting events, which was characteristic of Hebrew prophecy and not meant for close temporal sequence, Daniel was understood to say that at the time of the end, "The Son of Man would be given *power*, and *glory*, and a *Kingdom*." [31] Jesus omits the word "glory" from the quotation, when speaking of the coming of the Son of Man in connection with the fall of Jerusalem. He

[26] Dan. vii. 13, 14. [27] Dan. ix. 27. [28] Matt. x. 23; xvi. 28; xxiv. 27, 37, 39, 44.
[29] Matt. v. 17. [30] Matt. v. 18; xxiii. 36; xxiv. 34. [31] Dan. vii. 14.

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omits it not only here in the sixteenth chapter, but in the tenth, and twenty-fourth as well; nay, in all the six cases above enumerated,[32] where the City is the subject of reference. The only instance where the words "power and glory" are mentioned together in the same verse is in the eschatological discourse, where the Lord is speaking of the end of the world as distinct from the end of Israel.[33] Even in the much-misunderstood reply of Jesus to His judges: "From now on, you shall see the Son of Man seated on the right hand of power, and coming on the clouds of heaven," [34] the word "glory" is again conspicuously lacking.

Why was the prophecy of Daniel taken apart, and its elements redistributed, in this consistent and studied manner? Why did St. Matthew suppress the word "glory" in the six recorded references to the time of the City's fall? Why does he restore it to the text in the eschatological discourse, when the event described is the Final Return? More pointedly still: If the "coming of the Son of Man in His Kingdom" and His "coming in the glory of His Father" meant one and the same event, why did not Jesus say so in the sixteenth chapter? He could easily have restored confidence to the bitterly disappointed Peter by identifying the two "comings." All the circumstances called for this reassuring declaration, if it was in mind. But instead of connecting these two events, Jesus casts them into two separate statements. He tells St. Peter that the Son of Man will deal deservingly with His enemies and "render to every man according to His works, when He comes in the glory of His Father with the angels;" immediately adding that this is not the coming which those about Him are to see.[35] The near event which the generation shall witness is His "coming in His Kingdom," as distinct from His Return in glory.

It is the Kingdom, therefore, not the Judgment, which draws nigh. The distinction is clear-cut and unmistakable. It is observed with scrupulous exactness from the tenth chapter of the First Gospel to the close. Even the adverb "immediately" [36] of the twenty-fourth chapter does not contradict it, as investigation will later show. We are in the presence of a literary fact the existence of which cannot textually

[32] See note 28.
[33] Matt. xvi. 27, 28.
[34] Matt. xxiv. 30.
[35] Matt. xxvi. 64.
[36] Matt. xxiv. 29.

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be denied, and the importance of which it would be hard to overestimate. No Jewish reader of the time would any more fail to notice that the Lord had left the word "glory" out, when speaking of His "coming in His Kingdom," than an American audience, familiar with the phrase, "life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness," would fail to marvel at a speaker omitting the word "liberty" in a lecture on the Constitution.

In the light of the evidence thus far gathered, not to speak of a vast deal more to come—who would dare venture to assert that "the coming of the Son of Man," when the words "glory" or the "angels" are not added, was ever intended to mean the visible reappearance of the Lord? A prophetical phrase, which has been divided for separate fulfillment, is not the same in its connotations as before. When Jesus declares that the "Son of Man shall come," as prophesied, "at the end of the Jewish age," it does not follow by any means that He employed the language of prophecy in the Palestinian, pre-Christian sense. New ways of fulfilling prophecy were among the wonders of His teaching. When he announced that "Elias had already come, and they knew him not, but did unto him whatsoever they would;"[37] when He declared that the angels would go forth at the end of the age,"[38] He was using current language, but not as currently understood. No one had identified the Baptist with Elias, until Jesus did so to the bewildered Twelve; nor had anyone dreamt of extending the "end of the age," from the last days of Israel to the close of an historical era yet to be. Those who knew the quoted sources far better than we, were struck by the newness of meaning which Jesus gave them. It was a feature that wrung comment even from His enemies. The officers sent by the Pharisees to apprehend Him came back empty-handed from their quest, pleading in excuse of their unaccomplished mission, that "never did man speak as He," and on a topic related to the present subject. "He would see them again," He told them, "after a little while."[39] The Saviour taught the fulfillment of prophecy in a way and manner to which neither priests nor people looked; and all the scientific evidence thus far gathered concerning His use of the prophetical quotation about the "coming of the Son of Man" compels us to regard it as an-

[37] Matt. xvii. 12-13. [38] Matt. xiii. 40-41, 49. [39] John vii. 33-36.

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other effective instance of His novel manner of teaching. The very fact that a distinction is made between "coming in the Kingdom" and "coming in glory" proves conclusively that existing opinion is not being reaffirmed by Master or disciples. What the scholar finds reasserted is the fulfillment of the entire prophecy of Daniel eventually, *not at once*. The part that has reference to the Kingdom will be realized within the generation; the part that deals with the Messianic Reign of glory is postponed. Jesus has lengthened out the crowded perspective of the Seers; and by so doing, has revealed the inner defect of Palestinian speculation.

The signal fact in the sixteenth chapter of St. Matthew is the divided fulfillment of Daniel's prophecy there recorded. Out of its three component elements—power, glory, and a Kingdom [40]—the Saviour selects the third for immediate realization, reserving the full accomplishment of the other two elements to a time when "the Gospel shall have been preached in the whole inhabited earth." [41] The third element—"Kingdom"—which Jesus thus made so prominent by quoting it in severance from its companion element "glory," meant a very unwelcome prospect to a band of hearers whose daily bread was the literature of the Seers. The omission of the word "glory" in the Lord's references to the "Kingdom" changed the whole meaning of the "coming" from love to wrath, from favor to destruction. The verb "come" in the usage of the Old Testament, as they only too well knew, was associated with the exercise of destructive power. "Stir up Thy might and *come* to save us," was not a favorable utterance when divorced from the idea of rehabilitation, and set over against the idea of "glory." "Come" meant here, as in many other instances,[42] a public show of mightiness, a didactic exhibition of avenging power, which would strike terror to the hearts of the wicked. And there is abundant evidence in the First Gospel, as its thought develops, that this pedagogy of force was the idea in mind throughout;[43] nay, that the enemies of the Lord themselves thus caught His meaning.[44] In fact, the distinction between "coming in meekness" and "coming in

[40] Dan. vii. 14. [41] Matt. xxiv. 14.

[42] Ps. xlix. (l.) 3; lxxix. (lxxx.) 2; Is. xl. 10; xli. 25; lxvi. 15; Mal. iii. 1; iv. 6; Apoc. ii. 5; *et passim*.

[43] Matt. iii. 7; xxi. 40, 41, 43, 44; xxii. 7; xxiii. 38; xxiv. 2, 27, 37, 39.

[44] Matt. xxi. 45; xxvi. 60.

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strength" is one which the First Gospel explicitly calls to the attention of the reader.[45]

When we examine the word "Kingdom," as here employed, we are brought to a like conclusion. Its primary and original meaning is "dominion" or "sovereignty," and we find it frequently used in this sense throughout the Old Testament,[46] and on one occasion, at least, in the course of the First Gospel;[47] nay—what is even more to the point, in the very context of the prophetical quotation about the "coming of the Son of Man in His Kingdom," which the Lord is making from Daniel. One instance will suffice to typify this usage: "Generation and generation shall praise Thy works, and they shall declare Thy power. . . . . And they shall speak of the glory of *Thy Kingdom*, and shall tell of *Thy Power to make Thy might known* to the sons of men; and the glory of the magnificence of Thy Kingdom. Thy Kingdom is a *Kingdom* of all the ages, and Thy *dominion* endureth throughout all generations."[48] The parallelistic construction, italicized above, shows that the word "Kingdom" has reference to the dominion of God, and the spread of its recognition through some deed of might that will not be lost on the powerful and indifferent. In view of which, is it too much to claim that Jesus employed the phrase, "coming in His Kingdom," in the sense of "making His sovereignty known by a public exhibition of destructive strength"—the fully kindled wrath of the King Who "sent His armies to destroy those murderers and to burn their City?"[49]

Is not this the meaning of the threat that they would yet "behold their house left to them desolate?"[50] Is not this the substance of the twenty-fourth chapter, and the reason of the divided quotation—"the coming of the Son of Man"—which we there find?[51] Is not this the explanation of the triple warning of Jesus, not to look for the Return of the Messias in person, when the press of the heathen arms overthrew the power of the Synagogue and laid low the Jewish State?[52] It was wrath and rejection, not love and favor, which God would show unto His people at the appointed time. There is no intimation whatever of the Second Advent. Jesus is speaking of

[45] Matt. xxi. 5; xxiii. 39, 38.

[46] Ps. cxliv. (cxlv.) 13; Ps. ciii. (ciii.) 19; Dan. iv. 31 (34), also in the Apocrypha: Enoch lxxxiv. 2.

[47] Matt. vi. 33. [48] Ps. cxliv. (cxlv.) 4-6, 11-13. [49] Matt. xxii. 7.

[50] Matt. xxiii. 38. [51] Matt. xxiv. 27, 37, 39. [52] Matt. xxiv. 23, 25, 26.

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His return in might, as distinct from His return in person; of the putting forth of His ability to destroy, as distinct from His visible reappearance in the glory of His Father with the angels, to judge the living and the dead. It is a wonderful refutation of existing opinion, a defiant challenge to the whole eschatology of Palestine, this omission of the word "glory" by Jesus, in His divided reassertion of the truth of Daniel's prophecy, that the Son of Man would receive "power and glory, and a Kingdom," at "the time of the end."

Jesus does not say, neither does St. Matthew, that the end of the Jewish age is to witness the glorious Advent of the Lord. What both declare is simply that "the Son of Man shall 'come,'" that the generation shall "'see' Him 'coming' in His Kingdom." Neither the word "see" nor the word "come" can be released from their quotation-marks in this connection. Both are part of the prophetic citation; their meaning depends on the sense which Jesus newly gave them; and we have already shown that He raised the whole phrase to a new significance. Daniel testified that He "saw in vision" the "coming of the Son of Man;" [53] and Jesus declares that those about Him shall *see the vision realized*, so far as the "Kingdom" is concerned. The retention of Daniel's phrase about the "coming of the Son of Man" is without any demonstrable implication of the Lord's return to earth in person. The eschatological meaning which the quotation had in Palestinian literature has been *transferred* from the "coming of the Son of Man in His Kingdom" to His "coming in the glory of His Father with the angels"—a master stroke of corrective teaching, not lost on him who set these two divisive verses alongside in the sixteenth chapter.

Collateral evidence goes convincingly to show that the Final Advent, the Lord's Return, is not the intended meaning of the "coming in the Kingdom." In reporting this verse, St. Mark does not say, as does St. Matthew: "Some of them that stand here shall not taste death, till they see the Son of Man coming in His Kingdom;" he says: "till they see the Kingdom of God come with power" [54]—exactly the thought which we have found St. Matthew expressing. St. Mark, in other words, plainly gives us to understand that the intellectual equivalent of "coming in His Kingdom" is the "Kingdom coming with

[53] Dan. vii. 13, 14. [54] Mark viii. 39.

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power." He translates for the general Western public what St. Matthew sets down in the original terms of prophecy for a people long familiar with this intricate mode of speech; nay, not open to conviction through any other. St. Mark makes it clear to the Gentile reader that the point of the thought is not the Son of Man returning in person, but the Kingdom of God coming with power!

Coming in power, as distinct from His personal Return in glory! Is not this what Jesus meant when he assured His disciples that "the Son of Man would 'come,' before they had finished evangelizing the cities of Israel?" Is not this also the thought which He conveyed in the divided quotation from Daniel, when He said that "some of those who stood about would not taste death till they saw Him coming in His Kingdom?" Is not this the meaning of the phrase, several times repeated in the twenty-fourth chapter: "So shall be the coming of the Son of Man?" Is it not also the solution of that age-old mystery of the Fourth Gospel, where Jesus speaking of John to Peter, declares: "If I wish him to remain *till I come*" —John alone of the Twelve lived to see Jerusalem destroyed— "what is it to thee?"[55] The reference in all these cases is to the destruction of Jerusalem. This was very definitely a "coming of the Lord" in the old Testament sense of the term,[56] and it was most natural, all things considered, that the Evangelists should have used this consecrated expression when referring to the fate of the Jewish Capital.

Everything thus far found points to one conclusion: the new and de-Judaized interpretation which Jesus gave to the "coming of the Son of Man." The divided manner in which the prophecy of Daniel was quoted; the fact that Jesus was wont to announce the fulfillment of the Scripture in ways at variance with official thought; the unprecedented distinction which He drew between "coming in His Kingdom" and "coming in the glory of His Father with the angels;" the transfer of eschatological meaning from the first of these phrases to the second; the usage of the Old Testament, where the word "Kingdom" is commonly employed in its primary sense of "sovereignty," and the verb "come" has the meaning of "exerted might;" the corroborative testimony of St. Mark, who speaks of "the Kingdom coming with power"—thereby giv-

[55] John xxi. 22. [56] *Romans.* Sanday, p. 380.

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ing us to understand that this is what St. Matthew meant by the "coming of the Son of Man;" and last but not least, the express confining of the divine wrath to the Jewish government and Capital,[57] as distinct from the "nation" which is to succeed to the Kingdom of God, when "the stone rejected by the builders has become the head of the corner"[58]—who can ponder all this evidence fully and still maintain that St. Matthew meant the personal Return of the Lord in glory, by "the coming of the Son of Man?"

TO MY FAVORITE AUTHOR.

BY S. M. M.

DEAR God,
Herewith a book do I inscribe and send
To Thee Who art both its Beginning and its End;
A volume odd,
Bound in some brief, allotted years,
And writ in blood and tears;
Fragments, of which Thou art the perfect, whole
Book of my soul.

Break Thou the sealing clod
And read me, God!

[57] Matt. iii. 7; xxii. 7; xxiii. 37, 38.
[58] Matt. xxi. 42-44. Luke xxi. 22, 23.

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ASPECTS OF RECENT DRAMA IN ENGLISH.

BY KATHERINE BREGY.

III.

The Theatre of Experiment and the Story of American Drama.

BARRIE'S fancies of eternal youth bear witness to a new spirit moving upon the face of the dramatic waters. They are of the literary drama, surely; in a sense they belong to what we have called the theatre of realism; and quite emphatically to the theatre of imagination. But over and above this they open a little magic door leading straight into the heart of a still later development, the *theatre of experiment.*

Now experiment may take the form of innovation or of revival, it may work with the very new or the very old—or both. That was the story with the recent renaissance of religious drama in English—a renaissance which led by its own detours not only to Monsignor Benson, Yeats and Laurence Housman, but also to the more pagan symbolism of that extraordinary Irish genius, Lord Dunsany. The quill of this soldier-dramatist has given us slices of symbolic life which are somewhere between miracle and magic. That is to say, he presents miracles not of divine mercy but rather of divine justice, such as *The Laughter of the Gods, A Night at An Inn,* or that little drama of tremendous and eerie power, *The Gods of the Mountain.* These are among the greatest short plays in our literature, and show Lord Dunsany as a transcendently gripping and original genius of the more exotic type.

Another sign which he who runs may read, is the recent revival of masque and pageant all over the civilized world. Now, in every sort of civic or literary celebration, these forms are conspicuous: and the "Community drama" has commandeered the artistry of such poets as Laurence Housman—who composed, a few years back, the St. Frideswide Pageant for Oxford—and, in this country, of Percy Mackaye—who was

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responsible for the St. Louis Pageant, and for the Shakespeare tercentenary masque of *Caliban by the Yellow Sands.*

But nowhere is this experimental note more dominating than in the impetus given to non-commercial Stage Societies within the past few years. These groups of glorified amateurs, or professionals of the more insurgent type, have really done pioneer work in the cause of artistic drama. By means of "little theatres," "laboratories," "theatre workshops," the colleges and dramatic societies, they have been able to experiment with plays upon which strictly commercial managers would hesitate to spend the large sums necessary for professional production. Sometimes their work has been superb; sometimes it has been very crude; but almost always it has been significant. They have dared to "try out" new methods upon both old and new vehicles; they have proved the loveliness which may be put into performances just for children—and the abiding beauty of classic productions given out of doors. The Elizabethan Stage Society, which brought *Everyman* to this country, was one of the first of these ventures: and it is not so far a cry as might be supposed from Mr. Ben Greet to Mr. Stuart Walker. But, indeed, the little Portmanteau Theatre—a most delectable experiment, which one hopes may soon start anew upon its pilgrimages—has a distinction all its own. It has stood, in the main, for a starry and spiritual ideal, something as young and joyous and wistful as the apple blossom: while the investigations of too many of these experimental stages have been rather into the gloom, the satire or the decadence of modern art.

The "intimate" theatre offers always a tempting field for the one-act play, and in point of fact it has been responsible for a large body of interesting tabloid drama. In England this form has been perhaps less popular than in France or Ireland; while in America it has attained to large vogue and real solidarity. Mr. George Middleton has shown himself a master of one-act plays dealing with the more subtle crises of existence: but they are in the main too subtle and also too "modernistic" for performance by Catholic amateurs. The Washington Square Players and the Wisconsin Players have each published a volume of original dramas, alike "pleasant and unpleasant." Mr. Brandon Tynan has written a powerful little tragedy of strong Catholic atmosphere in *Behold the*

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Man. And among these younger one-act playwrights one recalls the delicate fancies of Mr. Stuart Walker, the irony of Mr. Philip Moeller, the picturesque vitality of Mr. Richard Beamish, and on the feminine side the very experimental work of Marion Craig Wentworth and Rose Pastor Stokes.

It would call, indeed, for explanation if our United States had played no part in this revival of English-speaking drama. In point of fact it has played a considerable part: although, for various reasons, not so dominant a one as that exercised in building up the novel of yesterday—or, let us say, the poetry of today. And in spite of Quaker antagonism, the story of American drama not only began with Philadelphia, but through its infant days was very largely mothered by that "grave, calm, kind, old" city, as Thackeray called it. There, on April 24, 1754, was produced the first original American play, Thomas Godfrey's tragedy of *The Prince of Parthia.* The second native drama, and the first comedy, was acted in New York after the Revolution—that is to say, in 1787: this was *The Contrast* by Royall Tyler, a Bostonian—and it acquires additional significance as having fathered the long line of stage "Yankees" who have since thriven in the American theatre. Both plays naturally, were pioneer work; as were also the historical dramas of William Dunlap, James Nelson Barker (a Mayor of Philadelphia), J. Howard Payne, Richard Penn Smith (another Philadelphian), George W. Curtis (a step-grandson of Washington), and the romantic tragedies of Robert Montgomery Bird, Nathaniel Parker Willis and others.[1]

If literary England, during the whole middle of the nineteenth century, were plunged into an abyss of dramatic nihilism, it was scarcely to be expected that the young, much-struggling democracy of America should excel in that art. Many even of the best dramas produced here—as those used by Edwin Forrest—are lost to us because of the actor's unwillingness to have them put into print. But it is a noteworthy fact that at least three of the few outstanding plays of that gray interim were of American origin. George Henry Boker's *Francesca da Rimini* was one of these. It was played by E. L. Davenport at the old Broadway Theatre, New York, in 1855, and it has had many very successful revivals. Indeed, it is a

[1] See *Representative American Plays.* Edited with introductions and notes by Arthur Hobson Quinn, Ph.D.

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play of quite robust power, and its blank verse, while lacking the delicate finish of Stephen Phillips' version, is memorably successful. Another remarkable play of this time was *The Octoroon*, an early treatment of the slave problem, which won success on both sides of the Atlantic. It was written, of course, by Dion Boucicault, one of the first Irishmen to become prime minister of the American theatre. The third play was *Rip Van Winkle*, in several ways the most significant of all these early American dramas. It was founded upon a legend of the soil, and it grew into its present form almost as gradually and collectively as the mediæval romances were wont to grow. From the starting point of Irving's *Sketch Book*, *Rip* was first transferred to drama in a version by John Kerr, played at Philadelphia in 1829. It was later revised—and revived—by Charles Burke; then by Boucicault; and finally by Joseph Jefferson himself, who immortalized the rôle.

So much for the early scenes of the American theatre. The Civil War rang the curtain down upon them: and when this curtain rose again upon Post-Rebellion drama, there was evident a new feeling for realism and for nationalism. This note was evident in the work of Steele Mackaye; in the rural drama which was to prove so popular and which is well represented by the work of James A. Herne; and in such later successes as Bronson Howard's *Shenandoah*, *Aristocracy*, *The Henrietta*, etc. These plays belong to the 1890's—so does Gillette's *Secret Service:* in fact, that memorable decade was as dramatically fruitful for the American theatre as for the British—in quantity at least, if not always in quality.

It gave us the early plays of Augustus Thomas, who stands today almost as the dean of American playwrights. In *Arizona*, *Alabama*, etc., he treated national themes in a highly popular manner—just as in such later successes as *The Witching Hour* he made use of popular notions of telepathy or psychology. There are many moments when Mr. Thomas is theatrical rather than dramatic in the finer sense: but he knows his business, and may be depended upon for effect.

Mr. Clyde Fitch remains the American dramatist with the greatest number of worthy plays to his credit. He did not, perhaps, probe as deeply into the heart of life as Jones or Pinero at their best: but when death came in 1909, he had already touched upon many of its very real problems. His style was

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one of ease, of sparkle, of urbanity: his dialogue was brilliant; his understanding, particularly of feminine nature, remarkably sane and true. Fitch dealt with a large variety of themes, many of them highly sophisticated—*Beau Brummel, Nathan Hale, The Moth and the Flame, The Girl with the Green Eyes, The Climbers, Major André, The Truth, The City,* are but a few of his titles. Yet he handled them in the main with delicacy and sound taste, and proved a wholesome influence in the American theatre. Another play of quite outstanding merit, and somewhat in the manner of Fitch, is *The New York Idea* by Mr. Langdon Mitchell. It is a vivacious and pungent satire upon our easy American divorce, and perhaps the most perfect "comedy of manners" our native drama has yet produced.

At the other pole of dramatic achievement is the deeply serious work of William Vaughn Moody. *The Faith Healer* is a study of abnormal psychology—*The Great Divide* a study of conflict between the conservative East and the primitive West, or rather between the civilized woman and the elemental man. Both plays were intensely conscious of high spiritual ideals: and both were worked out through episodes of almost brutal ugliness.

Moody's plays were the prose of a poet, but they were of aggressive realism. So, too, are the poetic plays of Percy Mackaye, the guide, philosopher and friend of imaginative drama in America. The *Jeanne d'Arc* once presented by Miss Marlowe and Mr. Sothern, was one of his earlier dramas. It is not, perhaps, entirely satisfying: but in all probability it is the best version of the Maid's story yet put into dramatic form in any language. For it is truer to history than Schiller's version, it is more comprehensive than Moreau's *Le Procès de Jeanne d'Arc,* while it is more impassioned than, and almost as devout as, Monsignor Benson's noble play on the same subject. Mr. Mackaye is also deeply interested in modern problems, and in his eugenic play, *Tomorrow,* he applies, with a good deal of delicacy, the ethics of the garden to human life. His most celebrated drama is, however, *The Scarecrow,* a work of highly original theme in which he gathers up many of our earlier colonial witchcraft legends. He himself calls the play "a tragedy of the ludicrous," and he has created in it a tense atmosphere of black magic. It is of course, the story

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of a poor, improvised scarecrow given life—and finally, through the magic of unselfish love, achieving a soul. Somewhat the same motive, the regeneration of Caliban, formed the theme of Mackaye's Shakespearean masque mentioned above.

The highly poetic work of Josephine Preston Peabody was discussed in a preceding paper as part of the revival of religious drama. She and Mr. Mackaye are today the leading, if not quite the sole, representatives of poetic drama in America. For the major contribution of the United States has so far been to the theatre of realism rather than to the theatre of imagination. Yet there is much imaginative fruit in the little experimental ventures awhile ago described. And there was much, for example, in the plays of Mr. Edward Knoblock, who was an American until, in 1916, he became a British officer and citizen. The quality was alluring in his *Faun*, or *Kismet*, or *My Lady's Dress*—but in the vagaries of *Marie-Odile*, with its mixture of pseudo-realism, it became ridiculous and to the Catholic mind distinctly repulsive.

But the popular American drama of today, as has just been said, is predominantly realistic in form. Edward Sheldon in such plays as *The Boss*, *The Nigger* and *The Highroad* has done work of serious purpose. Rachel Crothers has presented the "feminist" side with real power and penetration. Mr. Hartley Manners jumped into the sunlight with *Peg O' My Heart*, and has since taken to the problems—war, and drugs, and motherhood! He is usually timely and often powerful; but he is an excellent exponent of the easy, latter day ethics so popular in our American theatre, and so perfectly expressed in the modern morality of *Everywoman:*

> Be merciful, be just, be fair,
> To every woman every where.
> Her faults are many—Nobody's the blame!

It is perhaps this disinclination to face the real issues of life, to follow acts to their conclusion, which has kept our playwrights from excelling on the serious as they have on the comic side. The dramas of Broadhurst or Kenyon or J. E. Goodman or Bayard Veiller are always slipping over the edge into melodrama—so are those of Charles Klein, although he was able to produce one such beautiful and tender work as *The*

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Music Master. We have, to be sure, our dramatists who make a point of being as scandalous as possible. But we have still a large number who keep to the clean comedy of sentiment, Mr. Booth Tarkington, Mr. Brandon Tynan, Mrs. Clare Kummer, Mr. Winchell Smith, and that irrepressible exponent of comic melodrama, Mr. George Cohan.

Everywhere now there is a cry of, "New themes for old, new themes for old!" American playwrights are today at a critical parting of the ways. The play of pioneer life, the Indian play, the Civil War play, the rural play with its male quartet "draped" about the old oaken bucket, no longer interest audiences. They have no longer any real relation to their life or any real challenge to their imagination. Even the "crook play" is happily on the decline—and the more obvious form of melodrama has passed, with its creators, into the happy hunting ground of the Motion Picture. So much the better for legitimate American drama, cleared of false sentiment and sensationalism! Material for it is rich and abundant and on all sides. There are the problems which, while belonging to all the world, have still taken on a particularly national character: the welding of the races, the clash of labor and capital, the clash of changing social conditions, of old and new family ideals, the problem of divorce, the conquest of great new forces all about us. Every one of these is big with the dramatic element of conflict, scarcely one has had any adequate treatment in the American theatre. And now the War has brought to us, as to the whole world, the greatest of all problems—the *finding* and *keeping of our own souls.*

When contemporary dramatists turn to these enormous spiritual issues of our modern world, they will have at hand the most comprehensive material equipment known to any theatre in any age. Even such mechanical facts as the abolition of "drop scenes" and glaring footlights—such devices as the revolving stage, obviating the long waits of the past—mean incalculable possibilities for the future of drama. As Mr. Moderwell points out in his interesting volume,[1] "from an institution of one art the theatre has become, almost over night, an institution of all the arts." The painter, the architect, the musician, the engineer, all have part in what we call "the new stage-craft." From the literal realism of the Belasco

[1] *The Theatre Today.*

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settings, the theatre has gone on to a suggestive and symbolic *milieu*, a *milieu* charged with atmosphere, color, emotion. On one side is the gorgeous decorativeness of Reinhardt or the oriental riot of Bakst; on the other is the noble and classic simplicity of Gordon Craig, or the poetic compositions of Joseph Urban. To be sure, there is in all this an imminent danger of over-spectacularity—of centring attention upon the setting rather than the lines of a play. But dominated by and not dominating the drama, this new beauty and flexibility of the theatre cannot fail to be an inspiration.

More and more, as audiences weary of the easier and cheaper thing—the photographic pantomime of what they are pleased to call "silent drama"—they will demand and support a modern drama worthy of the modern stage. But here, as through the whole of life, it is the *spirit that quickens*. It seems futile to prophesy how anything will stand when the last thunder of the War is silenced: yet . . . . life does go on. And the drama merely follows life and *accentuates it*. The playwright who is an artist as well as a craftsman, whose heart beats in sympathy with the great heart of the world, whose soul gauges and partakes its spiritual struggles, will have the best chance of survival. To be sure, it is a large order: it is rather like the refreshing old adage that, equipped with a *habit of prayer and a sense of humor*, one may hope to arrive anywhere—even at the Kingdom of Heaven! But largeness is taken for granted these spacious days. It is manifestly by some such modern crusader that the torch of drama must be "carried on." Then, whether the chosen path be that of realism or of imagination is of very secondary importance.

But the dramatist is surrounded on all sides by the audience, the *public*. And in the last analysis it is for this public to decide whether the theatre shall be, as in mediæval times, the potent friend and ally of the Church or—as in a thousand modern tendencies, sometimes blatant, sometimes insidious—her critic and her enemy.

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MAJOR MUNCHAUSEN OF THE GAP.

BY JENNIE DRAKE.

THE beetling crags, the wooded heights, the rushing, roaring river, the frequent, shimmering waterfalls, the winding roads across hill and dale, make of Hickory Nut Gap one of the most picturesque spots in the North Carolina Mountains, and, like Katisha's left elbow, people come miles to see it.

But, though a man with unusually keen perceptions for the beauties of nature, this was not what drew Major Peter Murchison here. He came because some remote and unsuspected relative had left his wife a tract of land on the banks of the Rocky Broad. He came down alone, examined it, found it suitable for his own occupation, in fertility and beauty, persuaded her to remain in the hustling, bustling New York which she knew best, speedily erected a charmingly rustic wayside house, called The Galax, and there he proceeded to take his ease in his inn, with a thoroughly Falstaffian relish.

"But why not bring his wife?" asked the Casual Visitor of the village girl.

"Perhaps," answered demurely pretty Winifred Pilson, "because she is quite old—and—very homely. She came down once and he had her meals served in her room, away from the guests."

"But he is quite plain, himself, and far from young," objected the Bostonian.

"He does not think so," said Freddie, with rural shrewdness.

Here the subject of their comment came cantering up the stony road, and leaped from his horse with a lightness which did not betray his years.

"I have come," he announced, "to get you girls to come up for dinner. Such an October mountain day as this, is wine in the veins. But"—in a stage whisper—"you shall have 'Moonshine' besides if you do not give me away to the revenue. But what do you mean, anyhow—kids like you—hanging around the post-office, and my place only a mile off."

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"We thought you had some guests," said Freddie.

"I got rid of them this morning, thank God," he explained, piously. "A dull lot they were, boring me, and they criticized the coffee, which I get all the way from New York—Park and Tilford. I am looking forward to winter, when those bores stop coming, and I can have the whole place to myself."

A swift vision passed through the visitor's mind of piles of a cheap and villainous coffee in Tarbuck cans, noted by her in his backyard.

"Is that very profitable, Major?" she ventured.

"Not in the least," he answered, cheerily. "But, my dear girl, I am not here for profit. Everything in this Gap suits me, the river, the mountains, the unlettered native—everything but the summer tourist. Even Freddie, here"—with a flourishing bow—"is a refreshment to an epicurean taste. And as she will tell you, I am a public benefactor. You see yonder schoolhouse? They owe it to me. That picturesque church on the hill, whose steeple is visible for miles around, I built and gave it to them. But, as I am going, in emulation of Dumas, to cook some of your dinner myself—certain dishes—I had better be going." And he clattered away again.

"He must be very generous," said the Visitor. "Did he really give the church and schoolhouse?"

"Well," said Freddie, indulgently, "he promised to saw some of the lumber for us—five dollars' worth—on his new mill. But he seemed to forget, for he didn't do it."

The two girls walked the mile and dined with a portly, genial host, a bit flushed from broiling trout according to special recipe, but who flattered them that he had dismissed paying guests that he might have just this pleasure. They finished with a luscious watermelon "grown by himself"—and actually bought from a passing market wagon. Then he placed them under a wonderful fig tree which, he said, "gave more fruit than any in the State. My own vine and fig tree, and you shall eat all you choose. But as for me, I never omit my daily nap, which refreshes me, I hope, for such bright chat as"—with an effect of modesty—"you clever people will treat me to."

Then he whispered, with a twinkle of his small gray eyes, to the Bostonian: "Take your fancy work, now, and gossip, while I have my forty winks." Presently his rotund self was

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stretched in the hammock, emitting rhythmic sounds called by the poet Keats a "slumbrous tenderness." Though the Major had been known to declare: "The man who snores, sir, to the disturbance of other poeple should be hung; yes, hung, sir, without benefit of clergy!"

Freddie, who had gloomed at his reference to "shambling mountaineers," smiled now, shrugged her shoulders, and with a furtive dive into a pocket of her calico skirt for a concealed snuff box with its dip-stick, chattered of things local. The Major waked to give her a knowing smile as aware of the dip.

"Come on, girls," he cried, "time for a walk," and started down the road at a pace they found it hard to equal. Then he ran up a steep hillside to show them a charming waterfall he had just discovered. "You are the first, after myself, to see it and I mean to call it the Winifred." Thus he placated the mountain girl and proceeded: "It shall be background for a play I mean to have next week out here, in the open, among the ferns and the glory of autumn colors. If a party of guests I am expecting turn out to be fairly intelligent, I will have them produce *As You Like It.*"

The Bostonian stared and heard from Freddie later that he was quite equal to Shakespeare or anyone else, and had already stage-managed several open-air plays to the wondering delight of the villagers. He did, actually, produce in almost impromptu style, an open-air performance in which his amused guests took the parts with some of the fire and understanding which he infused, and such background of gorgeously tinted autumn mountain side and crystal falling water as Titania might have coveted.

"He jes' makes folks do as he says," remarked Freddie. "Jes' talks them into it. He had a gang of swell New Yorkers do his ploughin' an' hoein' last spring, and they said 'twas fun, an' let him boast of 'his' garden."

The next time the girls saw him was a bitter November afternoon, when driving past The Galax they had a view through reddened windowpanes, in cosy interior, of a portly figure, in capacious armchair, reading and smoking, feet comfortably propped on a hassock, while great burning logs sent their blaze up the wide chimney. A smoking-hot glass stood on the table beside him, within easy reach.

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"How does he get books to read?"

"Oh, he has a big library of his own. He likes the old-fashioned ones—'Great Scott,' isn't it? And the Dickens—sounds like swearing—and—and—" she stumbled over this one—"Thatch—Thatch—what is it?"

"Yes, I know, Thackeray. Those are his favorites?"

"He jes' wallers in them. Ef you'd been nearer, you'd a-seen him a-smilin' and a-chucklin'."

"I thought I saw someone with him, who put on a fresh back-log. But his servants are negroes, are they not?"

"He has a coon for cook, an' a farm boy, but"—rather curtly—"there's a sort of a white housekeeper now, a Miss McLean. He says she's a fellow Scotchman. When she lost her place as teacher here an' hadn't nowhar to go, he said he didn't need a housekeeper, but he could stand one."

"Good-hearted, then?"

"Oh," conceded Freddie, "Major's kind enough, if he didn't talk so big. He told her he could only give her her keep, but, as I was sure to be jealous, she could take her wages out in teasin' me."

"Upon my word!"

"Oh, that's nothin' to some of his braggin' talk. He says there'd be an epidermis of pretty mountain gals here ef he should ever go away."

"Epidermis." Oh, I see—epidemic."

"That's what I said. She don't have nothin' much to do, but jes' spends her time a-walkin' an' a-climin' mountings. You'd like her, I think. Mebbe I kin make you acquainted down to the store."

It was Winifred's mother who was postmistress and who also kept the general store, and there the Bostonian was shortly introduced to a tall, thin fair-haired woman, whose name was McLean, and who had an evident burr to her accent. Strangely enough she had a sense of humor which made her relish the Major's idiosyncrasies, and she told the stranger some stories illustrating them, which were illuminating and amusing, yet told them with restraint proving gratitude due to a friend in need.

"Do you happen to know a good hair tonic?" she asked cheerfully, at the end. "He is distressed at a growing baldness which he contrasts with the golden curls he claims for

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his boyhood. We are both from Glasgow, you know, where, he says, he was the most beautiful child in the borough. He cannot make a cock-a-leekie, but he assures me it is a noble dish. His wife sends him dainties of all sorts, and he lives luxuriously on her property here. Refuses, in fact, to give it up or let her come down."

"You are favored, then?"

The girl's lip twitched. "He is sufficiently good-hearted and hates to see anything suffer—also, as I was homeless, and almost destitute when he took me, the least I can do is to seem to believe his harmless fabrications or exaggerations."

"Yes, even without obligation, I feel that myself, and so much that he tells is interesting, if not strictly veracious."

"Yes, one fears not to credit sufficiently, and so do him injustice, and miss acquisition of something new and graphic."

"Just so. His fault, of course, but our loss."

"You are a great favorite of his."

"And you, even more; Winifred Pilson, most. He fancies her of unlimited credulity, and so misreads the mountaineer. By the way, about Christmas time, he gives the girls here an occasional dance, and I am commissioned to arrange one for next week. Will you come, and lead the Virginia Reel with the Major? It is quite a treat to see him going down the room."

"What music can he find?"

"Two or three mountain lads with fiddles."

"But if the night is dark, how does one escape falling into the Rocky Broad from that steep rough road?"

"Oh, bring your lanterns," said Miss McLean.

"You are quite acclimated here."

"I was teacher at that little schoolhouse for three seasons. The Major got me the place. When I lost it, I was painfully hard up, for I am quite alone in the world."

"He actually has the influence, then, which he boasts?"

"Oh, he just talks them down, though they know his weaknesses, too. He tells them of his intimacy with Pierpont Morgan, Rockefeller, Vanderbilt, and other multi-millionaires, and that they are coming down to visit him and endow the school, which they pretend to believe. Well, Thursday evening, please remember. I receive for him as housekeeper."

"You and I can talk, at least."

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"You may not want to talk. You will be more or less amused."

Indeed, the Bostonian, piously grateful to reach The Galax on a moonless, starless night with her neck unbroken, had little time for conservation. The Major, in evening dress, which by day would have shown a bit greenish of hue and threadbare, but which he mentioned was lately from London's Poole, made her genially welcome as guest of honor.

"You have understood from Miss McLean that you are my partner in the Reel. We always begin with that."

The floor had been polished, and reflected the log fire blazing high. The motive, he whispered, of commencing with Sir Roger de Coverly, was to introduce some ease among the awkward mountain girls and swains now tittering bashfully in corners, and presently they were prancing and laughing boldly with the best. The Major, himself, was an inspiration. The Casual Visitor, rather conventional by nature and training, found herself whirling, curtseying, racing breathlessly as his partner.

"See how these country boors admire your grace," said the Major. "I am proud of my partner. You are swung oftener than anybody—unless it is myself. But then, I am the special pet of these rosy-cheeked lasses—bless their hearts! If they only wouldn't dip snuff! Those two have just gone out on the veranda to have a private snuff *séance*. That's one of the things I mean to reform, isn't it Freddie Pilson? I'm a sort of jolly missionary."

Winifred tossed her head, but smiled maliciously when he suddenly opened a door and called to the culprits: "Do you two want to catch your deaths of cold out there in those thin cotton frocks? Pretty colors, but flimsy for the mountain winter. You are sulking, I suppose, because I have not danced with you. Come in, then, and you shall have your turn, now."

This episode inspired the Major to run up to his apartment for a curiously enameled snuff-box.

"Given by Louis Quatorze, himself, on the field of battle, to my ancestor, Colonel Murchison, of the Scotch Life Guards, attached to the person of the Young Chevalier, Charles Edward Stuart. My progenitors were mainly soldiers, Jacobites, of course, like all gentlemen."

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The Bostonian, who held her own views of the Stuart line, might have contested this; but looking around her at the capering rustics, the rural surroundings, the Major's own rotund, jolly face and figure, decided against protest on the score of incongruity. Especially as Freddie whispered, "That snuff-box came down with a lot of junk his wife sent him. She knows he likes that kind of stuff. He says he is a Confederate veteran, but they tell me he was just a Yankee sutler, making money outen the Government with rank victuals for the troops."

The next dance proved to be an old-fashioned polka, which he had taught them, and in which his bounding elasticity was that of India rubber. Clandestine jeers from the mountain escorts he fully detected, but magnificently disregarded.

"Green with jealousy, by Jove—those boys!" he explained. "Comfort them with a dance, Miss McLean, please—and haven't we some refreshments? Your cakes are unsurpassable and so is my egg-flip, with ginger, special recipe."

But he took his own beverage at a little table apart. "Don't leave off," he pleaded. "I have an appetite, myself, of sixteen, and I know yours. I earned mine by an hour's swim this afternoon in the river."

The Visitor shuddered at thought of the rushing icy currents.

"Quite so," he agreed, "it was too long. But what to do! A couple of lanky, native market women persisted in bargaining on the bank while I, like the Marquis of Carabas, shivered. Finally I swore such a 'good mouth-filling oath' as would have delighted Percy, and frightened them away. Have I told you," he asked the Visitor, "how I was wounded four times at Gettysburg, and left for dead at Antietam? But—*nil desperandum*—watch this pigeon-wing!" which, indeed, he cut with a lightness wonderful in his years and weight. Then he showed her some other Bowery curios, calling them "heirlooms."

"If his wife keeps remembering him so thoughtfully," she whispered to Miss McLean with some heat, "it's uncommonly good of her, under the circumstances."

"Oh," commented Miss McLean, calmly, "people generally indulge him. He amuses them, so they condone his foibles."

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"Not the wife, surely, whom he deserts and flouts?"

"Even she. And notice these natives. They are quite shrewd enough to discount his amazing statements, yet they listen with a mixture of indulgence and disrespect."

"He never suspects the latter?"

"He never shows it, if he does. That would spoil everything."

"Now, boys and girls," called the Major, with an undisguised yawn, "it is quite time for you to go home. You may omit—which means leave out—the usual thanks for a delightful evening, as that you always enjoy with me. Light your lanterns, and toddle along. I'm glad it's they, not I, who have to go home this dark night, along the river side. But they belong here and don't mind the rough road."

"I do," said the Bostonian, "but it's worth it."

"Thank you," said the Major, with such jovial acceptance as made her think of the "Night before Christmas."

Startling news came to her a day later of Miss McLean, a bold and practised climber, having set out alone on a tramp, and after a day's absence, being still missing. The Major took dinner alone in placid persuasion that she had merely gone further than first intended. At nightfall he opined that someone should go and look for her. The young men of the neighborhood, knowing the steep uncertainties of the mountain sides, especially after recent rains, and aware of her fearlessness in exploration, formed search parties into the darkness with torches and lanterns. All night they sought and the crisp winter morning dawned upon no news of her. Another day and night were equally unsuccessful. The men, natives and visitors, were alike unwearied; and the Major sat in his warm room and organized groups of searchers, and directed them.

Then, on the third day, they came upon the body of the hapless girl, at the foot of a precipice over which she had evidently slipped, her alpen-stock proving treacherous on the wet rock cliff. For many a month afterward, the Major was centre of a hushed group, listening:

"Never, sir, have I viewed anything more impressive than bringing that poor thing down the narrow, winding trail. From my front porch, they looked, with their lanterns, like a long procession of fireflies or glowworms, weirdly picturesque against the dark mountain's face. Yes, it is suspected, but not

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proved, of course, that she threw herself over in some unknown despair." He would cough, at this point, behind his hand. "Naturally, I knew her well, and liked her—but, being a married man, was rather discouraging always, knowing I had the 'fatal gift.' I never dreamed that she would—well, well!"

So Miss McLean, a sturdy character of eminent good sense, remains in the neighborhood's mind, a love-lorn, despairing victim of the Major's fascinations.

It was the Bostonian's fortune to be still in the Gap when the Major, lingering too long in swimming to prove youthful invulnerability, caught a fatal chill.

"Yes, you may," he said grudgingly. But his wife did not arrive in time, and it was to his grown son that he whispered his last instructions.

"Be sure and take good care of the horse, Tom."

"I will," said Tom, remembering that aged and bony animal, as a lean, shaggy colt of no particular parentage.

"As fine an animal as ever won a race. Pure Hambletonian, sir, pure Hambletonian."

WHY.

BY MARTIN T. O'CONNELL.

We know, O Lord, that all save Thee is dross
And passing fleet;
Why then this strife to gain what is a loss
When it were meet
To seek Thee, hanging on a blood-stained Cross
And kiss Thy Feet.

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New Books.

ON CONTEMPORARY LITERATURE. By Stuart P. Sherman. New York: Henry Holt & Co. $1.50 net.

"The great revolutionary task of nineteenth century thinkers," Professor Sherman tells us in his introduction, "was to put man into nature. The great task of twentieth century thinkers is to get him out again—somehow to break the spell of those magically seductive cries: 'Follow nature,' 'Trust your instincts,' 'Back to nature.'" For, he continues, "we have trusted our instincts long enough to sound the depths of their treacherousness. We have followed nature to the last ditch and ditch-water. In these days when the educator, returning from observation of the dog kennel with a treatise on animal behavior, thinks he has a real clue to the education of children; when the criminologist with a handful of cranial measurements, imagines that he has solved the problem of evil; when the clergyman discovers the ethics of the spirit by meditating on the phagocytes in the blood; when the novelist returning from the zoölogical gardens wishes to revise the relations of the sexes so as to satisfy the average man's natural craving for three wives; when the statesman after due reflection on 'the survival of the fittest' feels justified in devouring his neighbors—in the presence of these appeals to nature, we may wisely welcome any indication of a counter-revolution."

Nor, in the author's opinion, are there lacking signs of insurrection in many quarters. Among others," for the valor and high spirits of his revolt one welcomes the critical writings of Mr. G. K. Chesterton. Fighting with intellectual mountebanks he has stolen some of their weapons; he has taken his stand in what his adversaries will assail as a 'mediæval' citadel; yet in his *Orthodoxy*, despite its archaic elements, he has produced the most brilliantly sensible book that has come in recent years from the embattled journalists of London."

All this and much additional sane and straightforward talk we find in the introduction; and hence it is no surprise to us to discover that when the author comes in the body of his

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book to deal individually with the chief idols of modern literature, he is by no means inclined to grow ecstatic. For it so happens that Professor Sherman, besides holding certain tested standards of artistic excellence, is one of the rare critics who can keep his head and his footing in "the long wash" of popular approval, and so he dares to say some disconcerting things to those who follow the prevailing modes in literary appraisal. It is difficult to refrain from extensive illustrative quotation.

That such a book should appear at this time and in this country makes one positively sanguine for the future of American letters, and to all those interested in that future or in criticism exercised as a fine art, we warmly recommend it. For his conclusions, it is true, the author does not perhaps find the highest spiritual sanctions, approaching his subject as he does from the humanistic standpoint. But the humanist, "though he profess his inability to climb the steeps of mystical insight .... is at one with the saints in his clear perception of the eternal conflict between 'the law for things' and 'the law for man;'" and that assuredly is much to be grateful for, in these days of loose standards both in life and literature.

THE LIFE OF AUGUSTIN DALY. By Joseph Francis Daly. New York: The Macmillan Co. $4.00.

Not since this publishing house brought out a half-dozen years ago the memoirs of Helena Modjeska, has such an interesting volume of theatrical biography appeared. There are a few books of this kind which stand in a rank by themselves and will always be read with interest—Mary Anderson's recollections, the autobiography of Ellen Terry, the memoirs of Modjeska. In the pages of such writings we are enabled to meet face to face the world's notables, and to see, likewise, into the hearts and souls of men and women who have struggled and triumphed in the common conflict of life.

Augustin Daly, who was undeniably, and as the publishers of this book justly claim, "America's greatest theatrical manager," left no autobiography; but in the person of his devoted and gifted brother, the late Joseph Francis Daly, of the New York Bar, he possessed a biographer than whom none could be imagined better; for, to his intimate knowledge of his subject, the fruit of life-long close relationship, he added the gift

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of a clear and flowing literary expression, and a delicate sense of values which make his judgments and criticisms just and impartial. Fortunate, assuredly, is the man whose life story is told by such an historian!

From the first chapter of this handsome and bulky volume, when we read of the romantic adventures of Augustin Daly's ancestors—"the young Kerry girl and her lover; the child saved from the sea; captured by the French; life in the West Indies:" how like an imaginary tale it runs! From the first page, we are held entranced. We follow the hero through his schooldays; we behold him, even in his teens, making realities of his theatrical ambitions; we witness his ten years' training at the hard desk of the newspaper writer; and finally we see him emerging, as he confidently knew that he would emerge, into the full power of his vocation. As the record goes on, we follow the man into ever broader and higher paths of enterprise; but always we see him unchanged, plain, simple, straightforward, kindhearted, honest and shrewd, molding and shaping the careers of many of those destined to be great; himself a power, but never one that wasted its energies on self-advertisement.

The story of Augustin Daly's life is one of the most inspiring ones culled from the record of American endeavor. He took his work in the theatre seriously, as a vocation. He felt that he had a mission in life, and to the discharge of that mission he bent his utmost energies. As a literary document, this biography is a genuine addition to letters. It abounds in matter of the liveliest interest to the writer and the reader.

Reading it, we come to know men and women, their struggles and their triumphs, their comedies and their tragedies, in the very way that Augustin Daly would have had us know them through the medium of his expression—intimately and inspiringly. And best of all, we have Daly himself revealed to us, a figure and a personality whose story has undeniably enriched the dramatic world.

ELEMENTARY PRINCIPLES OF ECONOMICS. Together with a Short Sketch of Industrial History. Revised by R. T. Ely and G. R. Wicker. New York: The Macmillan Co. $1.10.

This manual has been reprinted no less than seventeen times in ten years. In the preface to the present edition, the

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authors inform us that the unexpected success of the work as a text-book has encouraged them to revise and recast it completely, both in matter and form. Changes of theory that have become generally accepted have been adopted, new economic institutions have found a place in the discussion, new diagrams and illustrations have been inserted, and a "set of questions for discussion" have been appended to each chapter. From the viewpoint of pedagogical technique, the book seems to have been made as nearly perfect as is within the power of human achievement. Of course, it is subject to the limitations of all elementary and relatively brief treatises on the subject of economics: the discussion of many difficult topics is condensed, and some topics are omitted entirely. Nothwithstanding these difficulties of space, the authors were well advised in retaining the useful chapters on economic history.

LUTHER AND LUTHERDOM. By Heinrich Denifle. Translated by Raymund Volz. Vol. I., Part I. Somerset, Ohio: Torch Press. $3.50.

Father Denifle tells us that his book was written for the student and the scholar with no intention of an incendiary effect among the people, as some of his critics have alleged. His shattering of the Lutheran legend caused a great uproar throughout Germany, so proud of its hero. The Universities led in the attack on the man who dared call the leader of the sixteenth century revolt a deliberate liar and falsifier, and then proved it on page after page of a most interesting volume. Harnack, Seeberg, Walther, Kolde, Kohler, Kawerau, Haussrath, Bauman and many other valiant knights of Protestantism entered the lists, but Father Denifle's facts and direct citations made him an easy victor in the conflict.

This volume is in no sense a life. It aims rather at showing how Luther in his every teaching went against the true Catholic doctrine of the past, and how frequently he deliberately lied about the teaching of the Fathers of the Church and misquoted the theologians and mystics of the Middle Ages.

To instance some of the false statements Father Denifle triumphantly refutes. Luther makes St. Bernard condemn the monastic life, whereas the passage cited is merely the humble confession of a contrite soul face to face with God; the vow to live according to rule, becomes in Luther's hands a vow to ob-

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serve the whole rule, a statement St. Bernard would be the first to reject. Luther also lies about the object of the year of probation, the meaning of the vows, the state of perfection, monastic baptism, the Catholic concept of the married state, the practice of mortifications, and the spirit of Catholic prayers to a merciful God, etc.

It is interesting to discover how often Luther acted on the principle that the end justifies the means. He was the first Christian teacher to grant a dispensation to practice polygamy; the first to hold that "everything is allowed" against the wickedness of the Pope, and that it was lawful to lie for the sake of the Christian, *i. e.*, Lutheran Church.

THE CONVERSION OF EUROPE. By C. H. Robinson, D.D. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. $6.00 net.

Canon Robinson well remarks that nothing of historical value has been written for a generation or more on the conversion of Europe—hence his book; but the volume, though compiled with considerable care, cannot be said to fill the "long-felt want" satisfactorily.

As for its merits, it is comparatively free from those evidences of bias or bigotry that so often mar similar productions. The introductory chapter, clear and comprehensive in its outlines, is excellently done. The same may be said, with some reserve, of the concluding summary; and throughout there are indications that the author, if not a missionary himself, is animated with the missionary's enthusiasm.

These qualities, however, are offset by others that detract from the book's usefulness. The order of the various European nations followed by the author is, to say the least, unusual. It seems strange, for instance, to begin with the conversion of Ireland, when Ireland itself was evangelized from elsewhere in Europe. Again, though the subject-matter deals, to a large extent, with the labors of Catholic missionaries, the vast body of the evidence is drawn from non-Catholic sources, many of which savor of the hypercritical, or higher-critical school. Some of the best of the early Popes are subjected to unworthy slurs; and the warmly sympathetic notice on Julian the Apostate's religiosity looks strangely out of place.

The author is not free from the practice, so ineffective and misleading, of citing isolated arguments and examples,

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and applying modern standards of appreciation and criticism to mediæval and barbarian phases of thought and conduct. The style of the narrative, as in much modern history, is bald and fragmentary.

The work, on the whole, can scarcely be of great service to the Catholic scholar; but its copious foot-notes and bibliography give it a certain usefulness as a book of reference.

BLESSED ARE THEY THAT MOURN. By Mother Mary Loyola. New York: P. J. Kenedy & Sons. $1.00.

The need of a special word of consolation at this time of extended mourning is met by this small volume in a very satisfying manner. Naturally, it addresses itself particularly to women, and the hand that touches their dreadful sorrows is exquisitely gentle and sympathetic, yet, at the same time, strengthening and sustaining, proffering inspiration to courage and endurance. The author's intuitions are keen and her outlook includes all aspects of the War's tragedy, as in the chapter "Uncovenanted Mercies," where she deals tender comfort to those who are distressed by misgivings lest the dear ones whom they mourn, were not prepared to die. The appeal is wide; non-Catholics as well as those of the Faith may find here balm for their wounded spirits.

THE RIB OF THE MAN. By Charles R. Kennedy. New York: Harper & Brothers. $1.30 net.

Mr. Kennedy does not give us a plot in his newest play, but one thesis upon another. Divested of the Biblical allusion which throughout reiterates its symbolic message of a new creation insistently, if a little vaguely, the situation shapes down to a conflict (for the most part in conversation) between what the author holds to be the old and the new ideals of sex. This is the real heart of the argument, though, by way of good measure, the question of the ethics of war is thrown in and solved at about the third quarter of the play. "I know," says the heroine, "that we are on the threshold of the Great Miracle. A New World, so far as the relation between man and woman is concerned. A world of less sex and more love." Why this ideal should be called "new" is not clear. It is the ancient conception of romantic love created and hallowed by Catholicism before Protestant

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individualism initiated the modern riot of sexual indulgence and anarchy; the author even verges close on an appreciation of this fact at least once: "As for matrimony, that evil Protestant stew of smugness and bestiality, I abjure it! The blessed sacrament of Marriage, if you will! Some day! When I am worthy!" However, the idea comes into the play in a context so little Catholic that its author's failure to recognize its real source is easily understood.

One wishes to do justice to Mr. Kennedy's mature art, which shows at its best in the characterization and humor of this play. Yet it is hard to believe that the book's influence will be great in the matter on which we are doing most of our thinking today. The wounded aviator who, in the cosy little Ægean island, abjures nationality and the ways of war, has a curious cheapness and impotence when we compare him with his counterparts in reality—the heroes who come back in thousands, disabled, also, yet full of the crucial importance of the conflict, and with their faces still turned toward the front. All the phrases which came so easily before the War had shaken theorists into their senses—the sinfulness of war, the puerility of nationality, the inevitability of universal brotherhood—have here the unreal patter of an outworn jargon. Also, the book would be more acceptable to the Catholic reader if its author did not indulge in the habit—common since Swinburne—of pressing the phraseology of devotion into a service for which it was never intended. The play is adorned with quotations, without quotation marks, from Bible and liturgy, quotations which have gathered through the centuries a content of intense religious emotion and which have today a definite and sacred meaning for hundreds of millions of people. Surely this spiritual freightage should be held sacred to the belief which inspired it, instead of being appropriated to give a vague, semi-religious exaltation to every new brand of private doctrine or dubious social conviction which happens to move the mind of man.

THE MAGIC STONE. By Blanche E. Wade. New York: Sully & Keinteich. $2.00 net.

Here are seven real fairy stories, illustrative of the seven colors of the rainbow, whispered by the Magic Stone to the little boy, Christopher, who was its fortunate possessor. Miss

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Wade unites a fertile, graceful imagination with unusual gifts of expression and command of colorful imagery. She plays with language in a way that children always find fascinating, using little tricks of repetition and of word-invention; and her manner of address is delightfully comrade-like. The book is both charming and wholesome, and its sunshiny message is that the sky is as blue as it seems, that the rainbow's end may be found and its promise realized, and that "happiness is not a dream."

ESPAÑA PINTORESCA: SPAIN IN HISTORY AND LEGEND. By Carolina M. Dorado. Boston: Ginn & Co. 95 cents.

To create a vivid picture of the many-sided life of old Spain; to arouse students of Spanish to a keener appreciation of the Spanish people, their customs and their literature with all its romance and beauty, the author of this little volume has selected bits of legend and history, descriptions of essentially Spanish life to make up the desired background. Although everything is on a small scale, one brings from the book a better understanding of the great heart of Spain and her children—their quaint and picturesque ways, their gravity and tenderness, their simple faith in God. A land where the night; —watchman calls the hour in the words *Ave Maria Purissima, las dos y media y sereno!* (Hail, purest Mary, half-past two and fair weather); where the people speak of the saints as if they were kind and protecting friends, and where religion is a part of every-day life, not put away for Sundays—such a land seems strange to the modern world where God is often spoken of as a principle or law; where there is an inclination to regard right and wrong as mere points of view; and where progress, that much abused, elastic, noisy word, frequently covers a multitude of sins.

CHURCH AND STATE IN ENGLAND TO THE DEATH OF QUEEN ANNE. By Henry Melvill Gwatkin, D.D. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. $5.00 net.

This text-book is valueless as history, for it is dominated throughout by the writer's theological prejudices, and it makes one outrageous statement after another without the slightest proof or reference. We can only recommend it to those who want a book anti-Catholic to the core, and are perfectly indif-

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ferent about the truth. We had thought the twentieth century had gotten a bit beyond the bigoted history writing of two or three centuries ago.

Is Henry VIII. in question, we are treated with a discussion of the anti-Catholic character of the Bible, which knows nothing of the Pope, the Virgin Mary, purgatory or indulgences. Is "Bloody Mary" talked of, we are treated to a dissertation on the "courage" of Cranmer! and the "transparent honesty" of Foxe's *Book of Martyrs*. Is the virgin queen under criticism, we are given the most inaccurate and garbled account of the Elizabethan settlement, the writer knowing nothing of such writers as Fathers Birt, Bridgett and Phillips. Of course the Catholics who suffered death under Elizabeth were mostly traitors, a lie first advanced by Lord Burleigh and answered contemporaneously by no less a man than Cardinal Allen. The Protestants who were put to death in Mary's reign were all martyrs—this is the veriest piffle, worthy of an A. P. A. lecturer of the nineties, but unworthy of a man who spent many years lecturing on history at Cambridge and Edinburgh.

Oliver Cromwell, we are informed, has been slandered as much as Cranmer. Yet his temper was "noble, unselfish and kindly. He nearly always leaned to mercy, and his religion was as genuine as that of any saint." The massacre of Drogheda was of course only a fitting retribution on the Irish Papists—note the word—for their crimes, just as the execution of King Charles was merely the just and necessary punishment of a dangerous traitor.

On the whole, the book is a tissue of Low Church prejudices dressed up in historical fashion.

NEW AMERICAN HISTORY. By Albert B. Hart, LL.D. New York: American Book Co. $1.72.

Professor Hart, the well-known historian of the United States, in this new contribution, condenses military activities and gives wide scope to the social and economic view of our ancestors. It is essentially a high school and college textbook, requiring previous foundational knowledge of the general outline of our history. As might be expected in a work of this kind, the chronological order is not emphasized, but rather the relative importance of the topic. The religious question is conspicuous by its absence which, all things con-

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sidered, is perhaps the better way. The labor of the writer, however, deserved better treatment at the hands of his publishers. The maps and diagrams might be improved and more space allotted them.

AMERICAN ADVENTURES. By Julian Street. New York: The Century Co. $3.00 net.

To the writing of this delightful book the author brings a practised hand, an observant—indeed, a searching, eye—and the inestimable gift of humor. Already he has won his audience with his preceding and companion volume, *Abroad at Home;* now he continues his wanderings setting down, in a style that is at once engaging and illuminative, the record of his travels through the Southern States. He has the faculty of seeing all around the things he observes: he can appreciate the sentiment of memories and places, he can catch the spirit of poetry that transfuses them, yet at the same time, with a flash of satire, or a stroke of whimsey, he can reveal the human weaknesses, the incongruities or idiosyncrasies, of the people whom these scenes and memories frame.

From the opening chapter, when the author, giddy with his young lady friends, gets himself all tangled up with the ticket agent and the baggage man, on through his various peregrinations along the Atlantic seaboard, from stately Baltimore to "Passionate Palm Beach," from lovely Savannah to the City of the Creole, the reader is carried irresistibly on a joyous pilgrimage. As sheer entertainment, the book is a masterpiece; but better still, it imparts between its flashes of fun and its excellent pages of description, a wealth of information concerning a part of our own country that is all too little known to the bulk of Americans. Thus the book does a double service; nay, a triple service: for, dealing as it does with the South, it achieves a revelation of the spirit and feeling of the States and people below the Mason and Dixon line which is very much to the purpose, especially at the present moment when the country, more than ever "one, united and indivisible," needs to know itself and understand the various elements that go into its making as a whole. Mr. Street has seen the South with a sympathetic and understanding eye; and though he is daring at times, and bold, it is always with the boldness of frank honesty and never with offence.

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Catholic readers will find the chapters on the Carrols of Maryland, and the description of historic old Doughoregan Manor particularly interesting and sympathetic. But the whole book, for that matter, is radiant with charm, good nature, and amusing human insight. Mr. Morgan's pictures are in the same spirit, humorous and revealing. The volume is sumptuously printed and well worth its price.

A SON OF THE MIDDLE BORDER. By Hamlin Garland. New York: The Macmillan Co. $1.60.

"Happiness dwells afar. Wealth and fame are to be found by journeying toward the sunset star!" Such was the spirit of that fine, old pioneer, Richard Garland, the author's father, who kept moving West, leaving farm after farm for the lure of the unknown country. This book shows the hardships of pioneer farming and divests it of all romance; it is a realistic record of Hamlin Garland's early life and young manhood up to the time when, the pen having proved mightier than the plough, he was able to settle his toil-bent parents in a comfortable home with some of the luxuries they had never enjoyed.

A Son of the Middle Border is a very human record of some very real people, and though many of the pages have a deep undercurrent of sadness, even of tragedy, there are lighter touches such as the inspiring chapter which relates how the author, poor and unknown, struggled to fame as a lecturer in Boston in spite of his paper collars and the aniline purple suit turned pink along the seams. Life seemed very glorious to the young man who climbed night after night to standing place in the balcony, that he might learn the greatness of Shakespeare and the soul of English literature from that never-to-be forgotten prince of tragedy, Edwin Booth, whose acting was painting and sculpture and music to so many Americans.

TRAPPED IN BLACK RUSSIA. By Ruth Pierce. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. $1.25.

Without a seasoning of the third division, gendarmes, female spies, terror, prisoners in chains and persecuted Jews, a book on Russia is nót palatable for popular consumption. *Trapped in Black Russia* is a palatable book, if these elements

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comprise the total *desideratum* for a book on Russia. It recounts the experiences of a young American matron who visited Kiev in 1918, when the Germans were dangerously near that city, who wrote an indiscreet letter about the Government's treatment of Jews in the locality, which brought her afoul of the secret service, and obliged her in consequence to stay in Kiev four months before she received her passport and could return to Bulgaria where she resided. The same experience could befall her in any American city at the present time should such a letter fall into the hands of our secret service, the only difference being that her case would doubtless have a speedier conclusion. Of Russia, there is very little in this volume, except observations on the treatment of Jews and sundry comparisons between the wealth of the churches and the poverty of the peasants. It lacks understanding of the Russian people. It is written in a brilliant style, in the form of letters to the author's parents. Unfortunately this sort of book is so common that it is small wonder that Americans do not understand the great Russian people.

SPANISH READER. By M. A. DeVitis. New York: Allyn & Bacon Co. $1.25.

This reader for Spanish students is so simple that it may be used very early in the study of the language, and yet so practical in the general information it gives of conditions in Spanish-speaking countries, that it will still prove a useful handbook when student days are over. In the first part of the reader, the selections describing different cities in Spain, discuss Spanish geography, government, public instruction, army and navy, history and literature. The next division deals with Mexico, the West Indies and the republics of South America. *Flores de España* and *Flores de America* give selections from well-known Spanish and South American poets, and the last division of the book contains the music and words of sixteen popular songs, dances and national hymns including the famous revolutionary "Hymn of Riego." There are many illustrations and maps, and ten valuable appendixes giving statistics, value of coins, etc.

The *Reader* gives brief account of the Pan-American Union, an international organization of twenty-one American republics, maintaining offices at Washington to promote the

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development of commerce and friendly intercourse with the United States of America. The Union has a magnificent collection of thirty thousand volumes and fifteen thousand photographs, known as the Columbus Memorial Library.

It would be difficult to find a more useful and practical text-book for the study of Spanish. In plan it is carefully graded, only the present tense being used in the early divisions; in matter it provides the student with such a thorough understanding of life and conditions among Spanish-speaking peoples as will aid him materially if he wishes later to enter their business world.

PRACTICAL BIOLOGY. By Messrs. Smallwood, Reveley and Bailey. New York: Allyn & Bacon. $1.25.

This course in biology has been designed to meet the requirements of high schools, and has proved to be what it announces itself—"simple, workable, attractive." The chapters on human biology are very good; that on hygiene, good and informing; those on zoölogy and botany, however, need to be supplemented by other matter to meet the requirements of the Regents' Syllabus. The book also contains several useful appendixes.

MRS. HUMPHRY WARD. By Stephen Gwynn. New York: Henry Holt & Co. 60 cents net.

"She seems to have everything that can be acquired by study," says Mr. Gwynn in summing up his estimate of Mrs. Ward, and yet "I fear that the qualities she lacks are the qualities necessary to survival—the salt of humor, the fire of passion, the personal charm of a style." He contrasts his subject with other writers—for instance, Meredith, whose "creative impulse is the artist's pure and simple," whereas Mrs. Ward's "is the publicist's who has discovered a subtle device through which argument can be conducted under special forms." He affirms that "she would sooner found an influential sect than write a supremely good book," and holds that while "this is a perfectly natural ambition," it is "one incompatible with the highest literary success."

In these and many other sentences throughout his book Mr. Gwynn speaks the language of the man of trained critical judgment who has permanent standards and knows how to

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apply them. He recognizes Mrs. Ward's unusual mental attainments, calls attention to her wide intellectual range, admires her sense of justice which desires that each side to a controversy shall have its sympathetic presentation, and finds in *Helbeck of Bannisdale,* her finest achievement, "a novel which it is a pleasure to praise without reserve."

Unfortunately *Helbeck* is a unique exception. Mr. Gwynn finds that Mrs. Ward's stories are usually dominated by a thesis, that her technique at best has never been more than competent, and that her writing, good as it is, lacks personality. Apart from the dales-folk among whom her early years were spent, she is emphatically the novelist of the cultivated rich.

CAMPAIGNS AND INTERVALS. By Jean Giraudoux. Translated by Elizabeth Sergeant. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. $1.50 net.

In a multitude of books concerning the War, this work, from the pen of one of the French officers sent over to America to assist us in our training camps, stands out with a certain distinction that is rather difficult to define. In some ways, it falls short of the expectations it arouses; and yet again it gives agreeable surprises. We imagine the author is not an easy person to know: at any rate, he is not in his written pages, for they contain a good deal of what we would like to believe is camouflage—a certain tendency to flippancy that may be only the instinctive concealment of deeper and nobler sentiments than appear on the surface.

The book recounts the author's experiences on the Western Front and in the Dardanelles in a series of impressionistic pictures of the comings and goings, the feelings and reactions of the French soldier. As Lieutenant Giraudoux reveals the *poilu,* however, he is not always the appealing figure that we have come to imagine him; for this we blame not the soldier, but his interpreter. After all, the clearest revelation that a writer makes is of himself. We doubt if the author of *Campaigns and Intervals* has always seen into the heart of his fellows-in-arms. In the final chapters of his book, however, "Five Nights," and "Five Dawns on the Marne," he redeems himself and gives some moving portrayals of the sufferings and heroism of the French fighters.

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The translation is so well done that it is hard to believe that the book was not composed in English, and merely touched up by an American pen.

THUNDHER AN' TURF. By Rev. Mark O'Byrne. New York: P. J. Kenedy & Sons. 40 cents.

A delightful talent, of the Sheehan sort, is revealed in these ten little sketches of native Irish life. The parishes of Carnemore and Currabeg, with their clerical priest's boy and his sedate love-affair, their barefoot Seamus—"Seamus gan Bhroga"—the star of the school choir, their poignant human vicissitudes cutting across county council elections and the more serious business of poultry marketing, their New Year's party, the givers of which are embarrassed by the number of acceptances which flow in, though the general verdict is that "the McGraths have little to do with their money," their Crow Lane, where, when Father Mat goes to collect his Easter Dues, he first fortifies himself with a "*sed beati qui non expectant*"—all are pictured by the pen of a chronicler and born humorist, who knows his material to the core and relishes it with a quiet, unfailing appreciation which familiarity cannot dull.

It is to be hoped that, as Father O'Byrne's talent mellows and matures, he will also develop in constructive power. These sketches are in no sense stories, and their material would be undoubtedly more effective from a literary point of view, if it were whipped into definite shape.

The illustrations add little to the pleasure of the reader. And why, in these days when the very classics are being re-edited on a more humanized plan of printing, should we have to endure the penance of fine type?

GERMANY'S ANNEXATIONIST AIMS. By S. Grumbach. Translated and Abbreviated by J. Ellis Barker. London: John Murray. $1.50.

To the student of the World War, and as a reference book for future use, this volume will prove invaluable. It is a first-hand document—a translation and abbreviation of Herr S. Grumbach's monumental volume, *Das Annexionistische Deutschland*, which appeared last year, and set forth the most comprehensive expression yet published of the true aims of

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Germany in waging war against the world. In the light of such a work, all the declarations and protestations of Berlin, made for outside consumption, as to self-defensive motives, and so on, pale to a ghastly jest. Herr Grumbach gathered into his five hundred portly pages the imperialistic demands of practically every representative person, organization, and institution in Germany—rulers, statesmen, politicians, business men, scientists, publicists and journalists; and pooling all these, he gave to the world—to the German reading world at home—a document that explodes to extinction the idea that America and the Allies are not fighting the German people. This document (which comes nearer than anything we have so far seen to being a comprehensive expression of the feeling of the people of Germany concerning the War), Mr. Barker has given us in a brief and handy volume—a very valuable book.

THE INSURGENT THEATRE. By Thomas H. Dickinson. New York: B. W. Huebsch. $1.25 net.

"The Theatre Insurgent" we would have named this book, instead of *The Insurgent Theatre;* for, though it deals specifically with the new and modern departures of theatrical activity, it really serves a still larger purpose. It reveals the fact that there is not only an "insurgent" theatre in America, but that, in truth, the whole theatre, as an institution in this country, is passing through a period of change and expansion. That this change is one for the better we are confident, despite the strange and exotic expressions it at times chooses for its media. The point is, as a reading of Professor Dickinson's book reveals, that the theatre in America is interiorly struggling to free itself of the handicaps put upon it by an overemphasis of its commercial side. If this struggle has at times resulted in certain regrettable extremes of so-called "art," it is, after all, but the fruit of a natural reaction. In the long run, the effect will be good, and the theatre will profit by the movements it is now experiencing. These are the conclusions to which the reader of Professor Dickinson's book must inevitably come.

The author's treatment of the question of art in the theatre, and the struggle against commercialism, is eminently sane and reasonable, and will commend itself to all who have the

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interest of the drama at heart. In recommending Professor Dickinson's book, the opportunity should not be passed for saying a personal word for this conscientious lover of the best things in the theatre. He is one of the men in America who are truly and substantially building for higher things in histrionic art. He has already accomplished much, and this new book will add to his laurels and increase the effectiveness of his unselfish endeavors.

READINGS AND REFLECTIONS FOR THE HOLY HOUR. By Rev. F. A. Reuter. New York: Fr. Pustet & Co. $1.25.

Fifty-two chapters compose this volume, each suited for use during the Holy Hour: a chapter for each week of the year.

The book contains many charming and touching instances of devotion to Our Lord in the Most Holy Sacrament, which bear witness to the wonders and miracles of the Real Presence, and the rewards of Its adorers.

MARIAN POEMS. St. Louis: The Queen's Work. Cloth, 50 cents; paper, 25 cents.

In the issue of *The Queen's Work* for July, 1916, the editor published "A Challenge to the Poets" wherein, after lamenting the fact that the most famous and perhaps most beautiful poem in English literature in honor of Our Blessed Lady, was written by a non-Catholic, Wordsworth, he went on to announce a year-long contest for poems in praise of the Blessed Virgin. The response was widespread, poems coming in from all parts of this country and England as well, and there are collected into the present booklet. As the readers of THE CATHOLIC WORLD are doubtless aware, Mr. Joyce Kilmer won not only the first, but also the second place in the contest with two very fine sonnets.

Father Garesché has done wisely in thus bringing together the poems of the contest, which on the whole keep a high level of poetic excellence.

A CASKET OF JOYS. By J. T. Durward. Baraboo, Wis.: The Pilgrim Publishing Co. 25 cents.

Some four or five years ago we happened upon an unusually delightful and invigorating spiritual book, which was

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written to show that, contrary to popular fancy, the normal every-day state of the average Christian here on earth should be and is intended to be one of joy, and the author went on to give practical directions how this happy condition might be brought about. This book, which was written by a German bishop, was entitled *More Joy*, and it had, we believe, a very wide circulation both in this country and abroad.

Now, from far away Wisconsin comes a little book with a similar idea and a similar purpose, and though it is far too slight in bulk to claim rivalry with Bishop Keppler's work—and, indeed, its author explicitly disclaims such rivalry—in thought and execution it certainly deserves mention with that admirable performance. *A Casket of Joys* will prove a treat out of the ordinary, possessing unusual literary excellence and unusual literary knowledge.

SMALL ARMS INSTRUCTOR'S MANUAL. With an Introduction by Captain C. C. Griffith, C. A. C., U. S. A. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. 60 cents net.

This convenient little volume, compiled by several of the most experienced shots and coaches in this country working in conjunction with Regular Army instructors, is designed to give an abbreviated and yet complete basic course for the instruction of soldiers in the use and care of rifle, pistol and revolver. The material for the book is founded on the United States Army Manual of Small Arms Firing, and has been gathered from the most vital portions of twenty or more works on small arms and musketry. The authors have also taken into account Entente documents based on experience in the present War. As this is an intensive course and as there has hitherto existed no such standardized and complete work in one volume, the book would seem to fill an immediate military want.

FROM the American Book Co. (New York) we have a three-book series of *Standard Arithmetics*, by Samuel Hamilton. *Book One* (44 cents), covering the work of the first four grades, is attractive, concrete and practical; *Book Two* (48 cents), for the fifth and sixth grades, is equally excellent, with interesting and stimulating oral work; *Book Three*, intended for use in the seventh and eight grades, attempts to cover too much ground, which by right belongs to the Com-

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mercial and High School courses. Throughout the tests for accuracy and speed are varied and practical, and the problems well adapted to the child's comprehension.

The Rural Arithmetic (68 cents), by Augustus O. Thomas, Ph.D., from the same publishers, strikes a new vein and opens up a vista of the opportunities now dawning for the agricultural populations. The book is intended as an auxiliary in Grammar and High Schools. The problems are based on actual experience. The one hundred proficiency questions and the well-digested tables deserve special commendation.

Two admirable and well-planned books (from the same publishers), *First Lessons in English for Foreigners in Evening Schools* (40 cents), and *Second Book in English* for the same (52 cents), by Frederick Houghton, Sc.M., solve the problem of English for the adult student. Anyone engaged in Americanizing our numerous immigrants will find these books invaluable aids. The vocabularies in English, German, Polish, Italian and Yiddish are extremely useful.

A CHRISTIAN SOLDIER, number three of the Soldiers' and Sailors' Series published by the Central Bureau of the G. R. C. Central Society, St. Louis (5 cents per copy; 12 copies, 50 cents; 100 copies, $3.50 postpaid) gives an account of that splendid Catholic figure, General de Sonis. The subject is happily selected and pleasantly presented.

WE welcome from B. Herder, St. Louis, a reprint of *The Little Office of the Blessed Virgin* and *The Office of the Dead* in Latin and English (60 cents). The arrangement of Latin and English in parallel columns on the same page is agreeable to the eye and serviceable. The print is clear, and the paper good.

MESSRS. LONGMANS, GREEN & CO. have brought out an American edition ($1.50 net) of John Ayscough's *French Windows*. This powerful book is already in its eighth edition in England.

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Recent Events.

France.

M. Clémenceau still remains the Premier of France, and is succeeding in the object for which power was entrusted to him. Further steps must be taken, however, to bring to trial the members of a conspiracy which aimed to make France subject to Germany, which Bolo Pasha's trial has shown the existence.

The appeal of Bolo Pasha from the court which condemned him to death has been rejected by the Court of Cassation. Nothing now prevents the death sentence from being carried out. A further step to be taken is the bringing to justice of an apparently greater criminal than Bolo Pasha. M. Joseph Caillaux, a former Prime Minister, is now in prison awaiting trial. Immediately after the battle of the Marne he is said to have arrived at the conviction that France was beaten, and that it was to her best interests to conclude as favorable a peace with Germany as that country would vouchsafe to make. He at once proceeded, it is said, to institute negotiations for that purpose. Moreover, plans were formed by him to abolish parliamentary government in France and to place the country under a dictatorship. A list of the ministry through which the dictatorship was to act, was found among his papers —a list which casts suspicion upon several prominent politicians. It is sad to consider that behind the seeming national unity there existed so widespread a conspiracy, and still sadder to learn how successful the enemy was in winning over men whose sense of duty should have made them scorn such treachery. This may serve as a warning to other countries besides France not to listen to any suggestions from whomsoever they may come which tend to weaken their efforts to defeat the common foe. France's determination is evidenced by the vote of confidence quite recently given to M. Clémenceau by the Chamber of Deputies. On his entrance into office it was looked upon as somewhat discouraging that the vote of confidence he received was opposed by one hundred and twenty deputies. It may be looked upon as en-

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couraging that this minority has decreased in numbers to seventy-five, thereby indicating that the Premier's position is now stronger than it was when he entered into office.

In a recent speech, M. Clémenceau admitted that for a short time the morale of the French soldier had been shaken, but declared that the morale of the country is admirable, and that of the soldiers is now the admiration of their officers. A writer whose opinion deserves consideration—Mr. Hilaire Belloc—declared in a recent appreciation on this subject, that while the French people honored and supported the republican *régime*, they knew it was not unchangeable, in fact that it would be modified after the present struggle; they were united, as they had never been before, in the prosecution of the War to a complete victory. "They took the whole brunt of the first shock. They have suffered enormous losses. Invasion and ruin are still upon their soil. It was their military genius which checked the onslaught, with the fighting odds of five to eight, at the Marne. It was they who prevented the initial and easy victory of Germany. No internal differences count among them compared with their determination that the power which has attempted their destruction by every means, by the violation of treaties, and by usages unheard of among civilized men, shall be destroyed. In this determination is rooted their certainty of victory."

Russia.

Immediately after rejecting the terms proposed by the Germans at Brest-Litovsk, the Bolshevik Government proceeded at once to the demobilization of all the forces at the front, including those in Asia Minor. This insensate proceeding was followed by the advance of the German army in six columns into Russian territory all along the line and also along northern Russia and into the now independent republic of the Ukraine people.

It is worthy of note that the much vaunted superiority of German arms, has found no justification in the course of the present War. Every success so far achieved has been against a much weaker foe. The French after their first retreat, drove back from the Marne forces double their size and compelled them to take refuge in trenches and dug-outs. It was only with the help of Turkey and Austria-Hungary that Germany

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was able to overrun the poor little kingdom of Serbia. Rumania became Germany's victim owing mainly to the treachery of the Russian Imperial Government and also, it is said, to treachery within Rumania itself. If the many victories of Germany over Russia may be considered an exception, it must be remembered that the Russian forces, although large in numbers, were almost destitute of arms and munitions. The victory over Italy was more of an Austrian victory than a German one, although perhaps it could not have been achieved without the help of the latter. The Italian defeat, however, was so largely due to the demoralization of their forces by methods alien to civilized warfare, that it can scarcely be reckoned among military triumphs. Nothing need be said of the victory of Germany over Belgium. The vast superiority of Germany was too evident. Yet even so, Belgium's heroic resistance was strong enough to defeat Germany's long-laid plans for the conquest of France. It was only after Russia, by the fatuousness of her own rulers, was entirely disarmed that Germany was able to penetrate, as she is now doing, into the heart of that one-time empire.

When the Bolshevik Government saw the German armies advancing towards Petrograd and all along the line, it made frantic appeals to the Russian people to offer a determined resistance to the invaders, but to no effect. Only in a few places was the slightest effort made to hurl back the invaders. Everything fell into the Germans' hands, including large stores of ammunition and guns which Russia's former allies had deprived themselves of, for the defence of the republic. Under these circumstances, to save the capital from occupation by the Germans, the Bolshevik Government accepted without discussion the German terms. A line was drawn on the map east of the line laid down at the former conference of Brest-Litovsk, and a demand was made that all west of that line should fall completely under the control of Germany. This line cuts Esthonia and Livonia in two, then runs along the eastern boundary of Courland and through Minsk in the direction of Brest-Litovsk. It was left to Germany and Austria-Hungary to decide, at will, the fate of these regions and their inhabitants. No pledges formerly given for self-determination were renewed. Even this line did not form the limit of the German demands, for both Esthonia and Livonia were to be policed by Germany.

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Further terms included the conclusion of peace with the Ukraine Republic and Finland, and the evacuation of those states by all Russian troops.

The most distressing feature in the accepted demands of Germany is that the Armenians shall be again under the domination of the Central Powers' ally, Turkey; for a part of the southern Transcaucasian province is to be restored to that accursed rule—the port of Baptume, the fortress of Kars, and Erivan with the districts surrounding them. Not only, therefore, will the Turk resume his sway over the former province of Armenia but over a very much extended territory. This action of Germany and Austria-Hungary need excite no surprise, for they have already declared, in the speeches of the German Chancellor and the Austro-Hungarian Prime Minister, their "loyalty" to their ally, which involves the restoration of the Holy City of Jerusalem to the Crescent, although, it is reported, the Holy Father has placed his ban upon any such attempt. The Republic of the Caucasus, however, one of the new States into which Russia has been dissolved, according to latest reports, has refused to make peace with the Turks. This may save from their grasp what the German Emperor and his Austro-Hungarian ally have given them.

The treaty further includes a free export of ores without tariff from Russia and other wide commercial concessions. This provision, so far as the effective carrying on of the war is concerned, is perhaps the most important of all, since it places the resources of Russia at the disposal of the Central Powers.

The effort to propagate Bolshevik principles among the German and Austro-Hungarian peoples, upon which were based that Government's hopes of success, is precluded by the terms of the treaty which provides specifically that no attempt be made to propagate these principles among the peoples of the Central Powers.

The ratification of the treaty just accepted by the Bolshevik Government, by the Council of Workmen's and Soldiers' Delegates, the supreme power in Russia at the present time, was made on the sixteenth of last month, four days after the anniversary of the establishment of a republican form of government. Never perhaps in the history of the world has any country passed through so disastrous a year.

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The principle of self-determination, declared by the Lenine Government to be the right of all people, was adopted immediately by several provinces of what was once Russia. Finland declared its independence, but this exemplification of the principle did not meet with the approbation of its promulgators. The Government of Finland, being in the hands of those upon whom Lenine and his colleagues look as capitalists, was not acceptable to the Bolsheviki. Those holding any capitalistic opinions immediately rose in rebellion to the newly constituted republican government, and were assisted in their rebellion by Red Guards. This gave an opportunity to the Finnish Government to call on Germany for help, an opportunity which was eagerly embraced; and at the present time German troops are advancing into Finland, having seized on their way the Aland Islands. This seizure is causing anxiety to Sweden and the Scandinavian powers generally, for their possession endangers Sweden and gives to Germany the commanding position in the Baltic.

The second State of importance Russia has lost during the first year of the republic is the Ukraine. To this loss, the Bolshevik Government was actively opposed and offered energetic resistance. This led to the Ukraine Government calling upon Germany to give her assistance, a call, of course, to which Germany was quite ready to lend a willing ear. A part of the German troops which entered Russia, directed their course to assist the Ukrainians in their conflict with the Bolsheviki. The peace which the Central Powers made with the Ukrainian Republic was the first since the beginning of the War. Its acceptance by the Republic was only to be attained by adding to its territory one of the provinces of Poland. This demand was granted by the Central Powers without any consultation with that "kingdom," and illustrates well the kind of "independence" which the Central Powers have bestowed upon that State. With the exception of the addition to the Ukraine of the Polish province, the boundaries of that Republic to the west remain unchanged; but to the east no definite boundaries have yet been designated, possibly with a view to an indefinite extension into the heart of Russia. Whether Odessa belongs to Ukraine or not is not known. If it belongs to Russia, the advent of German forces there is a clear breach of the treaty with the Bolshevik Government. The peace with

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the Ukraine gives the Central Powers access to the richest wheat fields of Russia.

By the treaty which Rumania has been forced to make with the Central Powers, a further diminution of Russian territory is made. One of the articles of that treaty gives to Rumania the right of occupying a part of Bessarabia. The other provisions deprive Rumania of all her territory south of the Danube, and she is thereby cut off from her principal port on the Black Sea, although a provision of the treaty gives to the dismembered kingdom the right of passing through the detached provinces to Constanza, which was formerly the principal seaport of the now dismembered State. Another provision of the treaty gives to the Central Powers the right of passing their troops through Rumania to Odessa, a right which has already been utilized. These recent acquisitions of Germany have given occasion for much talk of the danger which will ensue to the British possession of India, and various routes have been traced on the map showing how Germany might make an attack. It is too soon to estimate the feasibility of such projects. There is little fear that the inhabitants of India would allow themselves to fall an easy victim to the Germans, this War having shown so clearly the character and methods of their would-be conqueror.

As to the rest of Russia little can be said, for little is known. Reports arrive of Bolsheviki activity in various parts of what was formerly Russian territory. In Turkestan, battles between them and their opponents are reported and also in the east of Siberia. In the latter region it is said that the German prisoners have been organized into two army corps. In Southeastern Russia, the Cossacks are still continuing their conflict with the Bolshevik Government, and it is said with some degree of success. The Soviet Congress of Moscow has declared Moscow the new capital.

Even the present rulers, if Lenine is their mouthpiece, have declared the present treaty between Germany and Russia to be merely a truce, affording a respite which gives an opportunity for recruiting a new army to drive out the invaders of Russian territory. The sincerity of this statement may well be doubted, for there is reason to think that Lenine and his fellow Bolsheviki have all along been acting in collusion with Germany.

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It is inconceivable that a country of some one hundred and eighty millions of people should remain long subject to present conditions and that no deliverance should arise. Although the Bolsheviki seems still to have complete control, it is to be remembered that they form but one of the many parties, or, it may be said, factions in the Russian Republic. There are, for example, the Revolutionary Socialists who form the majority in the Constituent Assembly, which was dissolved by violence. These opposed at Moscow the ratification of the treaty with Germany. Besides these there are also the Octobrists from whom may spring a reaction in favor of some form of monarchy. A more probable development is that the control of Russia may fall into the hands of the Constitutional Democrats, who are looked upon as possessing the most prominent political leaders, most capable of giving stability to the republican institutions which have been adopted. No hope exists of the Bolsheviki being able to give to Russia a stable form of government, for they are more interested in the fight against capitalism than in the fate of their own country, and have for their exclusive object, as is shown in their reply to Mr. Wilson's last message, the victory of the proletariat of all countries over the capitalists of all countries.

Germany's advance into Russia, and especially the rumors of German activity in Eastern Siberia, have raised the question of Japan's intervention. The lawfulness of this intervention does not admit, it would seem, of serious dispute. The signing of a separate peace with Germany, is a breach of the London pact by which Russia bound herself not to make any peace except in concert with her Allies. The natural right of self-defence gives to Japan the justification for taking action. Whether, however, the exercise of that right would be wise or not may be doubted, for although very little can be said of what may happen in Russia, there is good reason to fear that it might throw its people entirely into the arms of Germany. They might view such a course as an act of patriotic self-defence against the Japanese invasion. This may be the reason why the President has been unwilling to associate himself with the the Entente Allies in supporting such an invasion by Japan.

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Germany.

Count von Hertling still remains the Chancellor of the German Empire and Dr. von Kuehlmann the Secretary of Foreign Affairs, although the more moderate policy with which the latter especially was credited has been completely set aside. The Pan-Germans and militarists have obtained complete control. The success which has been achieved against Russia, has made the latter complete master of the situation, and has produced a marked change in the feelings of the country. Last July a resolution was passed by a large majority of the Reichstag which called for a peace without indemnities and without annexations. The treaty just made with Russia shows how little regard has been paid by the German Government to that resolution. Von Hertling and von Kuehlmann have either abandoned the more moderate aims which they were supposed to support, or they are willing to act as the tools of the militarists and Pan-Germans. "Nothing succeeds like success" is an old saying, but care and insight must be used to know what real success is. The brutal treatment meted out to Russia has had the effect of modifying the views even of the friends of Germany in this country and elsewhere. Among those friends are to be numbered the Socialists who met at St. Louis last July, who had the audacity to declare that the war of this country with Germany was the most unjustifiable in the annals of the world. In view of recent events, however, they are thinking of revising this declaration. What effect upon the Socialists of Germany the action of the German militarists will have is not yet known. But they have so often betrayed their own principles that no one will be surprised at yet another betrayal.

The differences between Germany and Austria-Hungary caused by the evident desire of the latter country for a speedy conclusion of peace which was the occasion of President Wilson's last address to Congress, seemed to have developed into a real divergence of action when Germany sent her troops into the Ukrainian territory. The Premier of Austria publicly declared that the Dual Monarchy would take no part in such an invasion. Only a few days afterwards, however, it was announced that Austro-Hungarian forces, yielding to the earnest petition of the Ukraine Government, had crossed the boundaries which divided the two countries. The reasons for

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this sudden change are yet to be known. Possibly the Dual Monarchy did not wish to yield all the glory and all the booty to its ally. Perfect harmony between the two countries seems to have resulted from these successes.

The long promised reform of the franchise has been under discussion in the Prussian Diet, and a bill effecting reforms was carried in the lower house, but was rejected in the upper house by the conservatists who form a majority. Whether or no any hopes still exist of that democratization of the Prussian Kingdom, which the Kaiser some little time ago declared to be so near his heart, cannot now be ascertained, although there are those who believe that upon the success of this movement depends the future welfare of Germany and even the existence of the present dynasty. It is to be feared that such an opinion is at present held by so few that it will have no practical results.

Progress of the War.

The long-talked-of Hindenburg drive has not yet begun, although according to credible reports there are masses upon masses of soldiers behind the German front lines. Nine hundred and seventy thousand men within the last two months, it is calculated, have been brought into Belgium and northern France by the enemy. General von Ludendorff has recently made the assertion that never during the whole course of the War has Germany been so strong in men and munitions. There are those, however, who think that there will be no such drive, and that Germany will recognize the impossibility of breaking through lines held by foes who defeated her when they were less than half their present strength. No one will be surprised if an attempt is made to drive out from Saloniki the forces of the Allies which have so long been stationed there with a view to cutting off the communications of Germany with Constantinople. The defection of Russia rendered it impossible to carry out this plan, but the Allies are bound in honor to hold the position to safeguard Greece which is now their ally, or at all events is acting in concert with them. The Kaiser has promised Constantin to replace him on his throne. If the attempt is made it is impossible to say whether or not it will succeed, but Mr. Bonar Law, the British Chancellor of the Exchequer, has declared that every yard of ground gained by the Germans will cost them dear.

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Little change has taken place in relative positions in the line which stretches from the Channel to the Adriatic. Perhaps the most important, certainly the most interesting, is the taking over by our American troops of a sector of that line, although that sector is at the present time but a small one, being only eight miles in length, according to one account, and four and one-half miles according to another. In this sector our troops had some gratifying successes. Their valor was recognized by their French comrades by the bestowal of a large number of war crosses. Among the recipients of this decoration is Osias Boucher, a Catholic chaplain. Our troops also are coöperating with the French in two or three other parts of the line.

Little change has taken place on the Italian front. Passing over the operations on what was the Russian front, to which reference has already been made, as well as those now taking place on the Transcaucasian front, record may be made of a short British advance to the north of Jerusalem and Jericho. No attempt, however, to cut the railway running east of the course of the Jordan has been recorded, but a British advance to a point seventy miles east of Bagdad has been made, and the town of Hit on the Euphrates has been captured. No movement has taken place, either backwards or forwards, of the British forces acting north of Bagdad in the direction of Mossul. The hopes of uniting with the Russian army which was in possession of the greater part of Armenia, have of course been frustrated by the abandonment of that province to the Turks, as ordered by the Bolshevik Government.

The submarine warfare, it is regrettable to state, has not yet been brought to an end, and it is to be feared that the expectations of the British Premier were too sanguine. The fact that after long hesitation it has been found necessary to introduce rationing into England, at least into parts of it, is an evidence of the too great success which German ruthlessness has attained. This adoption of rationing, however, is largely due to the fact that Great Britain has taken upon herself the burden of giving aid to the armies both of France and of Italy.

March 18, 1918.

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With Our Readers.

A NEW type dress marks this issue of THE CATHOLIC WORLD, which begins its one hundred and seventh volume. THE CATHOLIC WORLD was born just after our country emerged from a struggle in which were secured those principles of national unity which made us forever a nation, one and indivisible. That we may still live in peace and security under the institutions we have chosen, we are now forced to defend them with our blood. May blessed peace speedily crown our arms—if such be God's will; but above all, may we always seek honor first and peace afterwards. For honor and peace must the name of America ever stand before the world.

ONCE a citizen becomes entitled to the suffrage, is its exercise a privilege or a duty: that is the question. And one upon whose answer hangs the fate of every democracy.

* * * *

IT has been a byword in many places in the past, that the result of an election might safely be predicted by the Weather Bureau. We all know the meaning of Democratic and Republican weather, and the fact it connotes that many men would rather cast their lines in pleasant places than to cast a vote: that for them, the exercise of the suffrage is a privilege, not a duty.

French statistics show that a comparatively small percentage of the French rural populations have exercised the suffrage: for them, too, it has been an uncoveted privilege, not a duty. Hence the undisputed sway of Freemasonry and Socialism in the policies of the French Government in the past. For the tremendous Catholic feeling evidenced in France since the War, is abundant confirmation of the fact that had the French voted, France could never have been in the vanguard of anti-clericalism.

* * * *

ON November 6, 1917, the Constitutional Amendment was passed at Albany giving the women citizens of the State of New York the right to vote. The recent Congressional election gave the first opportunity to read into events the answer to our question. The registration figures show that out of a possible 131,216, only 37,623 women signified their intention to vote. In some districts only one woman in every eight or ten qualified. Many

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who did register were evidently rounded up by organizations or representatives of the men running for Congress. Some of the hard-worked leaders who won the Constitutional Amendment at so great a cost, admitted chagrin; others claim the figures to be good considering the nature of the election. Some allowance certainly must be made for ignorance of their right to vote on the part of many women, despite the very efficient educational work of the New York State and New York City Woman Suffrage Party in such pamphlets as *Citizenship and the Vote*. The vote is still a novelty and some women have not waked up.

* * * *

THE tremendous agitation for Woman's Suffrage for many years past has based its claim upon a "right." It is not our purpose here to discuss the claim. For the women of New York State, as for the women of every State that has granted them the suffrage, the discussion is closed. It is now important that they ask themselves honestly and answer conscientiously the question: Is the exercise of the suffrage a privilege or a duty? The estimate of woman as a citizen certainly depends upon the answer; the fortunes of our country may depend upon it.

* * * *

AS the President of the National Association opposed to Woman Suffrage wisely pointed out in the New York *Times* of March 2d, "this nation cannot fall from outside attack. Neither did mighty Russia fall from outside attack." It was the lack of disinterested citizenship that disrupted Russia; the power of Socialism in its most radical form. How will it be with us, she asks, "if the conservative women on the farms and in the home, the women of the old parties, largely remain away from the polls, while the Socialists, feminists, pacifists and other radicals are doubling their political power?"

"The 145,000 Socialists who voted against the War and for suffrage in New York City already claim to be educating 125,000 women to vote the Socialist ticket. The suffragists will educate a number of women to vote for those measures dear to the heart of the feminist. The majority of the Democratic and Republican women, educated or not, will practise the doctrine of 'no obligation to vote.'" Will this prediction be verified?

* * * *

IN the Catholic mind privilege can never be divorced from responsibility. It would seem, then, that Catholic women could give but one answer to the question before them; that, especially in the face of the figures given by Mrs. Wadsworth, the exercise of the ballot should be to them a duty and a paramount one: that

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no point of taste or time should outweigh the vital necessity for God and country of out-voting the Socialist, the feminist, the pacifist and the radical.

IF man does not, time certainly tells the truth—eventually. Over a decade ago, when the French Government of that day began its bitter persecution of the Church, French politicians and many secular journals in America, claimed that it was all done in the name of liberty and equality. "The Church," they said, "was opposed to both; the Church was the enemy of country. She was the foe of social well-being and the obstacle in the way of progress." It will be remembered that Viviani's blasphemous words were, by official order, posted publicly throughout the whole of France.

In vain did Catholics in France and Catholics throughout the world, protest that all this was a lie—a deliberate, infamous lie, framed and circulated by men actuated, first, by the basest of selfish reasons, and, secondly, by hatred of the Church, its priests and its religious, because the Church blocked the fulfillment of their selfish ends. In vain did the Catholics of France point out over and over again, with evidence unanswerable, that this was a Masonic plot, engineered without regard to country, or popular interest, or national welfare; that the Freemasons were atheist and aimed to de-Christianize France; that the Freemasons were unpatriotic, willing to betray their country for wealth and worldly position.

* * * *

WRITING in January, 1907, in the *Pall Mall Gazette*, J. Caussade said that "the spirit animating the French Government in its dealing with the Church is the spirit of that hateful, contemptible Freemasonry which, out of an association of brotherhood has made an instrument of war against all religions." He cites some of the declarations of the leading Freemasons of France. M. Delpech, a Senator and one time Grand Master of the Great Orient of France, at a meeting of all the Masonic Lodges in 1902, said: "The triumph of the Galilean lasted twenty centuries, a mysterious voice predicts the end of this deceitful God. The delusion lasted too long; He disappears, also the lying God. As Freemasons we are pleased to say we are not strangers to the ruin of the false Prophet." M. Lafferve, who succeeded Delpech as Grand Master and who was the strongest supporter of the Law of Separation in parliament, said in the Chambers of Deputies: "No society can develop itself either politically or socially under

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the slavery of a dogma, whatever it is." At a general meeting of the Masonic Lodges in 1879, French Freemasonry confessed that its aim "was to de-Christianize France, first by employing all means to strangle Catholicism, and then to effect the closing of all the churches."

In 1903, M. Varenne a French Deputy and a Freemason, wrote in the *Action:* "We are the adversary of every dogma; we fight first the Catholic Church, but the Protestant, the Israelites, must not think it is for their benefit; religion is an absurdity whatever form it takes."

The newspapers that supported most strongly the French Government, in passing the Law of Separation, were the *Action*, the *Aurore*, the *Lanterne* and the *Petite République*. The director of the first, M. Béranger, wrote, on February 13, 1914: "Our common end with Delpech, is to de-Christianize France, to destroy all religions." M. Flanchon, director of the *Lanterne*, wrote in 1905: "The end of the separation must be the crushing of the Church of Religion; the Church will not survive ten years after the Separation Law." The *Aurore* was the organ of M. Clémenceau, then Prime Minister of France. M. Gerault-Richard echoed every day in *La Petite République* "the atheistic chorus of separation and destruction."

* * * *

ALTHOUGH these were matters of public history and might have been known even to the casual student, the French Separation Law has been defended, as a rule, in our country as a just and legal proceeding. Modern histories and modern editorials on current events have generally approved and accepted it and have quoted it favorably as an example.

* * * *

BUT, as we have said, time reveals the truth. Since the Separation Law was enacted, France has been compelled to fight for her national existence. The invader came upon her with fire and sword, unjustly, ruthlessly determined to destroy her. Sacrifices have been asked of her such as have been asked of few nations. The blood of hundreds of thousands of her sons has been immolated on the altar of Country. Every father, mother and child has been enlisted in her service. Who have proved themselves the most valiant defenders of home and country and Christian civilization? Those Catholics of France who were once branded by their Government as the enemies of the nation and of her life and liberty.

The supporters of the Law of Separation are now seen in their true colors—anti-patriots as well as anti-clericals. The

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present Prime Minister, M. Clémenceau, for the sake of his country's life, is now compelled to prosecute the very men with whom he once joined hands in persecuting the Church and his Catholic fellow citizens.

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IN an article by Charles Johnston, published in the New York *Times* February 24, 1918, the question is asked: Why did Joseph Caillaux enjoy such long immunity—an immunity which made it possible for him to betray French interests, prostitute his country's honor and pile up a fortune by gambling on diplomatic information which came to him as Prime Minister? Why was he able to look forward to being again Prime Minister of France? The writer answers and says because for years Caillaux was a leading member of Freemasonry, which "for the last twenty-five or thirty-five years played an almost dominating rôle in the politics of France, permeating with its octopus-like tentacles, not only the political world, but the French army and the French financial world." Caillaux, through his position in Freemasonry, was able to obtain immense political power; to amass a great fortune, to secure complete immunity.

Invisible Government "was the curse of France. Since 1870 the real centre of power has been, not in the Palace of the Elysian Fields, the official residence of the President of the Republic; not in the Bourbon Palace, the meeting place of the Chamber of Deputies, but in the Rue Cadet, the headquarters of the 'Grand Orient'—the life centre of 'Latin Freemasonry' in France. And in this Temple of Mystery in the Rue Cadet, Joseph Caillaux has been one of the Chief Priests." This Masonic power endeavored to impose upon France not a genuine religious liberty, but a materialistic and atheistic tyranny. Caillaux is talented; brilliant. His gifts gave him leadership. He used the German bankers, dickered with them to found branches in France, and without any concern for his native land sought to be an unprincipled leader in international politics. He posed as the champion of International Socialism. He labored in the interests of Germany, and worked for a German peace. He fathered the dastardly espionage system that worked in army and navy, and sought to crush all men of religious faith. Ambitious officers sought promotion not on merit, but through Masonic influence. With the Socialists the Freemasons protested, in 1912, against, the strengthening of the French army. "How formidable the Freemason 'Internationalist' opposition to the military strengthening of France was, is revealed by this statement published just after the fall of Caillaux, in January,

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1912, and at the very time when the three-years' law was coming into being:

"'At the present moment, it is estimated that three hundred Deputies (out of five hundred and eighty) and one hundred and eighty Senators (out of three hundred) are Freeemasons. Freemasonry thus disposes of an absolute majority in both legislative assemblies. As for the Ministries, for the last twenty-five years they have constantly contained a majority of Freemasons.'"

* * * *

WE quote this history of the past that it may throw light on the present. History is experience voicing wisdom. France saw the curse under which she lay (before the present War opened) and determined to throw it off. Her return to the Catholic Church—and France has ever been Catholic at heart—began before August, 1914.

In an article to which the years have given exceptional value, published in THE CATHOLIC WORLD of April, 1914, Hilaire Belloc thus spoke of the evil influence of Freemasonry in France and of France's awakening:

"The break-up of Freemasonry came with surprising quickness, and was brought on as much as anything by the Dreyfus case. Its whole power consisted in France, of course, as it consists everywhere, in secrecy. To get people to believe that it is a mere friendly society—on its own unsupported word and in spite of the grossly immoral principle inherent in all secret societies—was, and is still in Protestant countries, its principal strength. The Dreyfus case blew all that sky-high. French Freemasonry then appeared in the eyes of all Frenchmen, however provincial or stupid, in the light of an anti-Catholic society, and no one could be so dull as not to note the way in which in proportion as Freemasonry was strong in any country, in that proportion was the violent campaign against the French army and the French Church supported. As always happens after a breakdown, events accelerated the failure of Freemasonry when it had once made this principal error. Its last attempt—a failure—to play its old rôle was in connection with the Ferrer case, and now it may be said, with some truth, that the very name of this secret society has become ridiculous in the ears of most Frenchmen. Its ritual is exposed, its recruitment has fallen to a lower and a lower class of citizens; its methods of conspiracy and private spying are public property, and therefore have brought it into final and well-deserved odium.

"Finally, as I have said, there has been a great, though singularly unnoticed, missionary effort at work under the surface

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during the whole of this generation. It has not had the opportunity of working through the schools. Indeed, it has had in the educational system of the country nothing but enmity to meet; but it has worked through individuals, and especially through the great and unprecedented masses of vocations to religious life. The proportion of the religious to the total population grew in the nineteenth century to be far larger in France than it ever has been before. The domestic and personal effects of these vocations are quite beyond calculation, and as against them merely mechanical measures, such as the confiscation of religious property, or even the exile of numerous communities, could be of but little moment.

"One may sum up and say, that the Church has been regaining her place in France, and therefore in Europe (for upon the Church in Gaul the tone of the European mind towards religion depends) steadily for over thirty years. One may further say, that this growth, long proceeding beneath the surface, became markedly apparent in the last ten or fifteen years."

CENTURIES ago the model hypocrite was portrayed to all the world as the man who stood far up in the temple and said: "I thank Thee, Lord, that I am not as the rest of men." Since that day every intelligent and calculating hypocrite has taken pains not to separate himself visibly from the rest of men. He has accepted the normal standard, not in order to follow it in that interior spirit where dwells the Kingdom of God, but to use it as a cloak of worldly wisdom to save him from self-betrayal. The hypocrite knows that all the world hates a hypocrite, and that is why he is one—but secretly. That his secret may die with him, he makes sure even to be as the rest of men. Yet in his anxious inquiry he will see that the rest of men are of every kind, and variety. Some gentle, others short-tempered; some honest, others deceitful; some generous, others selfish; some believers, others doubters; some reverent; others scoffers; some buoyant with hope, others keen to scent difficulty and failure. Indeed, if his search were carried far enough he would stumble across the ancient Grecian axiom—"Know thyself." He would run up against the paradox: that to be like the rest of men, one must be oneself. Just because he is not really himself, but another, the classic hypocrite is not like the rest of men.

* * * *

THE saint is like the rest of men in that he estimates himself honestly: the sins he has committed are most clearly his own, and he is the least of disciples. He is like the rest, in that none

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sees so fully the worth of that potentially divine humanity common to all: he forces it straight and swift into the life of God. He is one with the rest; with the bad, because, save for God's favor, he is as bad; with the good, since there is no step on the upward road where they will not find him ready to lead them higher. Yet he has achieved only by daring to bear the brand of hypocrite, only by letting his life—though not his lips—proclaim: "I am not as the rest of men." Courage makes the saint; cowardice begets the hypocrite.

* * * *

THE hypocrite is not humble. Humility is as foreign to him as generosity to the miser. Throughout the ages the hypocrite has hid himself behind the rest of men. He shows himself as one of them. He prates about being no higher, no better, no more gifted than any other man. He puts up human kind as a vile shield for his unworthiness, his vices, his sins. If he be not really like the rest of men, he will make the rest of men like unto himself. If he is quite naturally a sinner, then he spreads a Lutheran varnish over all mankind. He is not good—neither are others. He is one of the crowd—the crowd is like him and he is like the crowd. Uprightness, sincerity, purity of heart, loyalty, trustfulness in the good are for him shibboleths that have ceased to deceive the great majority of mankind. Marriage, the life-long fidelity of one man to one woman, is not characteristic of humankind. Continence is against the very laws of nature; the young laugh at it and the old know its ineffectiveness as a human standard. Honesty is but a byword in the mouths of men. The really good are few and life is but a pretence and a dissemblance. Its heart is as faithless and as skeptical as my own; the proper study of mankind is the triangle not the cross—so says the hypocrite.

* * * *

AN age that boasts that everybody is like everybody else, is sure to be characterized by much hypocrisy. Its literature is bound to be realistic, not in the uplifting but in the sordid sense. Its authors will see life as they live it. For our measure of others is the stature to which we have grown. Our appreciations are the children of our ideals. Our wealth is but the measure of our possessions. To him that hath, shall be given. Equally true is it that from him that hath not, shall be taken away.

* * * *

UNABLE to take, or unblessed with the opportunity of taking the discipline of humility—the gift which lowers yet exalts, which opens the vision of both depth and height—the literary

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hypocrite loses himself in the sea of human infidelity and human pessimism, and reads for others the message of his own fatalism.

This is the cardinal sin not only of the modern novel, but of much of modern, serious philosophical and political writing. Its opening appeal carefully sounds the note of the author's sameness with humankind; he too is like the rest of men and he advances for their welcome with the greeting of a brother: "We are all weak and sinful creatures," he pleads. "That is about all the truth we know. Our worst side is our only side, and the supreme study of literature and of life is our vice—not our virtue."

* * * *

BUT however strange it may appear to one who thus speaks, the rest of men will seek, or be forced to seek, a higher and happier message; and rejecting the man who seeks to be like the rest of us, will accept, and believe in Him Who was most unlike us all.

IN these our days, the following paragraph taken from *Blackwood's Magazine* has a special significance. Our readers will recall that General San Martin was a Catholic.

"The Cumbre, the summit of the mountain-pass between the Argentine and Chile, was reached and conquered at last, and one traveler at least felt a thrill of pride and exhilaration. He also felt a gale of icy wind that blew through his thick poncho as if it had been a gauze veil and ate into his very vitals. For this spot, though only the highest point of the pass into Chile, and though beside the snow-clad giants that rise on every side, it is no mountain at all, is actually approaching thirteen thousand feet above sea level, and is bitingly cold. What it can be like in winter is perhaps best gauged by a small rough-hewn mausoleum of stone which covers the remains and commemorates the bravery of five postmen, who, while carrying the mails from Chile, were frozen to death at this very spot.

"But, indeed, this Cumbre, so far from the world of men, is an open-air sanctuary of the sublimities. Over its bleak stony bosom passed the heroic army of General San Martin as he led them to victory against the Spaniards, freeing first Chile and then Peru from the hated yoke, and ensuring for ever the liberty of his native land."

* * * *

ONE'S attention, however, is drawn more immediately to something else. The boundary-line between the Argentine and Chile runs right along the summit of this pass, and erected upon

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this line is perhaps one of the most curious memorials in the world. It is a colossal statue of Christ the Redeemer. Cast in bronze, and raised upon a solid concrete pediment, the gigantic figure—it seems to be nearly forty feet in height—is designed in loose robes, and bears aloft in one arm a great metal cross. The pediment bears a plaque with the following inscription: 'The Workers' Clubs of the Argentine Republic to Christ the Redeemer for lasting peace between the Argentine and Chilean nations, 1902-1904.'

"It was designed by an Argentine sculptor, and commemorates the settlement by arbitration of a boundary dispute which threatened a bitter war between the two nations. But the spectator hardly thinks of that, both touching and promising though it is. He sees only the majestic Figure of peace and goodwill, standing there amidst the silence and the unspeakable sublimity, far above the busy haunts of men, in the very heart of the Andes."

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THE

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THE POETS' LINCOLN.

BY CHARLES PHILLIPS.

IN our imaginative literature, despite the efforts of poets and story tellers, the figure of Lincoln still remains to a degree remote from us. He is not real in the manner or to the extent that one would suppose such a compelling character, the most inspiring and appealing and heroic personality in American history, would have become in the passage of over a century since his birth. While some of the most famous names in American literature have been signed to Lincoln poems, none has wholly succeeded in projecting through the medium of verse that figure and that soul, that Lincoln, which the mind of the average man impotently conjures up behind the pages of his history or his biography—a figure which still seems to move as behind a veil, waiting for, even demanding, the summons of that magic utterance which shall draw it forth in perfect light.

Of the contemporary poems, apart from those occasioned by the shock of Lincoln's assassination and the nation-wide mourning at his funeral, John James Piatt's *Sonnet in 1862* is the only one discoverable that speaks with the authentic voice of inspiration:

> Stern be the pilot in the dreadful hour
> When a great nation, like a ship at sea
> With the wroth breakers whitening at her lee,
> Feels her last shudder if her helmsman cower;

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A godlike manhood be his mighty dower!
Such and so gifted, Lincoln, mayest thou be
With thy high wisdom's low simplicity
And awful tenderness of voted power.
From our hot records then thy name shall stand
On Time's calm ledger out of passionate days—
With the pure debt of gratitude begun,
And only paid in never-ending praise—
One of the many of a mighty land,
Made by God's providence the Anointed One.

The death of Lincoln stirred some of the first singers of the land. Besides Whitman's *Captain, O My Captain,* the tragedy brought forth half a dozen other Lincoln poems of real power and vision from the pens of such poets as Bryant, Stoddard, Holmes, and the Cary sisters—Alice and Phoebe. Of these, the *Horatian Ode* of Richard Henry Stoddard (published in his complete poems by Scribner's, in 1880) is indisputably the best. It gives us more of Lincoln, and more of the mood of the nation at his passing, than any other poem we have. It seems to have been written in an exalted moment, its very measure, stately and simple and full of quiet grandeur, voicing at once the mourning and the man who was mourned. When this poet sings:

Peace! Let the long procession come,
For hark!—the mournful muffled drum—
The trumpet's wail afar—
And see! the awful car!

there is instantly flashed to the imagination the whole feeling and aspect of a momentous and heart-touching event. The country's bereavement is pictured in these four brief lines. Then the picture passes in review:

Peace! Let the sad procession go,
While cannon boom and bells toll slow;
And go, thou sacred car,
Bearing our woe afar. . .

So, sweetly, sadly, sternly goes
The Fallen to his last repose;
Beneath no mighty dome,
But in his modest home.

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The churchyard where his children rest,
The quiet spot that suits him best;
There shall his grave be made,
And there his bones be laid.

The portrait Stoddard draws of Lincoln the man, in this same poem, is one of the few poetic visualizations we have of him. He shows him as

A laboring man, with horny hands,
Who swung the axe, who tilled the lands—
One of the people, born to be
Their curious epitome.

This last couplet is one of the best things we have in our meagre Lincoln literature.

William Cullen Bryant's *The Death of Lincoln* is rather perfunctory and not stirring, but it contains some good lines; as for instance:

O slow to smite and swift to spare,
Gentle and merciful and just,

so aptly characterizing the martyred President. And this:

Whose noblest monument shall be
The broken fetters of the slave.

Oliver Wendell Holmes, writing for the Lincoln Memorial services in Boston in 1865, composed a hymn which is equally perfunctory, though faultless in measure and nobly reverent in tone. Lincoln is not in it, however, nor the light nor the beauty of his soul. The Cary sisters were more fortunate. Alice, stirred by the slanders of London *Punch* (nobly atoned for!) wrote a poem entitled *Abraham Lincoln* which has a fine spark of fire and spirit in it, and which contains some lines—two at least—of memorable beauty. Nothing ever written of Lincoln has been better done than this quatrain by "the gentle Alice:"

What need hath he now of a tardy crown,
His name from mocking jest and sneer to save,
When every plowman turns his furrow down
As soft as if it fell upon his grave?

This is a stroke of genuine inspiration; in those last two lines the whole nation's love and reverence for Lincoln, and

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Lincoln's own native "flavor of the soil," are expressed with unforgettable beauty of feeling and utterance.

In Phoebe Cary's tribute there is also to be found at least one memorable quatrain, glimpsing the lofty peace-ideals of Lincoln, and summing up the shock suffered by the nation at his murder, perpetrated in the very moment when the peace he so loved, was returned upon the land:

> Lo! the beautiful feet upon the mountains,
> That yesterday stood;
> The white feet that came with glad tidings
> Are dabbled in blood!

But these elegiac poems, celebrating more the people's grief for the fallen man than the man himself, his personality and character, do not give us that living moving-picture of Lincoln which we demand of the muse. We must, perforce, piece together the various strokes and pencilings of many poets to make our portrait of him. For there are those who have in some degree glimpsed the soul of Lincoln, as well as some shadow of his rugged externals, in their verse; and from them we can outline a picture. Stoddard, already quoted, sang again of him, "common of mind"—

> His thoughts the thoughts of other men,
> Plain were his words, and poor,
> But now they will endure.
> No hasty fool of stubborn will,
> But prudent, cautious, still—
> Who, since his work was good,
> Would do it as he could;

and Stedman has given us, in his poem written on the cast of Lincoln's hand, this graphic picture:

> Look on this cast, and know the hand
> That bore a nation in its hold;
> From this mute witness understand
> What Lincoln was—how large of mold.
>
> The man who sped the woodman's team
> And deepest sunk the plowman's share,
> And pushed the laden raft astream,
> Of fate before him unaware. . .

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Firm hand that loftier office took,
A conscious leader's will obeyed,
And, when men sought his word and look,
With steadfast might the gathering swayed.

The hand of Anak, sinewed strong,
The fingers that on greatness clutch,
Yet lo! the marks their lines along
Of one who strove and suffered much.

For here in mottled cord and vein
I trace the varying chart of years,
I know the troubled heart, the strain,
The weight of Atlas—and the tears.

Again I see the patient brow
The palm erewhile was wont to press;
And now 'tis furrowed deep, and now
Made smooth with hope and tenderness.

For something of a formless grace
This molded outline plays about;
A pitying flame, beyond our trace,
Breathes like a spirit, in and out—

The love that casts an aureole
Round one who, longer to endure,
Called mirth to cease his ceaseless dole,
Yet kept his nobler purpose sure.

Lo, as I gaze, the statured man,
Built up from yon large hand, appears;
A type that nature wills to plan
But once in all a people's years!

Again, in a sonnet *On the Death Mask of Abraham Lincoln*, Richard Watson Gilder drew one of the few vision-like pictures of the living Lincoln given us by our poets:

This bronze doth keep the very form and mold
Of our great martyr's face. Yes, this is he:
That brow all wisdom, all benignity;
That human, humorous mouth; those cheeks that hold
Like some harsh landscape all the summer's gold;
That spirit fit for sorrow, as the sea
For storms to beat on; the lone agony
Those silent, patient lips too well foretold.

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Yes, this is he who ruled a world of men
As might some prophet of the elder day—
Brooding above the tempest and the fray
With deep-eyed thought and more than mortal ken.
A power was his beyond the touch of art
Or armed strength—his pure and mighty heart!

Other poets, some in the midst of very long verses which today rather cloud and conceal than reveal Lincoln to us, have, nevertheless, at times flashed momentary visualizations of the man. Taken all together, these might be said to make a composite portrait of him. James Phinney Baxter, writing on *The Natal Day of Lincoln*, sees the same figure that Stoddard projected—the young Lincoln at his toil in "the darkling forest," where his "ringing axe chimed with the music of the waterfall;" while James Whitcomb Riley, likewise going back to Lincoln's earlier days, sings of his *Peaceful Life:*

A peaceful life—just toil and rest—
All his desire—
To read the books he liked the best
Beside the cabin fire,
God's word, and man's—to peer sometimes
Above the page, in smoldering gleams,
And catch, like far heroic rhymes,
The onmarch of his dreams.
A peaceful life—to hear the low
Of pastured herds,
Or woodman's axe that, blow on blow,
Fell sweet as rhythmic words.
And yet there stirred within his breast
A faithful pulse, that, like the roll
Of drums, made high above his rest
A tumult in his soul!

Isaac Choate pictures him

of common elements, yet fine,
As in a wood of different species grows
Above all other trees the lordly pine,
Upon whose branches rest the winter snows,
Upon whose head warm beams of summer shine;

while Edwin Markham, using the same imagery when he sings of the tragic death, says:

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When he fell in whirlwind, he went down
As when a kingly cedar, green with boughs,
Goes down with a great shout upon the hills
And leaves a lonesome place against the sky.

Indeed, this same poem of Markham's *(Lincoln the Man of the People)*, gives us many a striking line from which to draw our portrait of

A man that matched the mountains, and compelled
The stars to look our way and honor us:

The color of the ground was in him, the red earth;
The tang and odor of the primal things—
The rectitude and patience of the rocks;
The gladness of the wind that shakes the corn;
The courage of the bird that dares the sea;
The justice of the rain that loves all leaves;
The pity of the snow that hides all scars;
The loving-kindness of the wayside well;
The tolerance and equity of light
That gives as freely to the shrinking weed
As to the great oak flaring to the wind—
To the grave's low hill as to the Matterhorn
That shoulders out the sky. And so he came
From prairie cabin up to Capitol. . .
Forevermore he burned to do his deed
With the fine stroke and gesture of a king.
He built the rail-pile as he built the State,
Pouring his splendid strength through every blow,
The conscience of him testing every blow
To make his deed the measure of a man.

Something of this same figure, rugged, native-hued and of the soil, comes to us in James Riley's *Lincoln in his Office Chair*, which flashes us a picture of the Springfield lawyer newly come to the high estate of the nation's voted choice and bent upon the writing of his first inaugural. The poem was inspired by the chair which is preserved in the Oldroyd Museum in Washington; and reading it, it is not difficult for us to see again the man, "high-browed, rugged and swarthy, a picture of pain and care," sitting with "his greatest brief" before him, "his Country to him client," pondering in an awful, prayerful silence the dread task put upon him.

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The face of Lincoln arrests the eye of all and stirs many poets to utterance. Whittier, inspired by the Emancipation Group presented to Boston in 1879 by Moses Kimball, tells us of the

worn frame, that rested not,
Save in a martyr's grave;
The care-lined face, that none forgot,
Bent to the kneeling slave.

"Tall, ungainly, gaunt of limb, rudely nature molded him," says Hamilton Schuyler in his *Lincoln Centenary Ode:*

Awkward form and homely face,
Owing naught to outward grace;
Yet behind the rugged mien
Were a mind and soul serene,
And in deepest eyes there shone
Genius that was all his own,
Humor quaint with pathos blent
To his speech attraction lent;
Telling phrase and homely quip
Falling lightly from the lip.
Eloquent of tongue, and clear,
Logical, devoid of fear,
Making plain whate'er was dense
By the light of common sense.

In an ode written by Henry T. Tuckerman for the funeral services held in New York City in April, 1865, this touching line appears—

Blood-quenched the pensive eye's soft light,

a half dozen words that somehow possess the power of summing up all the gentleness of Lincoln's nature, and the pathos of his mad taking off. And in *The Eyes of Lincoln,* Walt Mason gives us a glimpse of the soul that looked out on the world through

Sad eyes that were patient and tender,
Sad eyes that were steadfast and true,
And warm with the unchanging splendor
Of courage no ills could subdue!

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Eyes dark with the dread of the morrow,
And woe for the day that was gone,
The sleepless companions of sorrow,
The watchers that witnessed the dawn.

Eyes tired from the clamor and goading
And dim from the stress of the years,
And hallowed by pain and foreboding
And strained by repression of tears.

Charlotte Becker portrays his "gaunt rough-hewn face, that bore the furrowed signs of days of conflict, nights of agony," and sings of his "brave weary heart that tears of blood for every battle shed;" a sentiment which Herman Hagedorn, in his *O Patient Eyes,* makes still more vivid:

O patient eyes! oh, bleeding, mangled heart!
O hero, whose wide soul, defying chains,
Swept at each army's head,
Swept to the charge and bled,
Gathering in one too sorrow-laden heart
All woes, all pains;
The anguish of the trusted hope that wanes,
The soldier's wound, the lonely mourners smart.
He knew the noisy horror of the fight,
From dawn to dusk, and through the hideous night
He heard the hiss of bullets, the shrill scream
Of the wide-arching shell,
Scattering at Gettysburg or by Potomac's stream
Like summer showers, the pattering rain of death;
With every breath
He tasted battle, and in every dream,
Trailing like mists from gaping walls of hell,
He heard the thud of heroes as they fell.

This war-ridden loneliness of Lincoln, keeping his anxious and prayerful vigils while the country trembled or slept, has appealed strongly to the poets. Vachel Lindsay, in writing recently of the present War, pictured Lincoln returned and pacing in sadness the same familiar ways he trod half a century ago, anxious and uneasy, praying and puzzling out the nation's problem. Margaret E. Sangster, writing during the Centenary in 1909, likewise recalls him as a watcher of the night, vicariously suffering his country's woes the while he watched:

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O man of many sorrows, 'twas your blood
That flowed at Chickamauga, at Bull Run,
Vicksburg, Antietam, and the gory wood
And Wilderness of ravenous deaths that stood
Round Richmond like a ghostly garrison:
Your blood for those who won,
For those who lost, your tears!
For you the strife, the fears,
For us, the sun!
For you the lashing winds and the beating rain in your eyes,
For us the ascending stars and the wide, unbounded skies!

Oh, man of storms! Patient and kingly soul!
Oh, wise physician of a wasted land!
A nation felt upon its heart your hand,
And lo, your hand hath made the shattered, whole;
With iron clasp your hand hath held the wheel
Of the lurching ship, on tempest waves no keel
Hath ever sailed.
A grim smile held your lips when strong men quailed.
You strove alone with chaos, and prevailed!
You felt the grinding shock, and did not reel;
And ah, your hand that cut the battle's path
Wide with the devastating plague of wrath,
Your bleeding hand, gentle with pity yet,
Did not forget
To bless, to succor, and to heal.

Thus are we made to see the patient, long suffering Lincoln, keeping his world-vigil—perhaps the most appealing picture of the man the muse can conjure up; for what is more heart-moving than a strong man at prayer? Far greater such a sight than even a strong man in tears! So it is not difficult for us to see the Lincoln that Lyman Whitney Allen visions for us in his poem on *Lincoln's Church at Washington* (the New York Avenue Presbyterian Church, where Lincoln and his family worshipped while at the national capital). Here the poet touches with reverent hand the pew

Where Lincoln prayed! What passion had his soul—
Mixt faith and anguish, melting into prayer!

Nor has his humor altogether escaped his bards. He was the one, as Benjamin Franklin Taylor sang in his *Centennial Poem* (1876), "who never caused a tear, but when he died;"

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a tribute which, of course, comprehends far more than his mere gift of humor; while S. Weir Mitchell sees "his spirit armed in mail of rugged mirth." Tom Taylor, of London *Punch*, in his historic tribute of amendment, tells "how his quaint wit made home-truths more true;" and the same Charlotte Becker, whose pen-picture of his rugged face has already been quoted, speaks of how, amid all his care and sorrow, he

> Yet called on mirth to help his comrades bear
> The waiting hours of anguish—

all of which, while not specifically stating the fact, points with renewed emphasis the striking truth that Lincoln, however he grieved over his country's sufferings, never was guilty of the unpardonable sin of self-pity!

The dramatic contrasts of Lincoln's story should be a fecund source of inspiration to the poets. His humble origin, his rise to the world's highest eminence, are among the most inspiring facts in all human biography. Frederick Lucian Hosmer caught from the legend of his lowly birth inspiration for an unforgettable line of poetry—

> Still from the humble Nazareths come
> The saviours of the race;

and so also

> Not in the pampered court of kings
> Not in the homes that rich men keep,
> God calls His Davids with their slings
> Or wakes His Samuels from their sleep,

sings Charles Monroe Dickinson.

"No flutter of the banners bold" came heralding him, says John Vance Cheney:

> Not his their blare, their pageantries,
> Their goal, their glory was not his;
> Humbly he came to keep
> The flocks, to feed the sheep;

and of his mother and the heroic obscurity from which he sprung through her, Harriet Monroe sings with this exquisite lyric grace in her *Nancy Hanks:*

> Prairie child,
> Brief as dew,
> What winds of wonder
> Nourished you?

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Rolling plain
Of billowy green;
Fair horizons,
Blue serene;

Lofty skies
The slow clouds climb –
Where burning stars
Beat out the time:

These, and the dreams
Of fathers bold,
Baffled longings,
Hopes untold,

Gave to you
A heart of fire,
Love like water,
Brave desire. . .

Wilding lady,
Still and true,
Who gave us Lincoln
And never knew!

It was in the same strain that Julia Ward Howe, then in her ninetieth year, sang when she wrote her *Lincoln* for the Centenary celebration in Boston in 1909:

Through the dim pageant of the years
A wondrous tracery appears:
A cabin of the western wild
Shelters in sleep a new-born child.

Nor nurse nor parent dear can know
The way those infant feet must go;
And yet a nation's help and hope
Are sealed within that horoscope!

The reference to Nazareth, noted in Hosmer's lines above, reminds us that the analogy between the life of Lincoln and the earthly days of Christ is often drawn by the poets; but not always with the reverence, or the reticence or delicacy that would have pleased that Lincoln who, as Madison Cawein says, "liked not praise, being most diffident."

In fact, Lincoln would shrink from that comparison; rather he would raise an instant and silencing hand against

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it. And that his hand could silence, that voice of his command, is one fact that has not escaped some of our poets. In *The Master*, Edwin Arlington Robinson asks:

Was ever master yet so mild,
As he, and so untamable?
We doubted, even when he smiled,
Not knowing that he knew so well.

He knew that undeceiving fate
Would shame us whom he served unsought;
He knew that he must wince and wait—
The jest of those for whom he fought.

He knew devoutly what he thought
Of us and of our ridicule;
He knew that we must all be taught
Like little children in a school.

And what appears if we review
The season when we railed and chaffed?
It is the face of one who knew
That we were learning while we laughed.

Such a Lincoln, however he would have endured the sneers and jibes of his enemies, would not for a moment have suffered the extravagant praise of adulation. "He knew to bide his time," said Lowell; but

Our children shall behold his fame,
The kindly-earnest, brave, forseeing man,
Sagacious, patient, dreading praise, not blame.

"I knew the man," sings Boker in his *Lincoln:*

I knew the man. I see him, as he stands
With gifts of mercy in his outstretched hands;
A kindly light within his gentle eyes,
Sad as the toil in which his heart grew wise;
His lips half parted with the constant smile
That kindled truth, but foiled the deepest guile;
His head bent forward, and his willing ear
Divinely patient right and wrong to hear:
Great in his goodness, humble in his state,
Firm in his purpose, yet not passionate. . .
A nature molded on a higher plan,
Lord of himself, an inborn gentleman!

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It is not only the life and deeds and the magnetic personality of Lincoln that have inspired our poets. His words, too, have come as a living text to many singers—words that in some instances are themselves the essence of poetry. The ease with which his Gettysburg Speech may be recast in the form of free verse, without the change of a word, is well known: the experiment has been often made, and always successfully, in these days of *vers libre*. But this noble utterance of Lincoln's had not to wait for the vogue of formlessness in verse to inspire poets to sing of it and re-sing it, as witness Bayard Taylor's *Gettysburg Ode*, written forty years ago. In this, having sounded his sonorous opening lines:

After the eyes that looked, the lips that spake
Here, from the shadows of impending death,
Those words of solemn breath,
What voice may fitly break
The silence, doubly hallowed, left by him?

the poet reiterates Lincoln's words, changed to rhythmic and rhyming measure, producing a really fine poem, and one that, despite the alterations from the original text, cannot be said to weaken the thought or its expression in the smallest degree. So, in *Lincoln at Springfield, 1861*, Anna Bache, a Philadelphia poet, paraphrases his farewell address before his departure for Washington, ending with this transcription of his actual words:

Pray for me, friends, that God may make
My judgment clear, my duty plain;
For if the Lord no wardship take
The watchmen mount the towers in vain.

Nor is it our own American poets alone who have celebrated Lincoln in verse. Even to the eyes of old Europe, which in his day could see only crudity and rawness in the Western Republic, the figure of Lincoln, while he still lived, loomed large and world-significant. Tom Taylor's famous poem in London *Punch*, retracting the jibes against Lincoln of which the British humorist had been so flagrantly guilty, is too well known to need more than mention. Its opening lines:

You lay a wreath on murdered Lincoln's bier?
You, who with mocking pencil wont to trace
Broad for self-complacent British sneer,
His length of shambling limb, his furrowed face?

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might be said now to have become a classic of real "poetic justice" and restitution. But it was not all sneers in England, where Lincoln was concerned. As far back as January, 1863, we find a poet, Edmund Ollier, writing in the London *Morning Star* a sonnet of appreciation, in which Lincoln is hailed as "the Northern Sun," rising on its way,

> Cleaving the stormy distance—every ray
> Sword-bright, sword-sharp, in God's invisible hand.

Another English poet, anonymous, writing in Macmillan's magazine, uses somewhat the same figure, characterizing Lincoln as the man

> Who fought, and fought the noblest fight
> And marshalled it from stage to stage,
> Victorious, out of dusk and dark,
> And into dawn and on till day. . .

But it was the shock of the shameful taking off of the American President, at the moment when he had achieved what all Europe doubted could ever be done, that shook the old world poets to a realization of his grandeur. Even London *Fun* printed its tribute of verse, calling him "the man whose dirge all Europe sings;" while Robert Leighton, writing in May, 1865, at Liverpool, and addressing the assassin, said these prophetic words:

> Even thy treacherous deed shall glance aside
> And do the dead man's will by land and sea;
> Win bloodless battles, and make that to be
> Which to his living mandate was denied!

The spirit of democracy, too, was stirred to utterance in the Old World by Lincoln as never since the days of Washington. We find one English poet, Henry De Garrs, celebrating him as "a king of men, inured to hardy toil," who

> Rose truly royal up the steeps of life,
> Till Europe's monarchs seemed to dwarf the while
> Beneath his greatness!

How Europe's monarchs are dwarfed today "beneath his greatness!" That spirit of democracy, of the inevitable supremacy of the common people, which Lincoln evoked while he breathed and moved in the world, stirs all the more potently now across the face of the earth because of him,

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summoned as it is by the ideals which he lived, fought, and died to make secure. If today—as one British poet sang in 1865 (John Nichol, Professor of English Literature at the University of Glasgow, 1861-1865)—

Freedom's rising star
Beacons above a hundred thousand graves,

it is because such men as Abraham Lincoln have lived and lifted their voices up in the councils of humanity, conjuring that star out of the darkness—nay more, kindling its fire from their own steady flaming souls. And that is the star upon which our poets must fix their eyes, if they are to sing authentically of Lincoln and the things his name and his story stand for. In a way, it might be said that the fame and fate of Lincoln rests with the poets: he will be remote from us until they seize upon him: it is they who must preserve his tradition, who must hand him down to our children a living breathing figure, a personality from which their young souls shall catch inextinguishable fire; it is they, the poets, who must part the veil of records and facts behind which he still moves a little vaguely, a little indistinctly, and conjure him forth in full stature and full light, so that we shall see him even as the historian and the romancer never may project him. And we need him now! We need the great Lincoln poem now! Will it come? "Dare we despair?" asks one of our younger poets, Arthur Guiterman, in his sonnet *He Leads Us Still:*

Dare we despair? Through all the nights and days
Of lagging war he kept his courage true.
Shall doubt befog our eyes? A darker haze
But proved the faith of him who ever knew
That right must conquer. May we cherish hate
For our poor griefs, when never word nor deed
Of rancor, malice, spite of low or great,
In his large soul one poison-drop could breed?

He leads us still! O'er chasms yet unspanned
Our pathway lies; the work is but begun;
But we shall do our part and leave our land
The mightier for noble battles won.
Here truth must triumph, honor must prevail:
The nation Lincoln died for, cannot fail!

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ST. MATTHEW AND THE PAROUSIA.

BY EDMUND T. SHANAHAN, S.T.D.

V.

THE Lord was asked three questions on the Mount of Olives. He was on His way thither when a bend in the road brought the Temple into view, its marble cloisters and terraced courts all-aflame with the glory of the westering sun. The Twelve directed the Master's gaze to the beauty of the scene. He painted it out of existence instantly before their wondering eyes. "Do you (not) see all these things?"—He declared. "Amen I say to you, there shall not be left here a stone upon a stone which shall not be loosed from its foundations."[1]

It was a powerful contrast, powerfully drawn, between beauty and ruin, splendor and destruction; a contrast accompanied by no promise of instant restoration and glory. The disciples had heard the Lord unbosom Himself of this menacing utterance three times of late, but in quoted language that was much more guarded and veiled.[2] His descent to a more open form of speech on this occasion encouraged them to hope that He would vouchsafe more particulars regarding the great national disaster, the "cup of reeling" from which Israel was soon to drink. And so, when He was seated on the Mount of Olives, several of His disciples—St. Mark[3] says it was Peter, James, Andrew, and John—approached Him privately, saying: "Lord, when shall these things be? and what shall be the sign of Thy coming, and of the end of the age?"[4] Three questions to which the Lord replies in a lengthy discourse, or cluster of assembled fragments, which has been the despair of scholars since Western Christianity began.

About the first question proposed by the disciples: "Tell us, when shall these things be?"—no serious controversy exists. It is a request for the exact date of the Temple's destruction, the day and hour of its appointed doom, as may be seen from the phrase: "all these things," in the question put by

[1] Matt. xxiv. 2.
[2] Matt. xxi. 40-44; xxii. 7; xxiii. 38.
[3] Mark xiii. 3.
[4] Matt. xxiv. 3.

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the Lord to the disciples[5] and in the question put Him by them in turn.[6] But the other two questions—how are they to be regarded, and on what point or points was information sought? Did the disciples ask: "What shall be the sign of Thy (Second) Coming and of the end of the (Jewish) age as connected with it?"—a question the very form of which would convict its framers of error, and lay them open to the charge of expecting the Lord's glorious Return when the Holy City fell. Or—did they ask another and far different question, the nature of which has hitherto escaped detection, largely owing to the *corrected, reinterpreted* prophetical language in which the inquiry was cast?

It is the quite generally accepted conclusion of scholarship that the disciples inquired about the Lord's Second Coming in connection with the destruction of Jerusalem. Educated in the expectancies of Palestine, they knew of no other view. They thought the world about to enter on its final phase of existence, and this is the point on which they are seeking light. The mentality of the questioners is too clearly revealed, we are told, to admit of doubt. Their speech betrays them. In their question and the manner of its putting, these humble fisherfolk and petty State officials mirrored their personal beliefs for the future inspection of the curious, little dreaming of the untoward light in which their Jewish prepossessions would come to be regarded when later generations looked down the lengthening avenue of history on their false perspective. Of the many opinions entertained concerning the nature of the questions proposed on the Mount of Olives, the theory of their purely Jewish origin and character has had the longest vogue. In our time, it has passed over into one of the settled matters of Biblical science.

But from what has come steadily forth in the course of the present investigation, the disciples never asked the Lord about His Second Coming in connection with the destruction of Jerusalem. This could not possibly have been the form or object of their inquiry, and the supposition that it was, reveals a serious defect, when searchingly examined. It is based on the previous Jewish education of the inquirers, and invites us to believe that they learned nothing new in eschatology from their three years sojourn in the company of the Lord. This

[5] Matt. xxiv. 2. *Cf.* Dan. xii. 7. [6] Matt. xxiv. 3.

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is hardly the rightful scientific way to study the history of their education. Its reconstruction should not stop at the records of Palestine, it should be pursued into the pages of the Gospel itself, and be carried up to the very moment when the questions were put, before we are in complete possession of the evidence. Not until then shall we be able to judge whether it was Jewish prejudice or Christian education that created the whole query and the manner of its asking.

It will be recalled from the earlier stages of the present series of studies, that Jesus was frequently engaged in the arduous process of de-Judaizing the Twelve; and the signs all are that He effected a change of mind no less than a change of heart in the future preachers of His word. The existence of this de-Judaizing process is clearly attested in the text of the First Gospel. The thirteenth, sixteenth, twenty-first, twenty-second and twenty-third chapters represent the gradual education of the disciples for the question that was asked and answered in the twenty-fourth. In the thirteenth we find the Saviour furnishing the thought and language of the third question: "What shall be the sign of the end of the age?" He astonishes His hearers by transferring this prophetical quotation from the end of the Jewish age, with which they had been taught to associate it, to the "end of the age of the Kingdom of Heaven,"[7] which was publicly to succeed the Kingdom of Israel when the latter was overthrown.

The disciples sought a special explanation of this transfer of prophecy, and Jesus gave it, assuring them that the expected reign of the Just in glory, immediately after the destruction of the Temple, had no foundation in the word of God.[8] From that day forth, the "end of the age" acquired an un-Jewish significance in the minds of the disciples. The connection which it had contracted in the Rabbinical schools gradually fell away, through the educative process of the Master; and so familiar with its new and Christian meaning had they eventually become, that they made it a part of their question on Mount Olivet, and the Lord Himself incorporated it into His parting address, without the slightest fear of having His words mistaken. He was to "be with His witness," He said, "all the days even unto the end of the age."[9] Nay the Lord used

[7] Matt. xiii. 24-30; 37-43. *Cf. St. Matthew and the Parousia*, THE CATHOLIC WORLD, March, 1918. [8] Matt. xiii. 43. [9] Matt. xxviii. 20.

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the same prophetical quotation to educate the people out of their Jewish expectations, and upon His asking them if they understood the sense He was attaching to the phrase, they replied affirmatively.[10] The Saviour did with this term of prophecy what he did with all the others current in His time—gave it a soul of meaning not found in the teaching of the schools. It is far from being established, therefore, that the disciples connected the Second Advent with the destruction of Jerusalem, when they later put this prophetical quotation to the Lord in the form of a question. The history of their Christian education, as recorded in the First Gospel, proves that they had mentally reacted to the teaching of the Master. The Advent in glory had been successfully disconnected from the overthrow of Israel. They tell us so themselves.

The second instance of the Lord's de-Judaizing process of education in regard to the *Parousia* is found in the sixteenth chapter. Here again Jesus follows the simple method of reapplying the terms of prophecy in new relations and connections, to rescue the word of God from the nationalist construction that had been put upon it by the theologians of the Synagogue. That the method was understood by St. Matthew and the other Synoptic writers is one of the best established things, grammatically speaking, in the several reports. All three quote the "coming in the Kingdom" as an *independent* statement. All three represent the Lord as making two events of His *Parousia*, notwithstanding their former Jewish belief in the singleness of the "coming." All three portray Him as most solemnly affirming that what the age, the generation shall see, is His coming in His Kingdom as distinct from His Return in glory.[11]

The Synoptic writers who report this disconnection of events, as taught by Jesus, are here recording the results of their Christian education, and not tearing a leaf from the teaching of the Rabbis. They are portraying the conversion of minds schooled from infancy against the reception of any such doctrine of the *Parousia*. It is wide of the mark therefore, to imagine that the question asked the Lord on the Mount of Olives: "What shall be the sign of Thy coming?" was an inquiry concerning the Second Advent. The evidence is all to

[10] Matt. xiii. 49, 51.

[11] Matt. xvi. 27, 28; Mark viii. 38, 39; Luke ix. 26, 27. For detailed proof see: *St. Matthew and the Parousia*, THE CATHOLIC WORLD, April, 1918.

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the contrary, though its value has long been obscured by the presence of a much misunderstood auxiliary verb in one of the texts.[12] The disciples were well acquainted with the new sense which Jesus gave to His "coming" at the "end of the Jewish age." And it was in this new sense that the word "coming" was used in the second question on Mount Olivet, as we shall soon be led to see.

The third instance of the de-Judaizing of the Twelve is the Parable of the Wicked Husbandmen, the point of which was not lost on the government officials present, if we may judge by their desire to lay hands upon the Saviour for His speech. The fear of exciting the populace, who regarded Him as a prophet, alone prevented His immediate seizure and arraignment, so well had His thought been driven home, even through the veiled medium of quotation.[13] Was it the fall of the Government from power, and the dislodging of the mighty from their seats, which they understood Him to threaten? That, and something vastly more. For a century and a half, the official literature had softened the blow that was to fall upon the City, by the glorious after-picture which it drew, of the strong right arm of the Almighty, extended to save His people in their time of stress; and it was the *divorcing* of the idea of destruction from the promise of glory and restoration, that particularly stirred the resentment of the Pharisees. When Jesus declared that *the Lord of the vineyard shall come, and bring those evil men to an evil end, and let out His vineyard to other husbandmen,*[14] this threat of the bestowal of the Kingdom upon others was too grievous, even for the circumspect, to be received in silence. The priestly class present uttered a cry of protest when they heard the *Parousia* thus interpreted in terms of destruction to themselves, and of their actual superseding by an alien folk. "Away with the thought—it is beyond belief!"[15] they exclaimed, in a phrase that is generally used in the New Testament, and for that matter, in the old as well, to scout a false inference, to repel a wrong conclusion. Its utterance on this occasion clearly signified to the listening throng that the meaning which Jesus was attaching to the *Parousia* had no foundation in the Scriptures.

[12] μέλλειν.—Matt. xvi. 27. [13] Matt. xxi. 33-46. [14] Matt. xxi. 40, 41.

[15] Luke xx. 16. Μὴ γένοιτο!—In twelve out of a total of fourteen instances, it has this meaning in St. Paul. For typical instances, see: Rom. iii. 3; Gal. ii. 17. *Cf.* also: Gen. xliv. 7, 17.—In our English version: "God forbid!"

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The Saviour accepts the challenge instantly. *Looking the Pharisees straight in the eyes,*[16] He asks them: "What is this, then that is written in the Scriptures[17]—have ye never read it: [18] The Stone which the builders rejected, the same is become the Head of the corner?" It was tantamount to saying: "If the coming of the Lord of the vineyard does not mean destruction pure and simple, and your superseding by a more worthy and more fruitful folk—how then do you explain the text just quoted, which I have taken from a Psalm,[19] regarded by all your theologians as Messianic in its bearing?" It was a powerful *argumentum ad hominem,* a telling counter-stroke, all the more so if one of the names currently used to designate the Messias was, as seems quite probable, "*the* Stone." [20]

Nor does Jesus content Himself merely with questioning. He flanks His interrogatory triumph with positive proof. In language adapted from Isaias and Daniel, He lets His questioners see that the prophesied meaning of "the Stone" is ruin and destruction.[21] "He shall be for a stone of stumbling and a rock of offence," said Isaias, "to both the houses of Israel; for a snare and a ruin to the inhabitants of Jerusalem. And very many of them shall stumble and fall, and be broken in pieces, and snared, and taken." [22] Daniel's testimony to the power of the Stone is of similar import: "In the days of those kingdoms, the God of Heaven shall set up a kingdom that shall never be destroyed, and His Kingdom shall not be delivered up to another people; but it shall break in pieces and consume all these kingdoms, and itself shall stand forever." [23] To minds familiar with the context from which His divisive words were taken, the *Parousia,* as the Lord preached it, was divorced from all thought of the expected Renewal.[24] The officials present understood Him to threaten their impending fall from power, and the entrance of the Gentiles into the inheritance of the Jews. The letting-out of the vineyard was the thought that rankled. Defeat and overthrow they could understand. It had been predicted, time out of mind, by a host of holy Seers. But the uncoupling of the prediction from the glorious restoration that was to follow, nay, the substitu-

[16] ἐμβλέψας αὐτοῖς—Luke xx. 17. [17] Luke xx. 17. [18] Matt. xxi. 42.
[19] Ps. cxvii. (cxviii.) 22.
[20] Is. viii. 14; Rom. ix. 33; Justin Martyr, *Tryph.*, xxxiv, xxxvi.
[21] Matt. xxi. 44. [22] Is. viii. 14. [23] Dan. ii. 34, 44, 45.
[24] Matt. xix. 28 is not a Jewish scene, as will be shown in due course.

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tion of the Gentiles for the defeated and overthrown, this was a thing too nettling to be borne. And yet there stood Jesus before them, defiantly denying the aftermath of glory, and clearly proving from their own admissions and from the prophets, that "the Stone" which they were now rejecting would yet fall upon them and theirs with crushing power.

The threat of a wrathful visitation upon the Jewish Capital and people was a veritable "coming of the Lord," as the prophets had used the term. Its meaning was not lost on ears that tingled to the finer points of Old Testament expression; and when Jesus developed the same idea more pointedly still in the Parable of the Marriage Feast—the fourth instance of His de-Judaizing process of education—neither the disciples nor the Pharisees were left in doubt a moment as to what He would have them gather from His words.[25] The picture of the "angered King sending His armies to destroy those murderers and to burn their City;" and—more demeaning still!—the picture of the King's servants sent out to invite the despised heathen to the Marriage Feast of eternal life, the door to which had been ordered shut to His own people, because they knew not the One greater than the Temple, the One wiser than Solomon Who walked among them, Heaven-sent, to save them from themselves—who that experienced these verbal pictures, as the Saviour flashed them on the mental retina of the crowd, could think of the *Parousia* in any other sense save that of destruction and rejection? The man who dared to beard the Government with two such offensive statements would pay dearly for His words. They would trap Him into a like utterance against the Romans, and compass His destruction by the very Gentiles He was inviting to their seats. And so they showed Him the coin of tribute,[26] to tempt Him to say of others what He had said of them. The project failed. Jesus was proof against their wiles, and His doctrine still stood unshaken that when He came, it would not be to bring the Kingdom of God unto them, but to take it away, to let it out to others. "They would see the Kingdom of God come *with power.*" From the days of the Baptist it had suffered violence at their hands. Violence would be used against them in turn.

And as if this were not enough to instruct the priests and people in what sense the "coming of the Son of Man" should

[25] Matt. xxii. 2-14. [26] Matt. xxii. 15-22.

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be taken, Jesus again repeats the idea of destruction, divorced from the context of glory with which the fall of Israel was associated in the mind of every Jew. The third repetition occurs as the crown and complement of the Lord's sevenfold arraignment of the Pharisees. He tells the party in power, and asks them to mark well His words,[27] that their House shall be left to them a desert waste." "Amen I say to you, all these things shall come upon this generation" [28] "Fill ye up therefore the measure of your fathers." [29] "Jerusalem, Jerusalem, killer of the prophets and stoner of them that are sent unto thee, how often have I wished to gather thy children together, as the hen gathereth her chickens under her wings, but ye were not willing!" [30]

Who can doubt, after all this sifted testimony, that what Jesus meant and what the disciples understood Him to mean by "the coming of the Son of Man," was His manifestation of destructive power as distinct from His Return in person; the Old Testament sense of the wrathful coming of the Lord, not the New Testament sense of His visible reappearance in glory for the consummation of His Kingdom. St. Mark expressly assures us that this is, indeed, the meaning;[31] and the educative process by which Jesus developed this distinction for the de-Judaizing of the Twelve and their fellow-countrymen is clearly retraceable step by step in the pages of the First Gospel. No Palestinian Jew ever thought of drawing any such distinction, much less of working it up into the primary feature of his text.

It was a very simple and effective process by which Jesus compassed these results. He transferred to the end of the New Kingdom which He came to found, all the prophecies concerning the Advent of a glorious Son of Man, which the theologians of Palestine had wrongly connected with the last days of the Old Kingdom of Israel, partly because of politically inflamed opinion, partly also through the error of mistaking sequence in prophecy for speediness of realization in time. The discernible effect of the Lord's method of teaching was the rescue of the prophetical quotation: "the coming of the Son of Man," from the eschatological meaning which it had gradually acquired in the Rabbinical schools. In the teach-

[27] ἰδοὺ.—Matt. xxiii. 38.
[28] Matt. xxiii. 32.
[29] Matt. xxiii. 36.
[30] Matt. xxiii. 37.
[31] Mark viii. 39.—Compare the question as recorded by St. Luke xxi. 6, 7.

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ing of Jesus, eschatological meaning was detached from the "coming of the Son of Man," and transferred to the "coming of the Son of Man in glory;" and so thoroughly had the "coming of the Son of Man" been emptied of its Rabbinical associations; so familiar and natural had the phrase become as a reference to the destruction of the City, that St. John—without the least perception of the mystery he was thereby creating for a Western World of readers—quotes Jesus as using it in His reply to Peter's question concerning the manner of John's death: "If I wish him to remain *till I come*, what is it to thee?" [32] To the author of the Fourth Gospel and to St. Peter, there was no reference to the Second Advent in the Lord's reply. It simply meant: "If I wish John to remain in the flesh until I come in power to destroy Jerusalem, what concern is it of yours? Follow thou Me." St. John tells us as much himself,[33] when he denies the rumor current among the *brethren*, that earthly immortality had been conferred upon him. "No," he declares. "Jesus did not say to me, that I should not die. He merely told me I was to live to see the City destroyed." A writer who understood the phrase, "till I come," in the sense of the Second Advent, would never have spoken of personal death in that deathless connection, nor troubled to refute the rumor that he was not to die.

When, therefore, after this long de-Judaizing process, this steady pouring of the true wine of revelation into the current phrases of prophecy, we find the disciples inquiring of the Saviour on Mount Olivet: "What shall be the sign of Thy *coming*, and of the end of the age?"—was their question the purely Jewish query: "What shall be the sign of Thy (final) coming, and of the end of the (Jewish) age as connected with it?" Or—was it the new and distinctively Christian question, created by the teaching of Jesus: "*What shall be the sign of Thy coming (in Thy Kingdom), and of the end of the age (of the Kingdom of Heaven)?*"

The latter unquestionably, when we study the Christian education of the disciples, and compute its drift. The *Parousia* concerning which they ask is the one they have heard described as "the coming of the Son of Man in His Kingdom;" [34] "the Lord of the vineyard coming to bring the evil husbandmen to an evil end;" [35] the King sending His armies to destroy

[32] John xxi. 22. [33] John xxi. 23. [34] Matt. xvi. 28. [35] Matt. xxi. 40, 41.

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those murderers and to burn their city;"[36] and the "laying-waste of the House of Israel,"[37] for its refusal of a doctrine of salvation that was offered to all. Contextual criticism clearly shows that the word "coming," in the question of the disciples, has the new meaning with which Jesus invested it, when He distinguished His "coming in glory" from His "coming in His Kingdom," disconnecting these two events, and referring their respective fulfillment to different periods of time. There is absolutely no evidence in what precedes or what follows, that the *Parousia* to which the disciples are referring is the Second Advent. When that is the event to be designated, the author of the First Gospel invariably adds the words: *glory* or *the angels;* and it is instructive to observe that these specifying phrases do not occur in the second question, but in the *answer* to the third.[38] It is the third question, not the second, which has the Final Advent in view. The queries have been crossed and confused, because sufficient allowance has not been made for the influence of the Lord's teaching on His questioners. We have overlooked the educative process which the Saviour previously conducted in regard to the very two phrases of prophecy which the disciples are here employing in an interrogatory form. After the de-Judaizing education to which the Twelve had been subjected, it is not likely that four of them would dare to approach Jesus with erroneous questions [illegible] their lips, or that He would ever have answered [illegible] they done so.

Additional proof that the questions asked were not of Jewish character, but directly shaped from the teaching of the Lord Himself, may securely be inferred from the manner of their putting. A mind of Palestinian mold would never have followed the order of inquiry reported in the First Gospel. It was not the order in which events were expected to occur. The "consummation of the age" *preceded* the "coming of the Son of Man," in all Jewish expectation. A Palestinian Jew would have first asked about "the consummation," he never would have put his question the other way about, as reported here. There is every evidence, therefore, on the part of the questioners, that in this instance, at least, their Jewish mentality was not functioning. It is quite true that on two recorded occasions—both of them connected with

[36] Matt. xxii. 7. [37] Matt. xxiii. 38, 39. [38] Matt. xxiv. 30.

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the Lord's manifestation of His glory—the old view of the *Parousia* returned.[39] But it was not in mind when the disciples approached the Saviour inquiringly on Mount Olivet; at least there is no contextual evidence that it was. The thought of the preceding chapters mounts too exclusively to the idea of *destruction*, to culminate in the anti-climax of a question about *glory*.

That the second question asked on Mount Olivet was about the sign of the Lord's coming in His Kingdom, and the third about the end of the Messianic Age, or His personal Return in glory, is made demonstrably certain by the structure of the discourse that follows. These are exactly the questions that the Saviour answers, though not exactly the order in which He goes about their answering. The first question—"When shall these things be?"—He answers last, or rather not at all, it was so purely curious and spiritually unavailing. Nay, what is of still more decisive interest to the present investigation, Jesus begs His questioners three distinct times to remember their Christian education, and not to lapse back into the old expectations of Jewry, if they hear rumors that He is already in hiding, and has actually been seen in person at this place or that,[40] when the city is tottering to its ruin. "Behold I have told you beforehand." The same dissociating process that we found reported in the sixteenth chapter, and explained in the twenty-first, twenty-second, and twenty-third, is solemnly reaffirmed in the twenty-fourth.

When we look into the structure of the text in the twenty-fourth chapter of St. Matthew, we find matters really standing as claimed. Verses 4-28 are an actual description of the Lord's *progressive coming* in His Kingdom, from its first budding days of incipiency to the crises that are to mark its close, when the Gospel shall have been preached in the whole inhabited earth as a testimony to the nations. Naturally, the destruction of Jerusalem occupies a prominent place in this description (vv. 15-28). It is what Jesus meant by the "coming of the Son of Man in His Kingdom," and it is about the sign of this "coming" that the disciples have just inquired. The most remarkable feature about the treatment which this destructive event receives is the care taken to eliminate all eschatological significance from it. It is the time when the Son of Man

[39] Matt. xvii. 4; Acts i. 6. [40] Matt. xxiv. 23, 25, 26.

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shall come in power to destroy the Jewish Capital, not the time of His visible reappearance in the glory of His Father with the angels. In the textual commentary which is to follow the present study, the truth of this reading will be substantiated in detail.

Verses 29-31 contain the answer to the third question: "What shall be the sign indicating the end of the New Age, which is publicly to begin with the effacement of Jewish power?"—precisely the order of treatment which we should consistently expect, if the questions asked were really of the nature which we have shown them to have been. In these three verses—they are *transferred* prophecies—the Lord is reported as answering the question about the signs that shall precede His Final Advent—an event which He has already taken particular pains to dissociate from all connection with the fate of Israel, on St. Matthew's own word. For this reason, if for no other, it is against all the laws of likelihood to suppose that the adverb "immediately" of verse 29—"Immediately after the tribulation of those days"—could ever have been written by the author of the First Gospel, in connection with the destruction of Jerusalem. That connection has already been disestablished by the Saviour, and we have three distinct avowals repudiating it, in the text that goes before. To what then, does the adverb "immediately" of verse 29 refer? To the *particular* period of tribulation (vs. 21), which is to mark the public inauguration of the Kingdom of Heaven? Or, to the whole *period* of tribulation, already described as the characteristic feature of the Kingdom, from beginning to end (vv. 4-14)? We merely point out the alternative subject of reference. It exists, and will be shown to be a textual actuality when the time for proving comes.

Verses 28-32 record the Lord's answer to the first question: "Tell us, when shall these things be?" The Saviour advises the disciples to use their ordinary powers of discernment. The seasons of the Lord have their telltale marks like the seasons of the year (vv. 32-33). The blow will fall within the generation, and history will vindicate His words (vv. 34-35). The day and hour of the impending crash are safe in the Father's keeping—a secret not necessary for them to know (vs. 36). And with these words the Lord's answer to the three questions proposed by the disciples is brought to a close. He

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has told them of the "sign of His coming in His Kingdom" and of the "sign that is to herald the end of the Messianic Age." The hour appointed for the destruction of Israel, He refuses to divulge. Its disclosure was of no moment to salvation.

After answering the questions about His coming in power to destroy the City and His Return in glory to judge the world, Jesus proceeds to tell of another "coming"—more important than either of the two, about which His questioners were so consumingly concerned. It is *His coming to the individual at the hour of death* (vv. 37-51; xxv. vv. 1-30). The dreadful feature of the Flood, the Lord tells them, was not the physical havoc which it wrought, but the immense number of *persons* it swept, unheeding, to their doom. The consideration which should be uppermost in all minds therefore, is not the crumbling of cities and the crashing of worlds, but the loss of salvation by unthinking thousands. The thought of the Lord's *Parousia* to the individual soul should displace all others. This is the "coming of the Son of Man" for which they should ever be on the watch, not the public coming to Israel in power, or to the world at large in glory. "One shall be taken, and one shall be left."[41] "*And know ye this*, that if the master of the house knew at what hour *the thief* was coming, he would have watched, and would not have allowed *his own* house to be undermined," while he was looking for the far-off destruction of Israel. "Therefore be ye also ready; for in an hour that ye think not, the Son of Man will come."[42] The sudden veering of the discourse from an answer to curious questions about the fate of the Capital and the length of the Messianic Age, frightened St. Peter. "Lord, speakest thou this Parable of the Thief to us or to all?" he asked Him.[43] And Jesus answered: "What I say to you, I say to all: Watch!"[44] It was a tense and hushed moment when Jesus so pointedly re-expressed the Gospel of the Kingdom, the new, *un-Jewish* doctrine of salvation: *personal faithfulness unto death!*

The Lord takes up this idea for extended treatment, developing it at greater length than either of the topics about which the disciples inquired. The development of this third meaning continues to the end of the twenty-fourth chapter, and occupies three-quarters of the twenty-fifth,[45] where the

[41] Matt. xxiv. 40, 41. [42] Matt. xxiv. 43, 44. [43] Luke xii. 41.
[44] Mark xiii. 37. [45] Matt. xxiv. 38-51; xxv. 1-30.

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Return in glory is set over against it, and the contrast between the public and the private 'coming" is made complete.[46] It is one of the finest, most complete pieces of literary presentation to be met with anywhere in the Scriptures. The picture which Jesus so graphically drew of the man who watched for the Lord's coming to Israel, and forgot that his own house might be undermined in the meanwhile, is repeated three times. We have first the evil servant who says, "My Lord is long a-coming," only to find that he has been cut down by death overnight, and has lost salvation.[47] We have "the Bridegroom tarrying in His public visitation, yet returning unexpectedly at midnight to the sleeping ten, five of whom were not prepared for this sudden private "coming."[48] Finally there is the picture of "the Lord of those servants coming after a long time" to make a reckoning with them, and to see to what profit they had put their length of days.[49] The thought is intensely personal throughout. Attention is called abruptly away from physical to spiritual destruction, and we find ourselves back in the sixteenth chapter, where the Lord told St. Peter: "He that saveth his life (by denying Me), shall lose it; and he that loseth his life (for confessing Me), shall find it."[50] Eschatological? Never was discourse so preponderantly of another nature, and with a message as actual today as on the first evening of its utterance: "He that endureth to the end (of life), the same shall be saved." The textual proof that the "coming of the Son of Man" was also understood of His *Parousia* to the individual at the hour of death is astonishingly abundant, even in the Synoptic writers. It will later be spread before the reader for appraisal. Insight into the true nature of the questions asked and answered on the Mount of Olives is the key to the entire Gospel.

Could anything be more simple than the thought of the whole Discourse, or fragments of discourses, as recorded in the First Gospel? The Lord's coming in His Kingdom; the Lord's coming in glory at the close of the Messianic Age; the Lord's coming to the individual at the hour of death! The end of Israel; the end of the world; the end of life! And this third conception, which is intensely vital, practical, concerning, and permanently available for the spiritual life in all the

[46] Matt. xxv. 31-46. [47] Matt. xxiv. 48, 49. [48] Matt. xxv. 5, 6.
[49] Matt. xxv. 19. [50] Matt. xvi. 21-28.

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vicissitudes of history, is developed at greater length and with far more telling effect than either of the others.

Nor need it prove a matter for captious wonderment that these clarifying results should have at last come forth from this complicated chapter of the Gospel. "Jesus," says Professor Stevens, "spoke of various 'Comings,' referring as occasion required, to the progress of His Kingdom, to crises in its advance, or to its consummation. His whole doctrine of the nature of His Kingdom, as well as a critical consideration of the relevant passages, justifies this conclusion. He did not conceive of His Kingdom as triumphing by a sudden and near catastrophe. It was not to come 'with observation' (Luke xvii. 20); it was to be like leaven spreading (Matt. xiii. 33); like seed growing secretly, first the blade, then the ear, then the full corn in the ear (Mark iv. 28). Its coming was conceived of as a great historic world-process (Matt. xxi. 43). In the midst of words which have been shaped into a prediction of Christ's return within the generation then living (?), we meet with the declaration that the Gospel shall first be preached to the whole world (Matt. xxiv. 14). Jesus spoke of various 'days of the Son of Man,' epochs in a great continuous process, culminating in the final manifestation, with which the first disciples more or less especially identified all others (?)." [51] To which we should like to add but two correctives: The disciples were of the same mind as the Master, faithful reporters who did not reshape His words, but set them down ungarbled; though the truth of this conclusion is not apparent, until we grasp the precise nature of the questions that were asked and answered on the Mount of Olives; until we actually study the Christian education of the disciples in the exceptional school of the Lord's company.

This education taught them to distinguish the two events concerning which they inquired: the "coming of the Son of Man" or the destruction of Jerusalem; and the "coming of the Son of Man in glory." Mentioned in the tenth chapter,[52] explicitly drawn in the sixteenth,[53] and clearly set forth by means of an educating process in the twenty-first, twenty-second, and twenty-third,[54] this distinction is put to the Lord in the form of a question in the twenty-fourth, and there lengthily reaffirmed.

[51] *The Theology of the New Testament.* Stevens, pp. 161, 162.
[52] Matt. x. 23. [53] Matt. xvi. 27, 28. [54] Matt. xxi. 33-46; xxii. 1-15; xxiii. 36-39.

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The author, in material which he alone reports, lets us see the Saviour disconnecting the two ideas of *destruction* and *glory*, on the joint realization of which the whole eschatology of Palestine swung as on a hinge. He lets us see the disciples actually seeking information of the Lord on this very disconnection of ideas, which Jesus taught them to make; and he is the only Synoptic writer who records the questions in full. No faithless reporter he, assuredly, who tells us so painstakingly of the old that was refuted, and of the new that succeeded to its place. When the precise nature of the questions asked by the disciples comes forth to view, we find ourselves saying with the Twelve: "Now we *know* that Thou knowest all things, and needest not that any man should ask Thee. By this we believe that Thou comest forth from God." [55]

ADVENTURERS.

BY FRANCIS X. DOYLE, S.J.

With grassy stars the lawn is well arrayed
And woe! the foolish foot that wanders there!
For gardeners shield the stars that they have made
And cherish them with a creator's care.

Yet in the level radiance of the morn,
Audacious Robins come, with blushing bars
Of courage on their breasts and eyes of scorn—
And calmly feed upon the grassy stars!

You are brave birds! And very brave am I
Who range the startling seas and awesome earth
And leap into the sparkle of the sky,
To feast on beauties of Diviner birth.

[55] John xvi. 30.

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ITALIAN PROTESTANTISM IN THE UNITED STATES.

BY F. AURELIO PALMIERI, O.S.A., D.D.

IN an editorial in *Extension Magazine* (September, 1917) we read: "The Italian problem *is* a problem, and it is *our* problem. We must either face it now, or take the consequences of our neglect later on. We must 'put up or shut up; but if we 'shut up' we shall be guilty before God of neglecting our opportunities."

These stern words cannot but impress everyone who is stirred with a legitimate pride in the marvelous growth of American Catholicism. In this country, the Church has the mission of assimilating to herself, under the flag of American ideals, the best religious and civil elements of the Old World. It is a labor requiring not only skill but patience, not only patience but disinterestedness, not only disinterestedness but heroism and sacrifice. This task of assimilation is pursued with perseverance by the political leaders of the United States: it needs to be followed up in the religious field with even greater constancy, since it is impossible to build a real and enduring civilization upon an irreligious foundation. When the foundations of a majestic building are weak, sooner or later the whole edifice will collapse. Like the other races, the four millions of Italians who have made this country their new home, have either become an efficient part of the great American family or are slowly undergoing that process of Americanization which will enable them to give their energies, both intellectual and moral, to their country of adoption. They are or will be as true Americans by ideals and adoption as any who have landed on these shores before them. They will bring to America not only the vivid sparkle of Italian genius, but the glowing fire of Italian Catholicism. The Italian soul cannot be dissociated from its natural inclination to the loftiest concept of fine arts; nor may it be thought of as deprived of its Catholic traditions. Long experience proves that Italians either are or have to be Catholics, else they will ramble about the labyrinth of an ungodly materialism. A well-known Italian

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woman writer, Amy Bernardy, justly remarked that "when Italian immigrants have once lost their native religion, they cannot deceive themselves nor others that they can acquire another. They cannot have any other."

It is a recognized fact that almost all the Italians who come to this country, are either practically or nominally Catholics. It is also a recoguized fact that as soon as they establish themselves in the United States, they are looked upon by some Protestant denominations as virgin soil to be exploited for the profit of their own religious aims. Some Protestant denominations, with the help of a whole staff of Italian pastors, exert a wide propaganda among the Italian immigrants.

What are the results? Here we meet with conflicting statements. A Catholic priest, who writes under the name of Herbert Hadley, declares that "the Italian falls an easy victim to the Protestant proselytizer," [1] while a writer of great authority, the Rev. John Talbot Smith, affirms that "the Italians are not apostates even in the presence of temptation. Their faith is in their blood." [2] To solve these contradictory statements, we have carefully examined and compared the statistics of Protestant workers among Italians, and we submit in these pages the results of our inquiry. It is hoped that the investigation will be of service in the difficult solution of the Italian religious problem in the United States.

Protestant propaganda among the Italian immigrants to the United States was preceded by similar work in the Italian kingdom immediately after 1870. Italy had already a small nucleus of native Protestants, the Waldensians, who according to the latest report, number 20,519 members, 70 pastors, 6,408 Sunday-school pupils, and a theological seminary in Florence. After the fall of the temporal power, American propagandists hurried to Italy to help the Waldensians in their attempt to spread their belief among Italian Catholics. The so-called "evangelical work" among Italians in Italy was inaugurated and is carried on by American Baptists and Methodists. The Southern Baptist Convention sent an active missionary, George B. Taylor, to Italy, who worked there thirty years, especially in Rome. Success, however, did not attend his efforts, judging

[1] *America*, 1914, vol. xii., p. 66.

[2] *The Irish in the United States. The Irish Ecclesiastical Record*, 1902, vol. xi., p. 537.

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by the last report of the Baptist mission in Italy. It numbers 32 ordained Italian pastors, 46 churches (rather, chapels or meeting houses), 70 stations, 1,362 members, 40 Sunday-schools with 1,144 pupils, a theological seminary, and a monthly religious review, *Bilychnis*.

The Methodist Episcopal Church inaugurated a Methodist mission in Italy in 1877, and confided it to Dr. Le Roy M. Vernon, who in 1888 was succeeded by Dr. William Burt, who was elected bishop in 1904. He was followed in his charge by Dr. N. Walling Clark and the Rev. Bertram M. Tipple. The last report of the mission shows that the Methodists have been somewhat more successful in Italy than the Baptists. Yet it cannot be denied that their results are very scanty as compared with the large sums they have spent, and the number of workers they have enrolled for their propaganda. In fact, the Methodist mission in Italy has 76 pastors and preachers, 3,212 members, 1,025 probationers, 2,811 Sunday-school pupils, a theological school, some secondary industrial and elementary schools, and a publishing house, which publishes a weekly religious paper, the *Evangelista*.

The Protestants inaugurated their missions in Italy at a time when the enormous growth of Italian immigration to America could not be foreseen. From 1871 to 1877, about a thousand Italians came to the United States each year, and that immigration was chiefly temporary. The first increase took place in 1880. Every year several thousand Italians sailed to America. But Italian immigration reached the highest pitch in the decade 1906-1916, as is shown by the following data: in 1907, 293,061; in 1908, 135,247; in 1909, 190,398; in 1910, 223,410; in 1911, 189,950; in 1912, 162,273; in 1913, 274,147; in 1914, 926,414; in 1915, 57,217.

Hence it follows that in the course of ten years, two million Italians have entered this country. From July 1, 1916, to June 30, 1917, official statistics give 38,950 Italians as coming to America, and 13,494 as returning to Italy, while during the same interval in 1915-1916, the number of the arrivals is calculated as 38,814, and that of departures as 72,507.

This vast mass of Italian immigrants has spread throughout the United States, especially in the States of New York, Pennsylvania, New Jersey, Massachusetts, Illinois, California, Connecticut, Ohio, Rhode Island and Louisiana. The census of

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1910 gives a population of 739,059 Italians in the State of New York, 298,554 in that of Pennsylvania, 191,849 in that of New Jersey, 130,577 in that of Massachusetts, 116,685 in that of Illinois, and 102,618 in that of California. The same census numbers 544,449 Italians in New York City, 76,534 in Philadelphia, 49,753 in Boston, 35,861 in Newark, 30,000 in New Haven, 30,000 in Providence, and 30,000 in San Francisco. Of course, to estimate the present Italian population, we must increase the figures of this census by half, or even more. New York now has 700,000 Italians; Philadelphia more than 100,000; Boston, 70,000; San Francisco, 70,000; Providence, 50,000. Therefore, we would not be guilty of exaggeration if we were to say that the Italian population in the United States is not much less than four millions.

Such a large bulk of immigrants could not but attract the attention of various Protestant denominations. In fact there was danger that the continuous stream of Catholic immigrants would out-weigh in the long run the numerical superiority of Protestantism, at least in the largest American cities. A motive of self-defence, therefore, lies at the bottom of Protestant proselytism, especially among Italians. Professor Steiner writes: "There is no institution in the United States which will be so profoundly affected by the immigrant as the Protestant Church. *Without him, she will languish and die; with him alone she has a future.* The Protestant Church is called upon to lift the immigrant into a better conception of human relations both for her own sake and for the sake of the communities which she wishes to serve. This she must do even if it brings her under suspicion of proselyting. Indeed, one of the growing weaknesses of the Protestant Church is the loss of those deep convictions which make proselyting easy." [3]

When the Catholic Church was yet unorganized in this country, Protestantism submerged many Catholic immigrants. Things have changed long since; and Protestantism now finds itself confronted by new conditions due to the slow but steady pressure of Catholic immigration. Generally, in proportion as the wave of Italian immigrants advances here or there in a town or in a State, even the oldest defences of Protestantism are deserted, and Catholic churches take their places. The

[3] Edward A. Steiner, *The Immigrant Tide; Its Ebb and Flow*, New York, 1909, p. 314.

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reality of this fact is acknowledged by the chief of the Italian Department of Colgate Theological Seminary, Antonio Mangano: "We shall lose our place of primacy and some other nation will take the honor from us. See what is happening in greater New York. In the midst of a population of 5,600,000 people there are not over 300,000 members of Protestant Christian Churches. There are vast sections throughout the entire city where Protestant churches are being completely driven out. In one small district in Brooklyn during the past twelve years, one church a year has been pushed to the wall. It is true that synagogues and Roman churches are increasing, but can the Protestant Church afford to desert these districts without leaving a witness to what we believe to be the principles of vital Christianity? It is unnecessary for me to state that, wherever the Protestant Church goes out, the moral tone, both social and political, is greatly lowered. And yet, *wherever the foreigner moves in, the Protestant Church moves out.*" [4]

Hence, it follows that self-defence is the chief aim of Protestant proselytism. No doubt, other reasons are set forth to justify the Protestantizing of Italian immigrants. It is not our purpose to discuss them in this article. But whatever may be said, we firmly believe that the "evangelical work" of the Protestant missionaries is inspired by apprehension of the dangers which impend over Protestantism, either from internal disintegration, or from the expansion of the Catholic Church. The religious propaganda among Italians is carried on by the Presbyterians, United Presbyterians, Methodists (Episcopal), Baptists (Northern Convention), Protestant Episcopalians, Reformed Protestants, Congregationalists, Lutherans, and by the Evangelical Association.

"To the Presbyterian Church," writes the Methodist minister of Boston, G. M. Panunzio, "belongs the honor of being the pioneer of Christian endeavor among Italians. Beginning its work in 1881, it has been laying deep foundations. From the very first, it has laid stress upon securing and developing the best possible leadership; it has made concentrated effort and expended large sums of money; it has opened the regular churches to the Italian worshipper; it has supplied comparatively adequate quarters for the housing of the Italian Church;

[4] *Sons of Italy: a Social and Religious Study of the Italians in America*, New York, 1917, p. 201.

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and has developed an organization for the individual Italian church which is, in a measure, a success." [5] Antonio Mangano is equally enthusiastic: "In the field of Italian evangelization in this country, the Presbyterians are setting the standards for all other denominations. They are doing a most thorough and aggressive work with the most far-reaching plans for future development. The immigrant work office of the Board of Home Missions is busy making thorough surveys of Italian colonies in many States. They aim to build up a system of parishes which shall lead and minister to the entire community life." "The Presbyterians have in a special manner caught a vision of the possibilities of the future, and are spending large sums of money in every department of their work, without putting too great emphasis upon immediate results. They are cultivating the community in a sensible and scientific manner. Twenty-five years from now they will reap an abundant harvest for the Kingdom of God." [6]

For the success of their proselytism among Italians, the Presbyterians appealed to the Waldensians. One of the leaders of the movement was the Rev. Alberto Clod, a minister born in Italy, the historian of the Waldensian colony of Valdese, North Carolina.

According to the last report, the Presbyterians in the United States have 107 churches or missions for the Italians. Italian Presbyterianism numbers 4,800 members; 8,000 pupils in the Sunday-schools; 70 Italian-speaking pastors; 23 lay workers; 32 visitors, and over 350 American volunteers. In twenty years the Presbyterian Church in America has spent $350,000 in building and equipping 28 churches and missions. Over $75,000 are spent each year for the Protestantizing of Italians, not including funds contributed by different Presbyterian institutions for the same purpose. The Director of the Presbyterian immigrant work in New York, William P. Shriver, affirms that $100,000 are contributed by the American Presbyterians "for the work of evangelization among Italians." The Italian members of the Presbyterian churches contribute over $14,000 a year to their support. It is noteworthy that in 1916 the Presbyterian Board of Home Missions devoted thirty-eight and five-tenths per cent ($32,000) of its

[5] *The Religious Situation Among Italians in the United States. La Fiaccola*, September 6, 1917. [6] *Ibid.*, p. 14.

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resources to Italian immigrant work. Italian speaking pastors are trained in the Italian Department of the Bloomfield Theological Seminary. The centres of Presbyterian propaganda are the States of New York (29 churches and missions; 12 of them in New York City); New Jersey (20 churches or missions; 4 in Newark); Pennsylvania (25 churches or missions; 3 in Philadelphia); Minnesota (7 churches); Illinois (7 churches, all of them in the city of Chicago); Ohio (5 churches). The most important Italian Presbyterian churches are the Broome Street Tabernacle and the Church of the Ascension in New York; the Olivet Church in Newark; First and Second Presbyterian Churches in Philadelphia; the Centre Mission and the Church of our Saviour in Chicago, and the Presbyterian Mission in Kansas City. The United Presbyterians have only eight churches in Pennsylvania, Rhode Island, California, and in the District of Columbia.

The Methodist Episcopal Church started its propaganda among Italians in 1881. An ex-vender of plaster models, Antonio Arrighi, was converted to Methodism in Des Moines, Iowa, in 1858. He studied at Ohio Wesleyan University, Dickinson College, and Boston Theological Seminary, and after a stay of several years in Rome, he returned to America and preached his first sermon at the Five Points Mission in New York City. In 1889 this mission was confided to an Italian preacher, Vito Calabrese. The Methodist theological school in Rome furnished pastors and preachers. For several years the mission was organized as an independent institution under the direction of a bishop and superintendent. In 1916 that organization was abolished. Each church and mission was placed under the care and supervision of the resident bishop and local conference.

The Methodist Episcopal Church has in the United States 60 Italian churches or missions, 5,241 members, 42 Italian schools, and 4,927 pupils in the Sunday-schools. Among the members are to be found 1,839 probationers. The centres of the movement are the States of New York (21 churches; 8 in New York City); Pennsylvania (10 churches); New Jersey (4 churches). The other churches are scattered through the States of Connecticut, Massachusetts, Ohio, Illinois, Maryland, Indiana, Maine, Rhode Island, Delaware, Florida, Louisiana, Colorado, Montana, California, Alabama, Missouri, Texas, and

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West Virginia. The most important of these churches are those of Jefferson Park, New York; First Italian Church, Chicago; and the Peoples' Church, Denver, Colorado.[1] In New York the Church of All Nations and the Five Points Mission have the largest Sunday-schools, averaging an attendance of from 500 to 800 pupils.

During this campaign of thirty-five years standing, the Methodists have spent $500,000 in building Italian churches. The Board of Home Missions and Church Extension expends $50,000 a year for the support of propaganda among Italians; but, as has been remarked by Frederick H. Wright, formerly Superintendent of the Italian Missions, if we take into account the sums spent by the local missionary societies, the Methodist Episcopal Church devotes every year $150,000 to the conversion of Italians. The Italian Methodist missions could not live without American pecuniary help. In fact, the Italians contribute to the support of their Methodist churches only the sum of $7,357 a year.

The Baptists have vied with the Presbyterians and the Methodists in spreading their beliefs among Italians. A special feature of their work is the effort to give a decided Italian character to their missions. In a recent report of a superintendent of the American Baptist Home Mission Society, we read: "We believe in the freedom of religious life according to racial type. An Italian Protestant Church will have and should have distinctive characteristics, distinguishing it from an American Protestant Church. This means the enrichment of the Protestant conception of God, and of social life. There is no Italian Gospel, but there is a Gospel for the Italian, which is the secret of his highest and best development, and the rebirth of Italian character according to the mind of Christ. *Italians will be won for the Kingdom of God only as the Gospel is interpreted to them in the terms of their own thinking. The use of the Italian language in worship and service is not primarily a matter of privilege, but of responsibility for winning the Italian people for Christ. The conversion of one or more Italians has demonstrated the possibility of reaching*

[1] It is to be noted in passing that both Presbyterians and Methodists proselytize among Italians in Canada. The former have missions in Montreal, Sault Ste. Marie and Winnipeg. The latter, in Montreal, Toronto, Hamilton, Niagara Falls, Welland, Thorvald, North Bay and Copper Cliff. The centre of the propaganda in Toronto is the Elm Street Church. Here the Methodists have inaugurated a campaign against Catholic parochial schools.

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these people in a larger way than through the English language, and has usually been the determining factor in the employment of Italian missionaries." [8]

Baptists in America started their mission work among Italians with English-speaking missionaries. In 1889, they had Italian Sunday-schools in some cities of the States of New York, New Jersey, Connecticut. The First Italian Church was established in Buffalo (New York), in 1893, and confided to the Rev. Ariel B. Bellondi, a former student of Colgate Theological Seminary. For many years the Italian Baptist churches were under the leadership of the American Baptist Home Mission Society. In 1917, the Colgate Theological Seminary organized an Italian department for the training of Italian ministers.

The Baptists (Northern Convention) in the United States have 82 Italian churches or missions, 2,750 members, and 60 Italian pastors. They expend in their Italian missions about $70,000 a year. The contribution of the Italian Baptists amounts to $9,000. The centres of the Italian Baptist missions are the States of Massachusetts (15 churches; 3 in Boston); Connecticut (13 churches; 2 in New Haven); New York (18 churches; 4 in New York, 3 in Buffalo, 2 in Brooklyn); New Jersey (8 churches); Pennsylvania (6 churches); Texas (4 churches). Lawrence, Massachusetts, was in 1910 the seat of the last convention of Italian missionaries and pastors. The most important churches are the First Italian in Buffalo, First Italian in Brooklyn, Hurlburt Chapel in Orange, New Jersey, and First Italian in New Haven. We have no data as to the number of Italian children frequenting Baptist Sunday-schools, except for New York City, where 680 pupils are registered.

The Congregationalists, according to a report of Philip R. Rose, Supervisor of Italian Congregational churches in Connecticut, "have no country-wide or denomination-wide work for Italian immigrants." With regard to the Italians, they follow "a policy of experiment." Their ideal is "not proselytism but Christian character." They wish to "coöperate with the Italian Roman Catholic Church (!) to prepare the best Italians to be the intellectual and spiritual leaders of their own race."

[8] Mangano, *Religious Work*, etc., p. 30.

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A striking feature of the propaganda work of Congregationalism is an instinctive distrust of foreign workers. They think that mission work established for the immigrants in their own tongue, is not acceptable to them, and is sometimes even offensive. Besides, the workers of their own nationality are looked upon with suspicion, and regarded as traitors to their own faith. Lastly, religious propaganda aims not at the grown-up generation, but at the growing one; the children and the young people who can be reached more easily through the American mission than through one of their mother tongue.[9]

Following these ideals, the Congregationalists, especially in Maine, prefer to establish missions which are branches of American churches without Italian workers. They have few regularly constituted Italian churches (thirteen in all), and few Italian pastors. These pastors are under the leadership of an American superintendent, who studied the Italian language and character in Italy. According to their latest report, they have 44 churches and missions, 983 members, 1,000 children in the Sunday-schools and 19 Italian pastors. The missions require a total expenditure of $13,279; the contribution of the Italian members is less than $1,000 a year. The centres of the propaganda are the States of Maine (14 missions), Connecticut (11 churches and missions), Rhode Island (5 missions), Illinois (4 churches and missions), New Jersey (4 missions). The most important churches are those of Davenport Settlement, New Haven and Grantwood, New Jersey.

Congregationalism is not fitted for proselytizing among Italians. Its complete doctrinal dissolution, and its lack of a central organization, exhaust its religious energies. Besides, its narrow nationalism and dry Puritan traditions, do not attract the sympathies of a foreign element.

The Protestant Episcopal Church officially professes to abstain from religious propaganda among Italians, unless they do not care to belong to the Catholic Church, or to be connected with other religious bodies. The "Italian evangelization" by the Episcopal Church began in New York forty years ago. It was inaugurated by a clergyman named Stouder. Later, the Italian mission was established in St. Philip's Church, Mulberry Street, and in 1890 in a new building erected at a cost of $100,000 on Broome Street.

[9] E. A. Steiner, *op. cit.*, p. 325.

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The Protestant Episcopal Church numbers twenty-four Italian churches. Eleven of them are in New York and three in Philadelphia. In New York, they count 1,190 members, with 610 pupils in the Sunday-schools. The annual expenditure for these churches is $9,373. The sum of $1,037 represents the total contributions of Italians. The most important of the Italian Episcopal churches is Grace Parish in New York City. According to the report of its rector, Francisco G. Urbano, 1,800 Italians are connected with it in a distinctly religious manner. If this statement is true, we cannot understand why the statistics of all the Italian churches and missions of the Protestant Episcopal Church in New York (1912) give only 1,190 adult members and 610 Sunday-school pupils. Urbano attributes the success of Grace Parish among Italians to the simplicity of its Christian teaching, the dignity and sincerity of its worship, the usefulness of its work, and its recognition of the reasonableness of an Italian point of view in the administration of work among Italians. The Episcopal church of Boston has a congregation of nearly two hundred members. Worthy of special note is the interesting news that, last year, under the auspices of Bishop Lawrence, a chapel was built for the Italian Episcopalians, and was dedicated to St. Francis of Assisi!

We need not tarry long over the work of other Protestant denominations among the Italians. The Lutherans have a small Italian congregation in St. Peter's Church in Philadelphia (33 members, 60 pupils in the Sunday-school, and 80 children in the kindergarten). The Dutch Reformed Church has three Italian churches: in Newburgh and Union Hill, New York and Hackensack, New Jersey. This last town has, perhaps, the only Italian independent church in the United States, under the leadership of a suspended priest, Antonio Giulio Lenzo.

The Evangelical Association supports three Italian churches in Chicago, Milwaukee and Racine. We have no data about these churches.

From these statistics, it follows that the nursery of Protestant proselytism among Italians is New York City. In fact, according to the computation of Rev. Howard V. Yergin, New York numbered in 1912, 44 churches, 5,584 Italian Protestants, and 4,741 Italian pupils in the Sunday-schools. The annual cost of these missions exceeds $90,000 a year.

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The general statistics of Protestant work among Italians, gives a total of 326 churches and chapels, 13,774 members, 42 schools, 13,927 Italian pupils in the Sunday-schools, 201 Italian pastors, and a total expenditure of $227,309, not including the contribution of $31,571 by Italian Protestants. A statistical list of the Italian Protestant churches published in 1903 *(Chiese evangeliche italiane negli Stati Uniti e nel Canada)* gives only one hundred and sixty-five churches and missions.

Now, do these statistics represent the gains of Protestant propaganda among Italian Catholics in the United States? Is is true that in fifty years the above quoted denominations have been able to associate to their bodies 14,000 Italians who have left the Catholic Church? We are firmly convinced that there is exaggeration, and much exaggeration, in the figures just given.

First, the statistics include also the native Protestants of Italy. The Waldensians have several independent self-supporting churches in the United States: in New York City; Gainesville, Texas; Valdese, North Carolina; and Monett, Missouri. They are found also in the congregations of churches of the other denominations, and several pastors of these churches come from their ranks. It is an error to include the Waldensians among Italians converted to American Protestantism.

Secondly, the statistics of several Protestant churches are magnified or falsified for reasons easily understood by anyone. Lest we be suspected of bias in making this assertion, we quote from a paper by G. M. Panunzio, published in the *Fiaccola,* the official and militant organ of Italian Methodism in America: "In a certain church, under the enthusiastic leadership of a pastor, five hundred members were reported as belonging to the church. Now, *it may be set down as an axiom that whenever an Italian church reports such a large number of members, either the printer has made an error by adding a cipher, or a preacher has given the number of his constituency, and not of his members.* When a successor was appointed to that field, he labored for a year, and by taking into account every person who had been related in any vital way to the church and who could legitimately be counted as a member or even an adherent, he found one hundred and forty. Another pastor went to the same field, and accidentally discovered that

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fully one-third, if not more, of those members were enrolled upon the books of another denomination. By looking still closer, it was discovered that the children had caught the same spirit. Many children were attending at least three Sunday-schools; at the proper season, they went to three Christmas trees, three picnics, three entertainments, three outings, three everything. It was exactly this state of things that led an able minister, who had opportunity to observe the whole Italian situation in a large city, to make this remark: The Italian work in this city is a big farce." [10]

We are not far from the truth then in saying that allowing for Waldensians, probationers, and the fanciful manipulation of statistics, the actual number of members of Italian Protestant churches may be computed as one-half of the official numbers. Thus, the gains of Protestant proselytism after fifty years of hard work, are reduced to hardly more than six thousand souls. No wonder an old Italian pastor, Enrico Chieri, frankly avowed in the *Churchman* (1916) that the fifty years of "evangelical work" of Protestantism among Italians had closed with a *complete failure.*

Our inquiry would naturally suggest some consideration of the religious conditions of Italian Catholics in the United States. We refrain, however, from enlarging on this theme at present. But if the Italian problem, according to *Extension Magazine,* is to be "*put up*" those who must solve that problem should investigate why 6,000 Italian Protestants in the United States have the freedom and the means of supporting 326 churches and missions, and more than 200 pastors, and why 4,000,000 of Italian Catholics have only 250 churches and an insignificant number of priests of their own race. An impartial and sincere inquiry into the causes of this strange anomaly will be the first and most necessary step to the right solution of the Italian religious problem in this country.

[11] *La Fiaccola,* September 6, 1917.

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INTERNATIONAL LAW.

BY MOORHOUSE I. X. MILLAR, S.J.

II.

The Origins of Absolutism.

SUCCESS has had its superstitious worshippers in every age. But never perhaps, even in the ages of paganism, were the votaries of success so whole-hearted or so numerous as in the days before the War. Material success and efficiency, the means to its attainment, were the norm and test by which the whole of life was to be judged if one wished to be considered abreast of the times, and things were deemed right or wrong as they contributed or failed to contribute to material progress. Like the "abomination of the Ammonites," success demanded its human sacrifices. Not little children, to be sure, except the unborn, for Charles Dickens in his novels and Mrs. Browning in *The Cry of the Children* had already shamed the world into some measure of humanity towards them. But sacrifices of human morality and of truth were both asked and given.

As the various religious denominations born of the "success" of the Reformation, lost their hold upon the masses, the disjointed and separate truths of Christianity, which they had retained, became overcrusted with human conceits or forgotten for lack of proper grounding and the ill-effects of what was original with the Reformers became more and more apparent. Robert Louis Stevenson, in a moment of deep insight, put his finger upon the actual sore spot in our civilization when he asked: "Can it be that the Puritan school by divorcing a man from nature, by thinning out his instincts and setting a stamp of its disapproval on whole fields of human activity and interest, leads at last directly to material greed?"[1] The answer is more evident to us today than it could possibly have been to him. For, in his day, the attempts made to just-

[1] *Amateur Emigrant.*

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ify this state of things, had been fewer and more limited in their sphere of influence. Benthamism and Positivism were in vogue, but no philosophical Pragmatism as yet; and the professors of universities and public schools in English-speaking countries still held, with rare exceptions, to the old standards of common sense. What deep-seated bias there was, was chiefly religious. The Middle Ages were dark; the Church of Rome was corrupt; the Reformation was an event ever memorable for the religious and intellectual freedom it produced. These things were believed because they were generally said and imagined as true. They were the "idols of the market;" while "the idols of the theatre," as Bacon calls that class of idols "superinduced by false theories or philosophies and the perverted laws of demonstration," lent strength and intensity to the modern worship of success.

For Pragmatism, like an evil genius, was in the thoughts of men long before the time of William James. Its beginnings date from Machiavelli and from the day when Calvin threw over the "Pope's laws" and explained away the Scriptural prohibitions against usurious practices.[2] Thereafter "no room was left for authoritative insistence on moral, as distinguished from legal obligation;"[3] and the lure of gain having once been introduced as a dominant factor in life, the necessity to square one's conscience while driving a hard bargain, soon produced widespread results affecting the standards of social morality.[4] In the confusion thus introduced into moral ideals, respectability, the product of money and material success, began to usurp the claim to esteem which belongs of right to human virtue. Truth suffered no less, and the notion that that is true which works, was already an accepted axiom when William James took it as the basic principle for his new philosophy.

In no line of intellectual endeavor, however, has the truth suffered more lamentably, or fundamental human morality been more sadly suppressed by this modern bias in favor of material success, than in history. "To predict the future," said Carlyle, "to manage the present, would not be so impossible had not the past been so sacrilegiously mishandled;

[2] William Cunningham, *Growth of English Industry and Commerce*, vol. ii., pp. 155-157.

[3] *Ibid.*, p. 206.

[4] William Cunningham, *Christianity and Politics*, p. 87.

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effaced, and what is worse defaced! The past cannot be seen; the past looked at through the medium of 'philosophical history' in these times, cannot even be *not* seen: it is misseen; affirmed to have existed—and to have been a godless impossibility." The reason for this is simple enough. Our own civilization, supposed to be the acme of success, was made the standard by which all previous ages were to be judged. Hence, "how shall the poor 'philosophical historian' to whom his own century is all godless, see any God in other centuries."

That any event contributive to present civilization, could have been a regrettable mistake; that the defeat of a cause which would have modified, checked or prevented such an event, could have been a real disaster, was inconceivable. "God's absolute laws sanctioned by an eternal Heaven and an eternal Hell, have become moral philosophies sanctioned by able computations of profit and loss, by weak considerations of pleasures of virtue and the moral sublime." Might when successful, was shown to have constituted right; and unscrupulous cunning, if it but attained its aims, was interpreted as justice. But "this universe *has* its laws," and the moral law can no more be violated than the law of gravitation without woeful consequences. "There is not," said Carlyle, "a red Indian, hunting by Lake Winnipeg, can quarrel with his squaw, but the whole world must smart for it." What is true within each generation holds equally between successive generations; for "the centuries too are lineal children of one another," and the crimes of one age are visited upon the next.

With the War there has come something of a perception of all this. Theodore Marburg thus voiced a now growing opinion in his pamphlet *World Court and League of Peace:* "It is a mistake to interpret progress in terms of numbers—growth of population or pounds of steel or yards of cloth turned out. True progress lies in the direction of growth of justice: justice between man and man; justice of employer to employee, justice written in the law, justice displayed in the honesty and ability of the courts, justice of the State toward its citizens, and justice of nation to nation."[5]

In a previous article[6] we endeavored to show that this idea of justice was fundamental to our civilization; that with-

[5] Judicial Settlement of International Disputes No. 20, February, 1915; Baltimore.
[6] The Catholic World, April, 1918.

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out it our civilization could not have grown at all, and that until the end of the thirteenth century, everything was propitious for the gradual extension of the principle of justice to international relations, the moment such relations came into existence through the full development of the European States. Now the problem presents itself: how comes it that such an extension was never effected? As Alfred H. Fried said in June, 1915, "The World War is the logical result of that peace which we possessed. Its ultimate causes do not lie in the motives and the deeds of individual governments and diplomats, but in that condition of international lawlessness which influenced these motives and deeds and which at a given moment had reached such a pitch, that an explosion and final outbreak was inevitable." [7] How comes it that such a state of international lawlessness has endured in the face of the evident progress the world has made during the past centuries?

If we revert to the year 1296 we shall find a state of affairs in Europe that gives us the key to what has at present "brought death into the world and all our woe." For Philip the Fair's treatment of Boniface VIII. was the original sin of international politics. To understand the situation, however, we must remember that the principle laid down by Suarez for Christian, *i. e.*, Catholic princes, in the seventeenth century, was, in theory at least, fully acknowledged in the thirteenth. "As for Christian princes," he says, "it is to be noted that though the Sovereign Pontiff has no direct power in temporal matters, outside his own dominions, yet he has an indirect power. By reason of this latter he has the right to take cognizance of any grievance that may lead to war, plus the power to decide in the matter; and, unless he be guilty of manifest injustice, the contending parties are under obligation to submit to his decision; for this is clearly required for the spiritual good of the Church and in order that an almost infinite number of evils be avoided. Hence it follows that among Christian princes war can rarely be just, since it is possible for them easily to have recourse to a more satisfactory means of terminating their mutual grievances." [8]

Now Philip had been over-reaching his neighbors generally

[7] *The Fundamental Causes of the World War*, No. 91, American Association for International Conciliation, New York.

[8] *De Fide, Spe et Charitate*, Disp. 13; *De Bello*, sect. 2.

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when Boniface issued the bull *Ineffabilis* in which he took his stand on the above principle in these words: "And now reflect, beloved son, that several kings are your enemies and the enemies of your kingdom. Does not the King of the Romans complain that he sees a number of towns and districts belonging to the empire in your possession, especially the country of Burgundy? The King of England is also murmuring against you on account of certain sections of Gascony. These kings will gladly submit their cause to an arbitral decision, they are even insistent in their demand for such a decision. Can the Holy See refuse it to them? If we are to believe their statements, you have sinned against them; therefore it belongs to the Holy See to give a decision." But this was little to the liking of Philip the Fair. For, if Louis XIV. said, "I am the State," Philip lived up to the formula which he constantly used: "Through the plenitude of our royal power." Dante, his contemporary, called him "France's pest," "the modern Pilate" and "a debaser of coinage." This last was a crime, particularly odious in the Middle Ages,[9] and Boniface, on one occasion at least, reproved Philip for it.[10]

A "dynasty," as Herman Fernau says, "requires a philosophical and scientific justification of its rule,"[11] and Philip showed himself keener and more cunning than the Hohenstaufen, in that he saw this more clearly and provided himself more effectively with means for exalting his own power at the expense of the Church and the normal trend of mediæval political opinion. The most ready means for the attainment of this end was the Roman law. A more or less systematic study of this law had survived in Western Europe. The political theory of the mediæval civilians was directly founded upon that of the law books of Justinian, and no doubt they were greatly influenced by the positions laid down by the great jurisconsults of the second and third centuries, or the editors of the sixth, "but the world had greatly changed, and mediæval civilians, even when they were most anxious to restate ancient law, were duly influenced by these changes. They did much more than merely repeat the phrases of the ancient law, they endeavored to explain what was difficult, to coördinate what seemed to be divergent or contradictory, and to

[9] William Cunningham, *Growth of English Industry and Commerce*, vol. 1., p. 359.
[10] *Ausculta Fili.* [11] *The Coming Democracy*, p. 159.

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show how these ancient principles or rules could be brought into relation with the existing conditions of society." [12] Thus, as Montesquieu relates, Defontaines, a civil lawyer in the time of St. Louis, "made great use of these Roman laws: his work is, in a manner, the outcome of ancient French jurisprudence, of the laws of St. Louis and of Roman law; whereas Beaumanoir made scarcely any use of Roman law, but brought ancient French jurisprudence into agreement with the regulations of St. Louis." [13]

Grave reasons demanded this work of elimination and adaptation. For, as previously shown, the ruler, according to Christian mediæval jurisprudence, was merely the director or administrator of justice. According to Roman law, on the contrary, he was clothed with unlimited power and supreme sovereignty. The principle: *Quod principi placuit, legis habet vigorem,* made him the highest source of law, and gave him power to alter the law by arbitrary decree both in general and particular cases. "Legitimate right," which according to the mediæval standpoint could not be violated by the ruler any more than by the subject, was not recognized by the Roman Code. It did not take into account the safeguards of traditional privileges established by the mediæval system.[14] Consequently, in countries where the Justinian Code was adopted, national liberty was sacrificed to absolutism, while England, Sweden, Norway and the other lands that did not accept it unreservedly, retained their traditional customs. England, in particular, managed to preserve her free and independent constitution, together with the common law. Foreseeing much of this, Pope Alexander III., in 1180, forbade monks from studying the Justinian Code; in 1219, Pope Honorius III. extended this prohibition to all priests and in the following year forbade laymen, under pain of excommunication, to give or listen to lectures on the Justinian Code at the University of Paris; for the same reason Pope Innocent IV., in 1254, extended this last prohibition to France, England, Scotland, Spain and Hungary.

But Philip the Fair was of a different mind. To wrest to his own advantage whatever could be gained of unlimited authority from the introduction of the Roman law in its orig-

[12] A. J. Carlyle, *A History of Mediæval Political Theory*, vol. ii., pp. 8, 7.
[13] *L'Esprit des Lois*, l. 28, ch. 38.
[14] J. Janssen, *History of the German People*, vol. ii., p. 163, English Translation.

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inal and unmodified form, he surrounded himself with civil lawyers of the type of Pierre Flote and Guillaume de Nogaret, and with their help proceeded to entrench himself in royal absolutism and to set up his tyrannical power. These lawyers were called the *Milites regis*, and their appearance in the government of France is one of the leading events of Philip's reign. As Renan said: "An entirely new class of politicians, owing their fortune entirely to their own merit and personal efforts, unreservedly devoted to the King who made them, and rivals of the Church whose place they hoped to fill in many matters, thus appeared in the history of France and were destined to work a profound change in the conduct of public affairs."

In Philip's quarrel with Boniface VIII., Pierre Flote and Nogaret played, between them, pretty much the part which Bismarck assigned himself in later days, of educating public opinion in favor of the throne by arousing it against those whom it was expedient for the nation to consider as its enemies. Pierre Flote provided the "Ems telegram" by forging the bull *Deum time* and substituting it for the *Ausculta Fili* which Boniface had really sent. He had already denounced the Pope violently before the national assembly (1301) and falsely charged him with aiming at temporal sovereignty in France; and, as Philip feared the fate of the Hohenstaufen should Boniface pronounce the sentence of excommunication against him, Nogaret took it into his hands to prevent this.

The Colonna, condemned by Boniface for highway robbery, had appealed to a general council and accused the Pope of being a usurper. Nogaret, an expert in canon as well as in civil law, saw the futility of such an accusation in the face of the official recognition Boniface had enjoyed for over five years. But as he must be put out of the way if Philip was to save his throne and continue in his determined course, the astute lawyer bethought him of an undeveloped point in canon law, by which a Pope guilty of private heresy became justiciable to the Church. Philip thereupon began immediately to pose as champion of the Faith. An enumeration of invented heresies and crimes calumniously imputed to Boniface, was drawn up, in twenty-nine articles, and read before the assembled clergy and barons. Instead of convoking the Third Estate; and in order the more easily to prevent any possible resistance, agents were dispatched to the various towns and

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ecclesiastical bodies with the injunction that all agree to the summoning of a general council.[15]

Meanwhile Nogaret had not been idle. Having set all this on foot it was essential to his plans that he should get possession of the person of Boniface. He had already left for Italy with this in view; but when victory came, absolutism was branded with sacrilege. For as Dante sang:

> To hide with direr guilt
> Past ill and future, lo! the flower-de-luce
> Enters Alagna; in His Vicar, Christ
> Himself a captive, and His mockery
> Acted again. Lo! to His holy lip
> The vinegar and gall once more applied;
> And He 'twixt living robbers doom'd to bleed.
> Lo! the new Pilate, of whose cruelty
> Such violence cannot fill the measure up,
> With no decree to sanction, pushes on
> Into the temple his yet eager sails
> O Sovran Master! when shall I rejoice
> To see the vengeance which Thy wrath, well pleased,
> In secret silence broods!

But this was not all. The new order of things had to have its Treitschke and its Hegel, and it found both respectively in Pierre Dubois and William of Occam. Without some reference to the curious writings of Dubois, Philip's policy cannot be fully understood. An idea of the leading thoughts in his most important works may be gathered from the following words of a Cambridge historian: "Pierre Dubois' little pamphlet *De Recuperatione Terræ Sanctæ* is a mine of reforming ideas. Disendowment of the Church and of monasteries, *absolute authority* for the secular State, woman's enfranchisement, mixed education, are all advanced *with the one object of increasing the power of the French King*, who is to be made Emperor and ruler at Constantinople. International arbitration was to decrease the horrors of war, and educated women were to be sent to the Holy Land in order to marry and convert both the Saracens and the priests of the Orthodox Church and also to become trained nurses and teachers. Studies are to be mod-

[15] Arquillière, *L'Appel au Concile sous Philippe Le Bel; Revue Des Questions Historiques*, 1911; also *Catholic Encyclopedia: Boniface VIII.*

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ernized, the law simplified. For the influence of the old theological and Papal universities, the writer had no respect. The whole spirit of the book is secular and modern." [16] This work appeared shortly after the death of Boniface: a fact which lends decided irony to its treatment of the question of international arbitration.

For perhaps the principal aim of Boniface's reign had been to maintain peace among the Christian princes of Europe. For this, almost as much as for the sake of the Church's clear rights, he had insisted that purely Church property—as distinguished from property held by the clergy in feudal tenure—should not be taxed by them for the purpose of waging war on one another; and if his many attempts at arbitration ultimately failed, it was due to Philip's bad will and to nothing else. History bears witness that from this period on, wars did increase both in magnitude and duration, as well as in disastrous results. As regards Dubois himself, although all his writings were presented to the King, he never seems to have had an official place in Philip's council. Yet there is manifestly more than mere coincidence in the *nexus* between many of his suggestions and the manner in which Philip displayed his vaulting ambition on many occasions.

A far more important place, however, in the disruptive work engineered by Philip the Fair, must be assigned the English Franciscan, William of Occam, described by some as the first Protestant. At the time of Philip's attack on Boniface, he composed a dialogue in which the soldier who represents the King's cause, has the upper hand in an argument with a cleric who takes up the Pope's defence.[17] But his real career as a refractory and contentious friar, did not begin until the conflict between Louis of Bavaria and Pope John XXII. The terms on which he offered his services to Louis explain the character of many of his writings. "Defend me," said he, "with your sword and I will defend you with my pen." Thereupon he became Louis' theologian and was associated with Marsiglio of Padua: a doctor of medicine and sort of mediæval Fichte, who had likewise taken sides with the Caesero-papists.

Both maintained the absolute and unlimited power of the State and its complete superiority over the Church. Moreover,

[16] John Neville Figgis, *From Gerson to Grotius*, p. 27. Italics ours.
[17] Abbé P. Feret, *La Faculté de Théologie de Paris*, vol. iii., p. 343.

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both held that all authority comes from below, and for this both have been hailed by modern admirers as forerunners of Rousseau. But what these short-sighted admirers always fail to notice is that, as with Rousseau, so with these mediæval liberals, their theories make no allowance for any such thing as justice, or for any truly legitimate binding moral force in law. Nor should it be forgotten that compared with Rousseau's German influence, his influence on development in France seems almost negligible.[18]

Occam took his stand on nominalism. He did not refute earlier Scholasticism, but was merely "original" in that he took up the defence of doctrines clearly shown by earlier Scholastics to be untenable. His works contain the first traces of almost every important error since his time, from those of Luther, Bacon and Hobbes [19] on through Kant and Hegel down to the present modernists. But his importance for us lies in the fact that in confusing men's minds with regard to true principles of justice, he helped to remove the fundamental check on the power of rulers, and so paved the way for the later absolutism of European princes. Despotism, or arbitrary rule, is due to absence of reason in the use of power and the domination of will; hence the mischievous bearing of the *Quod principi placuit, legis habet vigorem* principle in Roman law.

Mediæval lawyers corrected this by maintaining that the king was responsible to God and under the law; and St. Thomas eliminated every subterfuge for tyranny by insisting on the element of reason. Law as he defined it, is "a rule dictated by reason and promulgated for the common good by him who has the care of society."

According to this definition, as is evident, the legitimate independence of the subject is fully safeguarded, since in submitting to reason he abdicates none of his dignity as a free man, as he would did he bend beneath the mere will of a fellow-creature or the "general will" of society. On the contrary, his dignity is enhanced; for such submission means conformity to eternal order and to the divine will. The justice or injustice of a law therefore, according to St. Thomas, is deter-

[18] Irving Babbit, *The Political Influence of Rousseau. The Nation*, January 18, 1917.

[19] Abbé Feret, *loc. cit.*, pp. 340, 341.

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mined by its conformity or non-conformity with the natural law, which can be nothing else but the eternal reason of God the Creator and Ruler of all the world, since it is identical with the eternal law implanted in rational creatures and inclining them, by the light of natural reason, to their right action and end.[20] But Occam not only denied that God's existence could be proved from reason, which was tantamount to a denial of all religion, but he represented God's omnipotence as an arbitrary power acting without law or reason, and thus destroyed every fundamental notion of justice, law and moral obligation. As Sir James Mackintosh, with true Scotch perspicacity, well noted, "the doctrine of Occam, which by necessary implication refuses moral attributes to the Deity, and contradicts the existence of a moral government, is practically equivalent to atheism." [21]

The influence of Occam and of Marsiglio of Padua was very great during the period that intervened between the transference of the Papacy to Avignon and the Reformation. From their writings most of the false theories were gleaned, regarding the nature and constitution of the Church, that caused such a vast amount of confusion while the Great Schism of the West lasted, and even after it had been healed. But, once the Reformation had started, things took on a "newer" face. However slight the intrinsic merit of such writings, as handy weapons against the Papacy and the Church they were not likely to be neglected by the Reformers who, as facts proved, were greatly indebted to them. Besides this, practically all that Luther knew about Scholastic philosophy or theology he got from Gabriel Biel[22] who, though loyal to the Church and a defender of the Papacy, was in his philosophy and in much of his theology a follower of Occam and the author of a work in defence of Occam's doctrines. Thus Luther's ignorance of St. Thomas and of the greater Scholastics of the thirteenth century was all but complete, and when he declared, as he did, "I am of Occam's party," the significance of the statement was deeper than he himself intended.

In the first place, "it should not be forgotten that Luther was a nominalist." [23] Then, too, his idea of God as an arbitrary

[20] *Summa*, I., II., q. 90 a. 4; q. 91 a. 2.
[21] *Progress of Ethical Philosophy*, p. 40.
[22] Hartmann Grisar, *Luther*, vol. 1., p. 9.
[23] Sir James Mackintosh, *loc. cit.*, p. 46.

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being, is the same as Occam's.[24] He severed religion from reason and damned reason in terms that do not bear repetition. He held that all law was opposed to the Gospel, and taught that we are not to let the moral law intrude on our conscience; that the maintenance of the moral law should be left to the jurisdiction of the State,[25] and "that whoever is under the secular rule is still far from the kingdom of heaven for the place where all this belongs to is hell. . . . . Therefore no one who is under the secular government can boast that he is acting rightly before God; in His sight it is still all wrong." He drew a distinction between the prince as ruler, and the prince as a Christian and declared: "His princely authority has nothing to do with his Christianity." And yet as Gierke says: "It was the Reformation that brought about the energetic revival of the theocratic ideal. In spite of all their differences, Luther, Melanchthon, Zwingli and Calvin agree in emphasizing the Christian call, and consequently the divine right of the secular authority. Indeed, on the one hand by subordinating the Church more or less *(sic)* to the State, and on the other by making the State's authority dependent on its fulfilling its religious duties, they give the Pauline dictum, 'all authority comes from God,' a far wider scope than it had ever had before."[26] Thus in so far as the great Reformer was not already predisposed in favor of absolutism by a spirit of time-serving, which frequently made him play into the hands of the princes, his views on law and on the State were the logical outcome of Occam's doctrines and were in support of the most utter autocratic power.[27]

With all this then in mind we can easily gather what lies behind the words of John Neville Figgis who, besides being a Cambridge scholar, is surely non-partisan in this matter, for he has gone out of his way at times to misrepresent Catholic views and Catholic history. "Richelieu," he says, "no less than Cecil or Parker, was the product of the Reformation. Had there been no Luther, there could never have been a Louis XIV. In fact the religion of the State superseded the religion

[24] Grisar, *loc. cit.*, vol. i., p. 125.

[25] Moehler, *Symbolism*, ch. 3, sect. 25; also Suarez, *De Legibus*, Lib. iii., ch. 5, sect. 2.

[26] Quoted by Grisar, vol. iii., p. 496.

[27] Grisar, *loc cit.*, vol. iii., ch. 20, sects. 1-6; ch. 35, sects. 1, 2—vol. v. in English translations.

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of the Church. Its first form was the Divine Right of Kings. Luther and Machiavelli were two of the most important factors in the change. But its results lasted longer. The unified democracy of Rousseau's scheme and the realization of 'the Idea' in Hegel's State-system both owe something of their nature to this movement. Both start from the assumption that the State is man's chief good upon earth, that its authority is to be all-pervading and irresistible, that its rights are inalienable and that no individual rights, not even those of religion, can stand against it. Luther's conception of the State and of duty to one's neighbor directly paved the way for that of Hegel." [28]

Luther and Machiavelli! These, then, were the two responsible for the elimination of reason and justice from all ideas of law; who left Europe to the tyrannous mercy of bare "Reasons of State." Luther's principles for the internal, Machiavelli's practice for the external direction of the State were to be the ideal for many generations.[29] As a result of their paramount influence, the entire conception of natural law vanishes. The logical outcome was the teaching of Hobbes: that the will of the ruler is the supreme arbiter of right and wrong in the moral order and of true and false in the matter of religious belief. Its present-day effects are traceable even in the works of President Wilson who, in his book *The State*, makes force the ultimate source of authority and, influenced by Huxley's muddling of the question, fails to grasp the conception of natural law as the fundamental basis of political law.[30]

If Calvin is not to be included with Luther and Machiavelli it is not because he, any more than they, maintained truly sound, liberal principles of government. Theologically and politically he disbelieved in freedom, and his conclusion in favor of passive obedience is explicit. The real reason is given by Mr. Figgis. Luther, he says again, "was largely instrumental in destroying not merely the fact but even the principle of liberty as far as individuals were concerned, throughout Germany, while Calvin, whose motives were essentially those of iron authority and order, largely helped to produce those conditions which kept it alive both in practice or theory. The

[28] *From Gerson to Grotius*, p. 71. [29] Figgis, *loc. cit.*, p. 89.
[30] Pp. 572, 606.

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reason of this is that Calvin happened to influence permanently either a minority in a hostile State as in France or England or a nation struggling to be free like the Dutch. That his principles were in themselves in no way based on any ideal of individual liberty may be illustrated from the history of Geneva, New England, Scotland and the Synod of Dort and the Puritan Revolution. But just because as in the Netherlands and France, Calvinism was inextricably mingled with a struggle against tyranny and insurrection which required a theoretical basis, or as in England it became the *cachet* of a persecuted minority, the determination not to be suppressed which these bodies of men displayed, helped to keep alive the fire of liberty for other influences to fan into a flame." [31] Within the States in Germany, on the other hand, where after the Peace of Westphalia the principle *cuius regio eius religio* was fully enforced, there could be no such prospect for liberty either in theory or in practice. There the whole trend of thought and development continued to be more and more towards absolutism.

Thus "liberty of conscience," of which so much has been said and written was, as Mr. Figgis shows, merely a pretext. The first governments to prescind from religious differences were those of Catholic Maryland and Catholic Poland, and both were made to suffer for their generosity. The various Calvinistic minorities, spoken of above, in their "determination not to be suppressed," did not turn to any principles inherent in Protestantism. Oliver Cromwell and the English Puritains made appeal to *the ancient liberties of England;* while in France the favorite formula against tyranny was borrowed not from across the Channel but from Catholic Spain, where in the sixteenth century liberty was far more advanced than it was in England even in the time of George III.[32]

In the midst of these politico-religious struggles vague notions of the natural law began to reappear; gathered either from Cicero and the ancients [33] or, as in the case of Algernon Sidney, from the writings of Spanish Jesuits.[34] This was important, for belief in the natural law, however inadequate its conception, afforded a criterion at least for submitting the acts of statesmen to some rule, and provided something of a check

[31] *Loc. cit.*, p. 75.
[32] Figgis, *loc. cit.*, pp. 147, 162.
[33] Henry Hallam, *Literature of Europe*, vol. i., ch. 4, sect. 2.
[34] Figgis, *loc. cit.*, p. 176.

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against the practice of appealing to pure expediency in internal government or to mere force in external politics. Hence when Grotius made it the basis of his celebrated treatise *De Jure Belli et Pacis,* the work was received almost as a message from heaven by the whole of Europe, then being torn by the horrors of the Thirty Years' War.

But Grotius failed to grasp some of the most necessary implications in the doctrines of the Scholastics; to whom he admits his great indebtedness for many of the fundamental ideas in this, the first great treatise on international law. Unintentionally, he provided modern Liberalism with its favorite stamping-ground; that is, he furnished the basis for the false conception of an order of nature from which God is wholly excluded. Hence, to the modern mind legal regulations are still, at best, but reasonable applications of general principles which make for the well-being of human life. We regard them as rules laid down by men yesterday or today but possibly to be changed tomorrow. There is no clear conception of their inherent right or of a real moral sanction behind them. And this explains, in very large measure, how, in the words of Elihu Root, " the War began by a denial on the part of a very great power that treaties are obligatory when it is no longer for the interest of either of the parties to observe them." [35]

[35] *The Outlook for International Law;* Proceedings of the Second Pan-American Scientific Congress, Section VI. *International Law,* vol. vii., p. 122.

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VENICE.

BY JOSEPH FRANCIS WICKHAM.

IT was night in Venice; such a night as Browning knew so well, such a night as Shakespeare could conceive without seeing and make lovely in words. The moonlight bathed the fairy palaces in a soft, pale beauty, and under the jeweled stars the waters of the Grand Canal were a thing of glory. Night and its stillness everywhere; a seeming peace, the fair, unrivaled serenity that is Venice. And then—the warning voice of the siren whistle, the roar and boom of the artillery anti-aircraft barrage, the screeching of shrapnel, and the explosion of bombs. The Teuton night riders of the air had come again in a visit of hate. You could have seen them, had you been there on that night of February 26th; you could have caught momentary glimpses of their planes winding in and out through the searchlight beams, or whirling aloft above the flare of bursting shrapnel. The bombs fell in a shower upon the fair city, blasting monuments of beauty in savage fury. And then it was over; the firing ceased; the birds of prey were flying back to the northland; and the stricken princess city was left to her sorrows. It was a famous victory; yes, if to destroy the oratory in the Church of Santa Giustina be victory; if to shatter a marble column in the Church of San Simeone Piccolo be victory; if to damage the Church of Santi Giovanni e Paolo be victory; if to rain bombs about the Ducal Palace and the Bridge of Sighs be victory; if to destroy twenty-six houses and to injure sixty others be victory; if to bring terror to two hospitals and to cause the death of one soldier patient be victory. If warriors count their winnings so, then the air raid on Venice ought to make merry the efficient gentlemen who plan these noble battles at the council table somewhere in Germany.

Venice is on a war basis today. It is a peaceless peace that reigns everywhere; the city is silent as ever, more silent, perhaps, than in that quiet yesterday when the Dogeless City was dreaming idly of her purple past. She fears no argosies of death floating before her water gates; she dreads no battles

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of the sea. In her time of majesty she has beaten her foemen of the lagoons; and now, in days that are dimmer, she believes that her old prowess is not dead. But she cannot yet ward off her enemy of the skies. Perfect defence against the aëroplane has not been invented. And so the bombs fall on Venice. Fortunately for the city, and for the whole world, the damage as yet is comparatively small. She has been visited many times, but she is still herself, scarred by the air raids of the foe, but calm as of old, and patient in her trial. In her pitiful plight she is biding the day when once again the columns of church and palace can emerge from their protection of sand, and the paintings of Bellini and Titian can come back from their hiding places. Then she will invite you as of old to come to her from afar and visit her matchless glory and forget war. The gondoliers will again be singing on the canals; the voices of violin melody will issue from casement windows; the day-time will be sunny and full of joy; and the night will be what Venice is—the moon and the stars and fairyland.

When you go to Venice, you will visit first, no doubt, the great square in front of St. Mark's. No piazza in Europe can rival the Piazza of San Marco. London has Trafalgar Square, but no one ever conceives the square guarded by Nelson's monument as completely symbolic of London's complex life. Paris is proud of her Place de la Concorde, but the beautiful open space near the Tuileries Gardens is less than the French capital. Vienna boasts nothing equivalent, nor Madrid. Only one great area could ever match it, the Roman Forum in Rome's grand days. The Forum was Rome; the Piazza in front of the Church of San Marco is Venice herself.

This you will discover for yourself, even if you do not know it before you go to Venice. Here all Venetian history is centred, here the wondrous church stands, here the Ducal Palace, here the Clock Tower, here the Library, here is the head of the Grand Canal. By day the city's people and the city's guests assemble in this square, by night they seek its splendor and fascination. And from here the path leads, over the picturesque streets or along the rippling canal waters, to every garden, church, and isle, near and distant, in Venice. Imagine Venice without the Piazza of San Marco, and you think of a city that does not exist.

The great square has itself much to tell you; and when

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you have learned the lesson that the marble pavements and the marble walls will gladly teach, you will wish to follow the avenues that wander away to the unseen delights behind. You will wish one day to walk through the tortuous Merceria, that oldest street of the city that leaves the Piazza at the famous Clock Tower and ends near the Rialto bridge. This in olden days was the chief business section of the city, and today, too, it is Venice's busiest thoroughfare. It was on this street near its entrance to the Piazza that the great fair used to be held in connection with the Espousal of the Adriatic on Ascension Day.

There are many interesting structures on the Merceria, but probably the first that will detain you is the Church of San Salvatore, built by Tullio Lombardo in the early sixteenth century to replace an older edifice of the same name. It is, perhaps, the city's finest Renaissance church. Within, your visit will be repaid by two of Titian's works of his old age, an "Annunciation" and a "Transfiguration," and "The Supper at Emmaus," attributed, without full proof, to Giovanni Bellini.

Passing the bronze statue of the dramatist, Carlo Goldoni, in the Campo San Bartolommeo, you will soon come to the Church of San Giovanni Crisostomo. This church was founded in the eleventh century, but the present structure is of the end of the fifteenth. It contains two notable pictures, groups of Saints both, the one painted by Giovanni Bellini, when he was eighty-seven years old, and the other by Sebastiano del Piombo.

Now you will retrace your steps a bit and set foot on the Ponte di Rialto, the famous stone bridge over the Grand Canal. As everybody knows, it derives its name from that of the section of the city on the left of the canal, the Rivo-alto, or high bank. The history of the Rialto bridge goes back to the year 1180 when a bridge of boats was made to supersede the old *traghetto*. In the next century a bridge was built, supported by modern piles; and there were still succeeding bridges, which either were destroyed or gave way, before 1588, when, after a public competition among all the great architects, Antonio da Ponte began the present marble arch. For three centuries this was the only bridge that shadowed the waters of the Canalazzo; but the nineteenth century robbed it of this distinction; it is to be hoped that the twentieth century, aided

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and abetted by German raiders, is not destined to rob it of its very life.

Like the renowned Ponte Vecchio in Florence, this Rialto bridge is bordered with little shops, and it is a brilliant blending of varied activity that you will see as you climb the steps and make your way over the water to the picturesque market place on the other side.

Centuries ago when Venice was in her prime this Rialto district was the heart of her mercantile life. Busy enough you will find it, and full of color, too, with the silver of the fishes and the green of the vegetables and the yellow gold of the heaped-up oranges, mingling with the red and blue of the dress of a throng of buyers and sellers. Still the imagination sweeps beyond the animated bargaining and bartering of the present to the olden times, when the Rialto was the goal of the merchants of Florence and Milan and Genoa and Pisa; when the face of the Spaniard was a familiar sight, and the garb of the Turk excited no wonder; when Venetian ladies came here to see treasures from far countries; when Venetian men assembled here to transact business with the four corners of the world. There is still standing near the market place the granite column from which the laws of the Republic used to be proclaimed; and upholding the steps ascending to it, the statue of a hunchback, Il Gobbo. Not far away is the Church of San Giacomo di Rialto, the oldest church in the city, whose colonnades sheltered the renowned *mappa mondo* traced with the routes of Venetian commerce. The church has been rebuilt and restored many a time since it was founded in the year 421, and six columns in the nave are the only reminders of the eleventh century church. No memorial can better revive the atmosphere of the past days than the inscription on the apse: *Hoc circa templum sit jus mercatoribus æquum: pondera ne vergant nec sit conventio prava.*

Dismissing thoughts of Antonio and Shylock you will proceed past many a *campiello* and over many a *rio*, with sometimes a *campanile* looking down upon you from the far end of some side lane, and always the little children ready to show the way. So on you will walk, and soon you reach Venice's great Franciscan church, Santa Maria Gloriosa dei Frari.

The followers of St. Francis came to Venice about twenty-five years before they founded this church in 1250. The struc-

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ture was reërected in the Gothic manner in the next century, and now is under restoration. Along the aisles are the tombs and monuments of men who in various ways have won glory: Francesco Foscari, Niccolò Tron, Giovanni Pesaro, doges renowned in Venetian chronicles; Paolo Savelli, Jacopo Barbaro, Melchior Trevisano, Almerigo d'Este, generals of the Republic; Jacopo Pesaro, Bishop of Paphos, Marco Zen, Bishop of Torcello; Pietro Bernardo, the academician; Titian, the great painter; Canova, the sculptor of the Republic's last days; and Fra Pacifico, under whose guidance the fine edifice was brought to completion. Perhaps the most beautiful part of the church is the apse, but for all its magnificence of marble monuments, the visitor will voice a regret that the great "Assumption" of Titian, which he will find in the Academy, does not still stand in the sanctuary over the high altar, for which it was painted four hundred years ago.

Yet the Frari church has its exquisite paintings. Bartolommeo Vivarini's "St. Mark," Giovanni Bellini's "Madonna," one of his finest works, still in its Renaissance frame, and many more are here. The most worthy of admiration is the famous "Madonna del Pesaro" of Titian, which Bishop Jacopo Pesaro ordered for the church of the Frari in 1519. Its glory will ever draw many visitors to the aisle of Pesaro tombs.

Near the end of the Calle Lunga is the Church of San Sebastiano. St. Sebastian, like St. Roch, the Venetians were wont to beseech to intervene between them and the plague, and very early did they build a church to his honor. But the present church was erected in the first years of the sixteenth century. It may almost be called the home of Paolo Veronese, as here the great painter received his first commission in Venice, and here, after a busy life in creating great works, he lay down to final rest. Practically all the decoration of the ceilings and walls is from his hand, done at different times before he had reached the fullness of his powers and after he had complete command of his ripened talents.

By this time you will probably be growing weary of your day's work. The Piazza of San Marco will seem very distant, and you may well wonder if you know the way back. But, indeed, you need not return over the path you have come; an easier road can be found. Walk along the Rio San Sebastiano a little, and you will find your heart's desire in the person of

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an old gondolier, who is waiting in the shadows where the Rio meets the waters of the Giudecca Canal.

It is restful to lie back under the cool canopies and watch him ply the oars, and to see the water flowing away from you, and the Fondamenta della Zattere growing shorter and shorter, and the red and gold sails of the fisher folk idly waiting for the breeze. There are vineyards and garden vistas over there on the Giudecca, behind and out of sight, there are vignettes fair to discover on the little canals, but you are homeward bound, and will stop for nothing; not for the Dominican church of the Gesuati, nor for the Redentore, nor for the Zitelle which stands near the head of the canal. Perhaps, however, you will consider this an opportune time to visit the beautiful Church of Santa Maria della Salute, which looms large and beautiful close to the Dogana di Mare. Daily you have seen it just across from your own windows, and you know every line and shadow from the vast dome to the broad marble steps leading to the water. Many a time as you have looked over the canal while the bells were ringing, you have thought of the vow which the Doge made in 1631 that Venice would erect a church to Madonna della Salute, if she would intercede with heaven for the deliverance of the city from the plague. For sixteen months the pestilence had run unchecked, and had claimed a toll of one hundred and forty thousand people. Suddenly, in November, 1631, after the Doge's vow, the plague ceased. Venice, grateful and true, proclaimed a public competition for plans, and Longhena was chosen to build the edifice.

It is an octagonal structure, crowned by a great dome, the lovely effect of which is not diminished by the smaller dome over the sanctuary chapel. Within the church you may see several paintings from Titian's brush, the best of which is the representation of St. Mark enthroned with four saints; and in the sacristy is a surpassingly fine conception of "The Marriage at Cana" by Tintoretto.

For nearly three hundred years every visitor to Venice has looked upon this noble church at the head of the Canalazzo; and with the passing days each has learned to feel that if St. Mark's epitomizes the life of the city, only in a lesser degree does the Church of Santa Maria della Salute symbolize her faith and her hope and her high endeavor.

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Across the canal is home. Your boat crosses the water, and comes to rest at the Piazzetta quay, the broad Molo in front of the Palazzo Ducale.

This may be the journeying of a single day; or it may easily embrace three or four. For on many a day when the hours are young will you set forth from the Piazza on your wanderings through the city. Some morning you will fare through the Piazzetta dei Leoni, which has the great well-head and the tomb of Daniele Manin, past the Archbishop's palace, over the Ponte di Canonica, from which you may view the Bridge of Sighs, and finally come into the little square before the Church of San Zaccaria. In this fifteenth century church eight doges lie, but it is for Giovanni Bellini's noted altar-piece of "Madonna and Child with the Saints" that you will tarry within. In like manner it is Palma Vecchio's exquisite altar-piece representing "Santa Barbara" with four saints, that will make you linger in the Church of Santa Maria Formosa, not far distant. In this late fifteenth century edifice, which was founded, perhaps, as early as the seventh century, you will remember the part the casemakers took in the rescue of the brides from the pirates in the tenth century, and the visit the Doge made to the church every Candlemas day to commemorate their valiant service.

But the Dominican Church of Santi Giovanni e Paolo will be your especial seeking this day, and you will be unwilling to pause long on the narrow streets until the famous church of the Preachers is before you. The Church of San Zanipolo, as the Venetian dialect has it, was begun about 1240, on ground given to the Order by Doge Giacomo Tiepolo as the result of a dream, if you may believe popular tradition. In his vision he saw the little Dominican oratory, with all the ground around it, whereon the church now stands, strewn with fragrant roses; and he heard a clear Voice saying: "This place have I chosen for My Preachers." Upon waking, the Doge declared the dream to the Senate, and the ground was granted to the Dominicans.

The church, two hundred years in the building, is in the form of a Latin cross, two hundred and ninety feet long and one hundred and twenty-five feet wide at the transepts. Passing through the beautiful portal, you are impressed at once by the spaciousness that spreads out

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over the nave and aisles, even to the dome one hundred feet above the pavement. As you go up the broad nave between the round pillars, you can almost catch the glamour of solemn glory that clusters around each arch and capital, for you remember that in this church all the doges of Venice lay in state when the final rest came after the splendor and pageant of the days that looked over the Piazzetta. To the Church of San Marco they went while life was full and Venice was the world, but to the aisles of San Zanipolo's they were borne in funeral *cortège* at the last; and within its walls a goodly number of them lie awaiting the resurrection.

Indeed, as you slowly move about the church, you feel that you have come to a kind of Campo Santo surrounded by chapels and altars, and lighted by the sun's gracious brilliance, strained and colored by the beautiful windows of the cross aisles. With the doges lying here in their sculptured vaults are admirals who swept the seas for Venetian lordship; captains all valiant in prowess; painters who dreamed fair visions and filled the world with glory. Here lie the doges, Michele Morosini, Antonio Venier, Michele Steno, Niccolò Marcello, Andrea Vendramin; doges of the house of Mocenigo, Tommaso, Pietro, Giovanni, Luigi; doges of the house of Valiero, Bertuccio, Silvestro; and others, many of whom won fame for their Republic, are with them. Here rest the admirals, Ludovico Diedo, Girolamo Canal, Sebastiano Venier. Here are the generals, Jacopo Cavilli, Vittore Capello, Niccolò Orsini, Luigi Naldo da Briseghella, Marco Antonio Bragadino. Here lie the painters, Gentile and Giovanni Bellini, and Palma Giovane. Nor does this call the full roll of Venice's noted dead who lie entombed here. Many of the tombs are of exquisite design, and bear witness to the skill of the Lombardi, of Leopardi, of Massegne, and many another.

On the north side of the Campo stands the Scuola di San Marco, a Venetian Renaissance building, which, with the old monastery, does service as a hospital. In front of it, and within the shadows of the church, stands the noblest equestrian statue in the world, a bronze conception of Venice's greatest *condottiere*, Bartolommeo Colleoni, who left his fortune to the Republic. It was designed by the Florentine, Andrea Verrochio, who became ill and died in the progress of the work; so the execution of the statue and the work of the marble

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pedestal fell to the Venetian, Alessandro Leopardi. It is truly one of the most interesting things in the city.

Not far away is the very beautiful Renaissance Church of Santa Maria dei Miracoli, which Pietro Lombardi erected in the late fifteenth century. But it is some distance, which a gondola will make pleasanter, to the Jesuit Church of Santa Maria. The Society of Jesus commenced this church in 1715, the architecture being in baroque style. The interior is decorated in marble, and contains Titian's "Martyrdom of Saint Lawrence," once rare and splendid, but now darkened almost beyond recognition. Daniel E. Manin, the patriot of 1848, whose family had given generously to the building of the church, is buried here.

In the small Church of Santa Caterina you will wish to bide for a little to see Paolo Veronese's excellent "Marriage of Saint Catherine." Then you will proceed to the Church of Madonna dell' Orto, where Tintoretto rests under his "Last Judgment," with many more of his works on every side.

Venice, so much more than some other cities, has a way of asking you to exceed your day's programme of pleasures and palaces. A little lane will beg you to explore it, a garden bordering a tiny canal will invite your eyes, some delicate Renaissance carving on the façade of a church will win your wonder. But there is ever a gondola to take you home, if you wish to go. It will today, unless perhance you wish to see the Ghetto and the Tempio Israelitico and the Church of San Giobbe and the hundred other interesting things on the way. But perhaps you wisely feel that another day will dawn tomorrow and that you will be ready at the rising of the sun. So you will doubtless drift back up the labyrinthine lanes of water until you once more are within view of the Palazzo Ducale, or at the dripping marble steps before your own door.

Venetian days are, indeed, delightful days. But you must not miss the gladness of night. You will find it where Venice is, where the city's pulse ever throbs fullest, in the well-loved Piazza before St. Mark's. The Piazza of San Marco is the glory of Venice in the morning hours when the day is fresh, and the sun is not yet too insistent, and the shops facing the great white quadrangle have drawn back their curtains and invite the eye, and Dandolo's pigeons have begun to leave the shelter of the marble carvings and eaves and are flurrying about in full flock.

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It is beautiful before sundown when the blaze of the day softens to a gray color, and the life of Venice is flooding back after an hour's *siesta;* when the great window of the church is full of the sun's last glory and is sifting it into colors of mellow gold and blue and red for the fortunate souls within; when the colonnades are beginning to look shadowy and the sheltering awnings are one by one disappearing. But at night—one must come to Venice's matchless Piazza at night, if one would know its complement of purpose and its happiest hour. Find one or two of your best friends and go forth.

When the sun goes down behind the palaces Venice begins to prepare for the night. The flower girls arrange their red roses and pink carnations to beguile your love of beauty; out in the centre of the Piazza the men assemble the sections of a large circular platform, and place in position the music stands and the chairs for the band. The caffés, Florian's, the Aurora, the Quadri, set hundreds of additional chairs along the edges of the arcades and on the borders of the Piazza itself.

It is not in vain; nothing is, in Venice. For now that night is come, through the length of the long arcades, north and west and south, a vast throng is on promenade, and overflowing out into the square. Even to the portals of St. Mark's you can see the people in the blaze of the myriad lights, which throw their white splendor over the wide space. Venetians from all over the town are here, and mingled with them visitors from the cities of the world.

You will join the procession for a while, and then like numerous others you will sit down with your companions at one of those little tables in the Piazza, and ask the *cameriere* to fetch you his most delicious sorbetto. Nearby a fair, slender Venetian lady daintily toys with her melting *gelato;* her husband, a sworded officer, is rolling a cigarette; three or four gay young fellows, whose motor-boat is tethered at the Molo, are awaiting their black coffee; a couple of fair young daughters, under maternal chaperonage, are bowing smilingly to a new-come acquaintance; a Harvard professor is quietly dreaming of other nights in Venice before the War; an Englishman you may remember to have seen at Sorrento, is paying a few *centessimi* for a fragrant rose. It is so all over the wide Piazza. And you will sit here cultivating the Venetian art of repose in this out-door salon, and watching the

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shifting scenes and the changing faces, as the multitude passes by, while the best hand in Italy wins you with "Madama Butterfly," and the summer of a perfect night comes streaming from the stars.

Perhaps when the last notes have died away, and the thousands begin to disperse along the Merceria, and under the Bocca, and where else the home is calling, you will stroll for a little toward the Royal Gardens near the King's Palace and watch the gondolas on the canal scurrying back and forth through the night. How the water sparkles, how the long liquid piers of light fascinate, how the feminine laughter comes clear and clearer, how the happy song blends with the flute and mandolin over there in the music-boats where the lanterns glow, how the gentle wind whispers of the gray sand dunes far away toward the sea, how the great stars and the blue sky that loves them seem to listen! What thoughts will not come to you as you stand a moment to welcome the gifts of the night, almost wondering if it is not an illusion, after all, and if the next breeze from heaven will not shatter it to bits! What visions can you not conjure, if you wish! Was this the watery path that led to Belmont and the caskets of the beautiful Portia? Was it on these soft seas that Lorenzo wafted the fair convert Jewess on the lovely night of old? Was this the way that Barbarossa came when he would be friends with Pope Alexander III.? Was it on these waters that Dandolo sailed forth as a crusader and came back as a conqueror? Yes, it was here in truth that the great, vivid, ever-changing pageant of Venetian romance and glory set its stage, blending the fancy of a summer dream with the reality of life's burden, and calling all the grandeur of the world to the joyful, powerful, hopeful city of the sea.

But the gay-colored carnival lanterns are moving away, the song is becoming faint, farther and farther retreats the gaiety of Venice, lonelier and lonelier grow the waters of the lagoon—the voice of the night is still. And when you pass through the Piazza at last, with the homeland beckoning you on, the wonderful square, but now filled with life and laughter, will be an empty vastness, lying alone under the silence of the stars.

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THE INNER LIFE OF ST. THOMAS AQUINAS.

BY HUGH POPE, O.P.

FROM the writings of St. Augustine, notably of course from the *Confessions*, his life and spirit can be in great part reconstructed. From every page of his writings the inner man breathes forth. We can hear him praying. We can see in his fervent ejaculations the inner spirit of the man of God. But when we turn to the hardly less voluminuous writings of his greatest disciple St. Thomas of Aquin, we are at first apt to be chilled by the seemingly cold atmosphere of speculative theology. This is especially true of his better-known works, *e. g., the Summa Theologica, the Catena Auræ* and the *Quæstiones Disputatæ*. But, even here, the veil of impersonal teaching is sometimes lifted and we catch glimpses of the soul within, and realize that the speculation is clear-cut, precisely because the vision of things Divine is so unclouded. *Contemplare, et contemplata aliis tradere* (to see and give sight to others), is the Dominican maxim, and none ever carried it to greater perfection than did Thomas of Aquin. What, for instance, could better reveal the mystic than the wonderful description of God and of true religion which comes with a thrilling unexpectedness in the discussion of the etymology of the term "religion:" "God is the one unfailing Principle towards Whom we must assiduously direct our choice as being our Ultimate End; Whom through negligence we lose when we sin; Whom we can regain by belief and by profession of our faith?" Or what more beautifully descriptive of Holy Communion than the simple sentence of three words: "*Divino aspectui complacere?*"[1]

These are the things, however, that lie on the surface. They are the gems that even the chance reader may pick up. But the real student of the *Summa* knows that as he penetrates the spirit of the Master, every sentence, every principle, every axiom quoted, is replete with spiritual teaching and affords an insight into the mind of one who, to use the phrase of

[1] "Delighted by the sight Divine."

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St. Basil, was "*circumamictus Deo*—bound about by God." When a student has attained to this "vision" of the Saint's mind he finds that the *Summa* is not merely a mine of instruction, but a book—nay *the* book of spiritual reading. He finds in it food for meditation for all his days. And the more profoundly he studies its speculative teaching, the more he marvels at the hymns penned by St. Thomas. He realizes, for instance, that none but a Saint and theologian could have written the immortal verse:

Se nascens dedit socium,
Convescens in edulium,
Se moriens in pretium,
Se regnans dat in præmium.[2]

A veritable compendium of all Christology! The rhythm *Adore Te devote* makes appeal to all with its haunting lines, with its mosaic of tiny words which serve to beat out the measure as well as thought:

Jesu Quem velatum nunc aspicio
Oro fiat illud quod tam sitio
Ut Te revelata cernens facie
Visu sim beatus Tuæ gloriæ![3]

But how many realize the theological precision which stamps even the familiar "*Genitori Genitoque*," or "*Procedenti ab utroque?*"

Yet it is all impersonal. The self-assertive *ego* is ever lacking and baffles us by its absence. What was this man like? How did he live? One of his biographers has left us the nearest approach to a pen-picture of the Saint: "Men ever saw him of joyful mien, gentle and sweet, not occupying himself with worldly affairs, but ever given to study, to reading, to writing, and to prayer for the enlightening of the faithful."[4] But beyond this we have little save a record of his journeyings from

[2] At Birth, man's Fellow-man was He;
His Meat while sitting at the Board
He died, his Ransomer to be;
He reigns, to be his Great Reward.

Hymn *Verbum supernum* for Lauds in the Breviary Office for the Feast of Corpus Christi.

[3] Jesu Whom for the present veil'd I see,
What I so thirst for, oh, vouchsafe to me:
That I may see Thy countenance unfolding,
And may be blest Thy glory in beholding!

[4] *Boll. Acta Sanctorum*, March 7, p. 662. For a fuller portrayal of the mystical side of St. Thomas' life, see the *Introduction to Prayer and the Contemplative Life* by the present writer. Washbourne.

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Paris to Naples, from Cologne to Rome and back, according as he was sent to fill their Chairs of Theology.

In the *Opuscula,* however, we have scattered references to himself which, although fragmentary and unsatisfying, may serve to fill in the picture somewhat, since they give us some little insight into his relations with the external world. Thus from some of the *Opuscula* we learn that though St. Thomas' life was a busy one, since his teaching and his formal writings were more than enough to fill up the fifty years allotted to him, yet his many preoccupations did not save him from a multitude of demands on his time and thought. To these he answers with a humility and patience which are no less admirable than the fullness of the answers he gives. Thus the Duchess of Brabant writes to ask him how she is to treat the Jews in her dominions. He answers: "It is difficult for me to reply, both by reason of the heavy demands made upon my time by the work of lecturing, and also because I would have preferred you to have asked advice from those who are more skilled in such affairs than I am." He does, however, make reply in three closely-written columns. Nor should we imagine that he answered her because she was of high rank. An importunate Lector at Venice writes to ask for an answer to thirty-six questions "within four days!" The Saint replies with his usual urbanity: "I have read your letter in which I find a very large number *(multitudinem numerosam!)* of questions regarding which your Charity begs an answer within four days. Though I am exceedingly occupied with many other things, yet so as not to disappoint your kindly request, I propose to lay aside other questions with which I ought to be occupied and reply to each of your questions."[5] Questions I.-XI. in this series deal with the Angels as moving the heavenly bodies; XII-XVIII. treat of God's movement of the forces of nature and incidentally deal with miracles; XIX.-XXI. discuss the state of the human body after the day of judgment; XXII., on the propriety of discussing certain questions touching the origin of the soul of Christ; XXIII., whether Christ came on earth solely or principally because of original sin; XXVII., asks the weird question whether it is dangerous to hold that after the final resurrection the moon will shine more than the sun does at present, while the sun will give a

[5] *Opusculum* XI.

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sevenfold light, and the bodies of the Blessed sevenfold that of the sun. "I see no danger in this" replies St. Thomas. "At least we can think it even though definite statements are lacking which might make it presumable!" He must have had his tongue in his cheek! Questions XXXI.-XXXV. deal with the Holy Eucharist; the last question discusses the extent to which the devils can know our thoughts. A varied assortment surely! Only one however, viz., the XXVII., can be called puerile; the rest have a most practical aspect though dealing with metaphysical points.

An interesting side-light is thrown on his daily life by the beautiful *Procemium* to his treatise on *The Separated Substances*, viz., on *The Nature of the Angels*. It opens: "To Brother Reginald, his most-beloved companion. Since we are unable to be present at the sacred Solemnities of the Angels we must not spend this time of devotion in idleness; let us rather fill up with writing the time which should be given to singing the Psalms (of the Divine Office—he and his companion are clearly on a journey and thus unable to attend choir). Wishful, therefore, to set forth the excellence of the Holy Angels as we best can, it appears that we should commence with those points which human conjecture has, in the past, arrived at concerning them, so that we may accept whatsoever we may find therein consonant with the faith and refute those things which are repugnant to Catholic doctrine."[6] Then follow forty-four columns of detailed examination of the various views which have been held by the heathen philosophers with a minute examination of them. But death carried off the laborious writer before he could complete his work.

He writes elsewhere[7] that there can be "no graver loss than loss of time." Consequently we are not surprised to find him writing to James of Burgos who had written to him for information touching the vexed question of deciding things by casting lots: "Desirous of satisfying your request I put aside for a space my occupations during this season of solemn vacation, and am writing to you what I think about casting lots." From this we glean that even his holidays were times of toil.

Questions similar to these poured in upon him from every side, from all sorts of people, students, professors, the heads of universities, from Pope Urban IV., who drew from him the

[6] *Opusculum* XV. [7] *Quodlibet* I., qu. vii. art. 14, the 1st obj.

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famous treatise *Contra Errores Græcorum*, from the King of Cyprus to whom he addressed his treatise *De Regimine Principum*, from the General of the Order, John of Vercelli, who asked his opinion touching one hundred and eight points derived from the teaching of Peter of Tarentasia, O.P., afterwards Innocent V. *(Opusculum IX.)* The General also questioned him on certain other metaphysical points *(Opusculum X.)* as well as on the personal as opposed to the impersonal form of absolution *(Opusculum XXII.)*. Yet with all this, the Saint ever retains his modesty. As the antiphon in his Office says: "the pestilential breath of vain-glory never came near him." It is of interest in this connection to read his answer to the question, *Whether a man who has always taught from vain-glory can ever regain by penance the doctor's aureola?* [8] He answers that the works of such a teacher are "dead" since they are done in sin. Consequently they can never revive, for they have never "lived." The doctor's aureola, he points out, is an "accidental" reward dependent on the essential reward to which it is added. But teaching from vain-glory, has won no essential reward, since "they have their reward," viz., on this earth, which is a purely natural one. There is nothing, then, to which the accidental reward, or aureola, can be appended.

St. Thomas was not one who mingled much with the affairs of this world. Yet he is always intensely practical and broad-minded. So, when he is discussing the question whether a cleric is justified in "anticipating Matins," he begins by quoting the somewhat startling words of Ecclus. xxx. 7, "a babbler and a fool will regard no time," and then suggests that since the day begins with midnight, a person who says his Matins the day before would seem to be classed with "the babbler and the fool." But he answers: "God is more kindly than any man; and no man blames his debtor if he pays his debts before they are due." The whole question, he insists, is one of intention. "If a man anticipates his Matins in order to indulge sleep and pleasure he cannot be excused from sin. But if he does it from necessity and owing to legitimate occupations; if for instance a professor must study his lecture overnight or anything of that kind, then he may lawfully say Matins early and may also say the other Hours before their appointed time,

[8] *Quodlibet* V., xii. 24.

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as, indeed, is done in greater churches. For it is better to pay to God both debts, viz., the meed of due praise and other fitting offices, rather than to allow one to be impeded by the other."[9]

In the same practical spirit he quotes with approval St. Augustine's statement *(Confess.* IX., xii.*)* that he found a remedy for his sadness in a bath and a long sleep![10] Nothing, too, could be better common-sense than his remarks on the now little-thought of vice of *acedia* once called "the monk's noonday devil" because, as Cassian had remarked *(Instituta* X. 2), it particularly attacked them at noon when they were empty and the sun was hot! With quite evident glee, too, does St. Thomas quote the same Cassian's remark that at that hour and under the influence of the same vice, monks were prone to magnify the observance kept in *distant* monasteries![11] Of a piece with this is his statement that the truly magnanimous man cannot be a grumbler.[12]

Of this same "magnanimous man" St. Thomas has left us a portrait which may well stand for his own. He begins by quoting Aristotle's words: "The very gait of the magnanimous man is calm, his voice sonorous, his speech collected." And he comments as follows: "Quickness of movement arises from the fact that a man is occupied with many things which he hurries to carry out; whereas the magnanimous man is solely occupied with great things and these are but few and call for great attentiveness, hence his calm movements. So, too, shrillness of voice and quick speech are characteristic of people who are ready to contend about all sorts of things; this is not the case with men of magnanimity for they only concern themselves with great things."

Almost the last scene depicted in St. Thomas' life shows him writing from Aquino to the Abbot of the great Benedictine Abbey of Monte Cassino whither he had been brought as a child of five years. He was on his way to the Council at Lyons, though death was to prevent him from reaching the city. The Abbot of Monte Cassino, hearing of his presence in the vicinity, wrote to ask him to address the brethren on a certain passage in St. Gregory which had perturbed them. The Saint replies:

"To the Reverend Father in Christ, Dom. Bernard, by God's grace Venerable Abbot of Monte Cassino, Brother

[9] *Quodlibet* V., xiii. 28.

[10] 1a., 2ae., xxxviii. 5.

[11] 2a., 2ae., xxxv. 1; 2nd and 3rd obj.

[12] 2a., 2ae., cxxix. 4, ad 2 dm.

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Thomas of Aquin, his devoted son, ever and everywhere prompt to obey him.

"I should have liked, venerated Father, to have replied by word of mouth to the assembled Brethren who are disturbed in mind by the words of Gregory the illustrious Doctor. But the length of the Divine Office and the prolonged fast have prevented me. Perchance too it is as well, for what is committed to writing may avail not merely those present but those to come. . . . . To afford fuller satisfaction, then, to those who are in doubt . . . ." he then gives a detailed examination of the passage in question. It seems that the Abbot had sent him the monastery copy of St. Gregory's *Morals on the Book of Job*, for the Saint has written his exposition of the controverted passage in the margin. If this marginal note really is in the Saint's handwriting—and there is nothing against the supposition but rather the contrary—then it has a peculiar interest as probably containing the last lines he ever penned. The teaching is the same as that with which we are familiar throughout his works—it is a question of God's infallible decrees. The authography is difficult, though not so difficult as that in the manuscript of the *Summa contra Gentes* preserved at the Vatican. The Saint may, indeed, have been failing in his physical powers, but the same clarity of mind and precision of judgment are evident as of yore. And if the teaching is "magisterial," what are we to say of the "magisterial" character of his action in inscribing in the margin of the text of one of the Church's Doctors his own exposition of the passage, "that it may avail not merely those present but those to come!" Such an act could only emanate from that virtue of magnanimity of which he had said that it was in no wise contrary to humility. [13]

From Aquino St. Thomas passed to Fossa Nuova whence he passed to his reward, to that unclouded contemplation of God which he had so earnestly desired:

> Jesu! Whom for the present veil'd I see,
> What I so thirst for, oh, vouchsafe to me:
> That I may see Thy countenance unfolding,
> And may be blest Thy glory in beholding!

[13] 2a., 2ae., cxxix. 3, ad 4 m. For a discussion of this marginal note see Mandonet, *Des Écrits Authentiques de St. Thomas d'Aquin*, Friburg, 1910; *cf.* also the official published edition of the whole, Monte Cassino, 1875.

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CONNLA AND THE SWINEHERD.

BY KATHARINE TYNAN.

CONNLA and his sister Bride lived with their mother on the slopes of the lordly mountain of Slievemore. They lived in a little house covered with golden straw. In winter it was very warm. In summer, the door and the window were open for the mountain wind to blow through them. Bee-hives stood by the door and there was a garden of flowers for the bees. Beyond that lay the mountain pasturage where the little black cow grazed and the few mountain sheep.

They had not always grazed in peace. The children could remember when there were wolves in the forest of Dalgan on the mountain side, before the monks of the great Monastery of Angus the Hermit had driven them out. In the winter they had cried about the house and the cattle shed, and the children had crept closer under the skins of beasts in the warm straw and trembled to hear them. They used to see the great head of the father-wolf beyond the opening that served for a window. It was terrible to hear them barking in the forest, but it was worse when they came near the house. They were gone, but even yet Lewy, the wolf-hound, who slept at the threshold every night, would lift his head and bay as though he smelt them in his sleep.

Once, when the children were little, when Lewy's mother was sick to death and Lewy but a blind puppy, the wolves had broken in and had carried off sheep and lambs. That night the children had seen the shadow of the wolf flung by the moonlight on their floor. Their father, with a fling of his axe, had killed the biggest wolf and saved the little black cow that gave them milk. After that the children's father had made the wall of hurdles and wattles and boughs stronger round the house and had plastered it with mud against the wolves; and although the wolves often took a sheep from the mountains they had not broken the wall of hurdles and wattles.

Then there were the eagles. Often when the children were on the mountain a shadow had come between them and the

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sun, and they had looked up and seen the eagles in the sky with their wings spread that made the shadow. Then their mother would run, calling on Patrick and Bride and Columkille, and snatch the children to her and carry them within doors. That was when they were little, for the oldest eagle of all that lived in the mists on Slievemore, and had wings that measured ten feet from tip to tip, was as like to take a golden-haired lad or lass as a lamb, and carry it away to his eyrie to feed his young eagles.

The old eagle was old beyond telling, and the young eagles had long passed the age of a man, because as the rhyme says, the eagle said to the Oak:

When you were an acorn on the tree-top
Then was I an eaglet cock,
Now you are a withered old block
Still am I an eaglet cock.

The children did not think much upon these dangers. They no longer whispered, when they saw the shadows of the eagle's wings, about little Oona whom the eagle had taken one summer's day and carried to some height before he let her fall, a broken thing, on the hillside; for now Connla was big and strong, and he carried a great shepherd's crook with which he might have fought an eagle, and Lewy went with them when they went down the hill to school and was ready to walk with them when they would return.

Connla went to the Monastery school, and Bride to the school kept by the Holy Women who called themselves the Daughters of Brigid. The Monastery was in a pleasant place on the banks of a salmon stream. It was renowned for holiness and learning. All around it were flowery, fruitful fields, through which flocks and herds roamed. There were gardens full of beautiful flowers and fruit. There was rich golden corn. There were flocks of geese and tame birds as well as wild birds that nested in the reedy and sedgy places by the river.

The Convent of St. Bride's Daughters was at some distance along the river banks and was enclosed by a strong wall. There, still lived the memory of Dara whom St. Brigid had restored to sight after many years of blindness, but Dara who had God in her darkness, fearing she would lose Him in the

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light, prayed Brigid to make her blind again, and blind she came as Abbess to Dun Dara with fifty nuns.

Now, little Bride was as pretty as a daisy. She had a small sunburnt face, and around about it her flaxen-white hair, bleached by the sun's rays, stood out like the daisy's petals. She had blue eyes, as blue as the wonderful bay they looked down at from the hillside, and that was as blue as the bluest sky, and to see it of a summer morning it was as blue as the blue flower of the corn. She was very gentle and obedient, and so full of joy that she danced like a daffodil. She had garments of white and saffron yellow, and her little feet were bare, like pink flowers in her sandals of tanned skin.

The world was a very happy place for Bride. She learnt so quickly and her teachers praised her, and she was a great favorite with the other children; and though the big, strong father had left them, there was Connla to take care of her, and Lewy and there were always her mother's arms to run to. Joy flowed from her as she went dancing down the hillside to Dun-Dara, and the old men and women looked after her and blessed her; and even the great Abbot of the Monastery of St. Angus had noticed her and given her pears and apples from the orchard.

The mother used to look after the children as they went down the hill, and she standing by the gate in the stout wall watching them out of sight. "The blessing of Patrick and Bride go with my little boy and girl," she would say softly, and give thanks in her own heart that the old eagle no longer hovered above Slievemore, and that the young ones, being only two hundred years or so old, were still timorous, and that the wolves prowled no more in the forest since they had been driven out by the monks.

"My little girl," she said to herself, "will sit by a man's hearth and nurse his children, but Connla will be a cleric; he will sing in the choir with his beautiful blackbird's voice and God will listen and say: 'That is a voice that pleases Me!' Maybe he will go and win nations to the true God. He might be Abbot itself—and it is the proud woman I should be."

One day a wandering man came over the hill and asked food in the name of God. She gave him oatcakes and yellow milk in a mether and plucked him ripe apples from the tree. He was full of news.

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"Where I came from, and that is far away, and I've been through many dangers and have slept out in the rain, there is nothing talked of but that the Abbey of Clonmacnois has lost its pearl."

"And what may that be?" asked the vanithee—the woman of the house—for very few people brought her news.

"It is Modran, a young monk," he said. "Young he is in years, but old in wisdom and holiness. He has great learning, and he paints the pages of the holy books so that the eyes of peacock's tails dazzle you, and the inlaying of gold is like the sun himself. He has painted the walls about the altar as fine as heaven. Yet he is still young. He has hardly left the novices. Abbot Aidan of Clonmacnois will stand outside the class-room door listening to the voices of the novices in class. I have heard them and the sound makes you sleepy like the hum of bees on a summer day. Abbot Aidan will say, if you come by: 'Do you hear my bees making honey for the Lord?'"

He stopped to take breath and then went on: "Abbot Aidan is old and he wants Modran for Abbot in his place. Some have seen light coming from the door of the cell where Modran paints and prays. And they say the light follows him. He works miracles. He loves all birds and animals, and it is said that weeping for a bird-mother slain upon her nest by the hawk, and pitying all the gaping yellow-bills that must go unfed, he cried aloud to God, and life was given again to the mother-bird so that she spread her wings and flew away to bring back food for the starving young. All this and much more they tell; and so Modran must be abbot in holy Clonmacnois—but Modran is frightened and has run away. There is no trace of him; and although the monks cry aloud all day 'Lord, find us Modran! Find us Abbot Modran!' there is no answer to their prayers."

Half a day after this talking-fellow had gone down the hill, another traveler came by. It was the hour when the children were expected from school and their mother stood, shading her eyes with her hand, looking down the hillside for the running figure of Bride who always came first, while Connla followed more quietly.

"God be with you, vanithee," he said. "Could you direct me to the Monastery of St. Angus?"

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She looked up then and saw a young man dressed in skins. His hair was long, covering his shoulders, and his beard was up to his eyes. He carried a staff and his air of weariness and his bleeding feet showed he must have traveled far.

"It is a mile down the mountain," she said. "God save you, poor man, you will have traveled far. Will you not wash your feet in the stream, and afterwards, if you have a mind to taste my bread and thick yellow milk and honey, you need not go fasting on your way."

Something happened as though the sun had suddenly come out of a gray sky. She could not rightly tell what it was, but the traveler was smiling at her, and she thought there had never been anything so sweet as his smile.

"I will not refuse you," he said. "I am tired and hungry. God reward your hospitality."

He went away then to the stream to wash his feet, and, as though he was the Abbot himself, she spread the board for him with the best she could give. She set on it clear shining fruit, and honey that was like amber, and butter like gold, and her whitest bread, and thick milk in a mether, and she stood to serve him as though he was the Abbot or maybe a Chieftain or the Ard-Ri himself, and he only a poor footsore traveling man.

Above the brown beard he had the gentlest eyes that ever looked at mortal. Brown as trout pools were they and a deep golden light in them; and they had the look of knowledge in them, and they were soft as the breast of a mother-bird, or the fluff on a small yellow duckling, or the down on a baby's head. None of these, indeed, were as soft as the deep kind wells of his eyes. When he stood to give a blessing his voice was the sweetest she had ever heard. Moreover, the four walls of the little house and the straw roof seemed to give back his blessing as though the place was full of voices. Also she thought a ring of light hung in the air, and now it went up and now it went down, and sometimes it seemed to lie about the brows of the traveling man. She said to herself that it was dazzled her eyes were, because the sun had lain strong on the hillside and the wind-rippled sea had been like so many broken pices of shining silver and gold.

She had all but forgotten the children, when the door was pushed open and Bridyeen came in dancing and merry, and

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behind her followed slowly Connla, walking as though he was tired. His face had a look of patience which had come to it of late and hurt his mother's heart to see; and he was pale and heavy-eyed. The traveling man stood up with a sound like a cry of pity and love, and the ring that was about his hair lifted with him and then fell to its place again. He held out his hands to Bride, and she ran to him, and he blessed her, looking down on her white forehead and the blue eyes that had no stain on them. He made her sit down beside him and he gave her the ripest fruit to eat and the honey and the white bread and the milk.

"This is a little lamb of God that you have," he said to the mother, and then softly as though to himself, he added: "Blessed are all mothers!" Then he looked across at Connla and said: "It is a scholar that you have there. But he is very tall and slight. It would be well that he should not have too much book-learning till he settles."

Connla sat down, humbly, a little way off from the table, while Bridyeen and the stranger chattered like birds in the early dawn, or as Bridyeen and Connla did when they were little and had a tongue known only to themselves. But the traveling man would have him come to the table, and himself served the boy, and Connla said afterwards that never had he tasted such milk and bread and fruit and honey as that the stranger had blessed. After a time the traveling man stood up from table. He was very tall and the ring went floating away into the peak of the roof before it settled softly again.

"I'll be going my ways, vanithee," he said, "and may the blessing of Him I serve be on this house and yourself and these children." And he put a hand on the head of each, and then he stooped and patted Lewy, who had never growled for his coming, but had lain since he came in watching him as though he loved him.

"Very wise and faithful is the dog," he said. "It was the mercy of the Good God gave us our brothers, the animals, to be our friends and helpers. They teach us. It would be well that we should serve our Master with even a part of the faithfulness our dogs have for us." Then he went away down the hillside, having blessed the crops and the flocks.

"Surely that is a holy man," said the vanithee, looking after him down the hillside. "I wish now I had asked him

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from whence he came and where he goes. He is going to some Saint's cell it may be. I wish he belonged to these parts."

She forgot about the wandering man when she found out that Connla had a secret grief. At first she could not coax him to tell it, and she went about saying sadly to herself: "It is the mother's hour when the children are little and they turn to her for all they need. She should rejoice in it while she may, for soon it will pass and they will not come to her any more but will have their own thoughts and their own comforts, and she will be like a king who is cast out of his palace and shivers in the cold."

"What ails my little son?" she would ask tenderly, but Connla, thinking his own thoughts and watching his own secrets, would shake off her hold and go away by himself or with only Lewy for company.

"Connla is not what he used to be," said Bride. "It is on his mind that he cannot learn his books. He will never be a cleric. Brother Donat says that he has the mind of a beast—the great slow mind. I do not know why Connla would wish to be a cleric. I would like to marry a chief's son and be a great lady and ride on a white horse. Sister Gobnet thinks I should stay at the Convent and sing in the choir to the glory of God and teach in the schools. But she knows I will not. The world is a fine place, little mother."

"What is it you are saying of Connla that he cannot learn the books?" her mother asked, speaking low lest Connla should hear. "He was always so quick and so fond of his books and wise beyond other children."

"It is what I say that Brother Donat says, he has the slow mind of a beast. They mock him at school, calling him 'ox.'"

"God help my little son!" said the mother. "It will be that he is growing too fast. The mind and the body cannot grow together. I have seen the cloud coming."

After that she prayed hard for her son that the cloud might be cleared from his mind, but she said nothing, for there is many an ill and a grief in this world that are not made better by talk. Only her ways with him were more fond, and her eyes, as she watched him, had all the pity and love of all the hearts of mothers in them; and ever she wished that she might bear the pain for him. She made him the dishes he

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liked best, and kept him the little pullet's eggs, and the cream from the milk, and the brownest of the honey, for she said to herself that it was growing thin he was and she was afraid for her little son.

She watched him at his lessons, evening after evening, when Bride sat with him and tried to make him understand. What had come to Connla who used to be so bright? It was as though he was heavy with sleep. The patient little sister strove hard to help him but he only looked with dull eyes at the books and the tablets, and sometimes he passed a weary hand across his brow and sighed, till at last the mother would say he had had enough, and he would go off unwillingly to bed, stumbling as he went, and droning his lessons still, like a sleepy bee. But if she went in to him at night she found him lying wide awake upon his pillow; and when she would comfort him he would say over and over: "Now I shall never be a cleric, but just the ox they call me, and I had better be an ox-herd or a swineherd like the one who has come to the Monastery."

Meanwhile, the strange swineherd at the Monastery went out into the forest with the swine that they might eat the acorns, and brought the little ones back at night and bedded them in clean straw, and shut them up in warm little houses. He was a strange wild figure as he herded his swine, with his great beard, and an old monk's habit that had been given to him out of charity to take the place of his skins. He was so humble that he never lifted his eyes if he met anyone, but would pull down over his face the cowl of the habit, so that little was visible of him but the great flowing beard. He avoided people, and that was easy enough, for he was out in the forest with his swine and at night he slept in a shed not far from the little swine. The animals followed him like loving dogs, and he would come home of evenings carrying the small piglets in his arms as though they were lambs.

Some of the scholars had caught sight of him praying among his flock, and he kneeling, with his arms outstretched, and some of them were frightened, for they had seen him lying face downward and the swine feeding about him in a glade of the forest, and at first they had thought him dead. But later on some said he was mad: and others that he was a great sinner doing penance. When he tried to speak to the children

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they ran fast and called back ugly names at him; so he returned to his beasts that found nothing wrong with him.

It was not only the swine that loved him but all the animals and birds. It was even said that he had been seen leading a wolf by the ear, but that could not have been true, for the wolves had been driven away by the monks; unless one had come down from the highest mountain, to which he had had his face turned as the swineherd led him forth from the forest. Also the birds hopped about the swineherd, and were like a cloud on him as he lay in the moss; and the squirrels and the rabbits played about him. But the children, running from him, called him fool and mad.

Once he and his flock were lost for three days, and that was when Abbot Aidan of Clonmacnois visited the Monastery; but he returned on the third day after the visitor had departed with his flock none the worse, and himself so humble for having let them wander, for he had gone far in pursuit of them, that Brother Declan, the farmer, who was a great man, with a deep voice and a ruddy sun-flushed face, was mild in his scolding. He had to own to the Abbot that never before had the swine thriven as they had with this swineherd. "Beasts will not fatten unless they are happy," said Declan, "and the pigs are like his children."

Now neither Connla nor Bride were of those who mocked and shouted at the swineherd, for, every day after school was finished, these two ran home, hand in hand, to their mother. And when Connla sat down to his books with an aching head—for always now his head ached and his eyes were heavy—his mother would come and draw his head against her breast and stroke his forehead and murmur soft words to him. Then she would let him be quiet, for she knew that boys dread being soft and cannot fear it if anyone should see tears in their eyes, as though it were a shame. Also there were things in which she could not help him, although she would have died for him, except by her prayers, and she prayed for him all day, and even in her sleep her prayers went on.

One day, when it was a hot heavy day of autumn and the mists hung over the valley and rose from the river, Brother Donat, who suffered much pain when the damp was about, was angry with Connla, stumbling more and more over his lessons, so that the other boys laughed, and it was not easy to

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keep order in the class. Brother Donat forgot what he knew, that Connla tried to learn with the others. He forgot to make excuses for the boy.

"You will go home now," he said, "and you need not come here again, for you will never make a scholar, much less a cleric. You had better ask the swineherd if he will give you work to mind the pigs, so that you can take his place when the time comes. It is more fitting for your little wit to herd swine than to sit with scholars in class."

What more he might have said Connla did not hear, for, with a sharp cry, he fled from the class-room, not knowing where he was going, and ran on and on into the heart of the green places, till at last, from weariness, he fell and lay still; and the book he had been trying to understand fell from his hand and lay some distance away on the edge of a little stream that ran laughing and singing through the mosses. But, presently, the pain and shame returning to him, Brother Donat's anger, and the laughter of the boys, and the grief that his dull mind would not let him be a cleric for ever, he broke out into sharp sudden crying, forgetting that he was a boy and a boy must never cry like a girl.

The storm of grief passed over him: his shoulders shook with his sobbing: and someone came quietly over the moss and stood looking down at him with a deep pity. And the birds and the little animals came also, and a couple of deer so that many eyes were upon Connla's grief.

"What ails my little one?" asked a deep voice, as tender as that of Connla's mother.

The boy got up and looked into the face of him who spoke as tenderly as a mother. It was a heavily bearded face, and above the beard shone out eyes of so deep a compassion that it was almost like the eyes of the Lord of men.

Connla remembered. He never thought of the Monastery swineherd. This was the man who had come to their cottage in the early summer and been fed, of whom his mother had said, looking down the pathway his feet went: "Surely that is a holy man." He smiled into the eyes above the great beard.

"You have not forgotten me," said the swineherd. "Often you are in my thoughts and that pretty bird, Bridyeen, and the hospitable, soft mother. Come and sit with me here on this log and tell me what troubles you."

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Then Connla began to sob out all his griefs, and as he recounted them he sobbed the more, and his head lay on the swineherd's breast, and about them the timid deer and the bright birds and the leaping squirrles and the rabbits and foxes looked on.

"Tell me what it is you cannot learn," said the swineherd. "Is it your book I see lying on the border of the stream? Let me see, let me see!" So his hand while he talked went smoothing out the roughness of Connla's hair where he had tossed it as he lay on the ground, and the dry leaves and grasses were in it. And while he stroked the boy's hair, light seemed to flow from his fingers and to enter Connla's mind and to show him in the light what the darkness had hidden.

"It is like this, little Connla," the swineherd said, turning the pages of the book. "It is like this." And as he talked and smoothed the boy's hair, all the hard things were made easy. "Go back now and tell them you know," said the swineherd. "You will be a cleric, my Connla, and what is more, you will be the Abbot of this Monastery. It was but a tangle of the brain and it is smoothed away."

Then Connla went back, running and leaping and calling out to Brother Donat that he knew his lesson. The Brother, who was not a hard man, and was already sorry for his sharp way with the boy, who was a good gentle boy if he was dull, without any mockery set him in the midst of the class and told him to repeat the lesson.

What had come to the boy? This was no knowledge got by rote, but Connla's mind, clear now as pure glass, knew not only what was before him but what was to come. It was a great marvel. Brother Donat did not know what to make of it. The boys who had laughed, crowded about Connla in wonder, praising him. But Connla only wanted to get home to his mother to tell her he would be a cleric yet. At this moment the Abbot came by the school.

"Here is a marvel, Father Abbot," cried out Brother Donat. "Here is a boy who could not do the first problem of Euclides this morning, and now he has mastered the book. I believe now, heaven made him dull to save his precious mind from such fools as me, wrapping it about with many folds to preserve it. It is a miracle of a brain."

The Abbot came smiling, for he knew Brother Donat's

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ways: but he no longer smiled as the boy worked out the hard problems. He tried him then with Virgilius of the *Eclogues*, and the boy ran on gaily from one page to another pouring out the golden Latin. "But it is a miracle," said the Abbot. "This is the boy you said would not have Latin enough for a cleric."

"It was the swineherd, Father Abbot," said Connla. "He stroked the dullness out of my brain. His hand went softly, softly—and all that had been hard was made plain. My mother said the day he passed our cottage that he was a saint."

"Why," said the Abbot, "can it be possible that the Pearl of Clanmacnois is hiding under our swineherd?"

But when Modran was discovered in the forest among his swine, and the ring of light rising and falling wherever he went, he was very sad. Then came Abbot Aiden of Clonmacnois and many chanting clerics to bring him back to be Abbot; and they put the holy habit on him and the mitre on his head. And many there saw the light rising and falling. Very unwillingly and almost with tears he went away with them, for he was very happy in his forest, and he was afraid of power and the honor of men.

He reigned a great and saintly Abbot in Clonmacnois: but long, long the animals missed him in the forest, where they became wild again after their nature, and ran and flew before the sound of men's coming.

THE MOTHER IMMACULATE.

BY T. J. S.

In sacrifice complete of Self Divine
Love knew abandon: Wisdom held secure;
The Flesh that fitted Thee, Creator blest,
Was of a Virgin sinless and all pure.

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WHAT MERES KNEW ABOUT SHAKESPEARE'S SONNETS: A REPLY TO DR. CARPENTER.

BY APPLETON MORGAN.

THOSE who concern themselves with Shakespeare matters must be careful not to be too certain about anything."

I should not have forgotten this dictum of my late honored colleague, Dr. Halliwell Phillips, when writing in THE CATHOLIC WORLD of April, 1916: "Shakespeare's other noble friend was William Herbert, Earl of Pembroke. To him Shakespeare dedicated a sheaf of one hundred and fifty-four delicious *Sonnets*." This certainly should have read: "To him *I think*, etc." Let me so amend to comfort Dr. Carpenter, and to his very good-natured indictment plead, as old common-law lawyers used to plead when they did not care much which way the trial went, *Non Vult!*

But does Dr. Carpenter realize the full extent of my awful apostasy to myself? For my crime is not merely my conversion to Mr. Thomas Tyler's theory of the *Sonnets*, viz., that they were indubitably dedicated to the young Lord Pembroke. My recantation actually covers my entire Baconian creed. For as Dr. Isaac Hull Platt used to say: "I have very grave doubts if Bacon with all his genius, could possibly have written those Plays."

My conversion, however, was far less abrupt than Dr. Carpenter suggests. In point of fact, it was delayed so long that Dr. John Fiske complained that, while not quite as heterodox as Mr. Donnelly or Mrs. Pott, I was still "preparing soil for Baconian weeds to grow in." It gives me pleasure to add however, that Dr. Fiske lived long enough thereafter to express himself as perfectly satisfied with my rate of progress toward orthodoxy.[1]

It is asking no great thing, it appears to Dr. Carpenter, to demand that a man who has seen fit to change his mind after forty years consideration of a purely academic question, stand at discretion and vindicate himself by returning instantly to

[1] *The Atlantic Monthly*, vol. lxxx., p. 642.

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his abandoned convictions, or plead guilty to wanting in "tact and reason!" Yet this is the alternative Dr. Carpenter gives me in his paper in THE CATHOLIC WORLD of January, 1918. As neither alternative appeals to me, I exercise my right of restating my case to the court, to wit:

Mr. Tyler bases upon purely internal evidence his proposition that the *Sonnets* were addressed to the young Earl of Pembroke in manuscript: and were circulated just as Mr. Francis Meres declares they were; and that when six or seven years after Mr. Meres had heard of them, they got into the hands of Mr. Thomas Thorpe; he (Mr. Thorpe) dedicated them to the same noble lord to whom in manuscript they had been addressed. Since Mr. Tyler's work is in every library[2] and perfectly well known of every Shakespeare scholar I will not restate this internal evidence here, but confine myself to recapitulating the purely external evidence.

But before proceeding to marshal this external evidence let me briefly dispose of Dr. Carpenter's two principal propositions:

First: That there are a lot of contemporary dedications that show that publishers were abjectly afraid of offending influential persons; and second: That the *Sonnets* were dedicated to a well-known promoter of literary ventures of the date: a certain Mr. William Hall!

As to the first proposition—I have never heard anyone deny it! But when Dr. Carpenter restates it so deliciously and with such delightful sarcastics we will not quarrel with his redundancy! Nearly everyone knows that Ben Jonson was always many parasangs beyond the tipsy stage whenever he "had the price," but this does not necessarily spoil whatever value one of Ben's dedications may possess; nor any covert admission or innuendo it may contain—as Evidence!! And if, as we are about to suggest, the T. T. dedication to Mr. W. H. was instructed: it makes no difference, as to the value of the one we have in hand, how many other dedications Dr. Carpenter may have heard of!

As to the second of Dr. Carpenter's propositions: That the *Sonnets* were dedicated to William Hall.

[2] Thomas Tyler, M.A., *The Herbert-Fytton Theory of Shakespeare's Sonnets, An Answer*—London, 1898. The same—*Shakespeare's Sonnets*—The First Quarto, 1609. (In No. 30 of the Griggs-Praetorius Quarto Fac-similes.) (Separate American Reprint, 1898.)

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This is not the first time that "Mr. W. H." has been searched for among commoners (printers and others) whose initials happened to be "W. H." There is a line of the Sonnet numbered twenty:

A man in hews all Hewes in his controlling,

and the fact that "Hewes" was spelled with a capital letter in the 1609 edition, led to a suggestion that a Mr. William Hewes might be the long-sought dedicatee, "Mr. W. H." A German, Wilhelm Bernstolff, claimed that Shakespeare dedicated his *Sonnets* to himself! and that "Mr. W. H." was none other than "William Himself." And then, almost a hundred years after! came this William Hall, to whom Dr. Carpenter now gives his suffrages.

Sir Sidney Lee tells us that "W. H." stands for "Henry Wriothlesey," which was Lord Southampton's family name. But although Sir Sidney is fond of telling us things, and overlooking any demands that he mention his authorities, one rather doubts if even he expects us to concede that "W. H." stands for "Henry Wriothlesey;" or that Shakespeare was in the habit of addressing his pal Southampton as "Wriothlesey," or as "Wriothlesey Henry" or "Wriothlesey Harry!" especially when "W. H."—are (or may be) the initials of "William Herbert," which letters there was no call to senselessly transpose! In that year, 1609, Shakespeare was living, a prosperous gentleman, in summer at Stratford, planting his King James mulberry trees, in winter at London watching his theatrical properties that they earn money enough to keep up New Place where Mistress Anne and her two daughters, Mesdames Hall and Quiney, were spending at the rate of what the simple Stratford folk estimated at "a thousand pound a year." Are we to believe Dr. Carpenter that, in this same year Shakespeare was permitting those *Sonnets,* that in his salad days he addressed to my Lord Pembroke, to be paraded in print as begotten by William Hall, and that the Rev. Francis Meres had nothing to say when he saw sugared sonnets, that he, in 1594, had announced as written by William Shakespeare, dedicated, in 1609, to William Hall as "their onlie begetter?" Is there no limit to what one is expected to swallow whole in a Shakespeare matter? No Shakespeare productions were

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ever dedicated to anybody except Lord Southampton or Lord Pembroke or Lord Montgomery. The *Sonnets* are dedicated to "Mr. W. H.," which are not the initials of any of these noble lords except Lord Pembroke. The internal evidence of the *Sonnets* closely follows events in the known life of Lord Pembroke; but cannot be brought into planetary space of events in the life of Lord Southampton, still less of a disappearing Mr. William Hall.

But probably the insuperable obstacle to the William Hall dedicatee theory is the typographical one. Imperfect, indeed, were the printer's tools, and clumsy his art in England (both had already made great strides upon the Continent). But careless as were the compositors; conspicuous by their absence as were the proofreaders, still there was one thing upon which the Elizabethan printer did pride himself! Title pages, initial letters, headpieces, superimposed letters, finials, tailpieces, and formal tabulated inscriptive "dedications" (as distinguished from epistles dedicatory such as those Dr. Carpenter pokes his fun at) were most consciously, carefully and artistically done; and we are obliged to admire, and not infrequently do we imitate them today. And we may be sure that if the copyholder for that 1609 dedication had read: "These Insuing Sonnets—Mr. W. Hall, Happiness," the compositor would never have set it up as it stands today: "These Insuing Sonnets—Mr. W. H. All, Happiness."

And if it had been so printed in the proof; if the "justification" had not at once arrested attention, the last examination of this most important matter—important, because that was Mr. Thomas Thorpe the publisher's especial part of the publication—somebody would surely have "caught" the mistypography!

In the twin parentheses—

( )
( )

which Dr. Carpenter finds in *Sonnet 126*—I find quite a different mare's nest from the one Dr. Carpenter finds. My guess is that by these parentheses the compositor meant to indicate that there were two lines less than the usual fourteen in that *Sonnet*. My friend John Corbin (whose Shakespearean criticism is extraordinarily sane), makes out that *Sonnet*—as it stands, even with two lines of an

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expected fourteen "shy" to mean: "You are young and charming, Dear Boy, and nature delights to keep you so, but sooner or later old Tempus Edax will get you." In other words; those double parentheses were put there by the compositor; not to indicate that two lines were lacking, but for the very opposite purpose, viz., to indicate that two lines were *not* lacking! The sense of that particular *Sonnet* is complete without them.

Does Dr. Carpenter refuse to believe that these *Sonnets* were dedicated to Lord Pembroke because Sir Sidney Lee declares that they were not, or because of my saying that I think they *were*—(a capital reason, too) or because he has not (has he?) read Mr. Tyler's internal evidence?

But now for the external evidence. This is how it appeals to my convinctions:

A publisher (Dr. Carpenter quotes me as quoting from George Wither) "if he gets any written note he will publish it and it shall be contrived and named according to his own pleasure." Mr. Wither does not state that the reason was that the publisher of that date could not be a publisher at all unless he were a member of The Stationer's Company, which company enjoyed the monopoly of printing whatever its members saw fit to print, a monopoly in which it was protected by the Court of Star Chamber; so that not even a noble lord (unless a very powerful one at Court—and young Lord Pembroke happened at that time not only to be without power, but to be actually in disgrace at Elizabeth's Court) dared say anything in the matter!

Suppose then that Lord Pembroke's secretary had learned that these *Sonnets* that had circulated so long anonymously (though their authorship, as we shall see, must have been an open secret for the Rev. Francis Meres to have gotten hold of it) had found their way into a publisher's hands. His Lordship's secretary intimates to Mr. Thomas Thorpe that His Lordship will feel obliged if his lordly incognito be preserved in the publication, by whatever means Mr. Thorpe may devise to that end. And, whatever Mr. Thorpe's failings, he certainly did hit upon a successful method—that is, if it be a success to have set wiseacres and pundits to bothering their brain-pans about it for three hundred years! He used His Lordship's family name in initials "W. H.:" William Herbert! And Ben

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Jonson, on the watch or on the secret, recognizing the ruse, hurries to dedicate to His Lordship a bundle of *his* epigrams, in the course of which dedicatory he remarks with elephantine coyness: "I dare not change your Lordship's Title; since there is nothing in *these* Epigrams in expressing which it is necessary to employ a cipher."

Now in this passage I recognize a piece of circumstantial evidence, inadvertent and unconscious (as all circumstantial evidence must be to be circumstantial evidence at all) so far as we of the twentieth century are concerned. But Dr. Carpenter sees nothing in it because, forsooth, its context is maudlin and rubbish (and I agree with him that it is both). And then he asks, "Will Dr. Morgan accept one cryptic dedication upon the strength of another cryptic dedication which, upon examination, is quite as occult and collapsible?" And then regardless of the fact that I have accepted no dedications at all: cryptic or otherwise—but only detected a tiny morsel of what seems to me circumstantial evidence in one of them—he rushes precipitately, quite untrammeled by his own fulcrum or objective, to show how unreasonable I am in accepting them (as I have *not!*), by picking up three or four more "cryptic" dedications that have about as much to do with each other or with his (Dr. Carpenter's) point as Tenderden Steeple had to do with Goodwin Sands!

I decline to depart from my scent by a red herring drawn across the track. The question of importance before us at present is: how and from where did the *Sonnets* get into Mr. Thomas Thorpe's printery? And this brings us to the Rev. Francis Meres, M.A.

No editor of the *Sonnets*, nor commentator thereon, omits to state that the first mention of them is in the year 1594 when Francis Meres speaks of Shakespeare's "sugared sonnets among his private friends." More than often these editors or commentators quote Mr. Meres' own words as follows:

"As the soule of Euphorbus was thought to live in Phythagoras, so the sweet withe soul of Ouid live's in mellifluous and honey-tongued Shakespeare, witnes his Venus and Adonis, his Lucrece, his sugared Sonnets among his private friends. As Plautus and Seneca are accounted the best for Comedy and Tragedy among the Latines, so Shakespeare among ye English is the most excellent in both kinds for the

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stage. For comedy witness his Getleme of Verona, his Errors, his Loves Laboeres Lost, his Loves Labours Wonne, his Midsommers Nights Dreame, and his Merchant of Venice, for tragedy his Richard the 2, Richard the 3, Henry the 4, King John, Titus Andronicus and his Romeo and Juliet. As Epius Stolo said the Muses would speake with Plautus' tongue if they would speake Latine so I say the Muses would speak with Shakespeare's fine filled phrases if they would speake English."

Now there is a good deal of contemporary chronicle to be gotten out of this brief "appreciation," and commentators have not failed to grasp it. That Shakespeare was a beginner at the date of Meres' remarks, the few plays mentioned—being among his earliest—testify; that the play we know as *Alls Well that Ends Well*, was at first called *Love's Labours Won*, that Shakespeare, long before he began to appear as an author in print, was well enough known to have his productions classed as literature and to be critically noticed by a literary critic who dealt with not only classical but English literature; and this in a day when the book reviewer was not abroad, and publishers did not send out press copies or advance sheets for literary notices to aid their sales! All this is drawn off for us, and pretty familiar it all is by this time. But what none of our editors or commentators think worth while to tell us, is who Francis Meres was, and how he happened to hear about the privately circulated manuscripts of Shakespeare. Shakespeare the stage-wright and maker of plays! Shakespeare the poet whose Venus and Adonis was so widely admired, whose Lucrece was a well known "broadside?" These a clergyman, who had invented for himself the before-unknown function of a literary critic—would naturally find ready for his critical labors. But how about those private manuscripts? Who ever heard of a literary critic—in reviewing Tennyson's or Longfellow's work—prophetically volunteering a critical opinion as to the so-far unprinted compositions of those poets!

Francis Meres was born in the year 1565 in Lincolnshire, of a prominent family; an uncle, John Meres, having been high sheriff of the county. He was placed at Pembroke College of that University, and was graduated Bachelor of Arts in 1587. He was "incorporated" in that degree at Oxford, July 10, 1593. He was installed rector of Wing in Rutland in July, 1602, and added to his rectorship the vocation of a school-

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master, retaining both living and occupation until his death in 1647. One Charles Fitz Geoffrey in 1601 dedicates to him a copy of Latin verses calling him *Theologus et Poeta.* And in a sermon of his: *God's Arithmetic* (1597) prefixed by a long and learned "Epistle Nuncupatoric," addressed to his uncle John Meres, he describes himself as "Maister of Arts in both Universities and Student in Divinity."

So much for his biography. But how did he come to elect for himself a function utterly unknown at that date: The function of reviewer of current books and literary critic of his own times?

He evidently was not a penny-a-liner, a Grub Street hack of the Grub Street of that date. The rector of a parish and a master of two universities has a certain social standing. So he could, to begin with, dispense in any literary career he might be desirous of seeking with that first requisite of the literary hack—a patron!

His literary output, as will be seen by its volume in the British Museum, is considerable—and from its range—considering that there were no press copies or review copies sent out by the printers, shows a rather wide access on the Reverend gentleman's part. The second prominent Englishman who adopted this profession was Gerald Langbaine the younger, dramatic biographer and critic. But he was not born until a full century after Meres, and did his work between the years 1667 and 1690, so late that his good work was largely followed by Colley Cibber to whom the stage owes so lasting an obligation. When this Langbaine wrote his *Account of the English Dramatick Poets; or some Observations and Remarks on those that have produced either Comedies, Tragedies, Tragicomedies, Pastorals Masques, Interludes, or Operas in the English Tongue,* printed at Oxford in 1691, he listed among Shakespeare's output, not only what we at present call the canonical; but also what we now list as the apocryphal or pseudo-Shakespearean plays. But even Langbaine does not pass criticism upon Shakespeare's *Sonnets,* then in print and accessible in broadside (or quarto as we now say), at every London bookstall.

Those were the days of "Books of Songs and Sonnets." The compilation known as *The Passionate Pilgrim* and erroneously assigned to Shakespeare, is one of these. The Rev.

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Francis Meres produced, or aided in producing, one such in 1596, known as *The Paradise of Dainty Devices.* In 1597 he followed this with a supplement to *Politenphia—Wit's Commonwealth* by Nicholas Ling (who in 1604 with John Trundell printed the second quarto of Hamlet), which he called *Palladis Tamia: Wit's Treasurie,* being the second part of *Wit's Commonwealth.* (London by P. Short for Cuthbert Burbie 1598.) This supplement is entered on the Stationers Register, September 7, 1598. Later edition of this *Wit's Treasurie* contains an "Address to the Reader" by Francis Meres, and promises a third supplement "by an Eminent scholar," which did appear finally in 1634.

In this first work Meres passes upon numerous classic authors and awards high praises to these English authors, viz., Sir Philip Sidney, John Lyly, Thomas Playford, Hugh Broughton, Robert Greene, John Foxe, Sir John Harrington, William Warner and Richard Copgrave, including *A Comparative Discourse of our English Poets* with the *Greek, Latin and Italian Poets.* He has chapters "On Books," "On Reading of Books," "On Philosophy," "On Poets and Poetrie," "On Painting and Music," quite in the modern vein of our school hand-books of literature, and later chapters he intersperses with notes on contemporary painters and musicians.

The third supplement promised above appeared in 1634, showing that the work enjoyed considerable prosperity from the first. In the first supplement Mr. Meres passed critically upon one hundred and twenty-five English authors. The second supplement is entitled—*Wit's Commonwealth, the second part—A Treasurie of Divine, Moral and Phylosophical Similies, generally useful. But more particularlie for the use of Schools* (London, 1634). This edition has a title-page engraved by John Droeshout, brother of Martin Droeshout, who made that engraving of Shakespeare from some unguessed source that was used by Jagged, Blount Smithweeke and Aspley in getting up the First Folio Shakespeare (some day we will know where Martin who was barely sixteen years old when Shakespeare died, and so could not have drawn from life, got his model).

Some copies use a variant title-page as follows: *A Treasurie of Goulden Sentences. Similies and Examples. Set forth cheefly for the benefit of young scholeers.* London, printed for Richard Royston. The work continued to be vastly

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popular. And the demand required a third and a fourth edition. The title-page varied a little in each edition. The Reverend Rector of Wing also wrote religious works, or rather translated from the French two religious works by Luis de Grenada (a Spaniard). Clearly then, the Rev. Mr. Meres was no ordinary book-hack, and from the variety of connections must have enjoyed a rather wide acquaintance, besides the attention he would have arrested by the absolute novelty of his newly-invented field of literary criticism.

And thus arrives the second item of circumstantial evidence, or what seems to me such, which I admit that I did not estimate at its full value forty years ago! to wit: the extraordinary facilities enjoyed by the authority who first told mankind about Shakespeare's *Sonnets* when they only existed in manuscript!

And so, when Mr. Thomas Tyler by careful and cautious examination, finds that these *Sonnets* internally tally with the known history of young Lord Pembroke and Mary Fytton, and in some sort with Queen Elizabeth's anger at these two (that is to say with court gossip which would have circulated if at all in just such precincts and among just such *coteries* as the Rev. Francis Meres must have frequented to gather the material in which he dealt); I yield my convictions to what is called technically "The Pembrokian Theory of the Sonnets" in spite of Dr. Carpenter and his precious dedications, none of which are germane or in point, but one of which, he says, was "discovered twenty years later than my Myth, and corroborates certain of my conjectures in that work." (For which judgment I beg my thanks!)

Dr. Carpenter quotes me as saying that the only suggestion of a contact between Shakespeare and Lord Pembroke was when Heminge and Condell dedicated the First Folio to His Lordship because (they said) His Lordship had in his (Shakespeare's) lifetime received the plays with favor! Dr. Carpenter says that I make merry over any suggestion that Heminge and Condell had anything to do with the First Folio or ever had any suspicion that their names were used to father it; though he does not appear to consider those two propositions of mine as worth colliterating. I must add another point of contact (though it were not until Shakespeare had been dead nineteen years), between the dramatist and Lord Pembroke.

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It seems that Cuthbert Burbage (son of the Burbage Shakespeare mentions in his will) wrote Lord Pembroke in 1635, asking His Lordship's favor in behalf of himself and others; and in enumerating the services his father and brother had done to dramatic matters, says: "to ourselves we joined those deserving men, Shakespeare, Heminge, Condell, Phillips and others," and (further on) "placed men players which were Heminge, Condell, Shakespeare, as successors to the Children of the Chapel."

Microscopical persons will wonder if this illusion to Shakespeare simply as "a deserving man" and as one of several "successors to the Children of the Chapel" written in 1635, when two great folios of the dramatist's collected works had filled the public ear and met the extravagant eulogy of the literary world of London, did not mean, as Dr. Carpenter in a footnote credits (or discredits) me as suggesting in 1877, that Messrs. Heminge and Condell had really never heard of the First Folio they are said to have bestowed upon mankind?

These two marvelous gentlemen in 1623 edit a folio edition of the great dramatist's works, and prefix thereto divers panegyrics of the dramatist himself in prose and verse—the least of which calls him "soul of the age, th' applause delight and wonder of the stage!" And in 1635, a scant fifteen years afterward, they mention him as "a deserving man!" All this being so does not in any way assist us to an inkling of why Jaggard and Blount, publishers of the First Folio, or Ben Jonson (who did everything else about that work: the "Address to The Great Variety of Readers:" the commendatory verse, the verses extolling the Droeshout caricature, etc.), chose to pretend that two journey-actors Heminge and Condell were its editors. But it does seem to lead up to a suggestion as to why Ben Jonson may have selected the Earl of Pembroke as a desirable dedicatee of the First Folio, to wit: Ben knew, as we have seen, the secret of the *Sonnets*, and of their addresses and may have assumed that, having been thus more or less (even if against his will)

[3] If anybody objects to this summary dismissal of Messrs. Heminge and Condell, why not turn to the British *Cyclopædia of National Biography* and read up Heminge and Condell, and consider whether their biographies are the biographies of gentlemen of transcendant accomplishment in a literary direction or of any particular accomplishments in any direction at all? That they were journey-actors and that they became respectively a green-grocer and a Publican, is, we understand, not at issue—unless Dr. Carpenter has access to authorities denied to me!

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a confidant of Shakespeare, His Lordship could not very nicely decline the dedication!

The world will never know or even hazard a guess as to why Ben Jonson himself did not appear as the editor of the greatest secular work the world possesses today! Possibly he was not sure that it was a great work, in spite of his triple prolegomatical eulogy thereof—and did not want to peril his precious reputation. (Ben was quite like that!) Possibly Messrs. Jaggard and Blount had commercial reasons; and possibly that same character of reasons may have dictated the joining of the name of the Earl of Montgomery (used now for the first time before or since in a Shakespearean connection) with that of the Earl his "incomparable brother!" But anyhow, Ben, or somebody (equally unaware of that passionate friendship between Shakespeare and Southampton which modern biographers of Shakespeare have invented) did substitute the co-names of Pembroke and Montgomery for that of Southampton, hitherto the only normal dedicatee of Shakespearean matter!

Is it possible for Dr. Carpenter, or for any other Shakespearean commentator, to conceive that human motives, aims and self-interests are the same in the sixteenth or the seventeenth, as in the twentieth, century or any other? Lord Clarendon, in a wonderful passage in his *History of The Rebellion*, says that King Charles and Falkland never tired of discussing Shakespeare—whom they agreed in estimating as the greatest of dramatists, in that he not only dealt in all human kind but had actually, in Caliban, invented a new sort of creature! Had Ben Jonson, an *attaché* of the Court, been possessed of any weighty secret—such as that Shakespeare had been merely Bacon's mouthpiece or his collaborator—could Jonson (being what he was)—have denied himself the exploitation of that secret in such high quarters? So slight a secret as the dedication of the *Sonnets* might have detained a Sainte-Beuve scribbling pleasant *Causeries de Lundi* (such as we have seen that Francis Meres was). But in the day of King Charles I., almost two centuries were to elapse before anybody ever read these *Sonnets* at all. And when Shakespeare, Bacon and almost all of their coterie were quietly inurned and there was no reason for anybody's silence, would nothing have leaked out of a Poet Laureate in his cups?

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New Books.

THE COLLECTED WORKS OF PADRAIC H. PEARSE. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Co. $3.00 net.

The actual story of the life and death of Padraic Pearse, coupled with this exposition of his literary genius, seems to comprehend the whole exalted spirit and heartbreaking tragedy of Ireland. Here was a man with a single purpose, with a devotion to an ideal that consumed his heart, that was his whole life and being; yet a man doomed to die in fighting for that ideal, doomed to go down before ever his dream could be realized; yet still again, one destined, with his dream and his ideal, to live immortally. The friend of Pearse who, from the hallowed halls of old Maynooth, writes the introduction to this volume, makes no false claim when he prophesies that this gentle rebel will live, will take his place for all time among the heroes of Ireland.

Pearse's collected writings reveal him supreme in the pure Irish gifts of song and dramatic imagination. Four plays are included in the volume, every one of them of high literary quality, instinct with poetic feeling, and chaste with that exquisite richness of thought and economy of phrase which marks the dramatic master. The plays are all distinctly symbolic. Their poetry is unforgettably beautiful; it rings with the clear force of the pure Celtic tongue, and at times reaches heights equaled only by the best of Biblical expression.

The same striking simplicity—even austerity—of manner, which is never paucity, but rather depth and richness of utterance, characterizes the stories and poems. These stories might, indeed, be taken as models of short-story writing, so highly and purely do they sustain their themes, so directly and forcefully do they drive forward to their inevitable climax. Irish sympathy, Irish tenderness, Irish fire, breathe through them; and in the tales of *Barbara and Eoineen of the Birds* we discover an affinity with child-thought and the child-mind which is arrestingly beautiful, almost uncanny—equal, to say the least, to anything of the kind that the Scotch genius, Barrie, has given us. The poems, brief and almost fragmentary as they are, are masterpieces. There is nothing finer in litera-

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ture than *The Wayfarer*, the last poem written by Pearse, and composed in his prison cell.

The book is a real addition to literature; it is, indeed, true literature, the kind that springs from the soil, the inevitable utterance of the human heart. As a contribution to Irish letters it is memorable, of a nature that would survive on its own merits alone, without the added interest of its author's tragic story. It is truly representative of the Irish soul—Christian, not pagan, although inevitably "we feel that the ancient and mediæval and modern Gaelic currents meet in him." But, though "the old divinities are there, the remnants of the old worship, nevertheless, everything is overshadowed by the Christian concept, and the religion that is found here centres in Christ and Mary." Padraic Pearse is thus revealed to us as an authentic spokesman of the Irish people.

PAUL JONES: HIS EXPLOITS IN ENGLISH SEAS. By Don C. Seitz. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. $3.50 net.

The first complete bibliography ever made on John Paul Jones, supplements this collection of British newspaper-clippings reporting his activities day by day in English seas. The editor has made a connected collection from the files of the London daily newspapers for 1778-1779, recording the exploits of one of our greatest naval heroes, under such topics as "The Cruise of the Ranger," "The Bon Homme Squadron in British Seas," "The Alarm on the Coast." The letter in which Captain Pearson describes to the British admiralty his defeat in the *Serapis*, is taken from the London *Evening Post* of October 17, 1779. To all interested in the beginnings of American naval history, these simple, yet dramatic, first-hand accounts will prove both entertaining and valuable.

THE LIFE OF CHARLES CARROLL OF CARROLLTON. By L. A. Leonard. New York: Moffat, Yard & Co. $2.50 net.

The Signers of the Declaration of Independence as a legislative body, in qualifications of education, moral character and business ability, have seen no equal since, in England or America. All but six of the fifty-two signers were graduates of colonial or European colleges, or were sons of wealthy men and educated by competent tutors. They were thoroughly imbued with the spirit of liberty and with the idea of the rights

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of man. And among these, Charles Carroll of Carrollton towered by worth, wealth and ability.

Born in 1737 and educated first in Maryland, then at St. Omar's and Paris, he spent some years, on attaining his majority, in London perfecting himself for leadership on his return. He purposely kept in the background of events leading to the Revolution till 1773, when he engaged in a controversy for popular rights that at once made him the "First Citizen" of Maryland, Senator for his State and Delegate to the Continental Congress. This body sent him, his cousin, the Rev. John Carroll, and Benjamin Franklin on a commission to enlist the sympathies of the French Canadians in the cause of the colonies. He returned after the eventful Fourth of July, and was the first to affix his signature to the immortal document of Independence, August 2, 1776. He labored assiduously in the State and National Legislatures, being instrumental in creating a constitution for Maryland, and powerful on committees important for the general welfare. In the latter capacity he was early brought into close contact with Washington, the great friend of his family, and no civilian spent more time than he at army headquarters. Through him it was that, in the dire days of Valley Forge, the Conway Cabal was thwarted; and through him the sympathy and support of the French government was secured in aid of the colonists. His leading part in this achievement has gone unheralded because he insisted that his name never appear. Had it been known that the influence of this rich Catholic Delegate was being employed to league the Catholic sovereign of Catholic France in the cause, the colonists would have rejected the negotiations as a plot for Catholic aggrandizement. Yet, without this Catholic aid, the colonies would have failed and Yorktown would not have ended the war, when Cornwallis surrendered to an army seventy per cent Catholic.

It was Carroll who lent most aid to Robert Morris in the onerous task of putting the business of the colonies on a specific basis, and when the war was over, he was instrumental in the first activities that resulted in supplanting the Articles of Confederation by the Constitution of 1787. He lived to see his country celebrate the fiftieth anniversary of the signing of the Declaration of Independence, himself the sole survivor among the Signers, and died November 14, 1832.

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Apart from the national interest of his life, Charles Carroll of Carrollton is endeared to Catholic Americans because of his stanch profession of his Faith and the glorious ideal of the Catholic patriot he has bequeathed from colonial days through the years of the nation's growth to the trying times of the present struggle.

Through him, Washington addressed his famous letter to his Catholic compatriots for their services in the cause; through his beneficence was established the first preparatory seminary for the students of the Catholic priesthood in this country; and among his last recorded utterances is the sentiment: "I have lived to my ninety-sixth year; I have enjoyed continued health; I have been blessed with great wealth, prosperity and most of the good things which this world can bestow—public approbation, esteem, applause—but what I now look back upon with greatest satisfaction to myself is that I have practised the duties of my religion."

THE ORATORY AND POETRY OF THE BIBLE. By Ferdinand S. Schenck, D.D., LL.D. New York: George H. Doran Co. $1.25 net.

This volume bears a title full of promise. The Bible is at once a book and a literature. In its unity of character and in its one source of inspiration, it is one individual work; but in the diversity of its elements and the variety of its forms, it is truly what it has been called, "a library of books." Every reader knows to what extent the incomparable songs of Sion have lent music to the greatest poets of Christendom; perhaps only the student of oratory knows that secular eloquence is hardly less beholden to the sacred pages for uncounted riches of thought and expression. Any book, therefore, that guides investigation to this perennial source of poetic and oratorical inspiration should be made welcome with a whole heart.

Dr. Schenck's work is not a treatise on oratory as found in Holy Writ. Many a reader might wish it were. Underlying the "art of persuasion" as practised by Christ, by His precursors and His disciples, is a wiser theory of effective speech than any expounded by Aristotle or Quintilian. Professor Charles Sears Baldwin, indeed, in his handbook, *How to Write*, has an admirable study of speech founded entirely on models

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drawn from the Acts of the Apostles. Dr. Schenck proceeds differently. He gives the local and historical setting of the great Biblical orations. He describes the speaker, the audience, the subject and the occasion, in a highly personal way, very much as Erskine wrote of Burke and Fox, or as Wraxall reported Pitt and Sheridan. One of the sub-titles, "Short Stories of Great Orations," accurately indicates the manner.

The notice of Biblical poetry is appended as a kind of epilogue to the main theme of the book. "Since poetry is near akin to oratory, I have added chapters on the poetry of the Bible." These chapters contain much commentary and interpretation marked by thought and feeling. Though the work was prepared for the students of a theological school, it is simple and popular in its treatment and wholly adapted to the ordinary reader.

CATHOLIC EDUCATION: A STUDY IN CONDITIONS. By the Rev. J. A. Burns, C.S.C., Ph.D. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. $1.50 net.

This careful analysis of the present status of Catholic elementary, high and collegiate schools, states fairly the deficiencies no less than the advantages and accomplishments of these institutions.

The chief credit of Catholic education is its insistence on teaching religion in the schools. Its aim is to train the child to an instinctive sympathy with everything Catholic. Character training must rest on religion, since it alone supplies motives to withstand the stress of temptation. Moreover, the correlation of studies is defective if religion is not intimately linked with other branches of thought, and the child is likely to think of religion as a thing apart, if it is kept out of school life and thought.

Catholics have labored under difficulties in building up their school system because the necessities of the case demanded that the several forms should grow up independent of the other: local conditions forbade consolidation. Mutually helpful efforts to the attainment of a common end, however, have characterized Catholic education work to a remarkable degree.

Dr. Burns has done Catholic education a service in bringing into the compass of a single volume this statement of the

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present conditions of its schools. The statistics given, showing the tendency to decreased attendance in the higher grades; the increase of Catholic high schools; the relations of high school to college are all worthy of thoughtful attention and appreciation. The impetus to higher education for women, provided by Trinity College, Washington, and the higher standard obtaining now in the seminary courses are other important matters which Dr. Burns brings to the reader's attention.

FINLAND AND THE FINNS. By Arthur Reade. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. $2.00 net.

Arthur Reade, lecturer in English at the University of Helsingfors, has written a most entertaining volume on Finland, one of the least known of the countries of modern Europe. He gives a succinct account of the rise and growth of the national movement since the separation from Sweden in 1809, draws lifelike portraits of Finland's leaders in politics, art, literature and music, describes the country's peculiar customs, traditions and ideals, sets forth the present conditions of her trade and industries, and explains her educational, labor and political problems.

Most interesting are the chapters which deal with the long drawn-out quarrel with the Swedes in defence of the Finnish language, and the people's century-old combat with the tyranny of Russia. The author holds that of late years, the Russianization of Finland was intended to mask an aggressive movement upon Norway and Sweden, but the Great War has put an end to the ambition of the Tsars.

Religion would seem to be at a low ebb in both city and country in Finland, for the Lutheran Church has little hold upon the people, and Socialism has gained many adherents to the ranks of irreligion and unbelief.

THE HILL-TOWNS OF FRANCE. By Eugene M. Fryer. Illustrated. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. $2.50 net.

It is something worth recording for the author of a "travel book" to achieve originality nowadays—above all in the treatment of a land so tourist-worn and guide-book-done as France. But this achievement must be credited to Miss Fryer. She has caught a new aspect of that land of beauty and

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romance and history; she has climbed the hills of Normandy and Brittany, of Provence and Picardy, of Touraine and Languedoc, and resting on the parapets of their old-time citadels, she has looked out on the spreading valleys of the Loire, the Indre, and toward the sea, and has shown us a France that opens like a golden tapestry before our eyes—a France of high adventure of love and war, and of simple religious faith. Her achievement is really noteworthy.

The author might, indeed, be a Catholic, so comprehending and sympathetic is her attitude toward the faith of the people of France; even her terminology is Catholic.

Fifty pen and ink drawings by Roy L. Hilton, and twenty-five photo-engravings illustrate the book. Unfortunately careless proofreading is evident on several pages.

HEARTS OF CONTROVERSY. By Alice Meynell. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $1.75.

No living writer today has built up such a reputation as has Mrs. Meynell for giving her readers the quintessence of the very best of her thought and feeling. Her volumes appear seldom, and are invariably small and slender. But they are likewise invariably large with meaning and pregnant with inspiration. A critic of Mrs. Meynell's calibre does not waste time on superficialities, nor dabble in the obvious. With the mere criticism which puts no great issue at stake she has small patience. She has done well to call her book *Hearts of Controversy;* for every word of it is thought-provoking. "Exposition, interpretation, by themselves are not necessary. But for controversy there is cause." Thus we see the gauntlet thrown again for Tennyson; Dickens championed; and the perfervid emptiness of Swinburne mercilessly exposed. Lovers of Tennyson and of Dickens will enjoy what Mrs. Meynell writes of those two masters; especially will her illuminative passages on Dickens' power of caricature and his gift for dramatic narrative please—but it is her essay on Swinburne that will make her book live. She cuts to the core of his shallowness swiftly and pitilessly; and it is thus, with her sword of controversy, that she bares his oft-lauded "extraordinary gift of diction:"

> So overweening a place does it take in this man's art that I believe the words to hold and use his meaning,

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> rather than the meaning to compass and grasp and use the word. I believe that Swinburne's thoughts have their source, their home, their origin, their authority and mission in those two places—his own vocabulary, and the passion of other men. Claudius stole the precious diadem of the kingdom from the shelf and put it in his pocket; Swinburne took from the shelf of literature—took with what art, what touch, what cunning, what complete skill!—the treasure of the language, and put it in his pocket. He is urgent with his booty of words, for he has no other treasure. . . . But other men had thoughts, other men had passions; political, sexual, natural, noble, vile, ideal, gross, rebellious, agonizing, imperial, republican, cruel, compassionate; and with these he fed his verses.

Not since Swinburne first appeared on the sky-line of English literature to puzzle and bewilder, to charm and disgust, has such a just and searching light been set to blaze over his pages with exposition and revealment as this of Mrs. Meynell's. Her little book is, one the whole, vital, important, one not to be missed by any who are interested in literature and criticism.

TEEPEE NEIGHBORS. By Grace Coolidge. Boston: The Four Seas Co.

The question of the American Indian is one that attracts too little public interest just now; if the average citizen of this country thinks of the red man at all, it is with good natured indifference, if not actual contempt. These very realistic, sordid sketches of the present day reservation Indian show him a helpless, forlorn figure, swept aside by the pitiless onmarch of "progress," yet possessed of noble traits deserving a better fate.

It is not generally known that a certain proportion of these people die of actual starvation every winter; that they so lack medical attention as to have a death rate twice as high as that of the whites; that for any fancied grievance the reservation agent may throw the Indian in the lock-up and keep him there indefinitely without process of law; that at every turn, the red man is tricked by the greedy white man and with faint hope of redress. Conditions such as these, if verified, as the author claims they may be, are an outrage against freedom and humanity.

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TENNYSON: HOW TO KNOW HIM. By Raymond M. Alden. With Portrait Frontispiece. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Co. $1.50 net.

Professor Alden after running over the main points in Tennyson's life and character takes up the principal lyric, narrative and descriptive poems, giving extensive extracts and illuminating comment. For the student first making acquaintance with the poet this middle portion of the book will have the most value, although possessing attraction also for the assured Tennysonian. But for the general reader the principal interest will reside in the last two chapters.

In dealing with Tennyson as an interpreter of Victorian thought, the author examines the poet's position towards the chief contemporary ideas in politics, social progress, philosophy and religion, and makes clear his reaction toward them in the light of the scientific discoveries and skeptical spirit of his time. In this chapter Professor Allen shows himself an admirable expositor, and he is to be particularly commended for the fact that unlike many critics in a similar situation, he does not use his author as a stalking horse to advance his own theories, but simply sets forth those of the writer under discussion.

The final chapter especially contains much sound criticism and, what is becoming an unusual quality in criticism, discrimination. Professor Alden has fulfilled his task in a thoroughly competent and workmanlike manner, and his book renders a valuable and needed service to the poet of whom it treats.

THE GREAT CRIME AND ITS MORAL. By J. S. Willmore. New York: Hodder & Stoughton. $2.00.

The great crime is, of course, the horrible debauch of blood and iron into which Germany has plunged the world. Mr. Willmore's book gathers up all the threads of the fearful story and weaves them into a connected narrative, from the conception of the plot, through the first intricacies of its diplomatic scheming, on to the present day, when the heartless tale still continues, bringing home to the world more forcibly every day and every hour its inevitable moral—"never let it happen again." Enough of the documentary history of the War is given to make clear the working out of Berlin's bloody

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plot when the conflict was first being launched; and there follows, similarly, enough evidence of the manner of Germany's warfare to drive home the lessons of its horrors, and the grave danger of a premature peace. Exhaustive bibliography and comprehensive indexes complete the volume and make of it a valuable reference work.

READINGS IN ENGLISH LITERATURE. Edited by Roy B. Pace, Assistant Professor of English at Swarthmore College. New York: Allyn & Bacon. $1.00.

This book is evidently intended as a companion—and a very welcome and practical one it will prove—to any well-planned course in English literature. What busy teacher has not longed to have just such a collection to illustrate the authors under discussion. Here are gathered well-chosen extracts from many of the great writers of our language—from Beowulf to Robert Louis Stevenson—that well exemplify the work of each. The compiler of the present volume has already published *American Literature,* and *Readings in American Literature,* for all of which he merits the gratitude of all hard-pressed teachers of the English tongue.

MÈRE MARIE DE JÉSUS: FOUNDRESS OF THE LITTLE SISTERS OF THE ASSUMPTION. Adapted from the French; with a Preface by His Eminence Cardinal Bourne. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. $1.10 net.

Never was the sure and mysterious leading of Divine Providence more clearly demonstrated than in the life of Marie Antoinette Fage, destined by God to be the Mother of an immense family of nursing Sisters of the poor in their own homes, and the instrument, both in her own person and in the children and children's children of her Institute, of countless miracles of grace. The story is one of intense interest and edification.

Antoinette Fage was a delicate child, afflicted with a spinal trouble which made her a constant sufferer and would have proved a handicap to any, save one endowed by God with a nature, courageous, ardent, passionately self-sacrificing, and sustained by Him with supernatural strength. Left an orphan at an early age, she showered upon others the affection she missed and gave the love of her life to God and His poor.

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At forty-one, after years of prayer and training, that kindred soul and ideal spiritual Father, Father Pernet of the Assumptionists, unfolded to her the stupendous work he believed she was called to establish. The call overwhelmed her, yet she saw in it the will of God and bent to it all the energies of her mind and heart. Poverty, misunderstanding, the terrors of war and the Commune beset her path but never blocked her way—but to appreciate it, one must read the story told in all its simplicity of detail by one who, catching the spirit of the Little Sisters of the Assumption, has preferred to remain unknown.

SERMON NOTES. By Monsignor Robert H. Benson. Second Series. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. $1.25 net.

The second volume of Monsignor Benson's sermon notes has now been published by Father Martindale. The notes will be welcomed by many friends who are interested in the manner of his sermon preparation. Most of the notes he valued personally, however, were used in the sermons perfected by him and printed in book form.

AUSTRIA-HUNGARY. By Wolf von Schierhand. New York: Frederick Stokes Co. $3.00 net.

This is a careful study of conditions, historical, political and social, within the polyglot empire composed of twenty distinct, intolerant races. Built up through the centuries by political and marital alliances, no worthy attempt has ever been made to mold the country into a unified, indestructible whole. The outward uniformity of a compulsory common language has not served to harmonize the discordant national aims of Magyar, Czech, Ruthenian, Croatian, Bosnian and Pole. This race question is of the greatest importance in the political life of the people, and with it unsettled, no political liberalism can ever secure a united front among them. The present writer considers the Magyars the most gifted people for dealing with large affairs of state. The Magyar's love of independence has maintained the Kingdom of Hungary for over a thousand years. They have been the bulwark of Christianity in the East for three hundred and fifty years, again and again saving Europe from the victorious Crescent.

In the assassination of Archduke Francis Ferdinand, Aus-

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tria suffered a great loss, for his strong character, firmness and energy might have effected the rejuvenation of the country. His plan to uphold the tottering monarchy was to replace the Dual by a Trias monarchy—a confederation of three distinct political entities, Austria, Hungary and a new South Slavic State, comprising Croatia, Slavonia, Bosnia, Herzegovina Istria and Dalmatia. Each part was to be independent of the other except in the departments of foreign relations, of army and navy. This plan would have solved the Slav problem, but would have furthered the discontent of nationalities such as the Ruthenians and Slovaks who, feeling themselves slighted, would have precipitated civil war if they were to enjoy no new privileges.

The new ruler is bright, democratic in tendencies and very amiable, but he is far from being the great man needed for stormy times. Throughout the War, Germany's word has been law to Austria. Economically dependent on her mighty ally, Austria feels convinced that without her strong support she is doomed as a political entity. Thus the *Vernunftheirat* (Marriage of Convenance), as Bismarck called it, between the two countries, seems to be a lasting union. The author is of the opinion that the country will hold together in spite of the disaffection of the Czechs. A common danger has brought the nationalities together, in fear of the unknown evils that defeat might bring. After the War, however, complete self-government must be accorded each national and geographical entity within Austria-Hungary, with full recognition of the right of every people to develop its own peculiar traits and talents. Failing that, the Habsburg's historic boast—*Austria erit in orbe ultima*—can never be realized.

THESE MANY YEARS. By Brander Matthews. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $3.00.

Undoubtedly a wide circle of admirers will welcome and enjoy this volume of Mr. Matthew's reminiscences. There is no savor in it of the heroic, sensational, romantic, or even exceptional; only the record of a life now verging on the Scriptural limit, that has been eminently cultured, useful, and contented. Most of its activities and sympathies are confined to the United States; yet there are many pages devoted to accounts of long and frequent visits abroad, where the author

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met many distinguished contemporaries, and witnessed some stirring incidents that are now historic.

Mr. Matthews, after some tentative early efforts in other directions, finally chose literature as a profession; and even in this field he has narrowed his activity to the dramatic department, of which he still holds the chair at Columbia University.

The style of the book, as one would naturally expect, is thoroughly appropriate—dignified yet simple, neither reserved nor garrulous, enlivened with many a jest and anecdote, which are inserted with equal readiness and good humor, whether they be at the expense of others or himself.

A RUSSIAN SCHOOLBOY. By Sergii Aksakoff. Translated from the Russian by I. D. Duff. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. $2.40 net.

Sergii Timotheevich Aksakoff (1791-1859) was for a time the most popular of Russian novelists. So great was his popularity from 1840-1850 that the best Russian critics did not hesitate to class him with Homer, Shakespeare and Walter Scott. Of course, as time went on, and new figures arose, the unquestioned literary talents of Sergii Aksakoff found fewer enthusiastic friends. His works, although saturated with deep feeling for nature and written in a classical style, are far from reaching the level of the poet of the *Odyssey* or of the English dramatist. Still a work written by him toward the close of his life, holds its place in Russian literature as a model of simplicity, and a charming book for young and old alike. It was entitled: *A Domestic Chronicle and Recollections*, and was divided in three parts.

A Russian critic has written that no Russian book, with the exception of Gogol's *Dead Souls*, produced such an impression upon the Russian public as these domestic recollections of Aksakoff. In fact, it appeared as a new creation in the literary field. It had the charm of a romance, the simplicity of a novel, the seriousness of a biography. Sergii Aksakoff narrates the events that took place within his family circle. He is the protagonist or the eyewitness of his domestic chronicle. As the first part exhales what the French call *le parfum des champs*, so the second, *A Russian Schoolboy*, portrays in finished style the feelings, the anxieties, the struggles, the nascent

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passions of a nine-year-old boy, parted from a tender and loving mother.

The distress of a childish heart, abandoned to itself, and struggling for the virile education of its character, gives to the book a powerful dramatic element. At times, in a few lines, the writer describes the silent tragedy of a soul.

Yet the book is not dimmed with the gloomy pessimism, that makes the reading even of the masterpieces of Russian novelists so tiresome. It contains many luminous, sweet pages. It exalts maternal love. It gives useful instruction as to the education of youth. The narrative is full of interest. The translator deserves the best praise for his rendering of the simplicity of the Russian original.

THE SECRET WITNESS. By George Gibbs. New York: D. Appleton & Co. Illustrated. $1.50 net.

Mr. Gibbs already has half a score of successful novels to his credit, but it is safe to say that his latest tale will surpass all its predecessors in popularity. *The Secret Witness* is a typical up-to-date "best seller;" it has every quality that goes to make a successful story, with the added interest of a theme so timely that there is no resisting its appeal. With a good deal of daring, the author has taken for the foundation of his tale the now historic catastrophe of the assassination of the Austrian Archduke Ferdinand—a tragedy for which Mr. Gibbs has his own original and unique explanation. But this he carries off with perfect plausibility, so that one has the sense of reading fact and not fiction. By this bold stroke he draws his readers into the very heart of the intrigues which prefaced the opening of the World War; and by an equally daring invention he makes the *dénouement* of his story hinge on the War's action.

To the jaded reader such a book, with its healthy glow, its pure romance, and its happy freedom from all suggestion of sex-problems and the like, so common in the fiction of the day, is welcome and refreshing. True, there are moments when the credulity of even the most lenient reader is taxed almost to the breaking point. But on the whole the tale is consistently and artistically done. Nor is it without its touch of the deeper strain. No better exponent of the German idea could be found than Mr. Gibbs' "Captain Goritz."

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THE TORTOISE. By E. F. Benson. New York: George H. Doran Co. $1.50 net.

Mr. Benson has again chosen, as in *The Oakleyites,* a small English village for the scene of his novel, and has again demonstrated the abiding interest of the human drama, whether enacted in life's backwaters or in its main currents. The story is slender. But in Mr. Benson's handling of his material there is cleverness and quiet strength. He departs from the beaten track by making his principals neither absurd nor tragic, as, prompted by their own good sense, they accept the inevitable with dignity and without bitterness. There is some good character drawing and humor that is lightly satirical, though not sufficiently so to detract from the general tone of kindliness and sincerity. The book does its author more credit than some of his more scintillating productions.

THE INWARD GOSPEL. By Walter D. Strappini, S.J. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. $1.25 net.

The admirable articles that make up the content of this book are "discursive points for meditation," originally addressed to some followers of the rules of St. Ignatius, and published in response to a belief expressed by their first hearers that the principles set forth might be useful not only to others whose lives were under the same guidance, but to any Christian desirous of studying the inward teaching of Our Lord. Their appearance in the present second and enlarged edition is evidence that this belief was justified. The author's brief preface suggests that "they hardly appeal to the general reader;" nevertheless, any reader will do well to avail himself of their deep and practical spirituality and of the penetrating thought that stimulates further meditation upon the subjects treated.

THE DOOR. By Mrs. Armel O'Connor. With a Foreword by Armel O'Connor. Mary's Meadow Series, No. VI. Mary's Meadow, Ludlow, Shropshire, England. 40 cents.

The present little work, which is one in the series of booklets from the pen of Mrs. Armel O'Connor, dealing with spiritual and religious experiences, has to do with conventual life. The first part, *Militants in Prison,* approaches the subject from the novel standpoint of the English suffragette agitation, and

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seems to have attracted attention at the time of the paper's first appearance in 1913, when this agitation was very much in evidence. The second part, *The Door*, tells of a convert mother's thoughts and feelings when her daughter became a cloistered nun, and is of more permanent appeal. There are several poems by Mr. Armel O'Connor on the main theme. Unfortunately the book verges at times on the sentimental.

IRISH LYRICS AND BALLADS. By Rev. James B. Dollard. New York: P. J. Kenedy & Sons. $1.35.

Three phases of Irish life are reflected in this volume—the fanciful, the belief in fairies; the heroic, the love of the ancient tales of war-like and romantic Erin; and lastly the distinctly national and emotional—the devotion and attachment of the Celt to the land of his birth, to the hills, the vales, the seas of his beloved Ireland. In the first, Father Dollard reveals himself possessed of that rarest of poetic gifts, the gift of fancy; a quality which transcends the emotional, the imaginative; a touch which is of a nature by itself, yet impossible to define. It is like light, and it is like color; it is intangible and elusive; and it imparts to poetry all the qualities of light, color, elusiveness and intangibility. In his interpretation of the spirit of Irish scenery, Father Dollard is equally successful. But it is in his treatment of the heroic age, of the old sagas of love and war, that he appears at his strongest. There is no concealing his inherent love for this ancient Erin, which he makes live and breathe again in his recounting of the legends of Cuchulain and Creda, Lugh and Ossian. His touching tributes to William Butler Yeats confirm the impression. His command of blank verse is striking; his passages have nobility and fire and a sonorous music. His volume is one to be proud of.

WITH THE FRENCH RED CROSS. By Alice Dease. New York: P. J. Kenedy & Sons. 60 cents.

Ten little stories of incidents at the Front make up this small but very appealing and interesting volume, presented by the publishers in an attractive dress of blue and white, sealed with the Red Cross. The stories are briefly and simply told; they are scarcely more than anecdotes; yet they hold the reader with their pathos and tragedy, and reveal in the author,

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already well known for several fictional works, a peculiarly telling gift for recounting mere fact with all the gloss and charm of an imaginative flight. The stories are of the memorable kind—none who read them will forget them: the Jewish Rabbi who died on the battlefield clasping the crucifix; the soldier-priest whose greatest battle was between his heart's consuming spirit of revenge and his soul's high call to Christian duty; the young seminarian who welcomed the call to war because it seemed a resolvent of his doubts concerning a vocation, yet who found the solution of those doubts in the midst of ruin and carnage; the London lad and the Dublin boy, who died side by side, comforting each other into eternity—these, and all the other figures of Miss Dease's little book, will live as long as there is a literature of the World War.

AT THE FOOT OF THE SAND-HILLS. By Rev. Henry S. Spalding, S.J. New York: Benziger Brothers. $1.00.

Walter Blackstone, a Chicago boy, goes on a long visit to the family of Dr. Frederic Murt, a young Nebraska physician whose avocations make him an ideal companion for anyone possessed of hunting instincts and a gun. Walter has both, and the sport which the two have, makes some readable chapters. In the background of the story move the eccentric Farmer Dobbs, Ignatius, his Catholic Indian factotum, and "Rolly" son of the former and idol of the latter, besides the husband and wife Seyon, two kindly Belgian *dei ex machina* who step in just in time to save Farmer Dobbs from financial ruin. The picture of little "Rolly's" deathbed baptism by Walter is very touching.

TRENCH PICTURES FROM FRANCE. By Major William Redmond, M. P. New York: George H. Doran Co. 50 cents net.

A pathetic interest attaches to this book of war sketches, sent from the front and originally published anonymously by Major Redmond in the London *Daily Chronicle;* for the author fell on the field of honor, offering his life not alone for the cause of humanity and democracy, but specifically and particularly for Ireland, his native land, which he had served whole-heartedly all his days. "Foreseeing death," says Miss Smith-Dampier in her touching introduction to the book, he "embraced it in the hope that his blood would bring healing to his own

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country;" a hope which finds utterance in many pages of the little volume.

The spirit of Major Redmond's pages is one of great charity and gentleness, and above all one of religious faith. The Irish soldier's love of God and the Mother of God, of the Sacraments and the rosary, runs like a light through the leaves of the book; and always the note of hope and optimism is struck.

THE ELEMENTARY ALGEBRA ($1.00) and *The Intermediate Algebra* (75 cents) published by Allyn & Bacon, New York, are clear, well-graded text-books with numerous and varied problems. They are thoroughly up-to-date and amply cover the requirements of the Regents' and Washington Syllabuses. Portraits and biographical sketches of several famous mathematicians add interest to the volumes.

THE *Elementary Course in Differential Equations*, by Edwin J. Maurus of Notre Dame University (Boston: Ginn & Co. 72 cents), would serve well as a satisfactory short course for private study, although even with previous knowledge of calculus, some tutorial aid would probably be required. The examples are well selected, and seem to cover practically all the solvable types met with in civil engineering.

ANECDOTE SERMONETTES FOR CHILDREN'S MASSES, by Rev. Frederick Reuter (Baltimore: John Murphy Co. 75 cents), gives sermons or instructions suitable for children on nine important feast days in the year. It is published as a Golden Jubilee Souvenir of a New Jersey parish.

PAMPHLET PUBLICATIONS.

For the convenience of our readers we make the following summary of war pamphlets published abroad that have come under our notice: *Defensively-armed Merchant Ships and Submarine Warfare*, by A. Pearce Higgins (London: Stevens & Sons); *Prussian Militarism at Work*, by the Rt. Rev. Dr. Cleary (London: Barclay & Fry); *The Case of Bohemia*, by Lewis B. Namier (The Czech National Alliance of Great Britain); *The War of Ideas*, by Sir Walter Raleigh (London: Oxford University Press); *Who Was Responsible for the War and Why?* by Ben Tillett (London: The Whitwell Press); *Pen Pictures of British Battles* (London: Eyre & Spottiswoode); *The British Work-*

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man Defends His Home, by Will Crooks; *Why Italy is With the Allies*, by Anthony Hope (London: Richard Clay & Sons); *The Case of the Allies* (London: Hayman, Christy & Lilly); *For Those in Captivity*, by Cardinal Mercier (London: Burrup, Mathieson & Sprague); *When the War Will End*, by Lloyd George (London: Alabaster, Passmore & Sons); *The Character of the British Empire*, by Ramsay Muir (London: Constable & Co.); *The King of Hedjaz and Arab Independence*, by Sir Stanley Maude (London: Hayman, Christy & Lilly); *Raymond: A Rejoinder*, by Paul Hookham (Oxford: B. H. Blackwell Co.); *Through the Iron Bars*, by Emile Cammaerts (London: John Lane Co.); *German Nationalism and the Catholic Church* (London: The Universe); *The Fourth of July in London* (London: Darling & Co.).

Published by T. Fisher Unwin, London: *The Condition of the Belgian Workmen now Refugees in England, Moral Aspects of the European War*, by Henrique Lopes de Mendonça; *The Sincere Chancellor*, by Fernand Passelecq; *British Workshops and the War*, by Rt. Hon. Christopher Addison, P.C., M.P.; *Britain versus Germany*, by Rt. Hon. J. M. Robertson, M.P.; *The Gathering of the Clans*, by J. Saxon Mills; *The War on Hospital Ships; The Deportations of Belgian Workmen*, by Jules Destree; *The Deportations; England and Her Critics*, by Mario Borsa; *The German Note and the Reply of the Allies; The Villain of the World-Tragedy*, by William Archer; *The War on German Submarines*, by Sir Edward Carson; *The Workers' Resolve*, by Joseph W. Griggs; *The Ottoman Domination; Canada to Ireland; The Moral Basis of Italy's War*, by Giorgia Del Vecchio; *Ireland and Poland*, by T. W. Rolleston; *To the Men Behind the Armies*, by Emile Cammaerts.

By Hodder & Stoughton of London: *The Welfare of Egypt*, by J. S. Willmore; *Frightfulness in Retreat; The Murderous Tyranny of the Turks*, by Arnold J. Toynbee, with a preface by Viscount Bryce; *British Finance and Prussian Militarism; A German to Germans*, by Dr. Hermann Rosemeier, Ph.D.; *Deutschland Über Allah*, by E. F. Benson; *Britain's Financial Effort; The British Commonwealth of Nations*, by General Smuts; *The New German Empire; International Law and Autocracy*, by Geoffrey G. Butler, M.A.; *The Justice of Rumania's Cause*, by A. W. A. Leeper; *England, Germany and the Irish Question*, by an English Catholic; *Plain Words from America*, by Prof. Douglas W. Johnson; *The Czecho-Slovaks: An Oppressed Nationality*, by Lewis B. Namier; *Microbe-Culture at Bukarest.*

And Williams, Lea & Co., London, have brought out a series of booklets published monthly, entitled *The War.*

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Recent Events.

Progress of the War.

Although several military experts, including some of our own, thought they had demonstrated that the much-talked of Hindenburg drive on the west would never take place, the event has proved their mistake. On the twenty-first of March, the Germans launched against the British line by far the strongest offensive recorded in history. Troops had been brought from the Russian front; guns likewise, both their own and those taken from the Russians with a large number captured on the Italian front, and assembled for the attack. So numerous were these guns, that the distance between each is said to have been but fifteen feet. They included long range guns, which were used to cut off the communications behind the British line and thus embarrass their operations. Notwithstanding all this, it was a surprise that the British line gave way so easily, for the opinion had been fostered that it was almost impregnable. This proved not to be the case, and in the course of five or six days the British, in the sector which embraces the Somme, were driven back some thirty miles; in fact a breach was made in their lines, and had it not been for the rapidity with which the French brought up their reserves, the Germans would have succeeded in their purpose of separating the French and British armies and of rolling up the right wing of the latter. The British defeat was due, in some degree, to the bad generalship of the British commander, who has subsequently been recalled. Large quantities of stores and munitions were captured by the enemy, and the very roads which had been made to facilitate the British defence, became of great service to the Germans in their advance. The more so as the British in their hasty retreat were unable to destroy the bridges. However, after about a fortnight's incessant fighting, the Germans were brought to an almost complete standstill, although we may by no means conclude that the attempt to take Amiens, which is their immediate objective, has been relinquished.

The attack on the southern end of the British lines was followed by an almost equally strong offensive on the lines to

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the north. In the neighborhood of Armentières this attack is still proceeding, and has so far resulted in grave German successes. So much so, that General Haig, the British Commander-in-Chief, has called upon his troops to fight to the last as men with their backs to the wall. This call and the arrival of reënforcements has resulted in the stiffening of the British line, but at the time these notes are being written the position is still critical. The British losses in prisoners, the English Premier asserts, has been grossly exaggerated by the Germans, as well as the number of guns which have been taken, but the losses are none the less serious. The number of the Germans engaged in the new onslaught has been variously estimated. Some make it as high as three million, but Mr. Lloyd George, in a recent speech, declared that the German forces and those of the Allies were about equal. The same, he has said, is the case with regard to the artillery. But as the enemy is on interior lines, he was able to concentrate at any point he chose, and, in some cases, the British had to fight, according to correspondence, against a force outnumbering them by four to one, and even in some places by ten to one.

These events have led to the accomplishment of a proposal made by the French some months ago, that the Allied forces should be brought into complete union by the appointment of a Generalissimo. Mr. Lloyd George was convinced, it is said, of the desirability of such an appointment, but finding strong opposition to it in England, he had to yield, and endeavor to find a substitute by giving executive powers to the Inter-Allied Council at Paris. In the face of so many adverse occurrences, English opposition has given way, and General Foch is now in supreme command of the French and British armies.

Another consequence which has been brought about by the German successes, is the amalgamation of certain of the United States forces in France with the French and British armies. Our country has made this sacrifice in view of the critical circumstances in which the Allies find themselves, and as a token of its willingness to do everything in its power for the common cause. Great Britain has raised the age of military service from forty-one to fifty-one as a pledge of her determination to make every sacrifice in her power to maintain the conflict to a victorious end, and young men only eigh-

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teen years of age, with but four months' training, are being sent to serve at the front. Mr. Lloyd George expects that the fighting which has just begun, will last six or eight months, and that the issue rests upon the question as to whether the Allies or Germany can endure the longer. The effect in this country has been to hasten the departure of the men whose services are so urgently needed in Europe. It is expected that under the new draft one and one-half million will be called to the colors.

Nowhere is there any sign of flinching. Rather the determination to fight to the end has strengthened. "Force, force to the utmost, force without stint or limit, the righteous and triumphant force which shall make right the law of the world and cast every selfish dominion down in the dust." In these words the President defines the purpose of all Americans.

In other fields of the War little has taken place. The Italian front has shown signs of activity. Whether this indicates a new movement on the part of Austria, remains to be seen. Scarcely anything has been done on the Saloniki front. In Palestine there are signs of Turko-German activity, for the British sustained an attack upon their lines north of Jaffa. To the east of the Jordan the British made a raid upon the Hedjez railway, which they destroyed for a few miles and then returned to their base. A forward movement of the British of some eighty miles from Hit on the Euphrates, renders it not improbable that an advance in the direction of Aleppo is being contemplated. It is possible that the British army which is now holding the neighborhood of Jerusalem, may converge towards the same place, and by doing so seize upon the chief centre of Turkish concentration in Syria. The Russians have completely evacuated Turkish Armenia, and a resistance of the inhabitants of the region conceded to Turkey by the Brest-Litovsk Treaty has been futile. There is a possibility that the Turkish army in Armenia may advance into Persia for the purpose of outflanking the forces of the British, which have been occupying a district about eighty miles north of Bagdad on the Tigris.

Germany.

The purpose of Germany to make history so as to place responsibility for the War on the Entente Powers, is in danger of being thwarted by her own chosen representatives. A state-

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ment made by Prince Lichnowsky, which has excited much attention, proves how bent Germany was upon bringing about a conflict. Prince Lichnowsky had been for some two years German Ambassador in London, and when he returned to Germany, upon the outbreak of the War, he was to a certain extent in disgrace for having been unable to give to the German authorities a true estimate of the British attitude in the event of war. This led him, in self-justification, to write a statement of the attitude of his own Government and to circulate it among a few friends. A copy of this statement has now been published in a Swedish Socialist paper. In it he makes it evident that the moment of his appointment was favorable to a new attempt to establish a better footing with England. In the course of the statement he describes how he had almost succeeded in bringing to a conclusion agreements between Great Britain and Germany with reference to the Bagdad railway, and the respective spheres of influence of the two Governments with regard to the Portuguese colonies in Africa. The latter agreement was not concluded only because Great Britain insisted upon the publication of the treaty, which publication Germany refused to make. He testifies to the ungrudging spirit in which Sir Edward Grey entered into the negotiation, and his strong desire to arrive at a conclusion as favorable as was possible to the wishes of Germany. The Prince bears testimony to the provoking character of the German Government's policy with reference to Morocco, which made possible a new conflict with France. He refutes the oft-repeated assertion that Great Britain's policy was to encircle Germany with a ring of foes. "The aim of the British statesman was not to isolate Germany, but to induce Germany to take part in the already established concert by removing the causes of friction between England and Germany and to secure the peace of the world by a network of agreements." He attributes to Germany the failure of the attempt to federate the Balkan States, an attempt which, for a time, gave much hope of a peaceful settlement of that long-vexed question. In the discussions which followed upon the first Balkan War he testifies that the British Foreign Minister was more often on the German side than on that of France or Russia, and that this sprang from the earnest desire of Sir Edward Grey to find a peaceful solution. In the Ambassador's

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estimate, his work in London had effected a noticeable improvement in the relations between the two countries. So far was it from the mind of Great Britain to make a wanton assault upon the German Empire, that the outlook was favorable to the solution of all outstanding differences.

More important, however, than the account of the more remote attitude of Great Britain towards Germany, is the narrative that the Prince gives of the events immediately preceding the declaration of war. This may be summed up in his own words:

"As it appears from all official publications without the facts being controverted by our own White Book, which, owing to its poverty and gaps, constitutes a grave self-accusation:

"1. We encouraged Count Berchtold to attack Serbia, although no German interest was involved and the danger of a world war must have been known to us—whether we knew the test of the ultimatum is a question of complete indifference.

"2. In the days between July 23 and 30, 1914, when Sazonoff emphatically declared that Russia could not tolerate an attack on Serbia, we rejected the British proposals of mediation, although Serbia under Russian and British pressure had accepted almost the whole ultimatum, and although an agreement about the two points in question could easily have been reached and Berchtold was even ready to satisfy himself with the Serbian reply.

"3. On July 30th, when Berchtold wanted to give way, we, without Austria having been attacked, replied to Russia's mere mobilization by sending an ultimatum to St. Petersburg, and on July 31st we declared war on the Russians, although the Tsar had pledged his word that as long as negotiations continued, not a man should march—so that we deliberately destroyed the possibility of a peaceful settlement.

"In view of these indisputable facts it is not surprising that the whole world outside of Germany attributes to us sole guilt for the World War."

He also testifies to the general belief in Germany of the unreadiness for war of Russia, an unreadiness which made Germany urge Austria-Hungary to make the preposterous demands upon Serbia which were the occasion of the War. Sir Edward Grey made unwearying efforts to avert war. Nothing would have been easier, according to the Prince, than

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to have averted it, if Germany had been willing. "A hint from Berlin would have been enough to make Count Berchtold satisfied with a diplomatic success and to cause his acquiescence in the Serbian reply."

More citations from the Prince's statement might be made with reference to the naval programme of the two countries and the commercial competition between them, but enough has been quoted to show that there was no desire on the part of Great Britain to enter into a conflict with Germany. This cuts the ground from under the feet of those who claim that Germany is now waging a defensive war. It is no wonder, therefore, that Prince Lichnowsky's revelations have caused embarrassment in Germany. On the one hand, it is said that he has been forced to resign his rank, and that there is the prospect of his being tried for high treason. On the other, that he has disavowed the statements made by him. As, however, this disavowal has been made under duress, little importance will be attached to an enforced denial.

It is now of course quite evident that the militarists have complete control of the foreign policy of the German Empire, and that the effort made by the more moderate party, which resulted in the resolution of July last, passed by the majority of the Reichstag, in favor of a peace without annexations and without indemnities, has been set aside. Von Hindenburg is in complete control, having, it is now said on good authority, more power than the Kaiser himself. Count von Hertling has broken, it is said, with Herr Mathias Erzberger, the prominent member of the Centre Party who has been the advocate of a moderate peace; and the Social Democrats who supported the July resolution are now said to be enlisted in support of the demands of the Pan-Germans. Undisguised demands for annexation of the Flanders coast and of parts of Northern France and for the payment of indemnities are now talked of. The realization of these demands depends of course upon the success of the present drive.

Austria-Hungary.

The reason of the President's address to Congress on the eleventh of February—an address which puzzled and perplexed many—has been made evident by recent revelations, undoubtedly known to the President at the time. The letter

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Emperor Charles addressed to his brother-in-law, Prince Sixtus de Bourbon, was written when things looked black for the Central Powers, and shows that what in previous notes was looked upon as probable, namely, that Austria was likely to make an effort to secure a separate peace, was not a mere supposition, but a reality. In this letter which, by the Emperor's request, was to be communicated to the President of the French Republic, after praising the dashing courage, force and resistance of the French troops and the spirit of sacrifice of the French people, the writer makes the astounding promise that he will support "France's just claims regarding Alsace-Lorraine." He goes on to say that Belgium should be entirely reëstablished in her sovereignty, retaining entirely her African possessions, without prejudice to the compensations she should receive for the losses she has undergone. Serbia should be reëstablished in her sovereignty, and as a pledge of his good-will, a port on the Adriatic would be assured to her, together with wide economic concessions in Austria-Hungary. The confirmation of the Emperor's desire for peace is found in the recently-disclosed fact that last July in the Reichstag, Herr Mathias Erzberger read a letter from His Majesty, in which he said that it was a necessity for his dominions that peace should be made before the end of 1917. Further indications of the same desire are found in the confidential conferences which have been taking place in Switzerland between agents of the Austro-Hungarian and French Governments. These conferences date back as far as the Premiership of M. Ribot.

The astounding admission of the justice of France's claims to Alsace-Lorraine, seems to preclude the idea that Germany was cognizant of the Emperor's diplomatic efforts to placate France. The publication of the Emperor's letter has raised a storm of condemnation in the German press. Count Czernin's resignation which has just taken place, may be an indication of his indignation at not having been in the confidence of the Emperor. Or it may be due to pressure exerted by the Kaiser. Whatever waverings, however, there may have been on the part of Austria-Hungary, they have all vanished now, and according to outward professions, at least, the Dual Monarchy is as resolute as is its partner to settle the issue by force. Whatever may be the resolution of the ruling

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authorities it is not shared by all their subjects. If the recent report that great demonstrations have been made in Budapest against the War and its continuance, and in favor of the Entente Powers be true, the unanimity the Emperor speaks of in his letter does not exist. But it would be unwise to attach much importance to what may be only an exceptional event. There is, however, good reason to believe that in Austria-Hungary the propagation of Bolshevik principles has been more successful than among the German proletariat.

The resoluteness and fidelity of France in turning a deaf ear to overtures made by the Emperor shows how strong is the union between the other democracies and herself, and that she adheres to the determination expressed by President Wilson to settle the issue by force, unstinted force.

The fact, vouched for by Mr. G. K. Chesterton, that France has had half a score of opportunities of ending the War by a separate peace which would restore to her Alsace-Lorraine, renders still more evident the loyal fidelity of France to her Allies.

Russia.

Finland, once a part or at least a dependency of Russia, is now a Republic independent at least in name. The conflict between the Government and the insurrectionary Bolsheviki continues. The Government finding itself incapable of securing order and of maintaining its own position against the insurgents, who were being aided by the Lenine Government of Russia, called upon the Germans for help which was given with the utmost alacrity. A force estimated at ten thousand is now working hand in hand with the native troops, and Helsingfors is said to be on the point of being captured. The Russian fleet also has been threatened with seizure by the Germans, unless the Russian Government comply with its terms. All this is being done in despite of the terms of the Brest-Litovsk Treaty, for the breaches of which the Russian Bolsheviki must be held as guilty as are the Germans. For no sooner had Lenine recognized independence of Finland, than he sent in Russian troops to upset the existing authority he had just recognized. Of course, the Germans having entered the new Republic there is little prospect of their leaving it. They now boast that they will soon have an open road from

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Tromso, still, indeed, in the possession of Norway, but access to which the Germans hope to secure by fair means or foul, to Teheran, the capital of Persia. This hope consoles them for the disappointment caused by the capture of Bagdad by the British which put an end to the more ambitious project of an open road from Hamburg to the city of the Caliphs.

On their way to Finland, the Germans used the chance to seize the largest of the Aland Islands, formerly belonging to Sweden and still chiefly occupied by Swedes. This island is so near the coast of Sweden that its possession forms a permanent source of danger to that country. Its position gives the possessor almost complete command of the Baltic Sea. Great consternation was caused by this seizure not only throughout Sweden, but also in Norway and Denmark. They began to realize that the increase of power thus accruing to Germany, placed them in a position of subordination. This fear was increased by the threatening attitude assumed by the German press towards the three States in question. Their conduct during the War was severely criticized as unneutral and friendly to the Allies, and as public opinion does not exist in Germany but is made by the Government, there was reason to fear that this outbreak of the press might be the prelude to hostile action. The injustice of such a complaint, at least so far as Sweden is concerned, is manifest from the fact that Sweden has more than once been a source of anxiety to the Allies, and has taken action which has embarrassed them in the course of the War. As is well known, she has supplied Germany with raw materials very useful to her in carrying on the War. In fact sympathy with these countries in the present embarrassment would be greater, had they shown themselves from the beginning of the War more willing to maintain and defend the liberties their ancestors won with such difficulty. Of these ancestors they have not proved themselves worthy sons. Either from fear or from greed they have maintained a neutrality which has greatly served the common foe of the world's liberties. The old saying which used to be common in this country, that the price of liberty is perpetual vigilance, has not been borne in mind, or certainly has not been their governing principle of action.

Rumor says that the eastern border of Finland will not be the limit of the German advance, but that her out-reaching

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arm will extend to the port of Archangel, thus closing to Russia her last outlet to the ocean. A further rumor, but one almost unworthy of mention, is that Japan and Germany are to limit their spheres of action and that Siberia will be placed within Japan's sphere of influence. In this event, of course, what is left of Russia would be altogether cut off from the world at large, for the possession of the Baltic provinces has given Germany the control of the Baltic Sea. Petrograd, indeed, remains in the hands of Russia, but its possession is so precarious that Germany could seize it upon the least pretext, and, in fact, almost any day we may hear this has been done.

The tortures inflicted upon the Belgian people are now known to all the world; almost as well known are the sufferings of the Poles. Little has been heard, however, of the wrongs of Poland's northern neighbors. In Lithuania, as elsewhere, the Germans have exercised the brutality now characteristic of them. Wholesale deportations have taken place from that former province of Russia, with even less excuse than was alleged for those in Belgium and northern France. Forced labor has been employed for purposes important to the Germans, and last and worst of all, the outraged inhabitants have been compelled to appeal to the German Government for the privilege of being incorporated into the German Empire. This appeal, however, is declared, by authorities worthy of credit, to have been made by a fraction of the population only, and is on a par with the appeal of the six hundred Flemings for the autonomy of the Flemish part of Belgium, and for separation from the provinces inhabited by the Walloons.

To the Kaiser, the inhabitants of the adjoining province of Courland have offered the title of Duke, but whether those who offered it are more representative of the people than were their neighbors in Lithuania, cannot be said. The recently-formed "independent" Kingdom of Poland, after having suffered the loss of one of its provinces by annexation to the Ukrainian Republic, is now threatened with the rectification of its frontiers so as to secure Germany from all danger of future invasion. The Germans have been advancing into the Ukrainian Republic and have taken town after town. It is not yet known where they intend to stop, for the eastern boundary of Ukrainia has not been settled. Some Germans would extend this frontier to the Caspian Sea, thereby bringing within

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the limits of the new Republic the whole of southern Russia. No organized opposition has been offered to the advancing forces, but in some places the peasants have risen up with scythes and other agricultural implements to ward off the robbers of their fields. The conflict still wages between the two rival Radas; the one that was set up as a Republic on its formation, and the other supported by the Bolsheviki to propagate in the newly recognized Republic the principles with which they are trying to govern what is left of Russia.

About the Crimea uncertainty still exists as to whether a new government has been established or not, but in any event Turkey has put forward claims to the possession of this peninsula. The report comes from the Caucasus that the Georgians and the Armenians were offering resistance to the Turks who were trying to take possession of the district conceded to them by the Brest-Litovsk Treaty. At first this resistance seemed likely to be successful. But the latest reports have it that this region has fallen again under the power of its former oppressor, and that peace is now at the point of being concluded with the Republic of the Caucasus. Still another republic has been formed out of the ruins of the fallen empire—the province of Kazan having declared its independence.

As to Siberia the accounts are conflicting. Sixty thousand German and Austrian prisoners are reported to have been formed into an army ready for war. This report, however, has been categorically denied. Some time ago the papers were filled with long accounts of the demand made by Great Britain and France upon Japan to send an army to Siberia to protect it from German encroachments, and to safeguard large stores of munitions which had been landed at Vladivostok. To this course, it was said, President Wilson was opposed, and that on this account Japan hesitated to comply with the request of her Allies. All this, however, was subsequently denied in open parliament by the Japanese Foreign Minister. He said that no such request had been made, but declared that Japan would act in the way best fitted to defend her own interests. This opportunity came about through riots at Vladivostok, in which Japanese subjects were killed and Japanese property was put in danger. Thereupon Japan landed marines. Great Britain followed this up by a similar course. According to a recent report, the same thing has been done by this country. The

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Bolshevik Government is so enraged by these proceedings that it has threatened war upon Japan.

Over the rest of Russia, the limits of which it is impossible, according to present knowledge, to define accurately, the Lenine Government still exercises its malevolent influence. According to report, it has been making overtures to the various political parties existent in the Republic, but that each and all refuse to coöperate in any way whatsoever with the usurped authority now in power. But, while refusing to coöperate, no one of them, nor any one of their members, has taken a step to direct the future destiny of Russia into safer courses. The Bolsheviki have made a show of raising a volunteer army of a million and a half of men, and have asked the Allies to supply them with officers. One of their members has expressed a hope that what Germany has taken and is now taking, will be restored. Plans are also being made for the federation of the various republics into one whole. Peace negotiations have been entered upon with the Ukraine Republic. Subordination of the Russian Government to Germany is evident in the submission it has shown to the various admonitions addressed to it by the imperial authorities. There are still those who cherish hope that an end may be put to the existing chaos even by the Bolsheviki themselves, and our President is thought to be one of these, but most of the well-wishers of Russia look upon it as a *sine qua non* of Russia's future welfare, that the new Republic should be delivered from those who have been so far the authors of a more far-reaching calamity than ever befell any country in so short a time. Friends and admirers of the Slavs profess full confidence in the ability of the Russians, if given time, to establish a stable form of government expressing the genius of the race.

The Revolution of 1917 liberated the Orthodox Church from two centuries of oppression and suppression. During the reign of the Tsar the Church was in complete subjection to the State, the Tsar was its real as well as its nominal head, and exercised his authority through civil officials who treated it as a mere State department. This came to an end when the Provisional Government granted freedom of conscience and of worship.

According to a writer in *New Europe*, this declaration of

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the freedom of the Church and of religious toleration has had the worst possible effect: "The ignorant masses, in whose uncultivated minds the Church, the Tsar and the police were indissolubly blended together, turned at once against the priests. The demagogic propaganda, that 'God had been invented by the popes and landowners for the exploitation of the people,' found ready listeners among the poor bewildered peasants, whose worst instincts were being systematically aroused and encouraged by conscious or unconscious leaders. The newly-acquired freedom was understood by them not as freedom *of*, but *from* conscience, worship or any organization. Many churches were closed, priests insulted and expelled from their parishes.

"This anti-Church movement became manifest from the very beginning of the revolution though on a moderate scale. Now, with the universal spread of anarchy throughout Russia, it has increased a thousandfold. Churches are being closed and plundered; hundreds of priests are wandering homeless and destitute, or hiding with their families in hovels, trembling for their very lives. Many of them have been foully murdered; others are seeking safety in denying their priesthood and exhibiting the wildest demagogy. Open scuffles frequently occur in the villages and towns between the supporters of the Church and the rabble, for it is impossible to define as atheists or freethinkers men whose sole religious, moral and political code is 'down with everything.' Men who had nominally belonged to the Church either from mere force of habit or from political motives, have naturally turned away from it in its hour of trial; while others again, seeing everything crumbling around them, are returning to the well-nigh forgotten beliefs of their childhood."

From this will be seen that the failure of autocracy was as complete in religious as in civil matters, nor will it be wondered at that the excommunication of the Bolshevik Government by the Patriarch at Moscow has produced, so far at least, no diminution of its authority. Whether, under the new circumstances, the Church released from State subjection will gain moral authority and influence over the Russian people, is one of the things that must be left to the future to disclose.

April 16, 1918.

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With Our Readers.

MARRIAGE in the mind and heart of a Catholic is a solemn pledge of life-long fidelity which is consecrated and elevated by God to the dignity of a sacrament. To violate or break it, is to break a solemn personal covenant with God. The modern non-Catholic world has lost faith in the sacraments and has degraded marriage to an institution subject to the changing laws of the State. The civil law permitting divorce, has been made the cloak of infidelity and dishonor—and has legally sanctioned both. No one can estimate how deep this disregard of personal honor and personal fidelity, sanctioned and approved by the civil law, has sunk, now how widely it has extended into the make-up of modern society. It has affected man's sense of honor in every respect and in all his dealings, and has thus contributed first to the loss of a sense of what morality really means and, secondly, to that chaos of misunderstanding and, indeed, of immoral anarchy from which the world now suffers.

* * * *

TO give a promise and then break it—is unworthy of any man or woman. By such an act he or she writes himself down as the betrayer of a sacred trust which, with another, he or she has solemnly promised to respect. To take a vow and break it, is infamous. Yet the modern world not only looks complacently upon, but defends the unspeakable evil of divorce.

The demand for easier divorce for the poorer people of England has lately grown more insistent. One of the self-appointed "champions" of marital dishonor is Conan Doyle.

* * * *

IN a recent issue of *The New Witness*, G. K. Chesterton writes: "Sir Arthur Conan Doyle, an intelligent man in other matters, says that there is only a 'theological' opposition to divorce, and that it is entirely founded on 'certain texts' in the Bible about marriages. This is exactly as if he said that a belief in the brotherhood of men was only founded on certain texts in the Bible, about all men being the children of Adam and Eve. Millions of peasants and plain people all over the world assume marriage to be static, without having ever clapped eyes on any text. Numbers of more modern people, especially after the recent experiments in America, think divorce is a social disease, without having ever bothered about any text. It may be maintained that even in these,

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or in anyone, the idea of marriage is ultimately mystical; and the same may be maintained about the idea of brotherhood. It is obvious that a husband and wife are not visibly one flesh, in the sense of being one quadruped."

The world oftentimes defeats and denies the very human truths which theology best expresses, most effectively defends and keeps alive.

* * * *

"AND that is doubtless the situation in the controversies about divorce and marriage today. It is the Christian Church which continues to hold strongly, when the world for some reason has weakened on it, what many others hold at other times. But even then it is barely picking up the shreds and scraps of the subject to talk about a reliance on texts. The vital point in the comparison is this: that human brotherhood means a whole view of life, held in the light of life, and defended, rightly or wrongly, by constant appeals to every aspect of life. The religion that holds it most strongly will hold it when nobody else holds it; that is quite true, and that some of us may be so perverse as to think a point in favor of the religion. But anybody who holds it at all will hold it as a philosophy, not hung on one text but on a hundred truths. Fraternity may be a sentimental metaphor; I may be suffering a delusion when I hail a Montenegrin peasant as my long lost brother. As a fact, I have my own suspicions about which of us it is that has got lost. But my delusion is not a deduction from one text, or from twenty; it is the expression of a relation that to me at least seems a reality. And what I should say about the idea of a brother, I should say about the idea of a wife.

"It is supposed to be very unbusinesslike to begin at the beginning. It is called 'abstract and academic principles with which we English, etc., etc.' It is still in some strange way considered unpractical to open up inquiries about anything by asking what it is. I happen to have, however, a fairly complete contempt for that sort of practicality; for I know that it is not even practical. My ideal business man would not be one who planked down fifty pounds and said 'Here is hard cash; I am a plain man; it is quite indifferent to me whether I am paying a debt, or giving alms to a beggar, or buying a wild bull or a bathing machine.' Despite the infectious heartiness of his tone, I should still, in considering the hard cash, say (like the cabman) 'What's this?' I should continue to insist, priggishly, that it was a highly practical point what the money was; what it was supposed to stand for, to aim at or to declare; what was the nature of the transaction; or, in short, what the devil the man supposed he was do-

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ing? I shall therefore begin by asking, in an equally mystical manner, what in the name of God and the angels a man getting married supposes he is doing? I shall begin by asking what marriage is; and the mere question will probably reveal that the act itself, good or bad, wise or foolish, is of a certain kind; that it is not an inquiry or an experiment or an accident; it may probably dawn on us that it is a promise. It can be more fully defined by saying it is a vow.

"Many will immediately answer that it is a rash vow. I am content for the moment to reply that all vows are rash vows. I am not now defending, but defining vows; I am pointing out that this is a discussion about vows; first, of whether there ought to be vows, and second, of what vows ought to be. Ought a man to break a promise? Ought a man to make a promise? These are philosophic questions; but the philosophic peculiarity of divorce and re-marriage, as compared with free love and no marriage, is that a man breaks and makes a promise at the same moment. It is a highly German philosophy; and recalls the way in which the enemy wishes to celebrate his successful destruction of all treaties by signing some more. If I were breaking a promise, I would do it without promises. But I am very far from minimizing the momentous and disputable nature of the vow itself. I shall try to show, in a further article, that this rash and romantic operation is the only furnace from which can come the plain hardware of humanity, the cast iron resistance of citizenship or the cold steel of common sense; but I am not denying that the furnace is a fire. The vow is a violent and unique thing; though there have been many besides the marriage vow; vows of chivalry, vows of poverty, vows of celibacy, pagan as well as Christian. But modern fashion has rather fallen out of the habit; and men miss the type for the lack of the parallels. The shortest way of putting the problem is to ask whether being free includes being free to bind oneself. For the vow is a tryst with oneself.

"I may be misunderstood if I say, for brevity, that marriage is an affair of honor. The skeptic will be delighted to assent, by saying it is a fight. And so it is, if only with oneself; but the point here is that it necessarily has the touch of the heroic, in which virtue can be translated by *virtus*. Now about fighting, in its nature, there is an implied infinity, or at least a potential infinity. I mean that loyalty in war is loyalty in defeat or even disgrace; it is due to the flag precisely at the moment when the flag nearly falls. We do already apply this to the flag of the nation; and the question is whether it is wise or unwise to apply it to the flag of the family. Of course, it is tenable that we should

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apply it to neither, that misgovernment in the nation or misery in the citizen would make the desertion of the flag an act of reason and not treason. I will only say here that, if this were really the limit of naticnal loyalty, some of us would have deserted our nation long ago."

IT is a very old and useful maxim which reads *de mortuis nil nisi bonum,* and if of the long dead Benjamin Franklin we, in these paragraphs, repeat things that are not good, it is with no wish to injure the good name of a man who stands high for his patriotic service in the esteem of all Americans. Since he is often presented as a type for the patriotic American to follow, his life and character may justly be examined, and debated. Indeed, it is mandatory to point out the examples in which he may be followed and those in which he should not. A hero should be accepted as such only in his heroic activity; he may have been a sorry failure in some other field of human endeavor.

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A COMPREHENSIVE life of Franklin, by William Cabel Bruce, has just been published by Putnam's. It is entitled: *Benjamin Franklin Self-Revealed.* This life shows us not alone the things in which he was great, but also those wherein he was lacking, wherein he failed; and in the larger sense how his example in just these departments of life contributed to certain characteristics of American life and American institutions.

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IT would be impossible here even to begin a survey of the two volumes. We wish merely to point out that Franklin does not merit the legendary title of a highly virtuous man which has so often been bestowed upon him, and what is still more important, that Franklin's religious beliefs were shaped and directed by his moral conduct or the lack of it. Paul Bourget ends a recent novel with this pregnant saying: "Act as you believe; or you will soon believe as you act." Unless a man accepts a definite objective code of moral conduct as an unchanging and unquestionable norm by which he should regulate his thoughts and his actions, he will soon find excuses, justification for his habits, his thoughts, his conduct and out of his own weaknesses create his moral and religious code.

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A STUDY of Franklin's character will furnish an effective answer to those who are so fond of declaring that it matters not what one believes so long as he does good. Franklin with un-

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common shrewdness studied life and people primarily with a view to advance himself materially in life; to have friends and popular favor; to help mankind in its physical needs. All of this he sought for only with half selfish purpose. Selfishness was not his controlling passion. He had a mind too large; a heart too human and sympathetic to permit of that. Nevertheless, Benjamin Franklin was a figure that always loomed large and prominent in his philosophy of life. His view of morality was always prudential. The possession of money was always a great aid to, if not a necessary condition of virtue. The man of pleasure must in his view practise self-denial; if he did not, he would suffer as a man of pleasure; he could not indulge himself so much nor so often. It is not surprising, therefore, that Horatio, the Man of Pleasure, in Franklin's dialogue, was so delighted at the comfortable margin for sensual enjoyment which Philocles, the Man of Reason and Virtue, allowed him that he departed with the satisfield farewell: "Adieu, thou enchanting Reasoner."

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JUDGED by the only true test, that of actual experience, his moral teachings would not hold water. It may be seriously questioned if Franklin himself did not see the insufficiency, the emptiness of them; and whether his love of advancement, his self-conceit and ambition for popularity did not prevail in the publication of his *Autobiography* and his *Art of Virtue*.

The author of this Life states: "Indeed, we may shrewdly suspect that even Franklin's idea that he was such a debtor to his factitious system of moral practice was not much better than a conceit." If we were to take one example, that of personal chastity, we would find Franklin notably deficient. We are restating these things not because we wish to re-tell a man's failures and sins; but because Franklin put before the world a system of virtue. A teacher's own example may justly be applied in measuring the worth of his system.

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"IN such Rabelaisian *jeux d'esprit*, as Polly Baker's Speech, the Letter on the choice of a Mistress, and the Essay on Perfumes, in the *naïveté* which marked Franklin's relations to his natural son's natural son, and in the ease with which he adopted in his old age the tone, if not the practices of French gallantry, we cannot but recognize (in Benjamin Franklin) a nature too deficient in the refinements of early social training, too physically ripe for sensual enjoyment and too unfettered in its intellectual movements to be keenly mindful of some of the nicer obligations of scrupulous conduct."

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"There is only too much," adds the author, "in the correspondence which has survived him to give color to the statement of John Adams that even at the age of seventy-odd he had neither lost his love of beauty nor taste for it. When we bear this in mind and recall what he had to say in the *Autobiography* about the 'hard-to-be-governed passion of youth,' which frequently hurried him into intrigues with low women that fell in his way before he resolved to acquire the habit of chastity with the aid of his book, we realize that the artificial scaffolding, which he proposed to build up around his character, reasonably enough broke down at just the point where the natural vigor of his character was the weakest. . . . His domestic affections were uncommonly strong, but the notable peculiarity about his domestic life is that he was not a whit less soberly dutiful in his irregular than is his regular family connections, and always acted as if the nuptial ceremony was a wholly superfluous form, so far as a proper sense of marital or paternal obligation, or the existence of deep, unreserved affection, upon the part of a husband or father, went."

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FRANKLIN'S religious beliefs were on the same natural, indefinite plane as his moral system. He was repelled from orthodox religion by the contradiction and inconsistencies of Protestantism. He became a Deist. In his *Autobiography*, he states: "My parents had early given me religious impressions, and brought me through my childhood piously in the Dissenting way. But I was scarce fifteen, when, after doubting by turns of several points, as I found them disputed in the different books I read, I began to doubt of Revelation itself. Some books against Deism fell into my hands; they were said to be the substance of sermons preached at Boyle's lectures. It happened that they wrought an affect on me quite contrary to what was intended by them; for the arguments of the Deists, which were quoted to be refuted, appeared to me much stronger than the refutations!"

He believed in God, in God's overruling providence and in the personal immortality of the soul. But all these beliefs were tinctured, tempered and tainted by his worldliness, his philosophy of prudence and economy. When he visited a nun living alone in London, saw her self-denial, her consecration to the poor, it was not the self-denial that held his soul's eye, nor the crucifix on the bare wall, it was the practical lesson in economy which showed how a person could live on so little. He could go forth from that improvised cell redolent of the odor of Christ, and write a book in which it was stated that "'nothing could possibly be wrong in the world' and vice and virtue were empty distinctions" and dedicate

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the same to his friend, James Ralph, who had deserted his wife and family in Philadelphia.

"Of that real, vital religion, which vivifies even the common dull details of our daily lives, and irradiates with cheerful hope even the dark abyss to which our feet are hourly tending, which purifies our hearts, refines our natures, quickens our sympathies, exalts our ideals, and is capable unassisted of inspiring even the humblest life with a subdued but noble enthusiasm—of this religion Franklin had none, or next to none. . . . Religion to him was like any other apparatus, essential to the well-being of organized society, a thing to be fashioned and adapted to its uses, without reference to anything but the ordinary principles of utility."

He believed in external worship, was lax in attending church service himself, but urged his daughter, Sally: "Go constantly to church, whoever preaches." In coöperation with the notorious Sir Francis Dashwood he undertook a satirical revision of the Book of Common Prayer. Needless to say it was shorn of "all reference to the Sacraments and to the divinity of Our Lord and the commandments in the Catechism, the Nicene and the Athanasian Creeds, and even the Canticle 'All ye Works of the Lord' was ruthlessly deleted."

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HIS rule of the virtue of silence was chronically suspended when the subject of formal religion was in question, and oftentimes when sacred things and sacred customs offered an opportunity for parody. Indeed, though his writings be marked by words of praise and thanksgiving to God, of favorable comment on the beneficent fraternal fruits of religious belief, there is nothing in them "to justify the conclusion that to Franklin God was anything more than the personification, more or less abstract, of those cosmic forces with which he was so conversant, and of those altruistic promptings of the human heart, of which he himself was such a beneficent example."

* * * *

FRANKLIN'S moral system, we saw, was fitted to human prudence, formed of assorted maxims shrewdly selected, far more considerate of earth than of heaven, and absolutely inadequate to mold man to high moral stature. Franklin's religious beliefs were of similar temper—uncertain: more expressive of man than of God: inadequate and artificial. "There is undeniably," writes the author of these volumes, "a lack of reality, a certain sort of

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hollowness about Franklin's religious views. When we tap them, a sound, as of an empty cask, comes back to us."

* * * *

WITH the many serious problems before us now, as individuals and as a nation, it is well for us to know wherein Franklin was a hero to be emulated and wherein he was not.

EVERY day brings to light some new and interesting Catholic work. Unknown to many, there has grown up among us in the past seven years, a flourishing national organization composed of Catholic deaf-mutes, under the title of their famous Catholic benefactor, the Abbé Charles Michel De l'Epée.

Although more modern methods have largely supplanted the sign language invented by this well-known French priest in the eighteenth century, to his ingenuity and devotion is due the credit of having blazed the trail for the whole system of instruction for deaf-mutes now in use.

The Knights and Ladies of De l'Epée count fourteen Councils of their Order in various cities of the United States. Their laws and requirements are similar to those of the Knights of Columbus and the Daughters of Isabella. Only practical Catholics are admitted to membership, and every endeavor is made to lighten the limitations of the members and make them mutually helpful.

The official organ is *The Catholic Deaf-Mute,* published at Richmond Hill, Long Island, New York.

THE National Conference of Social Work will meet in Kansas City, May 15th to 22d. Thereafter the National Conference of Charities and Correction will be known by that name. Between three thousand and four thousand delegates are expected at the May meeting. It is an impressive gathering always. There are no tendencies or temperaments that are not represented. One catches at first the tone of confusion, and here and there conflict of view and policy. But beneath these superficial features, there lies a pervading devotion to the common welfare and an earnest endeavor to serve the processes that make for social justice. Scholarship, experience, eminence in many lines will be found in abundance at the Kansas City meeting. The influence of the discussions will be far-reaching. All citizens would do well to take an interest in the work of the Conference.

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Last year there were about two hundred Catholics in attendance at the meeting which was held in Pittsburgh. While many views and policies from which we sincerely dissent will come to expression, we should be represented in generous numbers, to learn and to teach as we may.

IT is a pleasure for us to announce that Miss Marian Nesbitt who has frequently contributed to THE CATHOLIC WORLD, has recently been honored by our Holy Father Pope Benedict XV. with the decoration *Pro Ecclesia et Pontifice.*

IN the current issue of THE CATHOLIC WORLD there is a slight omission in one of the sentences of Doctor Shanahan's article on *St. Matthew and the Parousia.* On page 170, the sentence beginning: "A Palestinian Jew," etc., should read in full as follows: 'A Palestinian Jew would have first asked about the 'consummation,' and then about the 'coming.'"

BOOKS RECEIVED.

LONGMANS, GREEN & Co., New York:

Mysticism and Logic. By B. Russell. $2.50 net. *Passio Christi.* By Mother St. Paul. $1.40 net. *Last Lectures.* By Wilfrid Ward. $4.00 net. *Irish Memories.* By E. Somerville and M. Ross. $4.20 net. *Studies in English Franciscan History.* By A. G. Little, M.A. $3.00 net. *Portuguese Portraits.* By A. F. G. Bell. $1.75 net.

AMERICAN BOOK Co., New York:

A Greek Grammar for Schools and Colleges. By H. W. Smyth. *An Introduction to Science.* By B. M. Clark, Ph.D. *Le Premier Livre.* B. A. A. Méras, Ph.D., and B. Méras, A.M. *A Community Arithmetic.* By B. Hunt. *New First Spanish.* By J. H. Worman, LL.D.

E. P. DUTTON & Co., New York:

The Temple. By Rev. W. E. Orchard, D.D. $1.00 net. *Greater Than the Greatest.* By H. Drummond. $1.50 net. *Front Lines.* By B. Cable. $1.50 net. *Memoirs of Cardinal de Retz.* Two Volumes. 60 cents each. *The Social Plays of Arthur Wing Pinero.* Edited by C. Hamilton. $2.00 net.

HARPER & BROTHERS, New York:

Prayers for Today. By S. McComb, D.D. $1.00 net. *The Winning of the War.* By R. G. Usher, Ph.D. $2.00 net. *Outwitting the Hun.* By Lieut. Patrick O'Brien. $1.50 net. *The Wings of Youth.* By E. Jordan. $1.40 net. *A History of Architecture.* By F. Kimball and G. H. Edgell. $3.50 net.

FLEMING H. REVELL Co., New York:

The City of the Anti-Christ. By R. H. McCartney.

GEORGE H. DORAN Co., New York:

The Deliverance of Jerusalem. By E. W. G. Masterman, F.R.C.G. 25 cents. *Martyred Armenia.* By Fà'iz El-Ghusein. 25 cents. *In the Land of Death.* From the French. 10 cents.

CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS, New York:

The Ways of War. By Prof. T. M. Kettle. $1.50 net. *The Flower of the Chapdelaines.* By G. W. Cable. $1.35 net. *Five Tales.* By J. Galsworthy. $1.50 net. *"Over There" with the Australians.* By Capt. R. H. Knyvett. $1.50 net.

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THE ABINGDON PRESS, New York:
The Call to Arms. By A. H. Brown and F. W. Smith.
BENZIGER BROTHERS, New York:
The Future Life. By Rev. J. Sasia, S.J. $2.50. *The Man from Nowhere.* By A. T. Sadlier. $1.00. *The Straight Religion.* By Father Benedict, O.SS.S. $1.50 net. *Prayers for Our Dead.* By Rev. C. S. McGrath.
OXFORD UNIVERSITY PRESS, New York:
Poems of Conformity. By Charles Williams. $1.40.
P. J. KENEDY & SONS, New York:
The Origins of Contemporary Psychology. By Cardinal Mercier. $2.25 net. *College of Mount St. Vincent.* By A. C. Browne. *Shepherd My Thoughts.* By F. P. Donnelly. 75 cents net. *God and Man.* From the French of Rev. L. Labauche, S.S. Volume I.—God. $1.75 net.
D. APPLETON & Co., New York:
Don Strong, Patrol Leader. By William Heyliger. $1.35 net.
DUFFIELD & Co., New York:
Tolstoy. By G. R. Noyes. $1.50 net.
B. W. HUEBSCH, New York:
The Dramatic Works of Gerhart Hauptmann. Edited by L. Lewisohn. Volume VII. $1.50 net.
FREDERICK A. STOKES, Co., New York:
Letters to the Mother of a Soldier. By R. Wright. $1.00 net. *The House of Conrad.* By E. Tobenkin. $1.50 net.
DODD, MEAD & Co., New York:
Carolyn of the Corners. By R. B. Endicott. $1.35 net. *A Roumanian Diary 1915, 1916, 1917.* By Lady Kennard. $1.25 net.
G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS, New York:
Benjamin Franklin Self-Revealed. By Wm. C. Bruce. Two volumes. $6.00 per set.
THE AMERICA PRESS, New York:
Catholics and Social Reform. Pamphlet. 5 cents.
HENRY HOLT & Co., New York:
My Ireland. By Francis Carlin.
MAHON PRESS, 509 West 161st Street, New York:
Irish Joy Stories. By Shiela Mahon.
THE CENTURY Co., New York:
Donald Thompson in Russia. By Donald C. Thompson. $2.00 net.
THE MACMILLAN Co., New York:
The Book of High Romance. By Michael Williams. $1.50.
THE GORHAM PRESS, Boston:
Esther and Harbonah. By H. P. Mendes. $1.25 net.
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"THE POET OF THE RETURN TO GOD."

BY HUGH ANTHONY ALLEN, M.A.

IN these days of emotionalism all over the world, no recent change has been more amazing in its swiftness or more poignant in its implications than the attitude of the public toward literature. On every side there is evinced a trend toward books with an accent of spiritual romance. The moon is rising again and the tide of dreams once more floods "the naked shingles of the world." The old, starlit mystery of things is returning. A new transcendentalism is upon us. Man is obsessed by the conviction that he does not live by bread alone, that the meaning of his life is something sacred and radiant and exalted, and hence that strange beauty called poetry has come into its own. For it is the mission of the true poet to throb the spirits of men into a realization of their interior life, to make them feel the nature of their being and render them sentient of the pressure of immortality. He makes us feel whence we are, why we are here and whither we tend.

Poetry is the soul in vision, in flight, in ecstasy; its charm is tangible only by the soul. Its worth and portent are commensurate with the soul's metamorphoses, and these are bounded only by the gossamer threads of infinity. From the pinnacles of a mighty faith, the poet peers into the unknown, peeps at the secret workings of the universe and in-

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terprets the mysteries of the Almighty. Because men comprehend that he is something more than a creature of mere fancies, because they feel in their brains the splendid penetration of his vision, the poet's influence has always been beneficent and his place in life unique.

Among the authentic singers who are quickening the inner consciousness of our people, Francis Thompson occupies a high place. Already his own forecast has been verified. The world *does* glean of him, "the sleeper." Everywhere men are reaping the precious guerdon of his tragic youth. Yet, though his vogue is tremendous, his legend has been singularly meagre: a very important phase of his life, the Franciscan phase, has almost been ignored. Now to arrive at a fair estimate of any man's character, the primary necessity is to endeavor to realize his point of view, to appreciate his preconceptions. If we require of him that his preconceptions shall coincide with our own, we may reconstruct a figure of much appeal, perhaps, but we shall not discover the man as he really was. If we do succeed in apprehending his point of view, we shall almost inevitably find that the man who ultimately emerges is different from, and probably better than, the man we have previously conceived him. So to estimate fairly the value of Francis Thompson's message today for a materialistic world, war-torn, heart-broken and again seeking God, we must realize the potently quickening influence of Franciscan philosophy upon his life and work.

Francis Thompson has been acclaimed "the essential poet of essential Christianity," for, though fully deserving to be called "one of Orpheus' dazzling train," much of the high beauty of his work is due to the Catholic basis on which it rests, and to the analogies within it, drawn from Catholic faith and ceremonial. His writings have been well said to mark "the return of the nineteenth century to Thomas à Kempis." He was a skilled artificer in jeweled words who wrought in mediæval language filagrees as marvelously intricate as those wrought by Cellini in mediæval gold. Rejoicing in an omnipresent consciousness of the Divine Immanence in all things, he succeeded in cloaking them vividly and completely with the Divine Presence. Catholic in his manner, Catholic in his matter, Thompson taught that man's true food is immortal bread

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and wine, that "in Christ centres and is solved that supreme problem of life—the marriage of the Unit with the Sum," since "in Him is perfectly shown forth the All for one, and One for all, which is the justificatory essence of that substance we call Kingship," and hence that only in a universal union of men with their Mother, the Church, shall the world ultimately find salvation.

Such, viewing his work in its larger aspect, is his message, and we have read it in vain unless the memory of his lily-filled thoughts comes, with a strong and tender impetus, to pour over the whole of life with its harsh unrest, its uncompassionate fret, its empty strivings in a baffled maze, the precious ointment of his vision. Time was when Thompson was disparaged as the poet of a circle, whereas now he is hailed as a knight of the great highway, a poet of the school of Shakespeare, the disciple of Milton, the familiar of Pope and Dryden, the affinity of Crashaw and Patmore, in sympathy with the Lake poets, a companion spirit with Shelley and Keats and worthy of sharing "the roseal lightnings burning 'mid their hair." In his highest expression of emotion, in the perfection of his form, his gorgeous imagery is no longer a veil between his thought and common understanding. His splendid verse is like some symphony in stone, like the grand old cathedral of Chartres, the secret of whose material loveliness is lost, but whose alluring charm is a quick and abundant source of pleasure. It was not until death brought a merciful finale to a life crowned rather with the thorn than with the laurel, however, that the general reading public realized that a great tonic force had been at work in their midst; a prophet had been among them and they knew him not, a prophet singing

> the songs of Sion
> By the streams of Babylon.

Thompson's writings are permeated with a peculiar and very definite philosophy; all through the poet's work appears his own perception that he has tobogganed to death; his words come trippingly because his lips bleed; he sings because he has been struck dumb by God. By a subtle alchemy of the spirit, his wretchedness was transmuted into the ethereal substance of art and out of his losses he enriched humanity. One does not possess the true talisman that admits to his magnificence

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until one has acquired something of an insight into Franciscan ideals, something of the wise joyousness and childishness of a Brother Leo, something of that distinctively Franciscan intimacy with sacred things, that captivating, audacious familiarity with the divine, which, however refined, is always inexpressibly shocking to the puritan mind, Catholic or Protestant. For, of the various influences which helped mold the character of the man, one perceives the most salutary to have been that of the Order of his seraphic namesake, of which he was a devout Tertiary.

At the time Thompson was doing his best work, the revival in England of interest in things Franciscan, was well under way, and the books produced upon Franciscania were almost as numerous as the proverbial leaves of Vallombrosa. That he should have aided in giving form and volume to the movement seems inevitable. Thompson's mysticism was in the true lineal Franciscan descent; he knew that the way is long and that we arrive, not by choosing our path, but by treading the thorns and briars of the road on which our feet have been set. He was a man who felt in every ripple of a stream, in every yielding of the earth, in every tint of the sky, in every call of the wind, in the splendor of sunset and in the glamour of moonrise the operations of a conscious, unseen Power that is craving audience and converse with His creation. With Francis Thompson, mysticism was "morality carried to the nth power." Always orthodox, the passing visions that came to him as a poet were merged into the abiding Vision that possessed him as a mystic. "The sanity of his mysticism," someone has observed, "is the great value to the present generation. A high individual experiencing of purgation, illumination and union, a quiet constancy in the corporate life, and discipleship as well as leadership; what combination more needed than this for our 'uncourageous day?'" For Thompson the facts of life were a perpetual vibration, a flashing and shading of God's paradoxes. Spiritual, idealistically and impersonally so, he was utterly a creature of dreams. All wavering substance of the visible world was to him a Gobelins tapestry woven by the secret fingers of the Omnipotent. This perception was no mere fugitive one, but the companion of his hours and the inspiration of his being. Always he heard a higher voice above the earth's discordant music; to him

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From sky to sod
The world's unfolded blossom smells of God.

Though St. Francis sought first the Kingdom of God and His justice, and never strove to divert the cause of art or to force poetry to take a new direction, these things were added unto him, and among those to whom art and letters owe an incalculable debt we must assuredly reckon the Poverello of Assisi. The Brownings, Dante Gabriel Rosetti, Ruskin and Symonds, among others, all tended to bring Italy into the foreground of English thought during the latter Victorean period, while Sabatier, with his interesting, although rather objectionable, *Life of St. Francis,* and Ozanam, with his *Poètes Franciscains,* helped swell the ever-flowing tide of Franciscan literature at this time. For the unconventional Thompson, the grand manner, the glorious recklessness of the Franciscan life, must have had an irresistible fascination. He frequently visited the monasteries of the Order at Olton, Crawley and Pantasaph. With several Friars he was on terms of the most intimate friendship, and a few had his intellectual confidence. His fine nostalgia for spiritual things put him *en rapport* with the Franciscan mood, and time and again when almost slain by life, which is coarse and vulgar when it touches his type, the unutterable peace of Franciscan places eased the tragedy of his vicissitudes. With an exquisite courtesy the Capuchins showered upon him corporal as well as spiritual works of mercy.

In Richard de Bary's *Franciscan Days of Vigil,* we find a delightful little picture of the poet's life among his "Brothers and most dear Friends:" "The centre of interest in the household was the poet, Francis Thompson, who spent the summer of that year in a neighboring cottage. Walks in the late evening did not result in much conversation; but at evening gatherings in my room the poet used often to join the party, and argued with vigor and persuasiveness on favorite topics. The Franciscans had learnt a kind of art of drawing their mystical guest into conversation. The way was to introduce a subtle contradiction to his pet theories, which would in a moment produce a storm of protesting eloquence."

At Pantasaph, he wrote *Ex Ore Infantium* for the *Franciscan Annals,* his verses on St. Anthony in the *Life* by Father Marianus and much of his prose, for instance *Sanctity and*

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Song and the very Franciscan *Health and Holiness*, described as "A Study of the Relations between Brother Ass, the Body, and his Rider, the Soul." Here, too, he polished up those offerings grouped under the title of *New Poems*. The deep, internal Franciscan character in the man was heightened by his daily companionship with the gentle Friars during these opportune periods of respite from the world's cruelty. As a Tertiary, Thompson was a member of an Order of Penance not only by profession and choice but by circumstances. Reared amidst the purring softness of a comfortable home, with the education of a gentleman and the highly-strung temperament of an artist, he frequently found his only home the street, his only refuge from the elements a railway arch or a cabman's stand, his only means of repose a bench in the park, his only employment that of the ordinary vagrant or casual tramp, selling matches, shining shoes, fetching cabs, holding horses, running errands.

Yet, in all his writings, there is not one word of revolt, not one hint of rebellion against the providence of God. On the contrary, his devotion to the Lady Poverty was absolute; his resignation to the Divine Will genuinely Franciscan. Though he tells us in one of his poems of the awful ruin of his early manhood;

> In the rash lustihood of my young powers,
> I shook the pillaring hours
> And pulled my life upon me,

amidst the shattered remnants of his broken years he led a life of appalling mortification in atonement for his indiscretions. Hence he had an open window into the realm of Franciscan thought and no wall existed between his mind and that of the Umbrian Poverello. He was not merely a great Catholic poet, he was a great Franciscan poet. Thus the threefold motive power of Francis Thompson's verse is his Franciscan tradition and outlook, his perpetual sense of the unseen and his wonderful sympathy with nature. These are the three strings of his lyre and they are always in harmony.

Thompson was not a poet of the street. He did not attempt to make articulate the monstrous poetry of the great city in which he suffered so much; he did not endeavor to portray its chaos of sound, its prismatic glare, its barbaric spirit, its riotous profanity, its miasmas and its perfumes, its passions and

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its mockeries, its frail humanities and its ribald youth. The romance of roof-tops, the mystery of slum alleys, and the leprous canker of urban iniquity all failed to strike his fancy. The call came to him from the countryside. The poppy that sways in the grass "like a yawn of fire," the silvered fin of a fish as it flashes through deep water, the troubled gray lights of morning, the sweet breath of blossoms, the butterfly sunsets, the young May moon, "flying up, with its slender white wings spread, out of its nest"—these are some of the things with which his genius is concerned. He "companioned nature in her bed-chamber." But nature was for Thompson, as for every Franciscan, only a sacramental veil of divine loveliness. He would have us see the other world everywhere in this:

> The angels keep their ancient places;
> Turn but a stone and start a wing!
> 'Tis ye, 'tis your estranged faces,
> That miss the many-splendored thing.

Thompson was a stylist, a seeker for the phrase, for the unusual word. He revels in fine distinctions, in delicate shadings of words, and possesses a marked susceptibility to sense impressions, particularly those of color, and one turns from the garish reds and yellows of present-day poetasters to his magnificent purple and gold with genuine relief. The aspect of the sunset sky, the thrall of dusk and the solemnity of evening invests all his utterance. The rising and setting of the sun was to Thompson a "type memorial," a figure of Christ giving vibrant life to the earth, and this supreme phenomenon of nature is the true symbol of his life and poetry. Much of the sublimated æstheticism discoverable in St. Francis' *Canticle of the Sun* permeates his poems on this, his favorite subject. His art in words may be compared with Turner's. Thompson, too, is a painter of skies, and his pictures are marvelous in their exuberant color. For many, his magnificence is overpowering; his artistry, his involution, his inversion are stumbling blocks rather than stepping stones, but those who follow him up the dizzy heights, he rewards with wonderful gifts of sheer beauty and grandeur—"as having nothing, yet possessing all things, as poor, yet making many rich." The same paradox which is seen in the humble Assisian's building of the Milan Cathedral is evident in the life of Thompson; the

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pangs of pain might prune his spirit but could not destroy the Ivory Tower of his verse. Witness the wealth of lofty imagery in the opening of his splendid *Orient Ode:*

Lo, in the sanctuaried East,
Day, a dedicated priest,
In all his robes pontifical exprest,
Lifteth slowly, lifteth sweetly,
From out its Orient tabernacle drawn,
Yon orbèd sacrament confest
Which sprinkles benediction through the dawn;
And when the grave procession's ceased
The earth with due illustrious rite
Blessed,—ere the frail fingers featly
Of twilight, violet-cassocked acolyte,
His sacerdotal stoles unvest—
Sets, for high close of the mysterious feast,
The sun in august exposition meetly
Within the flaming monstrance of the West.

Observe how, in his *Ode to the Setting Sun,* his Catholic figures are heightened in beauty and poetic grandeur by their juxtaposition with pagan classical illusions:

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 tonight
Yet lift once more Its light,
And, risen, again departed from our ball,
But when It set on earth arose in Heaven.

And again, in *To A Poet Breaking Silence:*

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 Cecelia's lap of snows!

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While I am on the subject of Thompson's addresses to the sun, I cannot omit this typically Franciscan rhapsody. Note the touching reference to the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass and the pertinence of his query: What doth it profit a man if he gain the whole sun and lose the true Orient, Christ?

Yea, in glad twinkling advent, thou dost dwell
Within our body as a tabernacle!
Thou bittest with thy ordinance
The jaws of Time, and thou dost mete
The unsustainable treading of his feet.
Thou to thy spousal universe
Art Husband, she thy Wife and Church;

Yea, biune in imploring dumb,
Essential Heavens and corporeal Earth await,
The spirit and the Bride say: Come!
Lo, of thy Magians I the least
Haste with my gold, my incenses and myrrhs,
To thy desired epiphany, from the spiced
Regions and odorous of Song's traded East.
Thou for the life of all that live
The victim daily born and sacrificed;
To whom the pinion of this longing verse
Beats but with fire which first thyself did give,
To thee, O Sun—or is't perchance to Christ?

St. Francis would call the sun his brother and the moon and the stars his sisters, for they all belonged to his Father and theirs, God. Thompson too, was a "starry amorist" and he thought of the heavenly bodies as constantly as most men think of their meals. Like the Seraph of Assisi, Thompson also was a Little Brother to the birds, "the sweet birds of the Lord" he called them. He sings of *A Fallen Yew:*

Sad tree, whose perishing boughs
So few birds house!

and in *Manus Animam Pinxit,* pictures the return of a swallow thus:

Sweet Summer! unto you this swallow drew,
By secret instincts inappeasable,
That did direct him well,
Lured from his gelid North which wrought him wrong,
Wintered of sunning song;—

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By happy instincts inappeasable,
Ah yes! that led him well,
Lured to the untried regions and the new
Climes of auspicious you;
To twitter there and in his singing dwell.

Birds have always possessed many claims to the attention of Franciscans. Bonaventure relates that when St. Francis died, the birds left their nests after sunset and flew around the little room in the Portiuncula, to say as it were, a last farewell to their friend, and while he lived, they fluttered in a circle over his head when he preached, forming, one might say, a figure of the halo he was later to wear in heaven. It is not alone the beauty, power of song, or instinct of birds which has attracted poets in all ages; it is their human attributes besides. Man exhibits hardly a trait which he will not find in the life of a bird and hence our feathered friends have thus become symbolic of certain human characteristics; Shakespeare makes over six hundred references to birds or bird-life and if we rob Wordsworth's verses of their birds, how sadly mutilated what remained would be! By a comradeship with birds we are brought within certain ennobling influences of nature which would otherwise be foreign to us.

Stars, birds, flowers, children—these were a passion with Thompson, and ever in his poetry we are wafted to the borderland of the unseen, and are shown that the background of Franciscan fancy rests on the things of the spirit, that every obvious material fact owes its value to the idea that lies behind it. Even in *A Corymbus For Autumn* the seraphic strain appears and we have this description of nightfall in a Franciscan monastery:

The calm hour strikes on yon golden gong,
In tones of floating and mellow light
A spreading summons to even-song:
See how there
The cowlèd night
Kneels on the Eastern sanctuary stair.
What is this feel of incense everywhere?
Clings it round folds of the blanch-amiced clouds,
Upwafted by the solemn thurifer,
The mighty Spirit unknown,

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That swingeth the slow earth before the embannered Throne?
Or is't the Season under all these shrouds
Of light, and sense and silence, makes her known
A presence everywhere,
An inarticulate prayer,
A hand on the soothed tresses of the air?
But there is one hour scant
Of this Titanian, primal liturgy;
As there is but one hour for me and thee,
Autumn, for thee and thine hierophant,
Of this grave ending chant.
Round the earth still and stark
Heaven's death-lights kindle, yellow spark by spark,
Beneath the dreadful catafalque of the dark.
Like
The Assisian who kept plighted faith to three,
To Song, to Sanctitude and Poverty,

Thompson does not fail to regard every form of trouble as a fragment of holy joy. In a commentary on St. Francis he wrote: "Pain, which came to man as a penalty, remains with him as a consecration; his ignominy, by a Divine ingenuity, he is enabled to make his exaltation. Man, shrinking from pain, is a child shuddering on the verge of the water, and crying, 'It is so cold!' How many among us, after repeated lessonings of experience, are never able to comprehend that there is no special love without special pain? To such St. Francis reveals that the Supreme Love is itself full of Supreme Pain. It is fire, it is torture; his human weakness accuses himself of rashness in provoking it, even while his soul demands more pain, if it be necessary for more Love. So he revealed to one of his companions that the pain of his stigmata was agonizing, but was accompanied by a sweetness so intense as made it ecstatic to him. Such is the preaching of his words and example to an age which understands it not. Pain is. Pain is inevadable. Pain may be made the instrument of joy. It is the angel with the fiery sword guarding the gates of the lost Eden. The flaming sword which pricked man from Paradise must wave him back." This basic paradox of Franciscanism, this looking upon all affliction as something to rejoice over, is reborn thus:

Is my gloom, after all,
Shade of His hand, outstretched caressingly?

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Yet despite his soaring aspiration, intense spiritual passion and constant preöccupation with the problems of the inward life, there are times when his earnest spirit unburdens itself of its weighty load and his verse becomes charmingly naïve if not vivacious. He is a genuine artist, and, as is the function of the artist, in the words of Joseph Conrad, he "speaks to our capacity for delight and wonder, to the sense of mystery surrounding our lives; to our sense of pity and beauty and pain; to the latent feeling of fellowship with all creation—and to the subtle but invincible conviction of solidarity that knits together the loneliness of innumerable hearts to the solidarity in dreams, in joy, in sorrow, in aspirations, in illusions, in hope, in fear, which binds men to each other, which binds together all humanity—the dead to the living and the living to the unborn." Thompson's versatility is shown in his poems on children, notably in *The Making of Viola, The Poppy, The Daisy, To Monica Thought Dying* and *To My Godchild.* In the language of Father David Bearne, S.J., he himself had "the *sancta simplicitas* of the true poet and the real child." He strove to remain young in spirit, since "Unless ye become as little children, ye shall not enter the Kingdom of Heaven." The power of childhood's alluring charm over him is shown in these lines from *To My Godchild:*

Then as you search with unaccustomed glance
The ranks of Paradise for my countenance,
Turn not your tread along the Uranian sod
Among the bearded counselors of God;
For if in Eden as on earth are we,
I sure shall keep a younger company;
Pass where their rangèd gonfalons
The starry cohorts shake their shielded suns,
The dreadful mass of their enridgèd spears;
Pass where majestical the eternal peers,
The stately choice of the great Saintdom, meet—
A silvern segregation, globed complete
In sandalled shadow of the Triune feet;
Pass by where wait, young poet-wayfarer,
Your cousined clusters, emulous to share
With you the roseal lightnings burning 'mid their hair;
Pass the crystalline sea, the Lampads seven:—
Look for me in the nurseries of Heaven.

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"The bearded counselors of God" is strongly reminiscent of the good Capuchins of Pantasaph. True to his Franciscan traditions, Thompson never wanders far along the path of poesy without some mention of immortal Mary—"the boasted jewel of our sinful race," "in whom man is saturate in God:"

She that is Heaven's Queen
Her title borrows,
For that she, pitiful,
Beareth our sorrows.
So thou, *Regina mi,*
Spes infirmorum;
With all our grieving crowned
Mater dolorum!

One does not soon forget the beautiful poem *Assumpta Maria* with its haunting refrain, *Agios Athanatos,* or these lines from the "After Strain" to the *Ode to the Setting Sun:*

Therefore, O tender Lady, Queen Mary,
Thou gentleness that dost enmoss and drape
The cross' rigorous austerity,
Wipe thou the blood from wounds that needs must gape.

"Lo though suns rise and set, but crosses stay,
I leave thee ever," saith she, "light of cheer."
'Tis so: yon sky still thinks upon the Day,
And showers aërial blossoms on his bier.

There is another strikingly Franciscan characteristic about the man to which I wish to call particular attention, and that is the rare virtue, conspicuous in Thompson, of gratitude. In *Sister Songs* he tells with an irresistible pathos of the time when he staggered, starving and sick unto death, through the terrible London streets and one of the city's poor, bedraggled harridans outstretched the hand of mercy:

Once, bright Sylviola! in days not far,
Once—in that nightmare-time which still doth haunt
My dreams, a grim, unbidden visitant—
Forlorn and faint and stark
I had endured through watches of the dark,
The abashless inquisition of each star,

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Yea, was the outcast mark
Of all those heavenly passers' scrutiny;
Stood bound and helplessly
For Time to shoot his barbèd minutes at me;
Suffered the trampling hoof of every hour
In night's slow-wheelèd car;
Until the tardy dawn dragged me at length
From under those dread wheels; and, bled of strength,
I waited the inevitable last.
Then there came past
A child; like thee a spring flower; but a flower
Fallen from the budded coronal of Spring,
And through the city's streets blown withering.
She passed—O brave, sad, lovingest, tender thing!
And of her own scant pittance did she give,
That I might eat and live;
Then fled, a swift and trackless fugitive.

As long as English literature survives, Thompson's poetry will be read, "and that which she hath done shall be told for a memory of her" and, let us hope, "much will be forgiven her because she hath loved much."

When he had finally arrived, he did not forget that region which had been the scene of his travail, "a region whose hedgerows have set to brick, whose soil is chilled to stone; where flowers are sold and women, where men wither and the stars," but rather, he strove valiantly by prayer and pen and purse to help his erstwhile companions in misfortune, calling for assistance upon those knights of the brown frock and the cord "enrolled under the banner of the Stigmata," his fellow Tertiaries.

And now, I am come to that indubitable masterpiece of prophetic song, in the writing of which Thompson did yeoman service in the cause of religion and shed a new and everlasting glory on Catholicism—*The Hound of Heaven.* To read this poem is to have a stimulating literary and psychical adventure. "As a religious poem it stands for all the world and for all time, and, by a right royal of its own, claims peerage with the psalmist for range, with St. Paul for virility of argument and with St. Augustine for greatness of thought and diction." It is a wonderful sermon in verse, this poem, a striking development of the stupendous truth that the love of God

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surpasseth all things and that His Mercy and Charity ruleth over all. It is full of a fine and significant symbolism, possessing all the subtle harmonies of a symphony. The poet's highly concrete style floods the theme with a perfect riot of color, and one is reminded of nothing so much in literature as of one of the splendid frescoes of Tintoret. It is an elaborated pageant of the author's own life in which his longing soul is pursued by grace divine and seeking rest, finds none save in the Lord. The poem presents bewitching powers of presentation—the glory of its art, like love, fear and the majesty of night can only be felt and never forgotten. Its impressiveness is enduring; its vitality ultimate. It is a chaste and elegant beauty pulsing with the deep surge of human emotions, a divine orchestration destined to endure and reveal in Francis Thompson a poet of unique and intimate charm, a resonant column in the House of Song.

The Hound of Heaven has a prose parallel in the *Spiritual Exercises* of St. Ignatius, according to the Rev. J. F. X. O'Connor, S.J., who has elucidated his thesis in a profoundly interesting book, and in truth, many striking similarities exist between the two human documents, but to me it has also the ever-recurring Franciscan note, for me there is also a hint of the extraordinary *Dies iræ* of Thomas of Celano, and also, perhaps, a hint of Fra Jacopone da Todi. Its bewilderingly intricate ornamentation is redolent, too, of Dante who, like Thompson, was a Tertiary of St. Francis and who, like Thompson, strove for the glorification of the Church of Christ on earth and the reunion of all mankind with God and the saints in heaven. Thompson desired to bring the modern unbelieving world back to faith and spirituality. "To be the poet of the return to nature," said he, "is somewhat; but I would be the poet of the return to God," and thus he made all things of earthly knowledge flash a revelation of divine governance and the limitless love of God. Nothing is more needed today to meet the countless demands of the suffering world's need than his spirit of unworldliness, poverty and mortification acquired at the foot of the Cross and reflecting the spirit of Christ; nothing else will banish from society the selfishness and egotism, which make it shrink from the mystery of pain and suffering, and stir it to the heroism and self-sacrifice born of a vision beyond the bounds of this passing life. *The Hound of*

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Heaven has vindicated the truth and necessity of man's ideals, it has taught human charity and brotherhood, it has elevated and refined human emotions, it has soothed human sorrow; for many, it has broadened and deepened and made smooth the whole river of life. In the intellectual ranks of England, where a great cry for spiritual things has been going up ever since the Oxford Movement, it has been a dynamic force for the ancient Faith. The thoughtful can no longer endure the blind tenure of mutually defeating propositions which constitutes the "beautiful comprehensiveness" of Anglicanism; they are rejecting skepticism and returning to dogmatism, they are doubting nothing and are believing everything.

One can but conjecture how many of the thousands of elect souls, who have helped swell the Romeward flood flowing from the Oxford Movement, found their inspiration in Thompson's treasured message. One imagines that the spiritual urge imparted, has been little less than the impetus given by the preaching of his Seraphic Father. At the word of St. Francis, a revival of primitive Christianity sprang into existence during a crucial period when, as now, all civilization seemed unhinged by reason of the almost universal decay in morals. The whole face of Christendom was renewed by the preaching and example of the new Abraham. He taught men afresh that the commands of Jesus Christ could be literally obeyed and the Sermon on the Mount was as applicable to the men of the middle and all succeeding ages, as to the first age of Christian history.

In the person of St. Francis, Jesus of Nazareth lived again for the instruction and edification of the whole world as truly as He had ever done in any one individual since the great Apostle to the Gentile world said, "I live, yet not I, but Christ liveth in me." "He preached deliverance to the captives" first in Assisi, and having established the franchise among his fellow-citizens there, he later organized the Third Order and through it destroyed feudal tyranny and laid the foundation of democratic institutions. This same Third Order, operating with all its ancient efficiency, constitutes today a powerful influence in counteracting the effect of the false philosophy of Socialism, when it gives to the troubled world, through a Tertiary, the mighty lesson of *The Hound of Heaven.*

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INTERNATIONAL LAW.

BY MOORHOUSE I. X. MILLAR, S.J.

III.

MODERN THOUGHT AND SCHOLASTIC PHILOSOPHY.

WHEN this War is ended, as it must be sometime, and the foreign offices and judicial tribunals and publicists of the world resume the peaceable discussion of international rights and duties, they will certainly have to consider not merely what there is left of certain specific rules, but also the fundamental basis of obligation upon which all rules depend."[1] These words of Hon. Elihu Root point clearly to the gravest and most important problem, demanding urgent and immediate settlement once peace is permanently established. It should mean nothing less than laying the corner-stone of a new civilization.

But how is this problem to be solved? Whither will the leading minds of the world turn in their search for guiding principles? Not to the immediate past, certainly, for the ethical hollowness of the nineteenth century has been one of the most surprising revelations of the War. That civilization, once our boast, was suddenly discovered to have been merely drifting.[2] *Vorwärts! Vorwärts!* had been the watchword. But wonderingly content to "let the great world spin for ever down the ringing grooves of change," no popular oracle had deemed it worth the while to ask himself whither it might all be tending. Now, that we have been brought face to face with what Ralph Adams Cram has most aptly termed "modernism in arms," our best and most conscientious thinkers are forced to sound depths hitherto unheeded in the hope of finding some sure anchorage for the future.

Robert Browning, one of the most keenly critical and judicious observers of the nineteenth century, gave a concrete presentation of the main political fallacies of his time, in

[1] *Proceedings of the Second Pan-American Scientific Congress*, Section vi., International Law, vol. vii.: "The Outlook for International Law," p. 123.

[2] *Our Drifting Civilization*, by L. P. Jacks. *The Atlantic Monthly*, March, 1917.

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Prince Hohenstiel-Schwangau, Saviour of Society. In the light of present events, it stands out as one of the most remarkable of his many dramatic monologues, and will repay the careful study of any who may care to take it up, with the added interest of recent developments. We would call particular attention to the passage where the poet puts his finger on the great ethical error that has so vitiated political thought and political action ever since the time of Luther and Machiavelli:

> Now, this had proved the dry-rot of the race
> . . . . that i' the old day when was need
> They fought for their own liberty and life,
> Well did they fight, none better, whence such love
> Of fighting somehow still for fighting's sake
> Against no matter whose the liberty
> And life, so long as self-conceit should crow
> And clap the wing, *while justice sheathed her claw.*
>
> . . . . So the dry-rot had been nursed into
> Blood, bones and marrow, that, from worst to best
> All—clearest brains and soundest hearts . . . .
> All had this lie acceptable for law
> Plain as the sun at noonday—"War is best
> Peace is worst; peace we only tolerate
> As needful preparation for new war:
> War may be for whatever end we will—
> Peace only as the proper help thereto.
> Such is the law of right and wrong for us
> . . . . *for the other world*
> *As naturally, quite another law.*"

The fruit of Luther's rebellion had been the separation of religion and theology, faith and reason, Christianity and art, morality and politics[3] with the consequence that, as one German thinker expressed it: "We have grasped the secret of power and without scruple treat questions of power as such. In our world of thought a very considerable region has imperceptibly been occupied by this new view of things and withdrawn from the control of Christian ethics."[4] Such views shock us now that our consciences are stirred by the horrors of the War. Yet despite President Wilson's assertion that they

[3] Hartmann Grisar, *Luther*, vol. iii., p. 480.

[4] M. Rade, *Religion and Moral*, 1898, quoted in Mausbach: *Catholic Moral Teaching and Its Antagonists*, p. 81, English translation.

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were regarded "as rather the dream of minds detached from practical affairs, as preposterous private conceptions of German destiny, than as the actual plans of responsible rulers," [5] the fact remains that our own universities as well as the universities of England and of France were fairly saturated with the philosophy that has provided the pseudo-rational support for that *Kultur* against which the world is now arrayed in self-defence.

In all this broad country there is scarcely a professor in any non-Catholic institution whose teaching, provided it have an ethical bearing, does not betray the ear-mark of Kant's dualism of pure and practical reason and its consequent separation of morality and politics. Browning might well say, "Be Kant crowned King o' the castle in the air!" or Carlyle justly describe Coleridge's Kantianism as "bottled moonshine." Such common-sense hints passed unheeded until the Kantian doctrine, "right and the power of coaction signify one and the same thing," ripened into practice and we began to taste the bitter foreign fruit our professors had sought to root in our own soil. As a natural result of this misplaced admiration, the world was not only unprepared to meet the German onslaught from a military point of view, but it is still intellectually unprepared to down by reason what it instinctively resists by force of arms.

A cursory review of the principles advanced by some responsible public men, for the solution of the problem stated by Hon. Elihu Root at the opening of this article, will suffice in evidence. In 1915, David J. Hill said: "Whatever reasons there are for the authority of law between individuals of the same nation, those same reasons exist and have equal force for the authority of law between States." [6] The same idea was reiterated by President Wilson in his War Message, April 2, 1917, when he declared: "We are at the beginning of an age in which it will be insisted that the same standards of conduct and of responsibility for wrong done, shall be observed among nations and their governments that are observed among individual citizens of civilized States." And Lloyd George, addressing the British Unions January 5, 1918, strikes the same

[5] *Flag-day Address.*

[6] *Proceedings of the Second Pan-American Scientific Congress, loc cit.* "How can the People of the American Countries best be Impressed with the Duties and Responsibilities of the State in International Law?" p. 95.

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note in the statement, that "as law has succeeded violence in the settlement of individuals' disputes, so it is destined to settle national controversies." So thoroughly do these statements commend themselves now to the unsophisticated or disillusioned conscience as both sound and true, that it is hard to realize how their contrary could ever have been maintained. Yet they mark what promises to be the most radical departure from the past four centuries that has been made since the beginning of the War. For one need only review the political history of the nineteenth century with its Metternichs, its Bismarcks and its Cavours, or take up any of the later theoretical works on sociology and government to discern the depth to which the Luthero-Kantian dualism had eaten its way into "modern" thought.[7] The confusion produced by this dualistic view of life, is evident the moment we ask ourselves what are those "reasons for the authority of law" or "the standards of conduct and responsibility" to which David J. Hill and President Wilson appeal. Without clear and universally-accepted ideas on these very points, the predictions of the President and of Lloyd George can never be more than false prophecies. Yet who would venture to assert that any such agreement or unity of thought exists throughout the "modern" world at present?

Modern thought has been atomic and centrifugal or else in instances when it has *set up* a centre for itself, as in the case of the Socialists and of the majority of German political thinkers, it was discovered to have fixed on something that was far from corresponding with the real and safe centre of rotation in a fully rounded human life, an assumption ever bound to result, under present anomalous and haphazard conditions, in an increase of the tendencies towards centrifugal individualism.[8] This has rendered all present discussion of future international problems especially difficult; and the defect of the efforts so far made to solve them are due to the necessity for compromise between what would be acceptable to "modern" opin-

[7] For an able discussion of this subject, see *Completing the Reformation*, by Edmund T. Shanahan, S.T.D., THE CATHOLIC WORLD, July-December, 1914.

[8] As we stated some years ago "a civilization will be great and vigorously progressive in proportion to its power of assimilating or rejecting, through the force of underlying dynamic principles, fully in accord with human nature, all those heterogeneous elements that are brought into it from without or that have grown up in its midst." *America*, April 1, 1916, *The Mediæval Achievement*, see also *Human Nature and Civilization*, March 31, 1917.

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ion on the one hand, and what might be the dictates of disillusioned public conscience on the other. This much, however, may be said for results thus far attained, that the solutions offered are many of them true in themselves; yet, considered in their relation to the confused state of modern thought, they have almost invariably implied the removal of the difficulty to some remoter question still awaiting settlement. To mention only those instances most deserving of consideration: "A steadfast concert of peace can never be maintained," in President Wilson's opinion, "except by a partnership of democratic nations," and this, as he adds, "must be a league of honor, a partnership of opinion."

But what, we might ask, is to be the basis of such a partnership? Democracy, as Carlyle pointed out long ago, has its own problem to solve which is itself conditional to the solution of the international question on the basis proposed by the President; for the words of Carlyle still hold true: "How, in conjunction with inevitable democracy, indispensable sovereignty is to exist: certainly it is the hugest question ever heretofore propounded to mankind!" On the other hand, in the view of Hon. Elihu Root, "Many States have grown so great that there is no power capable of imposing punishment upon them except the power of the collective civilization outside of the offending States. Any exercise of that power must be based upon public opinion." With this view *Cosmos* [9] would seem to be in full agreement when he says: "As a matter of fact, the only practical sanction of international law is the public opinion of the civilized world." Yet here again one cannot help but inquire: *Quis custodiat custodes?* What is to keep that opinion from error and give it unanimity? or, since durable peace "is a by-product of justice," what is to contribute to "the exaltation of the idea of justice, not only as between men within a nation, but as between nations themselves?" [10] Just here, we venture to think *Cosmos* or, as there is reason to believe, ex-President Taft, has touched upon a more solid solution than any whose thoughts and suggestions have come under our notice. "The country's system of public education," says he, "must be taken in strong hand, purged of much of its *sentimentality* and *weak* and *futile philosophizing*, and made more and more a genuine preparation of

[9] *The Basis of a Durable Peace*, p. 102. [10] *Ibid.*, p. 122.

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American youth for intelligent and helpful participation in American life." [11] This judgment, strange to say, is corroborated, in substance, by a passage in De Quincey. Writing in 1846 before the appearance of the Junker and the Jingo, before Bismarck had falsified the Ems telegram and before Lincoln, who knew the people better than most, had admitted that all the people might be fooled some of the time, he said: "Neither in France nor England could a war now be undertaken without a warrant from the *popular* voice. This is a great step in advance; but the final step for its extinction will be taken by a new and Christian code of international law. This cannot be consummated until Christian philosophy shall have traversed the earth and reorganized the structure of society." [12]

Granted the truth of this statement, it remains for us to determine whether such a philosophy is possible, or whether such already exists, capable of reorganizing society and of providing a basis in reasoned ethical thought for the international law of the future. Thus far, one thing is certainly clear. We cannot find it among the mutually divergent, one-man, modern systems which have but this in common: that they owe their origin to false Luthero-Kantian assumptions and have all contributed to that modern chimera: modernism; which however apparently antithetical, is in reality twin-brother to the "modernism in arms" against which the armies of the world are now contending for the righteous cause of liberty.

For the modernist begins by adopting the Luthero-Kantian denial of the common-sense conviction that the mind can attain to a certified knowledge of an order of things objective to ourselves. Hence, since the laws of logic hold for error no less than for truth, he "can do no other" than maintain the *autonomy* of the individual and the *autocracy* of the State. If the human mind is, as he would have it, deprived of the power of holding with certainty to any common and universally valid principles of agreement, reason ceases to be a real social force, and to maintain order among men there is nothing left, but that brute force, "with the will to power," should do its utmost to herd the world together into the one fold of imperial despotism. Writing of Kant and of the portentous influence of German philosophy, the German poet and Jew:

[11] *Ibid.*, p. 112, italics ours. [12] *Christianity as an Organ of Political Movement.*

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Heinrich Heine, who died in 1856, uttered this striking prophecy of the present War: "The German revolution will not be any more gentle and cheerful for having been preceded by the critique of Kant, the transcendental idealism of Fichte or the naturalistic philosophy. These contain within themselves stored-up revolutionary forces which only await the fitting moment to break forth and fill the world with fear and wonder. Then will appear Kantists who, no less impatient at any mention of pity in the realm of facts than in that of ideas, and utterly void of all mercy, will turn up with axe and sword the very soil of our European life, that they may root out of it every remaining vestige of the traditions that bind us to the past." [13]

There is a philosophy, however, that contrasts with all this almost as sharply as does the light of day with the darkness of night. It is not modern, to be sure, in the present acceptation of the term. Yet, though antedating the establishment of parliament and the beginnings of international law, it has so kept in touch with what was sound in more modern development, as to be still ahead of our own times in many of its principles, some of which bear directly on the international problem before us. Ever on the side of real democracy,[14] it incurred the suspicion of the despotic governments of the sixteenth, seventeenth and eighteenth centuries; and, of all philosophical systems, it alone has contributed not only most, but almost exclusively, to the clear definition of the all-too widely neglected requirements of international ethics. This is the philosophy of Scholasticism.

Empirical in that it starts from the actualities of life, Scholasticism is speculative in so far only that it reasons

[13] *De L'Allemagne.* The whole passage, of which this is only a part and in which the return of Thor and the destruction of French Cathedrals is predicted, may be found in Abbé Van Loos' *Kantisme et Modernisme*, p. 209.

[14] More than twenty years before the "model Parliament" of Edward I., St. Thomas voiced this democratic teaching: "The ideal form of government is that wherein one is given power to preside over all, while under him are others having governing powers, and yet a government of this kind is shared by all, both because all are eligible to govern and because the rulers are chosen by all." (1a., 2ae., 105 a1.) And furthermore: "If a people among whom a custom is introduced be free and able to make their own laws, the consent of the whole people, expressed by a custom, counts for more in favor of a particular observance than does the authority of the sovereign, who has not the power to frame laws except as representing the people." (1a., 2ae., 97a., 3ad., 3iem. See also Suarez: *Defensio Fidei Catholicæ*, lib. iii., ch. 1-5.)

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within the bounds of the universal nature and order of things *as they are;* or, as in the case of ethics, within the bounds of things as they *ought* to be according to the essential demands of man's God-given nature *as it is.* Unlike the "modern" student of ethics and of law, for whom moral and judicial aspects are merely the product of history, of national customs and of varying conditions of life, and who, therefore, subordinates the moral law to the influence of the times and to the demands of fashionable opinion, the Scholastics have always insisted upon the inward necessity and sanctity of the "eternal principles of justice and of right" to which President Wilson alluded in his Prayer-day proclamation. On the other hand, like Burke's men of speculation, instead of exploding general prejudices, they employed their sagacity to discover the latent wisdom in them.[15]

This has enabled John Neville Figgis to say of the Scholastics of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries: "The Jesuits (he has overlooked the Dominican Vittoria and others who were not Jesuits) laid the foundations of a new system partly because of their modernity and partly owing to their conservatism. They combined the new recognition of political facts with ideals of unity, the older conception of law as an eternal verity. . . . . Without the one the conception of the States as Juristic and equal persons is impossible, equal not in power any more than are individuals, but in the fact of being able to direct themselves to conscious ends; without the other the notion of a unity of these persons and a bond binding them together, and certain limits of activity they may not overpass, would not have been possible, or would have taken longer to discern. The persistence of the notion of law natural, coupled with the actual facts of widespread and increasing prevalence of the Civil Law, its purest (?) outcome, and also the general reorganization of the Canon Law, formed the only possible atmosphere for that notion of legal obligation of contracts which . . . . was the necessary condition and the true explanation of the popularity of the doctrine of the original contract, and is also at the very bottom of the whole system of Grotius."[16] Mr. Figgis' testimony is interesting, in that he was able to apprehend so much in a system he did not fully understand, and is the more valuable as coming from one who

[15] *Reflections on the French Revolution.* [16] *From Gerson to Grotius,* p. 190.

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was more inclined to look for flaws in the Scholastic system than to praise it.[17]

Since "international duties are," according to David J. Hill, "necessary corollaries of the true conception of the State," and since, in this, he is in perfect accord with Scholastic philosophy, the nature of the State as set forth in the teaching of the Scholastics is briefly this: it rests on the grounds of man's natural sociability, of his endowment by his Creator with various rights and of his moral and intellectual imperfections. Should any of these grounds be absent, the State would not be necessary. With the world and man, however, as they are, there must be such things as societies independent of each other and each having as its aim, not some particular good, but the temporal felicity of all its members.

But as temporal felicity can only be attained by making peace and order, wisdom and justice prevail, there must be within the State a supreme authority which when lawfully established has the right to the obedience of all the subject members, because based on the ordinance of God, the Author of nature, Whose law as made known to us by the light of natural reason, is called the *natural law*. This natural law of the Scholastics, be it further noted, should in no way be confused with the natural law of Rousseau and of others who hold with him; for that would be to confuse a portrait with its caricature.[18] And he who fails to grasp, at the start, the fully substantiated doctrine of the Scholastics, that the ultimate objective source and unchangeable rule of all morality and all law, is found in the eternal law of a personal God, cannot recognize the true law of nature, nor need he attempt to understand or to judge the ethical teachings of Scholastic philosophy.

The significance of the Scholastic concept of the natural law and their theory of the State is evident when we consider that, whereas today President Wilson says international law

[17] He entirely misrepresents the question of Probabilism, and fails to grasp the real Scholastic conception of law. For the correct view on these points, see Mausbach cited above.

[18] The prevalence of this confusion is attested to in the following statement of Mr. Charlemagne Tower, former minister of the United States to Austria-Hungary: "The original theory of the law of nature has long ago disappeared before the analysis and searching (?) discussions of modern jurists and by the *well-seasoned practice* (italics ours) of modern times, but the great principles of national independence and State sovereignty still remain universally accepted, and the teachings of Grotius as to the principles of rights and duties have been definitely approved by general consent of the nations."—*Essays Political and Historical*, p. 94.

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has "by *painful stage after stage* . . . . been built up, with meagre enough results, indeed, after all was accomplished that could be accomplished, but always with a clear view, at least, of what the heart and conscience of mankind demanded," it was possible for the Scholastics to perceive, far ahead of their own time, that: "just as in any one city or province, law comes in through custom so through the customary moral usage of the whole human race, the laws of nations are introduced. And this was all the more possible since the precepts of this law are both few and easily deduced from the natural law; and so useful and in conformity to nature are they, that though *per se* they are not absolutely necessary to safeguard the moral law, yet they are very conformable to nature and in themselves acceptable to all men." [19]

With this passage in mind, Sir James Mackintosh says of Suarez: "He first saw that international law was composed not only of the simple principles of justice applied to the intercourse between States, but of those usages long observed in that intercourse by the European race, which have since been more exactly distinguished as the consuetudinary law acknowledged by the Christian nations of Europe and America. On this important point his views are more clear than those of his contemporary Alberico Gentili. It must even be owned that the succeeding intimation of the same general doctrine by Grotius is somewhat more dark." [20] And again Albert de Lapradelle in his introduction to Vattel's *Law of Nations* says: "It would be vain to look in his work for a reflection of the fine passage of Suarez on the solidarity of nations; but on the other hand it would be too much to require in a diplomat of the end of the eighteenth century, even though he were permeated with the spirit of the encyclopædia, the same freedom of speech as in a monk of the sixteenth." [21] To this should be added the testimony of Henry Hallam, which because of his shallowness, superficiality and bias is the more to be credited when it points with praise to anything that may concern Scholastic teachings. "The fertility of those men," says he, "who, like Suarez, superior to most of the rest, were trained in the Scholastic discipline, to which I refer the methods of the

[19] Suarez, *De Legibus*, lib. ii., ch. xix. sect. 9.

[20] *Progress of Ethical Philosophy*, p. 51.

[21] *The Law of Nations*, by E. de Vattel. Translated by C. G. Fenwick. Published by the Carnegie Institution of Washington, p. liv.

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canonists and casuits, is sometimes surprising; their views are not one-sided; they may not solve objections to our satisfaction but they seldom suppress them; they embrace a vast compass of thought and learning; they write less for the moment, and are less under the influence of local and temporary prejudices than many who have lived in better ages of philosophy." [22]

Thus, we find in Scholasticism the one system of philosophy that has something of value to offer towards the solution of the future international problem. To Hon. Elihu Root's question regarding "the fundamental basis of obligation" it answers with Cardinal Bellarmine, that all "law is a rule of morals" binding in conscience, and that the obligation to observe the law, whether on the part of the individual or of the nation, is something eternal and immutable and consequent upon the eternal law of God; that first supreme law imparted to us in the natural law and the ultimate source of all our rights and duties.[23] How truly fundamental all this is to genuine human nature may be illustrated from these words of *Cosmos* written almost in the spirit of Suarez: "The individual human being whose acts are controlled by an overmastering sense of duty is not less a person, but more, than the individual human being whose acts are controlled by sheer selfishness. What is true of men in this regard is also true of nations. A nation, like an individual, will become greater as it cherishes a high ideal and does service and helpful acts to its neighbors whether great or small and as it coöperates with them in working toward a common end." [24] But the Scholastics add substance to such a statement by a clear reference to its real ethical basis. "For the proper understanding of this present question (of international law) it should be remembered that civil society is *per se* a product of the natural order of things. . . . . It has moreover a real personality, in a moral sense, clearly, not in a physical one. It is evident also, on other grounds, that there exist not one only, but a great number of civil organizations each of which has its own proper vitality and functions, one not depending upon the rule of another. Such complete autonomy resides *per se* only in the ruling authority that governs each. Hence there exist many civil corporations, each independent of all others, which from the

[22] *Literature of Europe*, vol. ii., ch. 4, sect. 1.
[23] *De Controversiis*, lib. iii., ch. 11. [24] *Loc. cit.*, p. 120.

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very requirements of the natural order sought to be considered as real personalities. It must, therefore, be shown now that this mutual independence by no means implies that these various civil societies are not related one to another by certain rights and natural duties, but that on the contrary they are bound to recognize and respect each other's just claims and their mutual obligations. . . . . As man from his very nature is destined to live in civil society, in which and through which he must work out the perfection required of him, it follows that the love which the natural law bids us have for others, must be shown not only to men as individuals but also as members of the State to which they belong, with due regard for the perfection they have attained in their present civil brotherhood. Moreover, the obligations which men are bound to fulfill in this respect are duties of well-doing which we call international duties. Consequently such obligations must rightly be held to arise from the natural law." [25]

Thus in their doctrines they will be found to be opposed to both the militarist and the pacifist.[26] To the one by their insistence that government exists for the good of the governed, not for the exaltation of any abstract idea of the State: to the other by their teaching that patrioism is a virtue, to sin against which is to sin in the sight of God,[27] and so Browning but speaks the speculative mind of every great Scholastic, whether mediæval or modern, when he states the real ethical basis for the "God wills it!" of the true-hearted crusader of old: [28]

> . . . . I foresee and I announce
> Necessity of warfare in one case
> For one cause: one way, I bid broach the blood
> O' the world. For truth and right and only right
> And truth—*right, truth, on the absolute scale of God,*
> No pettiness of man's admeasurement—
> In such case only, and for such one cause,
> Fight your hearts out, whatever fate betide
> Hands energetic to the uttermost!
> Lie not! Endure no lie which needs your heart
> And hand to push it out of mankind's path.

[25] Sanctus Schiffini, S.J.: *Disputationes Philosophiæ Moralis*, vol. ii., disp. 6; *De Jure Internationali*, sect. 1, pp. 586, 587 (1891).

[26] De Vittoria: *Relectiones Theologicæ*, vol. i., *De Jure Belli Hispanorum in Barbaros* (1557), p. 581.

[27] St. Thomas, *Summa*, 2æ., 2æ., q. 101 a1. [28] Sanctus Schiffini, *loc. cit.*, p. 630.

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SOME CAUSES OF THEOPHOBIA.

BY SIR BERTRAM C. A. WINDLE, M.D., SC.D., LL.D., F.R.S. K.S.G.

INITIUM *sapientiæ timor Domini;* no doubt, but it is only the beginning, and when the fear is of a certain kind no further progress may ever be made, in fact quite the contrary, for it is apt to engender an absolute revulsion from the idea of a God. It is this kind of fear which the eminent Jesuit writer, Wasmann, alludes to when he says that "in many scientific circles there is an absolute *Theophobia,* a dread of the Creator. I can only regret this," he continues, "because I believe that it is due chiefly to a defective knowledge of Christian philosophy and theology." That he is entirely correct as to the existence of this feeling, no one can doubt. Plenty of examples might be quoted and one, which I think I have already made use of in THE CATHOLIC WORLD, may once more be utilized. A distinguished scientific writer alluding to the theories of Mendel says that "it is not so certain as we might like to think that the order of these events is not predetermined." The significant thing about this quotation is that the writer expresses a preference for a special view, namely, the absence of a determiner, though science and scientific workers are supposed to hold themselves entirely above all bias or preconceived ideas. What is the cause of this? Why should people have this bias —which they obviously have—against the idea of a God? Why should they, apart from any particular evidence which may weigh with them, actually desire, as clearly they do, that there should be no such Being, and nothing higher than nature? I have been asked this question and, having bestowed some thought upon it, will try to make such answer as has occurred to me.

There are persons not fully, as I think, cognizant of the facts, who argue that there is always a moral failure precedent to such denials of God. I should be far from saying that there is not a considerable weakening of moral fiber, as evidenced by many of the statements of eugenists and the like, and by the political nostrums of some who wrest science to a

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purpose for which it was not intended. This no doubt is true, but it is not the real argument advanced, and that argument, if it implies moral failure in the persons with whom it is concerned, has little genuine foundation in fact. Mr. Devas in his very remarkable book, *The Key to the World's Progress*, gives us the useful phrase "post-Christians." These people are really pagans living in the Christian era, retaining many of the excellent qualities which they owe neither to nature nor to paganism, but to the inheritance—perhaps involuntary and unrecognized—of the influences of Christianity. Many of them are kind, benevolent, scrupulously moral. They have not learned to be such from nature, for nature does not teach these lessons. Nor have they learned it from paganism for these are not pagan virtues. They are an inheritance from Christianity, and those who build argument as to the needlessness of religious faith, on the good deeds of those who do not possess it, build on a foundation of sand. The answer to our question is not forthcoming from this direction.

Others again will perhaps maintain the thesis that fashion and fashionable opinion in science have a good deal to say to this matter. No doubt there is something in this. It is much easier to go with the tide than against it, and there are scientific tides as truly as there are tides in the fashion of dress. There was at one time a Weismann tide which is now pretty near dead low water. There was an antivitalistic tide which is ebbing fast. When both of these were at full flood, it was a hazardous thing for a young man who had his way to make in the world, to take arms against them. Fashion nowadays is not so set against the idea of a God as it was five and twenty years ago. The materialistic tide is on the wane, and it is not far from the truth to say that the incoming flood is that of occultism, which the materialistic school dislikes and despises, and with some reason, even more than it does ordinary theistic opinions.

Then again there is the unquestionable fact that scientific men have a strong objection to putting their trust in anything which cannot be subjected either to scientific examination or to experiment. In this no doubt there is more than a germ of sound reason. "Occam's razor" is as valuable an implement today as it ever was, and everyone will admit that we must exhaust all known causes before we proceed to postulate a new

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one. We have gone beyond the day of the absurd statement that thought (which is of course unextended) is as much a secretion from the brain as bile (which is equally of course extended) is a secretion of the liver. No one nowadays would commit himself to a statement of this sort, and people would be chary of urging that we should not believe anything which we cannot understand. I have myself heard a scientific man, now dead this twenty years, make that statement in public, forgetful of the fact that any branch of science we pursue will supply us with a hundred problems we can neither understand nor explain, yet the factors of which we cannot but admit. But there is undoubtedly a dislike to accepting anything which cannot be proved by scientific means, and a tendency to describe as mysticism everything which demands something more in the universe than the operations of physical and chemical forces.

For myself, I firmly believe that this dislike of the idea of a God, which exists in some minds, largely depends upon the way children, or at least many of them outside the Catholic Church, were brought up some fifty or sixty years ago. At that time, in Protestant circles, the Evangelical Party was very strong, and through Sunday and other schools it had the young very much under its influence. My evidence on this subject is of some value for I was brought up in such circles. I will supplement it by a statement from that very remarkable book, *Father and Son,* the truth of every word of which must be obvious to those who were contemporaries of its author, and brought up under similar conditions. The teachers of this creed were never tired of instilling into their pupils the need for conversion, which was supposed to be a sudden operation—those who had undergone it could tell the exact moment of the clock at which it took place—and a permanent operation which need never, in fact perhaps could never, be repeated. It was supposed to be effected by what was called the "acceptance of Christ," and though it was spoken of as being free to all, it was clear to some at least of the pupils that, however much they desired it, they could not get it. Yet they were taught that until they were converted, every action performed by them was evil, and that if they died in that unconverted condition they would most assuredly be damned for ever.

This was a terrible doctrine, especially for the young who

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were perpetually harassed by the exponents of the creed by being asked if they were saved, and told they were fools if they were not, or did not know whether they were or not, and that if they remained in that condition, their fate would be the unenviable one already mentioned.

Associated with this gloomy creed, a new series of sins was invented, as if there were not enough already in the world. It was sinful to dance, even under the most domestic and proper circumstances. It was a sin to play cards, even when there was no money on the game. It was a sin to go to the theatre, even to behold the most inspiring and instructive of plays. In fact the view of God which was presented—I do not say wilfully—to the youth of that period was that of a kind of super-policeman—a hard-hearted policeman—with an exaggerated code of misdoings, forever waiting round a corner to pounce on evil-doers and, one was obliged to think, apparently almost pleased at having been able to catch them. It need not be said that no disrespect is intended in this. It is a simple and truthful statement of the kind of impression made upon one person by the teaching of that age and school. Is it any wonder that persons brought up in such a creed should experience a feeling of relief on learning that there is no God, no sin, no punishment?

A writer of the scientific school of today alludes to the delightful results for the human race when it has got rid of this "bug-bear of sin." To me it seems pretty obvious that this writer is alluding to the bug-bear of artificial sin invented by professors of a gloomy creed of religion. It can hardly be imagined that anyone would speak or write with pleasure and satisfaction of escaping from the bug-bear of sins against morality or against one's neighbor, from the bug-bear of dishonesty and theft; of taking away a person's character; of carrying off his wife. Surely it must be the invented crimes of theatre-going and card-playing to which the writer in question is referring. Father Wasmann in the passage already mentioned laments that theophobists do not study some simple manual of Catholic theodicy from which they would learn the real doctrine of Christianity, needless to say a very different thing from the distorted form with which we have dealt.

Let me reinforce my statements by two or three examples from the book of which I have spoken, namely, *Father and*

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Son. The first of these is a passage from the diary of the mother of the son: "When I was a very little child, I used to amuse myself and my brothers with inventing stories, such as I had read. Having, as I suppose, naturally a restless mind and busy imagination, this soon became the chief pleasure of my life. Unfortunately my brothers were always fond of encouraging this propensity, and I found in Taylor, my maid, a still greater tempter. I had not known there was any harm in it, until Miss Shore (a Calvinist governess), finding it out, lectured me severely, and told me it was wicked. From that time forth I considered that to invent a story of any kind was a sin. But the desire to do so was too deeply rooted in my affections to be resisted in my own strength (she was at that time nine years of age), and unfortunately I knew neither my corruption nor my weakness, nor did I know where to gain strength. The longing to invent stories grew with violence; everything I heard or read became food for my distemper. The simplicity of truth was not sufficient for me; I must needs embroider imagination upon it, and the folly, vanity and wickedness which disgraced my heart, are more than I am able to express. Even now (at the age of twenty-nine), though watched, prayed and striven against, this is still the sin that most easily besets me. It has hindered my prayers and prevented my improvement, and therefore has humbled me very much."

Again illness was a punishment sent from heaven, as, indeed it may be; but: "If any one was ill it showed that 'the Lord's hand was extended in chastisement,' and much prayer was poured forth in order that it might be explained to the sufferer, or to his relations, in what he or they had sinned. People would, for instance, go on living over a cesspool, working themselves up into an agony to discover how they had incurred the displeasure of the Lord, but never moving away." Let us end with perhaps the most remarkable example in the book. The father, it need hardly be said, had a holy horror of the Catholic Church. He "welcomed any social disorder in any part of Italy, as likely to be annoying to the Papacy." He "celebrated the announcement in the newspapers of a considerable emigration from the Papal dominions, by rejoicing at this outcrowding of many, throughout the harlot's domain, from her sins and her plagues," and he even carried his hatred

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so far as to denounce the keeping of Christmas, which to him was nothing less than an act of idolatry.

On a certain Christmas day the servants, greatly daring, disobeyed the order of their master and actually had the audacity to make a small plum pudding for themselves. A slice of this was given to the son who shortly afterwards developing a pain in his stomach—a not unusual event in youth—rushed to his father exclaiming: "Oh! papa, papa, I have eaten of flesh offered to idols!" When the father learned what had happened, he sternly said: "Where is the accursed thing?" Having heard that it was on the kitchen table, "he took me by the hand, and ran with me into the midst of the startled servants, seized what remained of the pudding, and with the plate in one hand and me still tight in the other, ran till we reached the dust-heap, when he flung the idolatrous confectionery on to the middle of the ashes, and then raked it deep down into the mass. The suddenness, the velocity of this extraordinary act, made an impression on my memory which nothing will ever efface."

Such is the plain unvarnished account of the kind of way in which numbers of people were brought up in the fifties and sixties of the last century. Can it be wondered that those who had such a childhood should grow up with an absolute horror of the Person in Whose name such things—absurdities if not crimes—were perpetrated? I firmly believe that these wholly false ideas of God and of sin have more to do with materialism than most will perhaps be disposed to admit. Educated people, especially those trained in scientific methods, demand a certain common sense and sobriety in their beliefs. If they are brought up to believe that a grievous sin is committed when a story is invented, a pure piece of imagination designed to amuse and entertain, or when an evening is spent in some kind of innocent amusement; if they have never known the demands of real Christianity as put forward by the Catholic Church, is it likely that they should cleave to a faith which apparently engenders such absurdities as the Christmas pudding episode? It is, indeed, as Father Wasmann says, a thousand pities that the reasonableness, the logic, the dignity of the Catholic religion remains forever hid from the eyes and minds of many who so often are what they are, because they were brought up as they were.

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THE RUSSIAN CHURCH AND THE REVOLUTION.

BY F. AURELIO PALMIERI, O.S.A., PH.D., D.D.

I.

THE NEW POPE OF THE RUSSIAN ORTHODOX CHURCH.

THE title of this article is adapted from the brilliant work of N. Suvorov, the famous Russian canonist, treating the life of Michael Caerularius, Patriarch of Constantinople (1043-1059), and his revolt against Rome. The writer calls him: *A Byzantine Pope.*[1] Like Byzantium, Moscow—the third Rome—boasts of having now restored for the second time its short-lived papacy, for in 1917, Tychon, the Metropolitan of Moscow, became the nominal head of the Russian Church.

We do not place much confidence in the continuation of that obsolete institution, the Russian patriarchate. Yet, for the time being, it exists in this exceedingly trying epoch for the Russian Church, and it is Russia's hope that the new patriarchate will rejuvenate the anæmic body of the Orthodox Church. Political events in Russia have made it a necessity. Freedom for the Russian Church was born in the throes of a revolution—a bloodless revolution, at the start, but destined, in the course of its destructive development, to become an extremely bloody one.

So far the story of the Russian patriarchate has been indicative of the gradual emancipation of the Church of Russia from the Byzantine yoke. The jurisdiction of the hierarchy of Byzantium weighed long and heavily upon the Russian clergy. The most authoritative historian of the Russian Church, Evgenii Golubinsky, says the earliest period of its ecclesiastical organization was a period of enslavement to Byzantium.[2] The Byzantine hierarchy, faithful to their missionary ideal, sought to gain over to the political aims of Byzantium the barbarians converted to Christ, to make them the supporters of the empire, the raw material for hellenization.

[1] *Vizantiiskii pope*, Moscow, 1902.

[2] *Istoriia russkoi tzerkvi* (History of the Russian Church), vol. i., Petrograd, 1901, p. 258.

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Following out that ideal, the earliest history of the Russian Church is in reality a detached page of the history of the Byzantine hierarchy. Russia became a metropolitan see of the patriarchate of Constantinople. The list of Russian metropolitans from 983 to 1237 contains in all some twenty-four names, all of them Greek, save two or three.[3]

In a report of the evolution of the Russian ecclesiastical organization, read by Metrophanes, Bishop of Archangelsk, at a session of the National Council of Moscow (October 11, 1917), the causes that led to the establishment of the Russian patriarchate are outlined as follows: "The name and dignity of Patriarch were not unknown in primitive Russia. A testimony to that we find in the institution of the Metropolitan of the Russian Church. The Byzantine patriarchs were in communication with them, and frequently wrote to the Russian bishops. In the course of time the patriarchs of the East appeared on Russian soil. Their presence gave a strong impulse to the revival of ecclesiastical life. They lent their support to their Russian *confrères*. Their interference with the domestic management of the Russian Church, especially in Western Russia, thwarted the efforts of the Roman Catholic Church, which had striven to dissolve the compactness of Russian Orthodoxy. The authority of the metropolitans grew stronger when Moscow became the leading city of the Muscovite princes. They drew closer the bonds of national and political unity among Russians, while the patriarchs of Constantinople were losing their grasp upon the Russian Church. The metropolitan see of Moscow assumed the status of an independent, an autocephalous church. The Russian bishops showed it a deeply felt veneration. They dared not disobey its orders. Later on, the election of the Russian Metropolitan fell upon the Russian clergy, and the confirmation thereof by Constantinople ceased to be regarded as necessary. As time went on, Moscow claimed to be higher in rank than Byzantium, as it was not under the infidel yoke. The idea of a Russian patriarchate began to take root in the Russian religious consciousness. It ripened to maturity under the reign of Ivan the Terrible (1533-1588), and was finally realized under his son, Feodor Ivanovich."[4]

[3] *Ibid.*, vol. i., p. 289.

[4] *Vserossiiskii tzerkovno-obshchestvennyi Viestnik*, no. 130, 1917 (October 24th).

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Feodor Ivanovich (1584-1589) was of quite a different temper from his father. He is described by Russian historians as "a man weak in health and intellect. He combined extreme mildness of disposition with a timid spirit, excessive piety, and a profound indifference for this world's affairs; he passed his days in listening to pious legends, singing hymns with monks, and his greatest pleasure was to ring the convent bells and share in the services of the Church. 'He is a sacristan,' said his father, 'and no tsarevitch.'"[5] But this Tsar-sacristan had an energetic and ambitious counselor, Boris Godunov, his brother-in-law. At the instigation of Godunov, Feodor Ivanovich sounded Ioachim, Patriarch of Antioch, respecting the institution of a Russian patriarchate in Moscow. The astute Greek received the overtures of the Tsar with extreme affability, but declined to give a decisive answer, as the matter had to be brought before the solemn body of the four Eastern patriarchates. The Tsar treated him liberally, loaded him with presents, and charged him to win for his proposal the favor of his colleagues.

In 1588, Jeremiah II., Patriarch of Constantinople, arrived at Moscow, and was received with all due veneration by the Tsar and his court. It was first suggested to invite Jeremiah to assume the charge of the future patriarchate of Moscow, but Boris Godunov wrecked this project. He assigned in objection Jeremiah's ignorance of the Russian language. The true cause of his opposition, however, was his desire to preserve the patriarchal dignity for one of his tools, the Metropolitan, Job. Jeremiah was urged to accept the primacy of the Russian Church on condition that he establish himself at Vladimir, far from Moscow. Of course, the Patriarch rejected the proposition. "A Patriarch, far from the court," he remarked, "would be useless; his place ought to be near the sovereign."

Feodor, and Godunov were secretly pleased with Jeremiah's refusal. On January 10, 1589, they summoned a general council of the Russian Church. Jeremiah set before the Russian bishops the desire of the Tsar. All declared themselves in accord with him, and Jeremiah presented to Feodor the names of three candidates for the patriarchal dignity. The choice,

[5] Albert F. Heard, *The Russian Church and Russian Dissent.* New York, 1887, pp. 57, 58.

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as was to be foreseen, fell upon the Metropolitan, Job, who on the twenty-sixth of January took possession of his charge in the Cathedral of the Assumption *(Uspenskii Sobor)*.

The following year a synod held at Constantinople approved the action of the Patriarch. The synodal letter, which gave official sanction to the newly-established patriarchal see, was approved and subscribed by the Patriarchs of Constantinople, Jerusalem, Antioch, nineteen metropolitans, nineteen archbishops, and twenty bishops. Certainly, the Greek hierarchy tried to put the best face upon matters; yet, in their heart of hearts they upbraided Jeremiah for his concessions.

The Russian patriarchate seems like a meteor in the history of the Russian Church. It reached its zenith under Filaret (Feodor Nikititch), whose administration lasted from 1618-1634. Its most brilliant pages were written by Nikon (1605-1681), a man of unabated energy, and undaunted courage. His words to the Greek bishops who condemned him in their vile submission to the Tsar, Aleksiei Mikhailovitch (1645-1676), ring with the majestic tones of the Popes of the Middle Ages. Thus, in autocratic Russia, he strongly asserted the superior rights of the Church and priesthood, and their independence of political rulers: "The pontificate is more honorable and a greater principality than the empire itself. The priest is seated very much higher than the king. For though the throne of the Tsar may appear honorable from the precious stones set in it and the gold with which it is overlaid, nevertheless they are only the things of the earth, which he has received power to administer, and beyond this he has no power whatever. But the throne of the priesthood is set in heaven; . . . . and the priest stands between God and human nature, as drawing down from heaven graces unto us, carrying up from us utterances of prayer to heaven, reconciling Him, when He is angry, to our common nature, and delivering us, when we have offended, out of His hand. . . . . Is the Tsar head of the Church? . . . . No! The head of the Church is Christ. . . . . The Tsar neither is, nor can be, the head of the Church, but is as one of the members, and on this account he can do nothing whatever in the Church. . . . . Where is there any word of Christ that the Tsar is to have power over the Church?" [6]

[6] William Palmer, *The Patriarch and the Tsar*. London, 1871, vol. I., pp. 127, 251, 292.

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Under a Tsar as autocratic as Peter the Great, such a Patriarch as Nikon was an impossibility. The last Patriarch, Adrian, elected in 1690, preferred to renounce his dignity, and seek the quiet life in the Perervinsky monastery, where he died in 1700. After his death, Peter the Great ordered the nomination of a new patriarch to be delayed, and an exarch to be appointed as vicar and administrator of the patriarchal see. The choice fell upon Stephen Yavorsky, Metropolitan of Ryazan.

A reliable historian of the Russian Church, A. Dobroklonsky, says concerning this decision of Peter the Great: "No doubt the Tsar had his special reasons and views, when he resolved to abolish the patriarchate. He was fully imbued with the idea of the civil power. He did not tolerate a papacy, or anything like papacy. He was right in his opinion *(emu spravledivo dumalos)*, that the Papacy with its pretensions introduces a harmful dualism into the life of a nation. The Protestants, with whom he was more in sympathy, enkindled more and more his ill-feelings towards papacy. When abroad, speaking freely, he praised Luther, for the very reason that he waged war against the Pope and his armies, and by his revolt benefited the emperor and many princes." [7] Hence, ambition and political aims gave birth to the Russian patriarchate, and hatred of the Catholic Church, and ecclesiastical freedom, suggested its suppression.

For two centuries, since the death of the last Patriarch, the Russian Church has existed as a department of the civil power. And here it is interesting to note that in the session of October 19, 1917, of the National Council of Moscow, Ermogen, Bishop of Tobolsk, declared the Holy Synod to be an heretical institution. He said: "The Church ought to stand upon a canonical foundation. Now, the Synod is not built upon the canons of the Church. The spirit of its foundation is not a canonical one. It reflects the spirit of Calvin, and since Calvin was an heretic, it is evident that the Synod is an heretical institution." [8]

In all the sessions of the Council of Moscow, a fact that stands out in bold relief is the persistent consciousness among the Russian clergy of the acephalous and unpractical condition of

[7] *Rukovodstvo po istorii russkoi tzerkvi* (Handbook of history of the Russian Church), vol. iv., Moscow, 1893, p. 69.

[8] *Vserossiiskii tzerkovno-obsshestvennii Viestnik*, 1917, no. 134 (November 2d).

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the Russian Church. Archpriest I. Turkevich, a leading member of the Russian Orthodox Mission in the United States, candidly avowed that: "The Russian Orthodox missionaries in foreign countries face a very difficult situation because their Church is deprived of an ecclesiastical head. We are accused of preaching not orthodoxy, but autocracy. We heard these accusations either from Roman Catholics or from the members of the other episcopal churches. It was truly hard to answer them. The Holy Synod certainly was doing its work, but its decisions were confirmed by the autocratic power of the tsars. The Russian Church had inherited special rites for their consecration and coronation. Our answers convinced nobody. Foreigners could not understand what are the boundaries between the civil power and pure orthodoxy. They said to us: 'We love your liturgy, your Church keeps up the Apostolic succession, but you preach Russian political aims, for Russian Orthodoxy is inseparable from Russian politics.'" [9]

In a previous session, October 14, 1917, Antoni, the well-known Archbishop of Kharhov, tried to show that the idea of the restoration of the Russian patriarchate "is not the outcome of the revolutionary movement." Before the revolution, Professor F. Blagovidov in his book: *The Chief Procurators of the Holy Synod* (Kazan, 1900)—a book written in a spirit not well disposed towards the Church [10]—brought out the fact that every awakening of the Russian religious consciousness has been followed by demands for the restoration of the Russian patriarchate. That tendency has informed the spirit of Slavophilism.

In 1882, the archpriest Alexander Mikhailovich Ivantzov-Platonov, (one of the glories of the white clergy who died in 1899), published a series of papers on the Russian patriarchate in the *Rus* (nn. 1-16). He asserted that the patriarchal authority was the strongest support of the synodal principle, the living centre of the Orthodox Church; that the Patriarch is necessary to the Russian Church in order to restore to her the position to which she is entitled by her numerical and intellectual greatness and superiority among other Orthodox Churches. For the less important Orthodox communities, as

[9] *Ibid.*, no. 134.

[10] Because of this book, Professor Blagovidov was expelled from the Ecclesiastical Academy of Kazan.

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for instance, the Copts and Syrians, have their own patriarchs. The Serbian Orthodox Church has for its head a patriarch, whose flock is so small that it does not equal the population of a single Russian eparchy. The Russian patriarchate is a moral necessity incumbent upon the place of honor accorded the Russian Church by the Orthodox world, although her importance is less than it would be were her organization different.[11]

In 1905 the question of the restoration of the Russian patriarchate gave rise to lively debates in Russia. One of its strongest champions was the above-mentioned Archbishop Antoni, at that time Bishop of Volhynia. In a report to the Chief Procurator of the Holy Synod,[12] he declared that restoration to be the most important topic in the scheme of ecclesiastical reform. On it depends the reëstablishment of the canonical grounds of the Russian Church. Her stagnation dates from the abolition of the patriarchate and the introduction of the Holy Synod. After the disappearance of the Patriarch, the Russian Church was ruled by a layman *(upravliaetsiia mirianinom)*, the Chief Procurator. We ought to restore the title and dignity of the Patriarch. The Church in Russia is deprived of what we find in the other religions. Latins, Protestants, Armenians, Mohammedans, Lamaites have their religious heads. The Russian Church, on the contrary, has no official head. She is enslaved by a lay bureaucracy, which hides its aims under the authority of a council of six bishops and two priests. The institution of the Holy Synod is a violation of the canons. It was not approved by the Patriarchs of the East. The Orthodox Churches were never deprived of a religious head. Certainly, the synods and councils must have the supreme leadership of the Church, but not without patriarchs. The patriarch in the Orthodox Church represents the executive power, and the council determines policy and legislates. Without an official head the council cannot be summoned. Its decisions cannot be given application. The Church is unarmed against her enemies. Because of her dignity, the Russian Church claims an official head. Her jurisdictional boundaries are far wider than those of the four Eastern patriarchates taken together. The number of her adherents and eparchies is considerable. Yet in the ranks of the Russian hierarchy

[11] See our book *La Chiesa Russa*, Florence, 1908, pp. 69, 70.

[12] *Tzerkovnvia Viedomosti*, 1906, no. 8, pp. 380-384.

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there is no bishop who, according to the ecclesiastical canons, may claim the privileges granted to the Patriarch of Alexandria, who exercises jurisdiction over a very small number of the faithful. It is true that the institution of the patriarchate did not rest upon the good will of the people, and that its decay took place in a time of general indifference. But, it is not to be denied that the common people held the Patriarch in higher esteem than the Tsar. The suppression of the patriarchate figures among the chief causes of the schism from the Russian Church of millions of Old-Believers. In the eyes of the clergy and faithful the Patriarch was, and he will be, the embodiment of the glory of Christ, the bond of the religious unity and the speaking-trumpet of the Orthodox faith. The restoration of the patriarchate would revive the religious feelings of the Orthodox Russian, root deeper the Russian Church into Russian national consciousness, soften the animosities among the various Orthodox nationalities; it would eliminate the schism of Russian dissenters, and exert a salutary influence upon the Latins and sectarians, and stir up the hearts of the Russian clergy and people."

Thus spoke Archbishop Antoni in 1905, and his voice was not a solitary one. Another Bishop, Antoni of Narva, said that Russia needed a patriarch, as a mediator between God and the Russian people. Nikolas Zaozersky, a learned canonist, declared that the restoration of the Russian patriarchate was the common aspiration of all Russian hearts. Russia feels the necessity of a powerful intermediary between the sovereign and his subjects, of an authoritative leader to show to them the right path in the maze of human error.[13]

The patriarcophils, to adapt a Russian word, expected the fulfillment of their desires from the National Council of Moscow, which was to have been assembled in 1907. To their utmost disappointment, however, the Council was not held—no one knew why. It was only in 1917, that a little pamphlet, published in Moscow by V. I. Yatzkevich, solved the riddle.[14] The Council failed to take place because Constantin Pobiedon-

[13] *Bogoslovsky Viestnik* (Theological Messenger), 1905, vol. iii., p. 625.

[14] *K'istorii sozyva vserossiiskago Sobora* ("Contribution to the history of the Convocation of the Council of all Russia"), Moscow, 1917. The pamphlet contains the confidential memoranda of the ex-Tsar, the reports of Pobiedonostsev and Sabler, the letters of Archbishop Antoni to them, and several documents issued by the Holy Synod.

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ostsev, the famous dictator of the Russian Church, opposed its convocation, and his advice influenced strongly the weak will of Nicholas II. In a letter addressed by Pobiedonostsev to the Tsar on the thirtieth of March, 1905, we read as follows: "All Russians feel that the convocation of a general council at this very moment would be the act of rash thoughtlessness. It would provoke in our national life that greatest and most dangerous revolution—an ecclesiastical revolution. At present it cannot be too strongly asserted that a council is an impossible undertaking."

In 1912, a new attempt to restore the patriarchate was made by the then Chief-Procurator, Vladimir Karolovich Sabler-Desiatovsky. But in a memorandum dated March 2, 1912, the Tsar curtly refused his approbation. It may be that the demoralizing influence of Gregory Rasputin was not without weight in this decision of the Tsar.

The third attempt at the restoration of the patriarchate has taken place in the National Council of Moscow. Crowned with success, its debates are most interesting, and illumine a dramatic scene in the religious history of New Russia. They touch doctrinal problems of the most vital importance, especially if we are to give a just verdict on the Russian Church, from the Catholic standpoint of Church polity and organization. We may be permitted, therefore, to linger in our survey of the trend and the results of those debates.

The Council charged a special committee with the study of the supreme management of the Church and the feasibility of restoring the patriarchate. Metrophanes of Astrakham (who has been a "patriarchophil"), served as Chairman of this Committee. He bitterly lamented that through the contradictory character of its pronouncements the Holy Synod had aggravated the danger of Russia's moral dissolution. "Our people," he said, "do not look for their salvation from an assembly *(collegium)*. They wish to see a living man at the head of the Church, a bishop who may be able to gather his whole flock around him. Our spiritual forces are crushed. We are all standing in awe at the total collapse of the Church. We want a living leader, a chief, a ruler, who may inspire us to glorious deeds. The yearnings of the Georgians for ecclesiastical autonomy, the vast extent of the Russian territories wrested from us by our enemies, these are but a few of the factors

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which impose on us the necessity of ecclesiastical unity. The minds of those who were torn from us will naturally turn to a Patriarch, in whose heart their appeals would find consolation and sympathy. Does not this Council of ours, held after two hundred and fifty years of interruption in our synodal experience, look to him as the upbuilder of the mature canonical organization of our Church?" [5]

Metrophanes proposed to the members of the Council the following formula, as expressing the wishes of the majority:

> The Council recognizes as the starting point for its labors, the restoration of the patriarchal dignity by the election of a Patriarch who will be the first among the bishops, and who will direct the management of the ecclesiastical affairs of the Russian Church.

This formula, according to Metrophanes, may be developed in four propositions, outlined as follows:

1. The supreme authority of the Russian Church belongs to the National Council.
2. The Patriarch will be charged with the direction of ecclesiastical affairs in the Russian Orthodox Church.
3. The Patriarch is the first *in dignity* among other bishops, who are otherwise equal to him.
4. The Patriarch, with the other agencies of Church organization, is subject to the Council.

Agreement on those four points was not reached. The Russian Church, as we have shown in our book, *La Chiesa Russa,* is affected with a chronic disease, an inward schism. The incurable character of this schism was manifest in every session of the Council. Only the imminent dangers impending over Russia, and the annihilation of its political power, postponed the opening of hostilities between the black and white clergy.

The opponents of the restoration of the patriarchate were chiefly among the "liberal" priests, professors of academies, dilettanti in theology, and, strange to say, the delegates of the Russian peasantry. A peculiar feature of the National Council of Moscow was that it opened wide its doors to the repre-

[5] *Vserossiiskii tzerk-obssh. Viestnik,* 1913, no. 130 (October 24th).

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sentatives of rural and utopian collectivism. These spoke of theology, and of the nature and constitution of the Church as Socialists do, whenever they have the theological "bee in their bonnets."

The reasons set forth against the restoration of the patriarchate do not materially differ from those discussed in the Russian press during the fever of ecclesiastical reforms in 1905-1907. At that time, N. Kapterev, the best historian of the relations between Russia and the Eastern Churches, stirred up the fire of controversy between patriarchophils and patriarchophobes. In an elaborate paper, published in the *Bogoslovsky Viestnik* (1905), the official organ of the ecclesiastical Academy of Moscow, he established the fact that the Russian Patriarchate was a merely political institution, a religious whim of the civil power. It was the exclusive product of the encroachments of laymen on the authority of the Church. A patriarchate was not a necessary consequence of the special conditions of Russian Christianity. It resulted merely as an external decoration of the Russian Churches. Its political origin prevented it from taking root in Russian soil; nor was it tied to the Russian people by living and organic bonds. A caprice of the civil power was its cradle, and a caprice of the same power dug its grave.

Following the lead of Kapterev, the patriarchophobes, both ecclesiastical and lay, opened fire upon the patriarchophils. Their arguments are to be found in a collection of extracts from the Russian press on ecclesiastical reform by A. Preobrazhensky.[16] Ecclesiastical writers objected that the revival of the patriarchate would not enforce the authority of the civil power. It would only strengthen and enlarge the power of the hierarchy, and result in crippling the life of the Church. In fact, the Patriarch would become her supreme ruler; bishops and the white clergy his slaves. Yet he could not act as an intermediary between the Tsar and his subjects, for in these days a monk cannot understand fully our complex social problems. Moreover the Patriarch, himself a monk, would of course enlarge the privileges of Russian monasticism, and sharpen, in this way, the antagonism between the two clergies.[17]

A short-lived review of Kharkov, *Tzerkovnaia Gazeta*

[16] *Tserkovnaia reforma.* Petrograd, 1905. [17] *Ibid.*, pp. 63-67.

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(The Ecclesiastical Journal), styled the Russian patriarchate the "evil product of the development of the monarchical principle within the State." Absolutism boasts of its triumph. The Church demands the resurrection of the patriarchal dignity. The patriarchate implies the elements of Papal supremacy and clericalism. With the Patriarchs, so contended this review, begins the era of lamentable decay in the synodal tradition. There is no mention of patriarchs in the Gospels. In Russia, they availed themselves of their authority to further the interests of their own caste (monasticism). Nor is the patriarchate in keeping with the spirit of the times. The modern ideal of the Church is the spirit of liberty, equality and fraternity, a patriarch today would revive an antiquated title, a title that excites suspicion, and no longer arouses enthusiasm in the faithful.[18]

As was to be expected, the press (notoriously hostile to the Church) concentrated upon the philippics of ecclesiastical writers against the patriarchate. They emphatically declared that a free nation has no need of a supreme ecclesiastical ruler. Since the Orthodox Church is dominant in Russia, exterior signs of unity are unnecessary. A patriarch chosen by a body of bishops would resemble the Pope elected by the cardinals. He would create in Russia the spirit of a militant church, that spirit of clericalism with which Russia as yet had not been afflicted. The civil power, it was declared, cannot tolerate within its political frontiers another State ruled by its own administrators, judges and financiers.

Again, it was pointed out that the Russian people have lost their patriarchal traditions. The restoration of the patriarchate would mean a retrogression of two centuries, the exhuming of an archæological frieze, the "nourishment of the viper of clericalism," an "onslaught on the independence of the Church." The power of the Church does not rest on any pompous title, but on her spiritual excellence, and on the moral elevation of the clergy. "The Church," wrote Prince Menchikov, "is a religious democracy. Alone may she settle questions concerning faith. In the Church, we are all brothers, we share the same rights, and therefore the hierarchy is useless; moreover, they are against the spirit of Christianity."

[18] *Tserkovnaia Gazeta*, 1905, nos. 6, 20, 21.

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It need scarcely be said that the uproar made by the "liberal" churchmen and their *claque* in the Russian atheistic *intelligentsiia* during the years 1905-1907 did not subside when the time came to hold the National Council of Moscow. The reports of the sessions devoted to the reform of the constitution of the Russian Church teem with like tirades against the patriarchophils.' Vigorous attacks were made by the delegates of the peasantry. They wanted a democratic Church, and a popular priesthood. Hierarchy, they averred, is a kind of nobility in the Church, and, as such, it ought to be swept away by democratic waves.

The more one thinks of it, the less one understands why the Russian Church authorities ever invited the Russian peasants to the Council of Moscow. What light could they have been expected to throw upon the solution of the problems of Russian Christianity? It is strange that a Council summoned to rebuild the Russian Church on the firmest foundation of ecclesiastical canons, should start its work by violating these very canons. Flushed with pride in rubbing shoulders with the highest officials of the past *régime*, viz., archbishops and bishops, the Russian peasants could not refrain from teaching them the new theology outlined for them by their Socialistic masters.

In fact, at the session of October 14, 1917, a peasant of the government of Tver, V. G. Rubtzev addressed "the Fathers of the Council" in these unsynodal terms: "We met here together in order to heal the pestilence corroding the Church. We need to draw off the purulent blood from the healthy body of the Church. Russian bishops are saying that the peasantry yearns for a restored patriarchate. That assertion cannot hold good of all the peasantry. I think it is my moral duty to speak frankly. In our Apostolic traditions we do not find that besides Jesus Christ there was any supreme head of the Church. In the Revelation of St. John, the Lord said to the angels of the churches, the bishops: 'The head of the Church is and will be Jesus Christ.' True it is that a Patriarch appeared in the Russian Church; but he divided the Russian people instead of uniting them. We do not wish to go back from the twentieth to the eighteenth century. We will not accept the principle of authority. It is contrary to the spirit of progress. Our dissolution of today is a transient evil. It is not from patriarchs that

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we can look for salvation. We confide rather in the great elective principle. It runs parallel with the onward sweep of civilization. The Council cannot arrest the enlightenment of the popular masses. The Patriarch is one man, one mind, and a limited mind. Our rights, and the lessons which we are learning, may be weakened, or made worthless under a patriarchal *régime*." [19]

The answer of the patriarchophils to these invectives of their adversaries, and the new constitution of the Russian Church, as framed by them, will be set forth in our next article.

BIRTH.

BY CHARLES PHILLIPS.

WITH what far sudden glory, lost in space—
In what immeasureable silence—leaps
The new star to its God-appointed place
High in the night's illimitable deeps!

So scans the mortal eye up Heaven's maze,
Unseeing;—but beyond the blazing bar
That veils the far-set vision, music sways
The vaulted air, chanting the new-born star!

So in this little chamber near the elms
(That lean to worship at the very thought!)
Swift sweeps the light that lifts and overwhelms,
Star answering star to cry the wonder wrought!

[19] *Vserossiiskii tzerkovno-obsh. Viestnik*, 1917, no. 132 (October 31st).

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LIVING STONES.

BY BLANCHE M. KELLY.

"As living stones built up, a spiritual house" (1 Peter ii. 5).

ONE hundred years ago, or, to be more explicit, on May 29, 1818, a small sailing vessel came to anchor in the harbor of New Orleans after a long and tedious voyage from a French port. Among the passengers who came ashore were five women. One of these, a woman past middle age, of radiant countenance, in the general turmoil and confusion of landing, contrived to do, unremarked, a remarkable thing. Scarcely had her foot touched the earth than she fell on her knees and kissed it, and at a word from her, her companions did likewise. So, unquestionably, must the children of Israel have greeted the soil of the Promised Land, and the triumphant Crusaders the stones of the Holy City. A like spirit of consecration to exalted purpose, prompted the action of these women—Philippine Rose Duchesne, and her companions, the first colony of the Society of the Sacred Heart in the New World. Never had ship brought hither more intrepid spirits. Possessed of the courage of warriors, the high hearts of adventurers, their rapturous greeting of the land of their exile, and of their dreams, was a presage of future achievement and an expression of the spirit in which that achievement was undertaken.

It has been said that religious foundations differ from other institutions in this, that they are made of living souls. This fact was truly exemplified in the Society of the Sacred Heart. Established in France in 1800 by the now Blessed Madeleine Sophie Barat, the marvel she accomplished was not her schools, although these were soon recognized as foremost educational establishments, but the breathing spirit she instilled into a body of women that made them, despite differences of race, environment and tradition, "one heart and one soul;" that to the body thus animated she im-

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parted a temperament and character as distinct as those of any individual.

And what is true of the Society as a whole is true of its activity in America. One hundred years ago, five women found temporary shelter in a log house in the village of St. Charles on the Missouri River. The first permanent foundation was made at Florissant a year later. Today, eleven thousand and sixty-three Religious of the Sacred Heart have in the United States thirty-seven schools, in which they educate five thousand five hundred and fourteen pupils, not to speak of houses in Canada, Mexico, Cuba and South America, all offshoots of that first foundation at St. Charles. The full story of these separate and successive foundations has been told on other occasions and will not be repeated here. We have to do with only one aspect of it: the fact that these foundations were not a matter of bricks and mortar, of well-attended schools and recognized educational achievement, but of great and vivid personalities, of sustained tradition, of an unflickering and unquenchable flame handed on from torch-bearer to torch-bearer. Out of living stones there has been built up a spiritual house.

The first of these was Mother Duchesne herself. Born at Grenoble, France, she had entered the Visitation Convent in that town, but was compelled by the excesses of the Revolution to return to her home. After a vain attempt to reorganize the Visitation Community, she entered the recently-founded Society of the Sacred Heart. She has been called the greatest of Mother Barat's daughters. In 1909 she was officially declared Venerable by the Church. With the desire of the born missionary to have others share his treasure, she longed to go to America. The America of which she dreamed was the America of the bedizened Indian of the tepi and the tomahawk—the America perhaps of martyrdom. For twelve long years after her entrance into the Society, was Mother Duchesne compelled to wait before her desire to go to America was fulfilled and then her mission was not to the Indians.

It was not until she was seventy-two years old, and had been relieved of the burden of the superiorship, that she finally attained this first desire of her heart for the Indian missions by being included, at the entreaty of the great Father De Smet, among the foundresses of the mission to the Pottawot-

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tomies. Her life's work was over then. The houses she had founded in Missouri and fostered with prayers and tears and penance, had outlived severe storms; those of the South were flourishing. Subjects had flocked to the Society and had imbibed from her its spirit and traditions. Yet in her own eyes she had accomplished nothing. Obstacles and adverse circumstances that would have broken a weaker spirit she ascribed to her own inefficiency. As a matter of fact, she had the indomitable energy of the pioneer—an energy fed upon prayer. "The-woman-who-always-prays" was her dear Indians' name for her. Her prayer in turn was nurtured by a spirit of penance which knew no bounds save obedience. A glorious spectacle in the sight of angels was this aged woman, in patched habit and ungainly shoes, her labor-scarred hands clasped, wresting through prayer a blessing from God on her beloved Society.

In answer to such prayers, no doubt, heaven raised up Mary Aloysia Hardey, one of the first five pupils to be received at Grand Coteau, Louisiana, the new foundation, made in 1821 by Madame Eugénie Andé. Mary Hardey was born December 8, 1809, of an intensely Catholic family. When she first expressed a desire to enter religious life, she was not taken very seriously, nevertheless she persevered, and was one of the group sent to found St. Michael's in 1825. In 1836 she was made superior of St. Michael's. In 1841, she joined, in New York City, Mother Galitzin, assistant-general and visitor of the houses in America. Here, a foundation was made in Houston Street, with Mother Hardey as superior.

The record of her ensuing years would seem to exceed the boundaries of one lifetime. Foundation followed foundation in quick succession. There were journeys in the States, to Canada, to Cuba, to France, extensive and often voluminous correspondence to be carried on, communities to be governed, schools to be maintained and, always and ever, the primitive spirit to be handed on undimmed. The ability of this valiant woman was universally recognized. "I would rather contend with ten lawyers than with one Madame Hardey," a lawyer said of her, and a bishop called her "the St. Teresa of her century." In 1851 she became vicar of the Northern States and Canada, and in the following year she made the foundation in Albany which eventually developed into that place of predilection, Kenwood. Mother Hardey made Kenwood her resi-

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dence while the house was being rebuilt and during the transfer of the novitiate. One who was at school there in those days writes: "She seemed to be traveling almost constantly from one convent to another, greatly beloved by nuns and pupils." She carried her cloister with her in her soul. No adulation caused her to put off humility; no great monetary transaction robbed her of her poverty of spirit; no trial was a trial to her love.

In 1872 she was made assistant-general of the Society, and after a visit to the American houses went to France, where, in 1886, she died a holy death. Twenty years later the confiscation of the Society's property in France under the Associations Law, compelled the removal of her body from the crypt at Conflans and so, very fittingly, it was brought back to America and buried at Kenwood. What is especially remarkable about Mother Hardey's career is that she had so little to build upon—the Society was new and she was young when she came to it. She became in a sense a foundress, yet the spirit she instilled was not her own, but Mother Barat's. She was born not only with a vocation, but with a genius for this particular Society.

Mother Hardey was succeeded in the vicariate of New York by Mother Sarah Jones, who was born in New York City, November 29, 1823. Her father was Samuel Jones for whom the office of chancellor was created, and after whom Great Jones Street is named; her mother was Catherine Schuyler, granddaughter of General Philip Schuyler. Both parents were stanch Protestants; Sarah was of course educated in that belief and gave her allegiance to the Protestant faith. When about fourteen years of age, she had a remarkable spiritual experience after hearing a sermon on "conversion of heart." This thrilled her for the first time with a deep, personal love of Christ. Returning home she fell on her knees, and while thus praying had a piercing realization of Our Lord's agony in Gethsemane.

Some time later, through a friend, she became interested in the Catholic religion and sought instruction from Archbishop Hughes. Great was the consternation caused in her family when she expressed her desire to become a Catholic. For a whole year her father withheld his consent. Archbishop Hughes, judging that her baptism had been valid, was unwill-

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ing to repeat the ceremony. But with a strange eagerness and persistency, Sarah Jones pleaded so earnestly that she be re-baptized, at least conditionally, that finally Archbishop Hughes acceded to her wish. At this baptism, Catherine Seton, the daughter of Mother Seton, was her godmother. It was learned years later that the negro nurse who had held her at the font in infancy, on the occasion of her first baptism, being a Baptist, took good care that the water did not reach her. The experience of that night of prayer, when her soul was filled with a desire for an intense personal love of Christ, remained and endured. It reached its fullest fruition many years later in the retirement of Kenwood, where her great work was consummated.

Shortly after her reception into the Church, in an interview with Mother Galitzin, Sarah Jones expressed her intention of entering the religious life. Various causes prevented the realization of her wish until she was twenty-three. So unmistakable was her vocation, and so great her ability that she was made superior of the house in Bleeker Street shortly after she made her first vows. In 1851 she went to Manhattanville as mistress of the superior class. She was a born educator and had that gift of arousing interest in the things of the mind which is the touchstone of culture. But it was her twenty-six years as vicar which extended her reputation outside the walls of her convent. She and Mother Tommasini are said to have established the reputation of Manhattanville, a reputation never better justified than in the bearing of superior and community during the night of August 13, 1888, when old Manhattanville burned to the ground.

After several years as superior at Elmhurst, founded by her in 1872, Rev. Mother Jones retired to Kenwood in 1900 and there lived a life of complete absorption in God, of which her death, in 1911, was the consummation, the final withdrawal of a veil worn thin to her saintly eyes.

In June, 1895, there appeared before the ecclesiastical tribunal charged with the cause of Mother Duchesne's beatification, a venerable nun, Mother Anne Josephine Shannon, Mother Duchesne's sole surviving novice and most worthy daughter. She had been vice-vicar of the South during the Civil War, and was known then and later for the greatness of her daring, the readiness of her wit, and the superabundance of her char-

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ity. Mother Shannon was born in New Ross, County Wexford, Ireland, in 1810. She came to the United States in childhood and was a pupil at Florissant, where she entered the novitiate in 1826. She was superior of St. Michael's at the outbreak of the war, and although her sympathies were with the South, a fact of which she made no secret, she was respected and honored by the Federals, officers and men alike. General Butler called her "the only lady in Louisiana." She was perhaps the only one who did not treat that unpopular invader with flaunting contempt. The Federal blockade cut off her communication with the other houses of the vicariate and theirs with France. Twice she passed through the lines, once to deliver letters from France to Grand Coteau, and once to bring a store of provisions to the denuded convents. General Butler required all to whom passports were issued to take an oath of allegiance to the Union. When Mother Shannon presented herself, he asked: "Have you taken the oath?"

"I've done better than that," said she, "I've taken three vows."

He was disarmed, and gave her all she asked.

Once when she was on her way to call on Governor Marshall and General Taylor, the path was barred by two soldiers, who crossed their bayonets in front of her, saying: "You can't pass here!"

"Oh, I pass everywhere," she replied laughingly parting the bayonets and proceeding tranquilly on her way.

The account of her journey to Grand Coteau and Natchitoches in 1864, is as thrilling a story of adventure as romance writer ever dreamed, yet through it all she bore the recollection of the cloister. Long after the war, General Lalor wrote her that he had devoted his entire fortune to the foundation of a charitable institution, and traced the inspiration of this act to some words of hers uttered years before: "A single soul that you would try to bring to God would be worth more to you on the Judgment Day than all your victories."

When Mother Hardey visited the mother house in France in 1867, she heard one of the young nuns speaking English. She displayed such interest in the circumstance, that the nun, who felt both an attraction to, and a terror of, the missions, resolved to keep out of the American vicar's way. This precaution was in vain, for her superiors had already chosen her

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for that field. When Mother Hardey returned to America in 1869, she brought with her Madame Genevieve Gauci. The graves of both now lie close together in the Kenwood cemetery. Madame Gauci was born at Valetta in the Island of Malta in 1834, and was the seventh child of the Baron and Baroness Gauci. She was of Arabian descent and could speak Arabic as well as English. The tradition of the cloister was strong in her family. It was, however, in face of violent opposition from her father that she and her sister entered the Sacred Heart novitiate at the Villa Lante in 1858. Thenceforth religious obedience required her to change her home many times. In the United States she held the responsible posts of mistress of novices and superior, and was finally placed at the head of the St. Louis vicariate, of which Maryville had been made the provincial house and novitiate. A great exaltation of soul characterized her religious life. She had a reserved but ardent nature and the flame was constantly overleaping the wall. As she was preparing to make the foundation of Menlo Park, she was stricken down by the terrible illness which resulted in her death. She was relieved of her duties and withdrew to Kenwood in 1897, where through months of incredible suffering she made ready for her end. As death drew near, one of those praying with her asked: "Reverend Mother, what mysteries do you want?" "The glorious ones," came the glorious reply. And death, when it came to her, was glorious. At the utterance of the Holy Name she bowed her head and lifted it no more.

Mother Gauci was replaced in the St. Louis vicariate by Mother Mary Burke, then superior of Kenwood. She was born in Ireland in 1849, and she had in her own mother the most sublime type of Catholic gentlewoman. The girl had a sensitive nature, quick to feel pain, but her indomitable will never shrank from it. There is something almost terrifying in her unwavering pursuit of perfection. Once she entered the novitiate at Roehampton, England, where she had been at school, her rule was the guide of her fervor. Three years after she made her vows, she was sent to Buenos Aires to take charge of an orphanage conducted by the Society.

As mistress of novices and superior, she displayed what has been called *l'intuition des âmes*. While vicar Mother Burke founded Menlo Park, welcomed Very Rev. Mother Digby

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to Maryville, and speeded her beloved "white veils" to Kenwood when it became the sole novitiate for North America. She was appointed vicar of Canada but was prevented by illness from filling the post. After a sojourn at Roehampton she went, as mistress-general, to Bilbao, Spain, in 1902. Her health was already undermined, and after great suffering she died two years later a saintly death.

This article would not be complete without at least a rough sketch of Mother Tommasini. She would probably suggest that a full length portrait would require little canvas, for it was part of her engaging simplicity to mock at her very diminutive size *(ma toute petite petitesse)* and what she was pleased to call her ugliness. "She is Italian," said Pius IX., and everyone felt that he had described and explained her. Italian she was, ardent and impulsive, with the vivid faith that is on familiar terms with heavenly things, with the joyousness of a St. Francis, finding vent in songs and canticles, with the humor of a St. Philip Neri. She was born at Parma in 1827. Having entered the Sacred Heart, somewhat to the stupefaction of her mother, who could not reconcile the cloister with her daughter's expansive nature, she was at the convent of Turin during the Revolution of 1848. She remembered well the threats and ribald songs shouted by the Revolutionists under the convent windows; she remembered, too, the seamstresses sewing, sewing against time on secular costumes to disguise the expelled nuns' flight to safety. Thus it was that she came to America and the recently founded Manhattanville, where Mother Hardey received her. In due course of time she became Mother Hardey's traveling companion, and accompanied her to Cuba for the foundation in Havana in 1848. In 1875, after a long and active career in the States, she was made vicar of Canada.

Space forbids more than a passing reference to Mother Tommasini's share in the foundations in Mexico where she had to circumvent the machinations of the hostile civil authorities, and where she became such a power for good that her name is held in hallowed memory. "That woman," said a man in public life, "understands every question. She can talk politics with a statesman, education with an economist, music with a musician, but all the time the fire of divine love burning in her soul, escapes and casts a heavenly gleam into the heart of the

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person with whom she talks." Her prodigious memory enabled her to recount the events of her singularly eventful life with a charm and piquancy that held her listeners spellbound. God gave her a beautiful voice and royally she gave it back to him. "Sing gaily," she said to a choir she was training to sing Christmas carols, "sing gaily and not with sad American faces." When she was eighty-six she remarked, with some astonishment, that her voice was almost gone.

She died at Kenwood in 1914. One is reminded of Francis Thompson's line to another "laughing saint:"

> Since gain of thee was given,
> Surely there is more mirth in heaven.

She was the last of the first Mothers, yet she had not outlived her generation, for the generation in which she died was that into which she was born, the *nova proles*, the new progeny, the ever-renewed living stones of a great spiritual house.

VIA LONGA.

BY CHARLES PHILLIPS.

It's far I must be going,
Some night or morning gray,
Beyond the ocean's flowing,
Beyond the rim of day;
And sure it's not the going,
But that I find the way.

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ÆSTHETIC LAWS AND THE MORAL PRINCIPLE.

BY JOHN BUNKER.

TO the discerning lover of poetry and of America as well, there has, of quite recent years, been apparent among our writers a novel tendency that should cause very serious disquiet, for by it American poetry would cast aside what has probably been its chief merit in a list by no means long—its moral wholesomeness. On this point, as if by anticipation, Churton Collins not many years ago wrote some notable words, which, as they constitute a rare instance of British tribute to American literature and as Collins himself was a critic of authority, we think well worth quotation. He said: "No American poet has ever dared, or perhaps even desired, to do what, to the shame of England and France, their poets have so often done—what is mourned by Dryden:

> O gracious God! how oft have we
> Profaned Thy heavenly gift of Poesy,
> Made profligate and prostitute the Muse,
> Debased to each obscene and impious use.

We should search in vain through the voluminous records of American song for a poem by any poet of note or merit, with one exception who is an exception in everything, glorifying animalism or blasphemy, or attempting to throw a glamour over impurity and vice."

This, then, was what was; but if we look abroad into contemporary American poetry we shall find that a strong contrast is in process of making, and of that contrast there are, as Collins foreshadowed, two main phases of offence: indecency and that strange freak of the will, blasphemy. Now, in dealing with these particular manifestations the trouble, the æsthetic trouble, with the orthodox critic has been that he has usually taken the high moral vein and, appealing to a law not recognized by his opponents as artistically valid, has largely wasted his thunder. To have a dispute there must be some agreement —if on nothing else, agreement at least as to the field of com-

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bat; and it remains to show, therefore, that the orthodox critic has at command not only the ethical but the æsthetic advantage, and that those writers who in the name of art offend the moral sense, are as strongly condemnable on the one ground as on the other. With this view, then, we proceed to examine certain modern American productions; and if at times we seem to treat in too full detail of works or writers that do not deserve such minute handling, it is to be remembered that we are dealing with them not so much as individuals, but rather as types of definite and apparently spreading movements.

A favorite subject of much recent writing, is the really pathetic one of the girl who is lonely. On this topic the changes have been rung up the scale and back again, some to good effect, others to bad; and we all know the invariable sequel—the loss of her virtue. Now, though there are still some of us old-fashioned enough to believe that such a result does not necessarily, or even usually, follow from that particular circumstance, our concern here is not so much with the facts of the case as with the arbitrary meaning read into them by the author. Out of a number of possible instances we select two.

About three years ago an American poet put forth a long poem, the gist of whose story was this: On a boat leaving New York harbor are two passengers: an unsophisticated girl, traveling, of course, alone, and a man who has been the hero of many amorous adventures. Attracted by her youth and innocence, he strikes up an acquaintance with her—and she, almost at once, succumbs. The affair is for the man merely one of a series, and therefore he is somewhat surprised, some weeks later, to receive from the girl, who is dying, a note begging him to see her before the end. He goes, but he finds

> she had divined,
> And known too bitterly before she died,
> This man had never loved her, but had lied.

Nevertheless, says the author in conclusion, though

> Easy as leaf is human love to chill,
> Easy as leaf is human love to kill,
> Yet beautiful is that death with sudden flame,
> Ere it goes down to darkness, whence it came!

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And that we may get the full fine flavor of the whole he entitles the poem *Romance.*

Several years later another writer—and this time a woman—set forth a similar tale, and proceeded moreover to make the philosophy of it much more explicit. In *The Sisters,* the youngest of four unmarried sisters who live together, tells the story of *their* uneventful, petty, and embittered lives; but she, she "is not like them; for I have a reason for living." They are old, but she is not old. "But pretty soon I will be. I was thinking of that when I went to him, where he was waiting." And "now when the time comes I can die serenely, I can die after living." "Perhaps I will pretend to hang my head, perhaps I will to please them, I am very obliging—but in my heart I shall be laughing with a great laughter, a great exultation. Yes, they will upbraid and reproach, in grave and sisterly accents, and mourn over me, one who has fallen, yet I suspect, as each one goes to her cold little room, deep in her breast she will envy, with a terrible envy, the child that is mine."

This may be frank, but the truth is that the incident itself is by no means new in literature; it has been treated by numerous hands—among others by Fielding, Scott, George Eliot and Hardy, each of whom we may credit with a fairly competent knowledge of human nature; and by none of them is the woman represented—putting it at the very mildest—as being happy in her desertion, to say nothing of "laughter" or "exultation." But apart from literature, what does our own knowledge, what does common sense say? It says, without hesitation, that this is nonsense—that no such woman ever existed or ever could exist, and that the work of art that is based on such an hypothesis, fails because it lacks not only actuality but—a more serious literary fault—verisimilitude. It is wanting in truth, probability, even in possibility: from the facts of human nature as we find them both in life and books, we know that such a creature is absolutely incredible.

On the general subject of indelicacy many things might be said; but passing by those writers who are nasty in order to make a sensation—and a market—and who are therefore wholly outside the precincts of art, it seems well to bring up again certain old principles, which, old as they are, seem in these days in danger of being ignored.

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The object of all the fine arts, then, their distinguishing trait, is the presentation of beauty; and by "beauty" we understand not merely visual loveliness, but that more general quality whose peculiarity it is, to please us by its simple appearance, on its bare perception. This of course does not mean that the artist is to fix his exclusive eye on the morally approvable; on the contrary, whether for contrast—for "the bracing gust of ugliness," mentioned by Francis Thompson—or for truth to nature, he is free to treat of moral obliquity and the ignoble side of life; and hence the machinations of Iago or the cruelty of Lady Macbeth fall just as surely under the head of beauty as the magnanimity of Othello or the charm of Rosalind or the innocence of Perdita. These qualities, moreover, of Iago or Lady Macbeth come under the head of beauty because in itself intellectual adroitness is a good, a steadfast will is a good; and hence beauty may be further defined as nothing more nor less than the manifestation, the showing forth of good: *it is the good shining through.*

It is obvious, therefore, that vice *per se* can never be the real object of art, but that on the contrary art is necessarily and by its very nature on the side of virtue, since evil, abstractly considered, is a defect of being, has no proper life of its own but exists merely and entirely by reason of the good to which it adheres. This, perhaps, is the language of philosophy; but, in commoner speech, juggle the facts as we may, deny sin, rule out God, and make man the sole arbiter of right and wrong, this truth still stands that by some peculiar twist of his nature man, the purely natural man, even a savage, is drawn by a certain thing he calls good, and is repelled by a certain other thing he calls bad.

Now, art does not live in and for itself; it can no more breathe in a vacuum than can anything else, but, as we have seen, by its very object must appeal to something outside itself, in short, to man; and hence every great artist begins by realizing to himself—in fact by studying his own make-up—just what the nature of that being is to whom he is to make his appeal. He will find always and invariably that such qualities, for instance, as courage, magnanimity, generosity, honesty, purity, charity, unselfishness—or virtue—have in *themselves*, by their very nature, an instinctive appeal to the heart. And on the other hand he will know that cowardice, meanness, vil-

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lainy, treaching, impurity—in short, vice—have by *their* very nature and in themselves an ugliness and a repulsiveness which are instinctively odious and which no art can make truly attractive. The real artist knows this; in fact every man knows it; that is the way we are constituted; and however much philosophers or artists may quarrel with human nature as it is, after all there it is in just that fashion, and the writer must simply take it as he finds it.

At this point, perhaps, the author who wishes to handle forbidden subjects cries out: What then is to become of the freedom of the artist? Is he to blink things as he sees them, as they obviously are: or is he to be frank and show vice her own image? Is realism to be utterly banished? No; but let it be *real* realism; let the writer be more than frank, let him be honest; let him know that it is just as much his duty—and his privilege, if he rightly views it—to exhibit also "virtue her own feature." In short, let him give us the true, the complete picture, and not the distorted phantasm of partial vision.

In this, as in so many other matters, we may draw a lesson from the so-called "immortals," and looking to them we shall find that nothing so surely marks the great writer as the integrity of his appeal; and the main aspect of that appeal is nothing more nor less than this, that he counts on a noble response from the reader. Shakespeare, Milton, Dante, Virgil, Sophocles, or Homer, however much they differ among themselves, on this point are at one. What, after all, do these names represent? what is the image they evoke? Is it not one of moral soundness, of right-minded sympathy, plainly visible if not explicitly set forth? And these were they who "saw life steadily and (especially) saw life *whole*." They realized that to know man truly, is to know man reverently.

But we would be fair; let us take some who do not quite measure up to this high standard—say, Swinburne or Byron, Burns or Herrick or Chaucer. Now simply as a matter of fact, for what are these writers read by the majority of men; what keeps their works alive? Is it those productions where they dabbled in unclean places or displayed the weaker side of our fallen nature? It would be taking a pretty low view of that nature to think so; and of this we may be certain, that such pieces as *To a Field Mouse* or *The Prisoner of Chillon* or *To Primroses Fill'd with Dew* will live and have influence long,

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after the vicious works of their writers have passed to oblivion.

Getting down to the very basis of the matter, however, it might be asked, why select indecent subjects in the first instance, and of course when we put the question, we are, as we said above, leaving entirely out of account those writers who are nasty for a purpose and are therefore completely outside the purview of art. On this point Emerson has a pertinent remark: "In all design, art lies in making your object prominent, but there is a prior art in choosing objects that are prominent." Why, then, we repeat—with our eye on the acclaimed artists, on the "intellectuals," on the *cognoscenti*—why delve in the mud of the gutter? Well, the plain fact seems to be that in this matter of indelicacy, the intellectuals, however they may disguise it with fair words, are writing from as base and vulgar a motive as the meanest scribbler, and that equally with him their aim is to give us, as the phrase is, a jolt, to arouse shameful curiosity, to achieve the sensation at any cost.

That such writing is strong may be here freely admitted, but it is strong in a sense wholly different from what its authors suppose; and with respect to the authors themselves, we are inevitably reminded of Lamb's card-table witticism on his slovenly friend Dyer: "George, if dirt were trumps, my, what a hand you would hold!" Verily, with the type of writer under discussion, if dirt were trumps. . . . ! Looking at the matter, however, from the viewpoint of art—cold, hard art, divorced from moral or other consideration—and judging by the sure and ample evidence of literary history, it all comes to this, that when a writer, of however high a reputation, begins to draw out his *risqué* and "daring" subject, it is on the whole a safe conjecture that he is near the end of his artistic resources, and it is by no means unwise to presume that, in nine cases out of ten, far from being an artist he is merely a charlatan.

So much for one side of a dark picture; but there is an even darker aspect. We saw a moment ago from Emerson that "there is a prior art in choosing objects that are prominent." If his theory be correct, then on this head we can have no cause of complaint against certain writers we propose to speak of, for they choose the most prominent of all possible

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themes, God. And here the reader meets with a curious phenomenon, for these writers who profess a loud and an unshakeable disbelief in a Supreme Being are never long at ease in their work till they draw His name into the discussion. It is true of Marlowe, Shelley, Swinburne; and the obvious thought occurs to one, why, if they really disbelieve, be at such pains to spread God's name so large over their pages. If no such Being exists, it seems a most idle beating of the air. Then, too, from the viewpoint of that sympathy between the reader and himself which an author requires, it is manifestly unwise; and even from the viewpoint of art as such, it is a serious flaw, for the reason that there can be no great art without great reverence; indeed, from the explicit testimony of the past we may go farther and say: the greater the art the greater the reverence.

There are several ways, of course, in which such writers treat the subject, but they have one trait in common, and that is, like the writers previously discussed, in their anxiety to be strong they strain; desiring to score, they overshoot the mark. The favorite trick is to set up a lay figure, an omnipotent tyrant, a cruel and all-powerful monster, in which no one ever believed, and then proceed to call *that* opprobrious names. They really do not grasp the meaning of the term God; they seem smitten with a kind of mental blindness whereby they wander in thick clouds of their own making, so that, great geniuses as some of them are, and even, as in Shelley's case, with a natural bent towards metaphysics, in this matter they fail utterly in the first requisite of both poetry and metaphysics, namely, an understanding of the terms they use. Speaking merely humanly, and not in a spiritual sense at all, it is no exaggeration to say, quite literally, that they do not know what they are talking about.

Who it is that recently started anew in America the superannuated fashion of blasphemy in literature, is not quite clear—perhaps Masters, perhaps Oppenheim, perhaps a well-known lady of Boston who would rather be shocking than sensible; but whatever its origin, the fashion itself is preternaturally dull. The Village Atheist, indeed, was, we understand, once upon a time a striking figure to very young boys, but even in the height of his glory he was not commonly esteemed for his knowledge of æsthetics, nor were his opinions

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on art considered of unusual value. In this respect the mode seems about to change, but before it does, it might be well to see just how the dispensers of blasphemy bear up under a few time-tried tests of good writing. That we select only one, and that one not the worst, of a queer brotherhood, should be to the reader a cause for gratitude.

A year or two ago there appeared in a prominent American periodical a lengthy poem entitled *Eve Speaks*, which from a purely technical standpoint was a really notable performance. The fable was striking and original, the language noble and impressive, the cadences of the blank verse magnificently modulated. And yet when all was said and done, the final effect was that something was amiss, that something was wrong artistically; and not alone was it "a thing wherein we feel some hidden want," but there was something positively amiss, something aggressively wrong. Here, in brief, is the story:

Eve is represented as speaking to God just before He pronounces final judgment; she is "presenting her case." But

> "Though it be doomsday, and the trampling winds
> Rush blindly through the stark and cowering skies,
> Bearing Thy fearful mandate like a sword,"

and though all nature is in commotion and upheaval, yet

> "I do not tremble . . . . I am unafraid."

Though years have swept over her she still has memory of paradise, "where wrapped in a drowsy luxury we lived," and where "though there was naught but happiness, the thought that there was something more than joy . . . . vexed all my hours;" for "Eden was made for angels—not for Man." At times Adam, to her view, "grew moody, and the reckless fire leaped in his eyes and died." "To waste such energy on such a life!" "Seeing him I knew Man made for Eden only—not for more—was made in vain. . . . . I claimed my Adam, God," since to God, Adam "was but one of many things—a lump of clay, a sentient clod." Finally, "lying awake one night beneath the Tree . . . . never did Eden seem so much a prison." "Past the great gates I glimpsed the unknown world. . . . . The peace of Eden grew intolerable." "Better the bold uncertainty of toil, the granite scorn of the experienced world, and failure upon failure . . . . than this enforced and rotting indolence. Adam . . . . should feel the weariness of work, and

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pride of it . . . . and, in a rush of liberated power . . . . face, without fear, contemptuous centuries . . . . and answer God with God's own words and deeds."

Part II. of the poem then goes on to describe the wanderings and adventures and toils of Adam and Eve in the world, where "his were the victories, mine were all defeats," and where she, symbolizing as she does throughout the poem all womankind, was merely "Adam's servant, not his mate." And yet "God, Thou didst make a creature out of dust, but I created Man," and hence

> "How wilt Thou judge me then, who am, like Thee,
> Creator, shaper of men's destinies?
> Nay more, I made their purpose vaster still.
> Thou wouldst have left them in a torpid Eden—
> I sent them out to grapple with the world!
> I give Thee back Thy planet now, O God,
> An earth made strong by disobedience.
>
> Pause, God, and ponder ere Thou judgest me."

Now at the very start we pass over the tremendous difficulty, nay, actual impossibility of imagining to ourselves such a scene as here set forth—mortality thus speaking to Omnipotence, and this at the most solemn juncture of human destiny. This is really the cardinal fault, the radical falsity of the piece as a whole; but it is so manifest a fault and so evident a falsity that we do not dwell on it. Waiving this, therefore, we go on to take up a point on which, since it is allied to a more important matter, and, like a certain treatment of that matter, completely begs the question at issue, clear thinking and clear statement are desirable.

In Jowett's fine and justly celebrated edition of the Socratic *Dialogues* he has a note on the supposed heaven of Christian believers, where "the good are singing the praises of God, during a period longer than that of a whole life, or of ten lives of men;" and he goes on to wonder "what is the nature of that pleasure or happiness which never wearies by monotony?" And so to his conclusion that "to beings constituted as we are, the monotony of singing psalms would be as great an infliction as the pains of hell, and might even be pleasantly interrupted by them." Is not this the merest absurdity, backed up by authority and a great name? How does not even the famous

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scholar sometimes enjoy knocking down his man of straw! Of course the quite sufficient and obvious reply to Jowett's contention is that Christians, on the promise of Christ, believe that heaven is a place of perfect happiness and in that faith they rest content simply on His assurance.

Similarly with regard to the drowsy and luxurious and torpid Eden "so much a prison," the "enforced and rotting indolence," the "intolerable" peace, in the poem before us; the author starts with a state of things which no man rightly informed believes in, which tradition flatly denies, and which —so far as we can be certain of anything—undoubtedly never existed. This in turn brings us to a truth which, though obvious, many of our present writers tend to forget, namely, that an artist is not absolutely free to let his fancy play as it will; he must work within certain limits, and limits, too, that belong to his art as such. And if he deals with historical or legendary conditions or personages, as Scott made clear in one of his prefaces, these limits become yet more definite and circumscribed. He cannot, for instance, outside of extravaganza, show the people of the Elizabethan era living like Red Indians, or the Athenians of Pericles' time using the telephone; he may not with success bring on Titania wielding the club of Hercules, or present Olympus under the guise of a Western mining-town. Here, above all, he must show his characters "in their habit as they lived," and it is just here that the poem before us fails.

The poet is here dealing with certain scenes and persons, which though distant are by no means indefinite; and whether they be considered mythical or authentic, light is thrown on them from two sources, namely, the Bible and tradition. The biblical account is open for all to read, and the tradition is also well known; and from both these sources we can state positively that Eden was *not* as here represented, but on the contrary a place and a condition totally different. We might put it briefly by saying that it was a heaven on earth, and in fact the tradition has found root in this very poem itself, where we are told that in Eden "there was *naught* but happiness." How the poet then goes on, with a noble disregard for contradiction, to have Eve tell us that "the thought that there was something more than joy .... vexed *all* my hours" is a matter we do not attempt to explain.

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Thus we might continue with the other parts, showing among other defects that nearly every individual statement quoted above—constituting the very backbone and branching framework of the poem—is false. As to the particularly blasphemous remarks scattered throughout the poem and especially at the end, there is one classic example to which we can compare it. A late popular agnostic had in his lectures a very dramatic manœuvre which no doubt sent the thrills up the spine of many a groundling. Striding to the edge of the platform with his watch in hand, the lecturer would say that he would now give God three minutes in which to prove His existence by striking him, the speaker, dead on the spot. And then he would wait—in tense silence .... Oh brave! which in turn brings to mind the stinging comment of Anatole France on Zola, that "a crowd was more to him than a thought."

It is, indeed, a curious study to consider the probable motives for such work as we have been here examining. Is it to be startling? Is it in order to shock? Is it to be original at all hazards? Or is it merely an ignorance of the object and the scope of art? One possible motive we have not examined, namely, that the writer desires us to have all the facts, which means in his view all the seamy facts. He feels that mankind is laboring in the dark, that they have not all the evidence. "Ignorance is not innocence" is his cry, and with that he looses upon us a flood of what he considers high wisdom and revelatory light. In this connection there is a note of Charles Lamb which is so just and so appropriate that we cannot resist quoting the whole of it.

These are his words: "Marlowe is said to have been tainted with atheistical opinions, to have denied God and the Trinity. To such a genius the history of Faustus must have been delectable food: to wander in fields where curiosity is forbidden to go, to approach the dark gulf near enough to look in, to be busied in speculations which are the rottenest part of the core of the fruit that fell from the tree of knowledge. Barabas the Jew, and Faustus the conjuror, are offsprings of a mind which at least delighted to dally with interdicted subjects. They both talk a language which a believer would have been tender of putting into the mouth of a character, though but in fiction. But the holiest minds have sometimes not thought it blameable to counterfeit impiety in the person of

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another, to bring vice in upon the stage speaking her own dialect, and, themselves armed with an unction of self-confident impunity, have not scrupled to handle and touch that familiarly which would be death to others. Milton, in the person of Satan, has started speculations harder than any which the feeble armory of the atheist ever furnished: and the precise strait-laced Richardson has strengthened Vice, from the mouth of Lovelace, with entangling sophistries and abstruse pleas against her adversary Virtue, which Sedley, Villiers, and Rochester wanted depth of libertinism sufficient to have invented."

How, then, our realistic friends may inquire, do such writers as Milton and Richardson pass unmolested? Why are they not looked upon as "dangerous?" The answer is very simple: it is wholly because the sympathies of these writers are frankly on the side of right, their attitude is unequivocally for good and not for evil. There is in them none of that perverse and specious impartiality which assumes to stand neuter between good and evil as matters about which there may be question, which pretends to hold even scales for virtue and vice as things of equal weight and moment. They had the sanity and the right instincts of normal humankind.

We are at present here in America apparently in the midst of a poetic renaissance; the signs of growth and flourishing are unmistakably manifest on every side; and not by any means the least of its merits is that spirit of originality, that appearance of freshness and novelty which every new presentment of beauty necessarily wears. But not all originality is true, and not all novelty is beauty, and if poetry is to come to its full blossoming and right stature among us, there are certain heedful cautions we must observe, certain old laws we may not overthrow. Some of these we have set forth above, and from them it is safe to say that the very soundest advice that could be given to any writer ambitious to excel, would be to "assume a virtue if you have it not." Despite the old sneer against those who are obviously on the side of the angels, most men would confess to an instinctive bias in favor of the spirits of light. In a merely artistic sense the fool of Christ stands incomparably higher than the jester of Satan or the page of Venus.

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THE YOUNG PRIEST TO HIS HANDS.

BY EDWARD F. GARESCHÉ, S.J.

TIME was when ye were powerless,
To shrive and sign, anoint and bless.
Clasped, ye worshipped from afar,
That Host, as distant as a star.
Your palms were barren still, and cold,
Ye might not touch, ye might not hold,
God, Whom the signs of bread enfold.

But now ah now, most happy hands,
Ye fold the Saviour's swaddling bands,
Ye lift His tender limbs and keep,
The snowy bed where He doth sleep.
His heart, His blood, His being fair.
All God and Man is in your care!
Ye are His guardians everywhere.

Ye pour the wine, ye break the bread,
For the great Supper, sweet and dread!
Ye dress the rood of sacrifice,
Whereon the morning Victim lies,
And when my trembling accent calls,
Swift leaping from His Heaven's walls,
On you the Light of Glory falls!

You are the altar, where I see
The Lamb that bled on Calvary,
As sacred as the chalice shrine,
Wherein doth glow the Blood divine.
As sacred as the pyx are ye,
Oh happy hands—an angel's fee!
That clasp the Lord of Majesty!

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ST. MATTHEW AND THE PAROUSIA.

BY EDMUND T. SHANAHAN, S.T.D.

VI.

THE Lord's answer to the second question of the disciples is the burden of our theme. "What shall be the sign of Thy coming?" they asked Him, and the whole problem is the meaning of the last word. If the "coming" inquired about was the Last Advent, the twenty-fourth chapter of St. Matthew becomes a labyrinthian maze, with no known exit from its windings. But if the event which the questioners have in mind is the Lord's "coming in His Kingdom" as distinct from His "Return in glory," we are introduced to a Discourse the thought of which yields promptly to analysis, and links itself up at the same time with the rest of the Gospel record. We have seen good reasons for believing that the *Parousia* about which the disciples are here concerned is the *sudden coming of the Lord to His Temple,* of which the prophet Malachias spoke:[1] "Who can abide the day of His *coming,* and who shall stand when He appeareth?"[2] "Behold, I will send you Elias the prophet, before the great and terrible day of the Lord come."[3] The first part of the prophecy has been fulfilled. Elias has already come, as Jesus twice assured them,[4] in the person of John. The "sudden coming of the Lord to His Temple" cannot, therefore, be long delayed. They will ask the Master to tell them the time of its happening and of the sign that shall reveal it as about to be.

A mass of evidence previously gathered makes it impossible to suppose that any other "coming" was in mind.[5] St. Matthew never uses the bare phrase "coming," in connection with the Final Advent. When this event is the subject of reference, it is invariably described as the "coming of the Son of Man in the glory of His Father with the angels," and the prophetical quotation is never halved, as here. Besides, Jesus has

[1] Mal. iii. 1. [2] Mal. iii. 2. [3] Mal. iv. 5. [4] Matt. xi. 14; xvii. 10-13.
[5] *St. Matthew and the Parousia,* THE CATHOLIC WORLD, March, April, May, 1918.

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put all immediate thought of the Final Advent out of the minds of His questioners, by a long educative process, into the details of which we have already inquired.[6] For these and for many other reasons, the thought of the Lord's Return in person could not have been in St. Matthew's mind when he reported the disciples as asking: "What shall be the sign of Thy coming?" We wish to probe the truth of this claim still further by textual analysis, by a running commentary, verse by verse, on the Discourse itself. It is too concerning a matter to be left to criticism alone for its establishment.

An additional word before beginning. The Saviour's conception of His "coming in His Kingdom" is much broader than that of His questioners. They conceive of it as an event in the near future—the destruction of Jerusalem; His answer describes it not only as an impending event, but as an *historical* process already begun. Proof of this breadth of conception lies further along in the pages of the First Gospel, though the twenty-fourth chapter is not without evidence of its truth. When the High Priest adjured the Saviour by the living God to tell His judges if He is the Christ, the Son of God, Jesus replied: "Thou hast said it; furthermore I say to you, *from now on*, you shall see the Son of Man seated on the right hand of Power ('power' is here again separated from 'glory'), and *coming* on the clouds of heaven."[7] There could be no plainer indication—it is to be found in all three accounts—that the "coming" thus described is *progressive*—an historic process already in being, no less than a destructive event that is soon to be. And when we scrutinize the Lord's answer to the question about His "coming," we find that this is the breadth of manner in which it actually moved. His answer takes the form of a prophetic description of the nature of the New Kingdom and the stages or crises through which it is to pass. From first to last, from beginning to end, He tells them, it is to be a Kingdom of Tribulations, and not the idealized Messianic Era expected by the Jews. Wars, persecution, suffering, death, and the kindling of hate against the bearers of His word, shall mark the progress of the Kingdom up to the time of the City's fall; and even after that disaster, trial and trouble and lack of faith will continue the reign of sorrows

[6] THE CATHOLIC WORLD, May, 1918.

[7] ἀπ' ἄρτι.—Matt. xxvi. 64. To be made the subject of special investigation later.

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thus begun. His "coming in His Kingdom" as an historic *process* (vv. 4-14); His coming in His Kingdom as an historic *event* (vv. 15-28). These are the great lines in which His reply is cast.

The opening words—they occur in all three accounts—reveal the nature of the Discourse that follows. Current views are to be corrected; the eschatology of Palestine will not be reaffirmed. "Take heed," said Jesus, "lest anyone lead you astray" (v. 4). The reason of my cautioning you is that "many shall come in My name saying, I am the Christ, and shall lead many astray" (v. 5); for the temptation to think that the destruction of the City is to be followed by the personal appearance of the Messias will be very great, notwithstanding all that I have taught you, and many shall be misled by the rise of false claimants to that title and the hearsay afloat in their regard. The "wars and rumors of wars," predicted by the prophets as "signs of the end (of Israel)," must not be taken as instant indications of that great disaster. So when you hear of them, as hear of them you *must*, because these prophecies cannot escape fulfillment,[8] "see that you be not troubled; because the end (of Israel) is not yet" (v. 6). And the reason of its still being some distance off is that other prophecies must be brought to pass, before "the Lord suddenly comes to His Temple." For "nation shall rise against nation, and Kingdom against Kingdom, and there shall be famines and earthquakes in various places," as has already been foretold you by the Seers (v. 7).

But "all these things are the *beginning* of sorrows." "Then shall they deliver you up unto tribulation, and put you to death; and ye shall be hated of all nations for My name's sake" (v. 8);—a statement which the Saviour has already made *inclusive* of the disciples, in His mention of "the things that are to befall the generation."[9] St. Mark and St. Luke, more intent on the temporal order of sequence than the prophetic, which disregards perspective, introduce this verse by insertions that explain the time of its happening. "But take heed to *yourselves*," says the one; "before all these things," says the other; plainly referring, as shall soon be shown, to the destruction of Israel only.[10] The disciples, with the exception of John, are not to live to see the end of Israel. On this point

[8] For prophecies referred to, see THE CATHOLIC WORLD, February, 1918, p. 630, note 48. [9] Matt. xxiii. 34-36; x. 16-23. [10] Mark xiii. 9; Luke xxi. 12.

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the Synoptic accounts agree. The three verses that follow, cannot, therefore, be regarded as descriptions of near events.[11] Their manner of introduction by the thrice-repeated expression: "*And then,*" carries us into a period, where the sorrows which Jesus has just announced as beginning, are to continue on a wider scale. The tribulation to which the disciples are to be delivered up will not cease in the future history of the Kingdom. Mutual scandal, mutual betrayal, mutual hate will go on, as before (v. 10); for the Son of Man, as I have already told you, will not "gather out of His Kingdom all scandals and them that work iniquity, until the end of the Messianic Age."[12]

In other words, the Kingdom to come is to be a Kingdom of tribulations, and not the universal era of justice to which the Rabbis looked. There shall be false teachers, too, in the bosom of the Kingdom. The Son of Man is not to be universally acknowledged, as you have been led to expect. "Many false prophets shall rise, and work deception with many (v. 11). And owing to the growth of evil-doing, the love of God and of man shall grow cold among the multitude" (v. 12). A great apostasy from the Christian faith, in other words—characterized by much wickedness and want of charity, shall be the feature of the world's last days. But "he who has remained steadfast unto the end (of life, of tribulations)" in a Kingdom that is to be predominantly of this character all through its history, "he shall be saved" (v. 13); a statement which has such an abundance of proofs for its establishment that they must await assembling in a special study. "And this *the* Gospel of the Kingdom shall be preached in the whole inhabited earth for a testimony unto all nations; and then shall the end (of the world, of the Messianic Age) come" (v. 14). The *personal* note so solemnly struck in the opening verse, and given a world-wide application in the thirteenth, is the heart and soul of the whole discourse. When the question about the "coming" has been *proved* to refer to Jerusalem and its destruction, "the end which is not yet," "the end which is not immediately," stands forth in its intended meaning as the end of Israel, and not as the end of the world.

After His forecast of the Kingdom of Tribulations, in rela-

[11] For proof, see THE CATHOLIC WORLD, January, 1918, pp. 441, 442.

[12] Matt. xiii. 41. *St. Matthew and the Parousia*, THE CATHOLIC WORLD, March, 1918.

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tion to the disciples (vv. 4-10), and in relation to historical conditions yet to be (vv. 11-14), Jesus proceeds to correct the current interpretations of prophecy, in a lengthy reference to Jerusalem (vv. 15-28). The Jews had gathered from Daniel that those who lived to see the end of the Jewish days would be especially blest. Jesus attaches no such blessedness of lot to the fate of these last survivors. He omits this part of the Daniel prediction, so dear to Rabbinical speculation, and quotes only that portion which describes the unprecedented sorrow of those living to see Israel's last hour.[13] This painting-out of the bright side of the picture is very significant. It is a solemn reaffirmation of what Jesus has been at pains to teach all through the First Gospel, namely—that the *connection* put between the overthrow of the City and its immediate restoration; between the "coming of the Son of Man" to destroy and the "coming of the Son of Man in glory" to judge and restore, is without foundation.[14] It is but another application of the principle found operating throughout in the teaching-method of Jesus: the introduction of historical perspective, the de-Judaizing of the concept of salvation, by means of a divided and corrective use of the current terms.

So far the Lord has not told the disciples of the sign of His "coming." He proceeds to do so in the fifteenth verse. When, therefore, you see the *desolating abomination*, which was spoken of by Daniel the prophet, standing in the holy place, "let him that readeth understand." The quotation is taken directly from the Septuagint of Daniel,[15] and probably referred in the original to the idol altar with which Antiochus Epiphanes replaced the altar of burnt offerings. We should have had to stumble for the *new* meaning and application which Jesus gave to the quotation, were it not for the condescension of St. Luke who translates it for our duller eyes. This evangelist tell us that Jerusalem is the "holy place" where the "desolating abomination" is to gather; and he expressly identifies this abomination with the actual presence of the besieging hosts, when he says: "But when you see Jerusalem *being* surrounded by armies, then know that her desolation is at hand."[16] Wars and rumors of wars need not affright you,

[13] Matt. xxiv. 21; Jer. xxx. 7; 1 Mac. ix. 27; Ass. Mos. viii. 1; Dan. xii. 12, 13.

[14] For proof, see *St. Matthew and the Parousia*, THE CATHOLIC WORLD, April and May, 1918.

[15] Dan. xi. 31; xii. 11.

[16] Luke xxi. 20; Mark xiii. 14; Matt. xxiv. 15.

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but when you behold the armies actually gathering to attack the holy city, then "let those that are in Judea flee to the mountains" (v. 16). "And he that is in the housetop, let him not go below to gather his effects, but take flight at once (v. 17). And he that is in the field, let him not go back to get his cloak" (v. 18). The chances of escape for those with child, or bearing babes in arms, will be greatly lessened (v. 19); likewise for all of you, if it be winter, or the gates of the city are closed against your exit on the Sabbath (v. 20). For Daniel the prophet has told you that unparalleled sorrow is to mark the last days of Israel and the sealing of her doom (v. 21); days that shall providentially be shortened for the sake of the "elect" of the New Kingdom (v. 22), as distinct from the "called" ot the Old, whose City the angered King sent His armies to destroy.[17]

And at that time, if anyone shall say to you, lo, here is Christ, lo, there; attach no credence to his statements (v. 23). For there shall arise false Christs and false prophets, and they shall give great signs and wonders, to lead the faithful astray (v. 4). The people have been led to believe that the glorification of Jerusalem is to follow upon the heels of her ruin and destruction. This false expectancy will breed its champions, and against them you need again to be forewarned. So do not credit rumors or reports of My personal reappearance, and remember that against all such unfounded tidings, "I have told you beforehand" (v. 25) that this is not the time of My coming in glory. "If therefore they shall say to you: Behold, He is in the desert; go ye not out. Behold He is in some secret place; believe them not" (v. 26). For there is to be nothing secretive about My coming at this time. It is to be as public as the lightning's flash, which is universally visible—and not a thing of stealth, about which this one or that may bring you tidings (v. 27). *For*—notice the explanatory particle—wherever the (dead) body is, there shall the eagles be gathered (v. 28).

This verse was manifestly written to explain the three preceding, and to furnish the reason why no credence should be

[17] The verse: "For there shall then be great tribulation, such as hath not been from the beginning of the world until now, *no, nor ever shall be*," is a quotation from Daniel xii. 1. The portion italicized is a Hebraism which means "exceeding great." Exod. x. 14; xi. 6; Joel ii. 2. This Hebraism and the triple negative employed clearly indicate the emphasis which Our Lord put on "tribulation" as against "glory." For the opposition between the "elect" of the New Kingdom and the "called" of the Old, see Matt. xx. 16; xxii. 14. For the destroying armies, *cf.* Matt. xxii. 7.

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lent to reports of the Lord's Return.[18] The connective "fors" can be read in no other light. We may feel certain, therefore, that locked up within this mysterious verse is the sense which the author of the First Gospel attaches to the "coming of the Son of Man." The first thing to be determined, in consequence of the explanatory particles present in the text, is the *nature* of this verse. Is it some cryptic proverb of the day, the fleeting sense of which has not come down to us, or a *quotation from prophecy,* the source and meaning of which may successfully be traced? The latter, assuredly. Jesus was no imitator of the *Hagaddah* and its clever anecdotal sayings: He was the Fulfiller of prophecy, the Teacher who taught the new by quoting the old; and to the literature of the prophets we must accordingly turn for the deciphering of this most significant verse.

The search is instantly rewarding. We are introduced to an atmosphere of thought with which His hearers were exceptionally familiar, and concerning which "a word to the wise" was more sufficient then than at any other period, probably, in the history of mankind. The people knew the word of God by heart; they knew the constructions put upon it by the Rabbis, and they could distinguish fact from speculation, especially when thereunto enabled by the masterly teaching of the Lord. It mattered not that the prophecies which He quoted, or to which He made allusion, referred to other destructions of Jerusalem. Jesus resurrected these old prophecies from the graves of their former fulfillment. He gave them new life and actuality, by quoting them afresh to His awed and astounded hearers, as history about to repeat itself, this time with more tragic completeness than ever. He educated the people to the idea—we need the education ourselves!—that the word of God has a wider range and sweep of application than the historical circumstances to which it seemed originally to apply. What Isaias and Osee had said of the Assyrians, and what Jeremias and Habacuc had uttered with the Chaldeans in view, was no dead letter on His lips, but a *restored picture* of the things that were about to be. He portrayed what was to come in the terms of what had come and gone. He described the future in the light of the known past, and we would all do well to pay far more attention to what He *taught* than to what He *said.* There is such a thing as *statement;* there is such a thing as

[18] Ὥσπερ γάρ.—Ὅπου γάρ.—The particle is in all three accounts.

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teaching; and the difference between the two is the difference between soul and body, life and death. Let us fill our minds, therefore, with the prophecies which the Lord again made living, actual, and imminent, in the adapted verse: "Where the dead body is, there shall the eagles be gathered together." It will enable us to reconstruct the mental reaction of the disciples to the words uttered, and to link our literary experience with theirs.

Upon their hearing Jesus mention the "dead body" and "the gathering of the eagles," the disciples on the present occasion found Deuteronomy, Job, the Psalmist, Isaias, Jeremias, Osee, Micheas, and Habacuc coming back in a flood of recollections. All these had used similar language in describing the fate of Israel, though the Rabbis always coupled this recurrent threat of destruction with the promise of immediate deliverance by the glorious Son of Man. "The Lord will cause thee to fall down before thine enemies; thou shalt go out one way against them, and shalt flee seven ways before them; and thou shalt be scattered through all the kingdoms of the earth. And *thy dead body shall be food unto all the fowls of the air,* and unto the beasts of the earth, and there shall be none to frighten them away."[19] It was to the very words of the Covenant that He was alluding, and in the same terrific singular—*thy* dead body!—which meant Israel *alone.* Jeremias seemed mild in comparison: "I will give them into the hands of their enemies . . . . and their *dead bodies shall be for food to the fowls of the air* and the beasts of the earth."[20] Amos, too, had "spoken in like manner: The *end* is come upon My people *Israel:* I will not again pass them by . . . . the *dead bodies* shall be many: in every place shall they cast them forth in silence."[21] Nor was this all. Blazoned on the mind of every Jew was the flaming plaint of the Psalmist, especially as it was prescribed in Rabbinical use for the day commemorating the former destruction of the Temple:

(O God), the nations have come into Thine inheritance;
They have defiled Thy holy temple;
They have laid Jerusalem in ruins.
They have given the dead bodies of Thy servants
As food to the birds of heaven,
Thy pious ones to the wild beasts of the earth.

[19] Deut. xxviii. 25, 26. [20] Jer. xxxiv. 20. [21] Amos viii. 1-3.

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They have poured out their blood like water, round about
Jerusalem.
And there was none to bury them.[22]

The "dead body," in the Lord's phrase evidently referred to the destruction of *Israel*, not of Jerusalem alone; and for that reason we find it in the singular, as in the very text of the Covenant itself. But the reference to the "eagles gathering"—what did that bode in the language of the Seers? A moment's recollection told them. It was again the language of the Covenant, which He was quoting—of that there could be no doubt. "The Lord will bring a nation against thee from afar .... *as the eagle flieth;* a nation whose tongue thou shalt not understand." [23] Had not Job said of the eagle and the hawk, that "on the cliff she dwelleth, from thence spying for her prey. Her eyes behold it afar off; *and wherever the carrion is, there is she?*"[24] Had not Micheas revealed the Lord as saying: "I will yet bring the conqueror to thee, O inhabitant of Mareshah. Forever is Israel's glory to perish; unto Adullam shall Israel's glory come. Make thyself bald and shave thee (a sign of mourning, later prohibited) for thy beloved ones. Enlarge thy baldness like the eagle's: *For they will go into exile from thee.*" [25] Had not Osee exclaimed: "To thy mouth with the trumpet. For an *eagle comes down on the house of Yahweh,* because they have trangressed my *covenant,* and trespassed against my law." [26] Did not Habacuc speak of the invaders as "horsemen from afar, that fly *as an eagle* hastens to devour her prey?" [27] Had not Isaias described the marching horsemen, when he said: "And He will hoist an ensign to the nations from afar; and will hiss for them from the end of the earth; and behold, they *shall come with speed swiftly;* none shall be weary or stumbling among them; none shall slumber or sleep;[28] neither shall the girdle of their loins be loosed, nor the latchet of their shoes be broken."[29] Had not the same prophet described the incredible swiftness of the conqueror's march, in words that were seared into the memory of every Jew, so branding was their shame: "He is come to Ayyath; he has passed through Migron; at Micmash he lays aside his

[22] Ps. lxxviii. (lxxix.) 1-3.

[23] Deut. xxviii. 49. The approach of the Assyrians is meant. Professor Driver quotes Matt. xxiv. 28 as similar. *Deuteronomy.* Driver, p. 315.

[24] Job xxxix. 27-30. Compare ix. 26. [25] Mich. i. 16.

[26] Osee viii. 1. [27] Hab. i. 8. [28] Compare Matt. xxv. 5. [29] Is. v. 26.

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heavy baggage; they have crossed the crossing, and are making their night-quarters in Geba. Rama trembleth. Gibeah of Saul is fled. Cry aloud, O daughter of Gallim! Hearken, O Laishah! Answer her, Anathoth! Madmenah has sought refuge. The inhabitants of Gebim flee for safety. This very day, he shall halt at Nob, and shake his hand at the mount of the daughter of Sion, the hill of Jerusalem."[30]

It is impossible to trace the previous history of the verse about the "body" and the "eagles," without coming to the conclusion that the former is prophetic imagery for Israel, and the latter prophetic imagery for the armies that are to work her doom. Exactly what we found the Lord teaching in His de-Judaizing of the Twelve, and in His *argumentum ad hominem* against the captious folk who sought to entrap Him in His speech![31] Built up out of two well-known phrases of prophecy, and given a future reference through its association with the past—"*Remember* Lot's wife," He told them—[32] the puzzling verse: "Where the body is, there shall the eagles be gathered together," means nothing more, and nothing less, when translated into direct, unhooded speech, than the actual destruction of unfruitful Israel by the armies of her foes. In this verse the Lord *identifies* His "coming" with the invading host, whose advent is to be as public as the lightning and as swift "as the eagle that hasteth to devour."

Nor was this interpretation without warrant in the prophecies. Ezekiel has the picture of a "Son of Man" commissioned by the Lord to *lay siege* to Jerusalem: "Thou also, O Son of Man, take thee a tile, and lay it before thee, and draw upon it a city, even Jerusalem; and *lay siege against it,* and build forts, and cast up a mound, and set camps, and place battering rams against it round about. And take thou unto thee an iron plate, and set it for a wall of iron between thee and the city; and set thy face against it, and it shall be besieged, *and thou shalt lay siege against it.* This shall be a *sign* to the house of Israel."[33]

When the literary pedigree of the verse about "the body" and "the eagles" comes forth to view, we find that it is a *defi-*

[30] Is. x. 28-32.

[31] *St. Matthew and the Parousia,* THE CATHOLIC WORLD, May, 1918.

[32] Luke xvii. 32.

[33] Ezek. iv. 1-3. Joel calls the invaders "the Lord's army that executes His word." Joel ii. 11. Compare ii. 4-10.

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nition by the Lord Himself, under the cover of old prophetic imagery, readapted and reapplied, of the nature of His "coming."[34] Framed from two highly colored phrases of prophecy, with which His hearers were familiar, this verse represents the climax in the Lord's de-Judaizing of the Twelve: it is an unrelieved picture of destruction; a complete painting-out of the Rabbinical idea that the glorious Son of Man is to foil the conqueror by suddenly appearing to discomfit him in Israel's day of woe. Precisely what we found the Lord teaching in the preceding pages of the First Gospel! His "coming" is to be understood of the invading and destroying armies, not of His personal Return. We have His own word for it, six times repeated,[35] that this and nothing else is what He meant by the "coming of the Son of Man." In veiled and in open speech, He formally and expressly identified His "coming" with the hosts of the conqueror, and forbade His disciples to understand Him in any other sense.[36]

This was certainly what St. Matthew understood Jesus to mean when he made the verse about the "gathering eagles" the climax of the Lord's answer to the question about His "coming." This was clearly also what St. Luke understood when he quoted this same verse on another occasion,[37] after having previously explained it by the equivalent rendering: "You shall see the Kingdom of God."[38] And more evidently still was this the idea which St. Mark had in mind when he wrote: "You shall see the Kingdom of God coming *with power*,"[39] to shatter from its path a nation to which it had at first peacefully been offered. Nothing could be wider from the mark than the supposition that the Second Advent is meant. Every evidence textual, grammatical, and critical points to the *excluding* of this very supposition, as one of the purposes for which the Gospel was written. The "coming" described and defined is not the Lord's personal reappearance, but "the sending of the King's armies to destroy those murderers and to burn their city." It was a truly masterful piece of didactic imagery, through which Jesus, in quoted language as old as the Covenant itself, made the past the near future, and things

[34] St. Luke has the same verse in the same sense as here, but in a different relation. It will be treated at length in its proper place.

[35] Matt. xvi. 28; xxi. 40, 41; xxii. 7; xxiii. 37, 38, 39; xxiv. 2, 28.

[36] Luke xvii. 37. Compare xvii. 22-25.

[37] Luke xvii. 37. [38] Luke ix. 27. [39] Mark viii. 39.

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that had already been realized a living picture of the things that were soon to be.

The dark spots in the Discourse begin to fill with light when the meaning of this historic verse discloses itself to the searcher. We see at once why Jesus begins His answer with a distinct warning. He foresees the false rumors that will stir invaded Israel with the heartening hue and cry that the Great Deliverer has come. When He speaks of false Christs appearing, it is clearly with thoughts of the siege in mind; for the prediction is qualified by the preceding verse: "Take heed lest *anyone*[40] lead you astray; and the language is not such as would be used of great personages, were these supposed to appear. This qualification, this reference to the indefinite, is repeated twice in the second mention of false Christs: "*Then* if *anyone*[41] shall say to you, Behold Christ here; behold Christ there; *believe* it not." Even the description of "false Christs and false prophets performing great signs and wonders to the deceiving of the elect," is linked with the hearsay in their regard, by the resumptive particle employed: "If *therefore* they say to you:[42] Behold, he is in the wilderness; go ye not forth; behold, he is in some secret place: *believe* it not." For the coming of the Son of Man will not be the skulking Advent of Rabbinical fancy, but a fact as public as the lightning: The overrunning of Israel by the armies of destruction!

Grammatically and critically, it is impossible to read the prediction of false Christs, as made of the period between the Ascension and the fall of Jerusalem. The reference is to the days of invasion, when the old expectancy will magnify the exploits of the defenders and set the popular imagination afire with reports that the Deliverer is at hand. Jesus is anxious to have the Palestinian Christians made temptation-proof against this coming experience, lest the old education uproot the new, in the days of stress. The thought is plain. See that the knowledge which you now possess, as shown by the Christian question which you have asked, be not forgotten at "the time of the end," when all Israel about you shall believe and hope and claim that the glorious Son of Man has come.

The warning was specially addressed to John, in whose

[40] Μή τις ὑμᾶς πλανήσῃ.—Matt. xxiv. 4.
[41] Ἐάν τις.—Matt. xxiv. 23.
[42] Ἐὰν οὖν εἴπωσιν ὑμῖν.—Matt. xxiv. 26.

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mind the Jewish idea of the Kingdom seems to have lingered longest. It was he and his brother James—St. Matthew says it was their mother—who asked for their promotion to the posts of honor when Jesus came in the glory of the Messianic King.[43] The Lord's reply is most instructive. "*You know not what you ask*," He tells them. The Messianic Kingdom which I am to establish is one of suffering, not one of glory.[44] "To sit at My right hand or at the left is not Mine to give, but it is for them for whom it has been prepared by My Father." [45] The Saviour is again correcting the false world-view of the times, again asserting the distinction which He steadily drew between the Son's Kingdom of suffering on earth and the Father's Kingdom of glory in heaven.[46] The Lord's warning against false Christs is also reported by St. Mark and St. Luke in connection with the siege,[47] as will more fully be seen when their writings are made the object of special study. The testimony of the third canonical evangelist is most definite. The reason why the City should be avoided, when under pressure from the heathen arms, is stated in a manner that cannot, by any of the expedients of grammar, be magnified to the proportions of a world-disaster. *For* these are days of vengeance, that all things written may be fulfilled. . . . There shall be great distress in the *land* and wrath upon *this* people." [48] Palestine alone is meant. When St. Luke describes the Final Advent, he changes his manner of phrasing, and no longer speaks of *the land*, but of the *inhabited earth;* [49] a grammatical fact of no mean moment to the present issue.

Jesus knew that the credulous would be attracted back to the City, in the hope of witnessing the wonders of which the Rabbis wrote; and it was against this temptation to court danger, that the Lord repeatedly forewarned. In all three accounts, the inhabitants are told to leave the City, and to stand not upon the order of their going, but to flee at once. The people in the country districts are advised to seek refuge in the hills, and under no condition to lock themselves up in the stricken Capital. The destruction will be general throughout the land, and danger everywhere. The eagle which is to come down on the House of Israel will cover a wide area in his

[43] Mark x. 37; Matt. xx. 21. [44] Matt. xx. 22.
[45] Matt. xx. 23; xxv. 34.—ἑτοιμάζω is the verb used in both cases. *Cf.* Mark x. 40.
[46] Matt. xiii. 43; xix. 28; xx. 23; xxv. 34. [47] Mark xiii. 21-23; Luke xvii. 22, 23.
[48] ἐπὶ τῆς γῆς.—Luke xxi. 22, 23. [49] τῇ οἰκουμένῃ—Luke xxi. 26.

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swoop and snatch up the unwary into his grasping talons. Josephus confirms the wisdom of this warning, in his record of the width to which the national disaster spread; and in the testimony which he bears to the false rumors afloat concerning the arrival of the Great Deliverer.[50] The Christians fled to Pello in Peræa, when they saw the "sign" of destruction verified in the approach of the Roman hosts. Otherwise the words of the Lord fell on deaf ears. The two investments of the City—the first by Cestius, the second by Titus—found it filled to overflowing with an influx of people from all parts. The disastrous retreat of Cestius saved the populace on the first occasion. But when Titus came, the great concourse of human beings within the walls were shut as in a prison, victims of the supreme delusion that God was to exalt them to the pinnacle of world-dominion, on the morrow of their overthrow. Israel was ground to powder, for having dared to measure her puny strength against the infuriated might of Rome. History established the truth of the Lord's forecast, and proved the falsity of the Palestinian. "Where the dead body is, *there* were the eagles gathered for its destruction." The "coming of the Son of Man" is not presented as the closing, but as the opening chapter in the history of His Kingdom, to which a preface of trial and tribulation had already been written, from the day of the Baptist's declaration that descent from Abraham constituted no title to salvation. A child of sorrows from the beginning, a child of sorrows to the end—the Kingdom which the Saviour came to found!

Textual analysis of the Lord's answer to the question about His *Parousia* fails to disclose a single shred of eschatology anywhere within it. The *coming* is everywhere understood as the destruction of Jerusalem, and the answer begins and ends with anxious warnings that no *personal* meaning be attached, *in the future*, to the prophetic imagery employed. Textually, therefore, as well as critically, the conclusion stands, that the "coming of the Son of Man" never meant on the lips of Jesus, or on the pen of His first canonical reporter, the Advent of the Lord in glory and the passing of the world. *Take heed lest any man lead you astray. Behold, I have told you beforehand.*

[50] *Bell. Jud.*, Josephus, vi. 5.

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MR. BILLINGS GETS HIS CHANCE.

BY VICTORIA ENGLISH.

MR. BILLINGS sat at breakfast in his neat but somewhat shabby suburban home, and read his *Daily Telegraph* with an aspect of gloom so deep that it might almost be called a scowl disfiguring his usually placid face. So marked it was, that Mrs. Billings, who had managed as usual to take a hasty and almost surreptitious peep at the newspaper, just the headlines and "Stop-the-press" news, before her husband's appearance, puzzled herself as to what defeat or catastrophe in the field of war she had overlooked that morning. She was well aware that outside of business and family matters, and the Royal Family, all of which, or whom, were going on favorably at the time, nothing existed for Mr. Billings but the War. Consequently it was war news of some kind that was depressing the spirits of the kindly, commonplace, quiet, easy-going little man who sat opposite at the table. Even the children noticed their father's lack of spirits, and ate their porridge and dripping-toast with scarcely any of their accustomed chatter.

Suddenly, so suddenly that Mrs. Billings leapt in her seat, and two of the children dropped their spoons clattering on the table, Mr. Billings began to read aloud from his newspaper.

"His Majesty bestowed no less than nine Victoria Crosses on this occasion," he read out, and his voice sounded almost vicious. "The last was conferred on Private Jones-Brown of the ——Fusiliers, who lost a leg, an arm, and the sight of one eye in the performance of the magnificent deed, by now so familiar to our readers that we need not repeat its details, which won him the decoration prized above all others."

Mr. Billings threw the paper on the floor, though he was a very tidy, methodical man. He rose, and spoke through clenched teeth, with deepest feeling. "Some men have all the luck!" said Mr. Billings, and sought his hat and stick in the hall. His wife followed him, and tried to show her sympathy by an extra brushing of his pepper and salt office suit. She

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did not herself feel that a man who had lost two limbs and one eye could rightly be called lucky, even if he had received the Victoria Cross, but she knew exactly what her husband's feelings were, and she was glad at last to have solved the mystery of his unaccustomed gloom.

Mr. Billings was in fact the victim of his own ultra-loyalty and super-patriotism. He longed with a great longing to do something for his country, and he found nothing he could do. Of course he and his wife carefully followed out the directions of the Food Controller, as far as in them lay, and economized at home in order to give to the Red Cross Fund, and a host of other objects national and local. Also Mrs. Billings knitted socks for soldiers in all her spare moments, and Mr. Billings worked at producing vegetables in an allotment on the Common. But he felt these were only trifles, or let us say merely a diversion of the waste water of his stream of life. What he wanted was to give his life, to give himself.

He was a bookkeeper in what had been a bicycle factory before the War, and was now turning out motor cycles for dispatch riders at the front. He had been there twenty-eight years, having entered as an office boy, and worked up very gradually to his present position, the highest, or next to the highest, he ever hoped to attain. Under-sized, narrow-chested, short-sighted, not clever nor highly educated, a mere pawn in the game, and with an unfortunate asthmatic tendency which had caused the doctors to turn him down, no matter how often and sturdily he presented himself at recruiting offices, Mr. Billings had little more to look forward to in the way of success or advancement. He had been contented enough with his lot, however, and got along well enough on his extremely moderate salary, with the help of his excellent wife, and the interest inspired by the growth and development of four sufficiently attractive children. With the War, all this had changed, his work, his aims, his modest ambitions, even his family seemed suddenly to have become futile and uninteresting. Nothing mattered but the War, no work was worth doing but war work, no man was to be envied but the soldier or sailor. He would have compromised on munitions work, but Authority, taking over the transformed factory, assured him that he was the right man in the right place, and by looking after the job he knew, would be enabling a better man to do the

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job he craved for. His own common sense helped him to see that here at least he was doing the best thing for his country, and he stayed where he belonged, though the work seemed like dust and ashes to him.

Mr. Billings turned over all these bitter thoughts in his mind as he journeyed on the top of the 'bus through the pleasant spring sunshine to his work. The factory was at Croydon, but according to the unwritten law of the Londoner, which appears to decree that unless he lives on the premises, he shall live in some other district than the one in which he is employed, Mr. Billings' modest home was at Clapham, and he had quite a long distance daily for meditation of this kind.

It must not be supposed for an instant that the gentle little bookkeeper was jealous of the nine heroes of whom he had read that morning, nor of the long rows of M.C.'s, D.S.O.'s, D.C.M.'s, and others who had likewise received decorations on that occasion. It was the opportunity, not the man, he envied; longing with unspeakable longing that he, William James Billings, might have a chance to show that he, too, knew how to strike or suffer for his country. If only he could have a chance!

At half-past four on this pleasant summer afternoon Mr. Billings closed his desk, nodded good-bye to his fellow clerks, and departed much before his usual time, this being a special weekly privilege granted to each allotment holder in turn. He took a 'bus to the outskirts of the Common and then walked briskly towards the plot devoted to his care, but he had only gone a short distance when he heard a strange and sinister sound, far off and faint at first, but rapidly growing loud and near, and mingled with other sounds, by now too well known. It was the horrible buzzing of aëroplane engines that he heard, and the crack of anti-aircraft guns and whiz of shrapnel. A moment later, two or three of the dreadful birds of death came sailing gracefully just overhead, and light puffs of white smoke, like bits of cotton-wool, appeared against the clear blue sky. Again a moment, and there followed an awful crash, as a bomb came hurtling down not far away, but out of sight. A few people appeared in the quiet streets, eagerly looking up and pointing out the flying death to each other. Of panic there was none.

Mr. Billings stared skyward with the rest, until the crash

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of the bomb attracted his attention to the earth again. A few yards away stood a large Board School surrounded by a spacious yard. In the ordinary course of things this school would now have been closed and empty, but it chanced that one of the teachers was a nature-enthusiast, and was in the habit of taking her class after school once in a while to the Common or to one of the several adjacent parks to spend a delightful hour in the study of birds or flowers. Thus it was that forty-odd small girls were assembled in line in the school-yard, waiting for their teacher who had dashed back into the building for the nature-manual forgotten on her desk upstairs. They were eager and interested, a little anxious, but hardly frightened as yet, not realizing the danger, and sure that Teacher would know just what to do. The yard in which they stood was a large one with a row of neat gardens, the scholars' joy and pride, all along two sides of the fence, and a couple of well-grown lilac bushes in the corners, while in the midst a deep hole had been dug that day, ready to receive a fine young maple tree which was to be planted the next (Saturday) afternoon, in honor of some brave deed of the colonial troops on the fields of Flanders. A large pile of leaf-mold was heaped close by.

Crash! A bomb was dropped from one of the soaring birds of evil overhead but, like the first one, exploded on the open ground some distance off and out of sight. Crack! crack! answered the ever-ready Archies, and pieces of shell-casing fell with sharp ominous rattle close at hand, spent bullets actually striking the roof of the school, startling the waiting group, one or two of whom began to cry. Not a minute had elapsed since the first alarm had been given.

Mr. Billings pushed open the gate, and walked into the yard, taking command as to the manner born. "Children," he said, "have you ever had air-raid drill?" "Yes, sir," replied a dozen voices, full of relief, as the children felt sure that here was an inspector, at least, who could tell them what to do. "We go into the basement, and lie on our faces till Teacher tells us we may get up." "Excellent!" said Mr. Billings. "Into the basement, then, quick march, lie flat on your faces, and your teacher—here she comes—will join you directly."

The first of the line had reached the basement door be-

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fore he had finished his short speech, and the rest were following in swift obedience when with a hideous hissing noise a bomb came sliding out of the blue, and landed right on the top of the great heap of leaf-mold close by the startled group. The hissing horror lay there, menacing, terrible, emitting fiery sparks, but so far harmless and unexploded, owing to the softness of the yielding bed on which it had fallen.

A spade was thrust into the pile of earth in readiness for the morrow's planting. Mr. Billings seized it and inserted it very gingerly under the hissing bomb, taking care to have a good deal of earth in between. Cautiously he slid the missile from Hunland into the hole dug for the maple, and then with almost frantic haste, he turned rather than shoveled the whole heap of earth into the hole.

It was the work of seconds rather than minutes. The last of the children had hardly dropped on the basement floor, the young teacher, arriving on the scene just in time to realize its meaning and make her dash for safety, had barely glanced over her prostrate flock and thrown herself down with the rest, when a muffled roar was heard, and it seemed to her excited fancy that the ground shook beneath them. Outside a shower of earth was cast up, and a flying fragment or two of metal broke a pane of glass and knocked a corner off a window sill. Mr. Billings was hurled to the ground and lost consciousness for a few moments.

He found himself being lifted by a policeman, who wore a placard bearing in large red letters the legend "Take Cover." His motor-cycle leaned against the fence outside the gate, and Mr. Billings perceived that a small crowd had collected there. Two Boy Scouts, materializing after their manner whenever the need arises, stood on guard at the gate to prevent the entrance of merely curious folk. The policeman, skilled in "First Aid," deftly bandaged cuts on Mr. Billings' forehead and chin.

"Just a scratch, sir," he said encouragingly. "Good work you did that time. Coming down the hill I pretty well saw the whole of it. You buried that bomb under such a lot of soft stuff that it went off right in the ground, as one might say, and did no harm to speak. Feeling better, sir?" Mr. Billings, still a little shaken, replied that he was feeling first-rate. Two more policemen arrived and inquired what he had been doing.

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They both wore placards inscribed in black letters "All Clear."

"He's been playing the hero, that's what he's been doing," responded the first policeman to his colleagues' natural curiosity. "You'll hear more of this, sir," he went on, turning to Mr. Billings, now bandaged in a neat and workmanlike manner by his skillful hands. "I shouldn't wonder if you got noticed for this in some way. Not the papers," he allowed a hint of scorn to inflect his voice, "you'll be noticed there all right enough. I mean in high quarters, sir. Do you feel well enough to be getting home now?"

"I'll just let the children inside know it's all safe for them to come out first, constable," said Mr. Billings. But he saw next moment that they were assembled in the hall, and only waiting the word. The teacher came first and shaking the rescuer warmly by the hand she thanked him for his brave action that perhaps saved all their lives. Then turning to her class: "Give a cheer for the gentleman, children," she cried, and the shrill childish voices rang out in loud hurrahs! The crowd outside the gate took up the cry; quite a good-sized crowd it was by this time, and then, spontaneously, without warning, they broke into the national anthem, in which Mr. Billings joined rather quaveringly, with tears running down his face.

About a month later the same Board School was decked with flags and flowers, and alive with an eager throng, gathered there for high doings and festivity. Not only the teachers and children and parents were assembled in their gladdest attire, but actually the Mayor and Mayoress and Council of the Borough, and numerous other notabilities, robed or uniformed in resplendent manner, including the O.C. in charge of the troops in the distinguished district, and a suite, as well as a regimental band. More wonderful still, the Queen, who had heard of the events that had taken place and were still to take place at the school, had signified a wish to be present, and bestow certain favors with her own hand. So it was that on this never-to-be-forgotten day Mr. Billings, looking his best in a new and well-cut suit, and too happy to feel very much embarrassed, stepped forward before the adoring eyes of his wife and children, and the interested gaze of the assembly, to receive an address of thanks from the Mayor, another from the

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School Board, and finally as the crowning glory of the day, a few words of thanks and appreciation from the Queen herself, as she handed him first the medal of the Royal Humane Society and secondly a beautiful purse full of gold, actual gold sovereigns in war time! subscribed by the citizens of the district in gratitude for the presence of mind and heroic action that had saved their children's lives.

"The hero of the occasion, who bore his honors with becoming modesty, responded in a few well-chosen words," reported the local newspaper next day, "after which refreshments were served and an adjournment was made to the school yard, where the guests gazed with interest on the beautiful maple whose projected planting had so providentially furnished material for rendering innocuous the fallen bomb."

It is rumored in the neighborhood that Mr. Billings' name has been mentioned in connection with one of the civilian orders which the government is planning to bestow. Such an honor would mean far more to him that the material gifts he has already received. Meanwhile he goes his way sedately, happy in the memory of a crisis well met, and a duty nobly done.

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THE BRITISH LABOR PARTY AND RECONSTRUCTION.

BY FRANK O'HARA, PH.D.

IT is going to be a different world after the War. So much is certain because so many people say so. But whether civilization is to be carried to more brilliant heights or whether it is to be carried to the scrap heap, is not so clear. The evidence is conflicting upon that point.

The executive committee of the British Labor Party in its recent manifesto was of the opinion that it could see "in the present world catastrophe, if not the death, in Europe, of civilization itself, at any rate the culmination and collapse of a distinctive industrial civilization, which the workers will not seek to reconstruct." And it undertook to furnish the plans for a better civilization.

A synopsis of the tentative programme of the British Labor Party was given in the March number of THE CATHOLIC WORLD. The complete text is printed in the April number of *The Monthly Review* of the United States Bureau of Labor Statistics. The present article will discuss some of the more prominent claims set forth in the programme.

"The four pillars of the house that we propose to erect," says the report, "resting upon the common foundation of the democratic control of society in all its activities, may be termed, respectively:

(a) The universal enforcement of the national minimum;
(b) The democratic control of industry;
(c) The revolution in national finance; and
(d) The surplus wealth for the common good."

The national minimum of the "first pillar" is a minimum of leisure, health, education and subsistence. The extent of the minimum is not set forth, but it must include the requisites of healthy life and worthy citizenship. As to subsistence it is indicated that the minimum wage for the least skilled men and women in any part of Great Britain ought not to be under thirty shillings a week. Social insurance against unemploy-

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ment is called for, and especial care is demanded in the demobilization of the eight million wage earners who are now either serving with the colors or employed in munition work and other war trades, so as to avoid a dislocation of the labor market at the close of the War.

The second pillar of the house which the British Labor Party is to build is the democratic control of industry. The Labor Party "demands the progressive elimination from the control of industry of the private capitalist, individual or joint-stock; and the setting free of all who work, whether by hand or by brain, for the service of the community and the community only." The democratic control of industry here demanded is Socialism, but it is a Fabian kind of Socialism which will begin by making permanent the gains secured through the War, and which will add the nationalization of the land and the railways and the mines and the production of electrical power immediately or "as suitable opportunities occur." Private enterprise is to be subjected to a very considerable degree of governmental regulation and control, but apparently it is not to be abolished utterly as the plans of the more thoroughgoing Socialists would require.

Perhaps it would not be giving a very wrong impression to say that the programme calls for the nationalization or socialization of enterprises that are essentially monopolistic in character, and the application of the existing war measures to the remainder of the business concerns. The industries which have been regulated and controlled by the Government during the War are not to be allowed "to slip back into the unfettered control of private capitalists." Standing as it does for the democratic control of industry, the Labor Party would think twice before it sanctioned any abandonment of the present profitable centralization of purchase of raw material; of the present carefully organized "rationing," by joint committees of the trade concerned, of the several establishments with the materials they require; of the present elaborate system of "costing" and public audit of manufacturers' accounts so as to stop the waste heretofore caused by the mechanical inefficiency of the more backward firms; of the present salutary publicity of manufacturing processes and expenses thereby insured; and, on the information thus obtained (in order never again to revert to the old-time profiteering) of the

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present rigid fixing, for standardized products, of maximum prices at the factory, at the warehouse of the wholesale trader and in the retail shop.

The third pillar is the revolution in national finance. The plan here calls for a system of taxation which will pay for the War "without encroaching on the prescribed national minimum standard of life of any family whatsoever; without hampering production or discouraging any useful personal effort, and with the nearest possible approximation to equality of sacrifice." The costs of previous wars have been borne by the common people. The Labor Party would have the cost of this war paid off by a special levy upon capital.

The fourth pillar is the disposal of the surplus wealth for the common good. It is not entirely clear just what is meant by the surplus wealth. However, it is well enough defined for the purposes of the general argument. It is "the surplus above the standard of life." It is something which is "absorbed by individual proprietors, and then devoted very largely to the senseless luxury of an idle rich class." It includes rental of mines and lands, extra profits of fortunate capitalists, and the material outcome of scientific discoveries. It is out of the surplus, thus roughly delimited, that funds are to be obtained to supply the capital for the various enterprises that the community will undertake in the future when it will "decline to be dependent on the usury exacting financiers." From the same source is to come provision for the infirm and the aged; for education and scientific investigation; and for the promotion of music, literature and fine art.

"It is in the proposal for this appropriation of every surplus for the common good—in the vision of its resolute use for the building up of the community as a whole instead of for the magnification of individual fortunes—that the Labor Party as the party of the producers by hand or by brain, most distinctively marks itself off from the older political parties, standing, as these do, essentially for the maintenance, unimpaired, of the perpetual private mortgage upon the annual product of the nation that is involved in the individual ownership of land and capital."

The house which is to be erected upon these four pillars is to be socialistic—it will be Socialism in a modified form. The promises held out appear inviting. But will the house

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stand? Are the plans practicable? True, we are told in the text that "to-day no man dares to say that anything is impracticable." But after all when people are asked to help build a house in which they are to live, they have a right to ask whether the plans are drawn along practicable lines.

A thing is impracticable not necessarily because it cannot be done, but because it cannot be done without greater trouble and expense than seem advisable. Mice can be killed by cannon which carry seventy-five miles. The thing can be done, but it is an impracticable way of killing mice.

On the other hand, the opponents of these socialistic plans ought not to overwork the argument that they represent an injustice to property holders. The reason that we have private property in land, is that on the whole, taking into account the interests of production and distribution, the plan works well. When it does not work well, and where it does not work well, it ought to be abolished, provided that satisfactory arrangements can be made to take care of the interests of the landowners. This is the principle in the large. Of course there may be exceptions to be provided for in the working out of the details.

In the matter of interest on capital a similar principle will apply. If all of the borrowing of capital that is to be done, can be done out of a fund collected from the surplus wealth of the fourth pillar so that no one cares to borrow from private capitalists, these private capitalists really have no legitimate grievance. The market for their capital is spoiled of course, but they have their capital left to use as seems best. A farmer who has grown a crop of malting barley, has as good a right to complain when a nation decides to discontinue the manufacture of beer and thus destroys his principal market. The expert glass blowers suffered a similar injury to their interests a few years ago when the introduction of machinery into their trade destroyed their tight monopoly. But no one thinks seriously now of withdrawing the machinery from the industry, in order to protect the market for the labor of the expert glass blowers. The capitalist will be in the same class if it is ever found that better results are secured by lending capital to borrowers out of a public fund and without interest. The capitalist's market will be gone, but he can still sell his capital or use it or keep it idle, just as the farmer can sell his

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barley at a lower price for some other use than the one he had in mind when he grew it, and just as the glass blower can sell his labor, but not his special skill, for some use other than the one for which he was specially trained.

But before the capitalist is put in the position where he must forego the taking of interest, the British Labor Party must show that the proposed plan is practicable and desirable. This is likely to prove a very difficult task.

As far as the desirability of the enforcement of a national minimum of leisure, health, education and subsistence is concerned, there does not seem to be much room for a difference of opinion. Everybody admits the desirability in principle. There will, however, be some difference of opinion as to how large a minimum can be enforced in practice. The thirty shillings a week for the wage-earners is not overly munificent. Any healthy worker who cannot earn thirty shillings a week ought to receive a course of training that would enable him or her to earn the thirty shillings. In this country, of course, the nominal minimum would be higher. The living wage which Dr. Ryan demands for self-supporting women "is not less than eight dollars per week in any city of the United States, and in some of our larger cities, it is from one to two dollars above this figure."

We shall, then, gladly concede the demand for a national minimum. But the question will still remain whether that national minimum can best be secured under a socialistic system or under a system of freedom of individual initiative. This question will be raised in connection with the discussion of the second and fourth pillars.

But first let us examine the third pillar, the demand for a revolution in national finance. The British Labor Party has protested against the system of financing the War by which "only a quarter has been raised by taxation, while three-quarters have been borrowed at onerous rates of interest, to be a burden on the nation's future," and it demands that the indebtedness be paid out of capital. Nineteen shillings of tax to the pound of income, is suggested as the tax rate for the largest incomes.

From many points of view it is desirable, and in accordance with "the very definite teachings of economic science," as the programme intimates, that as large a share of the bur-

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den of the War as possible be paid out of taxes during the War. But the economists are pretty well agreed that the taxation should not be so heavy as to interfere with production and the successful prosecution of the War. Therefore the State will find it necessary when vast expenditures are to be made, to contract debts which may be paid off in the future. If it is proposed to confiscate all of the large salaries after the War, they might just as well be confiscated at once. In this way the agony would be shortened. Moreover, if it were certain that all large fortunes were to be confiscated after the War, the knowledge would have a depressing effect upon the prosecution of the War.

In order to win the War, human life must be poured out upon the battlefields of France without stint; property is surely not more sacred than life, and so it too must be sacrificed even to the extent of nineteen shillings in the pound of income if necessary. But the only justification for placing the whole of the financial burdens of the War upon the large incomes (if that were possible) and letting the lesser incomes go scot free, would be that a policy of erecting the second and fourth pillars of the plan had already been decided upon.

What shall we say about the second pillar—the democratic control of industry? Perhaps we might go so far as to say that we are decidedly in favor of democratic control of industry in so far as such control can be efficiently applied; and that we are in favor of democratic control of industry even where there is relative inefficiency, since democracy in industry must be developed through mistakes, just as democracy in government has been improved through the method of trial and error. But where the democratic control of industry is likely to result in glaring inefficiency, it is better to make haste slowly. We have a political dogma to the effect that political democracy is good for all peoples; but when we think of political democracy as applied to Mexico, for example, we sometimes have misgivings as to the dogma. As far as industrial democracy is concerned, even the most advanced nations are still Mexicans.

This thought is brought out in the programme of the Labor Party in the following extract: "An autocratic sultan may govern without science if his whim is law. A plutocratic party may choose to ignore science, if it is heedless whether its

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pretended solutions of social problems that may win political triumphs ultimately succeed or fail. But no Labor Party can hope to maintain its position unless its proposals are, in fact, the outcome of the best political science of the time." And it is just as true in industry as in politics, that democratic control cannot succeed without a large degree of enlightenment and self-control. Of course the British Labor Party assumes that the necessary enlightenment and self-control are at hand.

Organized labor may do those things better in Great Britain. But in this country at any rate, there is no reason to believe that organized labor has the social vision necessary to make industrial democracy a success, as the following passages written into the Naval Appropriation Act by organized labor's influence will testify: "No part of the appropriations made in this act shall be available for the salary or pay of any officer, manager, superintendent, foreman. . . . while making or causing to be made with a stop watch or other time measuring device a time study of any job of any employee between the starting and completion thereof; . . . . nor shall any part of the appropriations . . . . be available to pay any premium or bonus or cash reward to any employee in addition to his regular wages, except for suggestions resulting in improvements or economy in the operation of any governmental plant. "This might be good tactics in the fight with private employers in times of peace, but when it is a question of supplying the government with needed munitions in war time, such an attitude would indicate that industrial democracy has not yet reached the years of full discretion.

The fourth pillar is a demand that the surplus wealth be used for the common good. Undoubtedly there are certain forms of surplus which could be taken for the common use without causing any appreciable embarrassment to production, and with considerable benefit to the generality of consumers. This would be true of a variety of kinds of monopoly profits. But the programme demands that the surplus which comes from competitive business profits should also go into the common fund. This means of course that free individual enterprise is to be brought to an end and that socialistic enterprise is to be substituted for it. This part of the programme fails to take into account the fact, and it is an important fact, that it is impossible to collect the reward of free enterprise

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and to turn it over to society by a socialistic organization of industry. The reward of free enterprise is something that is produced by free enterprise. It is something which enchained enterprise does not produce. And hence it is something which enchained enterprise cannot turn over to the consumer. The free enterpriser who creates wealth that would not otherwise be produced, benefits himself, but he also benefits the consuming public generally. The placing of socialistic fetters upon the enterpriser injures him, and if he was really creative it injures society also. Hobbling a real enterpriser will not create wealth out of which to provide the national minimum of the first pillar. On the contrary, it will make the provision of a suitable national minimum more difficult.

To sum up the situation: The effort to provide a decent national minimum of leisure, health, education and subsistence is entirely praiseworthy. Compulsory unemployment should be made impossible, and every normal worker should receive a living wage. To accomplish these desirable aims important reforms in the distribution of wealth must be undertaken. But it must be borne in mind that there are two problems to be solved, namely, the problem of production and the problem of distribution. And production must precede distribution. Great Britain became the foremost nation in producing wealth after she became the foremost nation in making private enterprise free. In working out a fairer division of wealth, the dependence of distribution upon production and of production upon freedom of enterprise must be kept in mind, and a suitable compromise struck between fair distribution and efficient production.

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New Books.

STUDIES IN ENGLISH FRANCISCAN HISTORY. By A. G. Little, M.A. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. $3.00 net.

The early English Franciscans have had the good fortune to find a most scholarly and sympathetic historian in Mr. Little, who for many years past has been so fruitfully engaged in studying and writing their story. This, his latest work on the subject, consists of the six Ford Lectures delivered in the University of Oxford in 1916, covering practically the whole ground of Franciscan development and activity in England from the thirteenth century to the fifteenth. They deal successively with the "Observance of the Vow of Poverty," the "Failure of Mendicancy," the "Relation of the Friars to the Monks and Parish Priests," the "Friars as Popular Preachers," their "Influence in the Education of the Clergy" and the "Franciscan School at Oxford," with special reference to Grosseteste and Bacon.

On each of these topics Mr. Little has a great deal to say that is interesting, and not a little that is quite new. He may be said to have re-discovered John of Wales, O.F.M., a remarkable writer, who hitherto has not received the place of prominence he merits. In his treatment of the aspects of English Franciscan history dealt with in the present volume, Mr. Little shows complete mastery of the mass of manuscript and printed material he has examined and a rare touch of imaginative understanding.

Nevertheless, while all must enjoy his descriptions and anecdotes of the early English Franciscans, some may not find it so easy to accept the author's general attitude towards certain questions nor to assent to some of his specific conclusions. We should like to discuss with him some points on "mendicancy" and "privilege" did space permit. However, Mr. Little's *Studies* taken as a whole are a most valuable and welcome contribution to the history of the period and of the institution with which they deal, and place more heavily in his debt all students of the history of the Franciscan Order and of pre-Reformation Catholic life in England.

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VLADIMIR SOLOVIEV. A Russian Newman. By Michel d'Herbigny. Translated by A. M. Buchanan, M.A. London: R. & T. Washbourne.

Vladimir Soloviev, who has been aptly styled the Russian Newman, was without question the foremost spiritual philosopher of the Russia of the nineteenth century. His great life-work was the bringing before the Russian people the idea of a Universal Church, which they had utterly lost sight of after many centuries of isolation and schism. Like Newman he was an ardent student of the Bible, the Fathers and of Church history, and like Newman he had worked out for himself a philosophy very similar in method and appeal to the Cardinal's own.

The writer of this entertaining biography considers Soloviev as professor, writer, logician, moralist, theologian and ascetic. He analyzes his chief works—describes his crusade for the truth as he saw it against the bitter opposition of a tyrannous Erastian Church, and gives a life-like portrait of a man who lived the life of a saint, and died happily in the true fold. His conversion was denied by many, but it has been proved that he was received into the Church by a convert priest, Nicolas Tolstoi, February 18, 1896, in the chapel of Our Lady of Lourdes at Moscow. On his deathbed he could not obtain the services of either a priest of the Uniate or of the Latin rite, so he called in a priest of the Orthodox rite.

After his death the Russian authorities removed his books from their Index. Their influence has led to the formation of many Soloviev societies, which aim at spreading his ideas. He will certainly be an influence for good, once Russia comes to her own again after the War.

THE ORIGINS OF CONTEMPORARY PSYCHOLOGY. By Cardinal Mercier. Translated by W. H. Mitchell, M.A. New York: P. J. Kenedy & Sons. $2.25 net.

Mr. Mitchell has done a good service to the cause of Catholic philosophy in English speaking countries by his translation of this important work. Though the treatment of the subject is not exhaustive, students will find in it all they need to know of the vagaries of the leaders of modern thought in the field of psychology, and they will see how admirably the fundamental principles of the Schoolmen explain problems of

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the soul untouched and unaffected by the vaunted superiority of modern psychology.

The name of the author is a guarantee for the soundness of its scholarship. In every page he shows evidence of reading that is deep and wide. Beginning with the psychological views of Descartes, he traces the evolution of modern psychology through the writings of Spinoza, Hume, Kant, Spencer and Fouillée till it finds its latest and most developed expression in the writings of Wundt. He always states the views of those under review with such clearness as will enable the reader to grasp their full force; and his criticisms are models of dialectical skill. The book concludes with an interesting chapter on Neo-Thomism.

This volume should appeal not only to professed students of philosophy, but to all who wish to be acquainted with the latest speculations on the nature and activities of the soul.

A MANUAL OF MODERN SCHOLASTIC PHILOSOPHY. By Cardinal Mercier and Professors of the Higher Institute of Philosophy, Louvain. Volume II. St. Louis: B. Herder. $3.50.

The first volume of this work appeared about a year ago, and merited our expression of high appreciation. This second volume does not fall short of the hopes and expectations then expressed. Designed as a *Manual*, it has the defects and virtues of a handy text-book. While its condensation necessitates a certain obscurity, and its technical terminology prevents him who runs and reads from readily understanding it, there are compensating advantages. It serves well as the basis of explanation and amplification to be given by the professor; the brevity of the text lends itself the more easily to the task of memory; whilst the scientific divisions, clear-cut theses and formal proofs, all well indicated by proper type, make it a real *thesaurus* for one already acquainted with the subject, who wishes to refresh his knowledge.

The subjects covered are Natural Theology (Theodicy), Logic, Ethics, and the History of Philosophy. The first treatise discussing the existence, the nature and the attributes of God, as known by reason, sets forth succinctly the traditional teaching as expounded by St. Thomas, whilst the subtle argument of St. Anselm, *a simultaneo*, is stated and handled with such im-

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partiality as to show both its strong and its weak points. The very fact that "it will not down" proves the latent strength in it.

The treatise on Logic will probably be found the least satisfactory. It suffers from undue compression. The many vital and difficult problems arising, can scarcely be dealt with in the seventy pages allotted to it. The General Ethics compiled by Professor A. Arendt, Ph.D., from Cardinal Mercier's notes, and the Special Ethics, by another of his disciples, Professor J. Halleux, Ph.D., are excellently done. Hagel's concept of the jurisdiction of the State (p. 327), just now working out its logical consequences in the conduct of his disciples who are giving it a military application on the bloody fields of Europe, is pithily stated and contrasted with the traditional and Christian concept of the limits of State sovereignty (p. 337). It would not be easy to put into fewer or clearer words the different ideals for which the opposing forces are contending in this great World War.

The concluding treatise of the course, "The History of Philosophy," is a mere sketch of philosophic thought traced through ancient, mediæval and modern times. It serves its purpose of giving the beginner a general idea of the subject. It is treated more thoroughly in the elaborate works by the same author, Dr. De Wulf. His *Scholasticism Old and New*, and *History of Mediæval Philosophy*, have been translated into English by Dr. Coffey.

We have been informed by a chaplain lately returned from the front that our soldiers who are fighting for the cause of civilization against "chaos come again," are much interested in the discussion of the philosophical principles underlying the questions at issue. If this be true, here is another and most important class of readers to whom this *Manual* in its English dress will appeal. We cordially recommend it to them, and to any others who may wish for a clear and exact exposition of Catholic philosophy.

THE BRAZILIANS AND THEIR COUNTRY. By Clayton S. Cooper. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Co. $3.50 net.

The purpose of this volume, as the author tells us, is to present a somewhat comprehensive idea of the life and work of the present day Brazilians. In some forty chapters Mr.

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Cooper describes the colonization and history of Brazil, her mixed peoples, her home life, her trade and industries, her army and navy, her language and literature, her marvelous resources, her educational progress, her foreign relations, her estimate of the United States, and her possible future development.

But why does he spoil his message of peace and good will by insulting at least a dozen times the people whom he wishes to conciliate? At times he seems to write for a few unbelieving Brazilian positivists, who like all renegades hate the Church that mothered them. Catholics here, and in South America, are growing rather weary and disgusted with the calumnies indulged in so frequently by American writers when they treat of Latin America. We read in these pages of sluggard and libertine monks, of the Jesuit's love of gold, of the lack of patriotism in Catholics because of their pacifism and their shielding of the criminal in the confessional, of the mediæval inheritance of blinding bigotry, etc.

THE HISTORY OF THE SOCIETY OF JESUS IN NORTH AMERICA, COLONIAL AND FEDERAL. Volume II. By Thomas Hughes, S.J. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. $8.00.

Every historical scholar will read with interest the second volume of Father Hughes' history of the Jesuits in North America. It is ten years since his first volume was published, although in the interval he has edited two large volumes of documents containing valuable material hitherto hidden in many libraries and archives. The present volume is in reality a history of the Catholic Church in America from 1645 to 1773, for apart from the Jesuits, no other body of Catholic clergy, secular or regular, appeared on the ground till more than a decade of years had passed after the American Revolution. Their field of missionary labor during colonial times comprised Maryland, Virginia, New Jersey, Delaware, Pennsylvania and New York. All during this period their work was hampered by the bitter anti-Popery sentiment that dominated England, and found utterance in a multitude of brutal and oppressive colonial penal laws. Father Hughes cites document after document for his every statement, and complains most justly of the critics of his first volume, who met his proofs merely with a sneer.

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In eighteen chapters he discusses the labors of the Jesuits in the American colonies, the West Indies, and in the French possessions from Quebec to Louisiana. He contrasts the utter failure of the British Propagation societies among the Indians with the success of the Jesuit missions, and brings out clearly the many difficulties and trials that noble band of pioneers faced with such unwavering loyalty.

Father Hughes takes exception to Bishop Russell's account of the controversy between the Jesuits and the second Lord Baltimore, and states that it is not in accord with the documents. Alluding to Baltimore's evident anti-clericalism, he writes: "The salient facts recorded in our pages upon this subject of Cecil Lord Baltimore's practical Catholicity are such as scoffing at the Pope, whittling away ordinances and Papal bulls, treating the priesthood with language partly excusable because characteristic, expropriating the goods of priests, invading their personal liberty, regarding them as possible traitors and criminals, providing for them in his futile drafts all kinds of penalties even capital punishment, and never alluding to any good which they might have done to him, to the colony or to the world." As for the Act of Religion or Toleration passed in 1649, in its origin, nature and circumstances, it was but the expiring gasp of a toleration practised from the first by the Catholic gentry of Maryland. It is a matter of debate as to whether Baltimore had anything to do with its enactment.

A very interesting chapter deals with the question of a Catholic bishopric (1756-1773). The first suggestion of a bishop for the American colonies came from Bishop Challoner in England, who wrote to Propaganda to that effect as early as 1756. But Americans like Charles Carroll were opposed to the appointment, for the reason that the coming of a bishop would furnish a new pretext for persecution. He says expressly in his letter to Bishop Challoner that he was not writing under the instigation of the Jesuits, but expressing the views of every Catholic in Maryland at the time.

OVER JAPAN WAY. By Alfred M. Hitchcock. New York: Henry Holt & Co. $2.00 net.

We recommend to our readers this chatty account of an American tourist's jaunt through modern Japan. The traveler

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pictures in most graphic style Japan's chief cities, her artistic shops, her gaudy temples, her magnificent palaces, her quaint hotels, her weird theatres, her peculiar customs and superstitions, her many beauties of lake, forest and mountain. He praises the Japanese people for their intense patriotism, their love of nature and of art, their progressiveness, and their courtesy, although he points out that their ideas of honesty and justice are far different from ours, and their immorality of a type to be expected among pagans. They are certainly a hard people for Westerners to understand, for they have not been trained to respect the Ten Commandments. Their tremendous conceit makes them forget too easily how much they they have borrowed from the nations of the West.

VERSES IN PEACE AND WAR. By Shane Leslie. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $1.00.

If Mr. Shane Leslie were not already so widely known as publicist and editor, he would perhaps be more adequately saluted as the poet he most indubitably is. For even this extremely slim volume bears quite substantial witness to his uncommon poetic gift, and to the highly mystical and impassioned quality of his imagination. It is more than a little akin to Francis Thompson, particularly in the brief religious lyrics: and one would declare these religious verses to be the finest of Mr. Leslie's, were it not for such strong and beautiful work as *The Dead Friend,* or the many epitaphs upon soldiers and aviators fallen in the Great War. To show the spirit of these latter, and also the poet's felicity in the quatrain, these lines from *The Sentry* suffice:

> "Who passeth here?"—"We of the new Brigade,
> Who come in aid—to take your place who fell."
> "What is the countersign?"—"That we have weighed
> The cost ye paid—yet come!"—"Pass! all is well."

THE DRAMATIC WORKS OF GERHART HAUPTMANN. Volume VII. New York: B. W. Huebsch. $1.50 net.

Professor Lewishohn, the editor, and Mr. Huebsch, the publisher, have given us one of the memorable literary gifts of the times in presenting in English the complete writings of this representative German poet and dramatist. The present volume rounds out the work, and makes it now possible for the English-reading public to study in their entirety the composi-

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tions of Hauptmann. And no time in the world's history, perhaps, could be found more opportune to present this exposition of German thought than the present. While revealing with searching truth, as is the poet's function, the spirit of his own people, of whom he is an acknowledged spokesman, the voice of Hauptmann sounds, nevertheless, with a strange calmness and dignity over the clamor of the warring moment. Here the better part of the Teuton, his higher soul, is often heard, voicing aspirations and ideals beyond mere force and power. Yet the German spirit as the world has come to know it through its militaristic shapers and exponents, is likewise discerned; notably in "The Commemoration Masque," which was written to celebrate the centenary of Germany's liberation from the Napoleonic yoke, and which, with the quick staff of the poet, strikes straight to the foundations of German national feeling and shows us what is really at the bottom of twentieth century *Deutschtum*—the fear of a second dismemberment; a fear upon which, of course, the powers of Kaiserism have cleverly played for their own ends.

The chief contribution to the volume is "The Bow of Odysseus." Hauptmann's retelling of the old Homeric legend is a vigorous one, full of the thunder and crash of the voice of Zeus. There is a primitive ruggedness about the poetry of this drama that is tremendously effective; and through its every passage breathes the fire of dramatic suspense, the clash of wills, the play of mighty passions. A strange feature of the dramatist's arrangement of the plot is the total exclusion of the figure of Penelope; and yet, thanks to the poet's projective vision, Penelope moves, a living personality, through the action of the play.

"Elga," a play which has always been effective on the stage, despite its literary austerity and its aloofness from ordinary stage theatricalism; and "Helios" and "Pastoral," two symbolic fragments, complete the volume.

The philosophy of Hauptmann, his criticism, and likewise his high poetic powers and compelling gifts as a dramatist—these are matters to be discussed in a detailed study of the man and his works. But his works are permanent contributions to world literature; and this presentation of them in English will be welcomed by all students of letters who cannot reach him in the original.

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HISTORY OF THE CIVIL WAR. By James Ford Rhodes. New York: The Macmillan Co. $2.50.

During the last decade much new material has come to light concerning our Civil War, both in original matter and in valuable analyses. This volume is a fresh study of the subject made by a well-known authority on that period of our history, and related in a clear, concise and impartial manner. Lincoln he compares with Cæsar as contrasting types of great men. The latter created Cæsarism for the modern world, the autocracy of the superman; the former made it possible for every man to have a chance in our American democracy.

By the generous terms granted the vanquished at Appomattox, the North created a most favorable impression in Europe. "Since the Americans' most noble closing of the Civil War," wrote George Meredith, "I have looked to them as the hope of our civilization."

The author's judgment that Grant was a greater general, strategically, than "Stonewall" Jackson will be questioned by students of Civil War campaigns.

THE WAY OF WAR. By Professor T. M. Kettle, Lieutenant Second Dublin Fusiliers. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $2.75.

An ardent Irish patriot, sojourning in Belgium in 1914, whither he had gone for the purpose of buying arms for the Irish Volunteers, became a witness to the horrors of the rape of Belgium, when the German forces, without warning, swarmed over that unhappy land and crushed it under their iron heel. That Irishman, bound on an errand of destruction against England which had long oppressed his native land, was, upon seeing with his own eye the ruthlessness of German warfare directed against the whole civilized world, changed heart and soul to a fighter for the very Britain which once he had opposed, but which now he championed as she rose to the defence of outraged Belgium. The larger vision became his; and without hesitation he offered himself to serve in the war for humanity, a war which to him had instantly become paramount over all national and local interests.

This Irish patriot was Professor Thomas Kettle, popularly known among a very wide circle of friends as "Tom" Kettle, one of the most gifted and most admired of the younger Irish

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leaders. The present volume, following on the recent publication of his poems, possesses a poignant interest, recording as it does his death on the field, and offering a collection of his writings composed during his career as a soldier in France, as well as a memoir contributed by his wife. Mrs. Kettle writes with a fine reticence of her departed husband, and with an equally fine fire when dealing with those who, incapable of appreciating his exalted motives, have reflected on his character in the public prints. Her memoir makes unusually interesting reading.

The subjects Professor Kettle treats are varied, touching on many different phases of the War. But perhaps the most revealing chapter in the book is the opening one, "Why Ireland Fought," which is one of the best expositions we have yet seen of the whole European situation and of Ireland's relation thereto. The book makes interesting reading; it has style and charm, strength and veracity, and is brilliant and winning with the personality of its regretted author.

NAME THIS FLOWER. By Gaston Bonnier. New York: E.. P. Dutton & Co.

This book, of attractive appearance and exceptionally convenient size, gives all the plants and flowers of France, Belgium, Switzerland and England, also the commoner plants and flowers of Europe. It is profusely illustrated, many of the plates being in color, and has various tables and indexes by which to place the plants correctly. The editor and translator has added the results of his own researches to the work of the author, who is Professor of Botany at the Sorbonne.

THE ACATHIST HYMN OF THE HOLY ORTHODOX EASTERN CHURCH. Edited by W. J. Birbeck, M.A., and Rev. G. R. Woodward, M.A. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. $1.25.

The Acathist Hymn is the best known liturgical hymn in the Byzantine rite, but the editors are mistaken in thinking it peculiar to the Holy Orthodox Church. It is used by the Uniates as well as the Russians, and the Pope grants special indulgences to all the faithful who say it devoutly.

We would have greatly preferred a prose translation, for the poetic English version of Mr. Woodward is an utter failure

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owing to its bad rhymes, its literal over-exactness, and its absurd archaisms. True the poetic version was chosen in the hope that the hymn might be sung in the Anglican Church "to safeguard the right faith in the Incarnation, and to correct the false views of the sixteenth century reformers such as Luther, Bucer, Zwingli and Calvin." But the Greek liturgical poetry is too extravagant in its use of symbols and images to suit the Western mind.

VALUE OF THE CLASSICS. Princeton: University Press. Cloth, $1.50; Board, $1.00.

These addresses delivered at the Conference on Classical Studies in Liberal Education, held at Princeton University June 2, 1917, evidence the vitality of classical studies in the United States, and make a strong protest against the persistent effort of the past half-century to deprive the languages of ancient Greece and Rome of their legitimate place in the curriculum of modern education. The address of Senator Lodge is admirable and worthy of a place beside the famous address of J. S. Mill on the same subject to the students of the University of St. Andrew fifty years ago. The Senator makes out a clear case for the classics and answers the specious objections urged by the patrons of modern education, clearly and effectively. We strongly recommend the book to all our readers who are interested in Secondary and University education, especially to parents who desire to give their children the benefits of a truly liberal education.

Dean West contributes an excellent introduction, which of itself would go far to justify the publication of this valuable asset to the cause of classical study.

NOCTURNE OF REMEMBERED SPRING. By Conrad Aiken. Boston: The Four Seas Co. $1.25 net.

At a time when poetry seems to be, in a small degree at least, returning to her own—taking on new lustre of virility and spirituality, after a deadening period of the most feeble articulation—it is distinctly discouraging to come upon a volume of this sort, signed with a name which has become more or less known the past few years. Mr. Aiken's work in this volume is not (like that of some of his Cubistic and Futuristic contemporaries) poetry gone mad; it is poetry gone wrong;

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poetry debauched and prostituted. Here we have the gift of song given over, not with abandon, but with cold blooded calculation, solely and wholly to themes of lust and sensuality. The reader marvels that any man could write such stuff; much less dedicate it to his wife. The least said, and the less seen of such books as this, the better.

MEMOIRS OF CARDINAL DE RETZ. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.

These memoirs, from the standpoint of history, are, on the whole, of questionable value; their very tone of frankness, with its swaggering note, is apt to beget suspicion and incredulity. They do, however, shed considerable light of a lurid sort, on the tempestuous era of the Fronde, of which De Retz was one of the many active storm centres. The narrative is a veritable maze of intrigues and counter-intrigues whose numberless cross-currents underlie the troubled surface of French politics during the successive ministries of Richelieu and Mazarin.

De Retz's moral character was, unfortunately, not on a par with his social and clerical eminence, though his latter years appear to have been influenced by the purifying wave of reform that was then sweeping over the Church of France.

Mr. David Ogg has contributed a satisfactory preface to the book, which is fully up to "Everyman's" excellent standard.

COLLEGE OF MOUNT ST. VINCENT, A FAMOUS CONVENT SCHOOL. By Marion J. Brunowe and Anne C. Browne. New York: P. J. Kenedy & Sons. $1.00.

Over a hundred years ago three Sisters of Charity of St. Vincent de Paul, journeying from their mother-house in Maryland, came to the city of New York at the invitation of Bishop Connolly, and founded what has become today one of the foremost Catholic educational institutions for women in America. The story of this famous college is told in the pages of the present volume in a manner not often encountered in the recital of such histories. This is a genuine history, narrated in a style that is clear, attractive, literary, and wholly lacking in the "domestic gusto" that too often characterizes this sort of production. For this reason it may be regarded as a valuable document. Certainly the story it tells of the aspirations, activi-

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ties and achievements of the followers of Mother Seton, in charity and education, is an inspiring one. The figures of many notable churchmen move through these pages; while the volume itself, handsomely illustrated, is in the best style of the printing art.

A HANDBOOK OF STORY WRITING. By Blanche Colton Williams. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. $1.50 net.

This is the most practical treatise on the art of short-story writing we have yet had the good fortune to read; it deals not alone with the technique of writing, but speaks from the viewpoint of the literary marketer as well as from that of the artist. The author possesses the psychology of the crowd (and of the publisher) as well as the insight of the craftsman and artificer. In brief, she tells would-be authors not only how to write good stories—stories that are artistic and worth-while; but also how to produce work that will sell. No beginner in the art of story writing can study this book without advantage; and it would be difficult to imagine even the most tried and proven producer of fiction who would not profit by its perusal.

THE BREAKFAST OF THE BIRDS. By Judah Sternberg. Philadelphia: The Jewish Publication Society of America.

The short stories, fancies and allegories collected under this title are by a Russian Jew and were designed for children of his own race. They have been lovingly translated from the Hebrew by Emily Solis-Cohen, Jr., who has rendered them into such excellent English that the original has lost nothing of its fine literary quality. There is a touch of freshness and novelty in the references to Jewish customs and traditions that makes an appeal to adults as well as juveniles. Colored illustrations by a child-pupil in the Boston Museum of Art add to the interest. Altogether, the book is pleasing. The translator's aspiration that it "might, perhaps, win other than Jewish readers" is worthy of fulfillment.

APOLOGETICAL STUDIES. By J. Tixeront. St. Louis: B. Herder. 75 cents net.

In this brief treatise, Professor Tixeront of the University of Lyons, answers in a most scholarly fashion the rationalistic and modernistic denials of the dogmas of the Trinity, the

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Divinity of Christ, the divine character of the Catholic Church and the Sacrament of Penance. It is a valuable book for the student in our modern universities, who has begun to doubt the foundation principles of Christianity, and looks upon auricular confession as the invention of priests. The historical method is used throughout according to the best traditions of the modern French school.

THE BOOK OF NEW YORK. By Robert Shackleton. Philadelphia: The Penn Publishing Co. $2.50 net.

This is a very handsome gift book, entertaining and informative. The author writes in a chatty, good-humored style, pleasant to read for the most part, though occasionally marred by stilted phrasing and labored humor. After treating of the general characteristics of the city and its habitants, with a brief historical survey, beginning with the Battery he takes up in detail in successive chapters the various districts and features of interest connected with New York, carrying the reader up the Hudson as far as West Point and down the Bay as far as Coney Island.

There is a great deal of curious and out-of-the-way information in the book, historic, legendary, and contemporary, and much which would be news to the average New Yorker. It says much for the author's discernment and philosophy of life that in his opinion the happiest portion of the metropolis is the tenement district.

THE TURKISH EMPIRE: ITS GROWTH AND DECLINE. By Lord Eversley. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. $2.00 net.

This is simply a record of how, piece by piece, the Turkish Empire grew, and how it, piecemeal, fell away. Nothing else falls within the compass of the story. No internal affairs are treated, no view of domestic relations expressed, no politics, literature or science.

Through a period of three centuries, 1288-1566, ten Sultans passed their power from father to son, all great men, able generals, energetic conquerors, who personally led their troops to battle and victory. The decay of the empire set in when first the women of the harem gained ascendancy in the policy of the realm, and not till the early nineteenth century was there any semblance of arrest of the steady shrinkage of territory.

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Even this recrudescence of ancient energy was transitory, and the waning power has given us the Sick Man of Europe.

Lord Eversley has long been interested in Turkish affairs, and has been in close touch with the influential peoples of the State for upwards of sixty years. Hence is he led to expand the story of the last century of Turkish misrule. There can be no doubt that this developed account intensifies into conviction the feeling aroused in the early parts of the story that the Turk should be removed from control over Christian communities. The barbarities of our day inflicted upon the Armenian are but the survival of their policy and treatment whenever Christians have been subjected to their servitude. Despite the reminder of this fact all through the book, Lord Eversley never lets occasion pass to remark upon the rapacity and cruelty of Christians whenever their armies come together or pass through alien fields. At times, the impression is that the author sympathizes with the Turk, and he speaks of "trumpery stuff" in connection with the guardianship of the Holy Sepulchre. He is napping when he writes the "larger half" and "one another" for two. His preoccupation seems to be to record his researches, and he finds no inclination to beautify his style, or let his imagination aid in producing a living, vivid narrative.

THE TIDEWAY. By John Ayscough. New York: Benziger Brothers. $1.50 net.

Though written during the progress of the War, in which Monsignor Bickerstaffe-Drew has served as chaplain with the British forces, these sketches are wholly free from the note one gets now and again today—the tendency to "do" the struggle professionally, as so much appropriate and providential copy. The War is, in the main, no more than a background for one or another of the charming stories, though the few direct references to it are telling enough to stand beside many pages of spun-out description. "To an old man of peace and of the pen who has stood near-hand to it, the anguish of writing of it is too raw and terrible. He will not."

One may have a little regret that the material here is not molded more definitely to the requirements of technique, that the events which make up each tale do not proceed and interlace with the simple swiftness and inevitability which make the most dramatic values in a short story. But taking the

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units of this volume for what they are—sketches—one must acknowledge that they are fitted to satisfy a very exacting literary taste. Those familiar with the work of "John Ayscough" know what to expect from his hand: knowledge of diverse men, winning charity, the kind of subtle, pervasive humor which springs up close to them, and an exquisite art of expression. *The Sacristans*, originally published in THE CATHOLIC WORLD, is perhaps the best, from the point of view of serious achievement. Among the lighter pieces, the delightful conversation between the young officer, the heavy civilian, "O. Y.," and the Benedictine monk, entitled *By the Way*, deserves special mention.

LETTERS AND DIARY OF ALAN SEEGER. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $1.25.

Alan Seeger's gifts and gallantry have made him to many the very type of the youth of America, symbol at once of our loss and our gain. It is right that a poet should typify—in his work always, if he is to be worth his poetic salt; in his life whenever he can. Circumstances make it the more difficult requirement; and herein, we may be sure Alan Seeger would have said, he was more fortunate than most.

Yet the intimate record of his spirit which these papers furnish shows that it was not good fortune so much as a kind of necessity in Alan Seeger's nature which made him embody and interpret, in heroic action and at the ultimate price, the best ideal of his age. He must inevitably have gone where the fight was thickest. "I am happier here than I could possible be anywhere else," he writes his mother. "I was a spectator, now I am an actor. I was in a shallow, now I am moving in the full current."

Not a Catholic, he yet understood by instinct the philosophy of sacrifice. He says in one place: "Every evening there is *salut* in the old church, and on Sundays, Mass. The nave is always crowded with soldiers, even though there be few real believers among them. But these services, where the voices of the soldiers mingle with those of the women and little children of the village, are always peculiarly moving to me. The Cathoolic religion, idealizing, as it does, the spirit of sacrifice, has an almost universal appeal these days." And again: "Nothing but good can befall the soldier, so he plays his part well. Come

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out of the ordeal safe and sound, he has had an experience in the light of which all life hereafter will be three times richer and more beautiful; wounded, he will have the esteem and admiration of all men and the approbation of his own conscience; killed, more than any other man he can face the unknown without misgiving."

Some vivid pictures are drawn: the long periods of "miserable trench warfare" alternating with the charges of which he writes so longingly—"the *élan* of open action, where one can return blow for blow;" his companions in the Legion; long marches and fatiguing sentry vigils when he is buoyed up by the sense of "a kind of comradeship with the stars;" battlefields during action, and even hillsides in bloom. But one lingers longest over those repeated passages to his mother, written to hearten her with the assurance of his own complete content.

Alan Seeger was a soldier in the Foreign Legion from the beginning of the War until his death in the charge on Belloy-en-Santerre, July 4th, two years later. In promise and in performance he stands among the very first of those poets who have fallen.

TOLSTOY. By George Rapall Noyes. New York: Duffield & Co. $1.50 net.

This is the second volume of Messrs. Duffield & Co.'s series, "Master Spirits of Literature," of which Dr. Charles H. Grandgent's *Dante* was the initial work. Here we have the editor-in-chief of the series writing on a subject which he is peculiarly fitted to treat. Professor of Slavic Languages in the State University of California, he has devoted his life to the study of the literature of Eastern Europe. He brings a ripe knowledge of the people and thought of Russia to his task of interpreting the master spirit of Russian literature; and he handles his material in a manner that serves admirably to make his interpretation widely read and clearly understood. Striking a happy medium between the strictly biographical and the wholly critical, he succeeds in giving a sympathetic and revealing exposition of the character of Tolstoy and the value of his writings. The man himself he shows to be truly "a man of vigorous, though eccentric, intellectual power;" one whose whole nature may well be summed up in Professor Noyes' own

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apt phrase, "poverty, chastity, and *dis*obedience." The struggles and conflicts of Tolstoy's soul, his ardent sincerity, his impatience with sham—these great movements of interior drama and these noble attributes, the author reveals in strong contrast to the man's many and sometimes irritating limitations. In short, Professor Noyes seems to achieve a truly just appraisement of his hero, whom, in conclusion, he characterizes as "not only the greatest writer of Russia, but the writer most typical of Russian society as it had shaped itself in the three hundred years between the establishment of serfdom at the end of the sixteenth century and the beginnings of the industrial and political revolution in our own time." The book is carefully indexed, with an excellent bibliography added. It furnishes illuminative critical expositions of Tolstoy's writings, and will undoubtedly prove a real help to the student of literature.

MY IRELAND. Songs and Simple Rhymes. By Francis Carlin. New York: Henry Holt & Co. $1.25.

Of the making of Irish songs truly there is no end—nor should it any longer seem strange when some of the most engaging of them are spun in New York City. Here is a volume of confessed "simplicity," a collection of verses not at all equal in literary merit: but pervaded by a charm both fresh and familiar.

The little songs are, first of all, about Ireland: but happily, they are not controversial. They hum gently of Irish saints and Irish poets, of birds and bees and "star shadows," of young lovers and old legends—of a humble, cheerful, rural Ireland, with great distant dreams and a living, very present Catholic faith to comfort the none-too-easy ways of life. Mr. Carlin's request for prayers—after the manner of the *Ancren Riwle*—for "the soul of the scribe who wrote it," will, it is hoped, be answered even in the fulfillment of earthly success.

EARLY ESSAYS AND LECTURES. By Canon Sheehan, D.D. New York: Longman, Green & Co. $1.25 net.

Lovers of Canon Sheehan will welcome this new edition of his essays and lectures which first appeared some six years ago. They are presented as they originally appeared, without addition or modification, a great mistake, as the author himself

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admits he would have had to make many changes had he ventured on the task of revision. However, they are at least a record of certain phases of thought on problems of great moment during a literary novitiate extending over many years.

The most interesting essays are those that give us Canon Sheehan's estimate of Emerson, Matthew Arnold and Aubrey de Vere. Of the lectures we commend especially the panegyric on Daniel O'Connell, and the paper read before Maynooth Union on *The Study of Mental Science.*

THE BARREN GROUND OF NORTHERN CANADA. By Warburton Pike. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. $2.00 net.

What at first glance appears to be a rather forbidding volume turns out to be one of the most enjoyable books of the trip into the "Barren Ground" of the far north, published some years ago for private circulation, and now first given to the general reading public. It opens a new world to the reader and brings a breath of refreshment.

Besides being as entertaining as any adventure story that a grown-up boy could revel in, Mr. Pike's book is full of interesting information. Living with the Indians throughout his long sojourn in the "Barren Ground," he is enabled to give much illuminative matter concerning their life and habits and traditions. There is, however, not the least attempt at erudition: all is set forth in the simple manner of a good story-teller. The Catholic reader will appreciate the kindly references to the missionaries whom the author found far beyond the haunts of the ordinary trader.

GOD AND MAN. Lectures on Dogmatic Theology. From the French of the Rev. L. Labauche, SS. Volume I. God. New York: P. J. Kenedy & Sons. $1.75 net.

The publication of dogmatic text-books in English will prove most helpful both to the theological student and to the intelligent laity.

The volume before us by the eminent Sulpician, the Abbé Labauche, treats of the Blessed Trinity, the Incarnation, and the Redemption. Throughout, his aim is to combat modern rationalists, who try to show that all dogmas are of human origin whether we view them in the Sacred Scriptures, in their development, or at the time of their conciliar definition.

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THE MAN FROM NOWHERE. By Anna T. Sadlier. New York: Benziger Brothers. $1.00.

In this story of adventure and mystery the popular author of such successful novels as *The True Story of Master Gerard* and *The Red Inn of St. Lyphar*, returns to her original field of juvenile fiction. But with a difference, nevertheless; for in *The Man From Nowhere* the adult as well as the youthful reader will find a tale worth while. From the moment, very early in the first pages of the book, that the alarm is given for the launching of the lifeboat which brings on to the scene the mysterious personage who gives the title to the tale, the story is full of action and suspense. In the delineation of the various characters of the story, Miss Sadlier is particularly happy; each stands alone; and, in true dramatic fashion, each speaks and is revealed chiefly through action rather than mere description by the author. The plot is sustained to the last page; and of course there is a wholesome spirit of religion pervading the story—not obtruded, but cleverly and gracefully sustained.

CHRONICLES OF ST. TID. By Eden Philpotts. New York: The Macmillan Co. $1.50.

St. Tid is in Cornwall, that particular portion of the old world which Mr. Philpotts has made peculiarly his own in the writing of such novels as *Old Delabole, Brunel's Tower, The Mother, The Haven*, and others. But it is not every successful novelist who is likewise the successful short story teller. Eden Philpotts shows himself equally the master of both arts. A keen insight into the human heart, its foibles, its passions, its strengths and weaknesses, and a gift of homely humor that mellows the intermingled action of all those attributes, makes these tales at once authentic and absorbingly interesting. Composed in dialect, the author nevertheless has struck the happiest of balances between the native tongue that is racy of the soil and that literary clarity without which all the power in the world of original expression is mumbled and lost. The tales are all of love—of young love and old love, of lads and lassies in love and out of love; yet, though the theme be unchanged, the book never grows tiresome, but rather accumulates interest as each chronicle is unfolded revealing some new angle of the age-old story.

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Recent Events.

Progress of the War.

Since the last notes were written the progress of the Germans on their left wing has been practically at a standstill, the attempt to separate the British from the French having so far failed. Amiens, one of the most magnificent cathedrals in Europe, and perhaps the finest monument of Gothic architecture in France, has been subjected to bombardment by the German guns, its roof and walls having been pierced by shells. The city has been evacuated, and as the railway line which preserves the communications of the Allies has been carried behind the city, Amiens has ceased to be the place of importance which it once was.

Farther north the British have had to evacuate the district east of Ypres, but the city itself still remains in their hands, although its evacuation is considered probable. This would be a matter of regret from the sentimental rather than from the strategic point of view. A more serious loss was that of Mont Kemmel which the Germans took, and which affords to them the point of observation of military importance. Further attempts of the Germans to advance either towards Ypres itself or towards the hills which guard the channel ports have been unsuccessful. These attempts have involved the enemy in great losses. He is still fifty miles from Calais, and it is hoped that he will never reach there, but the possibility of such an event is being realized. The French have not come up into Flanders to assist the British. No word has come of any Americans having reached this part of the country. They are, however, brigaded with the British, east of Arras.

At the time these notes are written it is confidently expected that the Germans will make a new attempt, perhaps in greater force than ever before, to break through. Germany is being denuded of troops of every kind. Even the youths of the 1919 and 1920 classes are stationed behind the front line, although so far it is not positive that they have taken part in the actual fighting. An Austrian army is said to have arrived to support the new attack. The Allies, however, are confident

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of being able to resist any onslaught which may be made, although it is acknowledged that they may have to give ground. The war has now become one of endurance, that is to say it is a question as to which side has the largest reserves. According to a trustworthy authority General Foch has 900,000 reserves of French, British and American in perfect condition who have not yet been put into action, but can be at any moment. England has approximately 600,000 fully trained men, of whom at least 400,000 can be placed on the line within twenty hours. This country sent over to France, during Mr. Baker's absence, 250,000 men in addition to the 150,000 already there, and according to the same authority will send 200,000 in May and 300,000 in June. This will add nearly two millions of fresh fighting men to the Western front for the Allies, while the enemy has less than one million of reserves. It is also stated that the French reserves have been augmented in addition to what has already been mentioned by some 250,000 men from Italy. The position of General Foch as *Generalissimo* has been made quite effectual, and his power has been extended over the forces of Italy, so that he is in supreme command from the Channel to the Adriatic. The anticipated assault by the Austrians on the Italian front has not yet begun but may take place almost any day. In the Balkans, in the neighborhood of Saloniki, there have been some signs of activity, but it is very unlikely that any great movement is contemplated in this region. The British in Palestine have been meeting with a considerable degree of resistance from the Turks and Germans, but no attempt on the part of the latter to retake Jerusalem has been made. The British have been forced to withdraw advanced forces on the east of the Jordan, but this in no way indicates a serious reverse. While in Mesopotamia the troops under General Marshall have continued their advance and are now within eighty miles of Mosul. The Turks continue their advance into the district ceded to them and have taken two or three towns.

As to the U-boat warfare, the British have made daring attempts to block the entrance to Zeebrugge and at Ostend, from which many submarines go out on their piratical voyages, thus inaugurating a new policy of activity instead of the passive waiting for the enemy to come out which has been so severely criticized. On good authority it is stated that at last

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an effective means has been discovered to cope with the submarine, so effective, indeed, that it may be confidently expected that the seas will be cleared of this pest.

France.

M. Clémenceau still retains in France the premiership, and, in fact, as time goes on his position seems to be gaining in strength, so that by some he is regarded as almost a dictator. The prosecution of the members of the conspiracy to bring about a peace with Germany on the ground that France was sure of being defeated, is being continued. The trial by court-martial of the manager of the *Bonnet-Rouge* has just concluded. He received the death penalty and several of his co-conspirators were sentenced to imprisonment for various periods. M. Duval was the director of the *Bonnet-Rouge*, and one of the defendants who was sentenced to two years in prison, was formerly a director of the Ministry of the Interior and Head of the Secret Service. The accusation against the *Bonnet-Rouge* was based upon a series of articles which appeared not long after the outbreak of the War in which the high command in France was attacked. These articles were secretly distributed among the soldiers at the front, and led to a certain degree of demoralization among them. It was proved during the recent trial that the editor of the paper had received large sums of money from Germany for the services which he was rendering to the German cause. The trial involves the disclosure of a secret which has been kept for some time of the political situation in France. Sad to say, ramifications of the conspiracy extended into the Cabinet of M. Ribot, M. Malvy, the Minister of the Interior, being it is said cognizant of the whole matter. M. Malvy is now to be put upon trial; that of M. Joseph Caillaux is soon to follow. In this way M. Clémenceau is carrying out the policy of meting out justice to "the enemy within the gates" which his predecessors were too weak to undertake.

The union of the nation for carrying on the War is, so far as can be judged, even firmer than ever. On the recent visit to France made by the representatives of American Labor, even the Socialists of France, or at least a large number of them, expressed sympathy with the determination to have no inter-

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course with the Socialists of Germany, unless and until the latter entered into active opposition to the militarists who now dominate that country. To quote the declaration of M. Albert Thomas, formerly Minister of Munitions: "Confident that we are serving our country and are in accord with the working classes of all the allied nations, we wish to say on the eve of a renewed German offensive, that the French and American Socialists are unanimously ready once more to throw into the battle all their resources and energies, and even their lives." Of course, M. Thomas is not the representative of every individual Socialist, for there are among them in France, as in every other country, those who reconcile themselves to defeat provided Socialism prevails, but he does represent by far the larger number of that body. It is to the honor of America that the main body of labor in this country has shown itself more opposed to any parley with the enemy than the representatives of Socialism either in France or Great Britain. This is largely due to the firm leadership of Mr. Samuel Gompers who, in this critical time, has shown himself a tower of strength to the country of his adoption.

The number of the killed and wounded in France since the beginning of the War has recently been published for the first time, lists of casualities having been hitherto withheld. The number recently given with permission of the French Government, by the Rev. Patrice Flynn, Chaplain-in-Chief of the Second Army of France, of the killed, disabled or wounded amounts to 1,300,000, of which about 1,000,000 are definitely out of the fight. At the present time, according to another authority, there are 2,750,000 troops fighting for France. The spirit of the soldiers is said to be indomitable; that "the men in the French ranks will perish rather than give way to the Germans. They are ready to suffer until there is no Frenchman left to suffer, but for them there can be no peace until there is a vindication of the ideals for which all the Allies are fighting—the ideals of right, humanity, justice and civilization." The efforts of the "defeatists" to bring about discouragement, revealed in the recent court-martial, have been completely frustrated. Even the refugees driven out of their homes by the recent German drive have shown themselves, as eye-witnesses testify, ready to bear their sufferings, confident of the future triumph to which they look forward.

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Germany.

At present the militarists are in complete control in Germany. The resolution passed by the Reichstag last July committed the parliament to a peace without annexations and without indemnities. The dark prospects at that time had brought about a coalition of various parties in the Reichstag which resulted in this resolution. But when things became brighter, owing to the complete collapse of Russia and the disaster met with by Italy, moderation was cast to the winds and the militarists took the direction of affairs. By sanctioning the Brest-Litovsk Treaty, the Reichstag itself went back upon its own declaration of principles, and cast in its lot with those who were in favor of annexation and indemnities. [It may be said parenthetically that it is doubtful whether the treaty with Russia included an indemnity to be paid by that country to Germany. This has been both asserted and denied.] With the brighter prospects, came also a determination of almost all the parties to demand indemnities in the event of further successes in the west. Consequently, the resolution of last July must be considered as completely disavowed and, therefore, the Allies, if vanquished, must reckon with the demand for vast indemnity. The formation of the Fatherland Party, of which Admiral von Tirpitz was the chief promoter, contributed largely to this stiffening of German demands. As things now stand, therefore, Germany as a whole seems to be strongly in favor of the extreme demands which it made at the beginning of the War.

Another instance of the stiffening of the Prussian spirit is the treatment accorded the bill for the reform of the franchise in Prussia. For many years reform of a franchise, which places complete control in the power of the richer classes, has been demanded. Whenever the Government felt itself strong it refused it, but in times of depression promises of reform have been made. Such a promise was given by the Kaiser last Easter, and accordingly a bill establishing equal franchise was introduced and went through several stages on the road to enactment. Recently when it came to the third reading in the Lower House of the Diet, the clause providing one vote for each man in Prussia, thus prohibiting plural voting as well as giving universal male suffrage, was rejected. The bill has to go now to the Upper House where this clause is not likely to be

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restored or, if restored, will be so limited in its scope and effect as to be practically valueless. To equal suffrage, Chancellor von Hertling has pledged himself, and it is said the Kaiser has consented to a dissolution of the Diet. In this event the real drama will begin, according to a statement made by the Vice-President of the Ministry of State.

The revelations made by Prince Lichnowsky have now been recognized by the Vice-Chancellor of the German Empire as authentic, although he denies their accuracy. The Prince has been censured, deprived of his diplomatic rank, and, it is said, has been confined virtually as a prisoner on his own estate, with the prospect of being tried for high treason. The Foreign Secretary for the time during which Prince Lichnowsky was Ambassador in London, Herr von Jagow, has issued a long statement in which he questions the accuracy in many respects of the former Ambassador. In one point, however, he himself makes an avowal which sufficiently places upon Germany full responsibility for the conflict and justifies the condemnation of the whole world upon her conduct. Referring to Prince Lichnowsky's statement that he had worked for a policy of conciliation towards England to which England cordially responded, Herr von Jagow says: "I, too, have followed the policy, the aim of which was an understanding with England, for I believed that only in that manner would we be able to come out from the unfavorable situation which arose from the weakness of the Triple Alliance.

"I believed in Sir Edward Grey's love of peace and in his sincere desire to come to an understanding with us.

"But the Morocco policy led to a political defeat for Germany. In the Bosnian crisis this has been fortunately avoided; likewise at the London Conference. A new diminution of our prestige in Europe and in the world could not be allowed. A ripening of States, their political and economic successions, rest upon the prestige which they enjoy in the world."

The determining motive, therefore, according to the former Foreign Secretary's statement for Germany's entry into the War, was a question of diminution of its prestige, an avowal which can form no justification for entering upon a war, the awful consequences of which German statesmen must have foreseen at the time. On the important point of the peaceful policy pursued by Sir Edward Grey, the British Foreign

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Minister, when the War broke out, and for many years before, Herr von Jagow is at one with Prince Lichnowsky. Other points of his long reply to Prince Lichnowsky cannot be discussed here. That between the Foreign Secretary of the German Empire and the Ambassador of that Empire to Great Britain, differences, even as to facts, should arise is no wonder for it is characteristic of an autocratic government that no one of its officials should be in complete possession of the policy of the Head of the State. It is well known that when the decision to enter upon the War was made, the decision was brought about by the military authorities, and they took complete control out of the hands of the Chancellor and of the other civil authorities. In fact, in several instances in his reply, Herr von Jagow justifies his denial of the statements of the former Ambassador by asserting his own ignorance. Fuller reports which have come to hand since the last notes were written prove what great concessions Great Britain was willing to make for the sake of living at peace with the German Empire. Among these was access to the port of Basra at the head of the Persian Gulf, as the terminal of the Bagdad Railway.

Austria-Hungary.

The publication of the letter of the Emperor Charles to his brother-in-law, an officer serving in the Belgian army, was shortly followed by the resignation of the Foreign Secretary, Count Czernin, and by the appointment of Baron de Burian who had succeeded Count Berchtold in the same office. Count Czernin has been looked upon as a moderating influence in the Councils of the Central Powers. His speeches certainly made it clear that he was opposed to every form of annexation, for he called those in favor of such a policy as real enemies of his country as were the pacifists. The recall of Baron de Burian seems to indicate a return to a fuller agreement with Germany upon all points. The unfortunate state of affairs in the Dual Monarchy is evidenced in many ways. In none more so than in the fact that the Parliament has been prorogued for an indefinite period, leaving the control of affairs in the uncontrolled power of the Government. This was brought about by the dissensions which exist inside the empire. The Czechs and Slovaks are insisting upon the formation of an independent

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State comprising Bohemia and the Slovak district in the north of Hungary. The Poles are so full of resentment for the attempted dismemberment of a new independent kingdom in Poland, that they went into opposition in the session of Parliament which has just been closed. The Slavs of the south (the Jugo Slavs) have composed their differences and demanding the formation of a southern State which is to embrace their different races. Whether or no they claim independence for this new State has not been learned. The Archbishops of Laibach and Agram are said to be supporting this movement in favor of a southern Slav State. This demand is also receiving now the support of Italy. For various reasons, until quite recently the Italian Government has been working more or less against the Jugo Slavs. But this opposition has now changed or is in process of changing into active support. The changed attitude of Italy has given more confidence and boldness to these new claims so harassing to the Dual Monarchy. To counteract them, it is said, Bosnia and Herzegovina are to be united to Hungary, and Dalmatia, Croatia and Slavonia are to be made lands dependent upon the Magyar State. To add to Austria's troubles the Germans who now form part of the Dual Monarchy are said to be renewing an agitation, begun several years ago, for their incorporation into the German Empire, a movement which included within its scope the abandonment of the Catholic Church by many of those who supported the agitation.

Nor is the list of her troubles yet complete. The legislation in Hungary for the reform of the franchise has been almost as prolonged and almost as ineffectual as that for the reform of the Prussian franchise. The defeat of his proposals for reform led to the resignation of Dr. Wekerle. An effort to form a new cabinet under the leadership of Hungary's strong man, Count Stephen Tisza, was made, but failed. Thereupon M. Joseph Szyerenyi, Minister of Commerce, in the retiring Cabinet was called upon to form a ministry. He too failed and Dr. Wekerle has been summoned to make another attempt. Whether or no he has succeeded is not yet known.

The papers are full of accounts of food riots, and even of anti-German riots. In some districts the want of food borders on starvation. In fact Germany has been asked to provide food for two provinces by attaching them, for the time being,

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to the German Empire. In the extremity of her distress Austria is calling upon her Ally for support in the new attack on Italy which is foreshadowed.

Russia.

Finland, although one of the first of the Russian dependencies to declare independence and proclaim itself a free republic, now bids fair to become a kingdom in the immediate future with a German prince, chosen by the Kaiser from among his wife's relations, for its sovereign. This project, however, will meet with opposition both on the part of those who desire the new Republic to lean upon Sweden, to which it once belonged, and of others who prefer to seek support from Russia. The White Guards supported by German help have taken the fortress of Viborg, and rumors have been circulated that an advance upon Petrograd from the north is a part of their plan, which also includes the annexation of Karelia. Of the further extension of Finland towards the east, an extension which is favored by the Germans, nothing more has been heard since the last notes were written. Complete pacification does not seem yet to have taken place. The Bolsheviki are still striving to get the upper hand, but their efforts seem doomed to failure.

The treaty of peace made between Germany and Finland on the eight of March, includes among its provisions a clause which binds the latter country not to "cede any part of her possessions to any foreign Power without first having come to an understanding with Germany on the matter." Finland is thereby placed, so far as her external relations are concerned, under the control of Berlin. Her independence even in internal affairs is sacrificed by another clause which stipulates: "Provisions for the most far-reaching admission possible of consuls on both sides will be reserved for special agreements."

The most "far-reaching consuls," evidently meaning that Germany places no limit on the advice which she retains the power to give, advice which being upheld, as it will be, by military force, clearly deprives the new Republic of even the shadow of that independence guaranteed under the first clause. This may be taken as a specimen of the kind of independence which Germany vouchsafes to the chain of border States now being formed between her and the main body of what was

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once the Russian Empire—Courland, Lithuania, Esthonia, Poland and the Ukraine "Republic."

In fact from Lithuania, the former province of Russia which it was alleged had demanded its restoration to the German Empire, the Kaiser makes the "demand" that "it will participate in the war burdens of Germany, which secured its liberation." This means not merely that it should bear its share of the war debt of the Empire, but in all probability that the Lithuanians will now be called upon to serve in the ranks of the German army as were the Poles when Poland was constituted into an independent State. The Kaiser's proclamation recites the petition of the Lithuanian *Landesrat*, pleading for incorporation into the Germanic system. It would be interesting to investigate how this petition was brought about, but space forbids. There is good reason to believe that the proceedings which eventually led to it have not the support of a large majority of the inhabitants of Lithuania, and it is quite certain that the independence granted is as unreal as that accorded to Finland.

As for Courland, the Kaiser has been approached, by those who claim to express the desire of the dwellers in that duchy, with a view to his proclaiming himself Duke of Courland, a request which has been taken under consideration. No change has taken place in the position of Poland, although writers of the party whose policies generally prevail in Germany, are calling for such an adjustment of the boundary between Germany and the new Poland as shall secure to the former a better line of defence.

It is in the Ukraine "Republic" that the value of Germanic respect for the independence of these border States is most clearly demonstrated. The inhabitants of the Ukraine were among the first, if not the first, of the subjects of the former Russian Empire, to take advantage of the right of self-determination, which the Government of the Russian Republic made the basis of its policy. The first exercise of that right, however, not being in accord with the aims of the Bolsheviki, the latter fomented disturbances in the new Republic. This led the Government of the Ukraine to take the fatal step of seeking help from Germany. The peace made with Germany and Austria-Hungary included among its provisions the aid which the new Republic required in its conflict with the Bol-

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sheviki within its own borders and outside of them. As a result the German armies, and to some extent Austro-Hungarian armies, have overrun the whole of the Ukraine, and are now in possession of the chief cities. They have penetrated as far as the Sea of Azoff. Not content with this they have entered the Crimea which in no sense belongs to the Ukraine, and have seized upon the seaport of Sebastopol. Whether or not they have been able to get possession of the Russian Black Sea fleet is at present uncertain. By some it is thought that it is already in their power, and that the Allies ought to be prepared for a combined attack, by the Turkish fleet and what was once the Russian Black Sea fleet, upon their naval bases and their communications in the eastern part of the Mediterranean. However this may be, the most interesting thing and the most instructive is the treatment which the Germans have accorded to the "independent" Republic of the Ukraine. They made such exorbitant requisitions for the food of which they stand in urgent need, that the inhabitants of the Ukraine rose up with spade and pitchfork to resist the robbers of their goods. The Germans took over the actual management of the farmers' affairs, dictating what they should sow, how much they should keep for themselves, and how much they should bestow upon the helpers whom they had called into their country, in some cases demanding as much as ninety per cent. Measures of this sort soon roused such hatred of these, their helpers, that the Germans, fearing, they said, the murder of their officers, seized upon the Government; dispersed the Rada by force, placed many of the members of the cabinet which had called them into the country under arrest, and established a practical dictatorship in lieu of the Republic which they had promised to protect. As a result, the self-governing Ukraine Republic is practically a dictatorship, the dictator being kept in power by German military forces.

The Brest-Litovsk Treaty with its consequent annexation of Russian territory and some fifty-five million inhabitants, and the subsequent proceedings of Germany, especially in the Ukraine Republic, have decreased the enemies within our own borders. American Socialists, who virtually espoused the cause of Germany last July at St. Louis, now see that President Wilson truly grasped the purpose and the outcome of Germany's struggle for world domination. At that time, deceived by their

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German colleagues, they hoped, by their coöperation, to secure peace without annexations, or indemnities, and to concede to each nationality a perfectly free self-determination. They now see that the German Socialists, even had they the will, had certainly not the power to bring about such results, and that the German Government is acting in the most flagrant violation of all their principles. A large number of our Socialists are therefore calling for a revision of the St. Louis programme, and it seems probable that our war with Germany for the ends defined by the President will have the full support of all but a small minority of American Socialists.

Even in Germany the proceedings of the militarists in the Ukraine Republic are exciting misgivings. Herr Mathias Erzberger raised his voice in the Reichstag in condemnation of the German military dictatorship in the Ukraine. In the name of the Catholic Party, he disclaimed responsibility for the policy adopted there.

With Rumania a definite peace has been made—a peace characterized by a German paper as that of the victor over the vanquished. This impoverished little kingdom has been called upon to support for an indefinite time an army of occupation, and is required to pay to every German compensation for any and every loss which he has suffered through the War. Dobrudja has been taken away and the frontiers of Transylvania have been rectified to the advantage of Austria-Hungary. The conditions are so exasperating that the Queen of Rumania is offering every possible resistance and, as a consequence, the King may be forced to abdicate. One concession made by the conquering powers was that they would wink at Rumania's annexation of Bessarabia, and this has taken place, or rather some of the Bessarabians have voted for their union with Rumania. The event was celebrated at Jassy with great rejoicing. Thus one more province has been lost to the Russian Republic. Not unjustly, however, for Rumania was robbed of a considerable part of Bessarabia by a high-handed act of the Imperial Government of Russia after the Russo-Turkish war of 1878.

Over what remains of Russia, the Bolshevik Government is still the sovereign power, although its rule is being contested by what seems, however incredible it may be, a still less organized form of government. For several days a battle with

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the anarchists has been going on in Moscow. The crisis seems so acute that there is talk of again removing the capital, this time to Nijni Novgorod. Predictions are still made of the approaching overthrow of Lenine and his associates, but so far they have not been realized, and when the nature of the appeal they have made to the lower elements is considered, little wonder may be felt that they are able to maintain their position. To the soldiers they offered freedom from discipline and in the end leave to return home; to the workingmen they offered the possession of their employers' property without compensation and the control of his works; to the peasants they offered the land of the landlords and the richer peasants. To enforce these measures they enlisted an army which used every form of violence. Their measures included also release from all moral restraints. Among the committees established by some of the Soviets was one to which was referred the question whether or no there was a God. The committee having reported in the negative, the Church was abolished, at least for that particular district.

The Bolshevik programme embraces the nationalization of the means of production and distribution, and these measures are now being put into effect. An added feature of the programme is the nationalization of all foreign business. For the internal organization of Russia the deliberate plan of the Lenine Government is to divide or rather to permit the division of what is left, after the self-determination of such States as wish to exercise that right has been completed, into a number of republics, to be united subsequently in one federated republic. The sole parliament for this federation is to be the Central Executive Committee of the Soviet, and this is to be reëlected every three months by the All-Russia Congress of Soviets. Each republic in this federation is to have its own Soviet.

Among the products of the War must be reckoned the upgrowth of a new political opinion. Patriotism, according to an old saying, is the last refuge of a scoundrel, meaning, presumably, that no one, however bad he may be, is deaf to patriotic appeals. But Lenine is credited with the declaration that even if his revolutionary projects destroy Russia, he would be satisfied, provided they spread into other countries. Thus there has arisen in Russia a party, styled defeatists, who pro-

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fess not merely resignation but joy in the disasters which befall their own country. Reports which reach this country have it that General Semenoff is collecting an army in Manchuria to oppose Bolshevik rule in Eastern Siberia. No other opposition is now being offered to it.

The Germans, not content with the possession of the border States which have been formed, and with overrunning the Ukraine, have presented to the Bolshevik Government what the papers call an ultimatum. This requires, among other things, that the army, which Trotzky has at last seen to be a necessity for the State, should not be formed. What answer has been made is not yet known. The rumors that the son of the late Tsar was to be restored have not been confirmed in any way. The ex-Tsar himself has been removed from Tobolsk to Ekaterinberg. This is considered a safer place for his detention, as the peasants in the neighborhood of Tobolsk were said to have formed a plot to release him. His future fate is still undecided. No power has yet recognized the Bolshevik Government as even a *de facto* government. The difficulties involved either in its recognition or its non-recognition make it one of the most perplexing questions of this perplexing time.

May 16, 1918.

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With Our Readers.

WISDOM like Janus always looks in two directions. While it eagerly searches the future, it never loses sight of the past. From the treasury of the past it draws the guiding, primary principles that are its sole safeguards for both present and future. Human wisdom has ever to deal with one thing—common to all ages and common in all ages—human nature. That nature is broken up through the human personalities that possess it into as many fragments. Thus contained, it is infinitely varied and variable; changeable; subject to inscrutable motives; a pursuer of strange fancies and empty shibboleths. Like the ocean it is perverse, uncontrollable, beyond human schedule. But the ocean has also its invariable laws, its enduring sameness. To modern navigators it still offers the same problems, the same difficulties as it offered to the Phoenicians. And the address of the poet is still true: "E'en as creation's dawn beheld, thou rollest now." Changing, restless man should never lead us to forget the abiding and unchanging characteristics and needs of human nature and consequently of man himself. Human kind are the same today as they were thousands of years ago. Let the soul of any one of us be bared to the realities of life or of death, and we will soon realize that we are akin to our fathers and our mothers; we will soon pray for both the wisdom and courage that those who went before us possessed and exercised.

* * * *

SUFFERING is no more welcome to man in the twentieth century than it was in the first. He still seeks to free himself from it. If he accepts, it is only because he believes that the acceptance will lead himself or others to peace. Grief always depresses the human heart, good fortune uplifts it. A mother is still filled with joy that she has brought forth a son into the world. Youth still looks to the future with excess of hope: and man still seeks high achievement, and to give his children a worthy inheritance. Conscience appeals to every one; obedience to it, now as ever, is the road to personal peace: disobedience, that of selfishness, of personal and national disaster. It is everlastingly true that what we give to our children will be the measure of their moral worth; standards must first be bestowed before they are achieved. To him that hath shall be given. The blessed lessons

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of infancy and of childhood shall blossom and bear fruit in manhood. From him that hath not shall be taken away. And no man and no nation can be great unless great truths have been taught them by their fathers.

* * * *

HUMANITY really lives only in the deeds of the spirit, for it is the spirit that rules the body. To all of life man asks a spiritual value, else life has for him no value at all. The spiritual values are beyond the material. They are enduring; unchangeable. They bind him not only to all humankind—for no one does a good deed without benefiting all his fellows—they bind him to a world that is beyond and above this; to a world which gives what he seeks, or what this world does not give. In that other world, the reign of the spiritual shall he complete, unquestioned. Justice, for which man's soul has thirsted, will therein reign; virtue for which he has striven, will there receive its reward and its fulfillment; love which he gave here to mother and wife and children and which he sought to make eternal, shall there be immortalized; death which conquered him, shall there be conquered and the dark problem of evil against which he fought in faith, shall there be dispelled by the light of eternal truth.

* * * *

FOR these the primitive man dreamed, hoped and prayed as well as the man of today. Human nature has not changed. The weapons of warfare, the means of indulgence, the comforts of peace may and do change conditions; education may help or hinder; public standards may make the way easier or more difficult; human tragedies may visualize more sharply the importance of spiritual truths—but eventually the battle that each human heart must wage is the same yesterday and the same today.

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THAT the problem is the same for all of us should bring home the great truth that we are one human family sprung from one common source. We are all knit together by the cords of Adam. What will help us, will help others. What has helped our fathers, will help us, their children. Our hopes, our aspirations—common to all—tell us of a common destiny for all—a common life, for which we are made, to which we are called, by God our Creator and our Father. Hope and aspiration may be variously answered. The call to one may be higher than to another. There may be many mansions in our Father's house but the destiny of eternal life with God is common to all of humankind. A destiny postulates a law, for law is nothing else than right order. Upon its destined voyage the ocean ship will travel directed by the

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law of the compass. If the navigator were to question and defy it, the ship would never reach its destiny.

* * * *

THE solidarity of humankind, our common origin, our common bond, our common destiny, postulates this also—that the law which God has declared for our voyage shall be the same law for all. Christ came out from God as a teacher; a teacher of eternal life and therefore the law of His teaching is one and the same law for all. The truth which He delivered was fitted not only for His immediate hearers and their direct descendants but for all humankind. That truth is the Light of men. It concerns the fundamental needs, duties, responsibilities; life, death, immortality, common to every one of us. It spoke to every man and it speaks to all humanity. Time does not affect it any more than time changes the primary duty and destiny of any man. That truth is the straight path of every human soul to its maker—God. It is simple, direct, positive, explicit. Its acceptance is not dependent upon human learning. It binds all, not because it is of man, but because it is of God. To make its worth or its charity subject to human investigation is of course to destroy it. It must be accepted on the authority of Him Who gave; it must be accepted as the Word of God and lived with all personal fidelity—even as we accept the sun in the heavens and work and live in its heat.

* * * *

TO affirm that there is no definite truth of Christ, the Saviour of mankind, in the world, to say that it cannot be known, is, consciously or unconsciously, to deprive humankind of this greatest bond of union, to spell division, separation, lack of sympathy and hatred among men and nations. We can live at peace only as one family, and we can live as one family only when we realize that, with a common truth as our guide and with eternal life as our common destiny, we are in a real and practical, not a metaphorical, sense children through Jesus Christ of a common Father and brothers one of another. Without this truth we are, at best, groping more or less hopelessly; stumbling perhaps now and again upon a shaft of light, only to regret the more poignantly that we have not the enduring Light from heaven that will enlighten every man who comes into the world. The weaknesses and the sins of the Christian world may provide welcome shafts for the cynic and the agnostic to shoot with derisive laughter at Christian history. But to afford sport to the cynic is the least bad effect of our sins. The man of serious mind and heart who knows the world as it is, and yet loves it, will readily see that all

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real progress—all real progress is spiritual—is the result of humanity's grasp upon the great truths of Christ and humanity's fidelity—even in spite of its own treachery and its own sin—to these great truths. The rainbow of the world is Christian truth. Out of the wreck of the world that alone gives hope, and he that keeps it before the nations is most surely carrying on the blessed work of Christ our Redeemer.

* * * *

THROUGHOUT the present conflict one teacher has sought with great courage and fidelity to keep before men and nations the Christian principles that must guide all in time of war and that must rule any council table that is to make sure a lasting peace. For some it is almost impossible to understand such an office or to give credit for singleness of intention and purity of motive to him who claims to hold it. That its occupant should consistently and solely take the spiritual viewpoint which necessarily lifts him above human policy and human politics is to them almost incredible. Yet if they are ever to judge and measure justly, they must understand at least his viewpoint with regard to his office, his conscience with regard to its field and its administration. To safeguard, to defend the supreme spiritual truths of God—such has been the office of our Holy Father since the opening of the conflict—such will be his office till the end. Viewed with sympathetic understanding and without prejudice, it will be seen that he exercises an office that will secure for him the blessing and the gratitude of mankind. Without his guiding voice in those spiritual truths that are the safeguard of all humanity and all human society, the world would be lost, indeed. Even those who do not recognize his authority, desire him to speak, because they know the power and the need of his voice. Many attack him because he does not take sides in the partisan sense. Were he to do so, beyond the exposition of Christian principles which he has unfalteringly championed, he would but lessen the power of his office as teacher of all mankind. And it is to be feared that they who now attack him but seek to lay a trap that would fatally endanger the high prerogatives of his office.

THE experience of almost four years of war has taught England and France the grave need of chaplains and has led both to augment greatly their number. To give to the fighting men the religious ministrations for which their conscience asks, and to which they have every right: to sustain the morale of the troops, to help them to face death bravely and to do the "one braver

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thing," both nations have found the help of the chaplains inestimable.

* * * *

INDEED, in the modern battle the chaplain plays a most important and exacting rôle. Twenty-four hours before the attack is to be made, the chaplains are sent in numbers up to the front line trenches. There they minister to the troops, giving them companionship, cheer, consolation, hope, as only the ambassador of God can give. The Catholic chaplain hears confessions and administers Holy Communion, Oftentimes for twenty-four hours without rest or sleep are they thus at work. When the advance is made some go out with the troops. Others are stationed in the trenches; others are sent back to the field hospital. From the actual line of fighting back to the hospital, a line of chaplains waits, who will see every man as he is carried back; help him by words of comfort and cheer. Out on the firing line the chaplains succor at once the wounded man. Nothing adds more to the courage and ease of his last moments than for a soldier to feel the chaplain's hand, to receive his ministration, to hear his word of farewell, voicing the farewell of all he loved. For the men to know that, if wounded, they will be thus cared for, that, if carried back no stage of the journey will be without the waiting chaplain, eager to assist, is their source of greatest moral courage as they enter the charge.

* * * *

OUR own Government has just authorized an increase of chaplains for our army, and now provides one chaplain for every one thousand two hundred men, instead of one to every three thousand six hundred men. All the great religious denominations of the country, Catholic, Protestant and Jew, unanimously agreed to make this request for an increase to the Secretary of War and to Congress. General Pershing, Commander-in-Chief of the American Expeditionary Force, sent last January the following cablegram to our Government:

"In the fulfillment of its duty to the nation much is expected of our army, and nothing should be left undone that will help in keeping it in the highest state of efficiency. I believe the personnel of the army has never been equaled and the conduct has been excellent, but to overcome entirely the conditions found here, requires fortitude born of great moral courage and lofty spiritual ideas. Counting myself responsible for the welfare of our men in every respect, it is my desire to surround them with the best influences possible. In the fulfillment of this solemn trust, it seems wise to request the aid of churchmen from home.

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"To this end it is recommended that the number of chaplains in the army be increased for the War to an average of three per regiment with assimilated rank of major and captain in due proportion, and that a number be assigned in order to be available for such detached duty as may be required. Men selected should be of the highest character, with reputations well established as sensible, practical, active ministers or workers accustomed to dealing with young men. They should be in vigorous health as their services will be needed under most trying circumstances. Appointees should of course be subject to discharge for inefficiency like other officers of the National Army.

"It is my purpose to give the chaplains' corps through these forces a definite and responsible status, and to outline, direct and enlarge their work into coöperative and useful aid to the troops."

* * * *

THE military authorities, who certainly know the needs and feelings of the soldier, testify to the necessity for chaplains in goodly numbers. The soldiers themselves not only ask for, but demand the services of the chaplain. The soldier wishes to die well; to repent of his sins, to make his peace with God, for he believes that God is his judge and that before God must he appear when death has claimed him. Particularly is this true of the Catholic soldier because of the postulates of his Faith. A Catholic soldier believes that the priest possesses the power to forgive sins; the Catholic soldier believes that the priest has the power to confer the sacrament of Extreme Unction, a sacrament ordained by Christ for the dying, that the punishment deserved for sin may be wiped out, that the soul may bear with courage its last agony and that thus strengthened by the special grace of God, it may enter upon the beatific vision. To the soldier, the priest on the battlefield is Christ upon the battlefield.

The smart critic may smile at his Faith but he may not question it. And of men of all religious beliefs and even of none, it may be said, that they seek and are grateful for the presence and aid of a chaplain when their last hour has come. Such facts are attested to by letters innumerable, by the experience of every chaplain, and of army officers.

AN article in the May *Atlantic Monthly* is entitled *The New Death*. Inasmuch as it testifies to a more widespread appreciation of death as the opening to life it is a hopeful and encouraging paper. That it could be written, and that the aspect of death which it treats could be called "new," is a sad commentary on the godless and pagan way in which many were accustomed to view

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death. It was a subject never to be thought or spoken of. It was the end—disintegration. Its oncoming step echoed despair. And euthanasia, as we remember, was not only defended but invoked and practised. That the article heralds a healthier, a more God-like and Christian view of death than has prevailed in the hearts of many is a welcome, happy sign. But we feel it peculiarly untimely and very unjust for the author to state that when death comes to the soldier "assurance (as to what he will meet in the life to come) takes almost no color from previous education, Catholic, Protestant or agnostic." This is a libel on the American soldier and an insult to his intelligence. The writer has, just previously, been interpreting the soldier idea of personal immortality. At best he makes it but a thoughtless "losing of himself in the great heroic whole, caring little for individual persistence." Such an interpretation the reader feels sure was fathered by—to put it mildly—Positivism. But the "Choir Invisible" is not the battle hymn of our soldiers. The writer instances as witnesses Alan Seeger who did not believe in a personal God, and Rupert Brooke who grew from atheism to pantheism, expressing at the last the hope that he might be "a faint pulse in the eternal mind."

Indeed, it is unfair to quote either Seeger or Brooke as ultimate authorities in this most spiritual of questions. Both were spiritual adolescents, still growing when death took them; and if the growth permitted them, is an indication of what would have been, a generous acceptance of Christian truth was not far off. Talented singers they were: but why, we may ask, should their little songs drown the inarticulate beliefs, hopes and aspirations of the million who sing, not in words but in virile, personal faith in a personal God, in Christ their Redeemer and in a personal life to come? Why not quote as witnesses such poets as Thomas MacDonough, Thomas Kettle, Francis Ledwidge? Their poems also are soldiers' oracles. These men knew what they believed, what they hoped for. Through the vista of faith, they saw the personal, eternal life to come. Quotations might be made without limit. We will give but one—from a poet who has by popular acclaim voiced the heart of the common soldier:

EX TENEBRIS.

THE LAY OF THE KNIGHT WHO ROSE AGAIN.

Take away my rags!
Take away my sin!
Strip me all bare
Of that I did wear—
The foul rags, the base rags,
The rude and the mean!

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Strip me, yea, strip me
Right down to the skin!
Strip me all bare
Of that I have been!
Then wash me in water,
In fair running water,
Wash me without,
And wash me within,
In fair running water,
In fresh running water,
Wash me, ah wash me,
And make me all clean!
—Clean of the soilure
And clean of the sin,
—Clean of the soul-crushing
Sense of defilure,
—Clean of the old self
And clean of the sin!
In fair running water,
In fresh running water,
In sun-running water,
All sweet and all pure,
Wash me, ah wash me,
And I shall be clean!
And then—ah then

Clothe me again
In the garments of Light,
In the robes of Thy ruth,
In Purity, Truth,
In raiment all white
And whiter than light,
—In the raiment ensanguine
That outshines the Light,
—In garments washed clean
In the Grace Infinite!
Then vest me with armor,
And name me Thy Knight,
And gird me with Justice,
And arm me with Right!
And there in the battle
Of souls I will fight,
With the passionate zeal
Of a heart all contrite.
And I'll win Thee fair Kingdoms,
Many Kingdoms, great Kingdoms,
Sweet Kingdoms of Light,
I will win from the Night,
To the Glory of God
And my Lord's high delight.

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AS the article fails to do justice to our soldiers so does it fail to do justice to man's historic attitude towards death. Christianity since it began, has preached that our every word and deed is related to our death. Death is the summing up. Death is complete and completed life. Death has been voiced, is voiced today by Christian writers without number, as an inspiration to the living. St. Francis of Assisi used to address her lovingly as "Sister Death." But this writer who states: "before 1914 we had seen the disestablishment of the Church as an unquestioned arbiter," tells us also that from the scientific attitude we will best gauge the value and relations to all things of death.

* * * *

CERTAINLY the Catholic, and we believe the non-Catholic also, is constantly urged to live that he may worthily die. And so we know not to what audience are addressed the words: "For countless centuries the world has been able to live by evasion. .... For the first time in history, immortality has become a practical issue for the common man to meet, or history will cease." Therefore the people "are turning less to their old masters, the theologians and the scientists."

* * * *

DEATH has always welded humankind together. The tragedy of a city's ruin will unite all the living in fellow sympathy and mutual help. The greater the ravages of death, the more it affects, the greater will be the mutual compassion. This is not a new or novel, but a permanent characteristic of humanity in the presence of death. The great cities—Paris, Florence, London—at the time of their plagues saw the like phenomena. What humanity has witnessed before, it is witnessing again. What we have not seen before, we see now. Life is stripped of its non-essentials and the non-essentials are growing in number. We see that we can live now without what we once thought indispensable. Thus do the things material show themselves of lesser worth in the presence of things spiritual. Honor; loyalty; patriotism; sacrifice; unselfishness; surrender; suffering; death; these are now calling to us in imperative tone and as we answer, values readjust themselves and our spirit is made free.

* * * *

BUT we shall lose very much if we fail to keep the guiding light before us that we are children of God. We must keep our souls in touch with Him Who is unchangeable, else they will suffer irremediable shock. The soldier must know that his sacrifice is not in vain, that there awaits him a crown of justice from God Who can compensate for the injustice of earth. Duty to God is the

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source of all duty of man to man. Service is personal: love is personal, else are the words robbed of meaning. Man conscious of his own weakness, conscious of the utter insufficiency of this world still yearns and cries for the Redeemer, Christ; Who will pardon sin, re-unite him to the Father and lead him to an everlasting life where all that he personally fought and died for in this, shall be fulfilled. These are man's personal hopes; to ask him to make them impersonal is to ask him to live and die for a dream and to make his life and his destiny the emptiest of mockeries.

* * * *

THE return to belief in things spiritual, the renewal of Christian Faith since the beginning of the War give reason for cheerful hope of the future. When Piux X. began his pontificate his first encyclical was an appeal to the nations to restore all things to God through Christ. The character of the appeal was an index to the conditions and the aims that ruled nations and governments. The practical results of a materialistic philosophy, have shown us of America how absolutely incompatible it is with our institutions. Either the one or the other must perish. We have set for ourselves in this War a great spiritual, unselfish purpose, and the price we must pay for its achievement will lead us to treasure it more and more dearly for generations to come. Its payment will show gradually, yet with clearness, the forces intellectual, moral or physical that injure our national life. The materialist will be proved a national enemy. Theories that free the individual from personal responsibility, that rob the public life of conscience: the preachments of the loud-mouthed Bolsheviki in religion and morals, all will be repudiated by the heart and soul of a people roused to seriousness by national danger and the renewed appreciative sense of national life.

* * * *

FOR its own salvation, if for no other, democracy must stand for God, and the things of God. Democracy's only foundation is the personal sense of responsibility in the individual citizen, and that responsibility has no sanction save in the individual's belief in a personal, all-seeing God to Whom he must account for all his actions and all his thoughts. He that would maintain the contrary will shout in vain against the voices of human selfishness; human ignorance; human insufficiency; human compromise.

THE printer's unfortunate blunder has deprived Mr. MacDonough of the authorship of his verses, *Via Longa,* in the present issue. The correct little-page may somewhat compensate for an error for which we apologize to Mr. MacDonough and our readers.

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BOOKS RECEIVED.

GEORGE H. DORAN CO., New York:
Raymond or Life and Death. By Sir O. J. Lodge. $1.50 net. *Love and Hatred.* $1.40 net. By Mrs. B. Lowndes. *Germany at Bay.* By Major H. Macfall. $1.50. *The Fiery Cross.* By J. Oxenham. $1.00 net. *Two War Years in Constantinople.* By Dr. H. Stuermer.

G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS, New York:
Cambridge Essays on Education. Edited by A. C. Benson, LL.D. *Outlines of Mediæval History.* By C. W. Orton, M.A. *Reconstruction in Louisiana.* By E. Loun. $3.00 net. *The Secret of the Marne.* By M. Berger. $1.50 net.

THE MACMILLAN CO., New York:
Jewish Theology. By Dr. K. Kohler. $2.50. *League of Nations.* By T. Marburg. 50 cents. *The Martial Adventures of Henry and Me.* By W. A. White. $1.50. *Historic Mackinac.* By E. O. Wood, LL.D. Two volumes. $12.50 per set.

AMERICAN BOOK CO., New York:
A First Spanish Reader. By E. W. Roessler, Ph. D., and A. Remy, A.M. *Business English.* By G. B. Hotchkiss, M.A., and C. A. Drew, Ph.B. *Handbook for First-Year Latin Vocabulary.* By S. A. Hurlburt, M.A., and B. W. Bradley, M.A. *Ear Training.* By A. J. Abbott. *A Notebook for First-Year Latin Vocabulary.* By S. A. Hurlburt, M.A., and B. W. Bradley, M.A.

THE CATHEDRAL LIBRARY ASSOCIATION, New York:
Luther on the Eve of His Revolt. By Rev. M. J. Lagrange, O.P. 60 cents. *The Abiding Presence of the Holy Ghost in the Soul.* By Rev. B. Jarrett, O.P. 75 cents.

FLEMING H. REVELL CO., New York:
German Atrocities. By N. D. Hillis. $1.00. *The Cross at the Front.* By T. Tiplady. $1.00 net. *The Soul of the Soldier.* By T. Tiplady. $1.25 net.

HENRY HOLT & Co., New York:
Nietzsche, the Thinker. By William M. Slater. $3.50 net.

P. J. KENEDY & SONS, New York:
Religious Profession. By Hector Papi, S.J. $1.00 net.

LONGMANS, GREEN & Co., New York:
The Eucharistic Epiclesis. By J. W. Tyrer, M.A. 75 cents net.

DOUBLEDAY, PAGE & Co., Garden City, New York:
Fanatic or Christian. By Helen R. Martin.

FREDERICK A. STOKES CO., New York:
The Psychology of Marriage. By Walter M. Gallichan. $1.50 net.

DODD, MEAD & Co., New York:
Gudrid the Fair. By Maurice Hewlett. $1.35 net.

CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS, New York:
Towards the Goal. By Mrs. Humphry Ward. 60 cents net.

E. P. DUTTON & Co., New York:
The Unwilling Vestal. By E. L. White.

THE CENTURY CO., New York:
Roving and Fighting. By Major E. S. O'Reilly. $2.00 net.

D. APPLETON & Co., New York:
The A. E. F. By H. Broun. $1.50 net. *To Bagdad with the British.* By A. T. Clark. $1.50 net.

ALLYN & BACON, New York:
Effective English. By P. P. Claxton and J. McGinniss.

NEW YORK INSTITUTE FOR THE EDUCATION OF THE BLIND, New York:
Year-Book, 1917.

W. J. WATT & Co., New York:
The Big Fight. By Captain David Fallon, M.C. $1.50 net.

THE TORCH PRESS, New York:
Thalsa. By C. V. H. Roberts. $1.50 net.

THE AMERICA PRESS, New York:
Marriage and the Family. By the Editor of "America." 15 cents. *Was Tyndall a Martyr of Liberty? The Liberal Catholic.* Pamphlets.

THE ROOSEVELT HOSPITAL, New York:
Forty-sixth Annual Report.

CUPPLES & LEON CO., New York:
Joan of Arc. By C. M. Stevens. $1.50 net.

THE COLUMBIA UNIVERSITY PRESS, New York:
The Rhythm of Prose. By William M. Patterson. Ph.D.

"UKRAINE," 520 East Sixth Street, New York:
Ukraine, the Land and Its People. By Stephen Rudnitsky, Ph.D.

GINN & Co., Boston:
Food Problems. By A. N. Farmer and J. R. Huntington. 27 cents. *War Addresses of Woodrow Wilson.* By A. R. Leonard, M.A.

SMALL, MAYNARD & Co., Boston:
The Best Short Stories of 1917. Edited by E. J. O'Brien. $1.50 net.

DR. STEPHEN A. MAHER, New Haven, Conn.:
The Sister of a Certain Soldier. By Dr. Stephen A. Maher. 25 cents.

MARSHALL JONES CO., Boston:
The Great Thousand Years and Ten Years After. By R. A. Cram. $1.00.

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THE

CATHOLIC WORLD.

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EVOLUTION OF THE GOTHIC CATHEDRAL.

BY THOMAS O'HAGAN, LITT.D.

CHRISTIAN art reaches towards the Infinite. Its very essence is aspiration in contrast with that of Greek art which is repose. Of all the arts which spring from the soil of Catholic faith, the most sublime and vital is that of Gothic architecture. Since the days of Greece whose victorious authority and tranquil beauty subdue us even yet, nothing has been seen equal to Gothic art, and perhaps humanity will never again see so powerful a manifestation of artistic vitality.

Carlyle tells us that ten silent centuries speak through the lips of Dante. With equal truth we may say that ten silent centuries of Catholic faith whisper to our souls as we tread the aisles of a mediæval Gothic cathedral.

The Gothic cathedral is the *Summa* of St. Thomas Aquinas plus the *Divina Commedia* of Dante wrought in stone. It is the concrete expression of a Christian soul yearning for the Infinite. It is both mystic and scholastic. The spirit of contemplation abides in its aisles and the beatific vision of God upon its altar. The same spirit that touched with fire from heaven the lips of St. Thomas Aquinas and anointed the eyes of Dante, gave creative form to the Gothic cathedral and reared tower above wall and turret above tower with cross melting away into eternal light.

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Ralph Adams Cram tells us that the art of any given time is the expression of certain racial qualities modified by inheritance, tradition and environment, and working themselves out under the control of religious and secular impulses. The same author tells us further that "Gothic architecture and Gothic art are the æsthetic expression of that epoch of European history when paganism had been extinguished, the hordes of barbarian invaders beaten back or Christianized and assimilated; and when the Catholic Church had established itself not only as the sole spiritual power, supreme and almost unquestioned in authority, but also as the arbiter of the destinies of sovereigns and of peoples."

Perhaps of all the forms of art, none is more difficult to trace in its birth and origin than the Gothic. Its very designation "Gothic" is a misnomer. As Vasari, the Italian painter and historian of art, tells us the term was first used during the later Renaissance and in a spirit of contempt. Ignorant both of the *habitat* of the style and its nature, the Italians called the Gothic the *maniera Tedesca.*

It must be confessed that it is, indeed, difficult to understand how the Italians were led to do this, as there is nothing in the Gothic, racially, religiously, geographically or chronologically, that might connect it with a race and name that perished and disappeared with Justinian's conquest of Italy and Sicily about the middle of the sixth century.

Ethnically considered, Gothic art is Franco-Norman in its origins, and assuredly there is no kinship between the Catholic Franks and Normans on the one hand and the Arian Goths on the other.

For a long while, Gothic architecture was regarded by many as having had its origin in Germany. It was held that its prototype was the German forest compressed in miniature. It was, indeed, an ingenious and somewhat apt explanation, for as you enter a Gothic cathedral you feel that it reflects something of the mysterious life of the forest in that it reproduces that life by artistic compression, so that the rock, the tree—nature in fine—is there in artistic representation.

Let us also remember at the outset that the evolution of the Gothic system was gradual, and that the final results were entirely unforeseen when the first steps were taken. Indeed, any great art grows imperceptibly under each artist hand. It re-

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quired, for instance, nearly three centuries for the stiff Byzantine to take on the beauty and grace of Raphael as it developed through the genius of a Cimabue, a Giotto, a Perugino and a Raphael.

Again in tracing the origin and development of the Gothic style we are prone to emphasize too much its mere constructive side. What we call Gothic is really less a method of construction than it is a mental attitude, the visualizing of a spiritual impulse. In truth, as Ralph Adams Cram tells us, Gothic architecture is rather an impulse and a tendency than a perfectly rounded accomplishment.

But, you may ask, where was its cradle? We think without a doubt in Normandy. From the very days of St. Benedict in the sixth century, the Catholic Church had been preparing the soil for the flowering of Gothic art. The civilization of the Middle Ages was Catholic civilization whose consecrating force was religion. The centuries following Pope Gregory the Great and St. Benedict saw Europe redeemed, and the Church purified and restored by Pope Gregory VII. and the monks of Cluny. This was followed in the twelfth century by the development of great schools, the rise of communes, the military orders and the crusades. Then followed the thirteenth century, which "with the aid of Pope Innocent III., Philip Augustus, St. Louis and the Franciscans and Dominicans was to raise to the highest point of achievement the spiritual and material potentialities developed in the immediate past."

Let us note here that on the eve of the birth of the Gothic cathedral, Lombardy led Europe in architectural attainment. Naturally, then, it was to Lombardy that the Normans turned for inspiration for their own buildings. But Lombardy did not give us, even through the medium of Norman genius, the Gothic style. It was the monks of Cluny who in the splendor of vision and faith first worked out the principles of the Gothic style in building. I do not think that this can be denied; and as a proof that this credit belongs to the cloister, it may be further said that it was the Cistercian monks who first carried the principles of the Gothic into several countries, amongst others, Spain.

There were many agencies that contributed to the creation of Gothic art. The physical vitality of the new art epoch was derived from the blood of Lombards, Franks and Norsemen.

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The national feeling so necessary in all creative civilization came from the Holy Roman Empire, the Frankish sovereigns and the Dukes of Normandy. Most important of all the Papacy working through the monastic orders gave the underlying impulse. "Normandy in the eleventh century," says a well-known writer on Gothic architecture, "was simply Cluny in action, and during this period the structural elements in Gothic architecture were brought into being."

It is a mistake to emphasize the mere constructive aspect of Gothic architecture. The pointed arch alone does not constitute the Gothic. As Augustine Rodin maintains, we might have Gothic architecture without the pointed arch. The Gothic style really results, as this great French sculptor tells us, from a long and careful experimentation on the effects of light and shade, and from the faculty thus acquired of giving to architecture life and movement.

We have already stated that Gothic architecture had birth in Normandy. It flowered in the cloister of the monks of Cluny during the latter part of the eleventh century. And when the Cluniac influence waned in Normandy, it received a new and greater impulse from the Cistercian monks who especially promulgated and favored Gothic art in their buildings in England.

After the death of William the Conqueror the duchy of Normandy lost much of its influence. Henceforth Gothic art found its chief stimulus, patronage and inspiration in the Isle of France as a part of the realm of the French monarchy.

During the eleventh century and the first half of the twelfth century nearly all the architects whose names have come down to us belong to the religious orders. During the second half of the twelfth century the superiority appeared to be in favor of the laity, and under Philip Augustus this superiority became preponderant. At the close of the thirteenth century all the architects known belong to the civil professions.

This change, it may be noted, was in keeping with a movement of secularization that had passed over Europe at the beginning of the thirteenth century. The teaching largely passed from the monastic schools to the universities, and the University of Paris extended its influence beyond the frontiers of the royal domain; history was no longer written in the

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abbeys; literature became the privilege of the *trouvères* and *troubadours*, and language was no longer exclusively the Latin of the ancient chronicles and the old treatises of theology—and even royalty was sharing in this new tendency.

Now it should be observed that whereas in England the great Gothic cathedrals were built at the instigation and under the direction of monastic congregations, in France they were built at the instigation and under the direction of the bishops by lay corporations.

What the French call *La grande poussée de sève de l'architecture Gothique*, which we may translate as "the vigorous impulse given to Gothic architecture," took place in France during the reigns of Louis VI., Louis VII., Philip Augustus and St. Louis—a period comprising a century and a half, during which the genius of France shed its rays over Christendom, and the foundation of French national unity was practically laid. This was brought about by the alliance between royalty, the Church and the free commune.

It was, too, within this unique and marvelous epoch that the great Gothic cathedrals of France were built. Notre Dame de Chartres, Notre Dame de Paris; the Cathedrals of Bourges, Rheims, Amiens, Rouen, Laon, Soissons, Sens and Beauvais. Ralph Adams Cram, one of the best living authorities on the subject of Gothic art, designates the Gothic as the "Catholic Style." We may add to this, remembering where the art had birth and where it flowered so richly, that it might well be designated also the "French Style."

These hundred and fifty years were illustrious in their fruitage and in the life of France. The splendor of Paris University attracted the most eminent minds of the Catholic world. The French *Chansons de Geste* are everywhere translated and imitated. The superb *Chanson de Roland* which rivals in strength and grandeur the Homeric poems, makes, as a writer says, the tour of Europe in the wallet of the *trouvères*. Paris for the time becomes truly the altar and centre of European scholarship, culture and civilization. The greatest men of the time enroll in its university. Dante and Roger Bacon and Raymond Lully and Brunetto Latini and Thomas Aquinas and Bonaventura sit on its benches. Gothic architecture, which the Germans of the thirteenth century designated *opus franci genum*, is meantime copied everywhere, and the best

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architects of France go away to propagate the new law. It crosses the English Channel, the Rhine, the Pyrenees, the Mediterranean. We see William of Sens building the choir of Canterbury Cathedral, an architect from Blois at work on the choir of Lincoln Cathedral, Etienne de Bonneuil building the Cathedral of Upsala, and Matthias of Arras building the Cathedral of Prague.

Now as regards English Gothic, while it has an individuality all its own, reflecting the daring and artistic freedom of the English mind, it cannot be questioned that the introduction of Gothic into England came through the medium of the French on the advent of the Cistercian monks who always favored the Gothic, and William of Sens who built Canterbury choir.

By the way, none of the French cathedrals is more interesting as a study of the genesis of Gothic architecture than is the Cathedral of Sens. The writer remembers visiting it in the autumn of 1903 when making a study of the Gothic cathedrals of France. Its architect was William of Sens. What makes it valuable as a study of Gothic is that this cathedral comprises such a strange medley of styles. In the nave and choir the round arch of the Romano-Byzantine is conspicuous. The great rose windows which had their origin in Lombardy represent Gothic art at its height, while three arches near the western end of the central nave evidently belong to the Renaissance period. We see in this church a vivid picture of change, growth and vicissitude in art, and change in art is a sign of life in art.

Here in the Synodal Hall of Sens Cathedral the council was held in which St. Bernard took part that condemned the teachings of Abelard. It should be remembered, too, that in the ecclesiastical world, Sens was in the Middle Ages a most important city. In fact up to 1622, Paris, Chartres and Orleans were suffragan dioceses of Sens.

Here Thomas à Becket found an asylum when driven out of England by the wrath of Henry II. Here the Chancellor of England and Archbishop of Canterbury met Pope Alexander II. who was also in exile. When Thomas à Becket returned to England he engaged William of Sens to visit England and rebuild the choir of Canterbury cathedral. Of course it took many years for the Gothic to develop in England, and as the

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English style of Gothic advanced it diverged and departed steadily step by step from the Gothic of France, for England worked out her own form of Gothic artistic expression, and paid little heed to French precedents.

Ralph Adams Cram says in his *Gothic Quest* that "if logic and consistency are the note of French Gothic, personality and daring are those of the Gothic of England."

I think it is generally accepted that William of Sens introduced into England and set before English eyes as much of the Gothic as then existed, at least at Sens; but it has been disputed that the work of William of Sens in rebuilding the Canterbury choir was the first Gothic done in England. Mr. Bond in his work *Gothic Architecture in England*, holds that the first complete Gothic of England commenced not with the choir of Lincoln or Canterbury, but with the Cathedral of Wells which was begun by Reginald Fitzbohun, who was bishop from 1174 to 1191.

In the development of Gothic architecture in England two things are quite evident: First, that England received the Gothic idea from Normandy, borrowing directly from Normandy and France; secondly, that she assimilated what she acquired and gave to all a distinctly national character that tended more and more as the English Gothic style developed to separate it structurally and artistically from the Gothic of France.

Which are the finest Gothic cathedrals in France is a question of personal preference and temperament. Each has its beauty, its individuality. Each forms a complete whole as Louis Gonse sets forth in his *L'Art Gothique*—a *cosmos*, of which the multiple expression form a harmonious unity. In each there is something dominant. At Chartres it is the tower; at Paris it is the façade; at Rheims the sanctuary and sculpture; and at Amiens the nave.

Those who like the robust severity and virile energy of the twelfth century Gothic will prefer Notre Dame de Chartres to Notre Dame de Paris. But those who incline to the elegances and rationalism of the thirteenth century will prefer Amiens, while those who are enamored of the living creations of sculpture will place the cathedral of Rheims above all.

Speaking of the Cathedral of Notre Dame de Chartres, Cram says "that it is undoubtedly the most perfect of all Gothic

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cathedrals, both in conception and in the details of its working out. It is unquestionably the noblest interior in Christendom." When we follow the development of Gothic in other countries than France and England, we find that the racial adaptations of the Gothic impulse are much less vital and distinctive. For instance, in Germany the Gothic idea was slow in taking root.

If you take the Cathedral of Speyer, the erection of which was almost contemporaneous with that of the choir of Notre Dame de Paris, it will be noticed that it is constructed in the Romanesque style. The first trace of the pointed arch in Germany is found in the Cathedral of Magdeburg, the erection of which was begun in 1212.

Of course the great Gothic cathedral of Germany is Cologne, which is most perfect and complete on the structural side. It was French architects who designed it and it is modeled on the Cathedrals of Amiens and Beauvais. The Cathedral of Cologne is really a late construction, the greater part of it dating from the fourteenth and subsequent centuries. But noble and impressive as is this massive structure on the Rhine, it lacks the warmth, the suggestiveness and the spiritual appeal found in the great Gothic cathedrals of France. Speaking of this superiority of the French cathedrals over the English and German ones, Augustine Rodin says: "Our French cathedrals are superior to the English and German ones by the greater sculptural expression displayed in them. In this respect they are second to nothing outside of Greek architecture. The German Gothic is characteristically hard. The Cathedrals of Strasburg and Cologne exhibit this defect, but like that at Milan more on the exterior than in the interior. The interior of the Cologne edifice is very fine, and yet the structure as a whole does not possess that supreme art, for lack of which the largest cathedral appears smaller than a small church which has it. Antwerp Cathedral is very beautiful, more beautiful than Cologne. Its spire is a veritable crown; soaring as it does into the air it is glorious to behold."

As Cram points out, Flemish Gothic is a sub-school of French Gothic. By far the finest Gothic church in Belgium is the Cathedral of Antwerp. Tournai Cathedral with its five towers is, indeed, quite unique, but Tournai Cathedral is not purely Gothic. In fact the nave of Tournai which was built in

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1060 is Rhenish Romanesque. Belgium has best expressed its national feeling Gothic-wise in such civic buildings as the Cloth Hall at Ypres, now destroyed by the fury of war, and the beautiful Hôtels de Ville of Bruges, Brussels, Louvain and Ghent.

As to the Gothic in Italy it practically always remained an exotic. Not only that, but even Southern France as well, never advanced far beyond the Romanesque, and in Brittany while there are several impressive Gothic churches such as the Cathedral at Quimper, they are as a whole almost all too heavy.

In Italy the introduction of Gothic was as long delayed as in Germany and, as far as native work is concerned, as Cram points out, the fundamental principles of Gothic construction were never accepted at all. Milan Cathedral, it is true, is a very noble structure, but it is only a travesty of Gothic.

When we turn to Spain we find that as a Christian state it had practically outside of a small territory near the Pyrenees no existence till the middle of the thirteenth century, when Ferdinand III. united the crowns of Castile and Leon, and won back from the Moors Seville and Cordova. A few churches in Spain before this time show an undeveloped type of Gothic; but it was not until the victories of Ferdinand III. made Spanish nationality possible, and the coming into Spain of the Cistercian monks gave the necessary spiritual impulse, that Gothic architecture in any true sense appeared in Spain. The Cathedrals of Burgos, Barcelona, Toledo and Leon show clearly the influence of French Gothic, though of course they widely differ in detail from French precedents. Perhaps of all Spanish Gothic cathedrals, that of Burgos gives most evidence of French Gothic influence. Burgos too is usually regarded as the finest Gothic cathedral in Spain.

Yet it will be observed that in the Spanish Gothic cathedral there is a certain personality that gives it a distinctiveness from that of any other school of Gothic. There is in both its exterior and interior a certain richness that reflects the artistic temper and taste of the Iberian people.

The years of the sway and sovereignty of Gothic art in Europe mark the most vital epoch in the history of European civilization. It was as if the altar fires of humanity that had been tended for centuries by the hand of man were now stirred

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by an angel and a very breath from heaven fanned the fires of genius and spread the flames over the whole face of Europe.

But of the five centuries of Gothic reign the miraculous cycle of artistic creation was unquestionably the thirteenth century. Everywhere there were during this century stirrings in the great soul of the world. What Athens was for Greek art, Constantinople for Byzantine, Florence for Renaissance, that Paris and the Isle of France were at this time for Gothic. Indeed, the world has never seen a greater art achievement than the development of Gothic architecture during the thirteenth century in the Isle of France. The author of the *Gothic Quest* regards this achievement " as one of the most marvelous in the history of the world—the greatest product of the mind of man in all times, all countries, all categories. It was absolute architure raised to the level of eternal law."

We wonder here how France—nay, how all Europe was led to forget in the sixteenth century this glorious Gothic heritage. It was brought about by a return to the classical forms of Greece and Rome, provoked by the influence of the Italian Renaissance and through the extension of Protestantism and the decadence of the Catholic idea. During the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries things went from bad to worse. Churches and abbeys suffered at the hands of vandals. The abbey of Cluny, the largest and most magnificent structure in the Christian world, was destroyed. Indeed, had it not been for the cry of alarm given out so eloquently by the Montalemberts, the Victor Hugos, the Augustin Thierrys, as well as the work of the French School of Archæology and the Commission for the Preservation of Historical Monuments, we should perhaps behold today the definite disappearance of all this incomparable Gothic heritage.

In 1764, Horace Walpole, an English statesman and man of letters, published a novel bearing the title, *The Castle of Otranto,* which was a Gothic romance. He anticipated in this field the work of Walter Scott and Victor Hugo by many years. In 1834 the French Archæological Society was founded. It was then that Montalembert wrote his book *Du Vandalisme* and Victor Hugo his romance of *Notre Dame de Paris.* Then the archæological awakening of the French Provinces was added to that of Paris. Vitel wrote his work on the *Monuments*

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of the northwest of France in 1831, and Merimée his work on the *Monuments* of the south and centre of France in 1835.

The soul of man wrenched from its spiritual orbit, where alone is found true beauty and creative power, after wayfaring for many years in a world of revolution, chaos, darkness and sin, seeks again its natal mansions, and so Gothic art and its appreciation have found once more an abiding place in the hearts and minds of all Christian people.

The real cause of decadence in any art is the forsaking of idealism, and the discrediting of the imagination through the immoderate following of individualism. We have been drifting away for a long time from the spiritual and imaginative towards the purely intellectual and material.

It matters not what the art; in order to be great it must be brought for baptism to the font of spiritual faith. The world in itself has no chrism with which to anoint its brow. The infinite touch and sacramental consecration must come from above. This it is that makes Gothic art superior to every other art. This it is that gives the Gothic cathedral preëminence among all types and forms of architecture as a sublime symbol and expression of Catholic faith in the Christian soul.

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CATHOLIC ACTIVITIES IN OUR TWO GREAT WARS.

BY THOMAS F. MEEHAN.

IN the address presented to George Washington by the representatives of the Catholics of the United States, after his inauguration in New York, on April 30, 1789, as first President of the Republic, they say: "Whilst our country preserves her freedom and independence we shall have a well-founded title to claim from her justice the equal rights of citizenship as the price of our blood spilt under your eyes, and of our common exertions for her defence under your auspicious conduct."

And the Father of his Country in his formal reply tells these representatives who were Father John Carroll, Charles Carroll of Carrollton, Daniel Carroll, Thomas FitzSimons and Dominick Lynch: "I presume that your fellow-citizens will not forget the patriotic part which you took in the accomplishment of their revolution, and the establishment of their government; or the important assistance which they received from a nation in which the Catholic faith is professed."

It is with special praise that we claim to be able to prove that in every crisis of the nation's history, Catholic activity and patriotic service have measured up to the standard indicated by this record of the Revolution. There is no need to try to set forth here what is being done in the present war for Liberty. Many curious, instructive and happily interesting features, however, can be found in a contrast between what is happening now in every section of the country and what took place during the War of Emancipation, 1861-1865.

Few in this electric era can form any comprehensive idea of conditions, social, religious and political, at the dawn of the sixties. It is difficult also to make absolutely conclusive statements of the details of Catholic activities then because of the dearth of statistics and the documentary evidence now considered so essential for a thoroughly satisfactory and authoritative historical review. Thanks to modern methods, the historian of the future will know all about the splendid help the present Catholic body is giving in its collective and individ-

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ual capacity, to make Democracy safe in all the world. The simple folk of the sixties, however, had not even a mole's-eye view of the omnipotence of the Card Index or the omniscience of the Efficiency Engineer. Hence we are often at a loss how to fill the gaps in the records of the stirring times that stretch from April, 1861, to the fall of the curtain on the great war-tragedy at Appomattox on April 9, 1865, when we wish to show by actual statistics what help our Catholic brethren gave to save the Union.

There were in the United States in 1860 about 4,500,000 Catholics out of a total population of 31,500,000. Most of the English-speaking Catholics were of Irish birth or blood, for from 1841 to 1861, the official statistics state that 2,449,087 immigrants left Ireland, and nearly all for the United States. There was no national and scarcely any local organization in the United States of these four and a half millions of Catholics such as we have at present. No Catholic society existed that had an influence beyond parochial limits. A convention, State or National, of Catholic laymen for any purpose, had never been dreamed of, much less convoked, if we except the peculiar purely diocesan gatherings that Bishop England called together during his episcopate in Georgia and the Carolinas.

Women as a factor in public activities were equally nonexistent. The half-dozen who went about clamoring for their "rights" were regarded as semi-demented freaks to be carefully avoided by all self-respecting, decent people.

There were published in the larger cities a number of Catholic weekly newspapers, but of these only two, the Boston *Pilot* and the New York *Freeman's Journal*, had a national circulation of any influence. Only five had a local reputation sufficiently prominent to be considered of consequence. These five were the Baltimore *Catholic Mirror;* the Cincinnati *Catholic Telegraph;* the New York *Tablet* and the *Metropolitan Record*, and the remains of Bishop England's Charleston *Miscellany*. Out of this list only the *Pilot*, the *Telegraph* and the *Tablet* can be set down as loyal to the Union. The others were tainted with pro-slavery and Secessionist views. The *Mirror* and *Miscellany* were positively Secessionist. The *Freeman's Journal* had to be suppressed for disloyalty in 1861, and its editor was sent to Fort Lafayette. The *Metropolitan Record* changed its tone after an official warning. All, except the *Pilot*,

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Telegraph and *Tablet*, did their best, but without success, to influence Catholic opinion in favor of extreme Southern pro-slavery views. It was the close of the day when the old-fashioned idea of the personality of the editor and his opinions were supposed to have a specially dominating influence over the readers of his paper. In addition to these papers, a very strong factor in the agitation of current political and social issues was the *Quarterly Review*, edited and published by Orestes A. Brownson, and stanchly loyal to the Union. "No man," says his son, in the record he compiled of his father's activities,[1] "according to his ability and influence had done more to prevent the spread of abolitionism, or to defend against fanatics of either section of the Union the constitutional rights of the South or slave-holding States . . . . Though opposed to the abolition movement he had never approved of slavery."

But Brownson destroyed much of his influence for good by the feuds he had with many of the bishops, with almost every other Catholic editor in the land, and by alienating Irish sympathy and friendship through the nativist and sneering tone of his contributions to his *Quarterly* whenever he touched on Irish or Irish-American interests.

In their partisan political preferences the Catholic papers sided with the Democratic Party. The new Republican Party was largely made up of elements that, not long before, had been demanding the disfranchisement and the exclusion of Catholics from every office, on the plea that they could not be loyal to the Republic. Such a political organization, therefore, could not consistently hope to attract Catholic support. Indeed, the general community had taken on an anti-Catholic attitude aptly described by Archbishop Hughes in an address made on June 10, 1851, at a banquet in Liverpool:

"Convents have been burned down and no compensation offered to their scattered inmates," said his Grace; "Catholic churches have been burned down, while whole neighborhoods have been, under the eye of public officers, reduced to ashes. People have been burned to death in their own dwellings; or if they attempted to escape have been shot down by the deadly messenger of the unerring rifle. Crosses have been pulled down from the summit of God's sanctuary. Priests have been tarred

[1] *Middle Life*, pp. 351, 352.

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and feathered. Ladies have been insulted for no crime except that of having devoted themselves to the service of their divine Master in a religious state, in the hope of conferring aid or consolation on their fellow beings. . . . These things were the work of what is called mobs; but we confess our disappointment at not having witnessed a prompt and healthy, true American sentiment in the heart of the community at large in rebuttal of such proceedings, and so far as reparation was possible, in making it to the injured parties whom they had failed to protect." [2]

Many potent forces were therefore at work that would seem to be tending to prevent a whole-hearted Catholic support of the cause of the Union. During the intense agitation that preceded the outbreak, Cassius M. Clay, one of the organizers of the Republican Party, tried to persuade Archbishop Hughes to help out its progress to political success.

"I pray you," Clay wrote, "to change your alliances. Whilst we are not the advocates of 'Religion and State' we are the fast friends of religious freedom," and then he went on to express his "astonishment that our friendly and essentially unchanged feelings are not reciprocated by the Catholic Church."

In answer to this assumption that he had the management of the political consciences of his flock, Archbishop Hughes replied from New York, on February 6, 1858:

"My own principles are that the American people are able, in their own way, to manage their affairs of State without any guidance or instruction toward any class or religious denomination, by either priests or parsons. . . .

"As for myself, I never influenced a human being, Catholic or Protestant, as to the party to which he might think proper to attach himself in his capacity as a voting citizen. I never voted but once in my life, and that vote was cast nearly thirty years ago in favor of your illustrious namesake, and I believe relative, Harry of the West. He was, in my estimation, a statesman as well as an orator, and I voted the more readily because my congregation were in the main opposed to him, and some of them had almost threatened me on account of my good opinion of him as a man much calumniated, but of whom as a statesman and orator, his country might well be proud.

[2] Hassard, *Life of Archbishop* Hughes, pp. 350, 351.

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"You can easily perceive by all this that the Catholics vote as individuals in the proper exercise of their franchise; but without any direction from their clergy, so far at least as has ever come under my knowledge, and certainly so far as the clergy under my own jurisdiction is concerned." [3]

Such was the general Catholic situation when the face of the country was suddenly transformed by the attack on Fort Sumter in April, 1861. Party lines were at once obliterated, divisions healed, the pleadings of the disloyal would-be leaders in the press were ignored. Immediately no voices were louder or more sincere than the Catholic in swelling the grand chorus that proclaimed: "The Union, it must and shall be preserved." The national flag was displayed from the churches, prelates and priests exhorted their people to rally to the support of the Government. Archbishop Hughes was recognized as the exponent of Catholic loyalty, and it is curious and interesting to find him then advocating projects and programmes that are now being advanced as most efficient and up-to-date. He believed in conscription as the fairest method of filling the ranks of the army. In a sermon at St. Patrick's Cathedral he urged the people to try and finish the war by one great effort.

"If I had a voice in the councils of the country," said he, "I would say let volunteering continue; if the 300,000 on your list be not enough this week, next week, make a draft of 300,000 more. It is not cruel this. This is mercy. This is humanity. Anything that will put an end to their drenching with blood the whole surface of the country, that will be humanity.... It is not necessary to hate our enemies. It is not necessary to be cruel in battle, nor to be cruel after its termination. It is necessary to be true, to be patriotic, to do for the country what the country needs and the blessing of God will recompense those who discharge their duty without faltering and without violating any of the laws of God or man." [4]

One could almost say that there is an echo of this in those addresses of President Wilson for which the world has given such an enthusiastic approval.

Defining his position the Archbishop wrote to Bishop Lynch of Charleston in August, 1861: "I am an advocate for the sovereignty of every State in the Union within the limits

[3] Hassard, *op. cit.*, p. 378.

[4] Hassard, *op. cit.*, p. 407.

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recognized and approved by its own representative authority when the Constitution was agreed upon. As a consequence I hold that South Carolina has no State right to interfere with the internal affairs of Massachusetts; and, as a further consequence, that Massachusetts has no right to interfere with South Carolina, or its domestic and civil affairs as one of the sovereign States of this now threatened Union. But the Constitution having been formed by the common consent of all the parties engaged in the framework and approval thereof, I maintain that no State has a right to secede, except in the manner provided for in the document itself."[5]

To another Southern bishop he had previously written on May 7th: "I myself have never recommended any man to go to the war, unless circumstances rendered it expedient or necessary. . . . The flag on the cathedral was erected with my permission and approval. It was at the same time an act of expedience going before a necessity likely to be urged upon me by the dictation of enthusiasm in this city. I preferred that no such necessity of dictation should overtake us; because if it had, the press would have sounded the report that the Catholics were disloyal, and no act of ours afterwards could successfully vindicate us from the imputation. On the whole, however, I think, my dear Bishop, that the Catholics of the North have behaved themselves with great prudence, moderation, and a dignity which has, for the moment, at least, inspired, among the high and the low, great respect for them as a religious body in this Union."[6]

We might claim even that the Archbishop anticipated our own much-lauded "hundred percenters" and anti-hyphens. He sent this letter on August 13, 1861, from Long Branch to Secretary Seward: "With regard to Colonel Corcoran I would advise his appointment as brigadier-general even if he should never return from his honorable captivity. I have discovered symptoms of wounded feelings among his countrymen arising from the fact that in the different reports, the Sixty-ninth has scarcely been alluded to. A slight is for them worse than a blow. Corcoran's appointment as brigadier-general, even though a prisoner, would heal the wounds of their *amour propre*."

The anti-hyphens would no doubt endorse this other letter

[5] Hassard, *op. cit.*, p. 438.

[6] Hassard, *op. cit.*, pp. 438, 439.

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written to Mr. Seward, on September 12th: "Our papers have paragraphs every day about what is called the 'Irish Brigade' intended for military service during the war. The thing itself may be all correct; but I would respectfully suggest that the name is not indicative of good. I think regiments and brigades ought to be distinguished by numbers and companies by alphabetical distinction. I am of the opinion that if there be Irish brigades, German brigades, Scotch brigades, Garibaldian brigades in our army, there will be trouble among the troops even before the enemy comes in sight." [1]

Other prelates followed the example of Archbishop Hughes in immediately putting themselves on record as loyal supporters of the Government and President Lincoln. Bishop Loughlin of Brooklyn, during the thirty-eight years he ruled that see, never publicly identified himself with any civic movement except the great Union mass meeting held at Fort Greene, on April 23, 1861, among the officials of which were a number of Catholics, and to one of whom, Judge Alexander McCue, he wrote:

"The idea of resorting to arms for a settlement between the citizens of our glorious country I have endeavored to keep as far as possible from my mind, but now events proclaim its probability, at least, if not its reliability. In whatever circumstances our country may be, we owe loyalty to its Constitution and laws and honor to its flag. This I hold to be the duty of every citizen. The conviction that it is mine, has grown with my growth and strengthened with my strength, nor shall time render less imperative the obligation implied in it. I shall continue to pray that peace and union may be restored and permanently established—that the Constitution and laws may be respected and that our flag—the American flag, the flag of the Union, the Star Spangled Banner—may be loved and honored at home and abroad."

On the previous Sunday the famous Dr. Charles Constantine Pise, pastor of St. Charles Borromeo's, Brooklyn's leading church, preaching to his congregation told them that so long as they had a flag it was their duty to sustain it. He deplored with tears in his eyes the unhappy condition of affairs, and asked to be forgiven the weakness he could not then repress, as they knew he was a native of the South, and, indeed,

[1] Hassard, *op. cit.*, p. 443.

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of the very place, Maryland, then the scene of a bloody struggle between countrymen and brothers. [8]

At that date Dr. Pise was one of the most popular and best reputed orators and publicists in the country. He is the only priest who ever held the office of Chaplain to Congress, having been elected to that position in the Senate on motion of Henry Clay, on December 11, 1832. Few of his contemporary priests equaled him as a writer of polished English prose and poetry or of smooth, correct Latin verse or prose. He was the author of the oft-quoted apostrophe of the flag provoked by Know-nothing assaults, which begins and ends with the following stanzas:

They say I do not love thee,
Flag of my native land,
Whose meteor folds above me
To the free breeze expand;
Thy broad stripes proudly streaming
And thy stars so brightly gleaming.

* * * *

Stream on, stream on before us
Thou labarum of light,
While in one generous chorus
Our vows to thee we plight.
Unfaithful to thee—never!
My native land forever!

The venerable Archbishop of Cincinnati declared: "The President has spoken and it is our duty to obey him as head of the Nation. Moreover, Ohio, the State in which we are, has also spoken on the subject. It is then our solemn duty as good and loyal citizens to walk shoulder to shoulder with all our fellow-citizens in support of the national honor." [9]

Bishop Timon of Buffalo was equally sympathetic. "If war must be waged," he said, "let it be waged with vigor; thus alone can it end speedily in peace."

From hundreds of pulpits patriotic pastors exhorted their people to stand by the Union and support the President and his government. The response was whole-hearted and immediate all over the country, and especially in New York, then as now

[8] *United States Catholic Historical Society's Records and Studies*, vol. II., 1901, p. 192.

[9] Cincinnati *Catholic Telegraph*, January 4, 1832.

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the great Catholic centre. That Catholic New York should so quickly demonstrate its unflinching loyalty was a notable instance of generous self-sacrifice. The Sixty-ninth Regiment of the militia for years had been, as now, the typical military organization of Catholics, but its Colonel Michael Corcoran had been deprived of his sword and placed under military arrest a few months before, because he refused to parade his men in honor of the Prince of Wales who was visiting New York. In the hour of the country's peril this humiliation and insult to a proud and sensitive man was forgotten. Two days after the order was issued from headquarters dismissing the charges against him, and dissolving the court-martial, Colonel Corcoran had twice the Sixty-ninth's quota ready to serve the Union and to start for the front on April 23, 1861, the second regiment to leave New York for the defence of Washington.

"The commandant," he said in his general order before starting, "feels proud that his first duty after being relieved from a long arrest, is to have the honor of promulgating an order to the regiment to sally to the support of the Constitution and the laws of the United States." With the regiment as its Chaplain marched Father Thomas J. Mooney, pastor of St. Bridget's Church. It was quartered in Washington in Georgetown College, the senior Catholic educational institution of the country, and thence passed over to Arlington Heights, where it built Fort Corcoran, the first Union fortification erected on Southern soil.

In Boston there was a similar manifestation of generous patriotism. The military organizations there with a Catholic membership had been deprived of their arms and practically disbanded through the machinations of a clique of Know-nothing politicians endorsed by a craven governor. This, as in New York, was forgotten and thousands of volunteers flocked to the standards of the Ninth and the Twenty-eighth Regiments, which held locally the same relative standing as the Sixty-ninth had in New York. In this organization of Catholic Boston's support of the Union, a leading part was taken by Patrick Donahoe, the founder and for most of the years of his long and useful life the owner of the *Pilot*. He was then the richest and most influential Catholic layman in New England, and he pledged to the Government his fortune and all his energies.

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In Chicago, James A. Mulligan, a lawyer of local repute and editor of a Catholic weekly, the *Western Tablet*, organized in July, 1861, the Twenty-third Illinois, also known as the Western Irish Brigade, and led it against the Secessionist forces that were endeavoring to carry Missouri out of the Union. In September the whole country was thrilled by one of the most daring episodes of the whole war: his heroic defence, against overwhelming odds, of the town of Lexington, Kentucky. He was the idol of the day, and so continued in popular favor until his lamented and untimely death on July 26, 1864, from wounds received at the battle of Kernstown, Va.

These instances are only examples of what went on all over the country, regiments almost wholly composed of Catholics volunteering from the centres of crowded population, and a notable percentage swelling the ranks in other less favored localities. With each regiment of Catholics went a priest as chaplain to look after the spiritual welfare of the men. The law did not then take full cognizance of the necessary adjunct to the military muster-roll, so if the priest could secure a commission, he had a place on the staff; if not, he went along anyway as a volunteer and took his chances. Writing to the Archbishop of Baltimore, on May 9, 1861, Archbishop Hughes said:

"The Superior of the Jesuits here, called on me more than a week ago to state that their Society would be prepared to furnish for the spiritual necessities of the army, North and South, as many as ten chaplains, speaking all the civilized languages of Europe or America. I heard him, but did not make any reply. For myself, I have sent but one chaplain with the Sixty-ninth Regiment. . . .

"There is also another question growing up, and it is about nurses for the sick and wounded. Our Sisters of Mercy have volunteered after the example of their sisters toiling in the Crimean war. I have signified to them, not harshly, that they had better mind their own affairs until their services are needed. I am now informed, indirectly, that the Sisters of Charity in this diocese would be willing to volunteer a force of from fifty to one hundred nurses. To this proposition I have strong objections. They have as much on hand as they can accomplish. Besides it would seem to me natural and proper that the Sisters of Charity at Emmitsburg should occupy the very honorable post of nursing the sick and wounded."

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There was a change, however, at Washington in regard to chaplains for, on October 21st, President Lincoln wrote to Archbishop Hughes: "I find no law authorizing the appointment of chaplains for *hospitals;* and yet the services of chaplains are more needed, perhaps in hospitals than with the healthy soldiers in the field. With this view, I have given a sort of *quasi* appointment (a copy of which I enclose) to each of three Protestant ministers who have accepted and entered upon the duties.

"If you perceive no objection, I will thank you to give me the name or names of one or more suitable persons of the Catholic Church to whom I may with propriety tender the same service.

"Many thanks for your kind and judicious letters to Governor Seward, and which he regularly allows me the pleasure and profit of perusing." [10]

The roll of the Catholic army chaplains which begins with Father Tom Mooney of the Sixty-ninth is followed by those of his successors in that command, the Jesuit, Bernard O'Reilly and his brethren of that order; in other regiments, Peter Tissot, Thomas Ouellet, Michael Nash and Joseph B. O'Hagan; from the Dominicans marched Constantine L. Egan; Notre Dame's representatives were Father William Corby, James M. Dillon, Paul E. Gillen, P. P. Cooney, E. B. Kilroy, J. C. Carrier, and Joseph Leveque. Other patriotic priests were Father Thomas Scully of Boston, Father William Butler of Chicago, Father Louis A. Lambert, of the Thirty-ninth Illinois, and the three volunteers who later were promoted to the ranks of the hierarchy, the illustrious Metropolitan of St. Paul, John Ireland; Bishop Lawrence McMahon of Hartford, and Bishop Bernard McQuaid of Rochester, a wartime resident of Newark, New Jersey. Fathers Tissot and O'Hagan were captured and spent some time in Libby Prison. The former kept a very interesting diary of his experiences at the front which extends over two years. Part of it was published by the United States Catholic Historical Society. [11]

The foregoing names do not exhaust the list of the zealous and devoted priests who served in the various armies from 1861 to 1865. The chaplains were not so numerous as the large

[10] Hassard, *Life*, pp. 441-445.

[11] *Records and Studies*, vol. iii., January, 1903, p. 69.

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proportion of Catholics in the ranks would seem to warrant, and the delver into the records of those days will find repeated complaints from commanding officers about the lack of these priests. There was not a single Catholic chaplain in the navy all during the war; or, in fact, ever in that branch of the service until President Cleveland appointed Father Charles H. Parks on April 28, 1888. These complaining officers appreciated the good that always followed the presence of priest chaplains among their men, and they chafed over the disinclination of the Government, and sometimes the Church officials, to coincide with their views in this respect. As far as the Catholic bishops were concerned, it was often very difficult for them to find the right men for this trying office, or to spare priests from other duties. In regard to influencing action in this direction by the Government, Catholics had not then even the rudiments of the efficient organization that is looking after this matter in the present War.

With the priest chaplains went the Catholic Sisters as nurses. They were the only trained, organized and disciplined body of women in the country ready then to meet the grave emergency that the clash of arms precipitated on the nation. To the general discredit must it be recorded that only within the past year has a decent effort been made to put into our official history some comprehensive data concerning the heroic self-sacrifice and patriotic services of these devoted religious, who neither asked nor sought any but an eternal recognition and reward for what they did.

There was no Red Cross in those days. The whole cult of modern professional and sanitary nursing has grown up and been evolved into its present international organization and efficiency since then. A tradition of what Florence Nightingale had done during the Crimea was the basis of the effort to organize in 1861 some agency outside military lines for the amelioration of the misery and suffering of the war's victims. We now have Miss Nightingale's own authority for the fact that she owed the most of the impulse and success of her plans to Catholic training and ideals. What was done here in 1861 was put under way by philanthropic men and women who banded themselves together in an organization called the Sanitary Commission. The first effort to provide for the care of the victims of the war followed a meeting held in Cooper In-

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stitute, New York, on April 29, 1861, when the Women's Central Relief Association was organized with the Rev. Dr. H. W. Bellows, a popular preacher of that day, as its head. The Government refused to give the organization any official recognition, but after some controversy gave its approval to the Sanitary Commission under the same direction. As is indicated by the letter of Archbishop Hughes already quoted, the Sisters of the various communities had already volunteered their services and placed their hospitals at the call of the Government. Sometimes, as it is also recorded of the pioneer modern nursing movement during Miss Nightingale's Crimean experience, the lack of discipline and the disinclination on the part of some of the Sanitary Commission's amateur workers to be subservient to authority, brought them under the displeasure of the military authorities, but this was never the experience of the Catholic Sisters. When for instance a great camp was established near Harrisburg, Surgeon-General Smith of Pennsylvania asked for Sisters of St. Joseph to serve as nurses and Bishop Ward of Philadelphia wrote for them: "The doctor hopes that the Sisters will not disappoint him. Every female nurse has been refused, Dr. Smith being unwilling to trust any but his old friends, the Sisters of St. Joseph. There is a large field for usefulness. . . . The living is rough, the pay poor, and nothing but the sentiments of religion can render the nurses contented."

The Sisters took charge, and when their term of service had ended, Governor Curtin in his official letter to their Superior, said that the Sisters, "sacrificing all personal comfort, ministered faithfully and truly to the comfort and welfare of the sick. Neatness, order, and efficient ministration immediately followed on their arrival in the camp. Highly appreciating their valuable services and Christian devotion to the relief of human suffering, the State authorities desire to express to them and to your Order high appreciation of the self-sacrificing spirit which they exhibit among the sick soldiers."

In New York the Sisters of Mercy, by permission of Archbishop Hughes, under the direction of Mother Augustine McKenna, hurried south, while their Sisters in Chicago were with the heroic Mulligan to succor the wounded after Lexington. The communities of Baltimore, Washington, Pittsburgh

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and Cincinnati added to the laurels won in the service of humanity. When the war hospital was established in the old Mount St. Vincent Convent in Central Park, New York, Edward Pierpont wrote to Secretary of War Stanton: "The point is this: We want the nurses of this hospital to be the Sisters of Charity, the most faithful nurses in the world. Their tenderness, their knowledge and religious convictions of duty render them by far the best nurses around the sick bed which have ever been found on earth. All that is asked is that they be permitted to be nurses under the direction of the War Department and its physicians."

And the instance of this confidence in the superiority of the Sisters as nurses could be piled up by further citations from the experiences during the Civil War of Mother Angela Gillespie of the Sisters of the Holy Cross; of Sister Anthony O'Connell of the Cincinnati "Black Caps;" of Sister Mary Gonzaga Grace of Emmitsburg, and the other valiant women who without a thought of self gave such telling examples of real Christian heroism.

There was a slight friction due to the narrow and stupid officialism of some Government underlings that threatened but happily did not materially impede the usefulness of the Sisters as volunteer nurses.

"The officers and men of the Tenth Regiment," says a paragraph in the Cincinnati *Catholic Telegraph* of June 29, 1861, "requested the Sisters of Charity to continue their valued services to the sick soldiers; but it seems Miss Dorothy Dix is Adjutant-General of the hospital, and the soldiers have to bleed and die unconsoled by the nurses of their choice unless she consent. The Sisters of Charity will not apply to Miss Dorothy for leave to do good. Let the Secretary of War see to it as he does so handsomely to other things."

The Secretary of War did "see to it," and the issue was speedily adjusted by the proper authorities. Various projects have been mooted since 1865 to mark by some public token an appreciation of what the Sisters did then, but it was only last year that any practical result followed as far as Congressional action goes.

In the speech of the Hon. Ambrose Kennedy of Rhode Island, in the House of Representatives, on March 13, 1918, in support of the joint resolution to erect a memorial in Wash-

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ington to the memory, and in honor of the members of the various orders of Sisters who gave their services as nurses on battlefields, in hospitals and in floating hospitals during the Civil War, we have the first comprehensive story of these activities spread officially in the pages of the *Congressional Record.*[12]

Mr. Kennedy by careful and painstaking examination of the data collected from the various institutions, is able to show that there were nearly four hundred Sisters, "the most complete register of war-nursing Sisters that has ever been presented in any single document on this subject." These war nurses were the representatives of eight different religious congregations, namely, the Sisters of Mercy, the Sisters of the Holy Cross, the Sisters of Charity from the Emmitsburg, the New York and the Cincinnati branches; the Sisters of St. Joseph, the Sisters of Charity of Nazareth, and the Ursulines. Their labors took them to the States of Ohio, Illinois, Indiana, New York, Pennsylvania, Mississippi, Tennessee, Virginia, Missouri, Maryland, West Virginia, North Carolina, South Carolina, Kentucky, Georgia, Alabama, Louisiana, Texas, and the District of Columbia.

"Not only did they labor in hospitals," said Mr. Kennedy, "but, moreover, they went from one battlefield to another in ambulances, in old wagons, in every form of vehicle that was available for them in their work. They cared not for flourish or ostentation, but only for the chance to come as quickly as possible to the assistance of suffering humanity.

"The records of the war do not register a single instance of failure or shirking on the part of the Sisterhoods, and it must have been an edifying sight, indeed, to see these pious and unassuming women whose souls were enriched with the jewels of heavenly sanctity, as they went from battlefield to hospital to apply their tranquil ministrations. No page in all our history can present any nobler deeds of courage and devotion. Easily and without emotion they turned from school and asylum to take up the war duties, and no matter how appalling were the sights that came before them, they labored with unity and harmony under the most trying circumstances."

Catholic women also banded themselves in committees to take care of the families of the soldiers, and to see that relief was always ready for their wants. In all the dioceses provision

[12] *Congressional Record*, March 19, 1918.

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was made to care for the many orphans the casualties of the conflict made dependents on public charity.

Perhaps the most important of the many Catholic activities during the war was the diplomatic mission to France and England undertaken by Archbishop Hughes at the instance of President Lincoln and Secretary Seward. From the earliest period of the war the Archbishop had been in constant confidential communication with both these officials, giving them advice and keeping them informed of popular feeling and opinion. In October, 1861, as he himself tells in letters to Cardinal Barnabo, Prefect of the Propaganda: [18]

"It was proposed by the Cabinet that I should accept a special mission to England and France, in connection with very important national questions between the United States and these powers. I declined until it was made known to me that the President of the United States made a special request that I should accept and if possible render some service to the United States in the present condition of public affairs. I could not refuse his request, and at the same time I implied if any success should attend my mission it would redound to the benefit of the Catholics and the promotion of the interests of the Church.

"My mission was and is a mission of peace between France and England on the one side and the United States on the other. . . . I made known to the ministers in Washington that I could accept no official appointment from them . . . . that I could not undertake to fulfill any written instructions; but that if I came I should be left to my own discretion to say and do what would be most likely to accomplish good, or at least to prevent evil. Then they said that I should go with a *carte blanche*—do and say for the interests of the country, prevention of war and interests of humanity anything that I should think proper. . . .

"First. The Government knows that the people of America, both of the North and of the South, whether Catholics or Protestants, have great confidence in me . . . . ; that, as the Cabinet in Washington believe more reliance would be placed on my statements, on account of my being a Catholic prelate than would be placed on the words of any official minister of the United States either in Paris or London or elsewhere.

[18] Hassard, *Life*, p. 449 *et seq.*

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"Second. The Government at Washington were pleased to think that in requesting me to accept this mission they were paying a great compliment to the whole Catholic people of the United States; and they wished to give me also a mark of their confidence which might go far, as an example for future administrations, to be well disposed toward the Catholics."

That the Archbishop's mission abroad was entirely successful it is not necessary to detail here. From Paris, after his interview with the Emperor Napoleon, he went to Rome, whence he reports to Secretary Seward, on February 21, 1862: "I have had a most cordial and flattering reception in this capital among the civil and ecclesiastical magnates from the Pope downward. The Holy Father has been particularly kind. He and Antonelli both speak of you with kind remembrance and with great respect."

In another letter to Mr. Seward, on March 1, 1862, he says: "I explained the whole matter to the Holy Father and to Cardinals Antonelli and Barnabo. I am happy to say that they all approved of my conduct, and instead of censuring me showed a disposition to confer additional honors."

Writing again to Mr. Seward, he informs him: "A Roman gentleman told me a few days ago that the Southern Catholics who happened to be here hold me responsible for having prevented France and England from coming to the aid and support of their cause. My answer was, 'I hope the accusation is true.'" [14]

To show the appreciation in which the Archbishop's services were held by the Government, President Lincoln had an intimation conveyed to the Holy See, that, not being able to offer him any honor he would accept, there would be a special gratification felt in any reward that the Pope might confer on him. The Archbishop hardly had got comfortably settled again in New York when he was called upon to take another notable public action. This was in regard to the draft riots of July 13-16, 1863. Notwithstanding his great services to the Union cause and his eminent position in the Church the Republican papers, especially the *Tribune* and the *Evening Post*, teemed with tirades in which he and "your people" were charged with being responsible for the calamity of war by their adhesion to the Democratic Party and that party's consequent political

[14] Hassard, *op. cit.*

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successes; and by the refusal of the priests of his Church to preach abolition and anti-slavery doctrines from their pulpits. The draft rioting went on during the week mentioned, and although the Archbishop was then in very feeble health, he issued a public invitation "To the men of New York who are now called in many of the papers rioters," to come to hear him speak to them at his residence, the northwest corner of Madison avenue and Thirty-sixth Street, on the afternoon of July 17th. More than five thousand did so, and from the balcony he made a plea for peace and good order which had the desired effect, as far as it reached those who heard his voice.[15] It was his last appearance in public.

These were some of the more prominent Catholic activities of the time within peaceful domestic lines. On the tented field and along the battle front Catholic leaders were no less conspicuous in their devotion to the cause of the Union or the success with which they advanced its ultimate triumph. Their names make a long and illustrious list honorably distinguished in every branch of the service, Sheridan, Newton, Rosecrans, Stone, Shields, Corcoran, Meagher, McMahon, Harney, Foster, Copinger, Smith, Keyes, Mulligan, among the Generals; O'Rorke, Garesché, Cass, Guiney, in lesser rank of the army. In the navy were Admirals Ammen, B. F. and J. H. Sands, R. W. Meade, Beaumont, Boarman, Kirkland, Febiger, Franklin, Kilty; Commanders J. H. Ward, Barrett and Chatard; Captains Dominick Lynch, R. W. Meade, and F. H. Baker. Commander J. H. Ward, who was one of the founders of the Annapolis Naval Academy, was the first officer of the navy killed in action during the war.

It is far too soon even to attempt an adequate review of the Catholic record in this present war for Liberty. Speaking officially for the nineteen millions committed to their spiritual care, the Archbishops of the United States at their annual meeting immediately after our entry into the War, in April, 1917, thus addressed the Chief Executive of the nation:

> MR. PRESIDENT: Standing firmly upon solid Catholic tradition and history from the very foundation of this nation, we reaffirm in this hour of stress and trial our most sacred and sincere loyalty and patriotism toward our country, our government and our flag.

[15] *Records and Studies*, vol. i., pp. 171-189.

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Moved to the very depths of our hearts by the stirring appeal of the President of the United States and by the action of our national congress, we accept whole-heartedly and unreservedly the decree of that legislative authority proclaiming this country to be in a state of war.

We have prayed that we might be spared the dire necessity of entering the conflict. But now that war has been declared we bow in obedience to the summons to bear our part in it, with fidelity, with courage and with the spirit of sacrifice, which as loyal citizens we are bound to manifest for the defence of the most sacred rights and welfare of the whole nation.

Acknowledging gladly the gratitude we have always felt for the protection of our spiritual liberty and the freedom of our Catholic institutions under the flag, we pledge our devotion and our strength to the maintenance of our country's glorious leadership in those possessions and principles which have been America's proudest boast.

Inspired neither by hate nor fear, but by the holy sentiments of truest patriotic fervor and zeal, we stand ready, we and all the flock committed to our keeping, to coöperate in every way possible with our President and our national government, to the end that the great and holy cause of liberty may triumph, and that our beloved country may emerge from this hour of test stronger and nobler than ever.

Our people now, as ever, will rise as one man to serve the nation. Our priests and consecrated women will once again, as in every former trial of our country, win, by their bravery, their heroism and their service, new admiration and approval.

We are all true Americans, ready as our age, our ability and our condition permit, to do whatever is in us to do, for the preservation, the progress and the triumph of our beloved country.

May God direct and guide our President and our Government, that out of this trying crisis in our national life may at length come a closer union among all the citizens of America, and that an enduring and blessed peace may crown the sacrifices which war entails.

In the army and navy, the Catholic representation in the highest commands keeps well in proportion with the splendid percentage among the fighters in the ranks. The same gratify-

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ing story is shown in the roster of the chief executives and the workers for the equally important civilian activities.

"Surely our patriotism has stood the acid test of trial," said his Eminence Cardinal Farley, in his recent paper on *Catholics and the War*,[16] and the Cardinal adds: "Is there a single thing that Catholics could do for their country which they have not done? Can a single field be named where their work does not testify to their loyalty? Can any sincere and upright man say, in the face of all that we have accomplished, of the money we have given to our country's cause, of the devotion of bishops, priests and laymen, of our noble-hearted women, in presence of the hundreds of thousands of bright, clean, morally fit and physically sound soldiers, whom Catholic fathers and Catholic mothers are offering as a sacrifice on the altar of freedom, that Catholics are not loyal, are not true to their country and that they have deserted her in her hour of need? . . . . Those deeds have answered for us in no uncertain voice. It could not be otherwise. For the Catholic recognizes that loyalty to country is next to fidelity and obedience to God."

INFLUENCE.

BY FRANK S. GANNON, JR.

TODAY two pathways spread beneath my feet—
One had I walked alone;
And one you'd walked with me, and it was sweet
To choose that one—
And may I follow, when my step is weak,
The path your foot has trod,
So as I pass, to hear your spirit speak
The way to God.

[16] *America*, March 2, 1918.

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THE OTHER SIDE OF THE HILL.

BY RICHARDSON WRIGHT.

FOUR versts this side of Blaginovna we came to a hill. (This was seven years ago, seven years before the Russ drank of license and brought destruction to his own fair land.) It was a little hill as hills go, covered with fir and birch and a thick underbrush, through which we had to scramble our way to the top. Once at the top, there was unrolled a vast scene of great beauty.

Far off, against a turquoise, cloud-flecked sky, rose the blunt range the Russians call the Ural Mountains (blunt, because the Urals are very aged and worn down by the elements of many centuries). Between, in succeeding ridges, were the foothills, bald here and there in squares and oblongs where timber concessions had been cut down. The big peaks that lined the horizon flamed with a glory of light, and even the tips of the hills gathered about their foot shone red and warm ochre and steely gray where rock and clayey strata caught the afternoon sun.

We watched the panorama in silence. It lay before us like a huge challenge thrown down by nature. Beyond those peaks stretched the illimitable reaches of Asia—and to Asia we were heading. But before we could even reach those peaks, the foothills must be conquered and many a darkened valley put behind us. We were both conscious not so much of the hills to be climbed as the hills to be descended—the glory that would have to be left behind when we pressed on.

"That's what I don't like about life," remarked my companion, his musing abruptly finding expression. "It has too many aftermaths, too many other sides to its hills. If we only could keep on going up it would be all right. What I hate is this eternal up-hill-and-down-dale, peak-and-valley sort of existence. . . . However, that is life," he added.

And so it is.

I.

One of the experiences common to the life of reality is

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that we are constantly facing aftermaths, constantly being obliged to descend the other side of the various pinnacles of attainment and exultation which we have reached with great striving. At first glance these experiences appear so individual, so different, each one a law unto itself defying classification. Yet, numerous and varied though they are, they would seem to fall into only one of three possible classes: the aftermath of sin which is a refusal of the love of God; the aftermath of human love which is a reflection of the love of God; and the aftermath of spiritual joy which is an engulfing in the love of God. All three experiences are dark journeys, all three accompanied by despair, all three dangerous passages in a life, all three intensely real. Their difference lies only in the manner of the desire which drew us to that peak from which we are so quickly forced to descend. That, and the direction our feet take when we reach the valley.

Thousands of men and women have gone down the other side of hills, and some of them have left detailed records of what they experienced. They call it by different names, but the experiences in all cases is approximately the same—a dark way, a sense of being abandoned, an utter helplessness, the inability to make even an effort. These are the general characteristics of the other side of our hills. These are the aftermaths of lives fraught with reality.

II.

But why "reality?"

So many good people find reality only in material and fleshly things, in things they can touch and see. They fail to recognize the intense reality of the spiritual life or the spiritual aspects of material and fleshly things.

Underlying every material and fleshly reality is a spiritual reality, and of the two the most real and the most potent is the spiritual. In times of great stress and suffering it breaks through the crust of the material and presents itself before the eyes of the startled soul.

During the course of the War some strange spiritual experiences have revealed themselves, experiences so unusual that those who have felt them count it a mighty discovery. Mr. Wells, for example, discovers God—and the world marvels! Sooner or later Mr. Wells will come out with the truth of his

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discovery—and the world will marvel the more—that God's love has been pursuing him for years, haunting him, dogging his footsteps until at last, breathless in the great whirlwind of the War, he turns and sees what It is That has been following him all this time.

Yet Mr. Wells is only one of thousands who today are beholding this same thing—the manifestations of the love of God in all its majesty and tenderness as it is revealed in the sufferings and sacrifices consequent on the War.

The very things we set at naught and discounted and refused to talk about are now becoming the topics of ordinary conversation. Men are suddenly recognizing that they have souls and that their souls are God's, and that they can find no rest until they rest in Him. In short, they are discovering spiritual realities.

Before we can understand aftermaths, before we can grasp what lies on the other side of the hill, we must grant the intense reality of the spiritual, we must make it real enough to talk about. Once this reality is acknowledged, once our lips profess it, the aftermath becomes fecund with immense possibilities and the dark descent filled with tremendously vital experiences. The aversion from sin and the reaction of human love and spiritual joy becomes something more than mere fear or *ennui* or mental fatigue.

III.

The reality of sin is the most difficult to explain effectually in these times. It is quite the vogue to condone and argue away sin. We have thriving sects and a large body of pseudo-philosophy devoted to showing that no such thing as sin can exist—that it is a deformity of the skull or the lack of vocational schools or leaking drains which make men do wrong. Or, if they do acknowledge sin, it is a social affair: man sins against man, and God is left very much out of the question.

Still, it is a remarkable fact that those who recognize only offences against society, who are guided by a social conscience alone, suffer regret, remorse and repentance just as do less enlightened folk. Obviously a social conscience is not an ultimate norm of conduct. We must seek it elsewhere.

Those who have lived the spiritual life know only too well

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that the manifestation of sin—the overt act—is but a small part of it. Behind lies all the sorry path of temptation and consent. They know, moreover, that no man can simply sin against his fellow. The overt act may be an offence against society, but the long path up to its committing is a constant refusal of the love of God. It is as though God walked with us up that hill, pleading, begging, constraining, only to receive at the peak His ultimate refusal.

Make no mistake in thinking that we slide easily into sin. Sin is an accomplishment. We come to it by a tedious path, and by an equally tedious path do we return from it. He Whom we have definitely refused on the peak of our committing withdraws Himself that He may follow us at a distance into the valley. Hence the darkness and the terror, hence the utter loneliness, hence the inability to make even an effort. For a space God withholds Himself and constrains His love. No longer does He walk by our side. He has taken Himself away.

Of a sudden, then, we realize that no amount of exposure or public shame or punishment by society can compare with the withdrawal of God Himself. We who willingly forsake God, must not be surprised if God appears to forsake us. For God can withhold His love from our understanding, although we may very much desire it.

> And these two pains, so counter and so keen—
> The longing for Him when we see Him not,
> The shame of self at thought of seeing Him—
> Will be thy veriest, thy sharpest purgatory.

This is the intense reality of sin. It is more real than any reaction of social conscience, for the customs of society may change and the permissible habits of yesterday may be an offence against the statutes today. But the love of God for man is eternal. Custom does not change it nor the fickleness of philosophy modify its course. It will be as real a century from now as it is today. The pursuit for man's soul and his ultimate refusal in sin will be as actual tomorrow as it has been in the past. And as actual will be our abandonment by Him Whom we have abandoned when our feet turn down the other side of the hill.

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IV.

For every affirmation in life there awaits a dark negation. Of none of its various phases is this more true than in the course of human love which, as the proverb assures us, never runs smooth. For many of us it is our nearest approach to things spiritual. Yet only when it is lifted up to catch the reflection of Divine Love, can it manifest that keen sensitiveness to realities which the spiritual life possesses. The way up to it is long, demanding all manner of sacrifices and patience and trust; and yet, we no more arrive at a pinnacle of great exultation and fulfillment than we must go down into the dark valley of doubt.

It is not to be expected that joy should last forever, that we should dwell eternally upon the supreme peaks of happiness. For in the progress of love, as in the mystic course, we must pass through "the dark night of the soul." We who have known confidence must be assailed with distrust. Upon us who have been warmed with the sun of love must descend the chill darkness of despair.

For a space the lover is with his beloved and their souls are merged in a burning ecstasy. Then, little by little, the very existence of their love would seem to be consumed by the heat of its own ardor. They are left abandoned, senseless and cold. They who climbed the hill, together, descend the other side by different paths.

"Lo, through great darkness I wander alone," cries the beloved, "through the wilderness of despair I hunger and thirst after her! Yet is my heart drawn to her heart by inviolate bonds. Tomorrow! Tomorrow and the next day! Patience! She will come again to bless thee, come radiant in the light of her love for thee—merciful, purifying and kind, the one woman chosen out from all the women of the world for thee alone to live for and to love!"

And even as he speaks, his fleshly love becomes spiritual, catching light from the Divine Tenderness. In that hour flesh is as naught, and the peaks of earthly love appear as little heights both have climbed in order to find the path to a spiritual joy.

Is it not because so many men and women are unwilling

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to persevere through these periods of despair that we find such an appalling number of unhappy marriages? So few know love as a progress, a development, a metabolism. They reach one peak and can see no farther. Seeing nothing beyond the flesh, they tire when satiated, not knowing that their love can be consecrated into an abiding reality only when they are willing to catch the light as God would give it them. Here is the fallacy of loving according to the dictates of a modern social conscience. For here are people who know not that God's love alone can make their love divine and lasting.

V.

The third and deepest type of aftermath is "the dark night of the soul" through which all the great mystics have passed to attain their union with God. They all bear witness to it in one fashion or another. Some—many of them artists, musicians and poets—have reached one pinnacle of great vision, but have never experienced the aftermath which must be passed before the veil of the senses is removed, and the soul is engulfed in the heart of God. Others press on and reach their goal.

Some of them have written of it; and learned men ever since have tried to explain it by this science and that. It does not explain, however, save as the mystics themselves describe it when they attain that height where heart speaks to heart.

Doubtless the greatest witness we have of the reality of the spiritual life is found in these experiences. For they are not things vainly imagined nor mere pathological states, but moments intense, vibrant with energy and flooded with the meaning of life. These are emptied of self that they may be engulfed in a greater Self; the cup of the soul is poured out to receive the rich wine of a heavenly love. What we ordinary folk know only by symbols, they know in actuality. What is hid from us, they see. We are concerned with *doing*, with a life buried in the relations of man to man; they are concerned with *being*, with a life hid in God. . . . But before they can become acclimated to that new sphere of reality, so they all attest, they must pass down the other side of the hill.

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VI.

Most of us take life's aftermaths as periods of sterile reaction, of necessary inactivity after great striving, of dullness after ecstasy, of sorrow after joy. Reaction there must be, since the capacity of the senses is limited, but the period need not be altogethr inactive or sterile or dark. So many of us take our aftermaths as the end of things; whereas—and herein lies the purpose of these words—they are merely the slow beginnings of something new!

"It is the last perfection of a thing," said Thomas Aquinas, "that it should become the cause of other things." So then the aftermath is only the start of a new energizing, the beginning of a new spiritual renaissance. Having reached one peak, we go down into the valley that we may come to the foothills of a still higher beatific mountain.

Upon how we climb up the next hill, with what ardor, what faith, what cleansing resignation, will depend the ultimate success of life. From this peak we press on to one higher—but between lies the valley.

This is the synthesis of the experiences that come to us after such varied attainments as a great love, a good Easter, a fine piece of creative work, yes, even after a terrible sin or a terrible grief. We either flee from God or He withholds Himself. The choice lies with us.

Yet, even in our very helplessness without His presence, He lets us feel the movement of a new life and catch the echoes of a new song.

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AMERICAN EQUALITY AND JUSTICE.[1]

BY HENRY CHURCHILL SEMPLE, S.J.

URING the Civil War the historic Arlington estate on the heights across the Potomac from Washington city was sold for taxes and bought in by the United States Government, which used it as a military station and a national cemetery. Some ten years after the sale, Robert E. Lee's son, Custis, appeared in court and claimed the estate as his property inherited through his mother from his grandfather, George Washington Parke Custis, son of Martha Washington and adopted son of George Washington. He alleged that the sale had been invalid, because the owner had offered to pay the taxes through a friend as agent, and the offer had been rejected, because not made by the owner in person. The jury rendered a verdict in his favor against the United States. The case was appealed to the Supreme Court, and the majority of the Justices decreed in favor of Custis Lee.

The time of this trial was the dark reconstruction era from which our memories shrink in horror. The place of the trial was the centre of Federal power. The contested property was a sacred burial ground of soldiers who had died for the Union. The plaintiff in the suit was Custis Lee. He had fought for the "lost cause," and the bloody losses his father had inflicted on the Union armies, were fresh in the memory of all. The case is recorded in the United States *Reports* as that of Lee *v.* The United States. It was not the United States Judiciary or Legislative but the Executive that was the defendant. The Attorney-General represented the Chief Executive, who was President Ulysses S. Grant, then in the height of his glory because of his victory over Lee. Those circumstances of time, place and persons strongly enhance the glowing majesty in the following words of Mr. Justice Miller speaking for the court:

[1] This article consists largely of documents gathered by Mr. Hannis Taylor in his treatise on *Due Process of Law and the Equal Protection of the Laws* as enacted by our Constitution and enforced by our courts.

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"The Attorney-General asserts the proposition that though it has been ascertained by the verdict of the jury, in which no error is found, that the plaintiff has the title to the land, and that what is set up by the United States is no title at all, the court can render no judgment in favor of the plaintiff against the defendants in the action, because the latter hold the property as officers and agents of the United States and it is appropriated to lawful public uses.

"*No man in this country is so high that he is above the law.* No officer of the law may set that law at defiance with impunity. All the officers of government from the highest to the lowest are creations of the law and are bound to obey it. It is the *only supreme power* in our system, and every man, who by accepting office participates in its functions, is only the more strongly bound to submit to that supremacy and to observe the limitations which it imposes upon the exercise of the authority which it gives. Courts of justice are established not only to decide upon controverted rights of the citizens as against each other, but also upon rights in controversy between them and the Government, and the docket of this court is crowded with controversies of this latter class. Shall it be said in the face of all this, and of the acknowledged right of the judiciary to decide, in proper cases, statutes which have been passed by both branches of Congress and approved by the President, to be unconstitutional, that the courts cannot give a remedy when a citizen has been deprived of his property by force, his estate seized and converted to the uses of the Government without lawful authority, *without process of law and without compensation, because the President has ordered it and his officers are in possession?*"

As Mr. Dicey has said: "The words 'administrative law' are unknown to English judges and counsel, and are in themselves hardly intelligible without further explanation. This absence from our language of any satisfactory equivalent for the expression *droit administratif*, is significant; the want of a name arises at bottom from our non-recognition of the thing itself. In England, and in countries which, like the United States, derive their civilization from English sources, the system of administrative law and the very principles on which it rests are, in truth, unknown. This absence from the institutions of the Union, of anything answering to *droit administra-*

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tif arrested the observation of Tocqueville from the first moment when he began his investigations into the character of American democracy. In 1831 he writes to an experienced judge *(magistrat)* Monsieur de Blosseville, to ask both for an explanation of the contrast in this matter between French and American institutions, and also for an authoritative explanation of the general ideas governing the *droit administratif* of his country."

As Mr. Taylor says: "Under the French theory, speaking generally, the ordinary tribunals have no concern with administrative law *(droit administratif)* as applied by administrative courts *(tribunaux administratifs)*. For example, if a body of policemen in France, who have broken into a monastery, seized its property and expelled its inmates under an administrative order, are charged with what English lawyers would call trespass and assault, the policemen would plead as an exemption the government's mandate in the execution of its decrees dissolving certain religious societies. If the right to plead that exemption is questioned before an ordinary tribunal, a 'conflict' arises which cannot be settled by an ordinary judge under what we would call the *law of the land.* In that illustration we have a sharply defined distinction between a thorough government of law as distinguished from a government of functionaries."

We note that Mr. Taylor says above "if a body of policemen *in France.*" Might he not have said, in any civilized country outside of the British Empire or the United States?

Lieber says: "The guaranty of the supremacy of the law leads to a principle which, as far as I know, it has never been attempted to transplant from the soil inhabited by Anglican people, and which, nevertheless, has been in our system of liberty, the natural production of a thorough government of law as contradistinguished from a government of functionaries."

Was this principle of true liberty and equality under the law unknown to Xenophon, or to the ancient Greeks or even to the ancient Persians? We leave our friend Mr. Taylor to judge for himself after he has perused the following passage from the *Cyropaedia,* Book I., Chapter III. The "Attic Bee" puts these sweet words on the lips of Cyrus the Great, a small boy, and of his mother Mandana, in a conversation held in Media, in the

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presence of Astyages who was King of the Medes, Mandana's father, and Cyrus' grandfather:

"O Mother, I understand justice exactly already. Because my teacher in Persia appointed me judge over others, as being very exact in the knowledge of justice myself. But once I had some stripes given me for not deciding rightly in a judgment that I gave. The case was this. A bigger boy who had a little coat, stripping a littler boy who had a bigger coat, put on the little boy the coat that was his own, and put on himself the coat that was the little boy's. I, therefore, passing judgment between them, decreed that it was best that each should keep the coat that fitted him best. On this, my teacher gave me a whipping and told me that when I should be made judge of what coat fitted best, I should decide in this way, but when I was to judge whose the coat was, then it must be considered what right possession is, whether he who took a thing by force or he who made or bought it, should have it. And then he told me what was according to law was right, and what was contrary to law was might. He bid me take notice therefore that a judge should give his sentence according to law. So, Mother, I know very exactly what is just in all cases, or if anything is unknown to me, my grandfather here will teach it to me."

"But child," said she, "the same things are not looked on as just by your grandfather here and yonder in Persia. For among the Medes your grandfather has made himself lord and master of all. But among the Persians it is accounted just that all should be equally dealt with. And your father is the first to execute the orders imposed on the whole State and to accept those orders for himself. It is not his own whim but the law that is his rule and measure. How then can you avoid being beaten to death at home when you go back there from your grandfather, trained not in kingly arts but in the arts and manner of tyranny, one of which is to think that power and domination over all is your due?"

Many critics call the *Cyropaedia* not biography but romance, not fact but fiction. But our point is that supremacy of law over functionaries was planted during the fourth century before Christ in the soil of the mind of an Athenian military genius who had been a pupil of Socrates.

The French revolutionary *liberté, égalité* are nebulous. English and American liberty and equality before the law of

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the land are enforceable by our courts, which can be blind to the high dignity or the low degree of the contestants and weigh out to each what is equal to his rights or dues according to the law of the land.

The germ of this great element of true liberty and equality is seen in the pledges of the King in Magna Charta: "We will not set forth against any freeman, nor send against him, unless by the lawful judgment of his peers and by the law of the land. To no one will we sell, to no one will we refuse or delay right or justice."

We see many developments of this germ in our Declaration of Independence and in various clauses of our Constitution, but especially in the Fifth and Fourteenth Amendments: "Nor shall any person be deprived of life, liberty or property without due process of law; nor shall private property be taken for public use without just compensation." "No State shall make or enforce any law which shall abridge the privileges or immunities of citizens of the United States, nor shall any State deprive any person of life, liberty or property without due process of law; nor deny to any person within its jurisdiction the equal protection of the laws."

For this true liberty and equality which are thus distinctly defined and are, moreover, enforceable by the courts, America is not indebted to the *doctrinaires* of the French Revolution, but is indebted in great measure to England; and Englands owes what she has, in great measure, to the so-called Dark Ages and its mediæval Catholic prelates and barons who wrested it at the point of the sword from the tyrant John at Runnymede in the year 1215.

In this respect the guaranty of liberty and equality is greater in the United States than in France and the other countries of continental Europe, and is at least as great as in the British Empire. But in another vital respect, it is greater here than anywhere else. Neither the Privy Council nor any British court has authority to decree that an act of the Omnipotent Imperial British Parliament is unconstitutional and void. Our courts have authority to decree that an act of a State Legislature signed by a Governor or an act of Congress signed by the President is unconstitutional and void.

This unique American protection against bad laws, the worst kind of tyranny, was a curious but natural development

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from our history. "Each colony had a legislature with powers limited by the king's charter creating such colony. In colonial times questions arose whether the statutes made by the legislative assemblies were in excess of the powers conferred by the charter. And if the statutes were found to be in excess, they were held to be invalid by the courts, that is to say, in the first instance by the colonial courts, or if the matter was carried to England, by the Privy Council. As a general rule the colonies when they became Sovereign States adopted new constitutions. But the only constitutions of Connecticut until 1818 and of Rhode Island until 1842 were their charters, dating respectively from 1662 and 1663. One of the first cases, if not the very first, in which a legislative enactment of a State was declared unconstitutional and void by a State court, was decided under the charter of Rhode Island. Our Federal Constitution was adopted in 1787. Only in 1803 and in 1810 did the Federal Supreme Court first put the stamp of nullity respectively on a national and a state law as repugnant to the Federal Constitution."

There is not in the Federal Constitution and there was not, at least originally, in any State Constitution any line or word expressly giving the Federal or State courts authority to declare a legislative enactment unconstitutional and void. This tremendous authority was supposed and assumed and exercised by the judges, and has been called a product of judge-made law.

The decision of the Supreme Court in the year 1819 in the case of Dartmouth College *v.* The State of New Hampshire was a striking example of American justice enforcing the rights of twelve school managers against the arbitrary and tyrannical abuse of power attempted by a Sovereign State. King George III., by the advice of the Provincial Council of New Hampshire, granted a charter creating a corporation consisting of twelve persons by the name of the "Trustees of Dartmouth College," with power to hold and dispose of lands and goods for the use of the college, to fill vacancies in their own body, to appoint or remove officers of the college, etc. These letters patent were to be good and effectual in law against the king and his heirs and successors forever, without further grant or confirmation.

About fifty years afterwards, the Legislature of New Hampshire professing to enlarge, improve and amend this

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charter, created, by a new charter, a new corporation, under a new name, adding to the twelve original trustees nine others to be appointed by the governor and council of New Hampshire, and subjecting these twenty-one trustees to the power and control of twenty-five overseers to be appointed by the governor and council of New Hampshire. To this new corporation were transferred all the property, rights, liberties and privileges of the old corporation.

The original twelve trustees refused to consent to this change, and applied in vain to the Superior Court of Appeals of New Hampshire, which held that the act of the Legislature was not repugnant to the Constitution of New Hampshire or to that of the United States. These twelve trustees then appealed to the Supreme Court of the United States, and employed as one of their advocates Mr. Daniel Webster, who made his famous plea which is regarded as a classic not only of eloquence but also of law. In February, 1819, the United States Supreme Court decreed that the act of the New Hampshire Legislature was void as violating the Constitution of the United States in Article I., Section 10, Paragraph 1: "No State shall pass any law impairing the obligation of contracts."

Here there was a contract, namely, an agreement in which a party undertook to do or not to do a particular thing; a contract between the king, representing the public or state, and the twelve trustees of Dartmouth College; a donation of rights by the king as grantor, an acceptation of these rights by the twelve trustees, as grantees. And he who grants rights forever, obligates himself never to take back the right granted. Here there were what are called vested rights, not chances or possibilities of rights but immediate fixed rights of present or future enjoyment. Here there were property rights, rights to administer property for the purpose of education. Here there were vested property rights arising from a contract. If the State of New Hampshire did not entirely take away these rights from one person, the old corporation, and give them to another person, the new corporation, and thus entirely *destroy* the obligation of the contract; at least it passed a law *impairing*, abridging the obligation of the contract by lessening the powers of the twelve trustees, *impairing* the obligation of the public or state to perform its undertaking not to do this particular thing, namely, not to take back rights which it had granted.

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As Mr. Webster demonstrated in his exhaustive argument, the act of the New Hampshire Legislature was contrary to American precedents. Thus North Carolina had created its university and donated lands. The North Carolina Legislature rescinded the donation. But the North Carolina courts decreed that legislative act rescinding the donation to be void. After this decree the North Carolina Legislature itself gracefully confessed and repaired its own sin of injustice by repealing that act.

Likewise in the State of Virginia it had been attempted to take away from the Episcopal Church certain glebe lands alleged to have been donated by the people or the colonial government of Virginia. The matter came before the United States Supreme Court in the case of Terrett *v.* Taylor. The opinion of the court was rendered through the illustrious scholar, Mr. Justice Joseph Story. The following are some of his noble words:

"That the legislature can repeal statutes creating private corporations and by such repeal vest their property exclusively in the State, or dispose of it to such purposes as the State pleases, without consent or the default of the incorporators, we are not prepared to admit. And we think ourselves standing on the principles of natural justice, upon the fundamental laws of every free government, upon the spirit and the letter of the Constitution of the United States, and upon the decisions of most respectable tribunals, in resisting such doctrines."

The decision of the Supreme Court on June 1, 1908, in the case of the "The Municipality of Ponce *v.* The Roman Catholic Apostolic Church in Porto Rico" gave a similar equal protection of the laws to Catholics.

After the change of sovereignty from Spain to the United States, the City Council of Ponce recorded two churches and the lots on which they are situated in the inventory of the property of the municipality. The Bishop of San Juan applied to the Supreme Court of Porto Rico, which decreed that those edifices and lots were the property of the Catholic Church and barred all adverse claims of the municipality. The municipality then appealed to the Supreme Court at Washington. One of the clauses of the appeal alleged "that the Roman Catholic Church of Porto Rico has not the legal capacity to sue, for the reason that it is not a judicial person,

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nor a legal entity, and is without legal incorporation. If it is a corporation or association, we submit to the court that it is necessary for the Roman Catholic Church to allege specifically its incorporation, where incorporated, and by virtue of what authority or law it was incorporated, and if a foreign corporation, show that it has filed its articles of incorporation or association in the proper office of the government in accordance with the laws of Porto Rico."

To this contention the Supreme Court replied in full. We give this reply in part. By the general rule of public law recognized by the United States, whenever political jurisdiction and legislative power are transferred from one nation to another, the laws of the country which is transferred, intended for the protection of private rights, continue in force until abrogated or changed by the new government. The Spanish civil code in force in Porto Rico at the time of the transfer, contains the following provisions: Article XXXV.—"The following are judicial persons: the corporations and institutions of public interest recognized by law." Article XXXVIII.—"The Church shall be governed in this particular by what has been agreed on by both parties" (Spain and the Holy See in concordats recognizing the right of the Church to acquire and possess property). Article VIII. of the Treaty of Paris between Spain and the United States says: "It is hereby decreed that the relinquishment or cession as the case may be, to which the preceding paragraph refers, cannot in any respect impair the property or rights which by law belong to the peaceful possession of property of all kinds of provinces, municipalities, public or private establishments, *ecclesiastical* or civic *bodies*, or any other associations having legal capacity to acquire and possess property in the aforesaid territories renounced or ceded."

No other ecclesiastical body but the Roman Catholic Church existed in the island at the time of the cession. This article of the treaty was manifestly intended to guard Catholic Church property from spoliation or interference by the new master or any of his agents.

Indeed, the suggestion that the Roman Catholic Church is not a legal person entitled to maintain its property rights in the courts, does not deserve serious consideration, when made with reference to an institution which antedates by almost a

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thousand years any other personality in Europe. The Code of Justinian contains the law of Constantine of the year three hundred and twenty-one to the effect that the Roman Catholic Church was recognized as a legal person with the capacity to acquire property. The United States have always recognized the corporate existence of the Roman Catholic Church as well as the position occupied by the Papacy. It is the settled law of this court that a dedication to a public or charitable use may exist even where there is no specific corporation to take as grantee. As the court said through Mr. Justice Story in the case of Terrett *v.* Taylor, it makes no difference that a church was a voluntary society clothed with corporate powers.

The fact that the municipality may have furnished some of the funds for building or repairing the church edifices, does not affect the title of the Roman Catholic Church to whom such funds were irrevocably donated.

The above opinion in favor of the Holy Roman Catholic Apostolic Church in Porto Rico was given through Mr. Chief Justice Fuller, the other Justices unanimously concurring, and follows almost verbatim the brief filed by Mr. Frederic R. Coudert of counsel for the Bishop of San Juan.

The French Constitution of 1795 says: "Equality consists in this that the laws which protect or which punish shall be the same for all." But is there a court either in France or Spain or Italy or Austria or the German Empire with authority to say to President, King or Kaiser or to both President, King or Kaiser and his respective National Legislature, I decree that your act is unconstitutional and void, and it violates liberty, equality, justice, and I command you to bow down to the fundamental law of the land and to undo what you have wrongly done? Is there in their system any practical guaranty like ours that the rights of private citizens or of minorities shall be secure against injustice by public functionaries or majorities?

Some have been grossly wronged by Latin republics and therefore dislike all republics, and especially our great government of the people, by the people, for the people, whose continued and growing success has been the main cause of the almost world-wide demand for democracy. But we beg leave to remind these haters of all republics that we owe no thanks for our Constitution or Supreme Court to Jean Jacques Rousseau. We owe some thanks for our Constitution to principles

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of liberty and justice preserved by England from the Catholic Middle Ages in the face of the absolutism of the Reformation and the French Revolution. We owe our Supreme Court as a check on the tyranny of legislative assemblies to our own history and traditions and to our own practical wisdom in discovering and preserving this check.

Some who are recent arrivals on our shores have asked whether it is democracy to vest such tremendous powers in nine men holding office for life. It is *American democracy* which thus secures the supremacy of the Constitution, the fundamental law of the land which is a crystallization of the most deliberate will of the whole people ordering fundamental things for the good of the whole people.

Few realize how this efficient security for life, liberty, property and the equal protection of the laws, has operated to attract and hold immigration, capital and labor and to promote our unprecedented wealth and prosperity. We could wish no greater blessing than a Supreme Court like ours to our sister American Republics or, indeed, to each of our fellow-members in the family of nations. We American Catholics recognize that this security for our Catholic liberties and our Catholic property has been a great cause of our religious progress, and we long for the day when Catholics in all other lands will have a Supreme Court like ours ever ready to protect them, as it has stood ever ready to protect us for over a hundred years.

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THE SAILOR'S TRADE-SONG.

BY HARRIETTE WILBUR.

For there will come the sailors,
Their voices I shall hear,
And at the casting of the anchor,
The yo-ho loud and clear;
And at the hauling of the anchor,
The yo-ho and the cheer.

AMONG the "fortunes of war" should be included the contemplated revival of chantey-singing, endorsed by the United States Shipping Board in the recent appointment of Stanton H. King, of Boston, as official chantey-man, to teach these old-time working-songs of the sea to the merchant sailors who are to man the country's new cargo ships. Thus one phase of the romance of the sea, which had been thought lost forever, will be regained.

For hundreds of years the "jolly tars" sang their chanties to the accompaniment of the trilling shrouds, the booming double bass of the hollow topsails, and the multitudinous chorus of ocean voices, as they pulled together at the tasks now performed by engines: mastheading the topsail yards when making sail, starting and weighing the anchor, bringing down the maintack, loading and unloading the cargo, keeping the pumps going and, in fact, anything where united strength was required. The chantey regulated the heavy work, so that each man was doing his utmost at the same instant; many an old salt will say that "a good chantey is worth an extra hand." At the capstan, on the topsail halyards, in port and at sea, in calm or in storm, the ropes ran smoother, the work was done more quickly, when some twenty strong voices were singing a spirited chantey particularly suited to the task in hand.

As Mr. Dana, in *Two Years Before the Mast*, says: "The sailors' songs for capstans and falls are of a peculiar kind, having a chorus at the end of each line. The burden is usually sung by one alone, and at the chorus all hands join in, and the louder the noise the better. A song is as necessary to sailors as the drum and fife to a soldier. They cannot pull in time, or

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pull with a will, without it. Many a time, when a thing goes heavy with one fellow yo-ho-ing, a lively song, like *Heave to the Girls, Nancy Oh!, Jack Crosstree* has put life and strength into every arm. We often found a great difference in the effect of the different songs in driving in the hides. Two or three songs would be tried, one after the other, with no effect; not an inch could be got upon the tackles. When a new song struck up, it seemed to hit the humor of the moment, and drove the tackles to blocks at once. *Heave Round Hearty, Captain Gone Ashore,* and the like, might do for common pulls; but on an emergency, when we wanted a heavy, raise-the-dead pull, which should start the beams of the ship, there was nothing like *Time for Us to Go, Round the Corner,* or *Hurrah, Hurrah, My Hearty Bullies. Cheerily, Men,* when we came to masthead the topsail-yard with all hands at the halyards, might have been heard miles away."

But with the advent of the steamship, the "able seaman of the clipper-ship fleet" utterly vanished, and the present race of marine brakemen who form the crews of steam vessels do not sing. The only music which accompanies their labors is the rattle of steam-winches and the hiss of exhausts. This change was but natural, since there is no need for groups of men to heave and haul on board steamers, as on sailers, and now about the only chantey-singing to be heard in the land, is the croon hummed by gangs of negroes as they trot up and down the plank, loading and unloading the cargoes of Mississippi River boats.

However, since the Shipping Board intends to build schooners, which means increased demand for men to "reef, haul and steer," as on the sailing vessels where chantey-singing flourished, it is found that they should be taught to sing, to insure team work when pulling on ropes. Even aboard steamers, this will facilitate much of the work. One writer has declared: "To revive chanties on the deck of an iron steamship would be as impossible as to bring back the Roman trireme," but perhaps Mr. King will not find that singing and steam are irreconcilable, since community singing is being revived generally, and our soldiers and sailors are responding to every means put forward for making their work happier and more effective. So chanties may revive as easily as knitting and thrift and some other war-time necessities.

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Fortunately, before chantey-singing became wholly a lost art, interested historians recorded the many favorite choruses of the different nations, and perhaps a few old chantey-men, as the choristers on the old sailers were called, will be found frequenting the few remaining "Sailor's Rests" in out-of-the-way havens along the coast.

The old-time sailor was a great singer, and he had many kinds of songs. Some were for his moments of leisure around the galley-fire or at the fo'c'sle-head—ballads with plenty of stirring incidents, not the "I'm afloat" style of parlor collections, but songs of his own composition, usually with "Nancy" for the theme, although he did tolerate Dibdin's songs. But the chantey—a word derived from the French verb *chanter*, to sing, and originally applied to the boat-songs of the old Canadian *voyageurs*—was a peculiar institution. It was far more than a recreation; it was an important part of his daily round of work, and was always sung while at work. Like a Mother Goose jingle, it was never composed, and its origin was always obscure. It just grew, with time and change, and apparently out of little or even nothing. As his ship was wrought from the live-oaks of Florida, the pines of Norway, the iron of England, the hemp of Russia, the flax of Flanders, the cotton of Georgia, so his songs were the contributions of all sea-faring peoples. Indeed, in all nations, for that matter, each individual trade had its own songs, until civilization's most condensed expression, the steam-engine, drowned the song of the hand laborer in the hum of modern machinery.

To us landsmen, most chanties seem lacking in sense. But meaningless or not, something commended them to the tar. They were redolent of the fresh sea-breeze, they contained good mouth-filling words, with the vowels in the right places and the accent at proper distances for chest and hand to keep true time. They were sung with life and spirit, and with as much rhythmical accuracy as though some throbbing drum was setting the time for them. Undoubtedly, many have a negro origin, with hints of the rhythm, melodies and even the words sung by the slaves of long ago as they worked stowing the holds of ships, in European or South Atlantic ports.

Jack's hundreds of chanties were roughly classed as "pulling songs," and "windlass songs," and they differed so decidedly that it was bad form to use one for the other. The former

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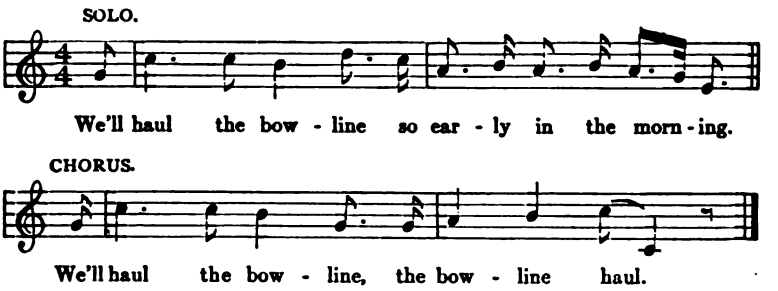
were used merely to aid the men when pulling on a rope, to pull at some precise instant; the latter were intended to beguile the men while getting up the anchor or working the pumps, into temporary forgetfulness of their prosaic labor, and so were much more pretentious and elaborate.

All chanties consist of one or more lines, sung by the "chantey-man" alone, and one or two lines sung by the men in chorus. Windlass songs always have two choruses, while pulling songs should have but one. The choruses are invariable, they are the fixed and determining quantities of each song, while the lines sung by the chantey-man in solo are left, in a measure, to his discretion, and he is at liberty to improvise words or even vary the melody of his part. The accomplished *chanteur* was master at certain tricks of vocalization which contributed immensely to the effect. In windlass songs, the chantey-man displayed his fullest powers and daintiest graces. He was always careful to rest his voice while the chorus sang, and it was considered the proper thing for him to begin his lines so closely after each chorus as to make his first note a prolongation of the preceding chorus.

The Bowline is one of the purest of pulling songs:



Suppose the maintopsail has just been reefed and the men are vainly trying to hoist the heavy yard, while the canvas flaps like a giant's fist thumping on a drum and the blocks rattle in sharp, castanet-like snappings. Presently someone says: "Oh, give us *The Bowline*," whereupon the chantey-man's sharp, clear voice is heard, the men join in the chorus, and as they sing the last syllable each time, they haul on the halyards and the stubborn yard yields. Verse follows verse, until the yard is set, and the song ends with the command: "Belay there, lads, belay," or "That will do, boys," spoken by the man in charge of the work.

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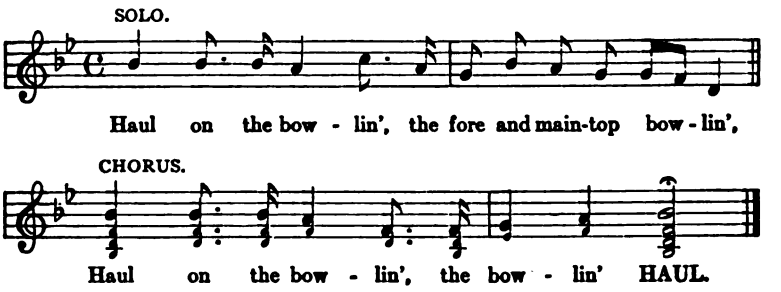
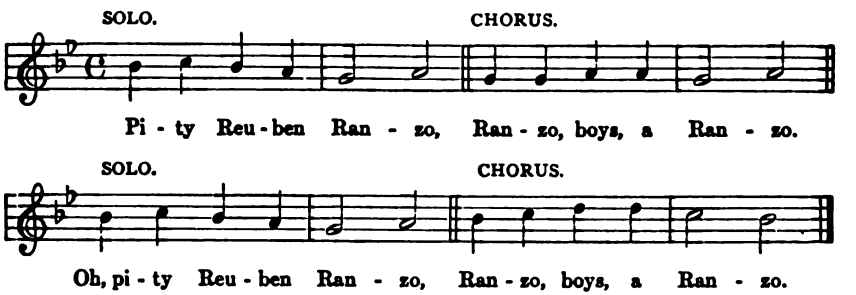
Another version is *Haulin' the Bowlin':*



Haul on the bow-lin', the packet she's a-rollin',
Haul on the bowlin', the bowlin', HAUL.
Haul on the bowlin', the captain he's a growlin',
Haul on the bowlin', the bowlin', HAUL.

Reuben Ranzo, mournful and almost haunting in its monotony, was another favorite hauling song, the last word of the chorus, at each repetition, being the signal for a long pull, a strong pull, and a pull all together:



Reuben was no sailor.
By trade he was a tailor.
He went to school on Monday,
Learnt to read on Tuesday,
He learnt to write on Wednesday,
On Friday he beat the master,
On Saturday we lost Reuben,
And where do you think we found him?
Why, down in yonder valley,
Conversing with a sailor.
He shipped on board of a whaler;
He shipped as able seamen do;
The captain was a bad man,

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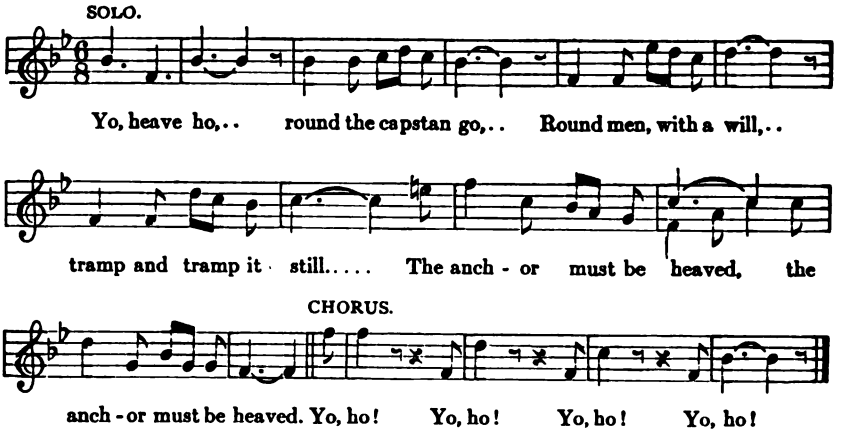
He took him to the gangway
And gave him five-and-forty.
The mate he was a good man,
He taught him navigation,
Now he's captain of a whaler,
And married the captain's daughter,
And now they both are happy,
This ends my little ditty.

Each line of the solo was repeated, with the chorus alternating; and though some of the lines are longer than others, the chantey-man always managed to get them all in. Other hauling songs are *Lowlands, Across the Western Ocean, Old Stormy, Blow the Man Down, Sally Racket* much used by the sailors when loading their ships at Quebec, *Tommy's Gone to Hilo, A Yankee Ship,* and scores of others.

The capstan chanties are generally in long metre, and had a most pathetic character as the men ran round the capstan, bringing the anchor up from the mud, to free a ship outward bound for a two or three years' trip—perhaps never to return. Under such circumstances, what could be more sad, although sung with a hearty, good will, than



Any quick, lively tune will serve for the music of a pumping song, or windless song. *Pay Me the Money Down* was a favorite, often sung to the air of *Paddle Your Own Canoe:*

Solo. Your money, young man, is no object to me,
Chorus. Pay me the money down.
Solo. Your money, young man, is no object to me,
Chorus. Pay me the money down.

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Solo and Chorus. Money down, money down, pay me the money down.
Money down, money down, pay me the money down.
Solo. Half a crown is no great demand, etc.

Amongst the favorite chanties of North-country sailors is that most charming and pathetic of songs, *Home, Dearie, Home.* And *Good-bye, My Lover, Good-bye,* savors of the chantey, when one thinks about it. It would take too much space to include even a few of the old-time favorites, and after all, to be appreciated, they must be heard sung in chorus, as an accompaniment to some task the men have to perform. For every one of the old-time sailor's duties, from Monday morning to Saturday night, was done to some sort of music, even to holystoning the decks.

These old-time chanties were truly characteristic of the men they belonged to—though certainly Jack was somewhat less black than he was painted. For, if some of the songs he sang were not morally high, they were no worse in this respect than many of our popular modern songs.

In an attempt to revive chantey-singing, many of the old favorites will doubtless be found too absurd and meaningless for our new class of sailors; but depend upon it, if they can once be started singing, they will evolve chanties of their own which will fill the same need as the out-grown originals. And so long as their songs adapt themselves to the purpose for which they are intended, and help to lighten the labor and regulate the work, they will be quite worth while, even though they fail to measure up to our ideal sailor song, always written and sung by landsmen alone. "May we lift a deep-sea chantey such as seamen use at sea?" proposes Kipling, proving that he sees a distinction between *bona-fide* chanties and parlor-made sailor-songs. And, according to Whitman:

Today a rude brief recitative,
Of ships sailing the seas, each with its special flag or ship-signal,
Of unnamed heroes in the ships—of waves spreading and spreading far as the eye can reach,
Of dashing spray, and the winds piping and blowing,
And out of these a chant for the sailors of all nations,
Fitful, like a surge.

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THE BOHEMIAN SITUATION.

BY M. R. RYAN.

UNTIL recently, Bohemia has stood in the extreme background of the public mind. To statesmen, of course, her importance has been long visible. But the world in general has known little of her tragic story; indeed, it has scarcely realized that, though joined with the Central Powers, she has fervently hoped these four weary years that victory would attend the Allies.

It is a sorry spectacle that Bohemia has presented during the War. Regiments of her soldiers have been placed before the fire of the Allies' cannon. And for what purpose? To aid in the obliteration of an independence for which they have been tirelessly striving; for that, in effect, is what the defeat of the Allies would mean to Bohemia. And within the borders of the country the people have been suffering not only the usual miseries of war, but the oppression that is the lot of those who revolt against an existing form of government. The situation there is really pitiful—to say the least.

The present antagonism of Bohemia towards Austria is of no recent origin. Tracing back through her history one discovers period after period when her hatred for the German race brought her into conflict with it. The first of these difficulties occurred in the seventh century when the Bohemians (or Czechs) went forth to battle against the Frank, Dagobert, who was bent on imposing vassalage upon them. From the onslaught of his forces they emerged victorious.

The next few centuries found the Czechs adopting the Christian faith, progressing in civilization, developing a code of supreme laws and a national diet, and extending their territory. Then, about 1086, an ambitious ruler of Bohemia who had lent military assistance to the German Emperor and thereby gained public recognition as King of Bohemia from him, signified a great friendliness towards Germany by granting to those who should immigrate from that country to Bohemia special privileges.

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Again, in 1157, another Bohemian king displayed amiable sentiments towards the Germans when he consented to furnish an army to assist the Empire in a proposed siege of Milan. But this event calls attention to the fact that even at that early day the Bohemian people held to the principle that their king did not have the right to demand their service in a foreign war; for a General Council of Bohemian nobles expressed itself violently on the ruler's unauthorized action and to such purpose that he conceded that those who did not desire to fight might remain at home. The majority of the Bohemians responded to his appeal for soldiers in this instance, however; and in the campaign that followed they won glory for their arms.

For nearly one hundred years thereafter, the relations between Bohemia and Germany remained on a friendly basis: But when Frederick, Duke of Austria, died without an heir, his dukedom was coveted both by the German Emperor and by the ruler of Bohemia, who desired it for his son. So here ended the alliance between the two countries. Eventually the throne of Austria was seized by the Bohemian heir-apparent, who somewhat later included it in the kingdom of Bohemia when he mounted the throne of that nation.

This dukedom of Austria, however, was surrendered by Ottakar of Bohemia, in 1277, to Rudolph of Hapsburg, who demanded it for his empire. At that same time, Ottakar did homage to the powerful Rudolph as emperor for Bohemia. He was loath, nevertheless, to resign all of Austria, since he held that certain lands there were rightfully his. Because of his stand in the matter then, Rudolph's armies advanced upon Ottakar's troops and defeated them. Whereupon Bohemia's liberty became practically non-existent. The next king of the country reigned under imperial control. His successor was of no moment; and with this man's death the Premyslide dynasty, which had ruled Bohemia since the days of Libussa, its first queen, became extinct.

In 1308, Henry of Luxemburg was elected German Emperor. His son John, who was married to the sister of the last Premyslide king, was crowned king of Bohemia with the assent of the Estates of Prague. Though in the final summing-up he proved unpopular, at the beginning of his reign he won favor from the Bohemians by recognizing their principle as to for-

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eign wars, and by ordering that only natives of Bohemia should be appointed officials there, and that only natives should be permitted to buy lands, fortresses or any other rights.

The next ruler of Bohemia was Charles, Emperor of Germany. This sovereign, loved by his people, conceived a plan to make Prague the intellectual centre of Europe. He it was who founded the famous University of Prague. Also he established what would now approximate an academy of arts. The St. Vitus' Cathedral was rebuilt by him. He was a remarkable king, just in his dealings with all his subjects; and under him Bohemia achieved prosperity and distinction.

Early in 1400, John Huss, who was for a while Rector of Prague University, set out upon a campaign of reform in Bohemia. The excessive wealth and the consequent moral decay of many of the clergy there, the moral degeneration of sections of the laity due to too luxurious conditions, and a reaction of the nation against the domination of the Germans and the weakness of the secular government, furnished motives for Huss' discourses. A nationalist and a priest, his preaching attracted wide attention. However, he did not limit his operations to reformation of existing conditions. Going further, he launched attacks at some of the doctrines of the Church. For these he was tried by the Council of Constance, which judged him guilty of heresy. Whereupon he was burned at the stake by the secular authorities, this being the civil punishment in such cases at that period.

Following his death, the Hussite wars occurred. Bohemians subscribing to Huss' tenets were ranged against Bohemians and Germans who remained loyal to the Church. Bohemia was the scene of a terrible struggle. The national feeling against the Empire flamed high at the same time, and the Bohemian forces inflicted defeat after defeat on the Germans. After many years, however, there came a lull in the contest. Bohemia had triumphed over her German enemy in a very decisive fashion, and she was now willing to consider peace, especially since many of her possessions, in spite of her victories, had fallen away from her control.

Internal difficulties between religious parties in the nation arose, however. But from these the moderate Utraquist sect emerged successful and cleared the way for negotiations with

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the German Emperor. In the meanwhile, the Council of Basle had been concerning itself with the Bohemian religious question. In time it had reached a settlement with the Utraquists. The chief demand of this body—that the communion cup be granted the laity (a privilege which had been general in the Middle Ages and only then dispensed with for thoroughly adequate reasons)—was accorded it, though at the same time the teaching of the Church as to the Real Presence under the appearance of either bread or wine was insisted upon.

In 1436, Bohemia definitely recognized Sigismund, the Emperor of Germany, as king. The Bohemian people now returned to the Church, save for two factions—the Bohemian and Moravian Brethren. But peace was not yet secured. Religious quarrels continued to be rife between the Catholics and Protestants. In 1526, however, the fear of the Turks united in some measure all the parties of the country. It was during a battle against these Turkish invaders, while he was assisting Hungary, that King Ludvik of Bohemia was killed. Because he left no male heir, the elective diet of Prague was then obliged, in the interest of self-protection, to offer the throne of Bohemia to the husband of Ludvik's daughter, Ferdinand of Hapsburg, Archduke of Austria. But in offering it, this stipulation was made: that all Bohemian rights were to be guaranteed. That union with Austria was also joined by Hungary; and so is to be found the beginning of what is now the Austrian Empire.

In the seventeenth century the religious factions in Bohemia became once again very belligerent. It was in this country that the Thirty Years' War, which brought such vital disasters to the whole of Germany, started in 1618. During the period of conflict the population of Bohemia fell from three millions to eight hundred thousand people. The conclusion of the war saw the Hapsburg dynasty established in complete triumph over the Bohemians. The nobility of Bohemia who had opposed the dynasty were punished; the Estates were practically suppressed; the Constitution was altered. Religious dissension had ceased, however, all those not holding with the Faith of their fathers having immigrated when the new *régime* was in its initial stage.

With Bohemia in its depleted condition, it is fortunate that Germany was unable at that time to colonize there. But

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Germany was herself drained of men and could not afford to send immigrants to the conquered territory. Bohemian civilization, therefore, was not blotted out. But until the end of the eighteenth century Bohemia remained practically passive; withal she was ever silently resentful over the fact that she was governed in an unjust manner and by sovereigns who surrounded themselves with German councillors.

In the early part of the nineteenth century and the last years of the preceding one, the Bohemian nation made an endeavor to recover some of its ancient glory and rights. An effort was made to reëstablish the Bohemian tongue which had been excluded from the schools and public offices in 1774. Perhaps the most remarkable leader of this movement was a Jesuit, Father Josef Dobrovsky; and among those who labored for the same cause were Jungmann, Kollár and Palacky, distinguished Bohemians all. But in 1848 much ground was lost when at a Slavic Congress headed by Palacky, the extreme nationalists of Bohemia grew turbulent. Military government followed upon this disturbance. But in that same year serfdom was abolished and other rights conceded to the inhabitants.

In 1860 and in 1871 new attempts were made to gain constitutional privileges. And, indeed, in 1871, success seemed at hand. But the negotiations with Austria failed at the final moment, with the result that Bohemia continued as a mere province of Austria, though, of course, it was nominally a kingdom.

The present period, then, finds Bohemia still chafing under Austrian domination. She is ever fretting at the check on her national development. It is her contention that Austria is aiming at a single great Austrian State, and that she is thus violating her agreement to maintain the external and internal independence of Bohemia. And as a sample of Austria's policy, is advanced the fact that no Bohemian leader was consulted when the Empire entered the World War. Here is one Bohemian right, centuries old (the right to keep out of foreign wars) that obviously was ignored!

Moreover, Bohemia detests the manner in which Austria has interfered with her Church matters. Since the time of Maria Theresa, Austria has made herself truly objectionable in this regard. For instance, in the appointment of ecclesiasti-

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cal officials who are to coöperate with the State in collecting Church dues and taxes, she has often placed the interests of the State before that of the Church. Again, she has exercised a supervision over the Church press; this supervision is slight, it is true; but it is not desirable.

Before the opening of the War there were two Bohemian political parties. The Old Czechs formed a Conservative Party; the Young Czechs were the Radicals. Both these organizations were united against the Germans even then on national issues; and since the War has been in progress they have stood solidly for a sovereign Bohemian State.

Following the War declaration, Bohemian leaders, afire with national patriotism, were imprisoned by Austria; obedience to Austrian law was enforced under penalty of death; mutinous military groups were decimated; the language of the country was curtailed; some Bohemian newspapers were confiscated; military rule superseded all other. But the Bohemians did not give up their fight for independence.

As a first step towards attaining liberty, they established in Paris a National Council. Professor T. G. Masaryk of the University of Prague is its head. This Council unites the Bohemian people of all the allied countries. Through their generosity the work of attaining freedom for Bohemia is going forward. Together with the representatives to the Paris National Council, they state: "We ask for an independent Bohemian-Slovak State .... The Bohemian people are now convinced that they must strike for themselves. Austria .... is now a dependency of Germany.... It is a standing threat to the peace of Europe, a mere tool of Germany seeking conquest in the East, a State having no destiny of its own, unable to construct an organic state composed of a number of equal, free, progressive races."

The support of this Council has been actively helpful in Bohemia itself. Bohemian patriots are continuing their propaganda with unremitting zeal. Indeed, they are hurling their defiance in the face of their Austrian enemies. Father Zahradnik, a deputy to the Austrian parliament, said during its second war session: "Since the Austrian political system is aimed against the Czech people, it is but natural that the Czechs refuse to have their fate determined in this parliament.... Just as the Germans solemnly declared that they would not give in

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to the majority in Bohemia, so the Czechs will not bow down before the majority in the Reichsrat."

The rounding out of the fourth year of the War finds Bohemia blazing with enthusiasm for the right of self-determination. Riots are not at all uncommon in Prague, that lovely "Rose of Europe." The people are daring more and more to assert themselves. And a Czechslovak Brigade (what a thrill its existence must give to every Bohemian!) has been created, from Czech prisoners of the Allied armies and other Bohemians, to fight under its own flag with the Allied forces.

Bismarck once said: "The master of Bohemia is the master of Europe." Naturally! The road from Berlin to Bagdad leads through Prague.

Germany owns Austria lock, stock and barrel. Yet without Bohemia the vicious Pan-German dream of world-wide conquest fades swiftly. Is it strange then that the Hohenzollerns, through their diplomatic channels, have tried to crush out the racial characteristics of the Bohemians and sought to Germanize that fair country of the Czechs?

But Bohemia is not Germanized. She remains forever Czech. And in point of law, having never surrendered her national rights, she is only striving today for what is justly hers, for an independence which Austria criminally withholds from her.

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TANTRAMAR.

BY JULIAN JOHNSTONE.

THEY'RE calling, where falling, the purple shades of Even, now,
Dispread, and dews of silence descend from yonder star:
They're crying, low flying, the rooks across the meadows, now,
And loud the surf is beating on the rocks of Tantramar.

And lowing, where blowing the blue-bell and the columbine
Abound, the cows are waiting beside the meadow-bar.
While whistling mid glist'ning rosemary sweet, and jessamine
The hermit-thrush is piping loud the praise of Tantramar.

A-weary, but cheery, the ploughman from the meadow, now,
With thought of happy children to home-ward turns the car;
And leaping and sweeping before the dappled horses, now,
The dogs announce the coming of the men of Tantramar.

A-ringing, and swinging, the convent bells are singing, now,
The glory of the Lord, God, in Lindisfarne, afar:
And airy, the fairy and fragrant winds are winging, now,
Across the fields of asphodel in charming Tantramar.

How mellow, the yellow and magic moon of summer, now,
That rising soars high above the purple hills afar:
While slowly and lowly the Night like to a prelate, now,
Is sprinkling holy-water on the homes of Tantramar!

A-gleaming, and dreaming, the houses all are quiet, now.
Save where a hound is barking upon a farm, afar;
How stilly, this hilly land in a world of riot, now,
How peaceful in the moonlight slumbers lovely Tantramar!

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ST. MATTHEW AND THE PAROUSIA.

BY EDMUND T. SHANAHAN, S.T.D.

VII.

THE Lord's answer to the third question of the disciples is the next engaging object of our search. It takes up but three verses of the Matthean text, one of them seemingly subversive of all that we have thus far found in the thought of the First Gospel. "But immediately [1] after the tribulation of those days," so the answer runs, "the sun shall be darkened, and the moon shall not give her light, and the stars shall fall from heaven, and the powers of heaven shall be moved; and then shall appear the sign of the Son of Man in heaven; and then shall all the tribes of the land mourn, and they shall see the Son of Man coming on the clouds of heaven, with power and great glory. And He shall send forth His angels with the great sound of a trumpet, and they shall gather together *His* elect from the four winds, from one extremity of the heavens to the other." [2]

To what days and to what tribulation is the author of the First Gospel here referring? Has he in mind the particular tribulation of Jerusalem, mentioned in verse 21, and does he mean to say that the Son of Man will be seen coming with power and great glory, *immediately after* the national disaster of Israel? The evidence for this conclusion has seemed incapable of overthrow to many. There is, first of all, the author's apparent linking of the Last Judgment with "the end of the age" [3]—a Palestinian expression everywhere associated with the fall of the Jewish Commonwealth. There is also the verse—what plainer?—in the Lord's first commissioning of the Twelve, which records the solemn assurance that they "shall not finish the cities of Israel, till the Son of Man come." [4] There is, furthermore, the near future verb [5] which St. Matthew employs when writing of the Return in glory, as if he meant the

[1] Εὐθέως δὲ. [2] Matt. xxiv. 29-31. [3] Matt. xiii. 39, 40, 49.
[4] Matt. x. 23. [5] Matt. xvi. 27. μέλλειν.

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reader to gather that the Lord's "coming in His Kingdom" and His "coming in the glory of His Father" were near and connected events.

Over and above these three textual pieces of evidence are two others of a literary nature. The first is the Jewish education of the Twelve to the idea of impending world-disaster and renewal. The second is an observation made by Professor Gould, and of no little weight, if true. The *Parousia* which St. Matthew mentions "has no antecedents, and yet it is introduced as something well understood by the disciples, of which they inquired only the time."[6] Sound reasons apparently, all these five, on which to base a judgment. They seem to furnish conclusive proof that the "tribulation" to which St. Matthew refers, and immediately after which he expects the Lord's Return in glory, is none other than the overthrow of the Temple and the extinction of Jewish power.

A careful re-examining of these five pieces of evidence deprives them of their apparent worth. The supposed linking of the Final Judgment with "the end of the age" is *corrective teaching* to the contrary, and so reported.[7] The promised "coming of the Son of Man," before the disciples have finished the cities of Israel, means the "coming of the Kingdom with power," not the Return of the Lord in person, as investigation clearly shows.[8] The auxiliary verb, by the use of which St. Matthew is supposed to have betrayed his false personal belief, has not the meaning of temporal futurity, but the quite different sense of prophetic necessity, all through his pages.[9] The Lord's "coming in His Kingdom" and His "coming in the glory of His Father"—two events which the auxiliary verb just mentioned was supposed to connect—are not connected at all, but carefully disjoined, and the meaning of their disjoining made plain.[10] The presumed inability of the disciples to ask a question beyond the thought of their day—Professor Gould's difficulty—is completely disproved by a study of their Christian education and the new world-view which Jesus taught them, when he divided the fulfillment of prophecy and transferred

[6] *St. Mark.* Gould, p. 243.

[7] For proof, see *St. Matthew and the Parousia*, THE CATHOLIC WORLD, March, 1918.

[8] THE CATHOLIC WORLD, April, 1918, pp. 76, 87.

[9] *St. Matthew and the Parousia*, THE CATHOLIC WORLD, February, 1918.

[10] *St. Matthew and the Parousia*, THE CATHOLIC WORLD, April, 1918.

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to the end of the New Kingdom what Palestine had expected to see realized at the end of the Old.[11]

The positive disconnection of the *Parousia* and the Return; of the "coming in power" and the "coming in glory," is plainly announced in the sixteenth chapter, and repeatedly developed in the twenty-first, twenty-second, and twenty-third.[12] The earlier portions of the twenty-fourth chapter reveal the Lord's solicitude for the survival of this new teaching, in the midst of a nation wholly persuaded to the contrary.[13] He is fearful, lest the little Christian flock be stampeded by public opinion, when Jerusalem lies in the grasp of the besieging hosts, and the whole country is filled with the false expectation of Deliverance.

With this positive disconnecting of events before us, and the Lord's anxiety for the future of His word, in such frail vessels as were entrusted with its keeping—is it possible to imagine a writer reasserting, at the close, the very point which he has all along reported the Lord as refuting? Could one who took such unusual pains to describe the corrective teaching of the Master, abandon it at the last moment, forget his new education in the prepossessions of the old, and turn about, self-contradictingly, to assure us that the Lord would actually come in glory, immediately after the Jewish days of sorrow? The supposition offends against the laws of likelihood. Nor has it any antecedent evidence in the First Gospel to commend its truth.

Fortunately, there is a way of determining what "days of tribulation" St. Matthew had in mind, when he wrote the battered verse in question. In the tenth chapter, we have a description of what is to befall the Twelve, "before the coming of the Son of Man"—a phrase of prophecy which the Saviour divided, to signify the distinction which He drew between His "coming in power" for the destruction of Jerusalem and His "coming in person" at the end of time. The description stops at the "days of tribulation" preceding the overthrow of the Jewish State. This restriction is made clear by the Lord's use of the divided phrase of prophecy just mentioned, which plainly limits what is said to the national Jewish history yet

[11] *St. Matthew and the Parousia*, THE CATHOLIC WORLD, May, 1918.
[12] Matt. xvi. 27, 28. *St. Matthew and the Parousia*, THE CATHOLIC WORLD, May, 1918.
[13] Matt. xxiv. 4, 23, 26.

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to be. "And you shall be hated by all for My name's sake," He tells them; "but he that endureth unto the end (of life, of tribulations), he shall be saved. And when they shall persecute you in one city, flee into another. Amen I say to you, you shall not finish the cities of Israel, till the Son of Man come." [14]

The verse, "you shall be hated by all for My name's sake" occurs also in the twenty-fourth chapter, [15] but with this striking difference: Instead of being immediately followed, as in the tenth, by the verse about "endurance unto death," three additional statements are inserted, [16] before this latter verse is again quoted. Evidently, therefore, the Gospel of the Kingdom that "he who endureth to the end, the same shall be saved," contemplates a far wider struggle with sin and sorrow than that which shall accompany its announcement in the cities of Palestine. The insertion of these three verses is manifestly intended as a forecast of the Kingdom in post-Jewish times. We are carried forward from the *beginning of sorrows* [17] which the disciples are told they shall witness, into a general period of disbelief and apostasy within the bosom of the Kingdom itself, and into an historical process of making Christ known in the whole inhabited earth, before the end of the world comes. [18] It is only when the growth of iniquity shall have stifled the love of God and man in the heart of humanity; it is only when the preaching of the Gospel has been rejected by the great majority of mankind, that the final cataclysm will descend upon a faithless world. It is immediately after the *universal* "tribulation of *those* days," that the world will see the end of sorrows, and behold the Son of Man "coming in power and great glory," to separate the wicked from among the good.

The reference, in other words, is not to the "beginning of sorrows" at the time of Israel's destruction; the reference is to the whole history of the Kingdom, and the world-wide tribulation through which it is to pass before the coming of the end. The thought is the same as that announced in the thirteenth chapter, where the Lord likened the Kingdom of Heaven to "a man who went forth to sow his seed," not in Israel only, but in the field of the vast cosmos itself. The contrast between the two "sowings" and the two "comings" is very striking. The

[14] Matt. x. 22, 23. [15] Matt. xxiv. 9. [16] Matt. xxiv. 10, 12.
[17] Matt. xxiv. 8. [18] Matt. xxiv. 10, 14.

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disciples shall not have finished evangelizing *the cities of Israel*, "before the Son of Man *comes;*" and the Gospel shall be preached in *the whole inhabited earth*, "before the Son of Man *comes in power and great glory.*" [19] St. Matthew evidently knew what he was about, when he inserted the former verse in the tenth chapter, and the latter in the twenty-fourth.

A remarkable fact attests the truth of the view which we are here proposing. Whenever, throughout his Gospel, St. Matthew has the beginnings of the Kingdom in mind, the verbs are all, either actually or equivalently, in the second person: [20] "*You* shall not have finished the cities of Israel, till the Son of Man come." "There are some of them that stand here, *who shall not taste death*, till they see the Son of Man coming in His Kingdom." [21] "*You* shall not see Me henceforth, until you say, Blessed is He that cometh in the name of the Lord." [22] "From *now on, you* shall see the Son of Man seated on the right hand of Power, and coming on the clouds of heaven." [23]

But when the subject is the end of the Kingdom, or the Lord's glorious Return, the verbs all change from the second person to the third. "The Son of Man shall send forth His angels and they shall gather out of His Kingdom all scandals and them that work iniquity." [24] "The Son of Man shall come in the glory of His Father with His angels, and *then* shall He render to every one according to his works." [25] "In the regeneration (?), when the Son of Man shall sit on the throne of His glory, you also (the second person is here conditioned by the third) shall sit on thrones, judging the twelve tribes of Israel." [26] "*Then* shall appear the sign of the Son of Man in heaven; and *then* shall all the tribes of the earth (?) mourn; and *they shall see* the Son of Man coming on the clouds of heaven with power and great glory." [27] "But when the Son of Man shall come in His glory, and all the angels with Him, *then* shall He sit on the throne of His glory, and all the nations shall be gathered before Him." [28]

Not the slightest indication anywhere that those who shall live to see the New Kingdom publicly inaugurated by the destruction of the Old are destined also to behold its consummation. A writer who looked to the sudden ending of Christian history in

[19] Matt. x. 23; xxiv. 30.
[20] The *corporate* use of "you" also occurs, but it is not the point here.
[21] Matt. xvi. 28. [22] Matt. xxiii. 39. [23] Matt. xxvi. 64. [24] Matt. xiii. 41.
[25] Matt. xvi. 27. [26] Matt. xix. 28. [27] Matt. xxiv. 30. [28] Matt. xxv. 31, 32.

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the throes of its opening chapter would not have crossed so consistently from the second person to the third. He knew that "some of those present were to see the Kingdom come with power;" and if he thought that the consummation was not to be delayed, would he have been so grammatically scrupulous in his text? Would St. John, who actually lived to see the great disaster, ever have denied that he was promised immunity from death, if he had understood the Lord's words about "remaining till He came," as a reference to the Second Advent and the consummation of the Kingdom of Heaven? Hardly. Grammar no less than criticism offers its quota of evidence that the author of the First Gospel did not shorten the perspective of Christian history, to the point of identifying the fall of Jerusalem with the end of the world. This was not the "tribulation," immediately after which he expected the Lord's Return.

If the reader will let his eye slowly travel over the verbs in verses 10-14 and 29-30, he will find them all in the same person—the third; he will notice also that they are connected in thought, sequence, and grammatical construction—a fact almost as plain in an English version as in the Greek. And what does this signify, if not that the last-named pair of verses (vv. 29, 30) are continuous with their companions in construction some distance further back (vv. 11-14)? Skip the whole insert on Jerusalem (vv. 15-28), and read verses 28-29 after verses 11-14. The continuity becomes at once apparent, the connection plain. It is to *this world-wide* "tribulation" in the last days of the Kingdom, to which the author is referring, when he says that "the Son of Man shall be seen coming immediately after."

True, he mentions the particular tribulation of Jerusalem in verse 21, where, in a quotation from Daniel,[29] he declares that "there shall then be great tribulation such as has not been from the beginning, nor ever shall be." But the recurrence of the word "tribulation" in verses 21 and 29 is no proof that the latter verse is connected with the former, though it has unfortunately led some critics to rest content with verbal continuity, where continuity of thought is the point to be established. St. Luke, who *makes no mention* of the word "tribulation" which

[29] Dan. xii. 1. This quotation is made to emphasize the fact that sorrow, and not glory, is to come, when Jerusalem falls.

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St. Matthew quotes from Daniel, places the description of the "coming in glory" and its heralding signs immediately after the significant verse: "And Jerusalem shall be trodden down by the nations, till the times of the nations be fulfilled." [30] Both by the position which this verse occupies in the Lukan text and the un-Palestinian forecast which it lays before the reader—downfall instead of world-dominion—we are entitled to regard it as the equivalent of St. Matthew's statement that "Gospel of the Kingdom shall be preached in the whole inhabited earth as a testimony to all the *nations;* and then shall the end come." [31] St. Luke, in other words, puts the connection exactly where we are claiming it should be put in St. Matthew—not with Jerusalem, but *with the fulfillment of the times of the Gentiles* which St. Matthew describes in verses 11-14. The authority of the third canonical evangelist thus confirms the truth of the present contention, raising it from an exegetical likelihood to the dignity of a collaterally supported fact. St. Luke's is precisely the order of thought and connection in St. Matthew, though the latter interrupts the sequence, to make room for a long insert on Jerusalem (vv. 15-28), the purpose of which is to separate the destruction of Israel from the Return of the Lord in glory.

Three times during the course of this insert, the author warns us, in the words of the Lord, against associating two events that are not destined to happen together: the overthrow of the city and the glorious coming of the Son of Man. [32] Is it seriously possible to imagine that the writer of verse 29 so far and so soon forgot himself and his thrice-repeated admonition, as straightway to turn about and connect that verse with verse 21 preceding? It will be objected that, if the last-named verse is not the subject of reference, the continuative particle [33] employed in verse 29 is too far distant from 11-14 to form an *intended* link. The objection will not hold. In the opening chapter of the Gospel, the author uses this same particle to resume an interrupted thought, at a still greater distance from its subject of reference than here, [34] and after more than thirty intervening cases of its employment, as an ordinary connective, to three in the present instance. [35] Besides, it must be borne in mind that the whole "wedge" or insert on Jerusalem (vv.

[30] Luke xxi. 24.
[31] Matt. xxiv. 14.
[32] Matt. xxiv. 23. 26.
[33] δέ.
[34] Matt. i. 1, 18.
[35] Matt. xxiv. 19, 20, 22.

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15-28) is but *one* example of the "tribulations" to which the Kingdom of Heaven among men is to become subject in the course of history. Where the central thought conveyed is that of a Kingdom of Tribulations, as distinct from a Kingdom of earthly glory and a world-wide reign of the just, the "days" referred to include the whole historical career of the kingdom, and are not to be understood restrictively of its calamitous beginnings.

This is pointedly brought out in the text of St. Mark. He uses a very strong adversative to cut off all that he has just been stating with regard to Jerusalem, from what he is about to write of the Lord's Return. "*But in those days after that tribulation,*" he says, "the sun shall be darkened, and the moon shall not give her light, and the stars shall fall from heaven, and the powers of the heavens be moved. And *then* shall they see the Son of Man coming on the clouds with great power and glory."[36] The outstanding fact in St. Mark is the cutting-off of the fall of Jerusalem from the "coming of the Son of Man in glory." The darkening of the sun and moon, the falling of the stars, and all the other portents which were associated in Jewish eschatology with the overthrow of the Temple, are here carried over from that event to the Final Coming. The end of the old order is clearly not regarded as the end of the new, as may be seen from the prophetical necessity expressed in the verse: "And unto all nations the Gospel *must* first be preached."[37] The correction of current thought could not have been more simply accomplished than by this transfer of the final prophecies from the destruction of Jerusalem to an indefinite period beyond, namely: "*In those days after* that tribulation." The powerful disjunctive introducing this verse, and plainly indicating antithesis and opposition, is very significant. Its employment adds the supporting testimony of St. Mark, that Jerusalem was not what St. Matthew had in mind when he said that "the Son of Man would be seen coming with power and great glory, immediately after the affliction of those days."

There is convincing evidence, therefore, that the author of the First Gospel did not end by identifying two events which he set out most painstakingly to disjoin. When we grasp the Christian nature of the questions asked; when we look into the

[36] Mark xiii. 24, 26.—ἀλλά. [37] Mark xiii. 10.

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anatomy and structure of the twenty-fourth chapter; when we approach its reading in the decisive light of all that goes before and comes after; when we compare the Discourse, as here reported, with the corresponding sequence of thought in St. Luke, and the clear separation introduced by St. Mark between the *Parousia* and the Final Advent; when we take into account the second person of the verbs in which the beginnings of the Kingdom are described, and the third person always employed where the subject is its ending; when we realize that no New Testament writer devoted as much space to the disconnection of the *Parousia* and the Return, the supposition that St. Matthew expected the reappearance of the Lord in glory, immediately after the "days of tribulation" mentioned in verse 21, becomes critically impossible to entertain. The author is referring, not only to the single and near *event* of the destruction of Jerusalem (vv. 15-28), but to the whole historical *process* prophetically outlined by the Saviour (vv. 4-14), as the future of opposition and conquest, through which His Kingdom is to pass, before the consummation comes.

Still more remains to be said before the wheel of evidence swings full circle. The prophecies cited by the Lord in His answer to the third question of the disciples are themselves a proof that the end of the Christian, not the end of the Jewish era, is the subject of discourse. They are all transferred from old connections to new, and freshly reapplied, like the phrase about "the dead body and the eagles." Take verse 30, for instance, in which the Saviour is reported as saying: "And *then* shall appear the sign of the Son of Man in heaven; and *then* shall all the tribes of the land mourn. And they shall see the Son of Man coming on the clouds of heaven *with power* and great glory." The transfer of these prophecies from their expected time of fulfillment to another occasion, is clearly indicated by the added "then;" and it is due to no literary accident that this *corrective* adverb, or its equivalent "when," should be found in all the passages, where the Saviour speaks of His "coming in glory." [38]

Palestine expected that "the sign of the Son of Man" would appear in heaven, when the nations gathered to wrest the Lord's inheritance from His chosen folk. This "sign of the

[38] Matt. xiii. 43; xvi. 27; xxiv. 30 (bis); xxv. 31; Mark xiii. 26, 27; Luke xxi. 27.—τότε.—Matt. xix. 28; Mark viii. 38; Luke ix. 26.—ὅταν.

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Son of Man" was His appearing before the Ancient of Days to receive "power, and glory, and a Kingdom;" a power that is "an everlasting power, and a Kingdom that shall not be destroyed."[39] That this is the intended meaning of the "sign," becomes apparent from the words that immediately follow, in which the Lord declares that "they shall see the Son of Man coming on the clouds *with power* and *great glory*." It is the first time in the course of His teaching, public or private, that the Saviour quotes the text of Daniel *in full*. Hitherto, from the sixteenth chapter to this very verse of the twenty-fourth, He has kept the word "glory" out of every mention of His "coming" in connection with Israel and the desolation of her House. In all cases where He speaks of the generation and the things it is destined to see, the phrase used is "the coming of the Son of Man," or "the Son of Man coming in His Kingdom;" *never the Return in glory*. We may set it down for certain, therefore, that Jesus is here announcing the eventual and complete fulfillment of the prophecy of Daniel which He divided into two separate statements in the sixteenth chapter.[40] He is here telling His questioners that He will receive the Kingdom of everlasting glory at the end of the Messianic Age, not at its beginning, as the Jews expected.

And it was most natural, all things considered, that St. Matthew should have expressed this *corrective teaching in the very terms of the old belief*, when he wrote that "immediately after the tribulation of *those* days," the Son of Man would be seen returning. It never occurred to the author of the First Gospel that the disconnection which he reports the Lord as establishing between "coming in His Kingdom" and "coming in the glory of His Father" would be mistaken for the contrary. After what he had said about the postponement of the judgment from the beginning of the Messianic Age to its end and close,[41] he never dreamt that his great message would miscarry, or that he would be classed among those who falsely looked to the destruction of the present world-order, when the sceptre passed from Juda to the nations. And the circumstance which contributed the most to his misunderstanding was our failure to grasp the *Christian* import of the questions that were asked and answered on the Mount of Olives.

[39] Dan. vii. 13. [40] Matt. xvi. 27, 28.

[41] Matt. xiii. 43. *St. Matthew and the Parousia*, THE CATHOLIC WORLD, March, 1918.

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The other prophetical citation which is mentioned in the thirtieth verse—"Then shall all the tribes of the *land* mourn" —acquires an added significance from the fact that the Saviour quoted it of Himself and in connection with His Return in glory. In the original from which the quotation is adapted, the prophet Zacharias draws a most impressive picture of the land of Palestine in grief and mourning, family by family, tribe by tribe. The house of David, the house of Nathan, the priestly house of Levi, and all the families that are left shall mourn, "and *they shall look upon him whom they pierced*, grieving for him as one grieveth for the first-born." [42] To whom does the prophecy refer? There is no historical individual of the day or of times previous, whose unjust putting to death as a false prophet would evoke this national procession of grief, in which each family of the land has a special cause for mourning, because of its part in the unholy deed.

Naturalist critics, unable to discover a personage who will fit the description, ask us to believe that the allusion is to a "collection of godly individuals who came to death by violence." Their only argument for this dilution of the meaning is one drawn from grammar: The piercing of the nameless martyr is represented as a fact accomplished, and so the Pierced One cannot be the Messias, Whose advent was still far off when these words were written. The argument lacks point. It was not by any means an uncommon thing in prophetical literature to describe the future from a past point of view; and that such is the nature of the description here laid before us, critics themselves have established to satisfaction, by the failure of their attempt to find an historical individual, the victim of popular passion, whose death the prophet Zacharias would expect to see universally lamented. [43]

The Saviour puts the reference of the prophecy beyond all doubt, by indentifying Himself with the suspected prophet, "wounded in the house of His friends." [44] He declared that all the tribes of the land would mourn, when they saw the Suspect One returning in power and great glory, to vindicate the truth of His promises and claims. The predicted procession of the mourners has nothing to do with the fall of Jerusalem. Its time of fulfillment is not that of the Lord's coming in power,

[42] Zach. xii. 10, 14. [43] *Haggai, Zechariah*, etc., Mitchell, Smith, Bewer, p. 330.
[44] Zach. xiii. 6; Amos viii. 8-10.

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but of His visible reappearance in the glory of His Father. Professor Wellhausen's objection that all thought of mourning is out of place in connection with the glorious Advent of the Son of Man to the beleaguered city of Jerusalem, is really a proof that this is not, and could not have been the subject of reference. The allusion is not to Jewish expectation, but to the new teaching of the Lord. The thought which Jesus wishes to convey is the tardy compunction of heart with which the people of Israel will be seized, when, at the end of the Messianic Era, and the *real establishment* of the prophesied and expected Kingdom of glory, they shall behold the enormity of their crime and error in the vision of the Pierced One triumphantly returning. It is a challenging forecast of the future, this solemn picture, which some critics have degraded to the level of an anti-Pharisaic outburst on the part of the author, because they have neither caught its point, nor seen the beauty of its spiritual perspective.

One more verse remains to be considered—the verse about "the darkening of sun and moon, the falling of the stars, and the convulsion of the hosts of heaven." This prophetical quotation has a very interesting previous history in the Old Testament, occurring no less than five distinct times, though the language slightly varies. We find it employed of the destruction of Babylon by the Medes; [45] of the primitive blow that is to fall upon Edom; [46] of the judgment of Egypt; [47] of the overthrow of Israel and the peoples round about; [48] of the punishment of the nations, on the occasion of Juda's return from her captivity among them; [49] and of the last evil times.[50] The previous history of the phrase has led many scholars to infer that its reëmployment in the text of the Gospel is no proof that it looks beyond the end of Israel to the end of the world. It belongs, we are told, to the apocalyptic imagery of prophecy, not to the prediction of events; and its citation by the Saviour does not create the least presumption that the final catastrophe is here foretold. [51] We must not, therefore, either, belittle the verse into meteoric showers or magnify it into a world disaster, but interpret it rather as a spiritual reference to the close of the Jewish times and the potent changes that are then or soon thereafter, to come upon the face of history.

[45] Is. xiii. 10. [46] Is. xxxiv. 4. [47] Ezek. xxxii. 7, 8. [48] Amos viii. 9.
[49] Joel ii. 10, 31; iii. 15. [50] 2 Es. v. 4; Enoch lxxx. 4; Ass. Mos. x. 5.
[51] *St. Mark.* Gould, p. 250.

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This view will not stand straightforward scrutiny. It rests on the supposition that the disciples inquired about the Second Advent, *in connection with the destruction of Jerusalem*, and it goes down with the wreck of that hypothesis. It would have us believe, furthermore, that the key to the Lord's quotations lies in the Old Testament settings from which He drew them—a most unscientific canon on which to place reliance. The sole source of the Saviour's thought is Himself. He spoke in borrowed phrases to which He lent new meaning, and the key to these phrases is in the New Testament contexts of their reëmployment, not in the previous occasions or limitations of their use. The Old Testament was for Him a familiar screen on which to project new visions of the truth. It was neither the well-spring nor the measure of His word. It does not follow, therefore, that what was imagery, if imagery it was, in the Old Testament, may not be stern reality in the New; or that Jesus was merely quoting apocalyptic figures of speech, when He spoke of the "darkening of sun and moon, and the falling of the stars."

Just previously, in answering the second question of the disciples, the Lord was most anxious that His meaning be not mistaken, when He spoke of the "coming of the Son of Man" in power, as distinct from His Return in person. No such anxiety accompanied His prediction that "there shall be changes in the sun, and moon, and stars." The statement is allowed to stand as uttered, without comment; a fact of decisive significance. Collateral testimony in St. Luke goes clearly to show that the quotation was literally understood. The third canonical evangelist, when giving the reason why men "shall wither away for fear, and for expectation of the things that are to come upon *the whole* world," explicitly refers to the convulsive changes in the heavens as the cause.[52] And certainly the rest of the New Testament is not without convincing witness of the future reality attaching to the Saviour's words. The Lord who came *in power* to Jerusalem will come *in power and great glory* to the world. "And this the Gospel of the Kingdom shall be preached in the whole inhabited earth, as a testimony to all the nations; *and then shall the end come.*"

The text of the Lord's answer to the third question of the disciples—"What shall be the sign of the consummation of

[52] Luke xxi. 25, 26.

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the (Messianic) age?—is itself a proof that the subject of inquiry was the ending of the New Kingdom, not the convulsive overthrow of the Old. A writer who separates the two phrases —"power and glory"—everywhere else, and quotes them together only here; who disconnects the "coming in the Kingdom" from the "coming in glory;" who inserts special material to enforce the disconnection; who records a detailed teaching-process which has this separation of events principally in view; who twice portrays the Kingdom as an historic world-process, not involved in the impending fate of Israel [53]— such a writer cannot be accused of having the destruction of Jerusalem in mind, when he said that "immediately after the tribulation of *those* days," "the Son of Man would be seen coming on the clouds with power and great glory." And those who think that the twenty-ninth verse of the Great Discourse is a reassertion of the Palestinian world-view by the author of the First Gospel, must overthrow all the antecedent and concomitant evidence, here assembled to the contrary, before their opinion is entitled to the consideration of the scholar. Which, after all, is the right procedure? To read the First Gospel in the light of a single text? Or a single text in the light of the entire First Gospel? The question is self-answering, and not a thing of doubt. The last word has not yet by any means been said of Jesus or The Twelve. What has escaped us, is of far more importance than what has been observed. The Unconsidered Remainder—who would dogmatically proclaim it non-existent?

[53] Matt. xxi. 43; xxiv. 14.

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IN SANCTUARY.

BY A. G. SHERIDAN.

THE man was racked with weariness. It was a weariness that was as intense as pain, and yet the throbbing of his eyelids, the aching of his blistered feet were forgotten in the heavy anguish of his soul. He walked as a man with a set purpose, but as he drew near the quiet shadows of the cathedral precincts an ill-defined feeling made him pause. He leaned against the outer parapet of the square and gazed up at the wonderful symmetry of the building. It was very familiar to him; he had played in its shade as a child; he had hurried by it daily with his college books as a boy. He had listened to the good priest's voice within, perhaps too often with dull or careless ears.

Now he saw a new, strange meaning in its beauty. He had forgotten half its charm in his years of wandering. It brought a vague sense of comfort to him as he looked at the dignity of its proportions, and somehow the object he had set before him became less clear. The figures of the saints he remembered so well, still looked down from their high niches—cold, still and calm. Did they read his thoughts and look down in judgment; was failure to be the one word written over his vacant place in Paradise? But had they ever known the torture of his pain; a bruised, despairing heart's wild craving for just one thing—forgetfulnes? This he had thought to find on the wide, cool breast of the river away down there below the parapet. It was a doubtful cure; it was the remedy of a quack, but it had its moments of allurement when it seemed the only and inevitable solution for his pain.

The great clock of the belfry struck six o'clock. Simultaneously the silvery tones of the Angelus bell floated about him. He had forgotten the alphabet of prayer, yet instinctively his fingers traced the cross upon his breast. As the last notes of the bells quivered into silence, he moved, drawing a little nearer to the central entrance. The massive doors were pushed widely open, to woo something of the breath of sultriness from

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without into the vast stone building where, summer and winter, but little of the sun's warmth penetrated. But today, when the sun outside had blazed so fiercely, its vault-like atmosphere was an invitation and a boon. There, within those open doors, was peace and rest. The man with the blistered feet felt suddenly the burden of his physical discomfort: the ache of the wound that still had its painful moments. A sensation almost of faintness stole over him, and mechanically he dragged his steps over the church's threshold.

In a kind of dumb, despairing apathy he entered. For a little time he would forget past, present, and the tormenting hunger for annihilation. At least he could rest his poor tired limbs in the dim daylight of the great church.

He went slowly up the aisle to the far-off, quiet corner where, he remembered of old, a little apart, was hung the Calvary. He passed the kneelers scattered here and there about the building. He passed the shrines with their swinging lights. At this one corner that he sought, there was no light—a dusky gloom shrouded the walls, the floor, the roof, and through the gloom the white Figure on the cross stretched out wide arms above him.

He stopped here, and crouched on the low footstool before the Crucifix. Over mind and body alike there crept a strange, dull numbness. He fell into a kind of stupor, sitting very still; huddled in his corner, while gradually the worshippers went their several ways out again into the sunshine. In this vast silent place he seemed now alone. Alone, as life had been for him this last year since his discharge from the army. He had been through so many vicissitudes that this new sensation stole over him unnoticed; he was past analyzing his own emotions, but in a half-waking dream, without the old fierce rebellion in his spirit, he lived back again in the past.

Once, perhaps, more than most men, he had known happiness. Where olive groves dipped sheer down to the shining, rippling sea, he had grown used to the beauties of life, and, coming to his home in the evening after his work, had heard the peals of laughter before he felt the encircling arms of his little girl-wife, whose gay rush to meet him was his daily welcome. He had dreamed so often, as he lay in camp in sight of the enemy's guns, what it would be like when he once more mounted the steep zig-zag path through the olives. By and by, the War

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would be over, by and by, just as he saw it in his imagination, he would go back and life would be completed.

But the dream had not been realized. Maimed and useless he had gone back and—he dug his nails into his flesh as he remembered how different in actual fact had been the homing to the little house above the soft green olive trees! Everything had been silent and deserted—weeds stood high about the entrance, bats had taken undisturbed possession of the unused rooms, there was no glad voice to welcome him. His home was desolate, his life a blank despair.

Demented and haggard with grief, he questioned the neighbors. They answered with shrugs, Yes! she had gone. In the mighty rush and panic before the savage enemy she had fled with the rest, and unlike the others she had never come back. But there was no one who could give him a satisfactory answer to his frenzied: Why? Perhaps she had heard a rumor that he was wounded or dead, who knew? they said, pityingly, terrorized before the agonized madness in his eyes. Then he had hunted the length and breadth of the district and had followed many a will-o'-the-wisp, but had found no real clue. She might be starving; she might be dead, but neither in the houses for the poor nor in the mortuaries had he been able to meet her face to face. Today, for the first time, he said to himself: No! she cannot be dead. The world was still beautiful and she had been the loveliest thing in it. He turned his eyes up to the sad Face which gleamed pale through the darkness. Perhaps it would be well if she were dead. But if not, then did he dare to go away and leave her in the great pitiless world alone?

A long drawn-out sob sounded from a neighboring confessional. So there was another human creature who suffered either from sin, or shame, or loss! With a curious fascination he listened, and again he heard a deep, hard sob which seemed to express all the sadness of a breaking heart. He had thought no one could suffer as he had suffered, but now, he hardly knew why, he forgot himself in wondering pity for the misery of another. He thought to himself: It is some woman, poor, thing, who has been weak. Now she is sorry, for she has to bear the penalty. He heard the low murmur of voices and he pictured to himself the tragedy which was being told behind the screen of the thin curtains. An indescribable magnetic influence seemed to draw his eyes towards the spot whence the

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sound of the whispered words came to him. By and by the curtain moved on one side, and a small, dark-clad figure stole out from the confessional door. With a fascinated gaze he looked at her. She was coming towards him, meaning, too, to kneel under the Calvary. As she came nearer, she saw that the place she had hoped to find empty, was occupied. She hesitated, she would go where she could be alone with her grief. Half listlessly he watched her turn. As she went out of the darkness and stood under the full rays of the chapel light, some unaccountable impulse moved her to turn her head once more in his direction. A second after, a cry, loud, clear, triumphant, broke on the settled stillness of the place. It rose, echoing again and again, till it reached the topmost pinnacle of the vast roof. It would have been hard to tell whether it was joy, grief, or the half delirious exultation of a madman, but only stone figures could have heard the sound and remained still in their prayerful pose. It seemed to express more than the satisfied longing of one human soul; it was as the voice of humanity freed for an instant from human fetters.

The girl's drooping figure became erect; she reached out to catch at something tangible, for, away in the gloomy corner under the white Figure, a face became gradually visible to her eyes becoming accustomed to the dim light. It seemed to her it must be a vision; it was the face she saw ever in her dreams. In a minute it would disappear as it had always done before. She dared not move; she scarcely dared breathe or disturb the utter silence which had followed that one wild, mysterious cry.

"You," she whispered, tremblingly.

From the place in the shadows a deep, unsteady voice answered back:

"You!"

The old priest to whom the last confession of the evening had been made, also heard the passionate cry—and, startled, came quickly out of his box to discover its cause. When he saw the attitude of the two figures before him, he understood, for he held a key which revealed to him the meaning of what he saw. Then he put his finger to his lips as if to silence even his thoughts, and crept quietly away. It was a moment in the experience of two souls that was for God's eye only.

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IN THE FOREST OF ARDEN.

BY EMILY HICKEY.

IN the year 1600, the year to which the play of *As You Like It* seems to belong, we find Shakespeare in the prime of his life at thirty-six. He has wrought well and gained much since, some thirteen years before, he began to do the work of a playwright. We find him one who understands the world he lives in and who, refraining from over-demand and over-expectation, is far on the way of seeing in the world much more than demand could bring or expectation realize. He is one whose knowledge makes him just, and whose large sympathies do not weaken him by giving him the over-mobility which is at war with steadfastness and sanity. He has developed his great gift of humor, that many-sided humor which saves from anything like aloofness from everyday life. He knows well that the world is not peopled by souls royal or saintly; there is room in his mind and his art-world for comfortable everyday folk; for the stolid as for the sensitive; for the poorly endowed as for those who have a goodly spiritual heritage, and those who have emperiled such a heritage. And he knows too that, under seeming commonplace and lacklustreness, there may burn the great fire whose highest manifestation is love.

By this time also, Shakespeare has learned to make his verse free and musical: by and by it will be freer still and know too a mightier music. In obeying laws he learns how to modify them or remake them.

He has not yet given us the result of his struggle with vast unknown powers. As yet we do not know the battlefield on which, even now, he may be standing victor.

In the four plays that close the second period of Shakespeare's work we have, it is true, the struggle of good with evil; but the struggle is not the Titanic one which, by and by, we shall be called on to witness: it is one also that ends in the evident and temporal as well as spiritual triumph of good; the four plays being *Much Ado About Nothing, As You Like It, Twelfth Night,* and *All's Well That Ends Well.*

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In *Twelfth Night* we have a certain undertone of sadness, and in *All's Well* we have a motive of predominant seriousness; but, in *As You Like It*, the atmosphere is for the most part one of delicate buoyancy, tender sprightliness, joyful repose. The Forest of Arden has drawn to its shelter souls true and leal; its summer leafage gives them coolness, its biting winds are counselors not unkindly, for the stubbornness of fortune is by happy souls translated into a quiet style and a sweet.

These souls are not the untaught, untried children of nature, but those who have borne their part in the service of the world; they are not those who, without a cause, have broken their ties to the old life and gone forth seeking rest in the forest glades. The inhabitants of Arden are those who have been driven forth from their own sphere of work by wrong and force, and those who bravely face the change and find in it that which has good and sweetness; and those who have faithfully followed the wronged and ill-used. When the time has come of the clearing away of the injustice that had sent them forth, all such are ready to resume their old place, and cheerfully to go back, no longer to fleet the time carelessly in the golden world of Arden.

The other dwellers in the Forest are no mere idlers; they are shepherds who tend their flocks and show kindness to the distressed, and are in harmony with nature, human and other. The dry odd humor of the Court Fool and the queer "melancholy" of Jaques have their right place in the gracious enfolding of the Arden atmosphere, and each of these is stamped with the stamp of *faithfulness*.

You may say, if you like, that the Forest of Arden is the big wood of Ardennes. Sirs, I cry you mercy. Surely the Arden of Shakespeare may well be the English Warwickshire Arden, with its rank of osiers and its neighboring bottom, and all its association with the poet's mother, whose maid-name was Arden. Must not Mary Arden's son have often lingered lovingly upon that name, as he trod the Warwickshire forest, and almost heard her voice in the low winds and the whispering leaves? The palm-tree and the lioness and the serpent may be there, but the Forest is Shakespeare's, his Arden.

Here is Mr. Grant White's theory, from a charming paper of his which I enjoyed many a year ago. "Who knows where the Forest of Arden is? Who cares to know, that has dipped

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his lips in the springs of beauty and delight that are ever flowing there? .... We think of it without giving it locality. There dukes, unknown to heralds and genealogists, banished from nameless principalities, by revolutions unknown in history, sought refuge and found happiness, leading lives of delightful impossibility. There lovers fleeing from each other, met like mountains removed by earthquakes, when they had least hope of meeting. There shepherds and court fools, English hedge-priests and lions and gilded serpents and palm trees were found together without the slightest seeming incongruity; and there courtiers passed their time in hunting and moralizing and singing sylvan songs with echo for their chorus."

Yes, what can it really matter about the locality? Wherever the local habitation be, the name of Arden brings up the thought of quiet and content, and golden youth and middle age unfretted, and delicate lights and shadows chiming in wonderful harmony and loveliness.

Someone, it is not known who, wrote a poem which, for a long time, was believed to be Chaucer's, and was printed with the *Canterbury Tales* as the *Cook's Tale of Gamelyn*. The hero is the prototype of Orlando, but in the rough.

The story of Gamelyn and his faithful Adam Spencer was made by Lodge the groundwork of a novel, Lodge adding the love-story of which there is no trace in *Gamelyn*. Whether Shakespeare, who used this novel, was acquainted with the manuscript of *Gamelyn* is uncertain, but there are some passages in the play which seem to be an indication of his having read it. At any rate, he used Lodge's story, though with various points of difference, and he has introduced four original characters, Touchstone, Jaques, William and Audrey.

We remember how it was said of Goldsmith that he touched nothing which he did not adorn, and we know how greatly true this is of Shakespeare.

It is not true to suppose that our greatest poet took worthless material and made it full of worth. He often worked upon what already had considerable value. In the case of *As You Like It*, the readers of THE CATHOLIC WORLD have been reminded not so long ago by Katherine Brégy's very interesting paper[1] of the mirthfulness of Lodge's *Euphues' Golden Legacie*,

[1] *Lodge and His "Rosalynde,"* THE CATHOLIC WORLD, June, 1917.

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on which the play is founded. But to compare the novel and the play for excellence would be more than absurd.

As You Like It has the peculiar interest of being one of the plays in which we may delight to think Shakespeare took an actor's part, the part of the faithful Adam, the dear loyal servant of a master no less loyal and dear. In Lodge's novel, by the way, the good old man is an Englishman.

Every play of Shakespeare's may be studied and loved, not only as one of his works, but as part of his work; and some of this loving study will lead us to notice specially the treatment, in two or more plays, of a subject the same or similar. Thus *As You Like It* links with a much later play, *The Tempest*. We have again the usurpation of a dukedom by an unnatural brother, and the healing of a great ill. In the later play the pain goes deeper, the grace mounts higher, than in the earlier one. Again, more than once, we have the treatment of a strong friendship between women. Some people disbelieve in the lasting quality of this: Shakespeare believed in it. If the friendship between Helena and Hermia, the "two lovely berries molded on one stem, so, with two seeming bodies, but one heart," is for a time overclouded, it is by reason of the wild, fairy, provoking, unreal atmosphere of a *Midsummer Night's Dream*. Bnt in *Much Ado About Nothing* we see Beatrice roused into fullest life by her grand indignation at the treatment meted out to her beloved Hero, and throwing aside all her little mocks and sharpnesses and the veil that was hiding her true womanliness, and standing forth all beautiful, strong and true. In *Measure for Measure* we have Isabella's love for Juliet, her "cousin adoptedly."

But nowhere have we a more charming picture of true love between women than in *As You Like It*. Celia's devotion to Rosalind is one of the things as lovely as they are perfect. How she pleads with her father against the banishment of Rosalind! How she dwells on the inseparability that she and her cousin have always known! How unheeding are her ears to the usurping Duke's mean suggestion that by Rosalind she is robbed of her name, and that, in her cousin's absence, she will "show more bright and seem more virtuous."

Nothing can shake her love and trust for there is nothing ignoble in her to meet ignoble suggestion, and she is quite sweetly content to take the lower place, if lower place it be.

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And so she shares the banishment of the dear delightful cousin, who does, somehow, as we have to confess, put her in the shade, however unintentionally and purely unconsciously. It is a mere question of personality. By the way, one thing the cousins have in common is the charming manner in which they can tease; Rosalind exercising her power in this line on Orlando, and Celia exercising hers upon Rosalind. So they go forth; one disguised as a country maid and one as a saucy wearer of doublet and hose, to seek father and uncle in the Forest of Arden.

The adoption of male disguise by a woman is found in various plays other than *As You Like It.* We have it in a very early play, *The Two Gentlemen of Verona;* in *The Merchant of Venice;* in *Twelfth Night* and in *Cymbeline.* In *Twelfth Night* we have also the falling in love of a woman with another woman in this disguise. We of course remember the extra difficulty faced by the boy who took the disguised woman's part, of pretending to be what he really was.

In the early *Two Gentlemen of Verona* we have a sketch of a forest scene.

> This shadowy desert, unfrequented woods,
> I better brook than flourish'd peopled towns;
> How can I sit alone, unseen of any,
> And to the nightingale's complaining notes
> Tune my distresses and record my woes.[2]

With this we compare the Duke's speech to his comrades in Arden.[3]

The introduction of the Court Fool links our play with *King Lear,* where we have the unutterable pathos of the relation between the Fool and his injured master; the fool who can tell that master of his folly, and cleave to him and die of love for him. Touchstone, in *As You Like It,* is made of different stuff. He has, indeed, the attachment to Celia which leads him to face discomfort and privation for her sake, but we do not love him as we love the gracious Fool in *Lear.* He is quaintly wise; his " call me not fool till heaven hath sent me fortune " is a text that well may make a sermon; and his queer wooing and marriage marks at least a laudable preference for freedom,

[2] *Two Gentlemen of Verona,* V. 4, etc. [3] *As You Like It,* II. 1.

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rather than the artificial life at court, alternating between petting and hard knocks.

In *As You Like It* we have the noble nature of Orlando coming out in spite of defective education; and in *Cymbeline*, Belarius thus describes the two royal brothers who had, unwitting of their birth and state, been brought up in the wilderness of the forest.

> O thou Goddess,
> Thou divine Nature, how thyself thou blazon'st
> In these two princely boys! They are as gentle
> As zephyrs blowing below the violet,
> Not wagging his sweet head; and yet as rough,
> Their royal blood enchaf'd, as the rud'st wind
> That by the top doth take the mountain pine,
> And make him stoop to the vale. 'Tis wonder
> That an invisible instinct should frame them
> To royalty unlearn'd, honour untaught,
> Civility not seen from other, valour
> That wildly grows in them, but yields a crop
> As if it had been sow'd.

In comedy we have the open triumph of good: in tragedy, we have its inevitable ultimate triumph however hidden it may be; we also have its apparent defeat. In comedy, the people who represent the side of goodness may suffer for a while, but in the end they attain the outward happiness which was taken away, while the inward happiness may have remained. In tragedy, while the wicked are punished, it often happens that the good have, through their means, either been destroyed or so deeply injured by pain or grief that they could not bear the burden of life even under conditions changed unchangeably for the better. Such is the case with *Lear* and *Othello*. May we say that comedy might have had the ending of tragedy, but tragedy never the ending of comedy?

In *As You Like It* we have the elements of tragedy; the discord between the two pairs of brothers; the usurpation of a dukedom; the banishment of the innocent; the attempted murder of a brother. These things might well have tended toward a tragic ending. But *Macbeth*, for instance, never could have had the ending of comedy; man and wife had poisoned their own souls, as each had poisoned the soul of the other; and so the end must have been as the end was.

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Among the forces that keep a comedy from passing out of its own lines is the power of conversion, and we have it more than once or twice in Shakespeare's work; the way in which he used it being one of the landmarks of the growth of his genius in knowledge, self-control and wisdom. Even in *As You Like It* we have, as it seems to me, a touch of unripeness in the sudden conversion of Oliver. In a much earlier play, *The Two Gentlemen of Verona,* we also have this sudden conversion, but we see how differently Shakespeare treats the conversion theme in *Measure for Measure;* and how, in the largeness of refined wisdom, our poet treats it in *The Tempest.*

There is something about Rosalind that makes her one of the most fascinating of Shakespeare's creations. She has not only beauty, grace, humor, but that which we are all as quick to recognize as slow to define, loveableness. She is deliciously unlike other people; she is in that unlikeness one of those whom the world would allow to steal a horse and would look on with tolerance at their doing it; while it might severely frown upon the crowd of those whom it would not think of allowing to look over the hedge. Celia, good, sweet, heroic, as she is, does not claim any indulgence at our hands: Rosalind takes it with no ado.

Of course some would have thought her a forward young madam when she told Orlando that he had wrestled well and overcome more than his enemies. But Orlando did not think so, and neither do we, though we might be told we ought if we knew what was proper! What are we to say to her sitting down in a cottage in Arden, instead of joining her father whom she had professedly come to seek; and to her jesting with him, even, indeed, "cheeking" him when she meets him? And what to her playing at playing at love-making and love-receiving? What also are we to say to her abuse of her own sex to Orlando? But, oh! that excuse of hers is of the heart of the world in the heart of the forest! "Oh, coz, coz, my pretty little coz, that thou didst know how many fathoms deep I am in love!" And so "What talk we of fathers when there is such a man as Orlando?" It is the old, old story; the leaving of father and mother and binding of the greater, sweeter tie.

Rosalind is just a little like Rosaline in *Love's Labour's Lost;* just a little like the bright sharp-tongued lasses in a *Midsummer Night's Dream;* but there is this difference between her and

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them, that she is a gentlewoman, which they are not. Beatrice, in *Much Ado,* is nearer of kin to her, she belonging also to the rank of gentle folk. Both of these have a horror of sentimentality, but while with Beatrice this leads to the veiling of her real nature with many a sharp witticism, witticism that often stings, she being only her true self when under the influence of the loyal and healthy passion that makes her turn aside from mocking wit, Rosalind is always herself and needs no outward stroke to make her cast away disguise, for of disguise her warm sweet womanhood knows nothing. If has been noticed that Beatrice is witty at other people's expense, Rosalind often witty at her own. It is a nimble wit of hers, sweet as nimble, and faster than her tongue doth make offence her eye doth heal it.

They are sweet eyes, those eyes of Rosalind, and, as Phebe speaks of her in the boy's dress that does not hide her beauty:

> There is a pretty redness in his lip,
> A little riper and more lusty red
> Than that mixed in his cheek; 'twas just the difference
> Between the constant red and mingled damask.

Beatrice, I think, is rather of a joyous nature than a happy one: as she deliciously tells us, she was born under a dancing star, and Rosalind has surely the "ancient English dower of inward happiness."

In the scene where the lovers first meet, Orlando cannot understand the interest taken in him by Rosalind. He is shy and reserved, probably with a shyness and reserve that are the outcome of his not over-happy home life. There is a sort of hopelessness as well as self-depreciation in his words to the princesses: "Let your fair eyes and gentle wishes go with me to my trial; wherein, if I be foiled, there is but one shamed that never was gracious; (graced or favored) if killed, but one dead that is willing to be so. I shall do my friends no wrong, for I have none to lament me; the world no injury, for in it I have nothing. Only in the world I fill up a place which may be better supplied when I have made it empty."

When after his success, Rosalind gives him a chain from her neck, he cannot thank her, and yet her gentle words overcome him as the rough words of the Duke Frederick could never do. It is a noble nature, that of Orlando's, he has no bit-

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terness toward the elder brother who is kept at school and makes golden progress, while he is deprived of even the legacy his father had left him. But he feels the spirit of that father mutiny within him at the attempt of his brother to undermine his gentility. The attempt is a futile one, for Orlando is a gentleman all through: by Oliver's admission, he is gentle, never schooled and yet learned, full of noble device, of all sorts enchantingly beloved. It has been remarked that, in both the unnatural brothers, Frederick and Oliver, there is perhaps less hatred of better people than fretfulness and discomfort under a sense of their own unamiability; thus the Duke says of Rosalind that people pity her for her father's sake, the sake of his brother, more beloved than himself; and Oliver is "misprised" because, as he thinks, of Orlando's popularity.

How charming a revelation of Orlando's humility, that virtue as often misunderstood as under-valued, we have in his answer to Jaques' invitation to rail against the world: "I will chide no breather in the world but myself, against whom I know most faults."

The happy wind of Arden blows upon Orlando's brow and brings him refreshing and healing, mingled as it is with the sweet half-mocking, whole-earnest talk of the beautiful lady whose stature is just as high, he says, as his heart; and, as we know, she is more than common tall!

Rosalind's disguise, in the doublet and hose which she so enjoys the wearing of, brings a little trouble with it; but she is too loyal, too kind, to allow Phebe to cherish any absurd hopes arising out of her belief in Rosalind's being what she seems; and Phebe richly deserves the scorn which she gets, for the pain given to her springs from her own disloyalty in making Silvius an instrument to play false strains on, by sending him with a love-letter under the name of an epistle of railing to the pseudo-Ganymede.

How Rosalind enjoys her part! No longer seeking her father, she gives him a bit of sauciness when she meets him, telling him that her parentage, which he inquires, having seen in her some lively touches of his daughter's favor, is as good as his own.

"What talk we of fathers, when there is such a man as Orlando?" She knows well, as we all do, that everything will come right and be sanctioned by a father's love.

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The demure Celia, who marvels at Rosalind's precipitancy in falling in love, is herself to be caught and fall in love also with as great a haste as her cousin and not, any more than that cousin, to know of repentance at leisure.

The conversion of Oliver, as we have noted, is a sudden one; but it comes through his life being given him at the risk of the giver's. *Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends.* Orlando was willing to lay down his for Oliver, and so the greatest love led to the winning of Oliver's soul.

Rosalind cannot, even after the shock of receiving the blood-dyed handkerchief, and the woman's weakness of her swoon, give up the fun of her doublet and hose which, on her learning of Orlando's neighborhood, had for an instant seemed a barrier: "What shall I do with my doublet and hose?" speedily became a convenient portal. There, at Ganymede's cottage, is Orlando with his arm in a scarf; his arm wounded with the claws of a lion and his heart wounded with the eyes of a lady. Oliver and Celia are to be married tomorow, and poor Orlando must look into happiness through another man's eyes. Rosalind thinks that now her happy joke may turn to reality, so she winds up with a good fat fib, informing Orlando that since she was three years old she has conversed with a magician, profound in his art and yet not damnable; therefore she can do strange things and, if he loves Rosalind as near the heart as his gesture cries it out, he shall marry her when his brother marries Aliena. Yes, she can set Rosalind before him, human as she is.

And this Rosalind is set before us, in all her sweet humanity, by our dear magician of Stratford with whom we love to converse and find how he can do things passing wonderful and passing lovely.

So are all made happy the next day, and the last lingering element of discord is removed by the change wrought in Duke Frederick's heart and life by the blessed influence of an old religious with whom he has fallen in when he had meant to come to Arden bent on deadly mischief. The usurper goes to end his days in quiet and holy contemplation, while his banished brother takes again his crown and will return to his government and his friends, who have shared his exile, be restored to their lands and honors.

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So is Arden left, and everyday life begins again for those who have been so happy there.

It is a fair thing and a beautiful to be in sympathy with nature; but for men and women there is the need also to be in sympathy with life and not only in its moments of high exaltation or its times of dear idyllic rest, but in its everyday work, its tasks, its common joys and common sorrows. Those who have come to the heritage created by generations of love and cultivation are for the most part bound to work voluntarily and consciously, for the keeping and the greatening of that heritage. Comfort and strength come from the being set in the places of green pastures where the waters of refreshment run; but the atmosphere of the dear and pleasant places can be borne into the strenuous life of the congregation, where every muscle comes into fullest play. For the souls that have traveled far on the way that has breadth and height for the Vision, the way that many a generation has helped to make, the peace of the happy woods, yes, of woods, sweet and delectable as Arden's forest, is not deep enough; the "beauty born of murmuring sound" is not great enough; the work for the sustenance of daily life is not strenuous enough. There is a larger work: and there is a deeper rest.

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WHEN YOU COME TO THE END OF A PERFECT ROW.

BY ELEANOR GEHAN.

IN these war entangled times the above title can mean nothing but the subject of knitting, its joys and sorrows. The sorrows are purposely avoided in order not to discourage readers who are beginners or contemplating the attack. Skeptical, indifferent folks are provided for, too, in the author's mind. It is hoped that after reading this article they will rush and clamor for needles, yarn and a teacher, and begin the song whose last line shall be a repetition of this title. How to attain the ease and skill necessary, how to overcome any doubts in one's mind as to Sunday, street car, and concert knitting; how to bear up under discouragements and humorous remarks, is my task to tell you; to make easy the row for my fellow-knitter is my self-appointed mission. Thus I start the ball, not a-rolling but a-winding.

Listen now, oh reader, to the tale of how one woman was taught to knit. She, an office worker, who had done a bit of crochet formerly, went to visit her sister in the suburbs. Her small niece stood at the door but the usual joy at seeing her aunt was absent. Startled, the aunt looked closer only to discover that in the hands of this curly-headed, five-year-old were brilliant pink needles and a curious blue article. Yes, she was knitting, and too busy to talk. Aunt E—— sank into a chair and silence reigned in the room while Yellow Curls knitted on. Aunt E—— then had a bright idea.

"Jeanie, will you teach me to knit?" she said.

"Yes," said Jeanie, "when I get this row done." Again silence for an indefinite time. Anna, the maid, appeared to announce dinner.

"Anna," said Aunt E—— "will you teach me?"

"Oh, yes," said Anna, and she extracted the knitting from Jeanie's hands and went on with the row which ended when she heard her kettle boiling over.

Mother got the knitting next and said: "You see, you do it this way. Perfectly simple." And she knitted on till father had served every one.

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After dinner E——, still undaunted, appealed to the older aunt. Yes, of course she could teach anyone. So she took the knitting off into the living-room and was not seen for two hours. In this manner E—— got her first lesson.

Material you must have when the urge to knit is felt. Your experience will be something like this. You get in touch with the speediest person you know. She probably knows a lady who knows a lady that can get the cutest bone needles in ——. A waiting period ensues but finally the needles arrive (price ten cents more than your friend paid for hers, but cost is only beginning). Yarn? Yes, in the house. You search through boxes; get your mother to search; question the maid; think of calling a detective; swear vengeance on the second-hand man who got the last fifty pounds of newspapers. The result of all this upheaval is—you buy. Yes, but colors are out at the store. Khaki and navy cannot be had. Quick-result friend is again petitioned. She will probably get it near her street corner this time. Now you are ready.

Here the rising action begins. If you prove faithful to one teacher all is well and the line goes up with regularity. But if you have any traits of inconstancy in your make-up, counter plots begin at once, causing complications which will result in your undoing—the knitting already on your needles. The slogan of a new teacher usually is, "Rip it out and begin again." If not that, she says, "Here, I'll start you." While you twirl your thumbs she knits on your needles, giving you advice, criticizing the feel of your yarn, the knobs of your needles, the size and make of your bag and other personalities, such as the recipient of the finished article (which last is your sworn secret). Again I advise you to think well and carefully before choosing a teacher. Note her disposition under adversity and the length of her patience. Is it good for a full evening? Does she use sarcasm? Do not be guided by her knitting ancestry, her Red Cross connections or her finished article. Choose rather a humbler but modern personality. When you have cast your lot with her, cleave to her through in and out, over and under, casting and purling, even to the triumphant day when you begin to knit two, put one back.

The theory of knitting will engulf you sooner or later. The Red Cross pamphlet is the bible of the subject, but hearsay stories handed down by word of mouth have the fascination and

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persistence of the old ballads. Two opposing theories will come to your notice very soon: Whether 'tis better to knit loosely or tightly.

The Red Cross is quoted as an authority for both. Grandmother, too, is on either side of the question. You must decide. Probably you will be with the theorist who believes as you are able to knit. What to knit is another mooted question. Scarfs are needed. No, they are too awkward. Sweaters are worn. No, they make the luggage too heavy and the soldiers wipe their shoes with them and throw away as they go. Pulse warmers are nice. Yes, but they can't be worn on dress parade. Helmets? Well, they are too hard to shape anyway. And so it goes. You are bandied back and forth mentally between the stories of what the Toronto Red Cross are doing, and those your friend organizer tells. Knitting science is still in the making and no positive ground has been reached.

Winding the ball is a curious thing. Can you do it? Of course; but Friend Teacher has something to say. How do you start it? Do you wind on four fingers and at the opportune moment pull all but one out and that one left is the finger on which you had the thread with which you begin to knit? If done this way your ball will not unwind when you drop it. Sour Grapes' answer to this is, "I never drop my ball anyway, so why should I wind that way?" Casting on is the other preliminary which you must conquer. Here again you must not allow the inconstancy in your make-up to show itself. Do it double or single over your thumb or with three fascinating, complicated looking gestures as your teacher decides, not as you saw a lady in the car and were sure you could, until you began to try it.

Knitting bags! What a snare is here for you. If you must wander through the fancy goods departments of the stores, see that you have less than a dollar in your purse and no charge account. Memorize the phrase, "A bag is a receptacle for objects." If you can utilize pieces in the house make yourself an artistic bag, but do not have a very large forty dollar object which contains one small moth-eaten square of gray dangling from your arm. Neither should you load the bag with books, purse, fancy work, a magazine and your knitting. Be warned in time. Between Scylla and Charybdis you must walk and ride daily for the next few months.

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The dawn of your knitting day approaches. When the instructor watches with anxious eye the movement of your hands the first rosy streaks adorn the east. As you wind the thread about the needles you wonder how you are going to pull a thread through on that slippery thing. But the impossible is accomplished and your first stitch is safe and sound (and loose or tight) on the new needle. When this miracle occurs three times you look up to discover that the sun is flooding the east with yellow light. Your day has begun.

Here the story takes on that sunlit hue of golden days. You can actually knit! Your whole being thrills with power and enthusiasm. The ball and bag become your constant companions. You take it to work to show it off, to the card club where you delay the game while you demonstrate your skill. You glance at it surreptitiously in the street car and in one venturesome mood, on an unfrequented cross line, you take a stitch or two. Now you are started on the path of absorption and concentration. Knitting has become your food and drink; it nourishes you as completely as the finished article encloses the man. Sundays, week days, midnight, crack of dawn, street car, parlor, kitchen, all times and places are one. They exist only for knitting.

What air castles you can build as you ply your needles! This is only the start of a knitted world. Mentally you supply Fort Sheridan, Rockford, Charlotte, France itself with warmth and comfort. 'Tis simple; all it needs is "knit two, purl two." Perhaps you can squeeze in enough time to make yourself an over, sleeveless sweater to wear with that wide black belt you have. Mrs. J——'s little boy would look so cunning in a khaki colored sweater if there is yarn enough left when the big soldier boy is supplied. How enthusiastically the Red Cross will greet you when you bring in that fourth perfect scarf! The directions for socks are not hard (to read) at all. Grandmother will turn the heel for you. Indeed, it is simple. Any article can be made for the asking—or for the thinking.

While *en route* on the knitting express or local (as skill shall decide) one sees such wonderful things from the window of thought. Grandmother's day is made more vivid: her stories come back intensified. How good it feels to be doing one's bit; to know that time otherwise wasted is turned to good account. Then a turn in the track brings gossipy personalities

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to mind. How the R——'s will miss Joe, their youngest, who had never been away from home a night in his life till he left for Rockford saying, "I'll not run home every week. I'll see it through." With this, is the story of how L—— the big sister chum and Joe sat up all night, his last at home, "Just to talk it over." Then there is Mrs. S—— who is making a service flag. Two sons and five nephews have gone. The Rainbow Division has landed in France safely. Mary W—— will not knit because she says it would hurt her mother's feelings. To date this mother has supplied all the cousins with complete outfits, besides some for the Red Cross. E—— hasn't eaten any candy since we declared war because she can get along without it. Wonder why Charles W—— didn't claim exemption? How's his widowed mother going to manage? The doctor's wife tells how doctor's brother in California is going, leaving the old couple alone to manage the orange grove. The only brother in the S—— family had to go because of the number of aliens in the ward. What about that alien law? The striking of the clock, the stillness of the street outside warns you of the lateness of the hour and with regret you put aside knitting and pictures till the morrow.

To be part, no matter how small, in the world's biggest event; to feel the pulse of intense sympathy and understanding stirring in one's blood; to make sacrifices so large to self, so small in comparison with the sum total; to live for the good that one can do, just a few minutes each day, is a privilege one can't but crave. Shall we not "Carry On, Carry On."

But to labor with zest, and to give of your best,
For the sweetness and joy of the giving;
To help folks along with a hand and a song,
Why, there's the real sunshing of living.

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New Books.

THE TRUST PROBLEM. By J. W. Jenks and Walter E. Clark. Fourth Edition. Enlarged and Completely Revised. Garden City, New York: Doubleday, Page & Co. $2.00 net.

The first edition of *The Trust Problem*, by Professor Jenks, published in 1900, contained two hundred and eighty-one pages. The addition of fully one hundred per cent in the size of the present volume is indicative, not merely of a more extensive treatment of the subject, but also of the great mass of knowledge and experience that has been put at the disposal of the authors in the last seventeen years. The nature, methods, activities and effects of the trusts, have become much clearer, and it is much safer to draw general conclusions.

The principal topics treated are: competition; monopoly; the methods of organizing, financing and managing the trusts; their effects on prices, workingmen and politics; industrial combinations in Europe; anti-trust legislation; and the attitude of the Federal Courts. There are almost two hundred pages of appendices, containing the tests of laws for the regulation of trusts in America and in foreign countries, outline histories of representative trusts, and suggested methods for the solution of the trust problem.

The subjects of most general interest are probably the effect of the trusts on prices and wages, and the proper attitude of the law toward them. On the first of these, the book is much more favorable to the trusts than is the average citizen. From a detailed study of the great combinations in sugar, whiskey, petroleum, tin plate, and iron and steel, the authors reach the conclusion that on the whole these trusts have "not increased prices to the consumer, although at certain times for relatively short periods they have doubtless increased prices." The further conclusion is set down that the combinations have the power to lower prices and "at times" actually do lower them. Balancing against each other the exceptional actions described by the phrase "at times" in the last two sentences, we seem to be justified in stating that the trusts have, in the long run and on the whole, neither raised nor lowered prices,

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but have kept for themselves all the benefits of their more economical production.

For they have not, on the whole, shared these benefits with the workers. The few instances cited by the authors to the contrary happened either in the early days of some of the trusts or since the outbreak of the Great War. Moreover, the opposition of some of the greatest of the trusts to trade unionism is stated much too leniently. Labor union leaders and competent students of the subject would probably agree that if the great trusts had not been organized, the unions would have a considerably larger membership and much greater power in our large industries than they have at present.

With regard to legislation, the authors take their stand definitely on the side of those who believe that the combinations should be permitted to become complete monopolies if they can reach this stage without using unfair methods toward competitors. They would prevent extortion upon the public by government fixing of maximum prices. In taking this position Messrs. Jenks and Clark are not in agreement with the economists who discussed this question at the 1913 meeting of the American Economic Association. Nor are they justified by their own presentation of the history of the trusts. They have not shown that any concern needs to grow to monopolistic size in order to secure all the economies and efficiency of combination and bigness. On the contrary, they admit that some of the fairly large independent concerns have gained steadily upon their mighty rivals during the last fifteen years, and that in most instances the great combinations "do not attain to anything like a complete monopoly in any line of work unless they have the protection of patents or some special natural monopoly advantage." Since this is the case, it would seem that regulated competition would give the public all the advantages of combination and bigness, that monopoly should not be permitted, and that fair prices should be secured through competition rather than governmental price fixing. The success of the last-mentioned policy in the small area to which it has been extended since our country entered the War, has not been so great as to encourage the theory that it is an adequate substitute for enforced competition. Let the process of combination continue, but do not permit it to go so far as to give any concern a substantial monopoly of any field.

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On the whole, the volume under review is the most useful and informing work that we have on the trusts.

THE OLD TESTAMENT IN GREEK. Edited by Alan England Brooke, D.D., and Norman McLean, M.A. Volume one. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $6.50.

Oxford University has given us, in the *Novum Testamentum* of Wordsworth and White, the standard edition of the Vulgate New Testament, recognized as such by the head of the Committee on the Revision of the Vulgate. Cambridge achieved almost equal excellence in Westcott and Hort's Greek New Testament. The palm for the Septuagint was of old taken by Oxford in the edition of Holmes and Parsons: now it passes to Cambridge in this superb edition of Brooke and McLean. This is a work born to the purple, destined to supremacy. It becomes instantly indispensable to all workers in its own field, and will be found in all libraries of theological and biblical lore.

The origin of this edition is found in the scheme submitted by Dr. Scrivener in 1875 to the Syndics of the Cambridge University Press. The work was carried out in its first or shorter form by the late Dr. Swete, who merely published the text of *Codex Vaticanus*, supplying its lacunæ from the *Alexandrinus* or the next oldest manuscript, and giving variants of the five most important uncials. The larger and more difficult edition, which should contain all the evidence to serve as a basis for the reconstruction of the text, Dr. Swete was unable to prepare; in 1895 it was entrusted to the present editors, Messrs. Brooke and McLean. The credit for the scheme and the principles according to which the work has been carried out, is given by them to the great textual critic of Cambridge, Dr. Hort.

The first volume comprises four parts, the first of which was published in 1906 and the last in 1917. It contains only the Octateuch (Genesis to Ruth) which is a little more than a fourth of the Septuagint. The editors have been engaged on this task twenty-two years. Unless more hands join with these skilled workers, the prospect is not bright for the early completion of this edition, particularly in view of the increasing evidence that has to be examined. The purpose of this work is frequently misapprehended. It has not attempted to reconstruct the true text of the Septuagint, to weigh and decide

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upon the evidence for this text, but merely to present all the evidence in convenient and compact form. The work of judgment cannot begin until the evidence is collected; this is now accomplished for the Octateuch. It is to be hoped that some scholars will soon undertake to classify and sift this evidence and give us a critical text, such as Westcott and Hort, and, more recently, von Soden have done for the New Testament. The text which forms the basis of this edition is practically the same as Dr. Swete's, as noted above: the *apparatus criticus* is far more elaborate. The variants are collected, first of all, from all the uncial manuscripts, which number fourteen, besides a few fragments and the recently discovered papyri; next, from thirty-two cursive manuscripts, selected from the one hundred and twenty and more which are extant; then from the principal ancient versions, Old Latin, Syriac, Ethiopic, the two Coptic versions, and the Armenian; lastly, from ancient writers, Philo, Josephus, and the Greek Fathers, particularly Chrysostom and Theodoret. The lectionaries were not much used.

Everything has been done in this edition that intelligent, painstaking and exact scholarship could do. The publishers have done their party nobly and the result is a monumental work.

ESSENTIALS IN MODERN EUROPEAN HISTORY. By D. C. Knowlton, Ph.D., and S. B. Howe, A.M. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. $1.50.

This High School textbook follows very closely the outlines prepared for the *History Teacher's Magazine* a few years ago by Dr. A. M. Wolfson of the Julia Richman High School, New York City, in association with one of the authors of the present volume. The authors claim that to understand contemporary Europe, one must understand the development of modern methods of business and industry since the eighteenth century, and the new conception of the relation of government and the governed. Despite the disclaimer in the preface, the authors have laid special stress upon the development of England in the history of Europe, although they realize in some measure the share of other continental States in the progress of modern Europe.

The facts are fairly well presented, the different chapters

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well arranged, and fairly complete bibliographies follow each chapter. The authors seem to have little knowledge of Catholic writers, a common fault in the average historical manual.

It is amusing to find England praised for the Toleration Act of 1689, which positively excluded from toleration Jews and Catholics; and one wearies of the constant glorification of the modern age, which has done away with "those innumerable outworn devices of the past for curbing the liberty and development of mankind upon the political, intellectual, moral, and even economic side, which blocked all true progress." Some of these modern heroes are Voltaire, Rousseau, Joseph II. of Austria, the leaders of the French Revolution, Cavour and Garibaldi.

In discussing the causes of the present War, there is no mention of the fight to make democracy safe for the world. They state the causes to be the rivalry for world dominion, the struggle for the Near East, for the mastery of the Pacific, and for the commerce of the world.

SELECTIONS FROM THE CORRESPONDENCE OF THE FIRST LORD ACTON. Edited with an introduction by John Neville Figgis, Litt.D., and Reginald Vere Lawrence, M.A. Volume one. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. $5.00 net.

Lord Acton was as rich in ideas, judgments, and generalizations as he was in his knowledge of facts; a sound judgment and an unspoiled heart, however, we cannot discover in him, though none can deny his keenness of insight and his eagerness to reach judgments based on accurate knowledge and high moral principles. Acton was an extremist, as his best friends, Döllinger and Lady Blennerhassett, occasionally reminded him. He was far more severe towards the Catholic Church than Döllinger himself. "We owe more severity to our own," he says to Lady Blennerhassett, "and more generosity to our adversaries"—a principle he certainly followed and that led him, after he became soured in 1864, into habitual condemnation of Catholic action in history. He degenerated, as he said of another, into "a most pungent and persistent fault-finder." He was always looking for better bread than could be made of wheat. He thought it immoral to make any allowances for the spirit of the times; he condemned inexorably all historical characters who deviated from the path of rectitude which he

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traced for them. The holier a man's reputation, particularly if he was a canonized saint, or the higher his rank in the Church, the more terrible is Acton's condemnation. Yet there is never a tone of regret, nothing to make one feel that the stern censor would have rejoiced if the scandals he denounces had not come to the Church of God. For nearly forty years he found scarcely a good word, in public or private, to say of the Church, communion with which he "held dearer than life." Never was the old saying more true: *summum jus, summa injuria.*

Much of Acton's correspondence has already been published. This present selection is made from letters hitherto unpublished. It is really a torrent of stimulating ideas and views and facts. His mind was full to overflowing, and found relief in conversation and letter-writing. He was interested in everything civilized, particularly in religion, morals and politics, but his predominating interest was always moral; due allowance made for his bias, he is always bracing. If only there was a little saving Christian grace; if only he were lovable as well as learned! No man can read this volume without learning much and, above all, without feeling there are worlds of human knowledge and wisdom still to be explored. It is a work for the student and thinker, with notebook in hand. We call attention particularly to a letter or, rather, a short treatise, in French, on the character of the American Revolution and its influence on French and European thought. It is deeper than Acton's lecture on the American Revolution. There is much of Newman here, to whom Acton is very unjust, much of Montalembert, Dupanloup, Gladstone, Döllinger and many others; most of all, there is Infallibility, the rock on which was split Acton's zeal for the Church, if not his faith.

He began his career with ardent zeal for Catholicism and for science. Both were dampened by his dissatisfaction with the Papal policy. His best work was done before thirty-five, and the career of the most gifted English historian was wrecked. Catholicism and historical science in England would have been vastly richer if Acton had been loyal, if he had chosen Newman instead of Döllinger for his mentor.

Owing to the previous publication of Acton's letters, this selection, welcome as a complement, is not very satisfactory in itself. A second volume, selected from letters addressed to a

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wider range of correspondents, ought to prove even more interesting to general readers. Some day we may hope for all that is valuable given in a better order.

BOOKS AND PERSONS: BEING COMMENTS ON A PAST EPOCH. By Arnold Bennett. New York: George H. Doran Co. $2.00 net.

Even in a "vacation mood" (the state of mind advertised on the book cover) Mr. Bennett gives us a good deal of the best of himself. He understands how to indulge his diverting *animus* to the very limit of the permissible, without seeming crude. The method of attack is amusing: the author crouches unsuspected until the emission of a sharp vocal token of irritation indicates that he has sighted his prey; emerges swiftly; pounces; and all is over.

All this is merely to say that Mr. Bennett, like many less famous persons, is at his most enjoyable when he is most destructive. These negative judgments bring out, incomparably, his magnificent assurance; yet if one's aim were effectiveness, one would rather have originated his strictures than (with certain exceptions) share his enthusiasms. He is very modern, indeed. Holding, apparently, the widespread belief that a collection of verifiable facts, if they are only dreary enough, constitutes a faithful rendering of life, he flourishes a brief for Tchehkoff and the ultra-realists. He puts "the culture of London" in its place in the matter of Neo-Impressionism. He alone of the moderns (one gathers) comprehended Swinburne. And Mr. H. G. Wells is his idol. No. He is at his best when he is saying things unforgettable, albeit not always kind, about library censors, academies of letters, publishers. Or when he rains down happy abuse alike on the public and its connatural foe, the dilettanti of letters. Or in his matchless hunting down of the style of Mr. A. C. Benson. Or yet again, as he harries the heroines of Mrs. Humphrey Ward.

Even here, of course, Mr. Bennett's style and humor do not always end the matter for us, as, for instance, when he patronizes Henry James or regretfully excludes Mr. Chesterton from the assembly of first-class intellects on the score of his dogmatism. There is, too, a certain coolness in the pronouncement that "there is not one of the [the mid-Victorian novels] that would not be tremendously improved by being cut down

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to about half." When one notes the number of pages in some of the Five-Towns novels, that simple passage becomes eloquent of Mr. Bennett's modesty.

On the whole, when all tributes are paid, the conclusion reached by the reader at the end of the essay "The Professors" recurs as the final impression on the matter in *Books and Persons*. "The root of the matter," we are told, is not in Churton Collins, not in Professor Saintsbury; and as for Professor Raleigh, "wherever the root of the matter may be, it is not in *him*." Probably. But this unblinking certitude makes us restive. After all, how does Mr. Bennett know? For is it not just possible that the root of the matter is not in him, either?

HISTORICAL RECORDS AND STUDIES. Volume XI. New York: The United States Catholic Historical Society.

The last volume of the Catholic Historical Society's publications contains a number of interesting papers: *The Beginning of Notre Dame*, by Rev. M. J. Walsh, C.S.C.; *The First Mass in New York State*, by Rev. T. J. Campbell, S.J.; *Catholic Signers of the Constitution*, by Dr. J. G. Coyle; *Catholic Pioneers of Trenton*, by J. J. Cleary; *The Marcus Whitman Myth*, by L. A. Langie; *Diplomatic Intercourse with the Pope*, by T. F. Meehan; *The Oldest Known Illustration of South American Indians*, by R. Schuller, and *The Register of the Clergy Laboring in the Archdiocese of New York from Early Missionary Times*, by Rev. J. Wuest, C.SS.R., and Rev. A. Wilmer, O. M. Cap.

THE WINNING OF THE WAR. By Roland G. Usher, Ph.D. New York: Harper & Brothers. $2.00 net.

Dr. Usher, who has already given us a thoughtful volume on *Pan Germanism*, here makes a searching study into the minds of the Teuton peoples as related to the World War, and into the attitude of the Allied nations toward the conflict. He calls his work "an optimistic book," but the optimism of it is something on the order of the needle in the haystack, extremely difficult to lay hands on. There are moments in the perusal of Dr. Usher's book when one wonders what is the use of fighting the War at all, either because it is irretrievably lost and therefore a hopeless case; or else, as other pages reveal, because it is already won, and therefore ours without more ado. In the

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end, despite his efforts to make us look up and smile, Dr. Usher leaves us just about where we began—with the very key and foundation of the issue still seriously threatened by a Germany bent on victory at any cost.

Many of the points made by Dr. Usher in this work are well worth considering. A defensive, not an offensive, war must be our cue at the present hour, he claims—until such time as we may be really ready to take the offensive. In this he would appear to be in agreement with no less an authority than Foch himself. Again, it is not the armies of the Teutons we have to fear in the future, but the temper of the Teutonic peoples. He makes very clear the almost disastrous effects of political gaming among the Allied nations, yet shows how inevitable such things are in countries whose government is based on ideals wholly different from those of the autocratic Central Empires. And although he "falls down" woefully when it comes to touching on such matters as the true relations of the Church to mankind, going so far as to state that the part to be played by the Church in individual development "should be indirect and negative rather than direct and positive;" and even making an old-fashioned *faux pas* about the Inquisition; nevertheless, he gives to the calumnies of anti-Catholic bigotry concerning the Italian *débâcle* an answer that is irrefutable.

THE WORLD AND THE WATERS. By Edward F. Garesché, S.J. St. Louis: The Queen's Work Press. $1.00.

Father Garesché is a master of the lyric. His is the poetry that truly fulfills that first function of all poetry—to sing. From the pages of this latest book of his verses one gets the feeling that he sings as the bird sings, out of a full heart, out of a tuneful throat, simply because the song is there and it must out. And he has the eye as well as the heart of the poet—the sight that sees through the visible to the unseen; and that, in observing the visible, focuses the beautiful and draws it up to our vision clothed with the iridescent coloring of fancy and imagination. God and nature are this poet's chief themes; nature bespeaking God; and God seen not in, but through nature. Yet he makes songs, too, of *The World of Books;* and *In City Streets* likewise he finds his vision and his voice. Fancy is especially his gift—a rare gift, even among the major poets: it

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is an indefinable something that plays like light through the lines of much of his poetry. It will be hard to find for many a day a finer sonnet than his *Summer Rain;* while his *Sun-Browned with Toil* (already familiar to readers of this magazine, where it originally appeared) is a notable example of noble and sustained blank verse.

MY SHIP AND OTHER VERSES. By Edmund Leamy. With a Foreword by Katharine Tynan. New York: John Lane Co. $1.00.

This volume, from the son of the older Irish author and patriot, Edmund Leamy, is young and, perhaps, uneven, but full of promise and full also of that indefinable something called charm. Mr. Leamy is no lover of "free verse" or other modernistic vagaries: but he has versatility—not always the gift of the young poet! And with his fondness for the older melodies and rich diction, there is blended a glamour of the East to make the dreams still more opulent. There are many delightful Irish verses in his collection, and there is one bit of cockney—*East of Suez*—worthy to stand beside the *Barrack Room Ballads*. But for the most part, the poems are sheer romance, naked and unashamed.

Nothing could be more characteristic than one which Mr. Leamy calls *An Invitation:*

Ah, fly with me to happiness, through the heart of the merry May,
And follow me down the friendly road that lies at the end o' day,
And sing with me a simple tune in a mystical, magic tongue,
For then we will come to Tir-na-noge if only our hearts are young!

It would seem part of the poet's perennial mission to hold fast for us this precious youthfulness.

MYSTICISM AND LOGIC. By Bertrand Russell, M.A., F.R.S. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. $2.50 net.

This volume of philosophical papers takes its title from the opening essay and gives a wrong impression of the variety of topics discussed in its pages. Like everything that comes from the pen of Mr. Russell, this book is brilliantly written, but we candidly confess that after a careful perusal of it we are unable to understand his philosophic outlook. It abounds in clever criticism of the views of great thinkers from the days of

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Plato and Aristotle to our own time; but the trend of it all is destructive rather than constructive.

The essay on "Mysticism and Logic" is very able—but very unsatisfying. The same must be said of "The Study of Mathematics" and "Mathematics and the Metaphysicians." The "Ultimate Constituents of Matter" does not throw much light on that venerable problem, and his notion of Causality we cannot accept at all.

RECOLLECTIONS. By John Viscount Morley. Two volumes. New York: The Macmillan Co. $7.50.

The recollections of a man so gifted and so fortunately placed could not fail to be fascinating. They sparkle with the magic of great names. They glow with the light of great movements and events. They give the reader the sensation of viewing the history of the latter days from the inside, although they stop just before the event whose telling could interest us most of all, England's entry into the War, the decision of the Asquith cabinet which caused Morley's resignation.

Strange as it may seem, however, the volumes contribute relatively little to history. Light abounds, but facts are rare. Revelations are few, there is but little small talk, and hardly a "good story" in all the nearly eight hundred pages. If Morley has any fun or humor in him, he does not suffer it to mingle laughter with the tone of his dignified pages. His portraits are appreciations, not pictures. He does not give rein to memory. He schooled himself in the editor's chair and never wandered abroad with the reporter; his recollections are often little more than pegs for comments, and rarely give the vivid sketches that history delights in. Yet they never lack interest, for all is given with the reflectiveness and serenity of a man who has lived long and thought deeply. It is Morley whom they reveal and the story-teller is more interesting even than his story. We form the image of a man of high seriousness and keen insight, of honesty and forcefulness, or doggedness, at least. He misses greatness, though narrowly. Had he the touch of genius, he would have been the leader of the Liberals after Gladstone, and Home Rule would have carried.

His writings lack warmth and imagination. He has nothing of the poet and little of the prophet. A very independent thinker, he has originated nothing; he has influenced many,

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he has spread light—and darkness; he has formed no school. He has all that industry, reflection and experience can bring a man; but no man can add to his intellectual stature, and John Morley was not born to be tall, but to be stocky.

No portions of this work are more admirable than those that relate to Ireland and to Parnell. Lord Morley was the first English statesman to understand the Home Rule question. Here Gladstone was Morley's disciple; all Englishmen, too, have gone to his school, tardy scholars though they be. There is the wisdom of a true statesman in these pages, yet the tragedy of it all is that Morley himself unwillingly contributed to the political ruin of Parnell and the wreck of Home Rule. Both could have been averted, it appears, by a more resourceful manager. A sense of doom over-shadows the whole story. Morley's devotion to Home Rule was the offspring of political judgment and desire to see justice done. Love of Ireland had little influence in his course.

The religious problem is a continual obsession for Lord Morley, as it is for nearly all thoughtful unbelievers. It will not away. It casts a deep shadow over these *Recollections*. There is no joy in them, nothing better than a Stoic resolve to make the best of a sad lot. Morley lost his faith in early life. He was reared in a stern evangelicalism by a father who hated Puseyism and German infidelity, and admired the Unitarian Channing. Of the mother no mention is made. It is singular, by the way, that there is an almost cloistral exclusion of women from these pages. Morley went to Oxford when the tide of liberal reaction against Tractarianism was running strong. He succumbed easily, apparently without a struggle and without a regret. Religion, to him, had meant only restriction and had kindled no love of Christ or of God. He made no study of it until it was extinguished in his soul and had become an intellectual curiosity. He drifted into journalism, chose his friends among agnostics and was proud to fight in the front ranks of free thought. He was outspoken and no compromiser. After he entered political life, he eschewed religious controversy. His opinions have softened, but there has been no radical change. To him, more than to anyone else, is due the position of respectability that has been won or is gradually being won for Voltaire, Diderot and Rousseau. Very kind to the virtues, very blind to the faults of these worthies, he has been a

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stern critic of Christianity, and particularly of the Catholic Church, although he is fascinated by her historic greatness. Religion itself is a sealed book to him: herein lies the secret of the many perverse and onesided judgments in a man disposed to be fair.

Was his strenuous and almost life-long battle against religion a folly after all? It is the last question he asks himself and to which, apparently, he intends one day to give an answer. To quote his words: "A painful interrogatory, I must confess, emerges. Has not your school—the Darwins, Spencers, Renans and the rest—held the civilized world, both old and new alike, European and transatlantic, in the hollow of their hand for two long generations past? Is it quite clear that their influence has been so much more potent than the gospel of the various churches? *Circumspice.*" Yes, we look around, and we answer that unfortunately it has been more potent that the Gospel: it has brought hell upon earth.

JOHN KEATS. His life and Poetry: His Friends, Critics and After-Fame. By Sidney Colvin. Illustrated. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $4.50 net.

It is no indulgence in hyperbole to acclaim the appearance of the present work as a positive event. Here, at last, we have in full detail the poignant and long misunderstood story of one of the chief glories of English literature, and the ghost has now been laid, it is to be hoped never to rise again, of the pernicious legend which pictured Keats as an effeminate weakling whose life "was snuffed out by an article." For in these pages written with loving care by a critic who has given long years of patient study and research to his subject and who has made masterly use of all the available material, both written and documentary, whether in England or America, bearing upon it, we have in addition to a finely discriminating appraisal of the poet, an authentic presentment of the man, a man whose most outstanding characteristic was no less a virtue than masculine courage.

Keats in fact, as the present biographer makes plain, was notorious even in his school days for his pluck and pugnacity, and it was a quality he never lost, as the Homeric fight with the butcher boy a year or two before his death bears witness. But courage was not his only noble trait, and Sir Sidney has

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duly emphasized his modesty, his warm-heartedness, his filial and fraternal affection, his loyalty to his given word, his unfailing and, for him, too liberal generosity to impecunious friends. Nor are the shadows omitted—his tendency to luxuriousness, his indecision and variability, and especially that morbidity of temperament which under the combined stress of brutal critical treatment and public neglect, fatal disease and thwarted love, wrung from him in his last days those cries of fretfulness and passion that have unfortunately represented his character for so many years in the general mind.

In dealing with Keats' poetry the author of course has brought to bear all the weight of his acknowledged critical acumen and authority. He takes up the chief individual poems, showing what influences went to their making and the circumstances under which they were written; and particularly in the case of *Endymion,* he throws such light on its underlying scheme and symbolism as to make it a much more interesting and readable work than it is commonly considered. He treats of the poet's faults both spiritual and technical, and goes fully into Keats' relations to his Elizabethan masters and his Victorian followers.

GREAT WIVES AND MOTHERS. By Rev. Hugh Francis Blunt. New York: Devin-Adair Co. $2.00 net.

This long series of biographical sketches, extending from the early days of the Church up to the present, is full of practical information and inspiration. The tale of these noble lives, one following another, is an impressive thing to a Catholic, and is calculated to bring home to him the truth of Father Blunt's statement: "One of the greatest glories of the Church is her noble womanhood." When a book of this sort reveals to a reader how much that is picturesque and in the truest sense romantic, is woven into the lives of some of the Church's heroines, he is disposed to wonder that Catholic biographers have worked a rich vein so little.

SACERDOTAL SAFEGUARDS. By Arthur Barry O'Neill, Notre Dame, Indiana: The University Press. $1.25.

Father O'Neill has found another alliterative title for his third series of essays written for and about priests, and those who have already found pleasure and profit in *Priestly Prac-*

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tice and Clerical Colloquies will be glad to know that *Sacerdotal Safeguards* is in no way unworthy of its predecessors. The previous volumes, especially the first, aimed primarily at the priest's personal sanctification; the choice of topics in this present one has fallen rather upon the priest's relations with the world in which he lives. Such chapter-headings as these speak for themselves: "The Priest and the School," "The Priest and Non-Catholics," "The Priest's Housekeeper," "The Priest as Traveler," "The Priest and Social Problems," —this last is as practical as it is timely. Then there is a chapter on "Priestly Mortification" in general, and others in more specific forms, as "Fraternal Charity," mortification of the tongue, and "The Priest's Table," mortification of the palate.

The American priest will be grateful to Father O'Neill for these essays. As he reads he will forget that he reads, and think rather that he listens to a kindly, good-humored but shrewd mentor, who deals with counsel rather than with precept, and whose suggestions, ascetic in foundation, however piquant they may be in tone, are eminently practical and the fruit of ripe experience.

PORTUGUESE PORTRAITS. By A. F. G. Bell. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. $1.75.

Portugal's presence in the War as one of our Allies is likely to awaken interest in her history and language, so greatly neglected by English and American scholars. The Portuguese language is the most Latin of all the Latin tongues, "with a classic solemnity which distinguishes it from all other living languages;" Portugal's isolated geographical position has kept it aloof from outside influences.

The book presents sketches of seven of the greatest men of Portuguese history in her "Golden Age," in the fourteenth, fifteenth and sixteenth centuries. Of them Prince Henry the navigator, Albuquerque, Vasco da Gama and João de Castro were not only fearless explorers but truly great men.

Alfonso de Albuquerque, Governor of India, could have built up a permanent Portuguese Empire, but his hands were tied by jealous critics at home. Lisbon regarded India merely as a mine to be exploited; Albuquerque was given a few ships, often so rotten that they sank of sheer old age, and but one thousand two hundred men poorly armed, with which to main-

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tain and beat into shape the immense empire his country desired to establish in India. A powerful character, warrior and statesman, he would have been equal to his task, had not the court mistrusted and intrigued against him. So his great work failed, and with him Portugal's vision of empire.

The interesting portrait of Dom João de Castro, one of Albuquerque's successors as Viceroy of India, depicts him a statesman of the first class and a quaint old scholar, living among Oriental splendor, yet ever longing for his native woods, and to devote himself to the study of philosophy in his beloved Portuguese villa. With treasures at his command, the calls upon him were so constant, he was left, as he laments, "without the means to buy me even a hen!" He died in the arms of his friend, St. Francis Xavier, in 1548.

LUTHER ON THE EVE OF HIS REVOLT. By Very Rev. M. J. Lagrange, O.P. New York: The Cathedral Library Association. 60 cents.

Luther's *Commentary on the Epistle to the Romans* (1515-1516) was first given to the world a few years ago by John Ficker, who discovered the original in the Royal Library of Berlin and a copy in the Vatican Library at Rome. It was used most extensively by Father Denifle in his well-known work that caused such intense excitement in Germany, *Luther and Lutheranism*. The *Commentary* is valuable because it contains the essence of all the errors Luther was afterwards to profess, and because it shows his utter ignorance of the great Scholastics, including St. Thomas.

Father Lagrange thus states the purpose of his treatise: "We propose to consider Luther's *Commentary* merely as an exegetical work, restricting ourselves to an examination of his method, and reserving until later any formal discussion of the new doctrines; secondly, to study the intellectual and moral dispositions of Luther, insofar as they may be gathered from his work on this Epistle to the Romans; thirdly, to indicate the new doctrine which the Wittenberg professor dogmatically gave as the genuine teaching of St. Paul, and to discuss its real relation to that teaching."

The new idea of the *Commentary* is the identification of concupiscence with sin, contrary to the plain teaching of the Apostle. Another doctrine he falsely ascribes to St. Paul is that

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the justified man lives in sin. It is impossible, says Luther, to obtain righteousness; one must admit that he is powerless, confess that he lives in sin, and by this avowal solicit mercy. This is the very antithesis of St. Paul's teaching, as Father Lagrange well shows. Luther's justification by faith is also set forth in the *Commentary,* and the orthodox St. Bernard is travestied to prove Luther's heresy.

THE STRAIGHT RELIGION. By Father Benedict, O.SS.S. New York: Benziger Brothers. $1.50 net.

Father Benedict here presents his readers with a simple and popular exposition of the dogmatic teaching of the Church. He brings out clearly the inter-relation of dogma with dogma, and answers in a brief and kindly manner the chief difficulties of the average non-Catholic. The work is well arranged, the proofs ably presented, and the tone throughout is utterly devoid of the bitterness of controversy. Unfortunately the style of the author lacks the grace and distinction which would have won for it a wider hearing.

OUTWITTING THE HUN. By Lieut. Pat O'Brien, R.F.C. New York: Harper & Brothers. $1.50 net.

The zest and swing of youth is in every page of this thoroughly delightful book. Patrick Alva O'Brien, of Monence, Illinois, or plain "Pat" as he calls himself, impatient to get into the fighting ranks in the World War, went to Canada last year and enlisted in the Royal Flying Corps. Within the eight months that followed his enlistment and his return to his home in America, he underwent such a series of adventures and escapes as the most daring fictionist would hesitate to invent to make a thrilling tale. Shot down behind the German lines, he was taken prisoner by the enemy, but leaping from a moving train he made his escape, and, then, for three weeks, hiding by daylight and crawling through the dark of night, he got out of Germany, into Luxemburg, crossed to Belgium, and finally emerged to freedom across the Dutch frontier. In simple and unpretentious, but nevertheless vivid English, the young adventurer describes his bodily hardships, his mental sufferings, through this perilous journey, and he relates many a hairbreadth experience with a wit and a good humor that is thoroughly American. There is a fine manly spirit breathing

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through the whole story, and a frank and homely regard for the simple things of the heart—of prayer and God's protection and "a loving old mother"—that makes the author's personality shine through its every page. No one could resist Pat O'Brien; even a glance at the laughing eyes that look out from his pictures, captivates; and no one could read this story without pleasure and a refreshing thrill that makes the world, despite its terrors and its wars, seems after all a goodly place.

BOY WOODBURN. By Alfred Olivant. Garden City, New York: Doubleday, Page & Co. $1.40 net.

An original note is struck in this refreshing and enjoyable story of the Sussex Downs. The heroine, called "Boy," is the child of a typical old horse-trainer, married late in life to the daughter of a dissenting rural preacher who brought into the atmosphere of the stables at Putnams a distinct flavor of the pulpit and the Sunday-school. The author reveals himself an artist in his management of this odd arrangement of affairs. "Mar" Woodburn remains a consistent living character despite the incongruity of her position; so does old Mat; and "Boy" emerges on the scene a striking combination of the two. As Mr. Olivant portrays her, the girl is a delightful mixture of glorious outdoor horse-racing abandon and severe Bible-class uprightness. She makes the two go together with a vigor and sincerity that is deliciously convincing and not without its humorous side. Indeed, the book is shot through with refreshing humor.

This story has already enjoyed enormous popularity in England. It will undoubtedly repeat that success in America —assuredly so, if once our soldier boys are given a taste of it. No better yarn could be found to send to our boys "over there," or at work in their camps at home, than "Boy Woodburn."

DONALD THOMPSON IN RUSSIA. New York: The Century Co. $2.00.

A news photographer sees events as pictures. He is not concerned with causes or ultimate effects. He sees the living, active, riotous, eventful present; and from that standpoint anything he contributes is valuable. Donald Thompson is a news photographer—perhaps the best known in the world to-

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day—and he was in Russia during the Revolution. He took numberless pictures there of what went on, and in these vivid letters tells of the experiences he encountered in his work. So it is no egotism which makes him call his book, *Donald Thompson in Russia*, for that is exactly what it is. What caused the Revolution or what might follow, does not bother him. He is part of the mob and pictures it in language vivid, journalese, but eminently readable.

From the accounts of his mingling with the mobs on those Petrograd streets and around the four hundred speaking platforms, we find that the majority of the people had not the slightest idea what they were revolting for. They were out to loot and destroy, a people drunken with license to whom patriotism or ideals could not appeal.

But even more sinister is the evidence he gives, in text and pictures, of German intrigue within the Russian army, in the government councils and in public administration. It would seem that both the bureaucracy and the national ideal collapsed because of this poisonous element. National faith fell when the nation was sufficiently honeycombed with German money. That is the composite view one gets from this enterprising American's account.

IN THE NIGHT. By R. Gorell Barnes. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. $1.25 net.

This detective story deals with the mysterious midnight killing of an elderly man, Sir Roger Penderton, in his own home. Suspicion points to several of the characters in turn, only to be in turn refuted and baffled. The book is hardly to be classed among the best of its kind, but it is readable, for the mystery is well sustained throughout its very moderate length, and the solution, when it comes, is a surprise for the reader as well as for most of the people in the story, including the detective.

CALVARY ALLEY. By Alice Hegan Rice. New York: The Century Co. $1.35 net.

Calvary Alley is the name given to a squalid, disorderly row of tenements and saloons lying under the shadow of a beautiful, dignified cathedral. Mrs. Rice has shown some ingenuity in her manipulation of the story to establish a connec-

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tion between some of the aristocratic congregation and some of the denizens of the alley. The heroine, Nance Molloy, is of the latter. Although her intelligence and ambition give her a checkered career, and a variety of opportunities, the alley and its associations retain their hold upon her, and, in the end, her affections are given to the young workman who was her neighbor in childhood. The book can scarcely be considered a picture of real life, but it is readable, full of incident, and will probably score another popular success for its author.

SIMBA. By Stewart Edward White. Garden City, New York: Doubleday, Page & Co. $1.40 net.

In this tale of African romance and adventure, the author of *The Blazed Trail* and *The Leopard Woman* shows that he has lost none of his power to hold a reader. *Simba*, the Swahili word for "lion," is the name given the small son of one of the chiefs by a white ivory-trader, the famous Kingczi, because of his infant bravery in the presence of the monarch of beasts. The name and quality alike stay by the young native, whose adventures are told in a series of more or less closely connected stories. Of course one unfamiliar with Mr. White's territory, is unable to judge of his fidelity to facts. But the easy style is so attractive, and the incidents have such an air of realism, that the final verdict is sure to be, "if these are not facts, they ought to be."

THE TREE OF HEAVEN. By May Sinclair. New York: The Macmillan Co. $1.60.

This war novel has every drawback which the newest conception of realistic fiction imposes, and it bears, besides, the mark of one of Miss Sinclair's grave individual faults. But it is a masterpiece, for all of that. Plotless, un-unified, discursive, even marred at times by a "candor" as gratuitous artistically as it is ugly, *The Tree of Heaven* still rises serenely clear of its own shortcomings, to take its place very little, if any, below the best work of its author.

Readers of Miss Sinclair have winced and wondered before this at her curious preöccupation with, or outspokenness with regard to, certain of the accidents of existence on which it is not profitable to linger. To say so is merely to repeat an old criticism. It is a pity it should continue to be elicited. Yet,

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happily, it is not that impression which lingers. *The Tree of Heaven* is too positively fine for that. It is impossible that one should not carry away a lesson poignant and noble from one's reading of how the War came to a certain English family of Harrisons, and how one by one the modern sons and the more-than-modern daughter responded to the call for sacrifice.

THE COMRADE IN WHITE. By W. H. Leathem. New York: Fleming H. Revell Co. 50 cents.

A strange and interesting feature of the War has been the indefinite but constantly recurring rumors of the visible presence of Christ upon the battle front, giving courage to the soldier in the fulfillment of his duty, supporting and comforting the wounded and the dying. The four short stories comprised in this little volume embody this idea, representing the "Comrade in White" moving among His brethren to help and console, both in the actual scenes of the conflict and in the home country where its reactions have brought great need of Him. The little tales are well told, in simple and touching form, and contain nothing out of harmony with the most sensitive reverence.

STORIES THE IROQUOIS TELL THEIR CHILDREN. By "Yeh Sen Noh Wehs" (Mabel Powers). New York: American Book Co. 64 cents.

Welcomed to the Lodges of the Senecas, the Onondagas, the Tuscaroras, the Oneidas, Cayugas and Mohawks by their chiefs, Miss Powers has been bidden to tell these Indian stories to the Pale Faces.

These wonder stories, nature stories, fairy stories show that children are much the same all the world over. The Indian Fox, we are glad to see, is not so universally successful as Reynard, but to learn this and many another secret, children must consult "Yeh Sen Noh Wehs," alias Mabel Powers.

PRIEST OF THE IDEAL. By Stephen Graham. New York: The Macmillan Co. $1.60.

Mr. Graham's first venture in fiction can only by courtesy be called a novel. It is a conglomerate production, hard to classify. A tenuous thread of continuity is provided in the earlier chapters which tell of the fantastic plan of an Amer-

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ican millionaire to buy some portable centres of tradition and take them back to his native land. Hampden, the "priest of the ideal," accompanies him on the quest, saying that whatever proves impossible to buy, must constitute Great Britain's real spiritual treasure of today, which is what he, Hampden, is seeking. The book then becomes sometimes hagiography, sometimes early Church history, sometimes a mere guide-book, sympathetically written. It is interspersed with lay-sermons by Hampden, and with many conversations concerning religion, sociology and the War. Though some things that are said grate upon Catholic ears, there is much thought on the high plane characteristic of Mr. Graham; but the book as a whole is so nebulous and abruptly discursive that reading it, is more toil than joy.

GARDEN STEPS: A MANUAL FOR THE AMATEUR IN VEGETABLE GARDENING. By Ernest Cobb. New York: Silver Burdett Co. 60 cents.

These Garden Steps are made so simple and tempting as to lead on and encourage even the most timid. While the author does not propose to enable the novice "to sit beneath his own vine and fig tree," he does aim at helping the beginner to grow his own beans, potatoes, beets, cabbages, corn, tomatoes, etc. He foresees and cautions the unwary against every possibility, and supplements with directions for canning or drying the fruits of their industry.

ANCIENT LAW. Everyman's Library. By Sir Henry Maine. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. 60 cents net.

This well-known work on ancient law was first published fifty-seven years ago, and it is now introduced to the public by a neat and scholarly essay from the pen of Professor J. H. Morgan, as No. 734 of Everyman's Library. A work that has been regarded as a classic on the subject of ancient law for over half a century needs no further commendation.

THE fourth of the Soldiers' and Sailors' Series published by the Central Bureau of the G. R. C. Central Society, is entitled *In Hoc Signo Vinces*. This "Message of the Cross," by Rev. Albert Muntsch, S.J., will go straight to the heart of the fighter, with its timely exhortation to Faith, Hope and Love, in the conscientious performance of duty.

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SCHOOL PUBLICATIONS.

The American Book Company, New York, offers a number of School Manuals. Among them we note:

Around the World with the Children, by Frank G. Carpenter. (60 cents.) Those acquainted with Carpenter's *Geographical Readers*, or his *Commerce and Industry Readers* will need no word of recommendation for this delightful addition to the series. The title explains itself. Children everywhere—their homes, their clothing, their schools, their games, food, manners and customs, are depicted in this imaginary tour around the world.

Elementary Economic Geography, by Charles Redway Dyer, F.R.G.S. ($1.28.) Commercial Geography has here been translated into a study "of the ways in which different peoples in different regions get a living," which is after all bringing it out of the dry and the abstract, into the warm and the living. As this is meant for an Elementary textbook, three-fourths of it is devoted to the consideration of the United States and her possessions, to which is added a chapter on its foreign commerce. As a supplementary reader it will be found both suggestive and interesting, but it seems rather difficult as a textbook for the grammar grades.

To the series of Eclectic English Classics has been added—*Burke's Speeches at Bristol*, edited by Edward Bergin, S.J. (20 cents.) These speeches are shorter, simpler, more imitable, than Burke's magnificent effort, *On Conciliation*, and present the best possible model in our language for present political needs.

Chemistry in the Home, by Henry I. Weed, B.Sc. ($1.20), is clear, simple, practical. The summaries are especially useful and valuable and the illustrations together with the manual for laboratory work (44 cents) will aid the student and save him much valuable time.

An Introduction to Science, by Bertha M. Clay, Ph.D. ($1.20), aims at too much, and so cannot more than touch on many subjects. The book will prove useful to pupils seeking information for practical purposes rather than for examination work.

Community Arithmetic, by Brenelle Hunt. (60 cents.) The object of this book seems to be that the pupil should practise business while studying the theory thereof. For he is launched at once into the operations of reckoning, changemaking, buying and selling, bookkeeping, etc. The book presents great variety of matter, but too few problems. Daily work may be expected to supply for this lack.

Everyday English Composition, by Emma Miller Bolenius (80 cents), certainly justifies its title. It will be found extremely useful in schools where the pupils cannot be burdened with a large number of books or which could not be assimilated by them if possessed. The author suggests "that the English classroom should be a combination of laboratory, shop, club, debating room and newspaper-office." The atmosphere of the book suggests a place of business, and lacks the repose of literature.

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Le Premier Livre, by Albert A. Méras, Ph.D. (64 cents), is a reprint of a very satisfactory French book—a grammar and reader combined. The work has been tested and has stood the proof.

Elementary Spanish Grammar, by A. M. Espinosa, Ph.D., and G. Allen. ($1.24.) The study of Spanish promises to become more necessary in our commercial connections with South America. The authors of this course in order to secure the all-round usefulness of the work have collaborated in its preparation, and have succeeded in producing one of the best courses we have so far met with, for the purpose designed.

New First Spanish Book, by James H. Worman. (48 cents.) This is a new edition of a well-known Spanish primer which has been widely used in classes for the study of the language. The recent revision adds new sentences and contains a list of classroom expressions necessary in the "direct method" of teaching, in which no word of English is used. The book consists of material very similar to that found in our own first readers, and is made up of conversations on familiar topics.

A Greek Grammar for Schools and Colleges, by Professor Herbert Weir Smyth, Ph.D. ($1.50), has been tested by actual use in class and can be recommended as a suitable textbook for college use. The syntax is treated with great freshness and clearness. It is, however, scarcely suited for pupils making their first acquaintance with the language, as it is too full and advanced. Those who are thinking of introducing a new textbook into their classes would do well to give this grammer a trial. It is beautifully printed and well-bound—no small advantage in a class-book.

Peter Reilly, of Philadelphia, offers *Hossfeld's New Method of Learning the Italian Language,* and *Hossfeld's Conjugation of Italian Verbs,* by A. Rota. ($1.25.) The explanations of the grammatical portions of these books, exercises, and reading lessons are so well arranged and carefully connected, that they are well calculated to facilitate the rapid acquisition of the Italian language.

We also call to the attention of our Catholic Schools *The Catholic Edition of the Progressive Music Series,* published by Silver, Burdett & Co., New York.

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Recent Events.

Progress of the War.

The third attempt of the enemy to break through the Allies' line began on May 27th. It was a greater surprise for the Allies than either of the two former attempts and was more successful, meeting as it did with less opposition. The place chosen by the enemy was the celebrated Chemin-des-Dames. As this was by natural formation one of the strongest parts of the Allies' line, it was held by only seven divisions of troops, sent there to rest after long battling in other parts. So great was the enemy's success that by the fifth day he reached the Marne, a distance of thirty miles from his starting point, and came within forty-five miles of Paris, claiming to have taken 45,000 prisoners and many guns. He did not succeed in crossing the river. His attempt to do so was prevented in large degree by American troops, who won great glory by the successful resistance which they offered. By the twelfth day the further advance of the enemy towards Paris, which now became his goal, was stopped. Without warning and with only one day's intermission a new drive was started along the River Oise. Considerable advances were made in this fourth attempt to dislocate the Allies' line. Greater success attended the efforts of the Allies than in any one of the former attempts to resist the enemy, and within five days the Germans were brought to a standstill. It is not, however, expected that the enemy will relinquish his purpose of securing a decisive victory. In fact there are many who think that all the attempts so far made, curious and powerful though they have been, are but preliminaries to the grand attack which Ludendorff contemplates, and for which he is thought to have sufficient reserves. So far he has succeeded in dislocating for some distance the Allies' lines, which they too confidently looked upon as impregnable. These have proved far from impregnable, and the way is open now for the new kind of warfare—the warfare of movement—which will characterize the days to come.

A question which has puzzled many, is that of the reserves of the Allies. It has been said that General Foch has a large

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reserve army with which he is ready to strike, and some even have expected him to make a great counter-attack. The progress of events, however, has rendered this doubtful. Some experts even question the existence of any reserves, and attribute the reverses of the French and the British to the fact that they have to denude one part of their line in order to succor the attacked part. The enemy thereupon directs his attack upon the weakened part. This process, in the opinion of these critics, may go on indefinitely. This seems to be a pessimistic view, and the truth probably lies between the two extremes. That is to say that while there is no army of reserves, the Generalissimo is now able by the unity of command which belongs to him and by the gradual increase of forces which is taking place, largely from this country, to strengthen the whole of his lines.

Nothing has been more satisfactory than the success which has been achieved, even at this early date, by the troops of our own country. They have gained several victories, local indeed, over the enemy and there is evidence that he has begun to look upon them as a serious factor with which he has to deal. Our troops are now stationed at no fewer than six places, one of which extends over some fifty miles. A good omen that they will reach Berlin is found in the fact that American troops are now in German territory, holding a part of that line which France has held since the beginning of the war.

The long expected attack on Italy by the Austrians has just begun. Colossal efforts it is said have been made to make this attack successful, as, in the judgment of many, upon it depends the fate of the Austrian Empire. Failure would result in bringing to a crisis the internal troubles which threaten its very existence. It is too soon to predict the result; but so far it is said to have been the greatest failure that has been met with in any offensive operation undertaken on a similar scale. At certain points the Italians seem to have been driven back; at most of these, however, they have retrieved their losses. On the third day, the battle is still being carried on with undiminished intensity. The attack so far has been made by the Austrians on the front of the Italians. What is feared, however, is that the great attempt will be made to outflank them. The spirit not only of the troops but of the Italian people is full of confidence; the churches are filled with worshippers praying

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that the threatened danger of the invasion of the barbarians, who have shown themselves not one whit less willing to destroy churches and hospitals than their Prussian ally, may be warded off.

In the neighborhood of Saloniki there has been a renewal of military activity. The presence of a considerable force of Greeks was revealed by the fact that they have driven back the Bulgars on a front of nine miles, taking many prisoners and much war material. Subsequently, a few minor actions have taken place, but there is nothing to indicate that any serious attempt will be made to advance into Macedonia or Bulgaria. There are not wanting those, however, who hold that the easiest way for the Allies to secure victory is to go through the Balkan region and reach Austria, as it were, by its back-door. Yet others advocate the concentration of the Allied forces along the Italian front with the object of reaching Laibach and penetrating into Austrian dominions by that pass. These seem to be dreams rather than serious projects.

In Mesopotamia the British seem to be at a standstill due in all probability to the rainy season. Further to the north-east the Turks have succeeded in overmastering the resistance of the inhabitants of the Cis-Caucasian province and have penetrated into Persia, the latest news being that they have taken the important city of Tabriz. What object they have in view, is not certain, but the outflanking of the British force acting in Mesopotamia may be their aim.

In Palestine the British seem to be also at a standstill, no report of any advance having been made. There has been a recrudescence of fighting in East Africa. The end of the campaign there was long ago proclaimed, but the Germans seem not to have been annihilated, but to have taken refuge in Portuguese Africa. From this place of refuge they have begun making incursions into the region once possessed by them.

The record of the submarine warfare is satisfactory as a whole, although the appearance of these pirates off our coast is not a matter of rejoicing. It has not, however, inspired the least degree of fear. Rather it has had the contrary effect. For the first time since this ruthless warfare began, more ships are being built in the Allied countries than are being sunk by the enemy submarine.

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Russia.

Finland still remains a republic, the project of finding it a German prince as King not having as yet materialized. The course pursued by the Germans has, however, proved so intolerable that the Commander-in-chief of the Finnish forces has found himself unable to coöperate with them and has therefore resigned. Now all the troops acting in Finland are under the command of the Teuton general. Negotiations with the Bolshevik Government have resulted in the abandonment to Finland of a further stretch of what was once Russian territory. The eastern boundary has been advanced along the Murman Coast to a considerable extent, but not yet so far as Kola, the place so much coveted by Germany in order to have an outlet on the Arctic Ocean. It may here be said, parenthetically, that Germany's proceedings in Finland have aroused Sweden and its people to the danger underlying the growth of the German power and has given them courage to react. This is shown by the agreement allowing this country to make use of four hundred thousand tons of Swedish shipping, an agreement which of course must be most obnoxious to the carriers-on of the submarine warfare. It remains to be seen whether the two other Scandinavian countries, Norway and Denmark, to say nothing of Holland, will be animated by the same spirit of resistance to what certainly ought to be considered the common foe.

Little progress has been made in organizing the series of small States subject to her control, which Germany is in the process of forming on the borderland between herself and what was once Russian territory. Her lack of success in unifying subjected races in the past, restrained her from any attempt to absorb them, but even the projected scheme of less intimate union presents many difficulties. Lithuania, for example, contains a large number of Poles whose sympathies draw them towards a closer union with the so-called independent Poland, which has just been brought into being. The difficulty Germany has had for so long a time in dealing with the Poles in Posen and East Prussia is thereby greatly increased. The Lithuanians as a body are offering the strongest resistance in their power to any attempt to deprive them of the complete independence to which they aspire, and are more ready to enter into relations with Russia and the Ukraine than with the Teu-

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tonic Powers, because they have experienced, to their cost, the methods of those powers. Treatment similar to that accorded Belgium and Poland has been their fate. Accordingly they are still determined to keep themselves as far as possible from Teuton overlordship.

A new loss has been sustained by the so-called Russian Republic by a determination of the inhabitants of White Russia to form a distinct republic. Details are wanting, but it is said that the White Russians aim at forming a more or less close union with the Lithuanians. Passing through the south, the Germans are still pushing eastward in the Ukrainian territory. Negotiations for peace, however, with the Bolshevik Government have been proceeding for some time but, notwithstanding the warm protests of the Bolshevik Government, Germany has prolonged these negotiations, and has continued to advance still farther to the east in order to enlarge her boundaries before peace is definitely made. Within the last few days it has been stated that a definite peace was concluded, but at the same time news has come that the Ukrainians, enraged by the treatment they have received, are on the point of revolt.

The Crimea has been organized as still another district passing under German influence. Here the control has been given to the Moslem Tartars who are to be the overlords of the Christian population of that peninsula. Farther east the Transcaucasian Republic, after continuing the war with Turkey, has now been forced to make peace. This new republic, it is said, will be dominated by Germany, and will form the pivot of those operations which are destined, so many imagine, to carry German power and influence across Persia into India and through Central Asia to far distant China.

The Black Sea Fleet, which had escaped from Sebastopol before the Germans entered that town, is, according to the latest reports, to be handed over to the Germans until the end of the War, with the proviso that it will then be restored to Russia. The likelihood is that it is to be put in order for use along with the Turkish and Austrian warships. This probability has agitated the question of one Commander for the fleets of the Allies now in the Mediterranean. These now represent six nations: French, Italian, British, Greek, Japanese and Brazilian. A union of command may be necessary to cope with the new danger that has arisen.

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To add confusion to confusion the Cossacks' revolt is growing more serious, while in Siberia new agents of conflict are found in the Czech-Slovaks who were taken prisoners during the War, and who have now found themselves able to form an army of some fifteen thousand men. They have taken possession of the East Siberian railway for a length it is said of twelve hundred and fifty miles. In the same region General Semenoff is threatening danger by means of forces that have been recruited in the East—where exactly it is impossible to say—and which are commanded by officers who fled from Russia in consequence of the cruel treatment accorded to them by the Bolshevik soldiers.

In Russia proper the Bolshevik Government still remains in that control of affairs which it usurped, but evidence of the growing discontent with its arbitrary proceedings is accumulating. Quite recently a revolt took place which numbered among its leaders, if reports may be relied upon, Maximalists and every other group, even that whose aim is to restore the Czar. The object of this plot was to bring about the overthrow of the Bolshevik Government by isolating Moscow, the present capital, from its supplies of food. Apparently it has failed, and three hundred of its supporters have been arrested. A more hopeful sign of better success is to be found in the efforts of the Constitutional Democrats to enlist the sympathy of Russia's friends in other countries. This party has forwarded to the President a resolution in the following terms: "We never recognized the conditions of the Brest-Litovsk peace, and consider that the disastrous situation in which they have placed Russia can only be ameliorated with the aid of the Allies. The movement of the Germans on Russian soil, their perpetual seizure of new regions still continues, and there seems to be no limit to such occupation. Under such conditions we cannot refrain from appealing to our Allies, to whom we have frequently given proof of the loyalty of our feelings. We proclaim our conviction that the appearance of a new powerful factor on the scene of the struggle undoubtedly will have a decisive bearing on the issues of the War and on the condition of peace. We may assert, in the most conclusive manner, that the information picturing the Russian democracy as not approving of Allied aid is false. If such information has reached the President of the United States, it must originate from Bolshe-

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vik sources. The Bolsheviki in no way are representative of the Russian democracy. Their *régime*, a fictitious rule of democracy, is really oligarchy, demogogy and despotism, which at the present moment relies only on physical force, and daily becomes more and more odious to the popular masses. Nevertheless we consider it our duty to emphasize that the attitude of the Russian public opinion toward the Allied action is conditioned by the forms of its realization. Its success depends on the whole-hearted support of national feeling in Russia. It is furthermore imperative for the Russian public opinion to receive assurances that the expedition be coördinated with the inviolability of rights and interests of Russia, and that the actions of all the Allies on Russian territory be performed under international control."

The Constitutional Party, there is good reason to believe, is better entitled than any other to represent the mind of Russia, embracing as it does the wiser and saner men who, for years, had been preparing for the transformation from absolutism to a freer form of government. It was due to its efforts chiefly that the Revolution was accomplished. Unfortunately, it was weak enough to allow the power to pass into the hands of the extremists. The fact that it is reasserting itself by making this appeal gives reason for hope that its voice, the most influential and really representative of the Russian people may be heard, and its appeal responded to. This is the most perplexing question of the present time for the Allies to settle. Various means have been proposed. They suggest a commission to investigate conditions in Russia; giving Russia the economic assistance she so desperately needs; a small expeditionary force of American soldiers to Russia; to encourage a revolt among the disaffected Slavs; lastly that all the Allies should land forces in Eastern Siberia and thereby establish an eastern front which can be pushed forward gradually as the necessary bases and lines of communication are developed. Of these, the last seems the most feasible, but it would meet with the bitter opposition of the Bolsheviki and possibly of large numbers of "patriotic" Russians, who do not support that party. Of this there is such reasonable fear that President Wilson's hesitancy can easily be explained.

This course is, however, being urged upon Japan by the British, French and Italian Governments at the present time,

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and as these lines a·e being written it seems probable that Japan may be on the point of taking the step. An agreement between Japan and China has recently been made, the terms of which are not fully published, but it is asserted that they include joint action, at least defensive, against the Bolsheviki in Siberia. By the latest report it is learned that Japanese troops are being mobilized and that a small number has actually landed at a Chinese port. The full effort of the Japanese, however, depends upon that consent of President Wilson which has not yet been given. There are those who affirm that the President is in sympathy with the Bolsheviki, but this assertion is without support and is fully refuted by his refusal to recognize the Bolsheviki as even a *de facto* government.

Germany.

Accounts reach this country from time to time as to the critical situation of the food supply of the German people. While it would not be wise to generalize from what is said of particular localities or districts, these accounts make it at least probable that there is widespread suffering and the inevitable consequent discontent. It is certain that the rations of the most indispensable foods are being diminished—recently the flour ration has been reduced from seven to five and one-half ounces. The much-looked-for supply from the Ukraine has not arrived, the people of that country having offered the utmost resistance to the demand made upon them by the invaders, refusing to sow their fields and hiding in every possible way the stores of grain already in their hands. In fact, when it is remembered that it was want of food that occasioned the Revolution in Russia, it will be seen that Germany could not reasonably expect large supplies from that country, at least for some time to come. Talk of the Ukraine's food supplies has become a matter of derision in Germany, so often have these promises been unfulfilled. "The physical and moral powers of the population to endure privations have been diminished substantially through another year of war diet," according to the statement of the leading Socialist paper, *Vorwarts*. Many instances could be given of the want of food in different districts. One German newspaper recently published an advertisement of a special drug for "stilling hunger and enabling people to hold out until the next meal." Even Bavaria which has suffered less than Prussia and

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the other parts of Germany, now faces meatless weeks. The fact that, notwithstanding all difficulties, the rich have been able to obtain a sufficiency of food, while the poor are suffering great privations, has made urgent the demand for peace by the masses, and is thought by many to be the chief reason of the mighty effort which Germany is making by her drive in France to bring the War to a speedy conclusion.

The speech of Dr. von Kuehlmann before the German Reichstag when seeking the ratification of the Rumanian Treaty, makes it evident that the civil officials of the German Empire are no better than the military authorities to whom they are now completely subject. The Rumanian Treaty imposed upon the Rumanian people military subjection through the loss of the Carpathian range; political subjection through German interference in all the great state administrations; commercial subjection through the theft of Dobrudja, the only maritime province of Rumania, and through the domination established by the Germans over the Danubian navigation; industrial subjection through the monopoly of the most important mineral wealth of the country—the oils; financial subjection through the control established by the Germans over the chief product of the country—cereals. In all this Dr. von Kuehlmann gloried in his speech before the Reichstag, favoring the ratification of the treaty, and asserting that the advantages obtained by Germany were equivalent to the indemnity which had not been demanded. He thereby stands confessed to having adhered to the letter of the principle of "no indemnities," made the basis of peace by the Reichstag July Resolution, while he had completely violated its spirit. As he says: "Formal war indemnities were not demanded by Germany, but the numerous privileges we secured are equivalent, in the opinion of experts, to anything which would have been yielded by indemnities." This view of the right method of procedure was accepted by the Reichstag and advocated in prominent German circles as the one to be followed in the making of future treaties.

Mr. Lansing, in his recent speech at Union College, gives another instance in which the blindness of the German to moral obligation is revealed. "It is a fact not generally known," said Secretary Lansing, "that within six weeks after the Imperial Government had, in the case of the *Sussex*, given

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this Government its solemn promise that it would cease ruthless slaughter upon the high seas, Count von Bernstorff, appreciating the worthlessness of the promise, asked the Berlin foreign office to advise him in ample time before the campaign of submarine murder was renewed, in order that he might notify the German merchant ships in American harbors to destroy their machinery, because he anticipated that the renewal of that method of warfare would, in all probability, bring the United States into the War.

"How well the Ambassador knew the character of his Government and how perfectly frank he was! He asked for the information without apology or indirectness. The very bluntness of his message shows he was sure his superiors would not take offence at the assumption that their word was valueless and had only been given to gain time, and that, when an increase of Germany's submarine fleet warranted, the promise would be broken without hesitation or compunction. What a commentary on Bernstorff's estimate of the sense of honor and good faith of his government!

"In view of this spirit of hypocrisy and bad faith, manifesting an entire lack of conscience, we ought not to be astonished that the Berlin foreign office never permitted a promise or a treaty engagement to stand in the way of a course of action which the German Government deemed expedient. I need not cite as a proof of this fact the flagrant violations of the treaty neutralizing Belgium and the recent treaty of Brest-Litovsk. This discreditable characteristic of German foreign policy was accepted by German diplomats as a matter of course and as a natural, if not a praiseworthy, method of dealing with other governments."

No wonder President Wilson described the German Government as that thing with which it was impossible for decent people to have any dealings, as the would-be world overlord, and that to its destruction the American people are ready to devote all their energies and their resources.

This demoralization is not confined to Government circles. This is shown by an article written by Heinz Potthoff, which appears in *Die Hilfe*, the personal organ of Dr. Freidrich Neumann, the author of *Mittel-Europa*. Dr. Heinz Potthoff deplores the results of the war in the deterioration which it has produced throughout business circles in the Empire. Not-

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withstanding the protest of the Government, profiteering is rampant to such an extent that it is considered to be the mark of a fool not to take advantage of every opportunity to make unjust gains. "The man who does not get rich during this war ought not to live to see the end of it," is a much-quoted saying. So many laws have been made that it is impossible not to violate them. There is no one, the author declares, who has attained the age of reason who could not be put in prison for violation of the regulations which have been made. Depredations and minor robberies are so frequent that vehicles containing goods of any kind are stripped of their contents unless securely guarded.

Another exemplification of the mentality of the would-be dominators of the world may be given. The Cardinal Archbishop of Cologne sent a petition through the Holy Father to the British Government asking it not to bomb his cathedral city on the feast of Corpus Christi. To this petition, the British Government yielded, promising that no air raid should take place on that day. The German military authorities, at a point no great distance from the same city of Cologne, chose that very day for the bombardment of Paris as they had chosen Good Friday for a similar bombardment, and with similar results—worshippers in Paris churches were killed and wounded in large numbers. The same day was also chosen for an air raid upon Paris.

The purpose of German historians to make the history of the War in accordance with the ideas of the German parliament, received a rude shock by the publication of the memorandum of Prince Lichnowsky. A further light on the authorship of the War has been thrown by no less a person than the director of Krupps at the beginning of the War. Dr. Wilhelm Muehlon in a recent pamphlet bluntly asserts that Emperor William was personally responsible for Germany's participation in the bringing on of the War, and that he forced the German leaders to support his war policy. Full knowledge of the ultimatum to Serbia, and an agreement with Austria-Hungary concerning it, are attributed to the Emperor by Dr. Karl Helfferich, and Dr. Krupp von Bohlen, the owner of the Krupp works, according to Dr. Muehlon. This testimony has been confirmed by other authorities and is worthy of consideration. It is impossible to believe that the ultimatum could have been

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sent by Austria-Hungary without the knowledge of the Kaiser. Still it may be doubted whether he was the chief agent, there being still room for the belief that he was driven into a declaration of War by the military staff.

Another evidence of the Kaiser's responsibility is furnished by a pamphlet published by Herr Thyssen, the leading manufacturer of steel in Germany, which goes to justify the opinion of those who throw the main burden on the Emperor. Herr Thyssen asserts that the Emperor for a period of two years before the War broke out, had been striving to gain the support of the manufacturers. In view of a war to secure to Germany control over the resources of the world, promises were made by the Kaiser to various parties of grants of land in Australia and in Canada, while the wealth of India was to be thrown into Germany as a result of the conquest which entered into his schemes. The fatuousness of these proposals made it for a time doubtful whether Thyssen's pamphlet was authentic, but as no denial has been forthcoming, belief in its authenticity has become general.

The Prussian Social Reform Bill has passed in an emasculated form through the Lower House of the Prussian Diet and has now gone to the Upper House. In the event of its being rejected, a thing highly probable, the dissolution of the Diet will follow and a general election will take place. It may be worth mentioning that the new president of the Reichstag is a member of the Catholic Centre Party, while at the head of the main committee of the Reichstag a Socialist has been placed.

Austria-Hungary.

Following upon the publication of the letter of the Emperor Charles to Prince Sixtus of Bourbon came the dismissal of the Foreign Minister, Count Czernin. This was said to have been done without consultation of any kind, a proceeding which called forth a strong protest on the part of the most conservative and loyal supporters of the throne. Count Czernin's successor as Foreign Minister is Baron Burian, a follower of Count Stephan Tisza. Immediately after, the Emperor and his Foreign Secretary were summoned to the German headquarters and there a treaty was signed, of which the details have not been published, but which are understood to

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have given to Germany more complete control of the Dual Monarchy. Among the provisions of the treaty is said to be one that will place officers of the German army in command of Austro-Hungarian troops and *vice versa*. Another provision takes up the challenge of the Entente by binding the contracting parties to devote all the resources of their respective countries for twenty-five years to come to the upbuilding of their military strength.

Shortly after the signing of these treaties the Emperor-King set off on a visit to King Ferdinand of Bulgaria and to the Sultan. The object of this visit of Ferdinand to the Sultan is not known, but the quarrel which has broken out between Bulgaria and Turkey is believed to have something to do with it. Bulgaria is now suffering the just consequences of her conduct in allying herself with the Ottoman power. The latter is now demanding the return of most, if not all, of the territory which was wrested from her by Bulgaria in the first Balkan War and, *horribile dictu*, is being supported in these demands by the Central Powers. Whether promises were made to restore Jerusalem to the Turks and to replace in the Holy City the Cross by the crescent is not known. On the way back it is said that the Emperor's train, when passing through Bulgaria, was stoned, a thing which seems to indicate that he had not been successful in his appeal to the Turk to spare Bulgaria.

The whole period covered by these notes has been filled with the reports of the unrest which exists throughout the Dual Monarchy. Such incidents as a declaration of martial law in Prague, of cheers for the Allies in that city, of bread riots in various parts, of the call for peace at any price in the capital itself, are recorded from day to day. The Czech-Slovak movement for independence as well as that of the Jugo-Slavs (that is to say the Croats, Serbs and Slovens) is still being maintained in full force. The Archbishop of Laibach has been imprisoned for supporting the latter movement. Meanwhile an attempt is being made to govern the country without reassembling parliament. This seems to have had such poor results that the Emperor is now facing another Cabinet crisis, the Prime Minister having sent in his resignation for the third time. The only hope for the country seems to lie in so great a military success as will prove the power of the Monarchy.

June 18, 1918.

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With Our Readers.

TRADITION is inherited habit. The definition may not hold absolutely in its strictest meaning, but it is sound enough to express a great truth. The instructions, beliefs, standards that we have received from our fathers make us; and rebel or revolt or repudiate as we will, we never can be entirely free from them: we can never think or act as we might have done had we never received them. And as with the individual so also with the community and the nation. Its traditions inevitably effect and shape even its most radical changes. In fact the wisdom and security of the changes may be tested by the abiding presence of healthy tradition. To be wise in our own generation demands that we respect and preserve the wisdom of our fathers. To repudiate them is to repudiate ourselves.

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THE value, therefore, of right and orthodox tradition cannot be too highly estimated. It proves its own value by receiving the homage of mankind whenever a great crisis presents itself. Our civilization is founded on the great truths of Christianity: that is why any individual or any nation who denies those truths makes shipwreck of civilization. And just as our civilization is the repeated fidelity of generation after generation to Christian truths, just as a right world-wide tradition is the laborious, quiet work to which every individual and every generation contributes its share, so also the process of overturning it shows the same phenomena—of individual revolt followed by further, more extended rebellion; of quiet, seemingly harmless speculation and theory followed by practical conclusion and action; of neglect of high standards followed by the acceptance of easy and material ones.

* * * *

THE inference of course is—plainly evident—that it is well to watch the beginnings *C'est le premier pas qui coute.* Of course it is too late in many cases to watch the first step. Some of us have taken giant strides in the bankruptcy of Christian tradition. It is thought that the War has sobered all of us, at least to a realization of basic truths such as honor, loyalty and respect for the family. It has happily called many back to the way of salvation. But in this hour of the nation's suffering and the nation's need *The American Journal of Sociology* hesitates not to publish

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an article by Joseph K. Folsom, which contains, among many others, the following sentences: "The 'ought,' the sense of duty, is the call of the herd to restrain individualistic impulses in the interests of the larger survival unit.

"What he (man) interprets as 'duty,' moral obligation, or the 'voice of God' is the same unseen force which holds the wolf to his pack and makes the sheep follow his comrades to the slaughter house.

"When the aggressive instincts rule, the criteria of right are honor and justice, and other 'manly' sentiments. Attention is now directed to self. Personal honor and self-reliance are reigning ideals. This kind of morality eliminates .... drives nations to mutual destruction in the pursuit of 'national honor.' 'Better death than dishonor' appeals to certain instincts, but is a poor slogan for survival and welfare. Also we proclaim justice, equality, and the rights of man as obvious moral ideals which need only be impressed upon the mind to become realized. We need rather to recognize that men are fundamentally unequal and that natural rights are a myth; and hence there can be no justice without intelligent analysis of realities. These instincts also support the sentiments of individual property, and place ownership before use. The rights of the few owners of productive agents are far more important than the satisfaction of the many consumers. The ideal of self-reliance interferes with social coöperation.

"When repression is the predominating factor, the test of righteousness is difficulty—self-denial. We now have the Puritan ideals. What is hard must be right, and if an act be easy the suspicion is strong that it is evil. Self-sacrifice here is the key to happiness hereafter. This was the morality of asceticism which cut off some of Europe's best blood.

"Human conduct, however, is conceived in terms of moral responsibility, reward, and punishment, of 'higher' and 'lower' motives. The real causal efficacy of the conduct in producing certain effects is veiled by the emphasis placed upon its relation to personal and moral standards, based largely upon uncriticized and unanalyzed instinct. The inadequacy of the prevailing moral sentiments, when unguided by rational insight, is well illustrated by the typical ethical debate. One antagonist will claim, for instance, that honor demands that a nation shall take certain action against another nation. The other will claim that perhaps kindness and justice demand a different policy, and they will try to prove that their cause is likewise equally honorable. And so Honor battles with Kindness and more Honor, and that is as far as they can go....

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"'Thou shalt not kill,' and 'Thou shalt not steal' are rational restraints of obvious utility. 'Thou shalt not take the name of the Lord thy God in vain' and 'Remember the Sabbath Day to keep it holy' are chiefly sentimental, irrational restraints. Any treatise on the life and customs of primitive man will show that he was burdened by a great multitude of commandments of the irrational type, and that in many cases his obedience was an obstacle to his progress. Among the Ten Commandments, the less rational ones have provoked an amount of moral fervor comparable to, if not actually equal to, the very essential ones."

* * * *

IN mechanical problems the issue is conceived of in terms of mechanical cause and effect and thus a solution is reached. The writer of the article from which we have quoted would lower morals to the plane of mathematics and to quote his own words, "make of morality essentially a scientific or inventive problem." The mechanical, mathematical attitude must be applied "to the problems of human conduct and relations." "The popular mind must be trained to take the scientific attitude toward all problems and to attack them as any other problems." So he proposes the utility of debating the question of "giving full social sanction to a moderate amount of sexual promiscuity." And a final conclusion is that "less stress must be laid upon motives and virtues, and more stress upon facts and results."

* * * *

OUR consideration of the article is not limited to the conviction that it is far more dangerous to the national welfare than many openly seditious utterances. Its philosophy would cut the heart out of a people and of an army. But our consideration extends to the further point that the article belies itself. The author lives in a nation where Christian tradition is still actually in possession. The author himself is under its sway and he cannot get away from its influence and its power. He naïvely confesses that science would eventually answer all moral problems in the same way as our "moral intuitions" now answer them. Substitute Christian tradition for "moral intuitions" and you will have sense —both historic and rational.

The article denies Christianity yet champions a thesis that is distinctly, essentially and solely Christian—regard, concern and love of our fellowmen, "the socialist's devotion to the cause of humanity." His Christian tradition, therefore, rules and dominates. Though he deny it, he cannot escape it. And his article is, in its own measure, an emphatic compliment to its power. We cannot think of humanity except in terms of Christ. He alone

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made us and keeps us one. And Christian tradition is His abiding voice.

* * * *

MANY are led by the inspiring, unselfish utterances of a free thinker to pay tribute to his free thought. If they would look a bit deeper they would know that the praise belongs to the Christian tradition which he disowns, but from which he does not hesitate to borrow. No man can be an utter atheist. To be such would necessitate reducing every relation of life to terms of absolute selfishness. An army of logical atheists would demand back of it and on each side of it a force of non-atheists, well armed, to goad them on.

The author of the unpleasant article of which we have spoken maintains that every moral principle so-called is born of the herd instinct. "The point we are working to is that moral ideals and the sentiments of custom, convention and fashion are conditioned reflexes built largely upon the original tendencies of the herd control complex." He would derive the moral "ought" from the herd instinct which he maintains, represses and "restrains individualistic impulses in the interests of the larger survival unit." The sentence has no meaning either scientifically or as he would put it "rationally." No such phenomenon is characteristic of any herd. An individual of the herd doesn't care where his neighbor stands with regard to the oncoming death-dealing fire so long as he himself gets away. The logical atheist would act in a similar manner. We had a friend once who endeavored to be a consistent atheist. He achieved a greater measure of success than we ever witnessed or heard of in any other atheist. Whenever we crossed a railway track or crowded street, we noticed that our friend selfishly and consistently put himself on the side farther away from the oncoming train or automobile. But the orthodox tradition under which he was trained in childhood, did occasionally reveal itself in altruistic and humanitarian statements.

* * * *

THOMAS PAINE is supposed to have been an atheist *par excellence*. Yet when Paine had to express truths that eclipsed selfishness he was forced to return to Christian tradition and use the very terms of Christian dogma. In *The Crisis* he wrote:

"These are the times that try men's souls. The summer soldier and the sunshine patriot will, in this crisis, shrink from the service of their country, but he that stands it *now* deserves the love and thanks of man and woman. Tyranny, like hell, is not easily conquered; yet we have this consolation with us, that the

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harder the conflict the more glorious the triumph. What we obtain too cheaply we esteem too lightly; it is dearness only that gives everything its value. Heaven knows how to put a proper price upon its goods; and it would be strange, indeed, if so celestial an article as *freedom* should not be highly rated."

Paine's *Common Sense* is lauded as a forerunner of our Declaration of Independence. It was such only in so far as it retained and reëchoed the tradition of a people who had learned through centuries what Christian liberty bestowed and demanded. Ingersoll was a "popular" atheist, yet when Ingersoll came to speak at his brother's grave he could not refrain from confessing the Christian virtue of hope.

* * * *

FOLLOWERS are more radical than their leaders. The disciples of Darwin far outstripped their master. Kant is undoubtedly responsible for much of the false philosophy that has caused Germany to make such a spectacle of herself before the world today. His categorical imperative divorced God from morality. In other words it placed the latter solely in the will of man. And that will was necessarily conditioned and shaped by national circumstances and national needs. These became the arbiter. If Kant's categorical imperative was an appeal to conscience, its result, beyond all question, is the conscience of the absolutist. He broke with Christian tradition. He affected the thought and philosophy of a people; and numerous disciples have succeeded in pushing his teaching to its direful logical conclusions.

* * * *

OUR country has witnessed, is witnessing now a propaganda that is undermining one of the strongest of Christian traditions—the sanctity of the family, the duty and responsibility of husband and wife. We have heard over-much of birth control. The conditions of war are bringing into relief the terrible consequences to the nation of the preaching that has defended it. We select some passages from an address recently delivered by Louis I. Dublin, statistician for the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company. He states that the birth rate of France before the present war was lower than her death rate. At the beginning of the nineteenth century, of the three countries, France, the United Kingdom and the States composing the German Empire, France was the leader with a population of about 29,000,000. A century later, France was third with a population of only 39,000,000. "In other words, while the population of the German Empire had nearly trebled and the United Kingdom had increased to two and one-half times its earlier number, the population of France had in-

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creased less than one-half." It is very important to note that the reduction of the birth rate in France has affected mostly those who are, both economically and socially, best fitted to bear and to raise a family to maturity.

* * * *

A SUPERFICIAL view of the present situation in our own country presents a favorable picture. But this is owing to the gross figures, and we have not borne in mind that the marked increase in our total population is due in large measure first, to immigration, and secondly, to a high rate of increase in the foreign born rather than in the native stock. There has been a marked and continuous reduction in the birth rate of the United States for a period of years, and as in France this reduction has affected particularly those well able economically to support and educate a family. The responsibility for this alarming condition is uselessly thrown back by the writer on the State. It is of course a personal moral problem, and the writer later realizes this when he states that the old virtues of womanhood need restatement today. This is equivalent to saying that the Christian traditions of the past need to be rehabilitated in the heart and soul of our people. He admits that individual selfishness is at the bottom of the evil. His statistics show that those well provided with this world's goods are most frequently guilty, and yet he thinks the evil may be cured if the State subsidizes parents who bear children. At the end he does ask for an earnest appeal to "the religious impulse in our individual lives. It will require all the religious power latent in our people to set us right."

* * * *

TRUE progress means that we light the traditions of the past with the glory of new achievement. Our present crisis is showing us clearly the dangers which we willingly courted in abandoning Christian tradition. Signs are multiplying of our return to it, and of them we hope to speak at some later time.

IN spite of all our progress towards safe and sane democracy, the anti-Catholic animus of some individuals and organizations of lesser note seems to be working overtime. As an example of their despicable propaganda, we call attention to the following circular that is being sent by mail to all sorts and conditions of men who, it is supposed, can be influenced by such literature:

WHO DID THE DESERTING DURING THE CIVIL WAR?

"In reply to the boasts so freely made by Roman Catholic editors and orators that the Irish fought the battles of the Civil War

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and saved the nation, the following document, received from Washington is here given:

"'Whole number of troops engaged in the northern army, 2,128,200; natives of the United States, 1,625,267; Germans, 180,817; Irishmen, 144,221; British (other than Irish), 90,040; other foreigners, 87,855.

"'The desertions were as follows: natives of the United States, 5 per cent; Germans, 10 per cent; Irish Catholics, 72 per cent; British (other than Irish), 7 per cent; other foreigners, 6 per cent.'

"In other words, of the 144,000 Irishmen that enlisted 104,000 deserted, and it is reliably stated that most of these desertions occurred after the recognition of the Confederacy by the Pope.

"It is also a fact that of the five per cent of the native Americans rated as deserters, forty-five per cent of the five per cent were Roman Catholics."

* * * *

THIS is a new version of a very old lie. It used to be "Roman Catholics" who had deserted from the Union army. When the War Department had worn out several typewriters informing inquirers that there were absolutely no official or other figures on file to show the religious affiliations of the soldiers of the Civil War, this humbug lost its staying qualities. Now it is the "Irish" who deserted, and the same "statistics" are being circulated to bolster up the assertion.

"It is reliably stated," says their new effort, "that most of these desertions occurred after the recognition of the Confederacy by the Pope." No further evidence is needed to fix the quality of the information these figures are supposed to give. As the Pope never recognized the Confederacy, it would be a task even beyond the lying power of the persistent bigots who circulate these stories, to show how the "desertions occurred after" an event that never happened.

* * * *

WITH regard to nationality in the Civil War, bogus statistics have been compiled and circulated since the day Grant and Lee agreed to say "hold, enough." The officials of the War Department have stated time and time again that it is impossible to give even an approximately correct table of the number of soldiers belonging to any particular nationality. The most pretentious effort in this direction was that made by Benjamin Apthorp Gould, the Actuary to the United States Sanitary Commission from July, 1864, to the close of the war. He published a book, *Investigations in the Military and Anthropological Statistics of the American Soldier* (Cambridge Press, 1869), in which he tried to deal with

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this question, and he had all the records of the Government at his command.

"The materials available," he says, "for forming a trustworthy estimate of the nativities and even the nationality of our soldiers have been very meagre. . . . often no information of the sort was demanded . . . . the place of residence was frequently given instead of the place of birth" (p. 15).

* * * *

HAVING failed to get the required data from the official records, Dr. Gould sent out a questionnaire to one thousand regimental commanders asking about the nativities of their men. Something over three hundred replies were received. They are on file with other Sanitary Commission statistics in the New York Historical Society's Library, No. 170 Central Park West. Dr. Gould made this the basis of his "apparent estimates," with this caution however: "As it is clearly out of the question to form any trustworthy numerical estimate of this mode of estimation, it seems the better course to give the resultant figures, after calling attention to this source of inaccuracy in the inferences" (p. 26).

* * * *

IN Chapter II., which is devoted to nativities, he keeps repeating the fact that it is impossible to reach accurate knowledge on the subject. He says further:

"When it is remembered how very considerable is the number of American citizens born in Europe, especially among the inhabitants of our Atlantic cities, and several of the Western States, and when it is further borne in mind how promptly these classes responded to the call of their adopted country—accepting the unwonted duties as readily as the well-known privileges of citizenship—it is manifest that the records of nativity, even were they complete, would only indirectly guide to the knowledge of the nationality of the volunteers" (p. 14).

This is what an honest and painstaking investigator discovered and recorded. But his labor and its results were wasted as far as they might affect the incubators of "the following document received from Washington" and its amazing fabrications.

WE have received some complaints from those who purchase THE CATHOLIC WORLD on news-stands, because such copies are untrimmed. The news dealers insist on receiving their copies untrimmed in order to make certain that the copies have never been previously handled. Consequently it is a situation over which the publishers of the magazine have no control.

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BOOKS RECEIVED.

ALLYN & BACON, New York:
History of the American People. By W. M. West. *Cæsar's Commentaries.* By F. W. Kelsey. *Physics, with Applications.* By H. S. Carhart, LL.D., and H. N. Chute, M.S. *Plane Geometry.* By H. E. Slaught, Ph.D., and N. J. Lennes, Ph.D. *A Complete French Course.* By C. A. Chardenal.

AMERICAN BOOK CO., New York.
Great Inventors and Their Inventions. By F. P. Bachman, Ph.D. *Peter and Polly in Autumn.* By R. Lucia. *School History of the United States.* By A. B. Hart, LL.D.

BENZIGER BROTHERS, New York:
The Catholic Home. By Fr. Alexander, O.F.M. $1.25 net. *Our Lord's Own Words.* By Rt. Rev. A. Smith, O.S.B. $1.25 net. *Religion and Human Interests.* By Rev. T. Slater, S.J. 75 cents net.

GEORGE H. DORAN CO., New York:
Memorandum on Peace Terms. 10 cents. *The German Pirate.* By Ajax. 50 cents.

LONGMANS, GREEN & CO., New York:
The Soul of Two Knights. By O. K. Parr. *A Spiritual Friend.* By R. A. Knox. $2.50 net.

HEARST'S INTERNATIONAL LIBRARY CO., New York:
A Minstrel in France. By Harry Lauder. $2.00.

HARPER & BROTHERS, New York:
The Yellow Dog. By H. I. Dodge. 50 cents net. *My Boy in Khaki.* By D. S. Lutes. $1.00 net. *The Pirate's Progress.* By William Archer.

THE AMERICA PRESS, New York:
Christian Science. Our Country's Call. Pamphlets. 5 cents each.

DODD, MEAD & CO., New York:
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THE

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THE CHRIST OF PAUL.

BY CUTHBERT LATTEY, S.J.

A RECENT writer,[1] whose pages breathe new life and hope for classical learning, deprecates nothing so much as the idea that the Greeks were mere devotees of æstheticism, and has much to tell—indeed, it is almost the gospel of the modern revival—of the sterner stuff and profounder ideals that went to the making of them, of a debt from humanity that swallows up that from the humanities. From all this it does not appear necessary to differ, in order to hold that what before all else marked off the Greeks from other races, was their surpassing sense of form. They remained incomparable artists, to whatever work of hand or brain they betook themselves. And so in literature, where they suffered least from lack of scientific resource, they seem to achieve perfection in every department almost at the first essay, nor less in marble, and they excelled in mathematics, the science of form rather than content. The Spartan himself was a man of rhythm, and combed his hair, as quaint Herodotus tells us, before he fell in heroic fight at Thermopylæ. The very vices of Hellas are the vices of the artist; the terrible ineffectiveness of it all, and the sin we do not name. Once again, we do not say that art was the goal of the Greek, but his second nature. Nor could he throw it off when he came to face the problem of conduct; for him the ideal to be pursued was τὸ καλὸν, life was a fair statue of ex-

[1] Father H. Brown, S.J., in *Our Renaissance.*

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quisite proportion, a lyric of perfect grace. In the matter of religion, like other pagans, he fashioned (or perverted) his gods to his own image and likeness; they made admirable Greeks, not so very divine. That a god should make himself hideous, and ask his worshippers to do the same—even the Greek of the Augustan age, as St. Paul saw him, was classic enough to think this mere "folly." The Semite, with his fierce devotion to his Baal or his Moloch, his "lord" and "king," with his craving for sacrifice that would bring communion and unity, his grim earnestness, that only the true God could save from gruesome fanaticism—what could the graceful Hellene think of such a dervish, his reckless extravagance, his lack of proportion, his enraptured transgression of all good sense and good taste?

On the other hand, what would the Semite think of the Greek ideal? Not self-perfection but self-devotion was the Semite's aim; with a god for the worthy object of that self-devotion, he would deem it mere trifling to insist upon form and method. "Jesus is Yahweh!" Nothing less than that could have sufficed for the Semite Paul, but sufficing, it left all else of no account; it is the profession of faith demanded for salvation, that is, "to confess Jesus for Lord," [2] to apply to Him the unspeakable name. Such a confession, so far as it goes, is from the Spirit of God (1 Cor. xii. 3); the full chorus of it is the glorification of the God-man that first emptied Himself, and then humbled Himself still further, unto death upon a cross. Every tongue is therefore to proclaim that He is Yahweh.[3] To renounce all, and count it but refuse to gain Christ, this was the true mind of Paul; but not the mind of a Hellene! Still, to attain Christ was to attain in the same degree to the infinite perfection of God, to be transformed into His image, from glory unto glory;[4] in reality supreme self-devotion was also supreme self-perfection, to lose all was to find all. The folly of men was to prove wisdom divine; the Apostle himself, after renouncing human eloquence at the outset of First Corinthians, is later stirred to a magnificent outburst in praise of charity. Were not, then, the Greeks also true artists? And does not the artistic temperament carry with it devotion to an ideal? Truly there is something perplexing, after all, in the cold restraint of their art. Was it, perchance, that the very lack of an all-

[2] Rom. x. 9. [3] Philip ii. 11. [4] 2 Cor. iii. 18.

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engrossing content caused them to exhaust themselves upon the form? And may not the Apostle have felt that it was in his power to supply it? So the old sequence hath it:[5]

Ad Maronis mausoleum
Ductus, fudit super eum
Piæ rorem lacrimæ;
"Quem te," inquit, "reddidissem,
Si te vivum invenissem,
Pœtarum maxime!"

When to Maro's tomb they brought him,
Tender grief and sorrow wrought him
To exclaim with many a tear,
"What a glory might have crowned thee,
If alive I had but found thee,
Poet without a peer!"

Yet his attempt to deck out his message in classic grace was a failure; and henceforth there was a common doom for all that was not Jesus, whether of Athens or Corinth, and that was —crucifixion! It might sound folly, but—"Jesus is Yahweh!" Looking back, he would declare to the Corinthians what had become his simple programme: "I resolved to know nought among you save Jesus Christ, and Him crucified."

Nevertheless this very formula contained a tremendous synthesis, the synthesis which he had learnt nigh to Damascus in his first all-embracing lesson: "I am Jesus, Whom thou persecutest." It was Christ's very self that he was persecuting, not a mere body that bore His name. A synthesis of unfathomable depth, of infinite breadth and length and height, albeit contained in so short a formula, because therein is named the Godhead itself. And that is the key to Paul, as we shall endeavor in the sequence to explain. It is not merely the individual identity of the Christian with Christ; it is his corporate identity, the identity of the whole Church with her Head and Spouse. "Why persecutest thou *Me*?" If we ask in wonder, "Why *Me*," the Apostle himself, now fully wise, told his Corinthians why: "Ye are the body of Christ, and His several members."

It is a tremendous synthesis, and as such not lightly mas-

[5] *Cf. Petrarca e la Lombardia*, by Monsignor Ratti, p. 225. On the flyleaf of a Milan manuscript there is a note, apparently in Petrarch's handwriting, to the effect that the above lines were sung (where, it is not said) in the sequence of the Mass for the Feast of the Conversion of St. Paul.

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tered by those whose method of learning is in the main analytic. St. Paul saw one supreme truth, of which the several Christian doctrines and principles might almost be called the facets. We examine the several doctrines and principles, but may easily fail to arrive at an adequate unification. This is true of all modern theology, but let us here apply it to Catholic theology, after a necessary word of explanation. Catholic theology may be described as the scientific analysis of revelation, based upon the peripatetic (*i. e.*, Aristotelian) system of philosophy. It embraces all that can be learnt concerning any and every point of faith or morals from Holy Writ and from the living doctrine of the Church, whether as gathered from her actual teaching today, or from the documents which declare its tenor in the past. It embraces not merely what are, to the Catholic, infallible and certain conclusions, but also those that are merely probable; and to this diversity in the conclusions corresponds roughly a diversity in the methods by which they are attained. To establish the dogmas of faith is in the main the function of positive theology, of literary and historical criticism; to explain, to correlate and elaborate them primarily belongs to scholastic theology, to a modest reasoning that often confesses to leaving its conclusion uncertain, and always to leaving the mystery impenetrable. Such a vast purview, it is clear, can only be surveyed piecemeal; we take in turn such great doctrines as those of Original Sin, the Atonement, the Church, and try to master all that can be known of them, both from positive and scholastic theology. But it is not always very easy to ascertain the precise bearing of the documents of Scripture and tradition upon various doctrines which have come to be cast into a terminology alien to the writers of those documents—since they were mostly far from being peripatetics—and which were seen by them, not as *disjecta membra*, so to speak, but as aspects of a living whole.

Such was the light in which St. Paul, more than all others, beheld them. For him identification with Christ summed up the whole faith, and all Christian practice and Christian being besides. Original sin, for example, was that previous state of unity with Adam, of sin inherited from him, of enmity from Christ, from which took place that very change which is justification and incorporation with Christ. The Church, needless to say, was Christ Himself, His mystical Body, whereof He

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Himself was the Head, wherein all the faithful are but one person.[6] The Atonement was precisely that becoming "at one" with Christ, which meant the end of a former being, the doffing of the old man and the donning of the new. And where does the Apostle speak more plainly of Christ's Godhead than in the very letter which shows him most concerned to prove Christ our true and only atonement? One with God, He is also one with us, and thus we in our measure are deified, "sharers in the Divine Nature," as another than he said. "In Him dwelleth all the fullness of the Godhead corporally: and ye are filled therewith in Him;"[7] the word "therewith" is not in the Greek, but, as I have argued elsewhere,[8] it is hardly open to question that such is the sense.

Can it be doubted, in the light of such a synthesis, that St. Paul was steeped in dogma, and his Christians as well? One might, indeed, go further, and ask whether it is conceivable that he should use such language as he does of the unity of the Church, if he did not also presuppose the principle of authority, of ordered government in faith and conduct. Such an inquiry would not be altogether alien to our subject, since it would help us the better to understand the Apostle's conception of the Church as a single vital organism; and we might discuss, for example, his relations with the Corinthians, his settlement of their difficulties, either by letter or upon arrival, his vigorous defence of his own divine commission, his rebukes, even his threats, threats of a rod and threats that he will not spare.

Apart from this, it is enough perhaps to point to passages where he uses the full weight of his apostolic authority to insist upon a doctrine which seemed to be in peril. Thus, among the Corinthians themselves were found some to ape the Athenians' mockery, and throw doubt upon the resurrection. St. Paul at once appeals to his own teaching, and that of all the other Apostles: "So we preach, and so ye have believed." He cannot be found a false witness, any more than their faith can be futile. "Senseless man!" He will not answer the question before rebuking the questioner. And he ends by declaring on his own word a fresh "mystery," evidently to be believed implicitly, the doctrine that the just who are alive at the last day will not die. Or again, we might turn to the Epistle to the Galatians, and the well-known anathema which he pronounces

[6] Gal. iii. 28. [7] Col. ii. 9, 10. [8] *Journal of Theological Studies*, vol. xvii., p. 259.

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upon any that shall contradict his teaching. This teaching which the Galatians had received was that oral instruction which was always the first grounding of the Christians, to which he refers more than once when writing to the Corinthians, even as St. Luke refers to it in dedicating his gospel to Theophilus. His letters were not meant to supplant this teaching; they were mostly written to meet a particular need, and always presuppose a properly instructed community. He makes of their belief in the Real Presence a motive for reverance,[9] of their belief in Christ's Divinity a motive for humility,[10] and he casually mentions the acceptance of this latter dogma and of the resurrection as essential to salvation,[11] without stopping to explain how; on the other hand, where the practical need is the article of faith itself, he can urge the resurrection of the flesh, as we have seen, upon the Corinthians, and the Divinity of Christ upon the Colossians.

St. Paul, then, had dogma to teach, and plenty of it; but he referred it all to Christ from Whom he claimed to have received it. This synthesis of all faith and being and practice in our unity with Christ appears to have been the vital element in the Apostle's peculiar commission,[12] not the mere external facts even of the life of Christ, for which human witness could be sufficient, as in the case of the resurrection. To know these external facts was to know Christ merely "according to the flesh," even though it were the risen Christ appearing in blinding glory; but the true knowledge of Christ was his who became in Christ "a new creature.[13] In that identification lay all; let us examine it somewhat more closely. To him who has not mastered it the letters of St. Paul must remain as a closed book.

It is best to consider it in the first place as accomplished fact, and in its corporate aspect. The Church is the spouse of Christ, His mystical Body; these two expressions to the Apostle not merely mean the same thing, but apply the same figure. For the explanation we must go to Gen. ii. 24; man and wife are one flesh. For a commentary that pushes the principle of Genesis to the extreme we may turn to 1 Cor. vi. 17, in a passage which anticipates in all essentials the fuller application to the matter in hand found in the context of Eph. v. 31. Man and wife, then, as St. Paul interprets it, form together a moral

[9] 1 Cor. xi. [10] Philip. ii. [11] Rom. x. 9.
[12] *E. g.*, Eph. iii. 1-13; Col. i. 14; ii. 3. [13] 2 Cor. v. 16, 17.

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body of which the husband is the head; and such is the mutual relation of Christ and the Church.

This is the very explicit doctrine of the First Epistle to the Corinthians. Every letter of St. Paul has marked characteristics of its own: this epistle, if we may so call it, is his ecclesiastical epistle, largely concerned with Church discipline and practice: on the whole, we expect to find the doctrine there, and we certainly find it. "As the body is one and hath many members, and all the members of the body, many as they are, form one body, so it is with Christ. . . . Now ye are the Body of Christ, and His several members."[14] Within that Body each has his own function, and the Apostle is urging upon them that they should be content with that function, whether of ministry or of spiritual gift or humbler graces, and not ambition higher positions and greater importance, but rather seek before all things for charity. It is significant, too, that the sacraments in which he shows himself interested, here as elsewhere, are those which bear an immediate and obvious relation to this doctrine of the Mystical Body. True, in 1 Cor. vi. 12-20 there is not explicit question of matrimony (as in vii. 39), yet the right union, with all its spiritual significance, is at once suggested by the language used against the wrong one. In the same way, although we may perhaps be surprised to find no clear illustration to the Mystical Body in the treatment of the Holy Eucharist in the eleventh chapter, it is evidently presupposed in the tenth. "Have not they who eat the sacrifices fellowship with the altar? . . . Ye cannot partake of the table of the Lord and of the table of devils." We cannot maintain communion with Christ and communion with devils. The Cup which we bless, the Bread which we break, keep us one with Christ and one with each other; we are one body, because our one Bread is Christ, entering into us to make us more and more Himself. And St. John Chrysostom, commenting upon this passage, represents the Apostle as explaining himself thus: "Why do I say κοινωνία (communion, participation, fellowship—a difficult word to translate)? We are that very Body itself. For what is the Bread? The Body of Christ. And what do they become who partake thereof? The Body of Christ."

In what follows the great exegete appears to be speaking once more in his own person: "For just as bread, composed

[14] 1 Cor. xii. 12, 27.

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as it is of many grains of wheat, is still one substance, in such sort that the grains nowhere appear, but though they are still there, no distinction appears between them, because of the way in which they have been joined together; even thus we are joined to one another, and to Christ. For *thou* art not nourished from one body and yon man from another, but all from the same; wherefore he added, 'for we all partake of the same bread.' And if from one and the same, and if we all become one and the same, why do we not likewise show the same charity, and become one in this respect also?" But time would fail were we to attempt to show how familiar were St. John Chrysostom and some of the other Greek Fathers with Pauline thought and phrase, and how boldly they adopted and developed it. Having thus spoken of matrimony and the Holy Eucharist in the First Corinthian letter, we may refer to three passages [15] as relating baptism to the Mystical Body, but they are not so clear as other passages, and in any case have to do with the first entrance into the Mystical Body, which will come up for consideration later.

If now we were to collect all the passages in St. Paul's Epistles that deal with this topic of the Mystical Body, once more we should make no end. One important passage in the letter to the Galatians [16] has already been touched upon, and since we are hastening to the Ephesian letter, let us remind ourselves that in writing to the Colossians the Apostle also says that Christ "is the Head of the body, the Church," [17] that the Church is His Body,[18] that from Him as the Head "the whole body, nourished and knit together by means of the joints and ligaments, doth grow with a growth that is of God." [19]

But it is certainly in the Epistle to the Ephesians that the Apostle lets himself go on the point. Why not? He always has something very definite which he wants to say in his epistles, and more than one reason may have urged him to give this aspect of his doctrine a fuller explanation; most of all, perhaps, this reason, that it is not a mere aspect, but the very kernel of his synthesis. Dr. Headlam writes truly that this epistle "is fundamental to a proper understanding of St. Paul's thought. To me Ephesians is Pauline through and through, and more even than Romans represents the deepest thoughts

[15] 1 Cor. iii. 1; iv. 15; xii. 13. [16] Gal. iii. 26-28.
[17] Col. i. 18. [18] Col. i. 24. [19] Col. ii. 19.

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of the Apostle; and to hold, as some would do, that it is a compilation, or that it is largely interpolated, shows an incapacity (in my view) to form a judgment of any value in critical matters." [20] And yet, characteristically enough, and significantly too, some of the strongest things which the Apostle says in this epistle are not written, as it were, for their own sake, but presupposed, and thrown in merely as a motive. He gives full and noble expression to the doctrine of the Mystical Body, in urging, as in First Corinthians, the harmonious and loyal discharge of their functions by the several parts of the organism [21] and again in laying down the proper mutual relations of husband and wife.[22] Leading up to the former passage comes his earnest exhortation to unity: "Careful to keep the unity of the Spirit in the bond of peace: one body and one Spirit, as also ye were called in one hope, that of your calling: one Lord, one faith, one baptism: one God and Father of all, Who is above all and throughout all and in all." This tremendous demand for unity, and for the unity of the Mystical Body, has at times been so misunderstood, that it appears to be worth while to quote Dr. Armitage Robinson's exposition of a phrase in it: "By a mischievous carelessness of expression, 'unity of spirit' is commonly spoken of in contrast to 'corporate unity,' and as though it might be accepted as a substitute for it. Such language would have been unintelligible to St. Paul. He never employs the word 'spirit' in a loose way to signify a disposition, as we do when we speak of 'a kindly spirit.' To him 'spirit' means 'spirit,' and nothing less. It is often hard to decide whether he is referring to the Spirit of God or to the human spirit. . . . But at any rate no separation of 'body' and 'spirit' is contemplated: and the notion that there could be several 'bodies' with a 'unity of spirit' is entirely alien to the thought of St. Paul. It is especially out of place here, as the next words show." [23] These next words are the words prefixed by Dr. Armitage Robinson to his commentary on this epistle: "one body and one spirit."

The Apostle does not attempt to apply his doctrine of the mystical Body to all cases. Like that of the Kingdom of God in the Gospels, it has an internal and external aspect; but he does not define accurately the relation of the one to the other. He

[20] *St. Paul and Christianity*, p. viii.
[21] 1 Cor. vi.
[22] 1 Cor. vii.
[23] *Ephesians*, pp. 92, 93.

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ordered a fairly ready use of excommunication, both at Thessalonica and Corinth: he knew (how could he fail to know?) that a Christian might lose the faith or fall into grievous sin. But he does not discuss their consequent position in terms of the Mystical Body, and therefore we shall refrain from doing so likewise; rather he presupposes, even in writing to his churches, that the normal Christian enjoys both internal and external fellowship. He never calls them sinners; they are the saints, hallowed within and without, and he would have them walk worthily of their holiness. They are one great body, the Body of Christ; in Christ, ἐν Χριστῷ, they live and move and have their being, as that Body, still one, yet ever developing, grows to the full stature of Christ. That evolution is in quantity, till the full tale of the elect be told; in unity, as the organism increases its power to incorporate and absorb an ever greater and more various multitude; in doctrine even, as the truth handed down comes to be better understood and worked out in all its implication. But the goal, no less than the starting-point, is ever Christ, the final end set before every human being, that great Unity which even irrational creation is designed to promote and expand, the one far-off and all-containing event, the consummation of Old Covenant and New, summing up in Himself and recapitulating all things, according to the dispensation of God, to be realized in the fullness of time.[24]

From what has been said it will be evident that to be incorporated in Christ means for the individual a tremendous change; it means to be renewed within and without. St. Paul, indeed, strains language to the breaking-point in his effort to bring home to his Christians the greatness and completeness of the change. It is an abandonment, a death, a crucifixion of the old man, the old Adam; and the putting on of the new life, the life of Christ. It is an entire offering of oneself to Christ through faith, a faith which, as we have already seen, comprises primarily an intellectual belief, but which the Apostle, speaking of it in the concrete, regards as embracing far more than that belief. Faith usually means to him to cast oneself entirely on Christ, to accept Him unconditionally and without reserve, to accept Him not merely with head but with heart, not merely in principle but in practice, not merely intellectually but with all conceivable consequences. Hence he speaks of

[24] Eph. 1. 10.

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faith as an obedience, and disbelief is disobedience; and his ideal is "faith working through charity." [25]

Prior to this faith and without it, not merely the works of the Mosaic Law, but good works of any kind are of no avail for the attaining of grace and glory; but this faith necessarily issues in good works, the good fruit of a good tree. That it must do so is clear from his many exhortations, and, following the Old Testament, he insists that God will render to every man according to his works; indeed, in Eph. ii. 10 it is even said that the new creation of the Christian in Christ is for the very purpose of the good works "which God hath prepared beforehand that therein we may walk." Other aspects of this fundamental change are baptism, sanctification, justification. "Ye have washed yourselves clean, ye have been hallowed, ye have been justified in the name of the Lord Jesus Christ." [26] The Apostle speaks of all these things as normally bestowed upon his converts about the same time, without stopping to make the possible distinctions as to precise stages which Catholic theology is bound to introduce; we can see from several passages [27] that the all-embracing faith which he contemplates means unity with Christ no less than righteousness from God. This divine state of the soul he calls also "life" and "glory," not restricting either term to the life hereafter: frequently, too, it is "grace," the word that was to find a permanent place in theological terminology and overshadow the others.

By way of illustration rather than proof, let us take the first half of the sixth chapter of Romans, and paraphrase it very freely; it is the passage that in most points, at all events, sets forth in the clearest and fullest way the nature of the change we have been describing. "We have died to sin;" we have been through a death, the end of a former existence which must never return, an existence of sin, and, indeed, contrasted as an existence of sin with the life we are now leading. But what is this death? It is baptism; baptism not merely brings us into union with Christ Jesus, but more specifically in union with Him in His death. His death becomes our death; in Him and with Him we die; nay, in Him and with Him we are buried, beneath the waters of baptism. This is the Apostle's emphatic way of showing the atoning power of Christ's death; he speaks often enough of Christ suffering in behalf of sinners, yet his more

[25] Gal. v. 6. [26] 1 Cor. vi. 11. [27] Gal. iii. 26, 27; Philip. iii. 9; Col. ii. 12, etc.

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characteristic doctrine, here as in the matter of adoption, is in terms of identification. But Christ rose from the dead, the Father's glory taking fuller possession, as it were, of His Body, as at the Transfiguration. And with Christ and in Christ we rise too from our baptism in glory; it is a new life that is now ours, and to which we have to suit our being and conduct. As surely as we have taken upon ourselves the likeness of His death—for the Apostle here uses the word "likeness," though this is not, either, his most characteristic phrase—so surely the likeness to His resurrection shall be ours. The old man, our former self, is crucified in and with Christ—notice the preposition σύν in composition, which here, as in composition with many other words, carries all St. Paul's system in it—our sinful body (meaning the flesh with its lusts) is destroyed, so that we can serve sin no more. When sin endeavors to press its claims upon us, we can simply answer that the individual against whom those claims held good is dead, and there is an end of the matter. But this death with and in Christ entails life with and in Him. Christ, risen from the dead, can die no more: He has conquered death, both corporal and spiritual death, but the latter is more especially in question here. He died to sin once and for all, subjecting Himself to it and letting it work its will upon Him; but henceforth it is the Divine Nature which entirely, as it were, dominates Him, and neither sin nor death can touch Him. And so it must be with us. St. Paul is setting forth partly fact and partly ideal. Baptism is death to sin, but the Christian must remain dead to sin, that not being a life with which he may have anything to do; baptism is crucifixion, but in a certain sense, while here below, he must be resolved to remain upon his cross. He is alive with Christ's life, alive with the life that truly matters before God; let him cultivate it more and more, and beware of losing it!

The above may serve to bring out the general trend of the Apostle's thought. It has also brought us to the question of conduct. The practical aim of the Christian, in fact, is set forth both under a negative and a positive aspect. The negative aspect is the crucifixion of self, of the former self, the old Adam; it implies a renunciation of all within us that tends to sin. We have seen that it is accomplished in baptism, and must be maintained afterwards; but from more than one passage we gather that while there is, so to speak, an essential

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stage of crucifixion, without which it is impossible to please God, it is still a process that ever admits of greater thoroughness. We can empty ourselves more and more of all that is not Christ and that cannot be assimilated to Him and identified with Him. Thus, the Apostle certainly does not conceive of the Colossians as being at enmity with God; at the outset of his epistle, for example, he speaks in glowing terms of their faith and charity, and of the fruit which the Gospel is bearing among them. Yet he exhorts them in startling words, "Put to death your members that are on earth," and in his vivid, eager way he sets in apposition with these members "impurity, uncleanness," and the rest; and a little further on he bids them "strip off the old man with his practices." [28] And so it is with incorporation, with the Christ-life also, which he would have ever more intense; not that it is in reality to break or destroy human nature itself, for this is far from his thought, but it is to raise our nature to a higher plane and a higher activity, and it is only what cannot be so raised that must go. It is not his purpose to create a void, but rather to fill every inch of space, if we may use so material a term, to the best and fullest advantage, that it may be Christ alone that lives and works in us—for Christ is God. Not, of course, that this is pantheism: the Apostle did not think it worth his while to guard against misconstruction in this respect, nor do we: but the divine action is so intimate and so penetrating that he found terms of positive identification alone adequate to express it in our poor human speech and to our very finite minds.

We ourselves, on the other hand, for clearness' sake declare the divine action to be in the main twofold. "In the language of current Catholic theology," if I may refer once more to what I have written elsewhere,[29] "it is before all else 'sanctifying grace,' which again in the scholastic terminology of the Aristotelian categories is a *qualitas inhærens animæ*. But this 'quality' represents such a penetration and transformation of the human soul by divine action, that St. Paul and the Fathers have alike strained thought and language to the uttermost to give us some inkling of its supremely intimate and supremely transcendental character. And even those who may themselves feel some difficulty in accepting their teaching on this point will none the less recognize the general drift of their

[28] Col. iii. 5-9. [29] *Journal of Thological Studies*, vol. xvii., p. 260.

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thought." Thus far the divine action in what may be called its static aspect. But it also has a dynamic aspect, the constant energizing of intellect and will; "for it is God Who worketh in you both the will and the act." [30] It is for us to see to it that this divine possession remain not inactive. "Him Who knew not sin He made sin for our sakes, that in Him we might become the justness of God; and as His fellow-workers we exhort you not to receive the grace of God in vain." [31] "To put on the Lord Jesus Christ" can be for the Apostle the compendium, not merely of doctrine,[32] but of intensely practical exhortation.[33] With his beloved Philippians he goes in a manner even farther; "let that mind be in you which was in Christ Jesus," [34] and so he proceeds to the lesson of humility. To those who believed Christ living and working within them, it might seem almost a tame thought to turn to imitate Him; yet this, too, upon occasion is not wanting,[35] for fear the call to consequent action should lack aught in clearness.

To one that had utterly surrendered himself to Christ here below, there could be but one hereafter. St. Paul is so taken up with the immense privileges conferred upon the Christian in this life that he has rather less to say of the next life than one might perhaps expect. Yet the body was not to remain crucified for ever, but death was to be swallowed up in victory; and he tells his beloved Philippians of his desire "to set forth and to be with Christ—for that were far better." [36] That will be the Christian's full glory, to which the sufferings of this present time are not worthy to be compared, the glory of the body then matching the glory of the soul, in full harmony and unity with the glory of the risen Christ, "the first fruits of them that sleep. For since by a man came death, by a Man also cometh resurrection from the dead. For as in Adam all die, so in Christ all shall be made to live." [37]

And there we close, in the consummation of perfect union. *Christianus alter Christus,* so it has been said; but he who would have the mind of Paul, of him who himself thought to have the mind of Christ,[38] must master another, a deeper, a more enthralling, a diviner lesson, summed up in words so simple, "'Tis no longer I that live, 'tis Christ liveth in me." [39] In this crowning formula the *alter* can no longer find a place.

[30] Philip ii. 13. [31] 2 Cor. v. 21; vi. 1. [32] Gal. iii. 27.
[33] Rom. xiii. 14; *cf.* Col. iii. 10-12 [34] Philip. ii. 5. [35] *E. g.,* 1 Cor. xi. 1.
[36] Philip. i. 23. [37] 1 Cor. xv. 20-22. [38] 1 Cor. ii. 16. [39] Gal. ii. 20.

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CATHOLIC LITHUANIA.

BY F. AURELIO PALMIERI, O.S.A., D.D.

THE real victims of the World War are the small nations. They have lost their fortune, their independence, their industry, their commerce, their national treasures. They have become helpless throngs of women and children, living in prolonged agony.

The soil of Poland has become the grave of the best of her sons who died of starvation or were forced to kill each other while fighting under hostile colors. The heroic blood of Poland has been lavishly shed not for the defence of Polish ideals, civilization and independence, but to satiate the eagerness for booty of an irreconcilable foe. Belgium is still enduring a cruel martyrdom. With her priests, women and children massacred, her beautiful and artistic towns converted into heaps of smoking ruins, her seats of learning burnt down, she unflinchingly faces her trials, and will transmit her name to posterity as the embodiment of the noblest Catholic heroism. Rumania, Serbia, Montenegro, Armenia have been almost wiped out from the map of Europe. They are transformed into vast cemeteries.

Nor does this complete the list of the crucified small nations. Other peoples, not mentioned in military bulletins, have paid a heavy toll of lives to the Moloch of war. Almost unknown in the day of peaceful effort to rise in culture, and to develop national consciousness, they asked but a little space to bask freely in the sun. But in an instant they were plunged into the ghastly horrors of war. They have been tortured, but in their agony they have emerged from obscurity.

Among these small nations, bleeding from the War and, because of the War, that have attracted the attention and sympathies of the great European public, Lithuania may well stand at the top of the list. A few years ago her name was known but to scholars. For centuries, the conditions of her political existence, and the pressure exerted upon her national genius by the more powerful nations, with which, willingly or

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otherwise, she had become partner in the struggle for life, had retarded the growing development of her distinct culture.

The Lithuanians, however, never lost their national consciousness. They never fused with their neighbors or masters. Among Slavs and Teutons, they kept their own ethnical unity. Their language, the nearest approach to Sanscrit among Western tongues, was their weapon of defence against all attempts at denationalization. Recalling the days of their glory and independence, they firmly hope that, in the reconstruction of Europe after the War, justice will be done to their national claims.

The restoration of the Fatherland, the dream of Mickiewicz, the greatest Lithuanian poet who wrote his masterpieces in Polish, is also the dream of the present leaders of suffering Lithuania. And as Catholics we hope that their claims will be recognized. For Lithuania is a strong Catholic nation. Her faith blossoms with the blood of martyrdom. Christian piety and a tender devotion to the Blessed Virgin are native characteristics of the Lithuanian soul. In Europe, Lithuania is the youngest daughter of the Catholic Church.[1] Not until the end of the fourteenth century were the weeds of paganism grubbed up from her soil, although her evangelization began earlier. Yet to the honor of the early Lithuanians, it ought to be said that their pagan beliefs were purer than those of the Greeks and Romans. The peculiar feature of the divinities of the Lithuanian Pantheon is that they are all chaste. Lithuanian mythology ignored married gods. All its goddesses were virgins.[2] Moreover, even in their polytheistic darkness, the Lithuanians believed some of the truths of natural religion, that Christian revelation illumines, such as the future life, the recompense of virtue, and the punishment of vice.

The earliest evangelization of Lithuania bears a German stamp. It foreshadowed the political invasion and exploitation of the country by the Teutonic Knights.

[1] Our historical data is drawn from the *Lietuvos istorija. Su kunigaikscių paveikslais ir zemlapiu ir lietuvos rasliavos apzvalga* (History of Lithuania with the Portraits of its Grand Dukes and Geographical Maps, and an Historical Sketch of its Literature), by "Maironis," Mgr. John Maculevicius (Matsulevic), rector of the Ecclesiastical Seminary of Kovno. Petrograd, 1906. The history of Maculevicius closes with the reign of Stanislas Poniatowski, King of Poland (1764-1795). A careful history of Lithuania from the earliest times till Gedinimas (1316-1341) was written by Simon Daukantas: *Lietuvos istorija nuo seniausiu gadiniu iki Gediminui*. Plymouth, Pa., 1893 (two volumes).

[2] Maironis, p. 3.

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Meinhard, a canon of St. Augustine, in the second half of the twelfth century went to Livonia, learned the language of the natives, and brought about many conversions. After several years of fruitful apostleship he set out for Rome, to give an account of his apostolic labors, and was named bishop of Livonia in 1191. His successor, Berthold, who was consecrated at Bremen in 1196 opened the region freely to the invasion of the German clergy and nobility. The Germans brought into this new field of evangelization not merely an ambition to win a new family of brethren in Christ, but political ambitions as well. This led the Lithuanians to rebel against them and to drive them from their fiefs. The Germans then determined to convert them by force.

The new Bishop, Albert d'Apeldorn (1199-1229), started for Livonia with an armed escort, and built several castles, among them that of Riga. He founded the Order of the Knights of the Cross *(Gladiferi* or *Ensiferi Livonienses)*, who, not long after, were merged into the Teutonic Order.

Lithuanian historians of Lithuania hold the Teutonic Knights responsible for the delay in her conversion to Christianity. Wishing to maintain their own grasp upon Lithuania, they circulated false reports to excite the suspicions of the Holy See as to the readiness of Lithuanians in embracing the Christian faith. In 1251, Mindaugas, grand duke of Lithuania, sent an embassy to Pope Innocent IV. seeking to place his kingdom under the protection of the Holy See. The Pope received the Lithuanian ambassador with great honor, and complied with the request of Mindaugas, who received the royal crown and consecration from the hands of Henry Armakan, Bishop of Culm, in 1252. Several documents, published by the learned Oratorian, A. Theiner, in his monumental collection: *Vetera monumenta Poloniæ et Lithuaniæ*, show clearly the Pope's interest in the welfare of nascent Lithuanian Christianity. In a letter to the Bishop of Culm he advocated the use of mildness and meekness as the best weapons to win to the Church the pagan tribes of the new kingdom.

Unfortunately, the injunctions of the Pope were not observed. The Teutonic Knights seized upon the rich province of Samogitia, and usurped for their own use the commerce of the whole of Lithuania. Their harshness, avidity and cruelty provoked a powerful reaction against their religious and political

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tyranny. The Lithuanians rose in rebellion, and in a very fierce battle, on the banks of the Durbe, on July 13, 1260, they completely routed the Teutonic Knights.

The excesses of the Order compromised the future of Lithuanian Christianity. King Mindaugas was murdered. The pagans again came into power. For thirty years, the whole region suffered all the horrors of civil war, and all work of evangelization was suspended.

A new attempt to Christianize Lithuania under Vytenis, in 1300, failed on account of the jealousy and perfidy of the Teutonic Knights. Several Franciscan monks who were sent by the Archbishop of Riga to Vytenis were barbarously killed or burned alive by them.

With the reign of Gedinimas, the national hero of Lithuania (1316-1341), a new era begins for Lithuanian Christianity. Gedinimas is the greatest figure in the history of the independent Lithuanian kingdom. His chief title to glory was derived from his decision to open his country to the vivifying influence of Catholic faith and Western civilization. He confided the conversion of his subjects to missionaries of the Franciscan and Dominican Orders. His letter to Pope John XXII., written in 1323, is a strong list of complaints against the Teutonic Knights. It is, he avers, not because of any hatred of Christianity that he is driven to take up arms. He is fighting for the defence of his people, and resisting German aggressors. He declares himself to be ready to embrace Christianity on condition that Lithuania shall have nothing in common with *her German torturers*, the Teutonic Knights and their Grand Master.[3]

Gedinimas built two churches for the Franciscans, at Vilna and Novogorodok. In 1324 he received at this capital the legates of Pope John XXII. But the intrigues of the Teutonic Orders, whose aim was the possession of Lithuania, continued to retard the conversion of the nation.

The conversion of Lithuania was finally achieved by Poland, whose recompense was great. For centuries, Lithuania shared a common fate with Poland, and became almost identified with her. In 1385, the crown of Poland was offered to Jagellon, grand duke of Lithuania, by the young

[3] T. Narbut, *Dzieje narodu Litewskiego* (History of the Lithuanian People). Vilna, vol. iv., doc. xiv.

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heiress of the Polish throne, Hedwige. Jagellon had promised to convert his subjects to the Catholic faith, to reconcile to Rome the schismatic Malorussians and Bielorussians of his State, and to receive baptism himself. He was baptized at Cracow on February 14, 1386, and his marriage with Hedwige took place on the fourth of March.

In 1387, Jagellon returned to Lithuania to fulfill his promises. He granted to the Lithuanian boyars who would embrace the Catholic faith, the same rights as those enjoyed by the Polish nobility. He forbade mixed marriages between Catholics and Orthodox. The Polish clergy began to preach in Lithuania to the members of the nobility, while the Franciscans at Vilna preached in Lithuanian to the common people. The idols were destroyed. On the ruins of the temple of Perkunas, the god of thunder, rose the cathedrals of Vilna. The first bishop was a Lithuanian, and a Franciscan, Andrew, 1388-1398.

In a few years Lithuania became, at least nominally, a Catholic nation. In vain the Teutonic Knights strove to disparage the success of Jagellon, by saying that the Lithuanian boyars' conversion to Christianity was merely a pretext to secure the privileges of the Polish nobility. Pope Urban VI. was not deceived by their false reports. In a letter, dated April 17, 1388, he highly praised the apostolic zeal of King Jagellon.

Lithuania was reorganized from the point of view of ecclesiastical administration in the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries. Its territory was divided into six dioceses: Vilna, Semogitia,[4] Lutsk, Kiev, Kamenetz and Chelm. The diocese of Vilna embraced all of Lithuania proper, and at the end of the fifteenth century it began to have suffragan bishops. Later on, some bishops of Vilna—especially Prince James Massalski, 1762-1794—attempted to separate the Lithuanian Church from that of Poland and to make Vilna the seat of an independent archbishopric. Their efforts, however, failed in face of the energetic opposition of the archbishops of Gniezno (Gnesen).

The history of the conversion of Lithuania is characterized by an unfortunate feature. For a long time the Lithuanians were baptized and nominally converted to the Catholic Church,

[4] Bishop Matthias Wolonczewski (in Lithuanian, Valancauskas) (1850-1875) wrote the most important work on the history of the Catholic Church in Lithuania: *Zemajtiu Wiskupiste* (The Diocese of Samogitia). Shenandoah, Pa., 1897. See Maironis, *Lietuvos istorija*, pp. 237, 240.

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but they were not well instructed in the teaching and practices of their new religion. Even in the sixteenth century we find traces of paganism among the people. The influence of paganism was so strong that remnants of its literature and worship filtered into Christianity. The reason for this is to be found, of course, in the hurried conversion of the Lithuanian tribes to Christianity. Historical sources relate that in the space of thirty years (1387-1417) Jagellon and his cousin Vitautas converted to Christianity five millions of their Lithuanian subjects. Evidently, the number is exaggerated. It cannot be denied, however, that at times violence was exerted in order to wrest the Lithuanian tribes from paganism. At times the apostolic zeal of Jagellon went so far as to provoke rebellions among his subjects, strongly attached, as they were, to the worship of their idols.

But, nearly all the Lithuanian writers assure us that the religious darkness which spread over Lithuania in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, was the natural outcome of the defects of Lithuanian ecclesiastical organization. From the very outset of her Catholic life Lithuania was generally deprived of a native clergy, *sacerdotes naturales*. The evangelization of her people was entrusted to the Polish clergy, who did not always care to learn the language of their flock.[5]

The Papal Nuncio to the court of Poland, Alexander Kumuleus, who by instruction of Clement VIII. visited the diocese of Vilna in 1595-1597, laments that through their ignorance of the Lithuanian language, many priests were not able to administer the sacraments. There were even children who died without baptism.[6] And his dark picture of the sorrowful condition of Lithuanian Christianity is confirmed by the testimony of the Lithuanian Canon, Nicholas Dauksza, who wrote that the lamentable decay of Christian life in Lithuania was due to the

[5] *La situation de l'Eglise Catholique en Lithuanie. Pro Lithuania.* Lausanne, 1917, III année, p. 54; E. Volteris, *Lietuvska chrestomatija* (Lithuanian Chrestomathy). Petrograd, 1901, p. 27; K. Propolanis, *Polskie apostolstwo w Litwie* (The Polish Apostleship in Lithuania), Vilna, 1913, pp. 22, 23. A French revised edition of this work, which is well supplied with documents, was published under the title: *L'Eglise Polonaise en Lithuanie*, Paris, 1914. See also: J. Gabrys, *La question polonaise en relation avec la question lithuanienne*, Paris, 1915; A. Jakosztas, *Lithuaniens et Polonais*, Paris, 1913; *De lingua polonica in Ecclesiis Lithuaniae*, Cannae, 1906; *Le condizioni dei Lituani cattolici nella diocesi di Vilna*, Roma, 1912.

[6] M. Balinski, *Dawna Akademja Wilenska* (The Ancient Academy of Vilna). Petrograd, 1862, p. 440.

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abandonment of the native Lithuanian language: *z opuszczenia jezyka ojczystego.*[1]

Because of the neglect of national culture, Lithuania was nearly won over to Protestantism in the sixteenth century. The first seeds of the Reformation were sown in Lithuanian soil in 1542 by Abraham Kulwa, a Lithuanian who had studied theology in Germany. In 1550, a German priest, John Winkler, who secretly professed the doctrines of the Reformation, went to Vilna. He gathered some followers from among the cultivated classes. The earliest heralds of Protestantism in Lithuania raised up the flag of Lithuanian nationalism. The first book printed in Lithuanian was the Lutheran catechism by Mazvydis-Vaïtkunas, published at Koenigsberg in 1547. At the end of the sixteenth century a pastor of the same town translated into Lithuanian all the books of the Old Testament, and in 1591 published in two volumes the explanatory sermons of the Sunday Gospels of the whole year. Several families of the Lithuanian nobility, the Radziwills, Sapiehas, and Chodkiewicz passed over to Protestantism. The ferment of a religious upheaval spread through the masses of the people and the ranks of the clergy.

Lithuania was nearly on the brink of a lamentable defection from the Catholic faith when Walerjan Protasewicz, Bishop of Vilna (1556-1580), invited the Jesuits to arrest the victorious sweep of Protestantism in Lithuania. They arrived at Vilna in 1569 and set about their task at once. They built colleges and schools, published apologetical treatises, opened discussions with the theologians of the Reformation, and revived Catholic feeling throughout the whole country. The leader of the Catholic reaction was Peter Skarga, S.J., the purest glory of Polish literature, one of the greatest orators of the world, a prophet who foretold the partition of Poland two hundred years before its occurrence. In 1570, the Jesuits opened a college at Vilna. The Lithuanian nobility favored the foundation. King Sigismond Augustus and Prince Casimir Sapieha bequeathed to it their precious collections of classical and scientific books. In 1578, thanks to the influence of Prince Georges Radziwill, the college of Vilna was raised to the rank of university, and called the Academy of Vilna. In 1579, Stefan Bathory raised it to the rank of Cracow University. In 1641,

[1] See *Lietuviszkiejie rasztai ir rasztininkai* (Lithuanian Writers and Writings), Tilsit, 1890, pp. 12, 13.

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the faculties of medicine and civil canon law added new brilliance to the Academy. In time it eclipsed the University of Cracow. A few years after its foundation, in 1586, it numbered seven hundred students. It became a beacon-light not only for Lithuania and Poland, but for Russia. The literary renaissance of Malo-Russia, in the seventeenth century, the foundation of the Orthodox Academy of Kiev under Metropolitan Peter Moghilas, the cultural awakening of Great Russia at the end of the same century through the influence of Malorussian scholars —all these movements had their origin in the development of Catholic learning under the influence of Jesuits. Even the cultural supremacy of Poland in Lithuania and Malo-Russia sprang from the Catholic Reaction, inaugurated and unceasingly fostered by the Jesuit schools.

When we see the brilliant rôle played by the Society of Jesus in the history of Polish culture, we cannot but wonder at the severe judgment pronounced upon it by a recent historian of Polish literature.[8]

At the outset, in dealing with the Lithuanians, the Jesuits understood the necessity of fostering the national culture of the country, and to cultivate the study of the Lithuanian and Ruthenian languages. Peter Skarga urged the teaching of the Russian tongue in the Ruthenian schools in order to hasten the extinction of the Oriental schism. Other Jesuits wrote devotional books, hymns, sermons in Lithuanian and Lettish. Constantine Sirvydas (1564-1631) published a grammar of the Lithuanian language *(Clavis linguæ lithuanæ)*, a Latin-Lithuanian-Polish Dictionary *(Dictionarium trium linguarum)*, and a manual entitled "Points for Sermons" *(Punktay sakimu)*.

Unhappily, the enthusiasm of the earliest days died away. The Academy of Vilna, and later, the Jesuit colleges ostracized the Lithuanian language. They endeavored only to graft upon Lithuania the Polish culture; and Casimir Propolanis is right in complaining that they did nothing to enlighten the Lithuanian nation in its own tongue.[9] The truth is, however, that the Society of Jesus was not directly responsible for the decay of the Lithuanian language. The Polonized Lithuanian nobles

[8] Jan de Holewinski, *An Outline of the History of Polish Literature*, in *Poland's Case for Independence*. New York, 1916, p. 189.

[9] *Jezuici . . . . nic prawie nic zrobili dla oswiatu ludu litewskiego w jego wlasnym jezyku. Op. cit.*, p. 42.

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contemned their native tongue as plebeian, hence the elimination of the Lithuanian language from the Jesuits' schools was a natural consequence of the prevalence of Polish culture among the Lithuanian nobility.

The Polonization of Lithuania made giant strides after the famous treaty of Lublin, in 1569, whereby Lithuania joined her fate to that of Poland. Polish culture became firmly grounded in Lithuania, and until the partition of Poland and the collapse beneath the Russian yoke, the history of the Lithuanian Church is, indeed, hardly more than a detached page of the history of that of Poland.

The Polish insurrection in 1861 put the fidelity of the Lithuanians to the Catholic Church to a severe test. Under the iron rule of General Muraviev, Lithuania became a land of sorrow and an arena of martyrdom. The Bishops of Vilna and Seyni were exiled; many priests sent to Siberia or executed; the finest and most historic Catholic churches were converted into Orthodox churches. Swarms of Orthodox priests and monks vainly tried to restore, as they alleged, the ancient *Orthodoxy* among Lithuanians and Ruthenians. The policy of the Russian Government aimed at a literary Russification of Lithuania as a preliminary step to its religious Russification. It was forbidden to publish Lithuanian books, unless printed in Slavic letters. Of course the Catholic Lithuanians did not yield to the violent measures aimed at undermining their faith. They sacrificed rather the most cherished jewel of a civilized people, their mother tongue. For more than forty years, they used Polish prayer books. Instead of furthering the Russification of the country, the Russian policy contributed powerfully to its Polonization. And by means of the Church, Lithuania would have been entirely merged into the Polish culture, had not Lithuanian nationalism found shelter abroad, and some priests, by their literary work, preserved and developed the germs of national spirit.

During the period of ostracism of the Lithuanian press, Tilsit in Prussia became the literary centre of Lithuania. Lithuanian books and periodicals printed here, crossed the Russian frontiers and maintained among Lithuanians their patriotic ideals. Monsignor J. Maculevicius (Maironis) of Kovno with warm poetic feeling, exalted in his lyrics the beauty and past glories of his country. Monsignor Anthony Baranowski,

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Bishop of Seiny, wrote many lyric poems—some of which today are sung in every Lithuanian house—and by his epic *Anyksciu Silelis (The Anyksciu Forest)* reminded his countrymen of the heroic deeds of their ancestors. Monsignor Matthias Valancius or Wolonczewski, Bishop of Samogitia, laid the foundation of the history of the Lithuanian Church by his scholarly work: *Zemaiciu vyskupyste* (The Bishopric of Samogitia).

Like the clergy of the Uniate Rumanians, or those of the Catholic Croats, Slovenes and Slovaks, the Lithuanian clergy were the pioneers in the intellectual renaissance of their own people. By their ceaseless toil, they prepared their countrymen for political independence. They harmoniously blended religious and patriotic aspirations. For this reason they were called upon to assume the leadership of their own people, and to exert a paramount influence upon the national development. By sincere devotion to a programme of sound nationalism, they won the loyal zeal of their flocks, and made the Catholic faith the main spring of their national life.

The Lithuanian Church has three dioceses. Politically, and according to the former map of Russia, Lithuania was included in the governments of Vilna, Kovno, Suvalki and Grodno. Previously the government also of Minsk had belonged to it.

From an ecclesiastical point of view, the three dioceses of Lithuania—Vilna, Samogitia or Kovno and Seyni—include more than what, strictly speaking, lay within Lithuania's ethnographical boundaries. The diocese of Vilna, the most ancient of all, includes the governments of Vilna and Grodno; that of Samogitia, the governments of Kovno and Courland; that of Seyni, the governments of Suvalki and Lomza. The limits of the Lithuanian dioceses were fixed in 1847 by the Concordat between the Holy See and Nicolas I.

According to the latest diocesan directories, the Catholic population within the limits of the diocese of Vilna numbers 1,391,141 souls; with 311 parish churches, and 535 priests. The diocese of Samogitia has a Catholic population of 1,356,381 souls, 219 parish churches, 152 chapels, and 637 priests. The diocese of Seyni numbers 695,414 souls, 128 parish churches, 21 chapels, and 352 priests. The directories, however, do not give the number of Lithuanian Catholics in Lithuania.

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We will find if we consult the figures drawn from Lithuanian sources, that the Lithuanian-speaking Catholic population of the five former Russian governments included within the three dioceses of Lithuania amounts to 2,565,000 souls. If we add to that number 300,000 Lithuanians scattered throughout Russia, 30,000 Lithuanians living in England, and 750,000 Lithuanians who have emigrated to the United States, the total number of Lithuanian Catholics seems to be about 4,430,000 souls.

It is needless to say that the calculations based on Polish sources differ widely from those made by Lithuanian writers. According to the Poles, the number of Poles in Lithuania is 1,566,540, representing as much as thirteen and six-tenths per cent of the local population. But even Polish writers admit that the number of their countrymen in Lithuania has been greatly reduced by the abolition of the Uniate Church and in consequence of the deportation of a considerable number of Poles, and that the great majority of the inhabitants of the government of Kovno consists of Lithuanians.[10]

The renaissance of Lithuanian Catholicism after the ukase of April 17-30, 1905, which granted liberty of conscience, is the best fruit of the apostolic zeal of the Lithuanian clergy. In the midst of the social whirlwind produced by the ukase, the Lithuanian clergy were obliged to face at one time several important problems linked with the welfare of the Catholic Church and of their own people. They were obliged to defend themselves against the nationalists who hooted at them as the tools of Polonism, and the foes of Lithuanian culture. They had to thwart the propaganda of Socialism, which was rapidly spreading among the mass of the people, and which assumed an attitude openly hostile to the Church. They felt also the necessity of arming themselves against a possible reaction of the Russian Orthodox clergy, already sore at heart because of the numerous conversions of Ruthenians to Catholicism.[11]

The urgent need of Catholic organization made itself

[10] Arthur E. Gurney, *The Population of the Polish Commonwealth*, in *Poland's Case for Independence*, pp. 130, 132.

[11] Dr. Anthony Viscont (PhD., Louvain), *La Lithuanie religieuse*, Geneva, 1918; W. Vidunas, *La Lithuanie dans le passé et dans le présent*, Geneva, 1918; C. Verbelis, *La Lithuanie russe au point de vue statistique et ethnographique*, Geneva, 1918; Rev. Adam Vilimovicius, *La Lithuanie*, Geneva, 1918; *Pro Lithuania, Bulletins du bureau d'informations de Lithuanie*, Paris-Lausanne, 1915-1918, and *A Plea for the Lithuanians*, Philadelphia, Pa., 1916-1918.

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felt in 1905, when sixty leaders of Lithuanian Socialism exerted a considerable influence upon the proceedings of the Lithuanian *seimas* (diet) in which two thousand Lithuanians took part. Three professors of the Roman Catholic Ecclesiastical Academy at Petrograd, Peter Bucis, Alexander Dambrauskas, and John Maculevicius drew up a programme of organization for the party of Christian democracy. The social Catholic movement in Lithuania dates from that decisive step.

First of all, the Lithuanian clergy recognized the necessity of developing a press. After forty years of enforced silence, the Lithuanians were eager for the revival of their own language, and the diffusion of their own literature.[12]

Weekly and monthly reviews were established and the need of a daily paper being felt to fight the liberal and Socialistic propaganda in Lithuania, Rev. Joseph Tumas started the publication of *Viltis* (Hope), in 1907. This aggressive daily paper is still the best champion of Catholic Lithuanian nationalism. Before the War the Catholic press in Lithuania comprised seventeen papers and reviews; while the liberals and Socialists had but eight. These figures show the admirable zeal of the Lithuanian clergy for the enlightenment of their own flock, and the defence of Catholic principles and doctrines in their own land.

Parallel with the development of the Catholic press in Lithuania ran the development of primary instruction. The Lithuanian clergy devoted their energies to the organization of parochial schools. And in 1909 several young priests who had completed their studies in the *Université Catholique* of Louvain organized the *League of Lithuanian Students*, to gather together the Catholic students and foster their intellectual and moral development. The League published in 1911 the monthly review known as *Ateitis* (The Future).

Social welfare work for the Lithuanian Catholic population, also occupied the attention of the Lithuanian clergy and

[12] In 1911 Canon Joseph Skvireckas, professor at the Seminary of Kovno, published the first volume of his monumental work, *Sventas Rastas senojo ir nau jojo istatymo arba Testamento su Vulgatos tekstu* (The Holy Scripture of the Old and New Testaments According to the Text of the Vulgate). Kovno, Printing-house of the Society of St. Casimir, 1911. Two other volumes followed in 1913. The translation is enriched with a learned commentary and introductions. The War has stopped the publication of the whole work, which will embrace six volumes. In 1906 the same author published a popular edition of the Gospels and of the Acts of the Apostles, *Sventa Musu Viespaties Jezaus Kristaus Evangelija ir Apostalu Darbai*. Kovno, 1906.

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met with remarkable success. The temperance movement inaugurated in 1856 by the Right Rev. Matthias Valancius or Wolonczewski in 1858, succeeded so well that in 1864 in the diocese of Kovno only five persons per thousand were addicted to intoxicants. But that same year General Muraviev dissolved all temperance leagues. For political and economic reasons the Russian bureaucracy deliberately preferred to besot its subjects! The campaign of Bishop Valancius was resumed, however, in 1908 by the *Blaivybe* (Temperance), a society founded by several priests of the diocese of Semogitia. The Society spread all over Lithuania, and in 1913 it embraced 48,000 members.

The development of Catholic benefit and coöperative societies is also a product of the spirit of initiative of the Lithuanian clergy. The foundation of societies for coöperative purposes was forced upon Lithuanians by the rural policy of the Russian Government and the Polish landowners. The Russian Peasant Bank devoted large sums of money to dispossess the Lithuanian peasants of their land so as to be able to fill their places with Russian colonists. The Poles, in their turn, established a banking company at Warsaw to further the Polish rural colonization of Lithuania. To meet the danger threatening the vitality of their economic life, the Lithuanians formed in 1900 their first coöperative society. Rev. Vincent Jarulaitis, a member of the Imperial Duma, through the foundation of a powerful banking corporation, warded off the economic ruin of the Lithuanian peasantry.

The calamities brought to Lithuania by the War, and the devastation of her towns and villages by both the Russian and German armies, have considerably augmented the duties and zeal of the Lithuanian clergy. Lithuanian priests are generally at the head of the sections of the Lithuanian Relief Fund Committee. In Switzerland, they have organized special committees to assist their starving and martyrized countrymen. In a letter addressed to Monsignor Constantine Olszevski, Canon of the Chapter of Samogitia, and Chairman of the Lithuanian Executive Commission of Relief for the Victims of the War, the Holy Father, Benedict XV., sent a sum of twenty thousand francs. He has also invited all the bishops throughout the world to take up a collection for the unfortunate Lithuanians in all Catholic churches.

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The Lithuanians are now struggling for national independence.[13] The general convention of Lithuanians, held at Berne, from February 18th to March 3d, declared that if the World War is a war for the freedom of the oppressed nations, Lithuania is entitled to complete national independence. They resolved that "the unity of Lithuania and Poland, which was destroyed at the end of the eighteenth century, has actually and rightfully ceased to exist. The Lithuanian nation, desirous of securing Polish independence along its ethnical boundaries, is none the less desirous to remain the ruler of its own land, and protests against any attempt whatever to usurp Lithuanian rights in Lithuania."

The Lithuanians, Poles and Ruthenians, have fought and bled in defence of their civilization and of their Catholic faith. In the period of their national distress they have turned their eyes towards Rome; they have found in their clergy the palladium of their national life; they have undergone the greatest sacrifices. The World War will have been fought in vain, if Poland, Lithuania and Ruthenia fail to rise up from cruel bondage to the freest national development.

[13] See *Kokia antonomija Lietuvai reikalinga?* (What Kind of Autonomy is Needed by Lithuanians?), Chicago, Ill., 1914; *A Memorandum Upon the Lithuanian Nation*, Paris, 1911; *A Sketch of the Lithuanian Nation*, Paris, 1912; *Lithuany and the Autonomy of Poland*, Paris, 1915; *The Polish Question*, London, 1915, by J. Gabrys. See also *Lithuaniens et Polonais*, by A. Jaksztas.

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THE LORE OF FAIRYLAND.

BY EVELYN MARCH PHILLIPPS.

I.

THERE was a time when throughout northern Europe there ran a recognized undercurrent of being, midway between our life and the life of inanimate things. When every wood and cave, every glen and river was the home and hiding place of a tribe of creatures, remote from man, yet intimately concerned with him and credited with possessing almost unlimited powers of magic and enchantment.

The antiquity of this belief and its extent are too great to be set forth in this small space. It is a belief which reaches back into a primitive age. There is little doubt that it is a form of survival of what were religious tenets and that former divinities have been transformed into fairies. The notion that there exist preternatural men and women, who invisibly inhabit regions not always open to our ken, and yet can indulge in intercourse with the human race, obtains not only among the Scandinavian, British, Celtic and Teutonic races, but in Arabia, Persia and India, among the Tartars, and even among the savage tribes of Africa.

The name of Fairy has been deduced with great plausibility from the Persian Peri, and it is urged that Morgan, so celebrated as a fairy of old romance, is Mergain Peri, equally famed in Eastern story, but it seems more probable that it is among the Parcæ of antiquity, also called the Fatæ, that the origin is to be found. The connection between the Parcæ or fates and the fairies will be evident when we recollect how often all these are represented, as at the birth of heroes or princes, bestowing good and evil gifts.

From Fata was formed a verb, *fatare*, to enchant and so we come to *faer*, the old French verb having the same meaning, with its participle, *faé*, to the *chevaliers faés*, *les dames faées* or *fées* and to *faërie*, the art of illusion and enchantment.

So it is used before the time of Chaucer. "*Plusieurs parlent de faeries et de songes, de phantosmes et de men-*

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songes," [1] says an old French writer. "*En effet, s'il me falloit retourner en faërie, je ne scauroye en prendre mon chemin,*" [2] exclaims Ogier le Dannoye—and in Chaucer's *Merchant's Tale* is found: "Him to beholde it seemed faërie."

From the sense of illusion, the transition was easy to the land of illusions and the abode of the Faes and the appellation passed to the inhabitants in their collective capacity, till the Faërie signified the people of Fairyland. At last the word came to mean the individual inhabitant, the fairy knights and ladies of romance, as well as the pygmy elves of the woods and dells. Chaucer never uses it in this sense, but to Spenser it seems indebted for its future currency and in the sixteenth century it is employed by translators as meaning the Fays. Holinshed writes in 1577: "They believed that King Arthur was not dead, but carried away by the fairies into some pleasant place where he should remain for a time and then return again and reign in as grete authority as ever." The use adopted by the poets became that of the people in whom the belief had so long been deeply implanted. It was a faith peopling the whole land with beings whose mission on the whole was to punish the wicked, to thwart and subdue the overbearing, the unfeeling and the discourteous, but to watch over and protect all helpless and innocent things, to encourage the good and to comfort the forlorn. Says an old Chronicler: "They call them the Good People and say they live in wilds and forests and mountains," yet they appear too as the denizens of the hearth and home. The Mermaids are but the Nereïds of antiquity, the household spirits are but the Lares of the old Latin belief. The earliest of Icelandic sagas prove the belief in dwarfs and elves and the Elf-king appears in the *Nibelungenlied,* written about the time of Attila.

Some distinction is necessary between the more important enchanters and enchantresses of romance and the little beings who according to popular belief made the green circles of sour grass, "whereof the ewe bites not." We must differentiate between the famous fairies of early romantic poetry and those of of the nursery story.

Among the more classic and important figures is that of Lancelot of the Lake, whose story was first printed in 1494. He

[1] "Many talk of enchantments and dreams, of phantoms and delusions."

[2] "Truly if I had to return to the land of enchantment, I would not know my way."

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was carried off as a child by Vivien, to whom Merlin, the demon-born, had taught a portion of his art, and after going through a course of knightly education was presented at King Arthur's court.

"In those times all women were called Fays who had to do with charms and enchantments and knew the power of words, of stones and of herbs, whereby they were kept in youth and beauty and in great riches as they devised." In Perceforest dwelt Schille du Lac, a Fay with whom, so legends told, Alexander the Great dwelt to be cured of his wounds and who bore a son to him from whose lineage came King Arthur.

Sir Launfal in the romance composed by Thomas Chestre in the reign of Henry VI., was loved by Dame Tryamour, the daughter of the King of Fairyland. The beauty of Tryamour was said to be beyond conception.

She was as white as lily in May,
Or snow that snoweth in winter day.
He saw never none so freart (lively).
The red rose when she is new
Against her rose was naught of hew
I dare well say in cert.
Her hair shone as gold wire
May no man rede her attire
He maught well think in hert.

Launfal was rescued by his fairy love from the jealous vengeance of Queen Guinevere and borne away to Avalon.

Every year upon a certain day
Men may hear Launfal's steed neigh
And see him with sight.
But he was taken into the faërie
Since saw him else in this land no man
Ne no more of him tell I can.

Oberon, the dwarf king of the fairies, is a still older enchanter and first appears in a German *Heldenbuch*, or book of heroes in the early part of the thirteenth century. He is also described in a French prose romance. He is but three feet in height and all humpy, but has an angelic face. The bad fairy who was not invited to his christening had wished that he might not grow after his third year, while another, willing to counterbalance the ill wish, said he should be the most beau-

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tiful of beings. Others had given him the power of transporting himself from place to place and of penetrating into the thoughts of men:

> We the globe can compass soon
> Swifter than the wandering moon!

Shakespeare formed a community of Fays, ruled over by the princely Oberon and the fair Titania, and some of his loveliest poetry is devoted to their characteristic traits, but it is uncertain whether he, or Ben Jonson or Drayton, really held as true any of that traditionary fairy lore which for centuries after their time still formed part of the popular belief.

Closely connected with the fairies is the land of their abode, the regions to which they convey the mortals whom they love, "the happy land of faëris." The isle of Avalon, which writers unanimously regard as the same place as Glastonbury, was the abode of Arthur and of Oberon. It was also the abode of Morgan le Fay, another famous character of enchanted story, who is closely connected with the history of Ogier le Dannoye, one of the paladins of Charlemagne. At his birth she pronounced that he should be her lover and her friend. At the close of a long life, Morgan, who is endowed with the gift of perpetual youth, comes to fetch him to fulfill his destiny. She takes him to her paradise and gives him youth and forgetfulness: "Such joyous pastime did the Fayes make him that there is no creature in this world that could imagine or think it. So the time passed away from day to day, from week to week, in such sort that a year did not last a month to him." But after two hundred years had passed, his country is in sore need, invaded by Paynims. Morgan, releasing him from his Lethean trance, sends him back to fight and conquer in its defence. Then he returned again to Avalon, but the belief still obtains that one day when France is at her direst need, Ogier will come back to deliver her.

Other legends describe that fair land as a city underneath the sea: "Even now sometimes, though very rarely, eyes gazing down through the green waters can see the wide streets and costly buildings of that city—and now and then will come chimes and peals of bells, sometimes near, sometimes distant, sounding low and sweet, like a call to prayer, or as rejoicing for a victory."

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Thomas of Erceldoune is a personage who is known to have lived in the thirteenth century, and to have established a lasting reputation for prophetic powers. He met the Fairy Queen under the Eildon tree, which stood on the easternmost of the three Eildon Hills and went with her to Fairyland, where he abode for what seemed three days but was really three years. At the end of that time he found himself again on earth, with the gift of a prophetic tongue that could not lie.

The superstition of the expected deliverer is scattered widely through Europe, and constitutes the more heroic side of fairy lore. It is less a superstition than a sort of legendary, popular belief, remarkable for its uncombated endurance.

Says Sir Thomas Malory: "Some men say that King Arthur is not dead but that he will come again to win the Holy Crosse." In Wales they have a legend that he and his thousand knights lie sleeping under a mountain in full armor, and "when the men of the Black Eagle and the Golden Eagle shall go to war, the clamor of which should make the earth tremble, the warriors will start from their sleep and destroy the enemies of Britain."

Among other sleeping heroes of enchantment, Charlemagne lies in the Untersberg near Salzburg; Siegfried, the hero of the *Nibelungenlied*, in the mountain fastness of Geroldseck; Diedrich rests in Alsace, his hand upon his sword, waiting till the Turk shall water his horses on the banks of the Rhine. In Serbia, Marko is the enchanted prince, in a palace on a mysterious island. The traveler calls across the mountain: "Marko, dost thou live?" and in the echo he believes that he hears the reply. Of all the names appropriated by this myth the most famous is that of Frederick Barbarossa. In a cavern beneath the Kyffhäuser mountain in Thuringia, he sits at a stone table over which his beard has grown, and he will one day issue forth with all his men.

While under the sway of fairy magic, enchanted mortals are unconscious of the lapse of time. Sometimes they are summoned to perform services for the magical beings who dwell beneath the earth. They are drawn into regions over which supernatural power extends, by means of a love-spell or by some illicit curiosity, or merely by accepting an apparently innocent invitation, and they return to earth, after what seems a few hours or days, to find that their generation has

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vanished and that if they are recollected at all, it is only as those who have long mysteriously disappeared.

Another means of deception is concerned with sight. Parents were deceived by changelings. Young children were stolen out of their cradles and a weird, old-looking being substituted. At the time of a birth every drawer in a house was unlocked as the fairies then hid there; but as soon as the child was born they were hastily re-locked to keep the occupants prisoners, till such simple safeguard as a branch of rowan tied over the cradle or a live coal placed beneath had been adopted. Many measures were resorted to, to make the changeling betray itself and oblige the fairies to restore the true child—meals cooked in eggshells was a proceeding which appeared to appeal particularly to the changeling's sense of humor. In all stories the end is the same—namely, to excite the wonder and curiosity of the imp to such a pitch that he betrays himself by giving expression to it. In Normandy the changeling declares: "I have seen the forest of Ardennes burnt seven times, but I never saw so many pots boil." Scandinavian Welsh and English fairies all make the same sort of remark. There are many tales in which the changeling is beaten, or starved or threatened with ill-usage, the mother exclaiming, "Take thine own and bring me mine," in order to compel restitution. Frequently, nothing short of fire was deemed sufficient to free the household from the affliction of the forbidding wizard child. Sometimes the mother whose child had been bewitched had to go out at full moon to four crossroads and there, as the fairy procession passed at midnight, she might recover her own child.

Midsummer Day was a favorite time for release from fairy enchantments—a relic of the ceremonies performed on pagan holidays. Once a year those under a spell were permitted to appear, and then mortals might render them the service of disenchantment.

The legend of enchanted princesses, the Sleeping Beauty, the Swan-Maidens, redeemed by the trials and sufferings, the constancy and courage of the loving and devoted prince, is a beautiful story to be found in many lands and with every variety of magical detail. Stories often take the form of a fairy who weds a mortal. A typical instance is that of Melusine, the famous Countess de Lusignan, who married Raymond of

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Provence. They lived happily and she presented him with beautiful children, till one day he dared to violate conditions which she had imposed and discovered that she had the power of changing herself into a mermaid, and really was akin to the fairies of the sea. She was never seen again, but sometimes in the darkness of night the nurses would hear her weeping and busying herself about her little children. Chancellor Gervase of Tilbury in Gloucestershire, a weighty authority who wrote in the thirteenth century, asserts that one of her daughters married a relative of his own, belonging to a noble family of Provence, and that her descendants were living at the time he wrote.

The stealing of a magic robe is one way of dispelling enchantment. The Swan-Maiden's feather robe is secured and she cannot return to the swan form. Sometimes she is seized with a longing to return to her own regions and offers a gift or bribe as the price of freedom. A fisherman named Peregrine gave up a fairy lady he had captured, on her promising to give him three calls in the hour of his greatest danger. One hot, calm afternoon when the fishing fleet was at sea with no thought of peril, he beheld her head rise above the water and heard her cry, "Peregrine, Peregrine, Peregrine, take up thy nets." With all haste he and his companion obeyed, and by the time they ran past the bar a terrible storm had arisen and all the rest in the fleet were drowned. There is a family still resident in the neighborhood which bears a red mermaid with yellow hair on its coat of arms in commemoration of this legend.

Certain principles govern these stories. He who enters fairy land and partakes of fairy food is spellbound. He cannot return for many years, perhaps forever, to the world of man. Perhaps this was a solution often welcomed in days when news traveled slowly, or was never received at all, concerning those who in time of war or on travel disappeared from the knowledge of those to whom they were dear, never to be heard of again. Fairies are grateful to men for favors conferred and resentful for injuries. They never fail to reward those who do them a kindness, nor do they forget to revenge themselves on those who offend them. To watch them when they do not wish to be seen, is a mortal offence. Their magical powers are represented as unbounded. They make

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things seem other than they are, they appear and disappear at will, they make a long time seem short, and short, long, they change their own forms and cast spells over mortals. The glamour with which such famous enchanters as Merlin and Michael of Melrose were endowed, was perhaps a sort of hypnotism which took command of the sense of sight and caused their captives to see whatever they desired they should see.

It had much of glamour might,
Could make a lady seem a knight,
The cobwebs on a dungeon wall
Seem tapestry in a lordly hall.
A nutshell seem a gilded barge,
A sheeting seem a palace large,
And youth seem age and age seem youth,
All was delusion, naught was truth.

A man once came to a west county village with a wonderful cock which could draw a heavy log of wood attached to its leg by a rope. Crowds of people went to see this marvelous performance and none could explain it, till a man appeared among the spectators who had in his possession a four-leaved clover. This completely protected him from the power of glamour, and while others saw as they supposed a log of wood drawn through the yard, he saw that only a straw was attached to the cock's leg.

In all countries and in all ages, the histories rest more or less on a broad basis, whether they are concerned with the doctrine of spirits, the doctrine of transformations or belief in witchcraft and the power to charm and enchant and to influence for good or evil.

II.

Now the fairies have all gone away and even children seem in danger of forgetting their story, but in old times they were so commonly seen and so universally acknowledged that it would have seemed idle to doubt their existence, or to think that the rough country people who described them, could have imagined beings of such delicate and fantastic grace. And their presence once recognized, there was no difficulty in finding traces of them. Their midnight revels left dark-green circles on the dewy grass, their gossamer garments floated on the autumn air, their invisible flight could be tracked across the

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waving barley. The weird and tricky creatures who dwelt in mountain caves and gorges called back to you in the echoes of the hills, their song mixed with the running streams and their sheeny robes gleamed across the waterfall. They would ride the sea on a Cornish coast, their wild horses leaping from wave to wave. "It was magic—magic as black as Merlin could make it, and the whole sea was green fire and white foam, with singing mermaids in it."

Halls and homesteads were the resort of fairies of the hearth, differing in different countries, yet possessing kindred attributes. The Pixies were peculiar to Devon, Somerset and Cornwall. They were tiny creatures, dressed in green, whose duties were to punish the slothful and intemperate and to reward the abstemious and thrifty, and it was averred that in the houses they particularly favored they would toil all night cleaning and tidying, only requiring a pail of fresh water to be set apart nightly for their use. It was even declared that as the good, industrious maid bore the pail along, it was upborne by other hands and weighed nothing, and that as she gazed into the water she caught a glimpse of little faces reflected round her own.

The Brownie, the household spirit of the Scotch Lowlands and Borders, was a fairy who lived alone among men. His chief was the head of the house to which he attached himself, and if the virtues of charity and hospitality were practised, he watched and toiled for the house's prosperity. Brownie usually appeared only on the accession of the Laird and then, if properly received, he stayed to drain a cup. Afterwards his presence was only revealed by the thriving condition of the estate. A legend tells that he presided in this benevolent fashion over the fortunes of Linden Hall, till it fell into the hands of a graceless heir who dashed the wine into Brownie's face when he came to take the pledge. He was never seen again, and the estate went swiftly to ruin and passed into other hands. The Kobold of Germany and the Nis of Scandinavia resembled in many points the Brownie of Scotland, and were to be found in every house, and for them too the bowl of milk was set and the "Good Piece" of pie or potato thrown towards the lintel.

Perhaps, however, it is the Elves, the Wee Fair Folk, who appealed most closely to our childhood's fancy. They were

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more widely scattered than any branch of their race. They lived in sunny meadows and had for dwellings the interior of moss-crowned hillocks, round which they led their dances, tracing on the grass circles of the deepest green. Within these circles it was dangerous for mortals to step, for the Fairy Folk were apt to punish such transgressions severely. On the other hand they were grateful to those who showed regard for their chosen places of recreation—as shown in the old rhyme:

He wha tills the fairies' green
Nae luck again shall hae;
And he wha spills the fairies' ring
Betide him want and wae—
For weirdless days and weary nights
Are his till his dying day.
He who goes by the fairies' ring
Nae dule nor pine shall see,
And he wha decks the fairies' ring
An easy death shall dee.

There is no lack of accounts of these apparitions. Chancellor Gervase of Tilbury describes them as early as the thirteenth century, "a long procession, men, women and children, clothed in green," and wearing high crowned hats, who were frequently met with. The Blackdown Hills near Taunton was long one of their favorite resorts, and they have often been seen fair-keeping there, but it was dangerous to go near or to interfere with them. In Somerset, even now, a cross is sometimes marked on a newly-made cake to prevent the fairies dancing on it, and a horse found inexplicably hot and tired is said to be pixy-ridden, as the little creatures were fond of hanging on by the mane, and urging the frightened animal to a mad gallop across the moor. As late as the last century certain people were pointed out as having been stolen away by the elves for seven years. They came back crazed and care-worn, never knowing where they had been, but always hankering after something they could not find. A few very old people years ago in the west of England used to tell of the sweet singing that could be heard on the spurs of these hills on Midsummer Eve. "The fairies danced on moonlight nights upon the grass," says one of these, "they were little, little creatures, clothed in green."

The "Fairy Folk Raid," was long spoken of by Lowland

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folk. An old Nithsdale woman tells how coming from market with another lass, they heard on a sudden "the loud laugh of folk riding by, with the jingle of bridles and the clank of hoof." "We glowered roun' and soon saw it was the Fairy-raid. We cowered down till they passed. They were a wee, wee folk, wi' green scarfs, but ane rode foremost and was a good bit larger than the lave, wi' bonnie lang hair, boun' in a strap whilk glinted like stars. They rode on braw wee nags, wi' unco lang, swooping tails and manes hung wi' whistles, that the wind played on. A high hedge o' haw trees keepit them fra gaun through Johnnie Corrie's corn, but they lap owre like sparrows and galloped into a green knowe beyont." The Lowland fairies were described as very small, but finely built with long yellow hair, wearing mantles of dark green cloth and silver shoon. They carried quivers made of adder-skin and bows carved from the ribs of a man buried where "three lairds' lands meet." Their steeds would not dash the dew from a harebell with their tread. They shot at and irritated the cattle of anyone who offended them.

It was not everyone who could see the Elves. By getting within their circle at midnight they became visible, and Sunday children possessed a remarkable power of seeing them. If only one could rub a little magic ointment on the eyes, there was nothing to prevent one seeing them climbing up the dressers, hanging on the beams, playing pranks on the clock, the table, the mantlepiece, tweaking the cat's whiskers, riding races on mice: up to every kind of game. They were always very beautifully dressed. The little men in green velvet, their green caps had long scarlet feathers and all wore little red boots. The ladies were very magnificent little people. They had diamond buckles on their little shoes and wore steeple crowned hats, or diadems with gleaming stars, while their robes seemed woven of butterflies' wings or luminous mist.

Though the fairies were so powerful and could wield magic with so potent an effect, they were under certain laws of their own. At the passing of the old year and on Midsummer Eve, all were required to present themselves at the Court of Fairyland on pain of severe punishment. They could not cross a running stream unaided, and many a boatman has been appealed to, to give them a passage, when no bridge was near, and to those who dared danger and difficulty to grant their

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request the grateful fairy never failed to make some rich return. The Fairy mythology tells of a lad who, when ploughing, drew a circle round an old thorn tree, which was known to be a fairy trysting place. On ending his day's work he found a table spread beside the tree, with bread and cheese and some sort of wine. His companions were afraid to touch it, but he sat and ate and drank, exclaiming: "Fair fa' the hands that gie." Ever after he throve "like the bracken." The fairies often borrowed and to refuse them brought ill-luck. A young woman in the Lowlands of Scotland was one day sifting meal, warm from the mill, when a beautiful little woman came to her with a bowl of antique form and requested a loan of meal. It was in a time of dearth, but the Scotchwoman made shift to accord the loan. In a week her visitor returned to make payment. She set down the bowl and breathed on it, saying, "Be never toom (empty)." The woman lived to a great age, but never saw the bottom of the bowl. But of all gifts the fairies most coveted a draught from the human breast for their children. A Scandinavian woman, one day nursing her child, was accosted by a Moss-woman, who held out her sick child and said that here lay her only hope of curing it. The Moss, or Wood-folk, were a timid race who held little intercourse with mankind, and only in extreme danger could they overcome their natural shyness to ask this favor. The woman shrank from the weird little object and the neighbors begged her to refuse; but the wild accents of the elfin mother, begging her piteously to save her child, at length prevailed. While the baby drank the healing draught the Moss-woman stood looking on with deep satisfaction. Then with a sudden sharp cry, she seized the young mother's knitting, knitted a few strands and replaced it, exclaiming: "Knit fast and free; you shall never see the end of this ball."

It was dangerous to offend the fairies. To this day in Ireland, if an inconvenient thorn-bush catches the fisherman's line, it is useless for him to suggest its being cut down. No gillie will obey him, and by degrees he will gather that it is a trap or plaything of the little people, who must not be rebuffed or treated cavalierly. Every Irish peasant knows, too, that if a cowhouse is erected on the site of the fairy rings, the cows will pine away and die. Indeed, if a few fairies still linger anywhere among us, it is in Ireland.

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The Dwarfs and Trolls were fairies of the woods and caves and belonged peculiarly to the north of Europe. Brown, white or black, they dwelt principally in the nine hills of Rügen. The little Brown Dwarfs were beautiful and much given to acts of charity and mercy. Children who had lost their way in the forest were guided to their father's door, and though they could see nothing, heard ever the tiny footfalls leading the way over the rustling forest leaves. A hungry orphan or a poor widow would find a ducat on the forest path, or a loaf of bread at the bottom of an empty sack. The Brown Dwarfs loved to dance on moonlight nights, on the mountain side, clad in brown velvet suits and wearing slippers of crystal. It was fatal to them if they lost any portion of their attire, especially the cap which made them invisible, and if one fell into the hands of a mortal, any request would be granted to redeem it, though it was shrewdly suspected that such extorted gifts brought no luck to the recipient.

The White Dwarfs worked exquisitely in steel, silver and gold, and forged magical weapons, which they sometimes presented to humans. Nothing made by human hands could withstand these trenchant blades. The Black Dwarfs bore a less estimable character; lived in the caves along the coast and plundered wrecks and drowning sailors. They had fierce glittering eyes, and their mocking laughter and triumphant songs might be heard in the lull of the storm-wind. They came inland to hold their carousing under the elder tree, a tree which, with its moon-white blossoms and strong perfume, was mysteriously linked with the fortunes of Elfland. The Trolls were folk of Scandinavia and inhabited the interior of hills, where they had spacious dwellings, filled with gold and silver and precious stones. They took charge of wells and endowed them with healing virtues, and with power to give extraordinary fruitfulness to all green things planted near. To this day they show a well in Norway, said to be a noted haunt of the Trolls. It was from the vapor of these wells that they wove their *hebbet-kappe* of invisibility. The Neck, a river spirit of Scandinavia, appeared as an old man with a long flowing beard, and was seen on moonlight nights, standing waist-deep in pools or meres, playing a wild, sweet strain upon his magic harp, which was reputed to have the power of luring faithless lovers to their doom by the resistless witchery of its tones.

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One of the chief duties of the fairies was to protect orphan children and even to convey them to Elfland for a space, which might be of seven years or even of twice or thrice that duration. These guests of Fairyland might be known by the dreamy look in their eyes and the exquisite grace of their movements. A Lady Cloncurry of a generation or two ago, who was by birth a Kirwan of Connaught, was said to number such a fairy's guest among her ancestors and to owe to her, her remarkable grace and fascination. The transportation of children usually took place on Midsummer Eve, and a child born on that night was under the peculiar care of the " Good People."

Among the wicked fairies were the Elle-maid of Scandinavia and the Korrigan of Brittany, both of whom had the power of assuming forms of beauty by night, and who were believed to waylay knights who traveled in the forests after sunset, striving by every charm and blandishment to shake their knightly vow and their constancy to their lady love—but who at the first ray of dawn fled, a loathly ruin. The forest of Brécéliande in Brittany was a favorite haunt of the Korrigan, while the forests of Lorraine were the chosen kingdom of La Dame Abonde, " the star-crowned Queen of Fays." Here the great enchanter Merlin was buried, though no one has ever been able to discover his resting place, and here too was the fountain beneath the fairy-tree where Joan of Arc saw her visions. The Tylivette Teg or fairy family of Wales, lived on a lovely island in a lake among the mountains of Brecknock. A secret passage from this island, passing under the bottom of the lake, was the route by which the fairies visited the outside world.

A strange connection was held to exist between the elfin people and the trees. The elder-tree was said to have the power of walking in the twilight, and used to look in the windows when the children were alone. It was not prudent to have any furniture made of elder wood, and if a cradle was made of it, the fairies would give the child no rest. The lime tree was another favorite haunt of the little people, and it was not safe to sit under it after dusk, while the willow wand also possessed magical properties.

So the fanciful, circumstantial, fantastic beliefs went on, almost up to our own day, dying hard, gathering round them every strange detail, ministering to the pleasure of the weak

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and helpless by the thought of a protecting power that championed the forlorn. But the fairies have gone away at last, and "now can no man see elves more." After living in our land for centuries, familiar denizens of places where life was quiet and wild and peopled with simple folk, they have left us at length. There are strange stories of their going; of how myriads of little footsteps might be heard rustling and pattering upon the shores, of how boats that looked empty, sailed away sinking to the gunwales with the weight of invisible passengers.

Many chroniclers have tried to trace whence they came and they may discuss and disagree without finding out, but to children and to a few others it is given to know whence they really came and whither they are gone back to dwell. It is that far country beyond the worn gate, where King Arthur was carried after the fatal battle; the land whither the Fairy Queen carried true Thomas of Erceldoune; in which seven years seemed but seven days, and from which legends tell that Robin Goodfellow, the son of the Fairy King, was brought to earth, for a brief sojourn, with the injunction to

> Love them that honest be,
> And help them in necessitie.

The land

> Where falls not hail, or rain, nor any snow,
> Nor ever wind blows loudly; but it lies
> Deep-meadow'd, happy, fair with orchard lawns
> And bowery hollows crown'd with summer sea;

the abode of peace and rest for which every heart instinctively craves; and the land of simple pleasure, which looks not before nor after, but takes the best of now and here, with the happy and unquestioning acceptance of childhood. It is their own green Elfland, the Realm of Faërie.

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WHITHER DOES IMAGISM TEND?

BY VIRGIL G. MICHEL, O.S.B.

THE so-called "new poetry" is only one phase of a tendency that is prevalent everywhere. The air seems charged with the spirit of revolt against traditions, and on all sides we find them giving way to a readjustment of the old order. Some persons point to the War as the underlying cause. But the spirit had been in evidence for some time before the War, and there is at least an equal probability in the rival claim that the War is rather the supreme expression than the source of this fermentation. In poetry the spirit certainly was extant before the War, though its highest development has been reached since. It is now about a year ago that a collection of poems appeared bearing the title of *The New Poetry*.[1] The book elicited much comment from book reviewers, who called attention almost unanimously to the great disparity in the merit of the selections presented. This disparity, indeed, together with the wide variety in the method of treatment regarding form and content alike, makes it difficult to realize how the poems can be so united under a common head as to exemplify any one tendency.

The preface of this volume states that "the new poetry strives for a concrete and immediate realization of life" and discards abstractions, and that its "effort at modern speech, simplicity of form, and authentic vitality of theme" is leading away from "the accepted laws of English verse." The volume contains some excellent bits of verse, such as will find a responsive echo in every human heart; but most of these are wrought closely along the canons of traditional English poetry. The opening poem by Conrad Aiken, universally lauded, commences with

> Music I heard with you was more than music,
> And bread I broke with you was more than bread.
> Now that I am without you, all is desolate,
> All that was once so beautiful is dead.

[1] New York: The Macmillan Co.

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No one can fail to recognize the genuine sparkling of the little gem by Joyce Kilmer, entitled *Easter:* [2]

The air is like a butterfly
With frail blue wings.
The happy earth looks at the sky
And sings,

while stanzas like the following:

I saw the clouds among the hills
Trailing their plumes of rainy gray.
The purple of the woods behind
Fell down to where the valley lay
In sweet satiety of rain,
With ripened fruit and full filled grain,

are almost Wordsworthian. An entirely different tone is given by specimens of another type, as *To a Discarded Steel Rail:*

Straight strength pitched into the surliness of the ditch,
A soul you have—strength has always delicate secret reasons.
Your soul is a dull question.
I do not care for your strength, but for your stiff smile at Time—
A smile which men call rust.[4]

This poem belongs to the school of Imagism, which is really the distinctive present tendency in poetry.

The criticism of the Imagists and their poetry has been most varied. The writers of *vers libre* have been, by some, lauded without limit, while others have been equally unable to hold in check their utter contempt. *The New Republic* (September 19, 1916) says with a flourish: "Futurism, Imagism, Vorticism, the 'Sceptric School,' Polyrhymthic Poetry—all these names are efforts to compensate a sense of creative inferiority. So let them pass." The unenlightened certainly will be tempted to do so when passages like the following are met with:

This is the song of youth,
This is the cause of myself;
I knew my father well and he was a fool,
Therefore will I have my own foot in the path before I take a step:

[2] Page 150. [3] Page 360. [4] Page 26.

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I will go into new lands,
And I will walk on no plank-walks.
The horses of my family are wind-broken,
And the dogs are old,
And the guns rusty;
I will make me a new bow from an ash-tree,
And cut up the homestead into arrows.[5]

However, the attitude officially assumed by Imagist poets entitles them at least to a thorough hearing, to the same fair-mindedness that they exhibit. In the preface to *Some Imagist Poets, 1916; An Annual Anthology*, and elsewhere, their viewpoint is clearly expressed. They do not condemn the poetry of the past; nor do they claim to have discovered a new art, for specimens of *vers libre* have existed at all times. But the distinctive poetry of any age is the expression of, and is suited to, just that age; *e. g.*, the poetry of Milton, the classicism of Pope. In a similar way Imagists claim to seek, and hope to have found, the poetic medium of the present age, the artistic means of expressing the spirit of the day and of addressing its men and women. They ask to be judged, not by the standards of bygone ages, but by their own principles—and nothing can be fairer than this.

The verse form employed by the Imagists has given their productions the name of *vers libre* or free verse. Joshua Reynolds says that rules are no fetters to genius; and it has been suggested regarding the Imagists that lack of genius is the cause of their breaking all established poetical canons. But inability is not at the bottom of Imagist poetry; the *vers librists* have reduced their untrammeled freedom to a method: "The unit in *vers libre* is not the foot, the number of syllables, the quantity of the line. The unit is the strophe, which may be the whole poem, or may be only a part. Each strophe is a complete circle. . . ."[6] This unit is called cadence, and may vary in length just as circles vary in size.

Another important fact to bear in mind is, that "a cadence poem is written to be read aloud," for "in this way only will its rhythm be felt."[7] Nor is there any definite length of line for any one poem: "The length of lines is determined by a variety of considerations. First and foremost, the writer must feel—as, indeed, always and everywhere—his theme.

[5] Page 144. [6] Preface to *Some Imagist Poets, 1916.* [7] *Ibid.*

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He must sense it, if but subconsciously—and perhaps best subconsciously—as a matter of flow and cadence" [8] so that often the division into lines seems rather a matter of whim than inspiration. In the following example [9] each line was apparently intended to drive home a single impression:

London, my beautiful,
I will climb
Into the branches
To the moonlit tree-tops
That my blood be cooled
By the wind.

More important than such considerations is the manner in which these poets handle their matter. Indeed, the name Imagism refers to the method of presentation, not to the subject presented, nor to the form. It refers to what the words are meant to convey to the reader. Let them speak for themselves: "The 'exact' word does not mean the word which exactly describes the object in itself, it means the 'exact' word which brings the effect of that object before the reader as it presented itself to the poet's mind at the time of writing the poem." [10]

Amy Lowell, in the *North American Review*, January, 1917, says: "Descriptions there are, of course, but the descriptions are so managed as to give an atmosphere rather than an exact account. . . . The 'exact' word is the one which best renders this suggestion."

The Imagists, then, do not propose to convey ideas or definite pictures so much as "effects" or impressions. Hence the reader who tries to look for a continuous picture, may often receive a jolt when a sudden turn is made, or something is thrown into the middle of the picture entirely out of accord with his vision, which seeks a complete, unbroken scene. Random examples of this are *Shore Grass:*

The moon is cold over the sand-dunes,
And the clumps of sea-grasses flow and glitter;
The thin chime of my watch tells the quarter midnight;
And still I hear nothing
But the windy beating of the sea.[11]

[8] *Dial*, December 14, 1916. [9] *Des Imagistes, An Anthology.* New York, 1914.
[10] Preface, *Some Imagist Poets, 1916.* [11] *The Bookman*, February, 1917.

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And *Sunsets:*

> The white body of the evening
> Is torn into scarlet,
> Slashed and gouged and seared
> Into crimson,
> And hung ironically
> With garlands of mist.
>
> And the wind
> Blowing over London from Flanders
> Has a bitter taste.[12]

Leo Tolstoi somewhere in *What is Art* claims that there is no need to go to an opera house to hear Wagner, as the same effect can be had by sitting at home and taking a dose of opium. Without going so far, we imagine that the "effect" intended by the Imagists is most easily obtained if the subject reposes in a comfortable easy chair, shuts off all but the required sense of seeing or hearing, and then lets the general "atmosphere" work on a vague consciousness. This may not appeal to everyone; but what art does? All that can be said is: *qui potest capere, capiat.*

This idea of "atmosphere rather than an exact account" is not always followed out, even in poems selected specially as representative of Imagism. For example, the 1916 *Anthology* commences a poem entitled *Rain in the Desert* thus:

> The huge red-buttressed mesa over yonder
> Is merely a far-off temple where the sleepy sun is burning
> Its altar-fires of pinyon and toyon for the day.

Now, to follow the purpose of Imagism, to give the effect rather than the object itself, the writer should have left out the first line and have commenced with: "A far-off temple." In the following example it is hard to find any atmosphere as such, while the object itself, the picture, is certainly most definite:

> A great broad shaft of calcium light
> Cleaves, like a stroke of a sword, the darkness:
> And, at the end of it,
> A tiny spot which is the red nose of a comedian
> Marks the goal of the spot-light and the eyes which people the darkness.[13]

[12] *Some Imagist Poets, 1916.*

[13] *In the Theatre,* 1916 *Anthology.*

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There are also other indications, less triflng, that the Imagists are not always clear with themselves as to what the new spirit prompts or demands. *The Dial* of September 21, 1916, speaking of free verse, says: "It is not so much to be 'read,' as it is to be 'grasped.' Knowing that it will be seized upon practically a line at a time, the author makes such line divisions as will cause his idea to strike home with a maximum emotional effect."

This is explicit—rather "grasped" than "read"—and entirely in accordance with the major principles of the Imagists. But we have already quoted from the preface of the 1916 *Anthology* that *vers libre* "is written to be read aloud;" and Amy Lowell in *The Dial* of September 7, 1916, commenting on free verse, says: "Of course, poetry is a spoken art." This is equally explicit and quite the contrary of the above.

Again, the Imagists claim to be anything but subjective. The characteristics of their poetry are suggestion, vividness, concentration, and externality as opposed to subjectiveness.[14] "We do not tell stories—we throw pictures on a screen, but we ourselves remain in the dark."[15] Yet it appears to the writer that the fundamental principle of their Imagism is the very embodiment of subjectivity. They do not describe a vision or scene that they experience in a way to permit the reader to judge of the results for himself; they wish to convey immediately, without the medium of the concrete object, the impression they have had. Thus their readers have no opportunity to experience or to judge for themselves; they are confronted only with the subjective atmosphere felt by the writers. As already quoted, the Imagists strive for "the 'exact' word which brings the effect of that object before the reader as it presented itself to the poet's mind at the time of writing the poem."

After so much discussion of a tendency that many decry flatly as a leaning towards insanity, the question naturally arises: What is the purpose of it all? Here it is not sufficient to answer, even if one so believed, that art has no purpose beyond itself. For the Imagists claim no mere inner necessity to reveal themselves, and they aim explicitly to have readers feel their impressions as they feel them. Why? For the pleasure of the readers, their uplift, or emancipation as some say?

[14] Amy Lowell, *North American Review*. January, 1917. [15] *Ibid.*

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It is hard to say, Yes; since the note most common is one of gloom, of cheerlessness. The Imagists may not aim at a philosophy of life, but they do portray one—one, as a rule, which is a cross between despondency or complete surrender to morbid sentimentality and the meanness of life. The note in *Sea Gods* is no exception, but a very prevalent type:

> They say there is no hope—
> Sand—drift—rocks—rubble of the sea—
> The broken hulk of a ship,
> Hung with shreds of rope,
> Pallid under the cracked pitch.[16]

A series of titles belonging to the contributions of two poets are given in order: *Easter, Ogre, Cones, Gloom, Terror, Chalfont, Saint Giles, War-time, Erinnyes, Perfidy, At the Window, In Trouble and Shame, Brooding Grief.* And when a sample like the following looms up, it is hard not to grow impatient and say, Amen, to the writer's own prayer:

> I am a garden of red tulips
> And late daffodils and bay-hedges,
> A small sunken garden
> About an oblong pool
> With three grey lead Dutch tanks—
> I am this garden shattered and blown
> With a day-long western gale
> And bursts of rapid rain.
> God of gardens, dear small god of gardens,
> Grant me faint glow of sunlight,
> A last bird hopping in the quiet haze.
> Then let the night swooping swiftly,
> Fold round and crush out life
> For ever.[17]

The attempt to convey an impression or effect without the concrete object is not altogether new; it occurs often in figures of speech, principally metaphors. But a tendency whose aim is to convey nothing but such impressions, to the exclusion of the intellect, is new. The emotional faculty is just as real in man as his power of understanding, and no one can deny to another the right to address man through the channel of the one without an appeal to the other. But whether the attempt

[16] *Anthology, 1916.* [17] *Some Imagist Poets, 1917.*

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will be successful, whether it really can be done regularly, is a matter for experiment. In real life the emotional element can and does suppress the understanding altogether at times; but are the emotions ever aroused or set in motion without the aid of the understanding, without concrete ideas or notions in some form or other with which to begin? The experiment should be interesting, though many will always consider it a step backward rather than forward to exclude or minimize that faculty of man which is his noblest gift, and make of him a kind of sponge for soaking up emotional humors.

The tendency to convey impressions rather than express objects definitely, is found not only in the field of poetry, but also in painting and music. Much of the work of the Impressionistic School of Painting aims altogether at creating an "atmosphere," so that the uninitiated ask what the meaning of it is, just as they do regarding *vers libre*, or Futurist Music, that of Leo Ornstein for instance. "The only motive that Futurist Music can entertain," says the *Literary Digest* of September 28, 1913, "is one not fully exprest, but only suggested." The similarity seems undoubtable; and we even have "an attempt to reproduce the sound and movement of the music" of Stravinsky's 'Grotesques' for String Quartet "as far as is possible in another medium."[18] We give the first lines of the *First Movement*, that the reader may judge for himself:

Thin-voiced nasal pipes
Drawing sound out and out
Until it is a screeching thread,
Sharp and cutting, sharp and cutting,
It hurts.
Whee-e-e!
Bump! Bump! Tong-ti-bump!
There are drums here,
Banging.
And wooden shoes beating the round, grey stones
Of the market-place.
Whee-e-e!

[18] *Anthology, 1916.*

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THE GROWTH OF A MODERN MYTH.

BY MARTINA JOHNSTON.

THE aphorism, "all history tends inevitably to myth," finds some justification in the story of Dr. Marcus Whitman's saving Oregon to the United States. The origin and growth of those delightful myths interwoven with the histories of ancient Greece and Rome, may be attributed to the credulity of a highly imaginative people as much as to lack of general education; but it was not so with the Whitman myth. History offers no parallel for it anywhere. Other legends have grown by slow accretion of matter and detail, but a brief quarter of a century sufficed to transform Whitman from a frontier physician in the remote wilds of the Far West, into an heroic figure, whose simple word influenced the counsels of the nation, shaped the destinies of the Great Northwest, and saved the Oregon territory to the United States. That the reader may understand the widespread credence the Whitman myth attained, making it by far the most remarkable attempt to inject into our history a pure legend, a brief summary of the conditions and events leading up to his famous ride will be necessary.

During nearly all of the first half of the nineteenth century, the vast region known as the Oregon Country, which included the present States of Oregon, Washington and Idaho, and a large part of Montana and Wyoming, was disputed territory. Great Britain claimed the territory on the strength of the voyages and discoveries of Sir Francis Drake and Captain Cook. The United States based its title on the Louisiana Purchase, the discovery of the Columbia River by Captain Gray in 1792, and the Lewis and Clark Expedition sent out by President Jefferson to explore this region and report to Congress on the aspects of the country and the feasibility of travel over the Rocky Mountains. The first actual settlement within its borders had been made also by Americans at Astoria in 1811.

In 1818 a treaty of joint occupancy until the questions in dispute should be settled, was concluded between Great Britain and the United States, and was renewed in 1827. Under this

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treaty the Hudson Bay Company, a British organization for carrying on the fur trade with the Indian tribes of Canada and the Northwest, established a trading post at Vancouver on the Columbia River and at Boise, in the present State of Idaho; a sub-station was also established at Walla Walla, about thirty miles from the Columbia River. No missionary work of any kind was undertaken in this vast region until 1834, when the Methodists established a mission in the Willamette Valley, which proved a disastrous failure and was abandoned a few years later. In 1836, Dr. Marcus Whitman, a physician, Rev. Cushing Eels, and Rev. H. H. Spalding, with their families and a few others, established missionary stations in what is now the eastern part of the State of Washington. Dr. Whitman settled at Wailatpu on the Walla Walla River, a branch of the Columbia, seven miles from the present thriving city of Walla Walla. This portion of the territory was the home of the Cayuse tribe of Indians, who, like all the aboriginal inhabitants of the continent, were extremely jealous of the intrusion of the white race among them and suspicious of their motives. The missionary work of Spalding and Eels was among the Spokane and Nez Percé Indians farther to the north and east.

From its very beginning their work was unsuccessful. The Indians were apathetic and unresponsive to their efforts, and so pronounced was their failure that the American Board of Missions in Boston had decided to discontinue it. This was the peril which Dr. Whitman sought to avert by his spectacular ride across the continent in 1842-1843. The saving of his mission, and not the "saving of Oregon" (which was in no danger), was the impelling motive for his venturesome trip. This is plainly shown in his correspondence with the Missionary Board. Sixteen of Whitman's letters between November 1, 1843, and October 18, 1847, are in the archives of the American Board.[1] In no one of these does he claim to have "saved Oregon." One of these letters states as his purpose: "To open a practical route and to secure a favorable report of the journey from immigrants, which, in connection with other objects, caused me to leave my family and brave the toils and dangers of the journey. . . . In connection with this, let me say that the other great object for which I went, was to save the mission from being broken up just then, as it must have been, as you

[1] See the Whitman Legend in Report of the American Historical Association for 1900, W. I. Marshall.

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will see by a reference to the doings of the Prudential Committee, which confirmed the recall of Mr. Spalding only two weeks before my arrival in Boston. I often reflect upon the fact that you told me you were sorry I came. . . . It may not be inappropriate to mention that at that moment the Methodist mission, as well as our own, was on the point of dissolution." This personal statement ought to be conclusive evidence against the claims made that by this ride he saved Oregon to the United States. This and much more, however, is carefully suppressed by the authors and propagandists of the Whitman myth. These, with one accord, claim that such was the apathy and indifference of our Government at Washington regarding the Northwest, and so astounding was the ignorance of its value, that the Administration was actually contemplating a cession of our title to Great Britain for certain fishing rights in the vicinity of Newfoundland. Nothing could be farther from the facts. From the time of President Jefferson, who sent out the Lewis and Clark Expedition, until the settlement of the boundary question by the Webster-Ashburton Treaty in 1846, no other subject occupied so much of the attention of Congress as did the Oregon Question. From 1824, and even as early as 1818, the most eminent of our statesmen, under each succeeding administration, were endeavoring to find a peaceful solution to it, and stood ready, if need be, to fight for it.

In 1838, Senator Linn introduced a bill in Congress for the occupation of the Columbia or Oregon territory. This bill was referred to the Committee on Foreign Affairs, composed of the following distinguished men: James Buchanan, Henry Clay, Franklin Pierce, John C. Calhoun, and J. L. Linn. In 1838, Linn introduced a joint resolution declaring that our title to the Oregon Country was indisputable and would never be abandoned; also providing for the raising of soldiers to protect immigrants to that territory.

In 1840, Congress ordered published a history of the northwest coast of North America and adjacent territories; and that twenty-five thousand copies, in addition to the usual number, be printed for the use of the Senate. This task was assigned to Mr. Greenhow, librarian and translator for the State Department, who was exceptionally qualified for the work. How well known were the facts about the Oregon Coun-

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try, its easy accessibility, its resources for agriculture and grazing, its value, etc., is shown in the following extracts from the Government edition of Greenhow's history: "Near the place of union of these chains (of the Rocky Mountains) is a remarkable depression of the Rocky Mountains, called the South Pass (this pass was discovered by Clark in 1810), affording a short and easy route for carriages between the head waters of the south branch of the Platte River on the east and those of the Colorado on the west, from which latter is another pass through the mountains northward to the Lewis (Snake) River. There are other depressions of the great chain farther north, the Yellowstone on the one side and the Salmon River and the Flathead branches of the Columbia on the other, but they offer much greater difficulty to the traveler than the southern route, which will probably continue to be the principal avenue of communication between the United States and the territories of the Far West." Mr. Greenhow closes his valuable treatise of two hundred and twenty-eight pages as follows: "The writer has now completed the task assigned him. He has, as he conceives, demonstrated that the title of the United States to the possession of the regions drained by the Columbia, derived from priority of occupation and priority of discovery, are, as yet, stronger and more consistent with the principles of national right than those of any other power from whatsoever source derived. That those regions must eventually be possessed by the United States only, no one acquainted with the progress of settlement in the Mississippi Valley during the last fifteen years, will be inclined to question; but that Great Britain will, by every means in her power, evade the recognition of the American claims and oppose the establishment of an American population on the shores of the Pacific, may be confidently expected from the disposition evinced by her Government in all its recent discussions with the United States." [2]

So great, indeed, was the interest in the Northwest boundary question that it became an issue in the Presidential election of 1840, and the slogan of one of the political parties was "Fifty-four-forty or fight"—fifty-four degrees and forty minutes being the southern boundary of Russian America; and a large part of the American people were in favor of our Government claiming that as our northern boundary line.

[2] Marshall.

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Daniel Webster, Secretary of State at the time of Whitman's ride, explicitly declared that he had not made nor entertained any proposition to admit a line south of the forty-ninth parallel as a negotiable line for the United States. All this information, preserved in the Government archives at Washington, and easily accessible to the honest inquirer, was at the service of the authors of the Whitman myth and the propagandists of the legend, but it has been steadily ignored by them, because it utterly explodes the theory on which the Whitman myth was built, viz: that the Oregon Country was about to be surrendered to Great Britain, and that Whitman undertook his ride to prevent this national calamity.

As was to be expected from the virulent bigotry of the authors of the Whitman legend, the odium of the Whitman massacre has been laid at the door of Catholics. In the fabulous narrative of the causes which determined Whitman to undertake his journey, is told a story of how the Catholic missionaries, who had only lately arrived in the territory, were aiding the British to retain their hold on the country. On one occasion, so the story goes, a faithful employee of the Whitman mission happened to be present at a meeting of Hudson Bay Company officials and employees at their post at Walla Walla. A Catholic priest, a French-Canadian, was among the party at the table, according to this faithful (?) chronicler. Word had just been received that the United States was about to abandon all its claims to the Oregon Country in exchange for fishing privileges near Newfoundland. This pleasing intelligence was received with joy by all present, Dr. Whitman's faithful adherent, of course, excepted. The priest, especially, could not conceal his gratification at the prospect of the Protestant missions being broken up: "Now," he shouted, "we've got them! They'll have to get out! The Americans must go!" The faithful henchman lost no time in carrying the report of the meeting to Dr. Whitman who, we are gravely told, determined, then and there, to start for the capital and persuade our blind, stupid and incompetent statesmen to pause in their madness and rescind their unpatriotic action. The legend goes on to relate, with dramatic detail, the incidents of his journey, its dangers and hardships—doubtless very real—and describes his arrival in Washington, all haggard, spent, and travel-worn; of his bursting into the Senate Chamber before the startled eyes of

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the assembled Solons and pleading with them the cause of Oregon so effectually that they were carried away by his fervid earnestness and convincing arguments. In consequence, the negotiations with Great Britain for its transfer were broken off, and the Oregon Country, with its area of three hundred thousand square miles, was saved to the United States. That it is today a part of our national domain is due, therefore, to the indomitable courage and burning patriotism of Marcus Whitman.

This, in brief, is the Whitman legend. Nothing more preposterous was ever penned. As a matter of fact, the Senate had passed a bill to extend the United States laws over the territory a month before Whitman's arrival in Washington. Further proof is the utter absence of any contemporaneous record of his presence in Washington in the *Congressional Record*, which there assuredly would have been had his visit been attended by such momentous consequences. The incident of his appearance before the Senate is purely fictitious, as are the pretended interviews with President Tyler and Daniel Webster, Secretary of State.

Whitman, himself, had no part in the fabrication with which his name has become identified. His letters, and those of his wife, in the archives of the Missionary Board at Boston, prove that his sole purpose in making his difficult journey was to save his mission from abandonment, and to induce some "Christian families to emigrate to the Oregon Country and to settle near the mission." His extraordinary posthumous fame rests upon a fabulous narrative published many years after his death by the Rev. H. H. Spalding, whose mission lay among the Spokane Indians, and who had come out with Whitman in 1836.

The first intimation that Whitman had "saved Oregon" appeared eighteen years after his tragic death in 1848. Yet the *Home Missionary* had published many letters from the Oregon Country, dating from 1847 to 1865, in none of which was there a single reference to the Whitman legend.[3] Furthermore, in 1860, Rev. Cushing Eels, who had come out with Whitman in 1836, wrote a brief sketch of the Old Oregon Indian Mission with a description of the Walla Walla country for the *Home Missionary*. In this he says: "The missionary work was prosecuted rather steadily among the Cayuses, Spokanes, and

[3] Marshall.

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the Nez Percés until 1847. On the twenty-ninth of November of that year, Dr. and Mrs. Whitman met a violent death at the hands of the Cayuse Indians," but not a word as to Whitman's having saved Oregon. Five years later, the Rev. H. H. Spalding, whose mind was thought to have been unsettled by the massacre and the resulting fears for his own life, wrote an article for an Eastern paper, in which, for the first time, the claim was made that Whitman had made his journey for the purpose of "saving Oregon to the United States."

Spalding was a monomaniac in his anti-Catholic bigotry, and repeatedly charged the Catholic missionaries with instigating the Whitman massacre. Those charges the Congregationalists and other denominations all over the country, caught up and reiterated from pulpit and platform; in books, pamphlets, newspapers and encyclopedias. The denial of this shocking accusation by the Catholics, and the true account of the tragical event given by Rev. Father J. Brouillette, a Catholic priest whose field of missionary labor was coterminous with that of Whitman and Spalding, and who saved the life of Spalding at the peril of his own on the dreadful day of the massacre, went all unheard. The public ear was tickled and the public mind inflamed with resentment against Catholics and the Catholic Church, by the story that Whitman had saved the Northwest to the United States, and had lost his life, a sacrifice to the malignant disappointment of the Jesuits. Widespread credit was given to this myth. For a quarter of a century the distorted historical facts composing it went steadily forward, working their way into textbooks, periodicals of all sorts, even into encyclopedias. The *International Encyclopedia*, published by Dodd, Mead and Company in 1900, gives the Whitman myth as authentic. This base fabrication is given out to the public under the authority of H. T. Peck, Ph.D., L.H.D., of Columbia University, editor-in-chief; of Selim H. Peabody, Ph.D., LL.D., of the University of Illinois, and Charles F. Richardson, A.M., of Dartmouth College, assistant editors. They also say: "On his return in 1843, Whitman led out the first independent emigrant train of two hundred wagons." This statement is another of the tissue of falsehoods making up the warp and woof of the Whitman legend. Dr. Whitman had nothing to do with organizing or conducting this emigrant train, as is proven by the testimony of many who were

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members of the band, among whom is Hon. James Nesmith, first Senator from Oregon. Whitman joined the train after it had reached the Platte River, and continued westward with it until he reached his mission. This was the sum total of his connection with this important movement which had a far-reaching influence on the destinies of the northwest.

The facts concerning Whitman and his ride, and this assumed leadership in the great overland emigration of 1843, were easily within reach of those learned professors, as Mr. Marshall's investigation of the early history of Oregon was begun in 1888, and the facts relating to the claims made for Dr. Whitman by his admirers had already been given to the public by him. These they ignored, preferring to accept the fables of Spalding, Eels and Gray, and, therefore, in so far as lay with them, to perpetuate and continue the circulation of a pernicious falsehood. Its authors and propagandists have not hesitated to misrepresent, suppress, misquote, or omit facts.

Fairbank, a lecturer on the Whitman legend, makes the following climax: "Two names I purpose linking together before the youth of our land: Abraham Lincoln and Marcus Whitman, two patriots, two martyrs, lineal cousins, with the blood from their Whitman sire in their veins—no wonder they did such noble deeds, stood at their posts, and died for their country." And Dr. Nixon, for twenty years editor of the *Inter-Ocean*, was indefatigable in spreading the Whitman legend. He gloried in having "reached the writers and the readers of history. Two of the best juvenile histories of the past year which will go into the hands of millions of children have excellent Whitman chapters."

True, the legend did reach "the writers and the readers of history." It did get into the school histories, and millions of American children have been fed on mendacious fabrications, and have had their young minds warped by the religious prejudice thereby instilled.

But though falsehood travels in seven-league boots, truth occasionally overtakes him. The Nemesis of the Whitman myth appeared in the persons of William I. Marshall, Principal of the Gladstone School, Chicago, and Professor Bourne, who occupied the chair of history at Yale University. Both men were sincere believers in the "Whitman saved Oregon" delu-

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sion; and both also believed truth to be an indispensable element in the writing of history. Mr. Marshall was the first to search for contemporary evidence to support the claims made for Dr. Whitman. To his surprise and perplexity he found none. The deeper he probed the less foundation did he find. He became skeptical on account of the entire absence of proofs where they might be confidently looked for: in the archives of the American Board of Missions in Boston. Determined to arrive at the truth, he instituted an exhaustive and painstaking research extending over several years, delving into the *Congressional Record*, crossing the continent several times to examine records in the State libraries of Oregon and Washington, and to interview all possible survivors of that period who might be cognizant of the facts. Unweariedly he tracked each fictitious claim to its source in the fables of Spalding, Eels and Gray. Mr. Marshall has embodied the results of his researches in two volumes, which all are invited to examine.

Professor Bourne's experience was similar to Mr. Marshall's. He sought in good faith, but to his surprise, was unable to find a scrap of evidence to substantiate the claims made for Whitman by his admirers. But we shall let that able Presbyterian organ, *The Independent*, tell his findings: "Another striking illustration of how legendary matter can find its way into contemporary history is afforded by the myth of Marcus Whitman's 'saving' Oregon. The story, as it has been incorporated into various histories, is briefly this: For many years Great Britain and the United States had disputed the title to the Oregon Country lying between Russian America on the north and Mexican California on the south. In October, 1842, Marcus Whitman, a missionary of the American Board to the Indians, happened to learn while at Walla Walla that Congress was about to surrender the American claims, in ignorance of the disputed country's value, in return for certain fishing rights. He thereupon started on a winter journey over pathless mountains for Washington, where he arrived March 2, 1843, persuaded the Administration to put off negotiations for the surrender of Oregon, and offered to send a thousand settlers thither. So much for the legend. Professor Bourne of Yale has shown by contemporary records that what Whitman really crossed the mountains for was to dissuade the Prudential Committee of the American Board from its decision to abandon one of the Ore-

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gon mission stations. True, he went to Washington as well as to Boston, but there is no indication that he exerted any influence on Congress, for the reason that the surrender of Oregon was never contemplated. A month before his arrival, the Senate had passed the Linn bill to extend the United States laws over the territory. Contemporary newspapers barely mentioned his visit to the East and knew nothing of his legendary mission. . . . The mythical account of the missionary's purpose was invented about twenty years later by his colleague, H. H. Spalding, who had been left a nervous wreck by the Indian massacre of 1847 in which both Whitman and his wife lost their lives. Spalding's apparent object was to elicit sympathy for the cause of Protestant missions in a bitter controversy with the Catholics in which he had become involved. It is charitable to assume that with the efflux of years his memory had become confused."

As a further result of the investigations of Professor Bourne and Mr. Marshall, the "Whitman saved Oregon" story has been dropped from the textbooks in the schools of the United States. But a lie dies hard, and echoes of this singular lie are still heard, although they are growing fainter and fainter.

The fascinating story of Marcus Whitman's saving Oregon to the United States has passed into the region of fable where it belongs. Whitman's ride, though a brave deed, had nothing to do with saving any part of the Great Northwest to the United States. If Marcus Whitman had never been born, our boundary line would have been just what it is today, viz: forty-nine degrees to the Pacific Ocean.

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THE STAR-BORN.

Dedicated to the late Paulist Astronomer,

Reverend George Mary Searle.

BY CHARLES PHILLIPS.

THERE is a veilèd beauty in the stars
A hidden music in their far-flung fires,
Sweet chording and low after-beat and echo,
Weaving and melting into harmonies
Celestial and so exquisitely fair
That we whose ears attunèd are alone
To earthly things scarcely may ever know it!—
Though still our searching souls, forever yearning
Up to the glorious and fretted vault
Of the mysterious heavens for some sign,
Some signal of our long-lost home, may catch
On April eves, or when the dying year
Veils all earth's glories and the firmament
In melancholy loveliness, faint sound
Or whispered intimation of it all.

Ah then the secret tears well up!—we cry
Out of our hearts of common clay to all
The illimitable spaces of the night,
"There is a hidden beauty in the stars,
There is a music in the fields of heaven!"
—Beauty, though to its vision we be blind;
Music, though to its fine intricacy
Our ears be deaf, long dulled with sordid noise
Of near material things; though yet our souls
Fettered and dumb within their prison walls,
Move in a deathly quiet, listening,
Stir in a swooning silence to make answer,
Yet cannot for the grave-cloths of the flesh
That mute and muffle them. Still, still we know,
There is a music in the far-off stars,
There is a veilèd beauty in the skies!

So, lifting in bright moments of desire
Our unavailing hands in suppliance
Unto our high inheritance of light

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Lost in the starry-latticed sky above,
Unsatisfied we go. "Not ours," we cry,
"To taste the tuneful wellsprings of the dawn,
Nor in the soft surcease of twilight rest
On beauty's dreamy pillow! Only to know,
Only to know—and be denied—is ours!"

Only to know, and be denied—until
(How up we leap to it!) some sudden voice
Comes crying clarion-like and silverly,
With all the silver of the night-time in it,
To shake and shatter in a shower of light
About our willing ears the song of heaven,
The music of the stars! . . . There be such hearts,
Of other make than ours, of fairer mold,
Souls of a finer fire, who sing and burn
And glow with the bright harmonies of heaven:
For on some certain nights (not calendered
Save in the Mind of God), when heaven and earth,
Swept by divine propulsion, leap and meet,
Meet and are fused and molded into one—
(Some birth-nights are there when the primal planets
Strike and renew their first creation-song!)—
On certain nights souls there are born who bring
From that far home we all are exiled from
So much of our bright common heritage
Of beauty and of music and of light,
We scarce may own them kin, save reverently
To love them with great awe and tenderness,
And cry, "What gifts are theirs!" With seeing eye
They search the hidden beauties of the spheres,
And dream great dreams—yet ever wakeful walk
Through the white dews of new-created dawns,
Forever strong to shape and mold their visions
To great reality. Unerringly
They know the perfect measure and true beat
Of all things beautiful and fair and good;
Theirs is the gift to pluck from heavenly fields
The flowers of beauty, scattering them down
In luminous loveliness round our stumbling feet;
Theirs is the power, terrible and swift,
To sweep the starry harpstrings of the night
And strike clear echoes of celestial chords
Into our mute imprisoned souls. Ay, more!—

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The very secrets of the stars are theirs!
And oh, what age-old silences they break;
With god-like gesture and compelling eye
What buried glories bid arise and live
And breathe once more; until the noisy world
Is all empeopled with immortal loves,
Imperishable beauties, deathless dreams,
Its clamor hushed to hearken beauty's voice
Intoning all the magic cadences
Music is made of—till our earthly road
Of mortal things illumined is and lovely
With lamps of starlight and enkindled fires
Caught from the topmost beacon-towers of heaven,
And all the air an echoing sybil cries,
"There is a veilèd beauty in the stars!
There is a music in their far-flung fires!"

So do they sing to us, the star-born ones,
Whose music stills our hearts and wraps us round
As if with veils of light . . . until we hear,
Across the waters of eternity,
Far voices calling us, and through our tears
The silver shores of peace—our own, our own!—
Dreamlike and gentle, yet divinely real,
Inviting us with lifted hearts to come,
Calling to us forever to make haste,
Even though with stumbling feet we run, with hands
Outstretched through darkness, underneath the stars. . . .
For now we go no more alone, no more
In anguished silence: now we too may sing,
A little song, a brief refrain, an echo
Of the unearthly music we have heard
The star-born chanting; now often to our ears
The dear surprise of other voices comes
With sudden gladness answering ours, and crying,
"There is a veilèd beauty in the night,
There is a hidden music in the stars!"

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PERSONAL REMINISCENCES OF ARCHBISHOP KEANE.

BY WALTER ELLIOTT, C.S.P.

BISHOP O'CONNELL of Richmond, who knew Archbishop Keane intimately, in his funeral oration showed the spiritual tendency of the deceased prelate's life to have been an ever-deepening devotion to the Holy Ghost as the immediate Guide of the soul in all its spiritual consciousness. "This arose," he said, "early in his priesthood, when he first became acquainted with Father Hecker, whom he often met at St. Patrick's Church, Washington, D. C. Their conversation turned always upon the deeper interior life. Father Hecker gave his young friend a copy of the Jesuit Father Louis Lallemant's *Spiritual Doctrine,* then recently translated by Father Faber, which he read and assimilated perfectly."

The close tie formed with the Founder of the Paulists, at that time, when Father Keane was Father Jacob Walter's assistant at St. Patrick's, Washington, never weakened or diminished; although the designs of ecclesiastical authority over the young priest prevented him from realizing his heart's desire by entering the Paulist Community. In the mind of Archbishop Bailey, he was destined for a bishopric.

And in due time (1878) he was made Bishop of Richmond. But he never ceased to be a spiritual child of Father Hecker. He advised with him on graver religious matters; and at every turn sought his direction with a truly childlike trustfulness, absorbing deeply every word that was said to him. He believed most firmly in Father Hecker's call to help convert America to the Catholic Faith, and he ardently longed to take an active part in it.

In after years, when he spoke of Father Hecker, he loved to pay his debt of gratitude to him, for shaping his spirituality, and he would enlarge upon the type of character formed by devotional exercises specially based on and influenced by the realization of the office of the Holy Spirit in sanctifying not only the Church as a divine organism, but the individual Christian also.

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Though he seemed the busiest of men—for his occupation was incessant—I never knew any one better content to be alone, nor more diligent in securing the refreshment of religious solitude than Archbishop Keane. It may be said of his life that externally it was holy work, internally it was holy joy. He used to say that to help our neighbor we must have him in God within ourselves. To him—how well his intimates knew it!—God was the creator, no less of solitude than of company; and solitude was the trysting place the Archbishop set for his friends and for all his people. Certain passages from the *Imitation,* were a heaven-sent inspiration to John Keane. Among them are these: "Happy is he whom Truth teacheth by Itself, not by figures and words that pass, but as it is in Itself.... He to whom the Eternal Word speaketh, is set at liberty from a multitude of opinions.... O Truth my God! make me one with Thee in everlasting love." (*Imitation,* Book I., iii.) This last great sentence both Father Hecker and John Keane felt should be a very fit aspiration for one called to be a herald of the Catholic faith to unbelievers.

Hence his desire to spread this fundamental devotion. It was in 1897 that Pope Leo XIII. instituted the annual novena of the Holy Ghost in all Catholic parishes, issuing his marvelous Encyclical on devotion to the Third Person of the Blessed Trinity. Fully fifteen years earlier, John Keane, then bishop of Richmond, said to me: "I am amazed that the special adoration of the Holy Spirit is not more popular and widespread. For my part, I have endeavored to spread it in our diocese, and I have established confraternities of the Holy Spirit in the larger parishes."

Kindred to this was Archbishop Keane's adoration of the Guidance of Divine Providence in all the outward affairs of life. I do not think I ever met him but that in our talks together he would couple the inner touch of the soul with the interior divine guidance of the Holy Ghost and the perfect submission of our outer activity to the pointings of God's will, which must include all the happenings of life. Both, he would insist, came direct from God, both responded mutually to each other, both were therefore equally adorable. Was not this the ideal of a Christian's duplex relationship to his Maker, his Redeemer and his Sanctifier during all his earthly pilgrimage? He would insist, with great earnestness, that submission to the

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Divine Will in outward happenings is an essential quality of a mind recollected in the Holy Ghost. I have never met any man who more highly prized the uses of conversation as a medium of sharing truth and virtue than the late Archbishop. He was a perfect conversationalist; conversation was part of his life's apostolate. And few even among his own priests had better profit of his heart's outpourings in familiar talks than the Paulists had. When he came to New York he always lodged with us, both before and after Father Hecker's death. With both Fathers and novices he was as one absolutely at home—as if he were in fact, as he was at heart, a Paulist. And what a treat it was to talk and listen in his company! He knew everything about religion, and he was gifted to impart it, as men are rarely gifted.

The Archbishop's very extensive learning was wonderfully accurate, was maturely pondered, and was dispensed with fascinating kindliness. Yet he was anything but a conversational glutton—never interrupting, never unwilling to be himself interrupted. And what he uttered in his beautiful, flowing style might well be printed without the least intrusion of the editor. He was always vivacious but never excited; not even in his most energetic public discourse did he ever lose that air of self-mastery which distinguishes the higher grade of eloquence. In his silence his features expressed the quiet of a mind recollected in God.

In discourse, whether conversational or public, there was present the full glow of inspiration. On worldly topics he had little to say, for his attention was not arrested by them; passing things had value to him only as they were lifted upwards into the higher order by Providence and acquired a relationship of eternity. On themes purely spiritual or doctrinal the ardor of his speech was quite above that of an average devout and cultured Christian; it partook of the urgent, insistent, compelling force of the saints of God. Occasionally he was carried out of himself. When, for example, the Pope called him to Rome to give him a place in the Roman Curia, and he stood among a large circle of his most intimate associates on the wharf in New York, the conversation naturally turned on the prospects of Catholicism in our country. Presently the call: "All aboard!" was heard. He started to go up the gang plank, then stopped and turned again, a noble, enthusiastic figure, and

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called in a loud voice for "three cheers for the United States!" which were given with a will.

On his return from Rome to assume the Archbishopric of Dubuque, in 1900, he was fond of saying that his few years' sojourn in the Eternal City had given him a deeper insight of the Church's universality, and had at the same time intensified his love of America as God's gift to Holy Church, in our times, for the conversion of the world to the true Faith of Christ.

Archbishop Keane's zeal for souls was both prayerful and active. He worshiped our Saviour as the Good Shepherd of souls with an intensity of fervor peculiarly apostolic. His view of the priesthood was the highest appreciation of the meaning of St. Paul's words: "He loved me and He delivered Himself for me" (Gal. ii. 20). To love men with the love of Christ on Calvary—unto entire immolation for them—such was the whole pastoral ambition of John Keane. I have known—yea I have *lived* for many years *among* devout priests in the active ministry, both missionaries and parish priests, men in whom the Good Shepherd seemed to live and work and suffer for souls—none of them has conveyed to me a stronger impression, than did the Archbishop, of what might have been our Blessed Lord's *feelings* towards souls gone astray from His love and standing in deadly peril of eternal loss. Such he was in his thoughts and in his prayers; such in his labors. Nor could he hide this priestly trait from his intimates. Although he did all in his power to conceal it, a few knew how great was the Christ-like love of his heart for the poor. While Rector of the Catholic University, it was his custom every month when he received his salary to go about Washington incognito and distribute the money among the needy whom he knew.

It was the Archbishop's hidden influence with God which made him a great convert maker. Like St. Leonard of Port Maurice and St. Francis de Sales, whom he in several respects closely resembled, before preaching to the people, and also before private conference with non-Catholics, his whole soul was poured out to God in this petition: "O my God! I beg Thee to give me these souls." From the beginning of his career as curate at St. Patrick's Church, Washington, D. C., he made the rectory a shrine for earnest seekers after the truth of God. In private discussion of truth and error his words

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never failed to silence objectors to the Faith, his persevering endeavors, I feel sure, were never without a final fruitage of souls. A very large proportion of these directly personal converts of his were of superior intelligence, and in turn they became convert makers. Thus was he known in Washington. And when he was made bishop, and had a wider scope of labor for souls and by his office a deeper power of prayer was granted to him, he neither forfeited the joys nor shrank from the tedium of work with individuals.

His preaching was never without the purpose to win and hold the hearts of non-Catholics, hopeful that a few might be scattered among his strictly Catholic gatherings, and reaching out for occasions when the number of Protestants would be more considerable. As Vicar-Apostolic of North Carolina he was nearly always amid non-Catholics. It is hardly too much to say that in every town, big and little, of the diocese of Richmond he preached to gatherings of non-Catholics.

It cannot be claimed that he made many converts, for much more than an occasional discourse, even from as powerful an advocate of truth as John Keane, would have been necessary for that, but he did remove prejudice and blaze a trail for the growth of the Church in that part of the South. And under the spell of his leadership, his priests became more and more zealous and successful in this apostolate.

A class that especially moved his heart with pity—as Bishop of Richmond—were the negroes. When he came to the city there was but one colored Catholic there, an old mammy who had, doubtless, drifted there from Catholic Maryland. The Bishop had known and loved hundreds of the best kind of Catholics among the colored people of Washington. He could not rest content with the desolate state of these people in Richmond. Therefore he advertised a colored apostolate. The Cathedral, large and centrally placed, was opened to the colored people every Sunday night. He provided a simple but effective service of prayers and hymns, and he himself preached the sermon. The first Sunday night the whole church was filled to overflowing, and a class for instruction was formed. The numbers continued large for many Sundays afterwards, till the Protestant whites, led by their powerful and able ministry, finally succeeded in lessening the attendance at the Cathedral services. Meanwhile, the Bishop had intro-

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duced the Josephite Fathers, who took over the colored mission work, which has been a decided success, and has become a permanently established feature of the diocese, extending to several other places outside the capital city.

Archbishop Keane's discourses answered to Fénelon's definition of a good sermon: "The strong and persuasive utterance of a soul nobly inspired." God had endowed him naturally with that agility of thought and readiness of speech called improvisation, a word that conveys a higher meaning than "extemporization" or "facility of expression." Coming from his own heart's home, his words went home to the hearts of his hearers. Few are able as he was to preach to whole congregations in such a spirit that each person takes home to his own particular heart what has been spoken to all—applying it to his own particular needs as if there were none other present to share the message. One arose from it saying in his hidden consciousness: that was, indeed, a sermon for *me*.

It need hardly be said that when the sovereign Pontiff had made him Archbishop of Dubuque he preached in Iowa as he had done in Virginia. He was always preaching, everywhere preaching, and with uniformly the best results. He introduced into the diocese a band of competent missionary priests, trained at the Apostolic Mission House. The results of this apostolate were very gratifying, in the making of converts and the allaying of anti-Catholic prejudice.

Evidence of his increasing advertence to the divine will, even unto the end, comes in a letter from a priest who knew the whole mind of the dying Archbishop: "It was my privilege to be present at the bedside of the Archbishop when he died. He died as he lived, happy and resigned to the will of God. His last years with us were like a beautiful sunset, casting its rays backward over the day that was declining, giving a golden tinge to his whole life. Catholic Dubuque is grateful for the privilege of having had him as its second Archbishop, and considers it a privilege also to be the custodian of the earthly remains which enshrined so noble and so saintly a soul. While all, priests and people, will miss him, no one will miss him more than our present Archbishop. Their friendship was truly apostolic, even as that of their patrons, James and John."

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ST. MATTHEW AND THE PAROUSIA.

BY EDMUND T. SHANAHAN, S.T.D.

VIII.

THREE questions were asked the Lord on the Mount of Olives. "Tell us, when shall these things be? and what shall be the sign of Thy coming (in Thy Kingdom), and of the end of the age (of the Kingdom of Heaven)?" The first question—the Lord answered it last—is our present object of inquiry. Many things conspire to set it in a new light, the truth and bearing of which we should like to probe still further.

The disciples seek to be apprised of the day and hour of the destruction of Jerusalem. Jesus refuses to tell them the precise time. As on previous occasions to questions of like tenor, His answer takes the form of an appeal to the practical judgment of His hearers. The Pharisees once asked Him for a sign from Heaven, and He replied: "When it is evening, you say it will be fair weather, for the sky is red. And in the morning: today there will be a storm, for the sky is red and lowering. You know then how to discern the face of the sky; and can you not (tell) the signs of the times?"[1]—an answer which St. Luke explicitly reports as referring to the native powers of judgment resident in the minds of the hearers.[2] In the present instance, Jesus softens the appeal, by telling the disciples to "learn a parable from the fig-tree: When the branch thereof is now tender, and the leaves come forth, you know that summer is nigh.[3] So you also, when you see *all these things*"—St. Luke says: *when these things begin to come to pass*[4]—"know ye that He is nigh, even at the doors"[5] "Amen I say to you, this generation shall not pass away, till all these things be accomplished.[6] Heaven and earth shall pass away, but My words shall not pass away;"[7] a most solemn assurance that history will prove His interpretation of prophecy true and the eschatology of Palestine unfounded.

[1] Matt. xvi. 2, 3.
[2] "Why, *of yourselves also*, do you not judge what is right?" Luke xii. 57.
[3] Matt. xxiv. 32. [4] Luke xxi. 28.
[5] Matt. xxiv. 33. [6] Matt. xxiv. 34. [7] Matt. xxiv. 35.

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"But of that day and hour no one knoweth, not even the angels of Heaven, but the Father alone." [8]

The thirty-third verse, which so graphically depicts "the Son of Man as nigh, aye, even at the doors," has been looked upon by many as a reference to the Second Advent and the visible reappearance of the Lord in the glory of His Father. Indeed, no other interpretation seemed to fit the text, so long as the question of the disciples was thought to bear on the Lord's personal Return in connection with the destruction of Jerusalem. But with the discovery that the disciples did not connect these two events, in the question which they put the Saviour on the Mount of Olives, the supposed linking of the Second Advent with the fall of Jerusalem instantly disappeared from the text and left us in the presence of the plainest prediction imaginable of the future course of history. The Son of Man—Who is said to be "nigh, aye, even at the doors," is not, as was supposed, the Son of Man finally returning in person, but the Son of Man manifesting His power and sovereignty in the destruction of the Jewish Capital. What more convincing proof could there possibly be of this assertion than St. Luke's translation of the prophetic language employed by St. Matthew? The third canonical evangelist, who Westernized the Parable of the Fig-tree into a parable of "all the trees," [9] had our duller eyes in view, when he substituted the phrase: "Know ye that *the Kingdom of God* is at hand" [10] for St. Matthew's: "Know ye that He is nigh." Who can read this equivalent rendering and still believe that St. Matthew and St. Luke were Palestinian Jews, who mistook the *historical* Kingdom preached by Jesus, for the *eschatological* Kingdom of Jewish expectation?

The root of all the difficulties of interpretation is the word *Parousia* in the question of the disciples. It has been taken in the sense of the Lord's visible reappearance at the time of the destruction of Jerusalem, because these two events are always found connected in the pre-Christian literature of Palestine. But is this literature the right place to look for enlightenment? The word *Parousia* has a Gospel history and development, in the course of which its meaning clearly changes from that of a personal coming to a visitation in destructive might.[11] And it is of this destructive visitation, not of

[8] Matt. xxiv. 36. [9] Luke xxi. 29. [10] Luke xxi. 31.
[11] *St. Matthew and the Parousia*, THE CATHOLIC WORLD, May, 1918.

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His Second Advent or Return in glory, that Jesus is discoursing, when He tells His disciples how they are practically to know and recognize the signs of His near approach.

The Saviour gave a new content to the "coming of the Son of Man," changing its meaning from glory to wrath, from favor to destruction. He is here speaking in the current terms of prophecy, but not as these were currently understood. The whole atmosphere of thought has changed, owing to the unexpected distinction which Jesus drew between the *Parousia* and the Return. He identified His *Parousia* with the marching hosts who were to make the Temple a memory. "Where the dead body of Israel is, there shall the eagles, or invading armies, be gathered together."[12] This is the sense in which He declares that by their own native mother-wit they shall "know Him to be nigh." The thought of the thirty-third verse is a forecast of history, in answer to the first question of the disciples about the date of the Temple's overthrow. It contains no reference whatsoever to eschatology.

But what of the thirty-fourth verse: "Amen I say to you this generation shall not pass away until *all these things* are accomplished?" Is not this sweeping statement meant to include all that goes before, the "coming in glory" not excepted? Would a writer, careful of his words, and making much of the distinction which the Saviour drew between the *Parousia* and the Final Return, be likely to use language of this unqualified character, or to quote the Lord to the same effect? Many critics are inclined to think that the calculus of probabilities is all against one's so supposing. The writer who used such universal language clearly believed, they say, that the generation then living would see the full and complete realization of all the prophecies that are here recorded.

An examination of the several instances in which the expression, "All these things" is employed, fails to reveal it as including the Return in glory. St. Matthew quotes the Lord as saying: "'All these things' shall come upon this generation;" and the preceding thought which He summarizes is emphatically not of glory, but of destruction and rejection: "Fill ye up then the measure of your fathers. You serpents, generation of vipers, how will you flee from the judgment of hell? Therefore behold, I send to you prophets, and wise men, and scribes; and

[12] *St. Matthew and the Parousia*, THE CATHOLIC WORLD, June, 1918.

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some of them you will put to death and crucify, and some you will scourge in your synagogues, and persecute from city to city. That upon you may come all the just blood that hath been shed on the earth, from the blood of Abel the just, even unto the blood of Zacharias, the son of Barachias, whom you slew between the temple and the altar. Amen I say to you, *all* these things shall come upon this generation." [13] The reference is to Jerusalem and its approaching desolation, as the ensuing verses explicitly declare.[14] Nay, the idea of the glorious coming of the Son of Man is not only not included, its exclusion is even made the object of a long corrective teaching-process in the chapters that precede.[15]

In a parallel passage of St. Luke, the phrase "this generation" [16] designates the Pharisees and lawyers. They are clearly the ones, of whom "the blood of the prophets shall be required."[17] And what but a reference to the Jewish capital and its destruction is contained in the admonitory verse: "But before *all these things*, they will lay hands on you, bringing you before kings and governors for My name's sake?" [18] We have explicit proof that the reference does not include the Lord's glorious Return. The third canonical evangelist uses the strong expression, "All things written," in direct relation to Jerusalem, and cites it as one of the reasons why the City should be avoided during the siege. "For these are the days of vengeance" (not, be it noted, of approaching *glory*), "that *all things written* may be fulfilled"—a seemingly sweeping assertion which is interpreted restrictedly in the very next verse: "For there shall be distress in the land, and wrath upon *this* people." [19]

How else, one may well ask, can this tempering of the previous statement be regarded, than as a personal and authentic declaration by St. Luke himself, of the sense and range in which he understood the word "all?" A writer who distinctly says that "these are the days of *vengeance*," had long since parted mental company with the glorious expectations of official thought. Nor should we forget the testimony of St. Mark. He makes "*all* these things" *an integral part of the question* which the disciples asked the Lord about Jerusalem;[20]

[13] Matt. xxiii. 32-36.
[14] Matt. xxiii. 37-39.
[15] *St. Matthew and the Parousia*, THE CATHOLIC WORLD, May, 1918.
[16] Luke xi. 51.
[17] Luke xi. 43, 45.
[18] Luke xxi. 12.
[19] Luke xxi, 22, 23.
[20] Mark xiii. 4.

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and there can be no doubt, from his account, at least, that the phrase had no wider extension in the Lord's answer than in the original question, as it is here reported put. In the question, "all" referred to the buildings of the Temple. There is not the slightest indication in the context that the Return in glory was in mind.

Still further proof that the meaning is restricted may be gathered from earlier portions of the text. St. Matthew and St. Luke both employ the expression, "Till all things be accomplished," in connection with another phrase: "the law and the prophets." "Do not think that I am come to destroy 'the law, or the prophets?' I am not come to destroy, but to fulfill. *For* amen I say to you, till heaven and earth pass (a Hebraism meaning: *Never*), one jot or tittle shall not pass of the law, till all things be fulfilled."[21] "The law and the prophets" was a common way of designating the Old Testament Dispensation;[22] and the use of this expression in conjunction with the phrase, "All things," offers clear proof that the end of the Old Dispensation, not the end of the New, was the intended range of meaning. And if this criterion be applied to verses of a similar nature in the Great Discourse,[23] a like trustworthy conclusion is reached.

It is quite true that the phrase, "Till heaven and earth pass," meant the perpetuity of the Mosaic Code in the previous history of Palestine. It is quite true also that the maintenance of every "iota and hook" of the law was most crudely and literally understood by many who went before. We may even concede the apparently Jewish character of the verse: "He that shall transgress one of these least commandments, shall be called least in the Kingdom of Heaven; but he that shall do and teach (them), he shall be called great in the Kingdom of Heaven."[24] The question, however, is how the text should be read—whether in the light of what preceded in the literature of Palestine, or of what follows in the pages of the First Gospel. In other words, whether textual or contextual criticism is the right manner of procedure.

The context is admittedly un-Palestinian, and besprinkled with corrective statements, as may be seen from the expres-

[21] Matt. v. 17, 18; Luke xvi. 17.
[22] Matt. v. 17; vii. 12; xxii. 40; Luke xvi. 16; Acts xiii. 15; xxviii. 23.
[23] Matt. xxiv. 34; Mark xiii. 30; Luke xxi. 32.
[24] Matt v. 19.—λύειν in antithesis to ποιεῖν.

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sion, "I say to you," which challengingly occurs eight times.[25] The idea of fulfillment expressed in the context is the durability of the moral law in spite of human evasions; the binding character of all the moral principles underlying the Mosaic Code, some of which the lawyers have wrongly loosed, as in the case of divorce.[26] And what better proof could there be that the maintenance of Mosaism in the crude Palestinian sense is not the thought intended, than the direct repudiation of two of its propositions by the Saviour, concerning idle oaths and the redress of personal injuries through the strong arm of the law.[27] The Lord's teaching is here *opposed* to Jewish tradition, not interpretative of it; and for this reason the verse about those who "shall be called least and greatest in the Kingdom of Heaven" is a corrective *ad hominem* statement that has about it none of the ear-marks of a Jewish utterance. Agreeably to their own lax notions of morality, the Pharisees divided the injunctions of the law into the weightier and the lighter—a practice which Jesus rebuked in His indictment of the Jewish lawyers.[28] Not thus would He have the moral law interpreted in the Kingdom of Heaven on earth. The greatest in the Kingdom of Israel might do so. Their imitators would be the least in His.

Casting up the probabilities, therefore—when the Lord said that "not one jot or tittle of the law would pass, till all things are accomplished," He was not declaring Mosaism, *as such*, perpetual, but announcing the wholly different proposition that the law of Moses was strictly binding on Israel and in full force unto the time of her destruction. He is declaring against the Jewish laxists, that what Moses permitted on account of their hardness of heart (Matt. xix. 8), formed no part of the original institution of marriage—"*ab initio non fuit sic*"—and could not be cited in defence of looseness of life or liberality of view. It is of enlightening significance, therefore, that the phrase "all things" should have been employed in conjunction with the "law and the prophets"—a current way of designating the Old Testament Dispensation. The latter expression proves the limited application of the former. We are consequently not warranted in taking "all things" as inclusive of the Return in glory. Writers who report the Lord as act-

[25] Matt. v. 20, 22, 26, 28, 32, 34, 39, 44.
[26] Matt. v. 31, 32; Luke xvi. 17, 18.
[27] Matt. v. 34, 39.
[28] Matt. xxiii 23.

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ually disestablishing the Palestinian connection between the end of Israel and the end of the world, are not likely to have forgotten the light and fruits of their Christian education in the use of the phrase in question. What idea, for instance, did St. John have in view, when he wrote the verse: "After this, Jesus, knowing that *all things are now accomplished*, that the Scripture might be fulfilled, saith: I thirst?" Does not the word "all" here refer to the fulfillment of the prophecies, as Jesus newly interpreted them, and not to the future of history or to Palestinian expectation?

On the road to Emmaus, when the risen Lord overtakes two of His disciples saddened with disappointment at His death, and His failure to deliver Israel from her enemies, Jesus again uses the phrase in question, and its content is the prophesied necessity of His suffering. "O foolish and slow of heart to believe in *all things* which the prophets have spoken. Had not Christ to suffer these things, and so to enter into His glory? And beginning with Moses and all the prophets, He propounded to them in all the Scriptures the things that were concerning Him." [29]

Later, when these two same disciples were recounting their strange experience to the Eleven at Jerusalem, the Saviour suddenly appeared; and upon their taking fright at His presence, He bade them take cognizance that it was His own very Self, no mere apparition, upon which their eyes were resting. "And He said to them: These are the words which I spoke to you while I was yet with you, and *all things* must needs be fulfilled which are written in the law of Moses, and in the prophets, and psalms, concerning Me. Then He *opened their mind* that they might understand the Scriptures. And He said to them: Thus it is written, and thus it *behooved* Christ to suffer, and to rise again from the dead the third day; and that penance and the remission of sins should be preached in His name *unto all the nations*, beginning from Jerusalem. And you are *witnesses* of these things." [30]

The correction of current expectation is here too plain to be glossed away. Jesus not only proves the prophesied necessity of His suffering, death, and resurrection, He expressly adds that the *historical* process of preaching penance and remission

[29] Luke xxiv. 25-27.

[30] Luke xxiv. 44-48. Notice ἔδει. Compare: ἐν ὅλῳ τῷ κόσμῳ. Matt. xxvi. 13.

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of sins in His name *to all the nations* is under the same Divine necessity of fulfillment. The meaning of "*all things*" is thus made to include an historical process of evangelizing the nations, the very mention of which is the surest of guarantees that the Lord's coming in glory was not one of the things expected within the generation, when the Government fell. No plainer proof could be desired that "all things" express Christ's revelation of the continuance of history, and not the Jewish idea of its sudden ceasing.

Is there an allusion to the Second coming in the Lukan verse which follows the description of the Lord's glorious Return? The disciples are told to "look up, and lift up their heads, *when these things begin to come to pass*, because their redemption (?) draws nigh."[31] The "things beginning to come to pass" are things concerning which the disciples, according to St. Luke, have instituted their inquiry, and this, as has been shown, concerned Jerusalem alone. That was the topic in which their chief interest lay, after Jesus had educated them out of the false Palestinian world-view of their earlier years. "Master, when shall these things be? and what shall be the sign when these things are about to come to pass."[32] The redemption that is drawing nigh, therefore, is their *deliverance* from the power of the Synagogue, the knell of whose doom had begun to toll. They told Him on the road to Emmaus what hopes they had invested in His being the One who would redeem Israel from the nations.[33] He here anticipates their thoughts, and changes the false current of their hopes, by bidding them look up and lift up their heads, when they see Jerusalem actually being surrounded by armies, because then the hour of their release—vividly expressed by the figures of looking up and erectness of carriage—is surely drawing nigh. It is of their redemption from Israel and its crushing dominance, not of the final consummation of things, that the Lord is speaking.

And the "day that shall come as a snare upon all those who dwell upon the face of all the land,"[34] is again a reference to the question asked; and for that reason is wrongly translated by the universal expression: *earth*.[35] What more

[31] Luke xxi. 28. [32] Luke xxi. 7.

[33] ὁ μέλλων λυτροῦσθαι τὸν Ἰσραήλ. Luke xxiv. 21. Compare λυτροῦσθαι here with ἀπολύτρωσις in Luke xxi. 28. [34] Luke xxi. 34-35. [35] γῆ.

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unanswerable proof of this conclusion could the most meticulous critic desire than St. Luke's statement: "There shall be great distress in the *land* and wrath upon *this* people" [36]—a declaration which it is impossible, grammatically, to extend beyond Israel and its borders, or to associate with the idea of approaching "glory." And even if we did not have this clarifying and determining textual assurance some distance further back, *criticism* could still establish that Jerusalem was the intended reference, from the recurrence of the phrase, "all these things," in the very next verse. The structural resemblance of this verse to the original question [37] would put the matter beyond reasonable doubt, especially if taken in conjunction with St. Luke's studiously different manner of phrasing, when referring to the world at large;[38] and more especially still, if we were to look into the original passages, after which this particular verse is modeled. The battle of Ephraim, in which "the forest devoured more men that day than the sword," is described as spreading "over the face of all the *country*," certainly not over the face of the whole *earth*;[39] and even if the rest of the Lukan verse should appear to have universal significance *in the source* [40] from which it is quoted, that fact would prove nothing of worth. Jesus introduced perspective into prophecy, and St. Luke has just given us a fine instance of its effect upon himself, in the picture of Jerusalem "trodden down by the nations until the times of the nations be fulfilled." [41] The Gentiles were to have their season, before the Lord returned in glory to the world.

The most decisive consideration of all still awaits due weighing. It will be recalled from the fifth study that three questions were asked the Lord in St. Matthew's account—the time of the destruction of Jerusalem, its sign, and the sign of the New Era's ending. Even St. Mark and St. Luke, who tell us only of two questions, spread before us nevertheless the Lord's answer to *three*. The signal fact to be noted is the sequence in which the answers are reported. The Saviour replies to the first question last, thereby reversing the order of proposal, and emphasizing the importance of the New King-

[36] Luke xxi. 23.

[37] ὅταν μέλλῃ ταῦτα γίνεσθαι. Luke xxi. 7. ταῦτα πάντα τὰ μέλλοντα γίνεσθαι Luke xxi. 36.

[38] Luke xxi. 26.—τῇ οἰκουμένῃ.

[39] 2 Sam. xviii. 8. [40] Jer. xxv. 29. [41] Luke xxi. 24.

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dom as against curiosity over the end of the Old. The section comprising the Saviour's answer to the first question occupies the same relative position in all three accounts—it is placed last;[42] *and it is this reversed position of the answer to the first question, which creates the impression that the verse about "the generation not passing away, till all things are accomplished," refers to the entire body of thought preceding and is intended as a summary or résumé.* But in none of the Synoptics is this impression confirmed by the particles employed, as would, of a certainty, have been the case, were the thought as suspect as supposed. St. Matthew, St. Mark, and St. Luke use the same adversative to introduce this section;[43] and St. Luke clearly indicates that the Parable of the Fig Tree is an independent, *additional* statement.[44] There is no evidence whatsoever that the writers are *reviewing* all that was said before. The thought is of Jerusalem alone.

The text clarifies itself most surprisingly under the influence of this discovery. When investigation enables us to see that the first question which the disciples asked is in process of being answered in this section, and that the thought preceding is not being reassembled for review, the impression that the generation is said to be "about to witness the coming in glory," along with the other prophecies previously mentioned, betrays its unfounded character and leaves us in the presence of a far different line of thought. Writers who have distinguished the fate of Israel from the fate of the world were not likely later to merge the two in their phrasing.

The textual location of the answer to the first question has a decisive bearing also on the seemingly indecipherable verse with which the Discourse closes in St. Luke: "Watch ye, therefore, praying at all times, that you may be accounted worthy to escape *all these things*, and to stand before the Son of Man."[45] What does it mean? To stand before the Son of Man coming in His Kingdom, or to stand before the Son of Man returning personally in the glory of His Father to judge the living and the dead? In view of the location of the verse, and the distinction which St. Luke drew between the "comings" mentioned; in view, also, of the two fine historical perspectives of

[42] Matt. xxiv. 32-35; Mark xiii. 28-32; Luke xxi. 29-33.

[43] δὲ. —Matt. xxiv. 32; Mark xiii. 28; Luke xxi. 28.

[44] Καὶ εἶπε παραβολὴν αὐτοῖς. Luke xxi. 29.

[45] Luke xxi. 36.

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"Jerusalem trodden down by the Gentiles," and the preaching of penance and the remission of sins in Christ's name unto all the nations," [46] we are compelled to regard this verse as referring to the destruction of Jerusalem, and not to the Final Advent. "Behold, I send My messenger before Me; and the Lord Whom you seek, shall *come to His Temple;* and the messenger of the covenant, Whom you desire, behold, He cometh, saith the Lord of hosts. But who can *abide* the day of His coming? and who shall *stand* when He appeareth? for He is like a refiner's fire, and a fuller's herb." [47] The third canonical Evangelist, who distinctly tells us that the Son of Man has "several days," [48] cannot successfully be accused of believing that He had but one; or of having had the Second Advent in mind, when he wrote the verse in question.

The last verse in the Lord's answer to the first question of the disciples is the famous one: "But of that day and hour knoweth no man, not even the angels of heaven, but the Father alone." Of what "day and hour" is the Lord here speaking? Unquestionably of the "day and hour" of the destruction of the Temple, unless the results of the present investigation have all been "spun from the stuff of dreams." This was the event to which the Lord Himself pointed, when He asked the disciples: "Do you (not) see all these things? Amen I say to you, there shall not be left here a stone upon a stone which shall not be loosed from its foundations." It was also the event in which the disciples were absorbingly interested, and concerning which they *particularly* inquired, in the question: "When shall these things be?" In the old view, which took the questions for purely Jewish queries connecting the end of Israel and the end of the world, there was no alternative but to face this supposed connection and to make the most of it, either by adopting the legitimate position that the Lord spoke of the final consummation, under the figure and type of the destruction of Jerusalem, or by advancing the ill-advised view that He left the correction of error to history and the disillusioning perspective which the years were sure to bring.

But in the new understanding of the questions which the present investigation has laid bare, another view—that of corrective teaching—comes forth appealingly from the text. The Lord taught the disciples to disconnect His "coming in pow-

[46] Luke xxi. 24; xxiv. 47. [47] Mal. iii. 1, 2. [48] Luke xvii. 22.

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er" at the end of the Jewish age, from His "coming in glory" at the end of the world. He did not connect these two events in His answer; neither did they in the question which was put. It is the critics who have introduced the connection, through a failure to go about the reading of the text in a *complete* scientific manner. They stop investigating when only half way through the total evidence. After scouring the pre-evangelical literature of Palestine to the remotest corners, they come to the Gospel with the results of this ransacking search, as if the New Testament were nothing more than Palestinian thought in a highly disguised form. Nothing comes of this method of approach—how could there? It is self-condemned to lack of fruitage from the start, for the simple reason that it turns all the *corrective teaching* of the Saviour into repetitious *borrowings*, and prevents us from seeing that He quoted to *correct*, not to appropriate and adopt. The relevancy of all of which to our present point is simple. If the Saviour, by means of quoted language which He newly interpreted and applied, taught the disciples to ask Him an un-Jewish question in Jewish terms, namely—the time of His "coming" to destroy Jerusalem, as distinct from His personal Return in glory, we are left face to face with the fact that it was of Jerusalem and its destruction, not of the Final Judgment, that the Lord was speaking, when He declared that "He knew not the day nor the hour." Let the phrase "that day" mean the Final Judgment everywhere else in the Scriptures. It would not even then have to be so interpreted here, in view of the fact that the Lord disestablished the connection, which Palestine had put, between the end of Israel and the end of the world. And certainly he would be a more courageous than accurate critic, who would ask his fellowmen to see in the Scriptural phrase "that day" an unvarying reference to the Final Judgment.[49]

Another question before we close. Is it exegetically established that the Lord's profession of ignorance with regard to the time of Israel's destruction, represents a personal statement on His part of the limitations of His knowledge? We ask the question from the point of view of exegesis, not from that of the received conclusions of theology. It is generally assumed by critics that the Saviour was describing the bounds of His

[49] Matt. vii. 22; xi. 24; and Luke vi. 23; x. 12; xxi. 34. Who could contextually prove that in these instances the reference is to the Final Judgment?

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personal knowledge when He disbosomed Himself of this utterance. The present investigation makes another supposition exegetically possible and capable of establishment—the supposition of corrective teaching as distinct from personal self-revelation. The Jews were well aware that there was "one day known to Yahweh," [50] and reserved within His power. It is quite possible, therefore, that Jesus is here reminding His questioners of this predicted reservation, and their overstepping of the bounds in seeking its disclosure. Such at any rate, was the idea which He had in mind when answering the query about the restoration, just prior to His ascending to the Father. "Lord," they asked Him, "dost Thou in this time restore the Kingdom to Israel?" And His reply was: "It is not *for you* to know the times or seasons which the Father hath set by virtue of His own authority." [51] In this later statement, it is clearly the relation of the questioners to the Father, not the relation of the Son, which is singled out for stressing. His hearers are plainly told that it is no affair of theirs to be apprised of the times and seasons when God intends to work His will. Have we aught more than this laid before us in St. Matthew's celebrated verse, or, for that matter, in St. Mark's,[52] which expressly excludes the Son from a knowledge of the day and hour of Jerusalem's visitation? It all depends on the nature of these verses. Are they dogmatic and theological, or didactic and *ad hominem?* The report of the Lord's answer to a similar question, which we have just quoted from St. Luke, offers solid collateral proof of their belonging to the latter category. A question was asked concerning which it lay not with the disciples to inquire; and the Saviour, by an emphatic process of excluding Himself and the angels, brought out the forgotten fact that there is "one day known to Yahweh," and to Him alone. Jesus no more denied His personal knowledge, in the present instance, than He denied His personal goodness by the use of a similar universal negative on another occasion. When the young ruler addressed Him as *Good Master,* the Saviour repudiated the compliment, saying: "Why callest thou Me good? No one is good but God." [53] The "Me" is an enclitic, and not an object of emphasis—a sure sign that didactic, and not personal statement, is being reported. The Saviour re-

[50] Zach. xiv. 6, 7.
[51] Acts i. 7.—οὐκ ὑμῶν ἐστι γνῶναι.
[52] Mark xiii. 32.
[53] Mark x. 18; Luke xviii. 19.

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minds His youthful questioner that the only source of goodness, whether in action or in character, is God, and that He Himself is no exception, His goodness being the goodness of the Father. Is it not with a similar teaching purpose in view, that He speaks of the Father as the sole source of the knowledge about which the disciples ask? And are we not converting relative teaching into absolute statement, when we look otherwise upon the answer of the Lord?

Nor is this all that may be said upon the matter. St. Matthew quotes Jesus as saying that a perfect reciprocity of knowledge exists between the Father and the Son. "All things have been delivered unto Me by My Father. And no one knoweth the Son but the Father; neither doth any one know the Father but the Son, and he to whom the Son willeth to reveal Him."[54] The text occurs just after the upbraiding of the cities in which most of His mighty works were done. Nor does it seem possible that a writer who bore witness to this perfect interchange of knowledge between the Father and the Son, would later cite an instance to the contrary. In view of that "larger and more comprehensive estimate of the facts, which goes by the name of criticism," it is incumbent to take this statement of the Saviour as said in relation to His hearers, and not in relation to Himself. Jesus was teaching His questioners the bounds of propriety, He was not making a personal confession, when He declared that He did not know the "day or the hour" of the "coming of the Son of Man."

Looking back at the Discourse from the present point of vantage, it no longer wears the aspect of an eschatological utterance, unless three verses out of thirty-six[55]—a mere twelfth—may be said to lend it that character. Prophetic Forecast, accompanied by a *personal* message to the individual of all times and climes, is the proper designation; and this conclusion, we feel sure, will win itself still more convincingly into favor, when the succeeding portions are searched for their hidden treasure. Not without reason did it come about that Jesus answered the first question of the disciples, last. *They* thought of Israel; *He*, of the world. And *wisdom is justified of her children.*

[54] Matt. xi. 27; Luke x. 21, 22.

[55] Matt. xxiv. 29, 30, 31.

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IN THE MEDICI GARDENS.

BY GRACE V. CHRISTMAS.

ONE day I was waiting for Father Cuthbert in his garden. There was a lady with him in his study, so his housekeeper had informed me, and I therefore resigned myself to a somewhat lengthened period of expectation. For one woman who makes straight to her point and sticks to it, there are nine who hover round it like a butterfly before it settles on a flower and then flies off again at a moment's notice. Still, the garden was a very pleasant place to wait in, and I was by no means discontented with my lot. Father Cuthbert's garden, like his house, expressed himself. There was nothing stiff, precise, or in any way conventional about the arrangement of his flower beds and borders, no "screaming begonias" flaunting their gaudy blooms in a symmetrical pattern. The flowers were old-fashioned and chosen for their perfume, and the scheme of color had not been left to chance but carefully planned out by an artistic mind. It was fragrant this sultry afternoon in July, with the scent of pinks and mignonette and lavender, and one was soothed by the drowsy humming of bumble bees in a border of harmoniously tinted snapdragons. I sat down on a rustic bench near an ancient sun dial with a great sense of well being, and about a quarter of an hour later Father Cuthbert made his appearance.

"Sorry to have kept you waiting, Dudley, but I have had a somewhat unexpected visitor."

"Is there a story about her?" I asked making room for him on the bench, "or is it private and confidential?"

"Yes, there is a story," he returned slowly, "and I see no reason why I should not tell it to you. It presents a curious psychological study. What is your opinion of dreams?"

"Whether I believe in them or not do you mean?" I answered with another question.

"Yes, just that."

"Well," I continued reflectively, "I don't know quite what

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to say about it. One hears extraordinary cases of course and —" He took me up quickly.

"And you are a little afraid of giving yourself away. You would like to hear me air my views on the subject first. It's very odd how few people there are in the world who have the absolute courage of their opinions; who do not wait for a lead over their fences."

"Oh, well," I retorted, "I can form a pretty good guess as to your views, and as you insist on a straight answer, I don't believe in them. When they do come true it is a coincidence, nothing more."

"Well, I will tell you the story and I fancy you will say that in this particular case there was something more than coincidence."

He leaned back on the bench, and for a moment or two only the humming of the bees and the drowsy love song of the turtle doves broke the silence.

"It was about three years ago," he began, "that I first met Mrs.—we will call her Smith. She was a widow with one son to whom she was absolutely devoted. By the way, Dudley, has it ever struck you what an incomplete picture is presented by a married woman who has no children? One often, it is true, comes across unmarried ones eminently adapted by nature for the rôle of mother and who have missed their chance in that respect, but, even so, there is never that sense of something incomplete and in a manner undeveloped which there is about the childless married woman. They seem somehow—but this is not the story is it? Mrs. Smith had been a pupil in the school of suffering and had learned her lesson well. Her married life had consisted of a month of illusion and some fifteen years of disillusion, so that all her love was expended on her boy."

"I *have* known love and disillusion to exist together," I remarked.

"Love of a sort perhaps." There was a snap of impatience in Father Cuthbert's tone. "The affection of a person with low ideals of their own for someone to whom they have grown accustomed, but I do wish you would not interrupt me, Dudley. I want to keep to the point."

I smiled to myself and he continued:

"Mrs. Smith had become a Catholic soon after her marriage, and when her son was born she had very little difficulty

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in inducing her husband to allow him to be baptized by a priest. The man had no religion of his own to speak of and gave her a free hand in the matter, which concession on his part probably atoned in her eyes for a good many of his peccadilloes. So the boy was educated at a Catholic college and went from there to the 'varsity and turned out a regular young scamp.

"There was a good deal of his father in him and he found the obligations of his religion irksome in the extreme, possibly on account of their having been somewhat over insisted upon in his childhood. His mother had at that time not quite outgrown the injudiciousness of the convert, and she expected him to be as pious in his outward observances as she was herself. Later on, however, she realized her mistake and like a wise woman tried other tactics, but they also failed, and by degrees her son gave up all his religious duties, remaining a Catholic only in name. He got into a bad set at the 'varsity, exceeded his allowance and was always in debt, and was finally 'sent down' for some more or less serious misdemeanor. Then in London, he was a good-looking boy with perfectly charming manners, the married women took him up and made a fuss about him, and that did him no good, so his mother had by no means a rosy time of it.

"She consulted me on the subject shortly after our first meeting, and was very anxious to arrange a meeting between me and her son. She was sure that I should be able to persuade him to give up his bad companions and return to his faith—you know the sanguine view mothers always take of such matters, and how they are a little inclined to blame the priest when, as frequently happens, their castles in the air topple over at the first touch. My own opinion was that the proposed interview would be a mistake. The boy was not in the mood for any spiritual interference, and any attempt at coercion would only increase his determination to continue in his present mode of life.

"However, the poor little woman was so upset at my refusal that at last I reluctantly appointed an hour to meet the young man, and she went away in great delight promising to arrange it. The meeting did not come off. God wanted that boy's soul and He intended to have it in His own way. I left London soon afterwards, and saw no more of Mrs. Smith until two years ago when I met her in Rome.

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"'You must positively meet my son this time,' were almost her first words to me. It was Holy Week and we had met in St. Peter's during Tenebrae.

"'How is he getting on?' I inquired without committing myself to any definite statement, and she told me that things were practically the same as when she had seen me last. 'He is here with me now,' she added, 'and I think Rome has got hold of him in a way, although he will not acknowledge that he is at all impressed.'

"'Is he with you today?' I asked. She shook her head.

"'No, he wouldn't come, but you must fix a day to come and dine at our hotel, and then it will be quite easy for you to talk to him alone.'

"I gave her an evasive reply, for I was quite certain in my own mind, Dudley, that the affair was not going to be carried through in that manner. I felt—and that had been my conviction ever since I had heard of her son's existence—that it would take more than a word in season, uttered by a chance acquaintance, to convert him, and I was also strongly impressed with the idea that sooner or later, in God's own time in fact, that conversion would become an accomplished fact. So certain was I of this that I tried to imbue his mother with my feelings on the subject, but she, poor little soul, was inclined to be despondent.

"'He says such dreadful things about priests,' she said presently.

"'All the more reason for not forcing him into the society of one,' I remarked cheerfully.

"'But you are different,' was her naïve reply.

"'In his present frame of mind,' I returned, 'a priest is about the last person with whom he would care to be on friendly terms. What you have to do is to pray for him, every day and all day, let your life be a prayer, and make no rearrangements for bringing your son and me together. If it is decreed that we shall meet we shall do so without your intervention.'

"She looked at me with a startled expression and murmured that she would do as I wished, and then the wailing notes of the *Miserere* rose through the dusk and we said no more. That *Miserere*, Dudley, sung by the Sistine Choir is a thing to remember, something that stamps itself upon what-

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ever part of one's brain or mind it is which retains impressions, and which no after experiences can ever efface. We listen to it in the stronghold of Catholicism, in that vast basilica erected over the tomb of Peter, the Fisherman of Galilee, and the Rock upon which Christ built His Church, and we hear it in the midst of a crowd of mingled nationalities, of believers and unbelievers, of saints and sinners, gathered together under one lofty roof, a few out of devotion, a larger number for the sake of the music, others because it is the correct thing to do on Maundy Thursday.

"Mrs. Smith's son was very much in my thoughts during the days that followed, and it struck me as a curious fact that in Rome, which is such a universal meeting place, we should never as yet have come across one another. Notwithstanding my remarks on the subject, his mother had twice invited me to lunch, but on each occasion I had a *bona fide* engagement which it would have been impossible to break. He was out when I called on her one afternoon, and three times I just missed seeing him at the house of a mutual friend. And then a night or two later I had an intensely vivid dream:

"It was spring in the Villa Medici, the roses were in bloom and the scent of violets filled the air, and the wealth of color in the flower beds contrasted with the green gloom of the long shady avenues. There was a glimmer of sunshine even here, for it was a real Roman day of blue and gold, and I was walking alone between the spreading trees. At the far end stood a young man, fair and boyish looking with regular features and the candid blue eyes of a child. He seemed to be waiting for me and I hastened my steps until I came quite close to him. He smiled, stretched out his hand to me in greeting and I awoke. There was nothing startling in the dream except its intense vividness and atmosphere of actuality, and I came to myself with a sense of disappointment that it should have ended before I could hear what he had to say. Then things began to crowd rather, as they have a way of doing in Rome, and I thought no more of it, and Mrs. Smith's son got crowded out too.

"My stay was drawing to a close, and three days before I left I paid a farewell visit to the Medici Villa, a spot for which I have always felt the strongest attraction. One is so near to nature in these old Italian gardens where man plays so small a

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part in their arrangement, and the flowers spring up as it were in the night and rush from bud to blossom almost in a day. Easter was late that year, and there was now a riot of roses everywhere, and the air was fragrant with the scent of snowy pinks and gaily tinted stocks. The sky was of the shade of Mary's mantle, deeply, intensely blue, and the sun poured down its golden radiance on the old Palace, that memorial of departed glory and other days.

"As I stood there in the sunshine amongst the flowers, my dream recurred to me, and I turned involuntarily, and almost without any volition on my part, down one of the long, green avenues. I walked slowly with my eyes on the ground visualizing again the youth I had seen in my dream, and then, Dudley—I tell you this is sober fact—I looked up suddenly and saw him waiting for me at the further end. He was similar in every respect to the young man I had dreamed of, the same clearly-cut features and fair boyish face, the same blue eyes, candid and clear as those of a child. I stood still for an instant staring at him in surprise, and then pulling myself together I continued my walk, intending to pass him by. But he, too, stood still, and an expression of intense bewilderment mingled with a dawning look of fear crossed his face. If I had been a ghost haunting that gloomy avenue, he could not have been more taken aback.

"'Excuse me,' he stammered as I was about to pass him, 'could I—er—could I speak to you? My name is Smith.'

"Then, Dudley, the meaning of the dream flashed upon me in all its significance, and I held out my hand to him.

"'I know you very well by report,' I said, 'and I have been hoping to meet you, but how did you know me?'

"He hesitated, looked sharply at me for a second, and then studied his boots in silence, and I waited till he had collected himself sufficiently to speak. His whole personality was an enormous surprise to me. I had never connected my dream with the youth whom I had heard so much of from his mother, and as I hastily recalled some of his escapades, the candor and clearness of his eyes and the serenity of his expression inspired in me an intense curiosity as to how they had been preserved.

"'You will think me quite mad, Father,' he said at last, 'but —er—the fact is—oh well, it's no use going on like this, I dreamed about you. There.'

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"He looked me straight in the face with a touch of defiance in his voice, and I took a liking to him on the spot.

"'Let us walk up and down a little,' I said. 'There must be a link or sympathy of some kind between us,' I went on hoping to put him at his ease, 'because I, too, recognized you as someone I had dreamed of about a fortnight ago.'

"The look of fear returned to his eyes. 'What does it mean?' he exclaimed.

"Well, Dudley, something which was not myself spoke for me at that moment, and I told him a little of what I thought it meant. I felt instinctively that it was not a moment for conventionality. It was the boy's naked soul, as it were, that was before me, stripped of all its society trappings, and there in the green gloom of the Medici gardens my soul spoke straight to his. It is not necessary for me to tell you what passed between us, but the success of my audacity exceeded what I had dared to hope, and before we parted he had given me his promise to come and see me before I left and to make his confession."

Father Cuthbert paused and re-lit his pipe. His eyes were shining, but there was a whimsical expression on his lips, and I could see that he was half inclined to laugh at himself.

"That story always strings me up, Dudley," he remarked with an almost apologetic intonation in his voice. "It sounds incredible but all the same it was a solid fact."

"And he persevered?" I asked.

"Oh, yes. Notwithstanding its somewhat theatrical beginning, the conversion was a lasting one. In fiction I suppose he would have joined some severe Order, but as it is he has done nothing of the sort. He is engaged, so his mother has just been telling me, to a charming Catholic girl, and they are to be married in the autumn. The world wants men of that sort you know, Dudley; the work and the influence which can be done and exerted by earnest Catholic laymen is well-nigh inexhaustible, if they would only realize it a little more."

"Now for your objections," he added as he puffed away contentedly at his pipe. "I see you have some."

"Well," I remarked, "I still think there was a little coincidence about it. The young man was very much in your thoughts, and no doubt his mother was perpetually dinning your praises into his ears and so you dreamed of one another."

"Quite so," he returned, "and it is possible there may have

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been some sub-conscious suggestion mixed up with it, but how do you account for our having dreamed of one another exactly as we were when we had never seen one another in the flesh, and so that we were able to recognize each other when we met?"

"I can't account for it," I acknowledged, "how do you?" He turned and looked at me with eyes which seemed to go through me and beyond me.

"I believe," he said slowly, "that there exists a subtle sympathy between souls whose bodies have never met, if one of them is destined to influence the other. Then, his was not a temperament to be worked upon by ordinary methods; it required shaking to its foundations, being startled as it were into the love and service of God, and, in his case, the fulfillment of a dream would have ten times more effect than any number of eloquent sermons or plausible arguments. He had to be *frightened* into submission and God knew that was the best way. He told me, too, how even after he had left off going to Mass and saying his ordinary prayers, he still preserved a devotion to his Guardian Angel, and that when he *did* occasionally utter a prayer it was to this unseen protecting presence which had taken such a hold on his childish imagination. And that no doubt was why, as he told me on several occasions, he had been almost miraculously prevented from falling into certain sins. He was, in spite of his surroundings and his defects, an innately clean-hearted boy, and it was that quality which was reflected in his eyes. There, Dudley, I have talked enough for one afternoon, and look here, I don't want to make you a believer in dreams—that would be against the Catechism—but I would like you to realize that there are many mysteries in heaven and earth which the wisest of us do not understand. And, indeed, the wiser we are the less we know."

I thanked him and left him standing there by the old sun dial amongst his roses, but he suddenly called me back.

"Remember, Dudley," he said, "for I do not want you to go away with a wrong impression of my meaning. It was not a *dream* which converted Mrs. Smith's son and made a zealous Catholic of him—it was the infinite mercy of God."

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WAR RELIGION.

BY FRANCIS AVELING, S.T.D.

MANY questions have been asked, and much has been written on the effect which the conditions of war have had upon the religion of our soldiers in the mass or as individuals. Such questions are not always easy to answer, and that for several reasons. In the first place, soldiers, no less than civilians, are not all built upon a stereotyped model; and it is difficult, if not misleading, to generalize in regard to their religion, as it would be with respect to any other point in which individuality counts for so much. Again, religion is a difficult thing to characterize, unless one adopts a rather rigid and perhaps exclusive definition, correct enough in a theological paper, but out of place when attempting to reply to a popular desire for information. Aware of these and similar difficulties and restrictions, it may be possible for us to speak, for lack of a more definite term, of War Religion, using it in a very broad and general sense. In portraying one characteristic of the religious man, Holy Scripture speaks of him as spending himself for others, after the example of that great Leader Who spent Himself to the uttermost for all mankind. He is the succorer of the fatherless and of the widow. He clothes the naked; he feeds the hungry, and gives drink to those who thirst. He visits the sick and captives in their affliction. He forgives offences and bears wrongs patiently. And he keeps himself pure and unspotted amidst all the dust and grime and filth of a morally careless and religiously indifferent world.

The motive of all this practical altruism—this spending of one's self for others—is love, the love of his fellowmen, in whom and through whom he sees the Divine; and the driving force behind it, insistent and strong, is the love of God. For the two great Gospel precepts of charity, if they are observed —and they must be observed if charity be rooted in a man's soul—bring forth their fruit in all those external signs of a truly religious man which are mentioned in Holy Scripture. The external signs of religion are the natural expression, in the

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end, of love; and the religious man is he, who, truly loving God, loves his neighbor—and loves him practically.

There are counterfeits of this, often mistaken for it, in all the various forms which mere philanthropy assumes; for a really irreligious man may certainly be philanthropic, and perform all the corporal works of mercy to as great, and possibly even to a greater degree and extent, than a religious one. It is the motive in religion that counts, the intention, the end in view. But this need not necessarily be formal and explicit. Indeed, it seldom is explicit in practice. Nor should it be expected to be so; for practice savors of the habitual, and habit is not consciously controlled. The great forces of life are usually buried deep down beneath the conscious level, except at those rare times at which we drag them up for examination, or when they surge upwards irresistibly and thrust themselves upon us in some sudden self-revelation.

Unconscious tendencies and propensities, strivings and cravings, habits good and evil, shape by far the greater part of our consciously lived lives; and of these strong forces religion may be—and often is—preponderant. Indeed, whether it be purely natural or supernatural, religion is one of the strongest of all the life forces, keying up to the greatest endurance, making possible the cheerful bearing of great sufferings, prompting to ready self-effacement and self-sacrifice. And the fruits of religion such as this, manifest in the life of an ordinary natural man, even when he has forgotten in the "unconscious" their cause and true origin, exhibit the soul which is naturally Christian—*anima naturaliter Christiana.* There is a great deal of religion in human nature, overlaid by custom and convention, suppressed in its formal manifestations by reticence, shyness, and a certain sense of "bad form." Human respect is to be blamed for much of this. But religion breaks through, none the less, in a thousand flashes and golden gleams. It smoulders in myriads of human hearts, and reveals its presence in the most unlooked-for and unsuspected places.

All this is true largely in times of peace, when most of the preoccupations of trade or business and society, the humdrum routine of ordinary work, the monotonous iteration of unending tasks, the greed for money, the fever of ambition, the smug self-complacency of well-being, the narcotics of comfort and security, all tend to war against and to suppress the

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religious instinct. It is true in war time. The old life has slipped away into vague distance. There are vivid landmarks still in the past that has already become so remote. There is home and mother; or there is wife and children. There are personal interests of one kind or another. But on the whole the soldier is not the same being as he was before he put on the uniform. He may not—probably does not—realize the extent of the change that has taken place in him. It began imperceptibly with his new surroundings in the training camps. There he had to adjust all his relations afresh. He made new friends in the height of his generous enthusiasm. He learned stern discipline and to obey commands, while his heart was bursting to be up and doing. His business was no longer to stoop over a ledger or spend his days in office or in shop; to labor in mine or field or factory. In ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, the regular exercise, fresh air and plain food vastly improved his health, and so altered his outlook. His mind worked in new grooves. War and the problems of war found inarticulate formulation within him. Ideals grew and became modified as muscles hardened and automatized in drill, rifle practice and bayonet fighting. And then he came out to France or Belgium, singing light-hearted songs and marching through the villages with high head and flashing eyes. The flavor of romance still clung to the idea of war as he marched on towards the front. All was new and foreign and intriguing. And through it all his system of values was slowly changing, his horizon altering.

Deep things were coming nearer to the surface of his soul. Old, far-off memories were faintly stirred by new surroundings. Undreamed of meanings were interpreting life afresh for him. And then the line, and the first action! What emotions surged and clashed within him as the battle raged around about without—strong, primitive emotions which went down to the very roots of his being; emotions long pent up and cramped by all the artificial unreality of the social structure of his upbringing. No more was life a slow-burning flame, pale and thin, fed on conventions and make-believe, drawing its scanty nourishment from debased ideals and dishonest, accepted traditions—a poor thing, of little substance or color. This crowded moment was a lifetime in itself, strong, and virile, and intense. This was reality that he faced, the stern

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reality from which war roughly tears the sham masks and trappings of peace time. And here, in the mad whirlpool of war, under the shadow of the swift flying shuttles of death, the patriotic loyalty, the hardy discipline, the new problems and adjustment to new outlooks, the strange pulsing emotions—all formless, no doubt, and inexpressible—bore their fruit. In religion? Yes, in so far as it is possible to engraft religion upon dogma, or the lack of it. Where there was no solid stock of truth, or belief, upon which this newly-awakened mental complex could fix itself, a necessary Deity was invented for its support and nourishment, a blind Fate, a presiding and pursuing Luck, an inexorable something big with destiny, but generally regarded as malevolent.

Men who were pressed by the emotional stress to create such a Deity within their own consciousness, felt themselves to be as cogs on the wheels of some great, impersonal, inevitable machine—the infinitely fatal and complicated Juggernaut of war. What will they had, was of no avail once caught in the grinding wheels; and the Will that controlled the whole monstrous machinery had no interest, or at best a purely sporting interest, in their well-being and ultimate goal. Such men in ordinary peaceable times would be amiable pagans, drifting along the world's current with no thought beyond the reach of hand or eye. The emotions begot of war drive them, for the most part, spiritually into a corner. Hence their reversion to a quasi-pagan theology for their newly-aroused emotions. In other cases—and these by far the greatest number—in which there is some faint impress of orthodoxy, some far-off reminiscence of a childhood's God, some notion of a Celestial Fatherhood or dependence upon a beneficent Deity, the emotional surge veers to theism. And no matter how vague or imperfect, no matter how inarticulate or hesitating, it is truly a natural religion that emerges. It strengthens and consoles; and it bears its fruits. Incidentally, it prepares the heart and mind for the planting of a nobler seed which may bring forth a hundred fold—as so often has been the case among our men during the course of this present world-struggle.

The typical British soldier—if it can be said that there is a type in an army drawn from every class of society in the great Empire—the typical British soldier is a kindly, a truly charitable man. He is generous almost to a fault, tender and

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chivalrous towards the weak, solicitous for the oppressed and suffering, patient under almost incredible discomforts, cheerful in adversity, a faithful comrade, and a good man. How many little children behind the lines in France and in Flanders have learned to love the British soldier! How many women have learned to bless his chivalrous labor spent for them, the self-imposed tasks undertaken in their behalf—unaccustomed tasks, for the most part—about the farm, or the byre, or the cottage, from which the men-folk were all away fighting. How many little kindnesses has he performed, out of sheer goodness of heart, for the aged and the stricken in the devastated villages of these tortured lands. Old people and children and widows and the unprotected have learned his sterling worth, and have named him in their prayers. His pity and his charity and his practical service—those hall-marks of religion—have endeared him to the suffering and the helpless and the weak. And if he has done what he has done without conscious thought of Him to Whom he has ministered in these His children, is it to be said that, in that he has done it to the least of these his brethren, he has not done it unto Christ Himself?

All this was true mainly in the old days during which we were "holding the line," *i. e.*, defending the system of trenches in the West, and following up the retreating Germans on the scarred and pittied battlefields of the Somme. Much more was it true when, freed from the principal Eastern theatre of war, the enemy forced us back by the terrific weight of his numbers over those same dreary and desert areas. While our lines, falling back, disputed foot by foot, and with incredible valor, the wasted territory, the civilians who had returned to what was left to them of their once happy and peaceful homes behind the new line were forced to evacuate. There is nothing I have seen—few sights could be—so sad and so tragic as a forced evacuation of civilians.

Imagine roads, up and down which continuous streams of traffic are passing—soldiers, cars, lorries, guns, horse-transport, ambulances and supplies of every kind: the noise, the dust, the incessant movement, the booming of the guns and the whine of shells. And imagine there the pallid and hollow-eyed procession of the refugees; their goods, such as they could save out of their poor belongings, their mattresses chiefly, and bed

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coverings (or so it seemed); their few articles of dress and little store of food; perhaps a chair or so: loaded on carts drawn by tired horses or by donkeys, pulled by human arms, or pushed in barrows, even in babies' carriages. In one case we saw a bird-cage with its canary carried along, tied upon the back of a cow. Rarely but there is some aged woman or infirm old man, or mother with a new-born child in her arms seated or lying on the pile. Often is there a cow or calf tied to the cart-tail; nearly always children, wondering-eyed and frightened, trudging beside. Here and there one leads a dog by a string. And here and there the procession halts as the traffic gets congested, or a group falls out by the side of the highway to rest a little on the weary march. It is all pathetic and heart-wringing.

But sad as it is—this forced dereliction of hearth and home—there is its other side of compensation in the warm-hearted assistance and prodigal generosity of the British soldiers, bound on their task of war, towards these poor, homeless refugees. They gave not only material things—food and drink and tobacco. They gave comfort and consolation and courage, too—they who could go smiling and singing to the swaying battle which had once more driven the poor refugees from their homes.

I remember another sight—more tremendous, more terrible and dramatic even than this—the burning of a dozen hamlets and villages at once, fired by incendiary shells in one of the enemy offensives. There was an exceptional point of vantage for vision. Full thirty or thirty-five miles of the line lay, so to speak, actually at one's feet. And all along that line the columns and great plumes of smoke went up to the blue sky of a perfect spring day, and shrapnel-bursts clouded the horizon. It was a scene grand in the extreme and awful: war, and all the forces of war, unloosed to wreck and to destroy. But it had its other aspects than that of grandeur and terrific force. Once more the roads were crowded with the unhappy civilian refugees. It was their homes that were burning, their land that was drenched with blood and torn with iron flails. Pitiful, unhappy souls! And here again, as before, the best of the British soldier came out in compassion and in service. It was in his arms, often, that a tired child was carried. His water-bottle gave to drink; his bully-beef and biscuit to eat; and

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whatever he could do, spontaneously and generously he did, to the utmost of his power. Of course, one would expect both sympathy and help in circumstances such as these: but in his manner of giving, the British soldier is a revelation to us all and even to himself.

One would look for less tolerance, sympathy and charity from him, perhaps, in his dealings with prisoners of war. He has been trained as a soldier and brought out to France to kill Germans. That sounds brutal: but it is true. As a soldier his object is to win what he knows to be a just war: and that end involves killing. It is his business now to kill, just as before it was his business to argue cases in court, or add up figures in a ledger, or sell things over a counter. But there is seldom, if ever, hatred in his heart towards his foes, and towards enemy captives he displays neither bitterness nor rancor. This, of course, cannot be said to be universally true; but it is generally so. And it is a striking testimony to the mentality of the British soldier that it is so.

I have seen but from one tiny angle some of the episodes of the fighting on this front: but I have seen many prisoners of war, immediately after their capture, in the transit cages, and (behind the convention zone) in the prisoners' camps. And I have never known their treatment to be otherwise than charitable and kindly. The soldier does not, in his heart of hearts, consider them honorable foes: but at least he treats them with the respect due to such. He is ready to share his food with them; and in all amity and charity he will kneel before the same field-altar and offer up his prayers with theirs.

Self-sacrifice for others, even to the supreme test, has come to be almost a commonplace of the War. Not only has this been shown by the heroic actions of individual men for the sake of their comrades, so many of which have by now been made known to the world; but the magnificent response of those who enlisted in the "Kitchener" armies and the forces from overseas has proved that the mankind of the nation was capable of great ideals, and of maintaining their inviolability at any cost of personal discomfort and danger. Nor should it really be thought that those who failed to enlist at the first voluntarily, were far behind their comrades in idealism, or even in courage. There were a thousand reasons, apart from lack of understanding of the issues involved and of the crying

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need for the greatest number of men available, which held them back from the first "roll up"—family reasons, honest motives of business, reasons of routine, or habit, and of unimaginative indolence. It took time for the crust of commonplace life and thought to be broken, and for the full reality of the War to emerge.

Once shattered by the national need, and its explanation by the law of conscription, the conscripts were emulous, for the most part, of those who had engaged for the great adventure of their own free will. They were fired by the same ideals, underwent the same training, and experienced the same emotions in the shock of battle. There is much that is sordid and brutal in war; but ideals keep the soul above sordidness and brutality: and the soldier, with all his faults and all his failings, has been buoyed up by what he believes and what he hopes for.

So he has learned to give himself and spend himself for others; first and foremost for those dear ones whom he has left at home. It is his part to see that the horrors of Belgium and the tragedies of France should never touch his own women and children. It is his to secure, in union with his comrades of the Allies, that the devastating tide should be checked and rolled back from the, as yet, untouched towns and villages of France. It is his part to bear all the monotonous discomfort, the fatigue and strain and privation of active campaigning that others may be spared the horrors of war. It is his to offer his breast to the enemy that others may sleep in safety; his to die that others may live.

And he does it all without complaint. True, he "grouses," and his language is oftentimes appalling: but he "carries on." And to "carry on" here means to have broken with all the customs of his old life; to march over miles of dusty roads beneath a glaring sun and with a heavy pack strapped upon his shoulders; to stand for hours in a trench full of liquid mud, chilled to the marrow as the gray light dawns; to become, though meticulously careful, dirty and verminous for days at a time; to snatch his sleep in an underground hole in company with the rats—these and a hundred other discomforts. To "carry on" means for him, perhaps, to stop a bullet with his heart or have his brain dashed out by a bit of shell, and finally to find his grave in alien soil. Surely all these are virtues which must have their root in something high and noble

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and sublime. They are the marks of religion. Can we not find the rich and solid ground from which they spring in the soul of the British soldier? I think so. The soldier may not be clear and explicit about God: but he knows "the Good;" and it is his kinship with that Good that makes his actions what they are.

Of formal religion—"organized Christianity," as our non-Catholic brethren call it—there is no sign of great desire. It is rather the inarticulate movement of souls acquiescing in the decrees of blind Fate, or groping nearer towards a light that undoubtedly is dawning for them. Behind the practical expression there certainly is something—something too formless to be called dogmatic, and yet the nucleus of dogma; something too personal to be "organized," yet capable of organization. People who have been able to despair of human nature, should come and see human beings in the winepress of war. That it could be considered bad is a sure argument for its being fundamentally good. There is much to cheer one and much to make one hope: for the Spirit of God is brooding over the chaos of the War.

And, in conclusion, to particularize: How has the War affected the religion of Catholics? A few have remained, or, strange to say, even become careless; though fewer still, I believe, are indifferent. Most are far more keen and earnest. They frequent the Sacraments whenever it is possible and have a great personal grip upon their religion. It is, as it should be, a part of their every-day normal life. Oftentimes it is impossible for some to see a priest or enter a church for weeks, and even months, at a time. Their devotion is nourished on their Faith, and the light of the tabernacle is kept burning in the sanctuary of their hearts. Catholics, no less than others, are put to the test in time of war. It has, all things considered, much the same effects on them as on their non-Catholic fellows. But their dogmatic religion, on the one hand, and on the other their gift of Faith, provide a stable ground on which all the soul-searching and highly emotional realities of warfare can have—and, indeed, do have—a truly beneficial action.

Moreover, the Catholic knows his way about his religion so well that he has a practical remedy to his hand for every ill, a ready weapon for every assault, an understood and realized grasp of the "things beyond" that matter. He has his

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rosary in his pocket or around his neck; and Our Lady's beads mean something to him. He wears the scapular medal and the badge of the Sacred Heart near his own. He will make his confession in a trench or gun-pit, and kneel beside the road to receive the Body of his Lord. He knows it all so well, and realizes it all so solidly in substance that the accessories matter nothing. So well does he know and realize it, too, that, should his turn come to witness to his ideals by his death upon the field or in the ambulance, he will confess his Faith as a simple matter of course, as a fact for which he lived and in which he died; and will close his tired eyes and stretch out his nerveless hands for the anointing of the holy oil, in the sure and certain hope that he has "done his bit," and goes before his God ready and unafraid.

THE ANGELUS.

BY J. CORSON MILLER.

THE red moon glows like some rich poppy-flow'r
Against the Night's blue breast; green saplings stir
Their tiny hands in sleep; shy lavender
Enfolds each valley-hamlet, tower on tow'r.
Now for a space Queen Beauty wields her pow'r:
Before her throne, far from the City's whir,
Earth bows, and like blown frankincense and myrrh,
The hush of evening rises hour by hour.

And lo, across the dusk, I hear a bell—
The low-toned Angelus that calls to pray'r,
In memory of Mary, pure and fair,
Who knelt long since beneath bright Gabriel's spell.
Somewhere a homing thrush his love-song trills,
And Night creeps down upon the sleeping hills.

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New Books.

THE LAST LECTURES OF WILFRID WARD. With an Introductory Study by Mrs. Ward. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. $4.00 net.

These lectures are introduced by a sympathetic study of Mr. Ward's literary activities, an outline sketch for a future biography. Mrs. Ward lets us into the study room and shows the lecturer at work, earnest, painstaking, careful, interested in all things intellectual, stanch in his Catholic faith and aiming to bring together divergent schools of thought within the Church. The author of the *Lives* of William G. Ward, Aubrey de Vere, Cardinal Wiseman and Cardinal Newman, is seen to be qualified for his difficult task.

The papers found in this volume on the *Genius of Cardinal Newman* are a complement to the biography. Critics have denied Newman the place Mr. Ward assigns him as a thinker. To those who think him dilettante because his efforts spread over so varied a field, Mr. Ward makes reply that they fail to see Newman's purpose in ranging widely. Perceiving that infidelity was threatening the Church, Newman aimed to stem its progress. Wherever it showed itself, he was on hand to thwart it. He sought to develop the life of the Church's institutions, as the safest bulwark against the infidel onslaught, to give vitality to traditions, to make men the living embodiment of religion, and so to make personality the means to safeguard and win souls. This effort carried him afar, but it unified his work and gave it depth of concentration. Into no field did he go to become a specialist, but to effect his purpose. Mr. Ward's lectures are closer insights into the mind, character and life-work of Newman than the scope of a biography would warrant.

In another set of lectures, he analyzes a phase of his own profession, and sets forth the method of depicting character in fiction and biography. In his view, character is individuality and must be presented objectively, by the novelist in such manner as will convince the reader that the character is possible; by the biographer, to show unmistakably that the portrait is authentic. The materials are recorded conversations, letters,

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diaries, autobiographies, reminiscences. Mr. Ward uses his own experience as example.

In *The War Spirit and Christianity*, it is shown "that the spirit fostered by war has brought out in one race an outburst of Christian virtue, in the other, cruelty, excess, treachery." The element of chivalry in the defence of country and in behalf of weak neighbors is the fulfillment of the command to 'love one's neighbor as oneself.'" It touches the war spirit with the Christian *ethos* of the Middle Ages. The element of aggression, "World-Empire or Annihilation," on the part of Germany is only surface deep. The root of the matter is Young Germany's revolt against Christian ideals, and admitted reversion to the warrior ideals of the old Goths displaced by Christianity in the fifth century. German philosophy and Prussian history are brought forward to support this thesis.

THE MYSTIC VISION IN THE GRAIL LEGEND AND IN THE DIVINE COMEDY. By Lizette Andrews Fisher, Ph.D. Studies in English and Comparative Literature Series. New York: Columbia University Press: $1.50 net.

Endorsed by President A. H. Thorndike "as a contribution to knowledge worthy of publication," this students' thesis supports the contention that the vision of the Holy Grail, in the familiar legends, and the vision of Beatrice in the closing cantos of the *Purgatorio* of Dante, are mystic intuitions of the Divine nature hidden under the sacramental veils in the Holy Eucharist. The book contains three essays, of which the third, relating to Dante, is the most pleasant.

Of course, no Catholic could have written this book, strange as it seems for a non-Catholic to have written it.

No Catholic would have breathlessly unfolded as a discovery startlingly new that the Grail legends are saturated with suggestions of the Holy Eucharist. Nor could a Catholic, reviewing the development of the Holy Grail literature, have managed to work in every hoary calumny against mediæval life and faith as deftly as Dr. Fisher has done. One must be born to it. Such instinctive thoroughness of misinterpretation cannot be acquired.

Certainly no Catholic could have written the first of the three essays. It is cruel and abominable in the extreme. But how convince Dr. Fisher of this? Is it possible for this indus-

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trious Doctor of Philosophy to imagine herself a wife and mother? Will she suppose that her husband of less than a year has gone to the front and her only consolation is her first born? Will she picture herself transported with her baby and all the dear, tender belongings of the nursery, to a booth in the Museum of Natural History, and there placed on exhibition? Will she fancy a Doctor of Philosophy lecturing on this exhibit to a staring throng? He spares no detail of her sacred privacy; analyzes the processes of mating and maternity coldly, contemptuously; calls attention to her caresses, while she strives to soothe her baby, as evidences of mental weakness, superstition, "fertility rites from pagan worship of Adonis," hints that the layette is a voodoo outfit, refers to the child as a "fetich," and from time to time mentions that the birth occurred four years after the departure of her husband! I do not know whether a Doctor of Philosophy could imagine herself in such a predicament, but if she can rise to this, surely her blood will rise also the boiling point.

That is precisely where she brings the blood of the Catholic who reads her nineteen pages on "Transubstantiation in History, Theology and Devotion." She seems to think that Transubstantiation is a phenomenon confined to the Middle Ages. The sacred devotions and holy aspirations daily stirring the hearts of her Catholic fellow-citizens in New York, are paraded by her as curiosities voided of all personal significance by the lapse of five hundred years. She makes a great task for herself to explain why, in the Grail legend, Christ is represented as giving Joseph of Arimathea the words of the consecration *in secret*. It is a pity that all her prodigies of research did not bring her to know the *discipline of the secret* with which the early Church protected the holy mystery of the Eucharist from the profanation of which her ambitious essay is such a painful example.

THE A. E. F. By Heywood Broun. New York: Appleton & Co. $1.50.

When the first troops of the American Expeditionary Forces under General Pershing went to France, Heywood Broun of the New York *Tribune* went with them. He watched our boys on the crowded transports, mingled among them as they laughingly tried to make their wants known in French, went

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with them to their training camps, saw their long, hard drills under British and French officers, and inspected them after their entry into the trenches.

The things that he saw, and they were many, he has chronicled brightly and charmingly in one of the most interesting books of the War. The author has not tried to permeate his lines with heroics. His place with the boys gave him splendid opportunities to see them as they were, at their best and at their worst, and he used every occasion to catch up those little human things that make for a vivid portrait of the men who were too simple to pose as heroes or to allow others to make heroes of them. The book really consists of a series of sketches, rapid in movement. They mirror back the spirit that actuated the American soldiers when they began their work in France, and give us a very intimate idea of how they took to France and the French people to them.

OUTLINES OF MEDIÆVAL HISTORY. By C. W. Previté Orton, M.A. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $3.00.

The viewpoint of the writer of this interesting volume is thus set forth in his preface: "In the choice of events to narrate I have been guided by their far-off results, rather than by their immediate *éclat* in their own time, and have tried to indicate how in the Middle Ages were accomplished the growth of modern man and the life and attitude to life of modern times."

Mr. Orton is never intentionally unfair, and in fact gives due measure of praise to the civilizing influence of the Church, its marvelous organization, the zeal of its missionaries, the ideals of its monks, its great Popes and bishops.

As an English Protestant, however, he views the Middle Ages through anti-Papal glasses, and often makes statements that cannot be verified before the bar of impartial history. For example, he cites Gregory I. as an upholder of the thesis that all bishops are equal; he makes Charlemagne the superior of the bishops and the Pope in the settlement of doctrinal problems; he gives altogether too brief and inaccurate an account of the False Decretals; he speaks of the blunting of the spiritual powers of the Papacy by unscrupulous misuse; and praises the "adult spirit of criticism," which finally led to the revolt of Northern Europe from Papal authority.

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DIVINE FAITH. By Rev. Peter Finlay, S.J. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. $1.50.

The lectures of the present volume are published as they were delivered to the students of Dublin College of the National University of Ireland. In them Father Finlay discusses in clear and simple language the nature of faith, its motive, its subject matter, its reasonableness, its freedom, its certainty, its relation with reason, the wish to believe, the condition of "honest unbelievers," the sin of unbelief, and the doctrine of development. It is an excellent book to put into the hands of an earnest inquirer.

THE SECRET OF PERSONALITY. By George T. Ladd, LL.D. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. $1.50 net.

Dr. Ladd does his best to tell us the secret of personality, but he is severely handicapped by a false philosophy, which has no perfect grasp of the nature of God or of the human soul. Had he known the A. B. C. of Scholastic philosophy, he might have written something worth while.

We wish to call attention to the mythical Bull of Paul III. which, according to Dr. Ladd, questioned the fact of our Indians being really human; the failure to recognize the true force of the argument for immortality from the universality of the desire in the human race; the ascription of the Incarnation to some unknown sources lying outside of the Hebrew Scriptures and the earliest Christian writings, etc.

THE FUTURE LIFE. By Rev. Joseph Sasia, S.J. New York: Benziger Brothers. $2.50 net.

This scholarly volume discusses ably, although in rather ponderous fashion, the immortality of the soul and the sanction of eternal reward and punishment in the future life. The author makes no claim of originality, but says that the merit of his volume lies in the fact of his having gathered together from the vast fields of Catholic philosophy and theology, and from the pages of history the best arguments and the most convincing testimonies available for his purpose.

The best part of the book, to our mind, is the treatise on hell and its answers to unbelievers who deem the Catholic teaching incompatible with the mercy of an all-loving God. A good bibliography concludes each chapter.

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THE HISTORY OF MEDIÆVAL EUROPE. By Lynn Thorndike, Ph.D. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. $3.50 net.

This textbook traces the development of Europe and its civilization from the decline of the Roman Empire to the opening of the sixteenth century. The author makes little claim to originality of method or novelty of subject mattter, although he introduces some improvement in selection and presentation of material. He lays special stress upon economic and social conditions, omitting according to modern methods many minor details of military and political history. The background of physical geography is frequently referred to and described, and excellent maps illustrate the text.

Of course the viewpoint throughout is undogmatic and anti-Papal, although we exonerate the writer from intentional unfairness. He has no idea of Christian teaching as a divine revelation, is hazy about the divinity of Christ, misunderstands the Catholic concept of the relation of Church and State, considers the Papacy a mere human development, and speaks in rather condescending tone of Catholic belief in miracles, sacramentalism and the like.

JEWISH THEOLOGY. By Dr. K. Kohler. New York: The Macmillan Co. $2.50.

Dr. Kohler, President of the Hebrew Union College of Cincinnati, has written a textbook of Jewish theology from the viewpoint of historical research. It is interesting merely as an instance of how far prejudice will warp the minds of those who undertake to discuss a religion they hate but do not understand. The author's chapter on "Christianity and Mohammedanism" is as full of misstatements as there are lines. Christian theology, he tells us, is a pagan system founded on an ecstatic vision of a carpet weaver, Saul of Tarsus, who imbibed Gnostic or semi-pagan ideas and grafted them upon his Biblical knowledge. St. Paul's caricature of the Law found its way even into the Sermon on the Mount, and aroused a hatred against Judaism, productive of cruelty for many centuries.

The author's position is that of Reformed Judaism, which has rejected all belief in a personal Messiah and the political restoration of Israel. Zionism, whether political or cultural, he says, can have no place in Jewish theology. It is simply born of the modern anti-Semitism spread over Continental Europe.

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GUDRID THE FAIR. By Maurice Hewlett. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. $1.35 net.

There will always be an eager reading public for romances of this sort—the out-right old-fashioned love stories, with adventure, heroism, bravery and daring for their themes. The everyday reader devours this kind of tale, nine times out of ten purely for the sake of the plot, without a thought of the historical value of the narrative. But Mr. Hewlett, the chief romanticist of our day, brings more than mere plot to the making of his books; he makes himself master of the period which he treats, and offers us not only stories of absorbing interest, but authentic revelations of the life of the days gone by. He goes to original sources, and, with his gift of glowing imagination, reconstructs with striking power the color and movement and thought of other times.

He has done this with unusual success in *Gudrid the Fair;* and in his introduction, itself as interesting as any page from the tale that follows, he reveals his literary method. Here he has taken two ancient Norse sagas and woven out of their fabric the story of Gudrid, the beautiful daughter of the poor but proud-spirited Thorbeorn of Iceland. In stories of this kind Mr. Hewlett is happier than in his Boccaccian moods, or in his over-gorgeous and unauthentic reading of the Mary Stuart history.

ROVING AND FIGHTING. By Major Edward S. O'Reilly. New York: The Century Co. $2.00 net.

This soldier's book, strangely enough, has nothing whatever to do with the present World War. It recounts the adventures during twenty years of a young American who "cursed with the wandering toe" as Charles Warren Stoddard, himself a true gypsy, was wont to express it, travels far and wide and enjoys experiences that easily surpass the invention of fiction. He writes from no diary or notes; he simply draws on his memory, spinning his yarn as recollections unfold themselves, pointing fact with anecdote, tragedy with humor, and coloring all with the fancy of an imaginative mind that unerringly gives the true value of emotional effect to dramatic action. There is, too, much keen observation and many a worth-while judgment passed on men and events—particularly in his summing up of the situation in Mexico. Pancho Villa,

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says Major O'Reilly, "is the Mexican problem." As long as he lives, Villa will neither forget nor forgive the recognition of Carranza by our Government; and "there is only one way he will ever quit the fight: that is when death comes to him. He is the Mexican problem." The book is entertainment of the highest order; and is embellished with many illustrations.

IRISH MEMORIES. By E. Œ. Somerville and Martin Ross. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. $4.20 net.

For the past thirty years there have been two Irish writers working together and producing nearly a score of volumes of Irish fiction, widely read in the Old Country, yet known to only a limited circle in America—Edith Œnone Somerville and Violet Florence Martin ("Martin Ross"). Now "Martin Ross" is gone; and this volume, while containing a few pages of her writing, is in reality a memorial to her, offered by her lifetime literary partner. The book is a large and handsome tome, beautifully illustrated, and written in a charming manner of commingled reticence and intimacy not untouched by humor. The chapters entitled "Rickeen," "Faith and Fairies," "Of Dogs," and "Beliefs and Believers" are among the best in the book; while the literary reminiscences, which bring the reader in touch with some of the well-known authors of the generation, are likewise extremely interesting. To Catholics, especially at this moment when Ireland is again in ferment, the pages of this volume will have a special appeal, showing as they do in what amity and, indeed, close devotion it is possible for Irish Protestants and their brethren of the ancient Faith to live and work.

RAMBLES IN OLD COLLEGE TOWNS. By Hildegarde Hawthorne. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. $2.50 net.

This book treats of the principal college towns in the eastern part of the United States. It includes Annapolis and West Point, and gives full measure of attention to the women's colleges, with the exception of Bryn Mawr. The author chats informally and pleasantly of what she has seen, relates interesting details of the history and traditions of the various towns, and records her impressions of such characteristics of life at each college as present themselves saliently to an observing visitor. The volume is on the gift-book order, handsome in appearance, with a number of tasteful, effective illustrations.

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IN THE FOOTSTEPS OF ST. PAUL. By Francis E. Clark, D.D. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $2.00 net.

Dr. Clark has visited all the cities made memorable by the missionary journeys of St. Paul, and has drawn a most vivid picture of them as they are today, and as they were in the days of the Apostle. Tarsus, Jerusalem, Damascus, Antioch, Iconium, Ephesus, Salonica, Athens, Corinth, Rome—all live again in these fascinating pages. The volume is remarkably free from prejudice. It is well gotten up and beautifully illustrated.

THE MISSION AS A FRONTIER INSTITUTION IN THE SPANISH-AMERICAN COLONIES. By Herbert E. Bolton. Reprinted from the American Historical Review.

Professor Bolton has made a study of the function of the mission as a pioneer agency for the Spanish crown considered from the political and social standpoints. His research work, gathered mainly from the archives of Mexico and Spain, embraces more particularly a study of the northern Spanish colonies, from Sinaloa to Texas, from Florida to California.

The first task of the mission Fathers was always that of spreading the Faith. The spiritual and temporal welfare of the native was never lost sight of: the Indians were given instruction in European crafts, a knowledge of agriculture, and even of self-government. "In the English colonies the only good Indians were dead Indians. In the Spanish colonies it was thought worth while to improve the natives for this life as well as the next." Thus the missions besides their primary religious purpose, fulfilled the function of schools in civilization on the frontier and materially aided in extending and holding Spain's distant American colonies. The colonial policy of Spain, despite all that has been written against it, has never been equaled in humanitarian policy. She looked forward not only to the preservation of the natives, but "their elevation to at least a limited citizenship." So vast were her domains in the New World, that she could not hope to people and hold the frontiers with Spaniards alone, and in her plan the mission Fathers were used not only as preachers but as teachers to train the natives and fit them to sentinel the outposts of civilization, and supply for the lack of actual Spanish colonists.

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Just before the secularization of the missions in California in 1834, "31,000 mission Indians at twenty-one missions herded 396,000 cattle, 62,000 horses and 321,000 hogs, sheep and goats, and harvested 123,000 bushels of grain," and "corresponding skill and industry were shown by the neophytes in orchard, garden, wine press, loom, shop and forge."

With the missions as a potential factor in colonization, Spain spread her culture, her religion, her law and language over more than half of the two American continents, where they have remained dominant and secure, a tribute to the colonial genius of the Spanish nation.

HORACE AND HIS AGE. By J. F. d'Alton, M.A., D.D. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. $2.00 net.

The many volumes inspired by the poet Horace are as much a tribute to his personality as to his genius. The present instance is no exception. Father d'Alton speaks in the sincere accents of a personal admirer, however much his professed object is to glean from the imperial laureate's work whatever information an exhaustive scrutiny can unfold on the several aspects religious, political, literary and social of the Augustan period. From a critical and literary standpoint, the book leaves little to be desired even by the most exacting; and if all of Father d'Alton's conclusions may not be accepted by all of his readers, there must be few who will not be grateful to him for this book.

A HISTORY OF ARCHITECTURE. By Fiske Kimball and G. H. Edgell. New York: Harper & Brothers. $3.50 net.

"Architecture," says Ruskin roundly, "is an art for all men to learn." There is no more excuse, according to this outspoken critic and censor, for ignorance of its primary rules, than for ignorance of grammer or of spelling. In hardly any other field of thought, will a small allotment of time and study be so productive of profit and pleasure. A modest insight into the principles and history of "well-building," as Wotton quaintly called it, will reveal a fascinating world of interest lying just beyond the ken of the uninitiated eye.

The book under our notice will serve admirably as an introduction for the seeker after general culture, no less than for the professional student. The material has sectional divi-

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sions and headings for systematic study. The treatment is uniformly scientific, always recurring to the fundamental principles of the art, and never overlooking the structural basis under the æsthetic element. Yet the general reader will find little if anything beyond his grasp. The statement is clear, popular and singularly free from pure technicalities.

In appearance the volume does not lack distinction. The binding is severely plain, indeed, but the interior is enriched with a profusion of elegant and instructive illustrations on heavy calendered paper. A careful index and a glossary of architectural terms contribute to the convenience of the book.

THE CROSS AT THE FRONT.

THE SOUL OF THE SOLDIER: SKETCHES FROM THE WESTERN BATTLE-FRONT. By Thomas Tiplady. New York: Fleming H. Revell Co. $1.00 and $1.25 net.

These two books by a Protestant chaplain with the British forces, whose name has already become familiar to American readers through his contributions to various magazines, are valuable documents from the heart of the world-conflict. The author makes no pretensions to literary power; but he achieves the highest aim of literature in writing simply and sympathetically, and at times with touches of deep feeling, of the soldier at war. In *The Cross at the Front* he brings out with memorable emphasis the unmistakable religious leaning of the soul of "Tommy Atkins," and shows the battle-weary soldier turning invariably to religion, to the comfort of prayer and the sustenance of the Sacraments, for strength and help in his ordeal.

The second book, *The Soul of the Soldier,* develops the same theme, relating many incidents and describing many scenes which show the tender, human side of the man at war, revealed in light and beauty against the dreadful background of the bloody struggle. As interesting as any imaginative stories of the War are Chaplain Tiplady's true and simple tales of heroism and sacrifice, danger and escape; and eminently comforting to the anxious hearts of those left at home are his honest revelations of the daily life of the lads in khaki.

Catholic readers of Chaplain Tiplady's two books cannot help but be warmly touched by the many evidences his pages give of sympathy with the spirit of our religious teaching and un-

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derstanding of its symbols and ceremonies. Indeed, a Catholic could scarcely write more beautifully of our Holy Faith than this sturdy-hearted, broad-minded Protestant minister. In such chapters as "The Wayside Calvary" (in *The Cross at the Front*), and "The Cross at Neuve Chapelle" (in *The Soul of a Soldier*), he fully grasps the spirit and feeling of Catholic devotion; and these are but two instances of his sympathetic comprehension. Both books are full of the same warm Christian spirit. As to the effect of the War on himself, he writes these memorable words: "To the end of my days I shall walk the earth with reverent feet. I did not know men were so great. I have looked at life without seeing the gold through the dust, and have been no better than a Kaffir child playing marbles with diamonds, unaware of their value. I have gone among my fellows with proud step where I ought to have walked humbly, and have rushed in where angels feared to tread. . . . Now there is a new light upon my path."

A man possessed with such a spirit is, indeed, peculiarly fitted to write of the great World War. No books that the mighty struggle has brought forth give us a finer interpretation of the essence and spirit of the conflict than these.

INSTRUCTIONS AND PRECAUTIONS OF ST. JOHN OF THE CROSS. Published by the Discalced Carmelites of Wheeling, West Virginia. 50 cents net.

Search after mysticism is becoming more common today, even by those without definite religious belief. Most helpful in such inquiry or search are the master mystical writings of the Catholic saints. Among the first of these is the great St. John of the Cross. It is difficult, well-nigh impossible, to follow and appreciate him in those flights wherein he endeavors to describe the wonderful experiences of his own soul. Nevertheless his writings, even for the amateur, will give those basic, fundamental and guiding truths that must be known and observed unless the inquiry and the ill-equipped explorer are to suffer shipwreck. His masterful instructions will keep our feet on earth, where they must remain so long as we live here, while they may exalt our souls into heaven.

We, therefore, extend a warm word of welcome to this little book just issued. While it is intended primarily for religious, it has practical lessons not only for them, but for all

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who seek to follow the pathway of God. This small volume contains a short sketch of the Life of St. John, a number of spiritual letters to the nuns of his order, which outlines for them in a brief yet pithy manner the way to personal perfection, and ends with a novena and prayers in honor of the saint. A beautiful frontispiece of St. John is reproduced in the volume and we are pleased to add that Miss Waggaman's poem, *The Writings of St. John of the Cross,* which first appeared in THE CATHOLIC WORLD also occupies an honored place.

SPIRITUAL PASTELS: HEART TALKS AND MEDITATIONS. By J. S. E. New York: The Devin-Adair Co. $1.25 net.

Meditating, in the Way of the Cross, on the scene where Christ is laid in the arms of His Blessed Mother, the author of this little book says: "Mary was the strongest of women, and she was also the tenderest. Could Mary's silent sorrow have been sculptured in granite, no more beautiful type could there have been of the strength of a woman's heart and the tenderness of her love." These words describe the characteristic of this book, which exhibits a beautiful combination of strength and tenderness in a woman's heart. It is rare in its delicacy and nobility of feeling, in its transparent sincerity, in its spiritual insight and in the directness and soundness of its spiritual lessons. It gives the sense of a matured and well-seasoned religion, free from sentimentality, firm and strong, and thoroughly feminine, like the religion of the Valiant Woman, Christianized, and disciplined by a St. Teresa. The style is refined, pure and musical. Altogether, it is a beautiful little book, sure to win a warm place in many hearts.

OUR BIBLE: ITS ORIGIN, CHARACTER AND VALUE. By Herbert L. Willett, Ph.D. Chicago: The Christian Century Press. 85 cents net.

This is a well-meaning attempt by an up-to-date professor at the University of Chicago to save the Bible to Protestants. Accepting what he considers to be the main results of criticism, and rejecting the Bible as a final teacher in faith and morals, he yet holds to its divine inspiration in the sense that the Scriptures as a whole make an appeal to man's moral sense which no other book makes, and contain the supreme message of God to mankind. Every man is his own pope, however, and

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the individual alone can decide for himself what is and is not to be his Bible. The Pope of Rome cannot make that Scripture which is not Scripture. Luther said that long ago and Professor Willett agrees with him and, what is even better, so does the Pope himself.

In the author's opinion, every man must discriminate between what is right and true even in the New Testament. The moral sense of our author tells him, for instance, that Christ could not have driven the demons into the swine nor have cursed the fig tree. He understands and pardons, but does not approve St. Paul's advice to Timothy to take a little wine; we are not told whether he approves the miracle at Cana, but we note that he makes little account of miracles and declares that every miracle, including, we presume, the resurrection of Christ, "could be eliminated from the Scripture and its supreme values would not be disturbed." "The life of Jesus is the disclosure of the soul of God, the exhibition of a normal, perfect human character and the centre of the world's desire;" which is all good and true, as far as it goes, though any pantheist might say the same.

The book is a rather curious blend of old-fashioned Protestant loyalty with the newest spirit and views. Its greatest faults are vagueness and superficiality. We do not expect ideas to be worked out and demonstrated in a small popular book; but at least they ought to be worked out in the author's own mind and expressed clearly. The author writes as one nurtured in religious surroundings who desires to cling to the Christian religion; but he is evidently as much at sea himself as his trustful readers will be on finishing his book.

MY TWO KINGS. By Mrs. Even Nepean. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. $1.50 net.

Books like *Patience Worth* and even *Raymond* have blazed the way for Mrs. Nepean's experiment in re-incarnation, yet it is ingenious enough to come in for some praise on its own merits. The author sees one afternoon a portrait of James, Duke of Monmouth, and suddenly "something begins to come back to her." It finally assumes the tolerably consecutive form of a fragmentary autobiography of Charlotte Stuart, cousin to Charles II. There is almost no plot, but in one respect the book is well managed. The author has caught with

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great psychological exactness the attitude of an elderly, adoring follower, who lives to bask in, and delicately boast of, the royal cousinship. Mrs. Nepean's first-hand portrayal throws little new light on the celebrated Whitehall of the seventeenth century—so little, in fact, that it seems a pity she had not the foresight to pitch her former existence in rhythm with some period about which a less definite impression exists.

THE HEART OF O SONO SAN. By Elizabeth Cooper. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Co. $1.75 net.

In the form of a sketch of the life of a typical high-bred Japanese girl, Mrs. Cooper gives a sympathetic treatment of old-fashioned Japanese ideals. Little Sono illustrates the perfect conformity to the exacting precept of "Obedience, Submission, Renunciation," which the author declares "has produced one of the sweetest types of womanhood the world has ever seen." The habit of self-sacrifice is fostered in her from the time when, as a baby, she gives up with a smile her most cherished plaything, to the later period when, as a young maiden, she is forced to renounce her lover. Her final act of abnegation sends her son off to be killed for his country at Port Arthur.

A more convincing attempt in the same field was that made some years ago in Sidney McCall's *The Breath of the Gods*. Yuki was, what Sono does not always seem to be, a type poignantly true. However, Mrs. Cooper has produced a readable novel, especially in those parts which deal with the customs of Japan. Certain passages are reminiscent of Lafcadio Hearn's Japanese sketches.

PERSIAN MINIATURES. By H. G. Dwight. Garden City, New York: Doubleday, Page & Co. $3.00.

Mr. Dwight is a born savorer of the distant and the strange, and he indulges his predilection delightfully in this bright blue volume. It covers a winter spent in the Persian home of his English friends at storied Hamadan, or Ecbatana, the reputed burial-place of Esther and Mordecai, and the more certain tomb of that Avicenna "who once filled the world with the rumor of his name." One reads the book mainly not because it abounds —as it does—in clear and picturesque information, but because it is written by a man who knows how to write. A great

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deal of unaffected literary charm is interfused with the vignettes of landscape and town, the descriptions of customs and dignitaries, and the good-natured but explicit "showing up" of the writers of professional rug books.

FIFTY YEARS IN YORKVILLE: OR ANNALS OF THE PARISH OF ST. IGNATIUS LOYOLA AND ST. LAWRENCE O'TOOLE. 1866-1916. By P. J. Dooley, S.J. New York: Parish House, 53 East Eighty-third Street. $1.00.

Father Dooley has an interesting story to tell and he tells it interestingly. It is a story, too, which should appeal to a wider circle than merely that of the parish of which it treats, for it is a splendid and a typical record of many another pioneer parish in America. The span of between the early days of straitened means and narrow accommodations to the thriving activities and beautiful church of today, with all the zealous effort and unselfish toil that lay between these extremes, makes the theme of the book, which is enlivened with entertaining sketches and stories of the pastors and assistants who labored in the parish during its life of fifty years. The author gives a very complete description of the present church, and the volume contains many illustrations of historic interest.

SHEPHERD MY THOUGHTS. The Verses of Francis P. Donnelly. New York: P. J. Kenedy & Sons. 75 cents.

Father Donnelly has written so many "occasional" verses, and so many delicious "wishes" for every imaginable sort of feast day, that he may quite be called the Ignatian laureate. And then his readers, who are legion, will leap up to declare how much more than this he also is. For the simplicity and smiling familiarity of his muse, its Celtic lilt and its Catholic love, are known to all American followers of our Catholic poetry. Known, too, are his tender allegiances to Ireland, to childhood, to the nature he has so reverently observed, and to all the gracious ideals of the Church he serves.

The present volume has a large variety of subject matter: in fact, it would seem to exult in sub-titles. Its religious poems travel the long way from *A Present*—which carries the memory back to Patmore's exquisite *Toys*—to *The Immaculate Conception*, or to the more personal and poignant note of *His Own Life Also*. Unlike the late Father Tabb, whose

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highly concentrated genius surpassed in the quatrain form, Father Donnelly's strength is chiefly in the looser lyric forms. His " songs " are particularly happy, and so full of melody that no one will be surprised to hear that quantities of them have already been put into musical setting.

THE ENLISTING WIFE. By Grace S. Richmond. Garden City, New York: Doubleday, Page & Co. 50 cents net.

The Enlisting Wife is Judith Wendell, a war bride who does her bit by keeping busy and brave at home. The story is told by extracts from the intimate diary which she keeps for her husband who is fighting in France.

BELGIUM IN WAR TIME. By Commandant de Gerlache de Gomery. New York: George H. Doran Co. 50 cents net.

This book makes a fitting companion volume to one recently published in this country containing the pastorals and other war documents of Cardinal Mercier. Here we have a layman speaking for his outraged country and reciting, in more detail than the primate's pages could give, the story of her historic, yet still almost unbelievable, wrongs. The eminent author opens his volume with an illuminative chapter on the history of Belgium and her standing among the powers of the world; and then with a dramatic stroke he turns from that recital to the shock of Germany's ultimatum and the breaking of the tempest over the all-too-confident, all-too-secure head of helpless Belgium. The story that this book tells is now, indeed, an old one; yet it still fascinates. It can never be forgotten, nor ever lose its potency to grip and stir the heart. Above all, when it is told, as it is here, by one of Belgium's own wronged and outraged sons, it awakens the spirit of chivalry and championship for the irreparably injured people of that unhappy country. In this, of course, the book achieves its honest and legitimate aim—to reach and move the heart of the outside world with the voice of prostrate Belgium.

RELIGIOUS PROFESSION. By Hector Papi, S.J. New York: P. J. Kenedy & Sons. $1.00.

Father Papi has written an excellent commentary on the new code of canon law as far as it affects religious profession. The laws in question—572-586—deal with the conditions re-

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quired for the validity of religious profession, the age required for admission, the profession of temporary and perpetual vows, the rite to be followed, the renewal of vows, the rights and duties of the professed, the cessation of tenure of benefices held by religious, and the cessation of incardination of religious in a diocese. It is a book that will be welcomed by all superiors who are bound to bring their constitutions and rules into conformity with the enactments of the new code.

IN THE LAND OF DEATH, by Benjamin Valloton (New York: George H. Doran Co. 10 cents), is translated from the French original of a well-known Swiss author. It gives a moving-picture of the devastation and suffering wrought by the invasion of the Germans in northern France. The small volume contains many touching pages. The theme of the book is well summed up in M. Valloton's memorable words: "From a defeat recovery is possible; but there are infamies that can never die."

THREE books of poems from the Cornhill Publishing Company of Boston comprise three distinct and interesting efforts in the direction of articulating the American soul in verse. The first, *Paved Street,* by Elias Lieberman, bespeaks the voice of the Russian Jew in America, and at certain moments seems to achieve a true expression of the emigrant's thought and ideal. The second, *Sonnets of the Strife,* by Robert Loveman, is from the pen of a poet of Hungarian parentage who possesses a fine gift of song, although such verses as his *Invocation* fall very far short of truth. The third, *Fifty Years and Other Poems,* by James Weldon Johnson, is from a negro poet who has written in his *Fifty Years* (published half a century after the signing of the Emancipation Proclamation) what Dr. Brander Matthews of Columbia University calls "one of the noblest commemorative poems yet written by any American." All together, the three little volumes make a decidedly interesting contribution to present-day American verse.

BENZIGER BROTHERS (New York) have just published a very useful volume for soldiers and sailors, entitled, *The New Testament and Catholic Prayer-Book Combined.* This small volume includes the entire New Testament and also

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morning and evening prayers, and prayers for special occasions. The little volume bound in silk cloth or khaki cloth sells at 35 cents a copy; at 75 cents bound in imitation leather, black, gold edges and in khaki imitation leather, with gold edges.

A VERY timely booklet has just been issued by Peter Reilly (Philadelphia, Pa.). It is entitled *The Laws of Marriage according to the New Code*, and is compiled by Father Joseph M. O'Hara. There will necessarily be much discussion on matrimony in the light of the New Canon Law. This little book answers in an authoritative and simple manner the questions that the average lay Catholic or non-Catholic is likely to ask. Catholics should acquaint themselves with the revised discipline of the Church, and be able to explain intelligently to inquirers just what the law of the Church is. We recommend the booklet to our readers. The price of the little book bound in paper is 15 cents and in cloth 50 cents.

IT is always a pleasure for THE CATHOLIC WORLD to encourage the literary work of the younger generation of Catholics. Our college publications frequently give evidence of worthy promise and deserve far more attention and consideration than they receive. Notable among such publications is *The Year Book* of San Rafael, California. It is presented in beautiful typography; its literary papers deal with subjects worth while and its articles show both ability in judgment and excellent gifts of expression.

IN the *Teachers' Manual*, Rev. Francis Cassilly, S.J., puts out the plan of the Catholic Instruction League for teaching and instructing Catholic children whose religious training is being neglected. The little pamphlet also contains suggestions and exhortations to teachers of the Catechism to aid them in their apostolic work.

Any question as to what amount of instruction is necessary for First Holy Communion, under the conditions created by the decree of Pope Pius X., is fully and satisfactorily answered in the little *Catechism for First Communion*, also by Father Cassilly, S.J. Both pamphlets are published by the Catholic Instruction League, 1080 West Twelfth Street, Chi-

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cago, Ill. 5 cents per copy each; 50 cents per dozen; $1.50 for fifty; $2.75 per hundred.

PASTORS holding special War-Hour services will find *Prayers During War Time for the Safe Return of Our Soldiers and Sailors, and for Victory to Our Cause,* used in St. Mary's Church, Cleveland, Ohio, very helpful and suggestive. Copies may be obtained there at 5 cents each or $3.50 per hundred.

THE SCIENCE AND THE ART OF TEACHING (New York: American Book Co. $1.20), by Professor La Rue, very rightly lays great stress on both aspects of teaching, and as a general rule develops these subjects with grasp and comprehension. Unfortunately this is less evident in the chapter on Moral Education, while that on Vocational Training appears to have been conceived rather in the interest of industrialism than with an eye to the good of the individual.

THE AMERICAN BOOK CO. also presents a fascinating little book for a boy interested in mechanics in *Great Inventors and Their Inventions,* by Frank P. Bachman, Ph.D. (80 cents). The book opens with the inventions of James Watt, and the invention of the locomotive; next comes electricity with all its wonders, followed by the homelier applications of science to the tasks of spinning, weaving and land cultivation and farming. The author also treats of the improvements in printing and type-making, steel-manufacture, the telegraph and the telephone; lastly of the airplane and the submarine. But better than all, are the lessons it teaches in courage and perseverance, in patience, through adversity and disappointment, in that dogged persistence without which no success is won, no results accomplished.

FOOD PROBLEMS, by A. N. Farmer and Janet R. Huntingdon (Boston: Ginn & Co. 25 cents net), brings home to us the absolute necessity of economy, as well as the magnitude of our prodigal wastefulness. We hope many consciences may be awakened to the opportunities now presented. The world has never before dealt or thought in figures as big as the war debts of the various countries engaged in this tremendous conflict.

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For the United States there is even a stronger motive than debt to urge to food conservation, viz, that she alone is able to feed the hungry, nay starving nations of Europe, and still provide for her own needy millions.

SCHOOL PUBLICATIONS.

In a *Rapid Method for French Verbs,* the author, Roch-Alphonse de Massabielle, who is a teacher of long experience, presents a tried and practical method for learning the structure and uses of French verbs. This succinct and carefully presented material for intensive study of French verbs, will be found specially useful by the non-native teacher and the mature pupil who has sufficient knowledge of inflections and syntax to permit him to coördinate and practise with the abundant material which the book affords. The book is privately published and the proceeds devoted to Belgian Relief. It may be procured from Mrs. L. V. Howe, 630 West One Hundred and Thirty-ninth Street, New York City, or Melle. V. Raskin, Senate Hotel, San Francisco, Cal. The price for single copies is $1.00. A generous discount will be allowed if purchased in quantities, for use in schools or camps.

The American Book Co., New York, publishes:

Practical English for High Schools, by W. D. Lewis, A.M., and J. F. Hosic, Ph.D. ($1.00), contains a great variety of practical work for exercise and dwells much on the cultivation of good oral English.

For the student who would succeed in business, good English is a necessary instrument to success. *Business English: Its Principles and Practice,* by G. B. Hotchkiss, M.A., provides a valuable help to a business college student, covering every general need in business forms and usages, correspondence, sales letters, advertising, etc., and inculcating in all consideration for the other person—courtesy.

Ear-Training, by Arthur J. Abbott, proceeds along recognized lines to train the ear for Vocal Music. It is designed for Elementary Schools, and the work is carefully divided into five parts. The second and third parts are rather too full for the ages for which they are intended.

School History of the United States, by Alfred Bushnell Hart, LL.D., intended for elementary schools ($1.20), will be found simple and exceedingly interesting, but somewhat overcrowded with detail. It lays special stress on the growth of our relations with foreign countries, and the contributions of other nations to American history have been carefully traced. It is the first school history, coming under our observation, that shows the connection between the Monroe Doctrine and the Holy Alliance; the former is generally sprung upon us as proceeding from nowhere, yet children are capable of appreciating cause and effect when placed before them. Much attention also is given to our industrial, social and economic life; to the games, work, amusements and education of children. Future editions might well be divided into two volumes.

The Spanish First Reader. Messrs. E. W. Roessler, Ph.D., and A.

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Remy, M.A., have given students of the Spanish language an instructive as well as interesting first reader. The method described in the preface seems to be a very good one, and if carefully followed by pupils and teachers cannot fail to produce good results in speaking as well as reading and writing the Spanish language (68 cents).

Peter and Polly in Autumn, by Rose Lucia, Principal of Primary School, Montpelier, Vermont, completes the *Peter and Polly Stories* for the Year's Cycle. The books are intended for Supplementary Reading in the second and third grades, and cost 48 cents each.

From Allyn & Bacon, New York, we have:

Knowing and Using Words, by W. D. Lewis, Ph.D., and M. D. Holmes, A.M. (75 cents). An excellent little book, to smooth the path of students and enable them to help themselves over the hard ways. How to use a dictionary; how to overcome the troubles of difficult spellings by serviceable groupings, and many other points are given to aid the bewildered scholar.

The derivation of words receives much attention; also the art of distinguishing words and using them both in speech and writing. Altogether it is an extremely useful little book for a student to keep at hand for consultation.

Also *Physics with Applications*, by Carhart and Chute ($1.25), a textbook used in many colleges and high schools. It is very reliable, and especially valuable for its diagrams and illustrations. The former are well up-to-date, containing much useful and interesting information on the subject of airplanes, hydroplanes and submarines.

The revised edition of Slaught and Lennes' Geometry, *Plane Geometry with Problems and Applications* ($1.00), meets the requirements of the approved method of teaching. The selection and order of theorems is such as to meet the general demands of teachers. Although clear, the formal proofs would be improved by the arrangement of steps and reasons in parallel columns. The addition of informal proofs for many axiomatic propositions is an improvement.

The well-known and popular *Complete French Course of Chardenal* has been revised by M. S. Brooks with new features added, under the title, *The New Chardenal* ($1.25). The grammar features are especially good, and an entirely new feature is provided in a number of illustrations of many beautiful churches, castles, bridges, etc., of France and Flanders, among them the Cathedral of Amiens with its additional melancholy interest.

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Recent Events.

France.

M. Clemenceau still remains at the head of the French Cabinet, nor has there been any serious attempt to defeat him. The vote against the renewal of the privileges granted to the Bank of France, which was opposed by a large number of the Deputies, was not directed against him, but was given on behalf of the Socialists of all denominations against the capitalist *régime* to which they are opposed. In fact it may be said that M. Clemenceau's authority has rather grown than waned since his appointment. He has proved himself to be the man needed by France in this, the great crisis of her fortunes. The appeal of M. Duval and the others connected with the *Bonnet-Rouge* has not been allowed by the Court of Cassation. Everyone coming from France to this country, testifies to the firm determination of both soldiers and civilians to "carry on," and the joy and delight which the American soldiers have inspired; this joy and delight will be the greater when they learn on the authority of the Secretary of the Navy that the one million who have already arrived are an earnest and pledge of ten million who will come, should that number be necessary to defeat the enemy. The recent depression had, among other symptoms, a more or less open criticism of Great Britain. This was altogether unjust. During the year which preceded the German drive of last March, the most of the fighting had been carried on by the British troops, and during the same period their casualties were no fewer than 1,250,000, while those of the French did not amount to more than 75,000; this fact is now being recognized in France and any coolness of feeling which existed has now passed away.

Italy.

Since the last notes were written, Italy has come to the fore. From having been, as it was said, the Cinderella of the nations, she is now looked up to as, in some degree at least, their leader. This is due to the repulse she inflicted upon the invading hordes, and the advance she has made in Albania in unison with the French. The second anniversary of her entry into

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the War, which was celebrated throughout the Allied countries, and especially in our own, has further contributed to the position she now occupies. There had been, it must be admitted, a want of confidence in her stability, owing greatly to the disaster which befell her in the autumn of last year—a disaster brought about by her own loss of confidence in herself and her Allies. There is no doubt that of all the countries engaged in the War with the Central Powers, the elements opposed to the War were strongest in Italy. The Socialists in particular were numerous, and saturated with the principles of the Russian Bolsheviki, formed a body of defeatists who were as ready as their fellow-Socialists in Russia, not only to accept, but to seek defeat as, in their opinion, the best thing for the country.

Another contributing element to lack of confidence was the policy, openly avowed by her Government, that Italy was primarily seeking her own interests. The watchword of Signor Salandra, enunciating this policy, was contained in the words "*sacro egoismo.*" This was the same as saying that pursuit of her own interests was the one point sacred in her eyes—a principle which scarcely made the Allies of Italy very enthusiastic in their support. While the services rendered by Italy to the Allied Cause, even by her neutrality, and still more by her holding large Austrian forces in check for so long a time, cannot be denied, and are heartily appreciated, there is no doubt that Italy's claims to the domination of the Adriatic, and to Dalmatia and Istria, to say nothing of Albania, were the cause of want of unity of action between herself and Great Britain and France. There is also reason to think that the complications in Greece were largely due to the conflict of interest between that country and the Allies. This demand for the control of the Adriatic and for the Austrian provinces on the Eastern shore, brought Italy into conflict with the southern Slavs, especially with Serbia. It has lately come to light that in the course of the Balkan Wars, to Serbia's demand for a port on the Adriatic, Italy offered determined opposition, to which opposition the British Government yielded. Sir Edward Grey refused to back up Serbia, and the latter country thereupon diverted its energies to the extension of its territories further to the south in the direction of Saloniki, violating thereby her treaty with Bulgaria, and bringing herself into that conflict which has proved, so far, most disastrous to her.

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Italy's conflict with the Slavs in the Balkan peninsula as well as with those still under the yoke of the Habsburgs, is now being brought to an end. At a meeting of Oppressed Nationalities of Austria-Hungary, held at Rome last April, a definite resolution was arrived at by the representatives of these oppressed nationalities on the one hand and the representatives of the Italian people on the other, bringing to a conclusion all the points in dispute. These joint representatives declared the unity and independence of the Jugoslav nation, that is to say of the Serbs, Croats and Slovones, to be a vital interest of Italy, and the completion of Italian national unity of vital interest to the Jugoslav nation. This resolution made the independence of the Southern Slavs and their freedom from Austrian control a part of Italy's war aims. In the event of a successful issue of the War, it will place a bar to that penetration of Turkey which forms so large a part of Germany's plans. The resolutions adopted included the liberation of the Adriatic Sea and its defence against every present and future enemy. In this case Austro-Hungarian claims to control the Mediterranean would be balked. Italy, it is true, will have to sacrifice that claim to the control of the Adriatic which has been so dear to her heart, and to depart, to this extent at least, from the *sacro egoismo* which Signor Salandra made his motto. But she secures the help of the Southern Slavs in her contest with Austria. Another resolution embodied the determination to solve amicably the various territorial controversies on the basis of nationality and the right of peoples to decide their own fate. This was to be accomplished in such a way as not to injure the vital interests of the two nations, as defined at the moment of peace. The carrying out of this resolution will, indeed, be a matter of extreme difficulty, so intermingled are the various races in the districts in question. And so the representatives in their last resolution declared that the racial groups within the frontiers of these various peoples should be recognized, and guaranteed the right to their language, culture, and moral and economic interests.

At this meeting not only were the Jugoslavs represented, but also the Czecho-Slovaks, the Poles and even Rumanians. The representatives had not, of course, the power to bind their respective nationalities, but from the utterances of Signor Orlando, the Italian Prime Minister, it is clear that his Govern-

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ment is in perfect harmony with the resolutions passed. Great Britain and France and, even more emphatically, President Wilson are in sympathy with them. To what extent the Italian Government is committed is seen from the reply which Signor Orlando made to the representatives of the Congress on the day following their last meeting. He expressed his full sympathy with the movement which they represented, and referred them to that more important declaration of his in the Italian Assembly on the twelfth of February. He declared the interests of his own country and those of the Slavs to be common. After announcing that Italy's aim for herself was to wrest her own integrity from the implacable foe, he welcomed the formation on the new frontier of Italy of races equally devoted to freedom and civilization, and declared the necessity of solidarity of action between Italy and the Slavs. "There is no substantial reason for quarrel, if we sincerely examine the conditions of mutual existence, the mutual sacrifices of certain ethnical groups in those 'grey zones' which lie along the frontiers of great peoples, and the determination to grant just guarantees to those racial minorities which necessity may assign to one or other of the different State groups." Since those words were spoken, the coöperation between Italy and the Slavs has become closer. In the Italian army the Slavs are fighting along with the Italians, and are suffering the death penalty meted out to them by the common foe. Whether any solution has been found of the opposed territorial claims of Greece and Italy with reference to Avlona and the islands formerly included in the Turkish Empire, which have been occupied during the War by both Italy and Turkey, is not known.

The widening of Italy's sympathy and coöperation with the Allies has been shown by her adhesion to the subject nations of Austria-Hungary in their efforts to free themselves from the oppression they have so long endured, and by sending a large number of troops to hold the line in France. The Allies have reciprocated by giving to Italy the aid both in men and in supplies which she needed. After the disaster which befell the Italian arms last autumn, both Great Britain and France sent troops to help in holding the new line along the Piave. This of course was not a pure act of generosity on their part, for it was almost essential to their own success that Italy should not be overrun and forced into a separate peace. The aid,

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however, extended by this country may be considered as a pure manifestation of her sympathy. The Red Cross work which has been done in Italy, has made the name of American blessed by all Italians from one end of the country to the other, and now that American troops are beginning to arrive, this country's influence there will be still further enchanced. The present moment sees the morale both of the army and of the people fully reëstablished. Perhaps the determination to carry on the War to a successful issue is even greater than it was when Italy entered into the War. Certainly the confidence of her Allies has been greatly increased.

Russia.

The news from Russia is about as chaotic as is the state of the so-called Republic. Finland still retains a republican form of government, in so far, at least, as it is not governed by the Germans. The latter, however, resent even an appearance of free government, and now demand of this subject nation that it should openly become a monarchy. The settlement of the eastern boundary made recently, has proved to be so little a settlement that, it is reported, troops are being assembled at Viborg to the number of thirty thousand for the purpose of advancing to the railroad which leads to Kola. At the latter place, however, there are Marines which have been landed from British, French and (it is said) United States ships for the defence of this, the only outlet open during the year to the Arctic Ocean. The inhabitants of this district, finding the Bolsheviki unwilling to support them in their conflict with the Finns and Germans, have thrown in their lot with the Allies. It is of the utmost importance for the Allies to maintain their hold upon Kola. In the event of any kind of assistance, military or economic, being sent to Russia this port would be of great value as it would render unnecessary the long journey to Vladivostok.

Germany, presumably, is tightening her hold on the Baltic provinces, although the anticipated changes in the government by the appointment of German princes to rule these provinces has not been made. No settlement of the dispute between Germany and Austria-Hungary of some two years standing as to which of the two States should more immediately dominate Poland, has yet been accomplished. Germany is

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unwilling that Poland should be closely allied to Austria-Hungary. She fears that such an alliance would strengthen the new Poland by giving additional influence to the Poles now included within the Austrian Empire. We can form no judgment as to how many of the inhabitants of the new "Independent" Poland are satisfied with Germany's proposed settlement of their future destinies. That the Poles who live in other countries are far from satisfied, is evident from the fact that some twenty-five thousand are fighting along with the French and British, many of whom were recruited in this country. It is no wonder that wide dissatisfaction should prevail in view of the strict control which the Central Powers have determined to exercise over the new kingdom, not even its integrity is guaranteed. One of the conditions imposed, is that if for any strategical reason it should be considered beneficial to Germany to alter the boundaries between the two countries, she should be at liberty to do so.

The news from the Ukraine is that the country is even more unsettled than ever. The Cabinet crisis has taken place. The peace, so long under negotiation between the Bolshevik Government and the Ukraine, does not seem to have yet been made. The peasants continue so exasperated on account of exactions, that they are burning their grain and rising up in various places in revolt. According to a recent report, it has been found necessary to send thirty-five divisions of German troops into the country to restore order. The number of troops sent indicates the serious character of the disturbances. It is almost incredible that this has been done, but, if true, it will be a cause of satisfaction for Germany's enemies, as it cannot fail to weaken her military efforts on the Western front. Possibly it may account for the long delay in launching the new drive. Chancellor von Hertling in his recent speech declared the condition in Russia to be serious. If the Russian people have a spark of patriotism left, it will become even more serious, and be but the beginning of trouble for the invaders. The murder of Count von Mirbach at Moscow is a further indication of the exasperation caused by Germany's behavior. This murder is laid at the door of the Social Revolutionists, to the left wing, and not to the right of which M. Kerensky is a member. The latter has emerged from the obscurity which has surrounded him since the success of the Bolsheviki last November. He has

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arrived in London and has since gone to Paris. It is probable that he may visit this country where, it is said, he will be received with acclamation. Such a visit, it is to be feared, would add to the President's difficulties in coming to a decision as to whether and in what way help can be given to Russia. It can scarcely be doubted that the chaotic condition in Russia is largely due M. Kerensky, for he, by the celebrated order No. 1, initiated the insubordination of the soldiers which culminated in the abandonment of the War.

Of the many surprises met with in the course of the War, the fact that subjects of the Austrian Empire have become a power in Siberia, within the so-called Russian Republic, is not the least. It would be still more surprising if their action there should be the means of saving Russia from her present chaos. It does not seem improbable that the Czecho-Slovaks who, according to apparently reliable accounts, have obtained control of Vladivostok and more than a thousand miles of the Siberian Railway, may form a nucleus around which the many Russians dissatisfied with Bolsheviki tyranny may rally. They number, it is said, from fifty to one hundred thousand, and have so far resisted all attempts of the Bolsheviki. The latter, indeed, still maintain their power in what is left of Russia, and are, it is said, ready to form an alliance with the Germans in order to maintain themselves. The most urgent question at the present time for the Allies and for this country is whether assistance can be given to Russia, and what kind of assistance should be given, military, economic or both. The supreme War Council at Versailles has declared it necessary that military assistance shall be given. President Wilson went out of his way at the Red Cross meeting in New York to declare his determination to assist Russia, and the reception accorded this declaration showed that his audience stood with him. As yet he has not made public any plan, although it is rumored that economic assistance will be given, supported by a military force sufficient to protect it. But to whom is this assistance to be given? To the Bolsheviki, or to their opponents?

Germany.

The conflict which, even from the very beginning of the War, has been more or less acute between the civil and military authorities in Germany, has reached a new development in the

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resignation of Dr. Richard von Kuehlmann. Last autumn when the prospect of success was darker, a majority of the Reichstag passed the resolution in favor of peace without annexation or indemnity, and of this resolution Dr. von Kuehlmann was understood to be a supporter and approver. This did not, however, prevent him from allowing himself to be made the tool of the Militarists in the negotiation of the Treaty of Brest-Litovsk, by which some two hundred thousand square miles of Russian territory and fifty-five millions of people were placed under German control. Even more iniquitous was the Treaty of Bukarest, of which he also was the chief negotiator, by which Rumania was despoiled. This subservience to the Militarists does not however save him. His words in a recent speech made in the Reichstag were interpreted as meaning that the military efforts of Germany had not succeeded and could not succeed. Upon this the military authorities took umbrage and forced him to resign. Little regret will be felt at his departure for, with all his fine professions of moderation, he became the tool of the extremists. It is generally supposed that he favored the policy of conciliation towards Great Britain, believing that German interests would rather be served by coöperation with that country than by war with her, thereby bringing himself into conflict with the Kaiser, who has recently declared that for many years it has been his chief object to deliver the world from the dominance of the Anglo-Saxon. His reputed good feeling was shown recently when, although adopting the German legend that the present War was a purely defensive one, he laid the blame first to Russia, then to France, and lastly to Great Britain.

The fourth Foreign Secretary Germany has had in the course of the War, marks the victory of the extremists of the von Tirpitz type. Admiral von Hintze who succeeds Dr. von Kuehlman is one of the most pronounced of the Pan-Germans. For years he has been known as one most ready to carry Germany's power over the world, by any means, even the most ruthless. To propitiate the Reichstag for the nomination of this pronounced Militarist, Count von Hertling announced that he had the promise of the new Foreign Secretary that he, the Chancellor, should retain the direction of the foreign policy which would remain unchanged. He further intimated that in the event of a change, his own resignation would follow.

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This resignation is already talked of as probable not only because of this statement, but also because of the reference he made to Belgium. This we quote: "The present possession of Belgium only means that we have a pawn for future negotiations. We have no intention to keep Belgium in any form whatever. What we precisely want, as expressed by us on February 24th, is that after the War, restored Belgium shall as a self-dependent State not be subject to anybody as a vassal and shall live with us in good friendly relations. I have held this point of view from the beginning in regard to Belgium and I still hold it today. This side of my policy is fully in conformity with the general lines, the direction of which I yesterday clearly laid before you." The Militarists are already finding fault with these utterances and even made an effort to suppress them. Having secured the vote of credit, which had been doubtful, the purpose of the Chancellor was attained. The Reichstag thereupon adjourned.

The attempt to account for the origin of the War in the manner agreeable to Germany which received a severe blow in Prince Lichnowsky's revelations, has been rendered more difficult by the publication of the diary of Dr. Wilhelm Muehlen, former Director of the Krupp works. From its daily chronicle it appears that from the moment of the assassination of the Grand Duke at Serajevo, he was certain that war was inevitable on account of Austria-Hungary's ambition. He corroborates on the authority of a thoroughly posted person, the account of the Conference at Berlin in the early part of July which the German press has so vehemently denied, in which the Kaiser is supposed to have said to the Austrians that this time he would go with them through thick and thin, and he describes the chicanery by which it was so managed that it could be denied in Berlin, that the note sent Serbia by Austria-Hungary was ever seen by the German Foreign Office. Those interested in the question of the origin of the War—and who is not—cannot do better that read the whole of the diary of the ex-Director of Krupp's. A citation from this diary may be interesting: "The Government tells the people that state morality and individual morality are different things. They must be practised in two entirely separate spheres. At the same time an example of intense piety is set. From the balconies of palaces, from all the offices of ministries, from all army headquarters we have in

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recent days been continually recommended to stream into the churches, to throw ourselves on our knees, to invoke a righteous God, who guides our cause and protect us, the attacked and the persecuted; to praise the German God, who is willing to lead us victoriously round the world, because he has no better use for the garden of his creation than that we shall illuminate it with our campfires. I hope there are many who do not kneel and who do not pray—at least to such a God and for such things. Better far to sit quietly and reflect, and to manifest later in self-liberation the power and the faith which we now manifest in slavery. Disgusting hypocrisy and deceit, contempt of the people and an uneasy criminal conscience are the inspiration of this piety. It has no other purpose than the sanctification of lies, the adoration of brutality, the deification of William II."

One more indication that the sun is beginning to break through the clouds in Germany, is found in the testimony of a General in command of German troops, serving at the French front, at the beginning of the War. General Count Max Montgelas in the *Berliner Tageblatt* said that for his protest against the cruelties practised by the German armies in Belgium and the invaded departments of France, and his own attempt to treat the population with justice and humanity, he had been retired.

Austria-Hungary.

Accounts from Austria-Hungary are summed up in headings such as: "Famine rages in Tyrol." "Even the troops suffer." "Austria faces grave crisis." "Rumored rising in Vienna." "Peace at any price demanded." "Bread rations again reduced in Vienna." "Austria's supply of grain is gone." "Strike of 100,000 workers in Vienna." "Strikes elsewhere." "State of siege in Styria." "Count Czernin and other noblemen and landowners selling their properties in fear of revolution." How far a true idea of the state of things in the Dual Monarchy is given by such statements it is impossible to say, but no reasonable doubt can be entertained about the serious character of the situation. The Emperor Charles in his proclamation to the troops at the beginning of the recent attack on Italy, made "good food" one of the compelling motives for the valor of his troops. The Parliament has just resumed its session after the prorogation. Baron von Seydleer has been prevailed upon

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to withdraw his resignation of the Premiership, and still remains in office. Whether this reassembling of Parliament indicates an amelioration of the political situation it is too soon to say.

Progress of the War.

At the time these lines are being written the fifth German Drive has begun along a front of sixty miles. This drive will be watched by this country with extreme anxiety, with hope, and yet with fear as, for the first time, American soldiers will be taking part in major operations. So long has the drive been postponed, that it was hoped it might be put off until even greater numbers of troops from this country might share in the work of extending "the boundary of freedom." It is not necessary to recapitulate here the various successes of the French and British in minor attacks during the interval which has intervened between the present and the last drive.

The complete defeat inflicted by the Italians on the Austrian attempt to overrun their country, adds another to the long list of the Dual Monarchy's failures. These would be inexplicable but for the fact that so large a proportion of her soldiers are fighting her battles against their will. The defeat of Austria was not followed up by any great offensive on the part of Italy, although to a certain extent the line held by the enemy has been pushed back, the delta of the Piave evacuated. Whether a renewal of the offensive on Austria's part is to be looked for is uncertain. It is said that Germany offered to send ten divisions to her assistance on condition that the command of all the troops fighting against Italy, be given to a German general. To this humiliation even Austria could not bring herself to consent.

The Italians who are fighting in France and in their own country have extended their operations to a third field. In Albania they, with the French, have defeated the Austrians along a front of fifty-four miles, have driven the enemy back some twenty-five miles, and have taken the important city of Berat. The Austrians are said to have been thrown into such confusion that a further advance is anticipated. This success may have important consequences behind the Austrian lines, for it may give confidence and courage to the oppressed nationalities in the Balkan peninsula and in the domains of Austria-Hungary. Farther to the east attacks have been made

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by the British upon the Bulgarian line which faces them, and it is thought possible that an attempt may be made to cut the railway which connects the Central Powers with Constantinople. This, however, appears very doubtful. Still further east, German and Turkish troops are said to be advancing on Baku with the object of seeking the oil fields which are so valuable. This means crossing the line laid down by the Treaty of Brest-Litovsk—but what does a treaty matter? Of the advance of the Turk nothing more has been heard since the capture of Tabriz. In Mesopotamia and Palestine things remain *in statu quo;* doubtless owing to the rainy season.

General.

By the death of the Sultan, Turkey has been deprived of a mere figurehead; the real power having been wielded by the Committee of Union and Progress. The new Sultan is said to be a more determined character, and even to be in sympathy with the Allies. Even if this were so, it is much to be doubted whether he can extricate himself from the toils of the Young Turks and of their masters, the Germans. The movement for a League of Nations of which President Wilson is a warm supporter, if not the initiator, is daily exciting more and more attention. Viscount Grey who as Sir Edward Grey was British Foreign Minister at the beginning of the War, has written a pamphlet in support of the proposal. This deserves the serious attention of all who have any influence in guiding the course of the world. In France, too, the subject has received the attention of Parliament, a report in its favor having been recently presented. One of the most satisfactory things to record is the uncompromising attitude adopted by the most representative bodies of labor in this country towards the proposal favored by, strange to say, the majority of the French and English Socialists, that a meeting should be held at which German Socialists should be present. The holding of any intercourse with the Socialists of the enemy countries, who so flagrantly betrayed the cause of peace and supported Germany throughout the War, and who subsequently were largely instrumental in the betrayal of Russia, is so rightly repugnant to the mind of American workingmen, at least to the great majority of them, that they would have none of it.

July 16, 1918.

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With Our Readers.

IN the death of the Very Reverend George Mary Searle, C.S.P., a notable figure passed from both the religious and scientific life of America. Father Searle was born in 1839 and as early as the age of five gave evidence of scientific genius. Baptized in infancy in the Episcopalian Church he was, after the death of his parents in his very early years, brought up in the Unitarian faith by his foster parents. But Unitarianism never held him. When he graduated from Harvard and traveled elsewhere to begin his career, he carried a letter to the Unitarian clergyman of the city where he expected to live. "The amount of my interest in Unitarianism for its own sake," he wrote afterwards, "may be judged by the fact that I never delivered the letter and have not even to this day any idea where its pastor lived."

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THROUGH purely natural religious feeling he attended church services on Sunday and, at this time, it happened to be those of the Catholic Church, but Father Searle never believed that such formal attendance had any effect on his subsequent course. At that time he believed in God, but he had no faith in revelation. His attitude towards the Catholic Church was one of indifference and even of contempt: he regarded it as a fossilized Ptolemaic system of false doctrine and practice. And he believed that all the questioning and investigation on religious matters, required of him by conscience, had been completed.

* * * *

HE was roused out of his indifferentism by a sermon heard at an Episcopal church, which he attended through the invitation of one of his associates, on the text, "Ye cannot serve God and mammon." It was then that the young man, George Searle, "determined to do everything for God's sake alone." "God's grace went with that sermon, as it is continually working everywhere."

The first effect of it was to bring George Searle back to a belief in and a reading of the Scripture. The Bible at once disposed of Unitarianism. He returned to the Church of his early baptism. Preparing therein for the reception of Communion he was seriously disturbed by the sixth chapter of St. John, which he was told to read by his minister. This doubt was deepened by his

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experiences with the "High" and "Low" parties of the Episcopal Church. His soul began to hunger for something abiding and substantial on which it might live, and it did not know where to seek and find. "Anything served better than the miserable position to which I had been brought." Jesus Christ in the Sacrament of the Altar was evidently guiding his unhappy soul. His first doubts of the Episcopal position were begotten by Our Lord's discourse in the Gospel of St. John. Later when he revisited the Catholic Church which he had attended on Sundays, a ritualistic friend who accompanied him, genuflected before the altar, and though George Searle did not, the idea of the Real Presence made a strong impression on him. The Catechism of the Council of Trent which he read shortly after, intensified the hunger for something on which his soul might live and led him nearer to an acceptance of the truth of the Real Presence.

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SEARLE was now so convinced of the falsity of Protestantism that he had to abandon it. Then he faced the alternative of no faith at all or the acceptance of the Catholic Church as the one, true Church of Christ. After sixteen months of study, he became intellectually convinced of the truth of the Church but practically he could not take the step. The acceptance of supernatural truth demands the help of a supernatural power. And God Who desires that we should all live and come to a knowledge of the truth, gave that power to George Searle, who, shortly afterwards rang the door-bell of a Catholic rectory, and to the priest who came to answer it, said simply: "I want to be a Catholic." Six months later he was received into the Church and the pilgrimage of his questioning soul was over.

Father Searle was ordained a priest of the Paulist Community in 1871. He was elected its Superior General in 1904, and served in that office until 1910.

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THE scientific instinct, we might call it, which characterized the mind of Father Searle from his earliest days to his last, never lessened his sense of need for religious truth, never interfered with or obstructed his journeying toward that higher truth which is personal and eternal. In the year of his being graduated from Harvard at the age of eighteen, a prize of $200.00 was awarded him for his paper on astronomy. Higher mathematics, particularly astronomy, was his specialty. It would be impossible for us to review here his scientific career, his investigations, discoveries, treatises and official positions. Sufficient for us to say

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that Searle held first place among the astronomers of his day. His computation as to the return and appearance of Halley's Comet in the year 1908, was accepted as *the* reliable one by all the astronomers of America.

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HE was thoroughly scientific in the modern sense of the word, yet a living undeniable evidence that religion and the religious spirit are not opposed to science. While Darwin and many of his disciples were surrendering the fundamental tenets of the Christian faith in the name of science, Father Searle through science and earnest seeking was recovering them. They stopped at the lesser and the sensible: he went on to the greater and the spiritual. Their science was limited and insufficient: his unlimited and all-sufficient. He wrote after long years in the Catholic Church: "Religion, instead of being a mere matter of speculation or of enthusiasm, which one must not investigate too closely, has been ever since to me the most certain as well as infinitely the most important, of all the sciences."

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THE extent of his learning may be judged from articles by him published in THE CATHOLIC WORLD. His first paper to appear in these pages was on the subject of *Molecular Mechanics*, April, 1870. The next was one, in the writing of which he collaborated with the late Father Rosecrans, entitled *Our Lady of Lourdes*, published in September, 1870.

During the next forty years, his scientific articles included such subjects as *Scientific Dogmatism*, May, 1881; *Unscientific Liberty*, June, 1883; *The Great Comet*, December, 1882; *Other Inhabited Worlds*, April, 1883, September, 1892, February, 1907; *Evolution and Darwinism*, November, 1892; *Recent Discoveries in Astronomy*, May, 1893; *The Sun's Place in the Universe*, April, 1903; *The Reappearance of Halley's Comet*, June, 1908; *The Discovery of the North Pole*, November, 1909.

Through these years he contributed discussions on important religious questions of the day, apologetic and historical.

From January, 1907, to November, 1907, an important series of papers by him on the *Recent Results of Psychical Research* were published.

His writing was by no means confined to THE CATHOLIC WORLD and the scientific journals. To those who were seeking, as he once sought, the truth of Christ, his soul looked out in sympathy and hope. His skilled pen, so clear and simple in its explanation, wrote: *Plain Facts for Fair Minds*, an explanation for Bible Protestants of the principal Catholic truths; later

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he wrote *How to Become a Catholic,* a small book of instructions for those about to be received into the Church.

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AMID all controversy, amid the turmoil of scientific unrest and the world's religious doubt through which he lived, nothing disturbed the serenity of his simple faith. Indeed, his childlike faith and his exceptional scientific knowledge formed a combination which would have been a shock, if not a scandal, to the skeptic could he have appreciated either. In his sermons, conferences and writings his defence and exposition were so simple, so direct that the least intelligent could understand them. And with that spirit of abiding faith, went the accompanying gifts of serene outlook upon life, kindness, companionship and a sense of humor that was a delight to all who knew him.

His work and his example are an answer to the problem that for generations has haunted the world, for Father Searle was most truly a man of science and a man of God.

WHILE speaking of Father Searle one is ever mindful of the stars which he loved and studied, and one cannot keep back the lines of Francis Thompson, written of another astronomer, Father Perry, S.J.

> Starry amorist starward gone
> Thou art what thou didst gaze upon.

The stars remind us also that the children of God differ in gifts and in glory. And the thought of the stars was with us when news came of the death of the Right Reverend Thomas Francis Cusack, Bishop of Albany. At once we felt that a great spiritual light was taken from the heaven of this world. Bishop Cusack had many gifts intellectual, administrative, social; but the one gift that shone from his person and accompanied all he did or said, was the gift of spirituality. He was devoted with a full heart's devotion to our Lord Jesus Christ. Selfishness had no part in his make-up; he knew not worldliness in any shape or form; service for humankind was his sole inspiration. To the people under his care, either as priest or as bishop, he was a watchful, loving shepherd. No opportunity was lost whereby their betterment might be promoted. His interior life of prayer was more real to him that his physical life; and fidelity to it was the source whence he drew his exceptional power to affect hearts and to win souls.

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LIKE all true apostles his heart, after the heart of St. Paul, was as wide as the world. Therefore did he seek in the earlier years of

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his priesthood those without the fold; gave himself to work among non-Catholics and established in 1897 the New York Apostolate, the Diocesan Missionary Society. His heart was with that work even till the end. A few months before his death he said to a priest, engaged on that same work: "My heart is with the mission work to non-Catholics. If it were God's will, I would gladly give up my bishopric and return to it."

Father Cusack labored in that field until he was consecrated Auxiliary Bishop of New York in 1904. In 1915 he was transferred to the See of Albany where in the few years allowed him he won the hearts of all—Catholic and non-Catholic alike.

His light, for us, has been fixed not removed, and may we keep our hearts lifted to its leadership.

VAST as the problems born of war, are the opportunities born of it, and in no body of our citizens should the realization of these opportunities be keener, the grasp firmer than among Catholics. Upon our shoulders alone rests the apostolate of Catholicism; upon our shoulders more than all others rests the apostolate of Americanism, for the great majority of the foreign-born among us, who lack education in American life and American institutions, are our brethren in the Faith. Never was the need for Americanization more vital than today: upon it, our future national life depends; never was the cry for religion more urgent than now, when all about us men, facing death, hunger for spiritual life.

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THE spirit we must bring to these opportunities is admirably outlined by Bishop Spalding in his Roman discourse: "If we would spread the Faith, we must go forth into the world where men think and act; we must be prepared to meet all adversaries and to make reply to all objections. We must think, before we can think alike. We must strive to understand those who differ from us; for agreement is possible only when we understand one another. If it be a Christian's duty to have sympathy with men in their sins and miseries, can it be right to refuse sympathy to those who are in error? Are we not all weak rather than wicked, ignorant and blind rather than perverse? Let us draw closer together; let us believe in the good-will of the most, which is the essential good. If we are Catholic, shall we not first of all be Catholic in our love, in our readiness to accept all truth, and to do good to all men?"

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INTO the world the War has sent us forth. In trench, in camp, in Government office, in Red Cross and every branch of service Catholics work shoulder to shoulder with non-Catholics in

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the strong bond of a common love for a common cause. "The reason for the Faith that is in us" may be daily evident in deed; will be frequently invited in word. To rise to the occasion demands the cultivation in ourselves of the fullest Catholic life: that mind must be in us which was in Christ Jesus our Lord, as St. Paul says.

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INTO the world of social service the War should drive us more imperatively, and with a larger charity, a more practical willingness to take to our heart and homes the immigrant who needs instruction in our language, instruction in our customs. Timidity must be overcome by friendliness, suspicion by sincerity. "Many of them have never lived under a constitutional government such as we have, and unless they are led carefully into a proper understanding and appreciation of the fundamentals of democracy, all later efforts at instruction in the details of government, etc., will prove exceedingly difficult if not altogether in vain. The separation of Church and State is also something foreign to many of these people. If a proper understanding of this problem is conveyed to them, the State will profit thereby, and the Church will not lose. The customs of the people, the system of rents, the cost of living, wages, prices of land and opportunities of farming, truck-gardening, all these things are important; and all of them can be brought to the attention of the men, who are only too eager to absorb such knowledge. And along with these utilitarian topics the foundations can be laid for an understanding of citizenship. Education in civics will be comparatively easy with people who have been won in this manner."

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ALL this requires, indeed, "the charity of God and the patience of Christ," but what truer works of patriotism can there be than to lead others into the star-light of the great principles of American Democracy, or to flash upon them the sunlight of the true Faith of Christ. As has been well said by an esteemed contemporary: "With St. Paul let us rejoice that 'a great door is opened to us in the Lord;' and let us recognize the responsibility which the opportunity brings with it."

THE fifth biennial session of the National Conference of Catholic Charities is scheduled for September 15th to 18th. The meetings will be held at the Catholic University, Washington, D. C., and all Catholics interested in relief work are invited to attend all sessions of the Conference and participate in its deliberations.

In view of "the far-reaching consequences of the War in the

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whole field of charity," the Programme Committee has wisely recognized as the imperative need of the hour a careful study of the situation, and wise plans and policies to meet it. The entire programme, therefore, is devoted to " the bearing of war conditions on relief work," and presents a most gratifying illustration of the whole-hearted and intelligent coöperation of Catholics in every branch of war service.

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THE topics as announced in *The Catholic Educational Review* for June are as follows:

GENERAL MEETINGS.

" The Patriotism of Charity," " The Federal Government in Relief Work During and After the War," " The American Red Cross in Relief Work During and After the War," " Private Relief Agencies in War Conditions," " The National Council of Defence in Relief Work," " The Present and the Future Mission of *The Catholic Charities Review*," " Women's Activities in Catholic Relief Work," " The Catholic Woman's Opportunity," " The Aims and Methods of the National Travelers' Aid Society.

COMMITTEE MEETINGS.

Committee on Families.—" The Relation of the American Red Cross and Private Agencies in Work Among Dependent Families," " Safeguarding the Self-respect and Sense of Responsibility of Soldiers and Sailors," " Food Conservation in Relief Work," " War Prices and Relief Work."

Committee on Children.—" The Federal Children's Bureau: Its Methods and Services to Relief Work," " The Effect of War Conditions on Work Among Children," " The Problem of Illegitimacy in Normal and in War Conditions," " Policies of Public and Private Institutions in Dealing with Illegitimacy."

Committee on Sick and Defectives.—" The Rehabilitation of Crippled and Disabled Soldiers from the Standpoints of the Government, the Employer, the Medical Profession and the Laborer," " Governmental and Private Hospital Care of Sick and Disabled Soldiers," " Organized Visitation of Soldiers in Hospitals."

Committee on Social and Civic Activities.—" Prevailing Standards of Living and Labor in the United States," " War Industries and Labor Legislation," " Social Reconstruction After the War," " The Social Worker's Relation to Reconstruction."

Committee on Women's Activities.—" Protection of Young Girls, with Special Reference to War Conditions," " Causes of Delinquency," " Methods of Dealing with Delinquent Girls."

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BOOKS RECEIVED.

GEORGE H. DORAN CO., New York:
From Turkish Toils. By Mrs. Esther Mugerditchian. 10 cents. *Behind the Scenes in the Reichstag.* By Abbé E. Wetterlé. $2.00 net. *My Mission to London 1912-1914.* By Prince Lichnowsky. 10 cents. *Some Gains of the War.* By W. Raleigh.

DODD, MEAD & CO., New York:
Japan at First Hand. By Joseph I. C. Clarke. $2.50 net.

B. W. HUEBSCH, NEW YORKS
Horizons. By F. Hackett. $2.00. *Exiles* (A Play in Three Acts). By J. Joyce. $1.00.

G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS, New York:
A Short History of France. By Mary Duclaux. $2.50 net.

SCHWARTZ, KIRWIN & FAUSS, New York:
An Elementary Handbook of Logic. By John J. Toohey, S.J. $1.25 net.

J. SCHAEFER, 23 Barclay Street, New York:
The Conversion of Two Lutheran Ministers to the Roman Catholic Church in 1863. By Rev. I. Zeller. 25 cents.

HARPER & BROTHERS, New York:
Mimi. By J. U. Giesy. 75 cents net. *Abraham's Bosom.* By B. King. 50 cents net.

P. J. KENEDY & SONS, New York:
Selected Letters of St. Jane Frances de Chantal. Translated by the Sisters of the Visitation.

THE AMERICA PRESS, New York:
Labor Problems and the Church. Ozanam's Ideal of Social Work. Pamphlets.

THE CENTURY CO., New York:
The Wonders of Instinct. By Jean-Henri Fabre. $3.00 net.

THE MACMILLAN CO., New York:
The New Testament Manuscripts in the Freer Collection. Part II.—*The Washington Manuscripts of the Epistles of Paul.* By H. A. Sanders. $1.25 net.

NATIONAL INDUSTRIAL CONFERENCE BOARD, Boston:
Hours of Work as Related to Output and Health of Workers—Boot and Shoe Industry.

THE FOUR SEAS CO., Boston:
How shall I take Exercise and Set-Up? By S. Delano, M.D. $2.00 net. *From Their Galleries.* By A. D. Douglas. $1.25.

HOUGHTON MIFFLIN CO., Boston:
Germany Her Own Judge. By H. J. Suter-Lerch.

THE CORNHILL CO., Boston:
Songs of Manhattan. By M. A. Beer. $1.25. *The Fairy Islands, and Other Poem.* By V. Flower. $1.25. *From the Heart of a Folk.* By W. T. Carmichael. $1.00.

J. B. DELAUNAY, Holy Cross College, Brookland, D. C.:
The Religious Teacher and the Work of Vocations. Pamphlet.

REV. M. G. KYLE, D.D., LL.D., Xenia, Ohio:
A New Solution of the Pentateuchal Problem. By Rev. M. G. Kyle, D.D., LL.D. Pamphlet

MRS. W. A. KING, Ironton, Ohio:
Real Christian Science. By Mrs. W. A. King. Pamphlet. 10 cents.

LOYOLA UNIVERSITY PRESS, Chicago:
A Religion with a Minus Sign. By Rev. J. P. Conroy, S.J. Pamphlet. 5 cents.

ILLINOIS STATE HISTORICAL SOCIETY, Springfield:
Transactions of the Illinois State Historical Society, 1917.

B. HERDER, St. Louis:
Jesus in the Eucharist. By Rev. F. Girardey, C.SS.R. $1.00 net. *Our Lady's Month.* By Sister M. Philip. $1.30 net. *A Handbook of Moral Theology.* By Rev. A. Koch, D.D. Volume I. *Devotion to the Sacred Heart.* By Rev. J. J. C. Petrovits, S.T.D. $1.25 net. *A Commentary on the New Code of Canon Law.* By Rev. P. C. Augustine, O.S.B. $1.25 net. *St. Joseph of Copertino.* By Rev. A. Pastrovicchi, O.M.C. $1.00 net. *The Pilgrimage of Life.* By Rev. A. Muntsch, S.J. $1.00 net. *Christ's Masterpiece.* By W. F. Robinson, S.J. $1.25 net.

KANSAS STATE BOARD OF AGRICULTURE, Topeka:
Report of the Kansas State Board of Agriculture, Quarter Ending March, 1918.

UNIVERSITY PRESS, Notre Dame, Ind.:
The Influence of the Catholic Church and Her People Upon the History of Illinois. By A. J. Hughes. Pamphlet.

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THE

CATHOLIC WORLD.

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THE CATHOLIC EDUCATIONAL CONVENTION.

BY BROTHER LEO.

THE fifteenth annual meeting of the Catholic Educational Association and its departments was held in San Francisco, California, July 22d, 23d, 24th and 25th. Despite the difficulties attendant on transcontinental travel during these days of stress and war, the number of delegates from the East—in California "the East" means every place east of the Sierras—was unexpectedly large; and the acting President of the Association, the Very Rev. James A. Burns, C.S.C., sponsors the statement that at no previous meeting was there so numerous and so representative an attendance of the local clergy. The diocesan committee, headed by the Most Rev. Edward J. Hanna, D.D., Archbishop of San Francisco, placed the admirably equipped Young Men's Institute building at the disposal of the convention, and made eminently satisfactory arrangements for the convenience and entertainment of the city's guests. The California climate was in complaisant mood and lavishly blessed the convention week with golden sunshine and bracing ocean breezes. The metropolitan press gave many columns to the proceedings of the convention; and at the public meeting on Thursday evening the citizens of the city of St. Francis thronged the huge civic auditorium to do honor to the men and women engaged in the work of Catholic education, and to accord their hearty endorsement of the ideals of the Association.

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Bishop Thomas J. Shahan, Rector of the Catholic University and President-General of the Association, was prevented by illness from making the journey to the Pacific Coast; his office was brilliantly discharged by Dr. Burns of Holy Cross College, Washington. Other Catholic educators of national fame who took active part in the work of the convention were: the Right Rev. Joseph Schrembs, Bishop of Toledo; the Right Rev. John P. Carroll, Bishop of Helena, Montana; the Rev. Dr. Francis T. Moran, of Cleveland, Treasurer-General of the Association; the Very Rev. Dr. Edward A. Pace, of the Catholic University; the Rev. Dr. M. A. Schumacher, C.S.C., of Notre Dame University; the Rev. Dr. Peter C. Yorke, of San Francisco; the Rev. Joseph F. Smith, of New York; Brother John A. Waldron, S.M., of Clayton, Missouri; Brother Thomas, F.S.C., of Manhattan College; the Very Rev. B. P. O'Reilly, S.M., of Dayton, Ohio; the Rev. R. H. Tierney, S.J., editor of *America;* the Rev. F. A. Moeller, S.J., of Kansas City, Missouri; Dr. Mary A. Malloy, of Winona, Minnesota; and the Secretary-General of the Association, the Rev. Dr. Francis W. Howard, to whose zeal and tact and rare executive ability the success of the gathering was mainly due.

The papers read at the departmental meetings, the general addresses at the open sessions and the deliberations of committees covered the entire educational field; practically no aspect of school work and teaching was ignored. The seminary department held several fruitful meetings, at one of which an inspiring paper was read by Archbishop Hanna, a paper rendered trebly valuable by the learned prelate's previous experience as seminary student and professor. The superintendents' section was favored with an address on "Catholic Education and After-War Problems," by Bishop Schrembs, and on papers on various aspects of training and control by Dr. Howard, Brother John Waldron, S.M., and Brother Joseph, F.S.C. The local teachers were addressed by the Very Rev. Patrick J. Keane, the Rev. Dr. Patrick J. McCormick, the Rev. Dr. Charles Baschab and the Rev. Ralph Hunt, Superintendent of the San Francisco schools. And the deaf-mute section, thanks to the untiring enthusiasm of Father Moeller and the suggestive and informing papers read by representatives of the Sisters of St. Joseph and the Sisters of Providence, had one of the most successful conferences in its history.

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The basis of the Catholic educational system, the place where the ideals of Catholic faith and culture must be implanted if they are later on to grow and increase, the portion of the field where the laborers are most numerous and the harvest ever white, is the parish school. It is in the interests of the parish school, throughout the length and breadth of the land, that priests and people alike have from the beginnings of our Catholic life made sacrifices and cheerfully borne privations; and it is to the parish school that priests and people alike confidently look for the conservation and perpetuation of zeal and piety and practical devotion. The parish school is not—as perhaps too many of our people tacitly assume—the only phase of Catholic education that is necessary and that merits recognition and support; nevertheless, without the parish school, without the daily labors of our thousands of parish school teachers, without the incessant molding of youthful minds and hearts to right habit of thinking, feeling and living the rest of our educational system would be incongruous. Hence the large amount of time given by the Catholic Educational Association to discussions of problems of parish school management and to presentations of the religious and pedagogical ideals of the parish school teacher.

At the San Francisco convention an exceptionally attractive programme of papers and discussions was presented under the direction of the Rev. Joseph F. Smith, Superintendent of the New York City parish schools. Dr. Pace, of the Catholic University, who had just completed a course of lectures on a cognate subject in the San Francisco diocesan summer school, read an informing paper on "Teaching Children to Study." Dr. McCormick and Dr. Yorke presented methods of teaching religion; and such practical topics as "The Tests of the Teacher's Efficiency" and "The Educational Value of Examinations," were discussed in papers by Brother John Garvin, S.M., and Mr. William J. McAuliffe, of Cathedral College, New York.

"Some of the Financial Aspects of the Parish School" was the title of a pertinent paper by Father Keane, Rector of St. Francis de Sales' Church, Oakland, California. The paper dwelt upon the significance of the late Archbishop Hughes' motto, "The school is *before* the Church," and indicated the importance of establishing and maintaining an efficient parish school as one of the primary duties of the parish priest. Father

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Keane pointed out that the education of the children of our foreign-born population is an obligation of ever-increasing magnitude, that parishes in which our European immigrants live, are usually very poor and unable to provide adequate educational facilities, and that, therefore, the financial support of such schools should be a diocesan rather than a parochial task. And he favored free schools in all parishes, the cost of maintenance to be met by all the parishes of the diocese, in accordance with a principle of taxation similar to that now in vogue in the schools of the State.

The topic which secured the greatest amount of interest in the department of colleges and secondary schools, which educed some of the finest papers read at any meeting of the Association and which incited the delegates to definite and constructive action, was the "get together" spirit. To be sure, it was not thus set down on the programme, it was not thus nominated in the bond. It appeared under various bits of nomenclature, some of them dignified, some of them steeped in the jargon of the new "scientific" pedagogy, all of them, I fancy, a bit mysterious and mystifying to people who are not aware that present-day educators, like present-day physicians, have formed the habit, at once diverting and terrifying, of bestowing upon old and simple and generally recognized things, names composed of words of learned length and thundering sound. And so, at the San Francisco convention, the educational application of the principle, dating from the Garden of Eden, that it is not good for man to be alone, appeared in the guise of "standardization," "correlation," "coördination" and "orientation." But in spite of the unwieldy phraseology, the delegates reached certain definite conclusions that are destined to have deep, permanent and far-reaching effects on the Catholic high schools, colleges and universities of the country.

First of all, there was the report of the Committee on Standardization, presented at the opening session of the college department. The Committee, composed of Dr. Schumacher, C.S.C., the Rev. J. P. Mahoney, C.S.V., the Rev. A. C. Fox, S.J., the Very Rev. B. P. O'Reilly, S.M., and Brother Thomas, F.S.C., had been appointed at the Buffalo convention of the Association in 1917 to carry into effect the principles of standardization, which had been evolved in earlier meetings and ultimately adopted at the St. Paul convention in 1915.

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Among the points scrutinized by the Committee in listing institutions of collegiate grade were requirements for matriculation and graduation, scholastic attainments and professional preparation of instructors, quality and grade of instruction, library and laboratory equipment and maximum and minimum hours of work for both instructors and students.

The Committee possessed, of course, no coercive authority, so the tact and industry of the members will be apparent from the statement that in the course of one year the Committee succeeded in listing forty Catholic institutions which had been induced to apply voluntarily for recognition as standard Catholic colleges. The results represent one of the greatest achievements in the direction of uniformity and concerted effort ever brought about by any association of educators. The standards adopted by the Association, while rightly and consistently emphasizing the nature and needs of Catholic colleges, are in harmony with the best ideals of the strongest and most influential secular standardizing agencies in the United States.

The same "get together" spirit was manifested in nearly all the papers read at the meetings of the college department. Father Zacheus J. Maher's plea for "The Coördination of Language Studies" and Brother Lewis' suggestions in favor of "Orientation of Content in Mathematical Textbooks for Colleges and High Schools," represented the standardizing principle as applied to class methods and curricula. Two papers read in the parish school department had a direct bearing on the problem of standardization in its relation to general administration—"The Relation of the Elementary School to the High School," by Brother Joseph Gallagher, S.M., and "The Relation of the Catholic High School to the State University," by Mother Reginald of the Sisters of the Presentation. Dr. Dillon's paper on "The Junior High School" was an expansion of the same general theme. And at one of the general sessions of the Association, Dr. Pace read a scholarly and stimulating essay on "The Place of the University in the Educational Life of the Nation," in which he interpreted the present in the light of the past, and indicated some of the standards and ideals to which all education must lead and with which the university, as distinguished from the college, is specifically concerned.

Another phase of the standardizing movement was apparent in the conference of Catholic colleges for women, pre-

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sided over by the Rev. Dr. Ryan of St. Mary's-of-the-Woods, Indiana. The delegates listened to a paper by Dr. Mary A. Malloy on "Catholic Colleges for Women," and adopted a platform of standardization which included, besides the general principles common to all Catholic colleges, several articles having special reference to institutions of collegiate grade concerned exclusively with the education of women. The delegates recognized the imperative need of more Catholic elementary and high schools, and put themselves on record as insisting that one of the functions of the woman's college is to train teachers for the parish and high schools.

Finally, the "get together" spirit was given felicitous expression by Dr. Burns in his spiritcd address at the first meeting of the delegates. He said: "The Catholic Educational Association is a national body. It represents every branch of educational work, and it aims at bringing into living touch with its own organization every organized effort and every educational influence that is being exerted in behalf of Catholic education the country over. Catholic education is everywhere one in its fundamental principles. It is everywhere one in the ends it has in view. It is one in the essential means it is everywhere employing to attain those ends. Why should not this perfect unity extend also to its organization? Why, for instance, should not school be linked to high school, high school and academy be linked to college, and college be linked to university, in such a way that there may be no wastage, no leakage, so far as these are avoidable; in such a way that the weaker institutions may be helped by the stronger, the backward by the more progressive, so far as this is possible?"

An undertone at every session of every department of the Association, an undertone that often rose into a dominant strain, was the spirit of practical patriotism and unswerving loyalty to the American flag. The resolutions adopted by the parish school department included a glowing expression of confidence in and devotion to the national and humanitarian ideals in the name of which the United States Government is engaged in the World War. The college department adopted resolutions urging all secondary schools as well as colleges and universities to assist the nation in every possible way in the work of winning the War, the men's colleges by establishing

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courses in military science, the women's colleges by organizing local branches of the Red Cross Auxiliary. The Association as a whole gave its official endorsement to the work of the National Food Administration.

The eloquent sermon delivered by Archbishop Hanna at the solemn opening of the convention in St. Mary's Cathedral was redolent of the spirit of true patriotism, a searching presentation of the foundations of faith and of service upon which love of country must be based. The same exalted strain found expression in the utterances of Dr. Moran and Father Smith, the latter voicing the duties and responsibilities of citizenship in the following words: "Conspicuously among the nations of the world today rises the distinctive nationality of our glorious Republic. Its greatness does not depend on its material triumphs, but on something higher and nobler. The glory of America is that it is the home of freedom. Ours is a nation built upon the recognition of the fundamental rights of man to their fullest extent. It rests on the broad foundation of popular rights and individual liberty. That liberty we hold dearer than our own lives. It is the true source of all our prosperity. It is the cornerstone of American civilization. On it depend our existence as a free people and our destiny as a great nation. It is to the principles which the founders made the basis of the government of our Republic that we owe the marvelous progress the Church has made in this country.

"We gratefully acknowledge the debt our Catholic schools owe to our country. But they have rendered in return transcendent services. They are nurseries of the purest patriotism; they stand a strong bulwark against the evils that threaten the nation, and they are after the Church itself the surest hope of the perpetuity of the Republic and of the maintenance of its institutions.

"What incentive more powerful could move the heart of the Catholic and the patriot to renewed energy in the cause of our Catholic schools? 'Liberty of Education' is our watchword in the face of the present tendency of the national Government to encroach upon the rights of the States; in the face of the still more alarming tendency to place all education in the hands of the Government. It is against the dearest and most fundamental principles of our Republic for the Government to take away from parents the God-given right to the education of their chil-

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dren, or to use an educational system as a means of directing or controlling the cultural and industrial life of the nation.

"Let this educational association be true to its trust; let us cover the land with our Catholic schools, both for the welfare of the Church and the liberties and glory of our country."

Characteristic, too, was the forceful utterance of Dr. Burns: "The Catholic Educational Association, I need scarcely say, stands squarely behind President Wilson for the prosecution to a triumphant issue of this War into which we were forced against our will and determination. From the highest to the lowest, our educational institutions are coöperating loyally and patriotically with the Government. And they shall, from the highest to the lowest, continue to exert their utmost efforts and influence in support of the Government and its policies to the very end.

"Our work is for God. It is likewise for country. We know that Catholic education is essential for our country's welfare. The principles of sound Christian morality, of loyal obedience and patriotism, which we habitually teach, and which are intimately bound up with our fundamental aims, are necessary to America now as never before. They will be even more necessary in the future, for the proper solution of the problems that are to come after the War than they are now."

At the closing meeting of the convention, Mr. John J. Barrett delivered an oration on "Catholic Education and Loyalty" in which he said: "We pledge our country our single-hearted allegiance. We entertain no scruples about the justice of her participation in the conflict. We approve the course she has taken in the crisis, and we would have had her take no other. We commend the sagacious and high-minded statesmanship with which heaven has blessed her counsels.... We stand ready to promote our country's fortunes at the sacrifice of all our resources of human life and earthly possessions. With all our strength and mind and heart we pray for victory to the arms of our country and her gallant Allies. We hold no allegiance that conflicts with our love of the flag, and wherever it leads we are prepared to follow."

It is a safe and not altogether unwarranted assumption that one of the reasons why the annual meetings of the Catholic Educational Association are held in various parts of the country, is that the delegates may acquire a first-hand knowl-

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edge of Catholic and educational life in centres of activity other than their own, that they may receive an incentive to learn more and more of the country as a whole and to study with greater interest the history of faith and scholarship in places outside their own particular ken. Whether it will or will not own the soft impeachment, the Catholic Educational Association is doing much to keep its members from the evils of provincialism. And, especially in our large cities, those evils are real evils; for in centres of life where the social unit is in many ways sufficient unto itself, the individuals composing it postulate, as a matter of axiomatic truth, that their ways are the ideal ways, that other ways are hopelessly deranged. It is more than probable that every teaching congregation in this country has at least a few members who more or less consciously assume, and at times even stoutly assert, that the little measure of the Lord's vineyard that falls to their lot is really the only portion that has anything especially noteworthy in its past, its present or its future. Let such a man follow the Catholic Educational Association for a few years in its peregrinations from New Orleans to St. Paul, from Atlantic City to Baltimore, from Buffalo to San Francisco, and lo, his parochialism will fall from him like a hampering and unsightly garment, and he will see his own little problems and the world's big problems in sane and salutary perspective.

And so this year the alert and open-minded delegates had occasion to realize, in the course of their journey across mountains and plains, how large this country really is. In San Francisco they had the sensation of gazing out upon an ocean that seemed to be on the wrong side of the land. They had the advantage of observing the yellow streams of Oriental life that trickle perversely through and across the city, yellow streams that in these days of war's alarms are losing much of their sinister hue. They had the privilege of visiting the literary landmarks of the far-western city, the city that knew Twain and Harte and Stevenson and Stoddard. They had the rapture of visiting the church building of the Mission Dolores, the mission reared in the name of a liberating peace almost on the very day when across the continent the Declaration of Independence was indited in the interests of a liberating war. They had the opportunity of examining the priceless historical material contained in the Bancroft Library, material that pre-

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serves the Catholic life that was lived in California in the days before the gringoes came.

In the regular sessions of the convention the delegates had the further advantage of listening to two papers dealing with vital elements in California's past. The Rev. James Conlin, S.J., presented the outlines of "Catholic College Education on the Pacific Coast," recounting the steps whereby the Catholic school had grown with the commonwealth's growth, and in the course of a brief half century had attained to power and prestige. And California's premier Catholic historian, the priest who most appropriately wears the Franciscan habit, came up from his mission home at Santa Barbara to tell the teachers something of their forebears in the Faith. "Catholic Education in Early California" was his theme; and of that theme, as Father Zephyrin Englehardt expounded it, might be said what Dr. Moran had said in another connection concerning the schools of the Middle Ages:

"That was a time when the relationship between the supernatural and natural in education was clearly understood. . . . Students met on a basis of equality; favor being shown, if shown at all, to those from the humble walks of life, to the most needy whom the monastery encouraged to cultivate their talents, recognizing that otherwise richest dower would be wasted. All moved in the atmosphere of religion and found refreshment as well as culture in its consolations."

The Association is in name and in fact a Catholic association, and so we naturally look for the religious note in its proceedings and in its formal declarations. And in neither do we look in vain. Aside from the papers that had a direct bearing on the teaching of religion, several contributions bore on related and eminently practical topics, such as "The Training of College Students for the Lay Apostolate," by the Rev. Edward F. Garesché, S.J., and "Fostering the Missionary Spirit in Our Schools," by the Rev. Bruno Hagspeil, S.V.D. And the other papers, whether pedagogical or administrative, illustrated a happy blending of religious principles and religious content with the subjects that years ago used to be called "profane." It is precisely that blending, that correlation of religion and the so-called secular branches that in the main justifies our schools in undertaking the imparting of worldly knowledge. For—and this cannot be too often or too vigorously in-

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sisted upon—our institutions teach geography, science, literature and philosophy not because they must teach such things if they are going to have pupils at all, but because, since all knowledge comes from God, there is in every secular branch—in cube root, in the Cavalier poets, in the ablative absolute—an element of divine science which it is the business of the Catholic teacher to bring into the light, and by its aid to reënforce the religious life that already exists in the pupil.

The religious element was not less conspicuous in the resolutions adopted by the Association, and in the public utterances of its representative speakers. So it came to pass that one of the resolutions protested against the ideals of industrial efficiency in the field of education. Behind that resolution lies a wonderful synthesis of experience caught from the pages of history and reflected in the spirit of vaulting national ambition that even now has brought woe upon the world—experience which shows that unless man clings fast to the feet of the true God in his thinking, his feeling and his living, he will presently make unto himself another god—in his own image and likeness.

Now that the great gathering has dispersed, now that the schools and colleges throughout the land are taking up the work for which the Catholic Educational Association stands, it must be a source of gratitude and righteous complacency to the officers of the organization to realize that the wholesome, helpful, inspiring spirit of the San Francisco meeting of the Association will sweep north and south and east and west across the land, bringing light and encouragement and direction to schools and teachers, and giving to our Catholic citizens and to our citizens of other faiths as well, expressions of our national and religious principles at once sound, adequate, dignified and practical.

The meaning of it all, the wisdom and the worth and the splendor of it all was thus conveyed by Archbishop Hanna:

"What, then, is your message to the American nation in these awful days of ruin and bloodshed? What word of strengthening, of hope and of consolation do you send forth from the city of St. Francis? Watchman, what of the night? And the answer rings clear—with banners unfurled you call us to battle, to battle for God, to battle for Christ, to battle for truth, to battle for justice, to battle that our fellows may be truly free, to battle for the highest national ideals that have

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ever been set before a people, to battle for the inheritance of light and of power, which has been transmitted to us adown the centuries, to battle that our children may live in peace, and may grow unto the fullness of the age which is in Christ. More efficacious than the crash of cannon and the clang of arms, will be the Christian teacher, at whose feet we can learn the answer to the questions that vex our age, and can learn the cause of the desolation which has come upon us; more efficacious than embattled militarism will be the Christian school wherein the children of our great Republic will learn that there is a God in heaven to Whose behests they must bow, and before Whose judgment seat they must stand; wherein they will be taught the place of Christ in the economy of Divine Providence, and that He lives and teaches in the Church against which the 'gates of hell cannot prevail.' The Christian school wherein they will know the great moral sanctions of the law unto the children of men; wherein they will con the counsel of Christ, and from His lips take their rule of life; wherein they may find that man is God's image, and of more worth than all earth's possessions; wherein they will learn the love of their kind, and that mercy must ever season justice; wherein they will be taught to make sacrifice of personal interests for the higher things of the Spirit; wherein they will be made to recognize the higher code taught by Christ, in accordance with which men are ruled by moral force, not by armed power; wherein they will search out the mystery of man's weakness, and learn God's way of strength; wherein they will know the power of humble prayer, and the moral strength that flows from the heavenly sacraments; wherein they will be trained unto self-conquest, and be made verily great, by becoming verily humble, where, in a word, mind and heart, in the School of Christ, will be made to reflect Him, Who in the end 'must reign,' yea, until He 'puts His enemies under His footstool.' Thus will you fulfill your great task, and through education and through its mighty force, place our Republic on a foundation so strong and so deep that it may rise majestic through the years to come, to be unto all men, of every clime, a refuge from danger, and a home of peace; to be unto all men the opportunity to develop what is best and noblest in them, while they journey here below; to be in very deed the City of God here, that ever leads to the City of God, which is everlasting."

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ON THE WORD "CHRISTIANITY."

BY HILAIRE BELLOC.

I HAVE read somewhere that Confucius and Aristotle agreed upon one point. They were both very wise and I should imagine independent of each other. So if they agreed upon one point that point must be worth consideration.

It seems that what both these eminent people said, was that a mark of decline was the use of words in a wrong sense. They pointed out the wrong use of words as the mark of decline in a State, and I suppose the doctrine would apply to the decline of the power to reason and of a good many other things which go with a healthy civilization.

Now there is one modern word which I confess seems to me to betray such an evil. It is the word "Christianity." But it is not so much an example of the use of a word in a wrong sense as the use of a neologism implying an historical falsehood.

I say a "neologism." I do not think you will find any word which you can translate by the word "Christianity" used anywhere until well after the Reformation. I know of no Latin or Greek word which will translate it. There was certainly no French word to translate it until the advent of the horrid neologism "Christianisme"—which was popularized by Chateaubriand. I conceive that the idea for which the English word "Christianity" stands is not only a false idea, but an essentially modern bit of false historical idea and part of the modern confusion about the past. I suggest that people who want to think accurately of the past, whether they are Catholics or anti-Catholics, should give up the use of that word altogether. I know I am saying something very violent and paradoxical, and I know still better that I am saying something which will not have the least effect. You might as well ask people to give up for good the phrase "survival of the fittest."

However, while I know that the suggestion will have no effect, I console myself by the conviction that this word "Christianity" will very soon go the way of all false words. That

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phrase "survival of the fittest," which connoted such monstrous nonsense, is already very old, indeed, and has taken to its bed. The word "Christianity" is still vigorous, but I fancy I see a few gray hairs.

Now what is one's objection to this word which has got so much into currency during the last two hundred and fifty years that even Catholics now use it quite habitually, and, even among Catholics, men of the most precise and definitive temper?

The objection is briefly this: That the word "Christianity" connotes the historical existence of an unreal thing; of something which never did exist, never will exist, and in the nature of things never can have existed. It connotes a common religion which never was or could be. The word "Christianity" connotes a general idea of which the Catholic Church is but a particular example, and that is bad history. There is no general idea of which the Catholic Church is a particular example. The plain historical fact is that the Catholic Church is a certain thing or historical phenomenon or institution from which other things have broken away (forming sects or heresies as the Catholic Church calls them), but there is no one thing common both to this institution and to the welter of those who have been derived from but have quarreled with it.

I notice that the moment one states an historical truth connected with the Catholic Church, the naturally anti-Catholic spirit of most people outside the Catholic Church, provokes in them at once a confusion of thought. They say: "Oh, yes! You say that because you are a Catholic. That is the Catholic point of view; but you cannot expect us to accept it."

Such a reply I am sure would be given by nine people out of ten to the statement I have just made, viz., that there is no such theory or idea historically as "Christianity," a theory or idea underlying some general movement: that there is historically only one thing or institution called the Catholic Church, and derivatives therefrom. I am sure that on hearing this, most people would say: "That may be the Catholic point of view, but you cannot expect us to accept it."

If you will look coldly at the matter you will see that it has nothing whatever to do with the truth or falsehood of Catholic teaching, but everything to do with the right teaching of history—of "objective history"—in other words, of what really

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happened as contrasted with what you imagine may have happened, or might have happened.

What happened historically was that a certain strict society came into being at a certain time—the reign of Tiberius Cæsar—claimed to have been taught certain things—some of them apparently most improbable; others quite outside the region of proof—and to have been taught them by a certain Person to which the founders of that society were witnesses; this society declared these, its doctrines, to be divine and immutable truths. This society worshipping, and spreading what it claimed to be the doctrines of this historical Person, Christ, was known as the "Ecclesia." It was always organized, and the stronger it grew the better did it become organized. It was always highly distinct from the world around it. It was always from its very origins passionately concerned to preserve its personality and identity as a thing and not a theory, and from its very origins it developed as all organisms must, and performed its functions of excretion as well as of absorption. No one ever thought of it as anything but a highly distinct, defined, limited, organized body. Even those who broke away from it did so upon the plea that *they* were the real organization, the main branch in the right tradition. They did not, before quite modern times, pretend that you could be possessed of false doctrine and yet be part of the Church. Neither they nor their opponents, were ever concerned with what there was in common to contending parties but entirely with that which was *not* in common; for upon the latter depended their whole definition and the cause of their existence.

Take a concrete example: An Ebionite would say: "The true original doctrine was that Jesus Christ was a human teacher and divinely inspired but not himself a divinity." To which the contemporary Catholic answered: "You are quite wrong. It is your rationalizing which is the innovation and not my transcendental doctrine. *That* has been held from the beginning."

Now the historian is perfectly free to say that the transcendental doctrine taught by the Catholic was false and that the rationalist doctrine taught by the Ebionite was true. He could say that in the most positive manner, affirming it as his private opinion, and remain a sound and accurate historian. But if he went on to say or to imply that these two ways of

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judging the Founder of the Church were less important to Catholic and Ebionite than the common acceptation by both parties of that Founder as a teacher, he would be saying something thoroughly unhistorical. If he said or implied that the Ebionite, though rejecting the Divinity of Our Lord, thought far more of the fact that after all Catholics also accepted all that part of His teaching which said nothing about His Divinity, he would be talking bad history. That is my point. The word "Christianity" implies a general doctrine of fundamental importance which has admitted accretions and differences between various bodies, who all at any rate admit and are governed by the supremacy of the central doctrine. There is historically no such central doctrine. There is historically no such thing as this modern fiction of "Christianity."

Because it is historically false the word has bred, like all false words, a host of errors in connection with its use.

Take, for example, the title chosen by the Protestant Harnack for an essay of which his co-religionists were very fond. The title was—"What is Christianity?" He tried to answer that question and failed. Everyone who tries to answer it will equally fail because it is a riddle about nothing at all. It is like asking who was the man who cured Julius Cæsar of the wounds inflicted upon him in the Senate House; or it is like asking which of the Popes first defined teetotalism to be an obligation binding upon all the faithful. There is no answer possible, because no one cured Julius Cæsar. He died of those wounds. No such Pope ever existed.

I remember an incident which gives another example of the way in which this false word misleads men. It occurred during the debates in the English House of Commons upon the abortive Education Bill of 1906. A worthy friend of mine, now dead, insisted in his speech that the teaching of what he called "dogma" to children was a foolish and even vicious occupation. All you need teach them, he said, were the essentials of Christianity.

He then, to my astonishment (for I was present), began to reel out a mass of the most disputed and difficult of all the Catholic dogmas. "Teach them," he said, "the Fatherhood of God; the equality of men; tell them that they have immortal souls which will suffer reward or punishment according to what they have done in this life, etc., etc."

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I am not concerned for the moment with the fact that every one of these things which he desired to teach children were tremendous dogmas, disputed dogmas, dogmas which had only been established at the expense of the blood of martyrs and centuries of controversy; dogmas established in the world by the Catholic Church and by no one else; dogmas which, wherever the Catholic Church declines, fall more and more under criticism and are at last denied.

My point is that the honest fellow really believed that there was something called "Christianity" of which these particular doctrines, still agreeable to the Protestant world around him, were in some way the essence. If he had not been possessed of this false word "Christianity" he could not have argued so. He could have said: "Teach the children only what nearly all Protestant Englishmen have in common," and that would have been a very sound national policy to advocate. Or, he could have said: "Teach them the following doctrines which *I* regard as specially valuable and true, and which form the whole of *my Creed*." In that case he would have been acting as a missionary and would have had his work cut out for him, but would at any rate not have been under a false impression of what the world was like, has been, and will be. But having got this word "Christianity" to hand, and using it, he was at once led into the implication of something utterly unreal, to wit, the conception of some few central doctrines which all Europe valued and had valued for centuries *more* than certain other particular doctrines about which Europe differed.

There is another way of looking at this matter. Suppose yóu were to say to a Catholic, to a trained Catholic theologian: "What is the essential doctrine of Catholicism?" He might answer (it would be a doubtful answer): "The Incarnation." He could make a case to show that upon the Incarnation all the rest turned. But he would be hard put to it to maintain that a man had the essence of Catholicism if he accepted the Incarnation but denied, as modernists do, the validity of the human reason; or the real existence of a teaching, authoritative and infallible Church. The question put to him would be a question using accurate terms; its words would correspond to real things. There is such a thing as "Catholicism," that is, the idea to which the institution called the Catholic Church con-

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forms. For the Catholic Church is a really existent thing—about one thousand eight hundred and eighty-five years old (taking Pentecost at A. D. 29), and real things have ideas to which they correspond. But there never has been a real thing to which the idea "Christianity" could correspond.

It would be very difficult, indeed, perhaps impossible, to give an answer to the question, "What is the essential doctrine of Catholicism," because when you are dealing with the Catholic Church you are dealing with a particular object. In the same way you will find it very difficult, perhaps impossible, to say what is oakishness. Though you know very well what an oak tree is, I do not think you will be able to extract the quintessence of the idea to which the oak conforms. But the question, "What is oakishness?" can at least be put. The question, "What is stone oakishness?" is nonsense. No stones are oaks. No oaks are stones.

In other words, the unhistorical and false character of this modern word "Christianity" is shown by the fact that it lends itself to disquisitions which, when you apply them to real things having a real historical existence, break down.

The moment you get into the habit of using this word "Christianity," you find yourself saying a host of things which imply false history, and as the rectification of modern false history is the chief temporal business of a modern Catholic, I maintain that it is a word one should avoid.

Thus, if one takes to using the word "Christianity," one finds oneself saying things like this: "The Unitarian is outside the pale of Christianity." Well, that is to connote the historical statement that the Christian Church possesses a scale in dogma, from the more to the less valid, and that the last straw which breaks the camel's back and compels her to deny communion, is an affirmation of the Unity without the Trinity of God. But historically that is all nonsense. The Unitarian is not outside the pale of Christianity for there is no such thing. He is outside the pale of the Catholic Church. But then so is the exactly opposite extreme, the man who would have Our Lord to be God but not man. So is the man who denies the unity and infallibility of the Visible Church and its head. So is the man who denies apostolical succession.

Try the experiment for yourself. Write down any sentence you will, using the word "Christianity" and see whether you

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do not necessarily find yourself in this historical dilemma: Either you are merely using a synonym for the Catholic Church—in which case you had far better use the exact and traditional term than a vague misleading term with thousands of false connotations—or you are implying an historical falsehood. Not a theological falsehood, remember—I have nothing to do with that here—but an historical falsehood.

SAINT MICHAEL.

BY JOHN JEROME ROONEY.

COME, Michael of the splendid sword,
And lead our shining hosts:
Guard us, great captain of the Lord,
Upon the embattled coasts.

Light once again our hero soul
With valor's holy fire,
Until, from out the battle goal,
We pluck the world's Desire:

Until the years of monstrous Might
For evermore shall cease,
And reigns, co-warder of the Right,
Thy brother angel, Peace.

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HIS EMINENCE JAMES CARDINAL GIBBONS.

BY THE LATE MOST REV. JAMES H. BLENK, D.D.

INTRODUCTION.

THE approaching celebration (October, 1918) of the Golden Jubilee of Cardinal Gibbons' episcopal consecration, offers a fitting opportunity to present to the readers of THE CATHOLIC WORLD the following worthy tribute to the splendid influences, civic as well as religious, which His Eminence has exercised for over half a century throughout the entire United States.

The tribute of which we speak is the sermon delivered on the evening of October 16, 1911, at the celebration of the fiftieth anniversary of Cardinal Gibbons' ordination to the priesthood. That jubilee was observed in Baltimore in a manner worthy of the distinguished Cardinal, and was a noble manifestation of the affectionate respect in which His Eminence of Baltimore is held, not only by all American Catholics but also by his non-Catholic countrymen. Many representatives of all creeds took part in the civic celebrations. Both Houses of Congress and all the departments of the Government were represented.

The orator of the occasion was the late Most Rev. James H. Blenk, Archbishop of New Orleans. His Grace did not permit the sermon to appear in print, either at the time of its delivery or afterwards. Yet it merits the fullest publicity and preservation for future time. The testimonies to the work of Cardinal Gibbons which the address bears are of such a character, that at the time one might justly have concluded that the Cardinal's prestige had reached its zenith. Yet such an estimate would have been wrong. Since our country's entrance into the present World War, the Cardinal, by word and deed, has stood forth as a leader and efficient exponent of Catholic loyalty, and of Catholic readiness to make every sacrifice that our country may call for, in the defence of American rights

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and the assertion of America's principles. His hearty discharge of this duty has increased the measure and earnestness of the respect which the American people at large cherish towards him.

Archbishop Blenk was, by virtue of his own services to Church and country, eminently fitted to give us a brilliant synopsis of the rôle played by the see of Baltimore in the foundation and expansion of the Church in America, and a just appreciation of the life and services of its present able occupant. During his comparatively brief incumbency of the Archdiocese of New Orleans, this man of simple, genial character, thoroughly unselfish, quick to see the right, and of inflexible will, effected a great deal of good, not the least of which was the organization of Catholic primary and secondary education in Louisiana; and he proved himself a powerful promoter of the movement for civic betterment in the Crescent City.

Not New Orleans, however, but Porto Rico was the field in which Archbishop Blenk met his most trying struggles and performed his highest service. Going as Bishop to Porto Rico, when the island was taken over by the United States, he found the Catholic people there convinced that the United States was a Protestant government, hostile to the Catholic Church. This erroneous opinion was fostered by the horde of proselytizers who inundated the island; and, as a consequence, timidity and despondency were playing havoc among the Catholic people. Bishop Blenk taught them their rights, and manfully asserted these rights before the high officials who were sent as administrators. He heartened the Catholics of Porto Rico, exposed some officials who misused their power, and at the same time won the friendship of powerful, broadminded men, including the then President Roosevelt and his successor President Taft, with favorable results for the cause in which he unstintedly spent himself.

Possessed of a spiritual ideal, and a love of country like unto the Cardinal's own, his vision penetrated beyond the man whose portrait he limned to the ideal he typifies, and soared to prophetic utterance and vibrant exhortation as he addressed the Catholic clergy and laity assembled before him.

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THIS soil of Maryland, first refuge of our fathers in the Faith; on which they sowed, as a grain of mustard seed, the beginning of Catholicism in our land; which they consecrated as a sanctuary of religious liberty and never, in deed or desire, profaned by intolerance: this city of Baltimore, the mother see of American churches; whose diocese was once coëxtensive with the nation; which has watched her children and her children's children rise up around her, till now more than a hundred sees divide her territory; which for a century and more has been the nursery of the priesthood, attracting to herself, from near and far, generous young souls: this Cathedral, whose foundation was laid by the first Bishop of Baltimore, the far-seeing Patriarch of the American Church; in which he reposes, side by side with most of his successors, Carroll, Neale, Marechal, Whitfield, Eccleston, Kenrick, Spalding, Bayley; which has so often assembled within its walls the venerable fathers of the American Church; in which provincial and general councils, enlightened from on high, framed those laws which have so wisely guided us and given a model to sister-churches in other lands; which has ever been the chair of pure doctrine; which good priests have sanctified by oblations innumerable and devout generations by their piety, fervent love and penitential tears; this soil, this city, this diocese and this cathedral centring in themselves, these and a hundred other cherished memories, have long since been the most sacred shrine of American Catholicism.

Here within these hallowed precincts, in this city of our primatial church, on this historic soil, we meet, prelates, priests and people, to do honor to our Cardinal and your pastor; who was born upon this soil, in the shadow of this temple, regenerated at yonder baptismal font, ordained priest half a century ago at the altar of St. Mary's Seminary, so intimately linked with all the story of this Cathedral and this diocese; who in this sanctuary was made bishop, archbishop, prince of the Church; who ministered here as a priest in his youth; and for more than three decades, down into a green and vigorous old age, has ruled a faithful people from this throne of authority; who has uttered here, from this pulpit, those words of wisdom, instinct with faith and love, whose sound has gone forth unto the ends of the earth.

Tonight, O brethren, America is a pilgrim to this shrine.

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She comes from all that mighty land lying between the two oceans and stretching from the Great Lakes down to the waters of the South. She comes laden with a nation's offerings of gratitude and love. She rejoices to join in the double song of jubilee in honor of the Church's priest and prince. For these fifty years of priestly life, blameless and godly, rich in deeds of religion and charity; for these five and twenty years of a spiritual influence as wide as the nation, she humbly thanks the Giver of all good gifts; and she begs Him fervently that these years may be lengthened. She will not depart without hope of a pilgrim's blessing: for if tonight there be praise, let it not be for the sake of praise, but for the blessing of wisdom and lasting inspiration. And if, even in his presence, I use that frankness in speech which the occasion imposes upon me as a duty, His Eminence, I trust, will grant me pardon.

No single treasure yielded us by these golden years is more precious, it seems to me, than the revelation of the Cardinal's personality. Rich in varied gifts, it is above all remarkable for a perfect balance of powers, for a happy blending of qualities that meet but rarely in one person. We perceive in him a natural nobility and elevation of soul, an innate dignity of character, a winning simplicity, an unfailing courtesy; an instinctive and almost unerring sense of whatsoever is just, is right, is true and noble; a charity unfeigned, that excludes no man and no class of men, that heeds no prejudice, cherishes no rancor, rises above injury, harbors no resentment, is single-minded in its devotion to the good of others; a faith unclouded and undimmed that receives the words of the Divine Saviour with the simplicity of a child, penetrates their meaning with the keenness of a sage and makes their spirit his second nature; a faith that can be sure of itself without impugning the sincerity of others who receive it not; a wholehearted faith, ardent in its zeal to convince yet never intemperate; a faith that is Catholic in every fibre and absolutely loyal to the Vicar of Christ, reposing undisturbed on that Rock which unbelief, ignorance, hatred and misguided zeal have beat against, age after age, in vain assault; a mind devoid of all pretensions, humble, open, and even now, on the verge of four-score, willing to learn; intent upon the practical, averse to subtleties, aiming at the heart of a question and reaching it with rare insight; a mind firm in its grasp of ideas and principles, clear in concep-

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tion and always simple, direct and clear in exposition; faultless in tact and sure in knowledge of the minds it seeks to persuade; conscious of its own rectitude, respectful of adversaries, giving no cause of offence yet speaking out the truth with warmth and without tremor of fear; gifted with the supreme endowment of wisdom and good sense, free from illusory schemes, yet ever hopeful and buoyant; in all things a good, true and wise man, a gentleman, a priest of God, a bishop and prince of the Church.

God meant him for a leader of his people. Looking back over that long life, we can now discern the special Providence that guided his every step and prepared him for his destined work. We see him nurtured in the love of religion and virtue; we see him led by Providence in boyhood to the Isle of Saints, where his spirit waxed strong in the pure air of Catholic faith; we see him deeply impressed in youth by a remarkable man whose ardent missionary zeal was made all the more yearning by admiration and love for his countrymen; we see him pass into that school which stamped forever the ideals of the priesthood upon his very soul. His first years of ministry made him acquainted with the labors, the difficulties and the feelings of the parish priest, the true dispenser of religion, upon whose fidelity and zeal depends, in greatest measure, the vitality of religion. While still a young priest, he was initiated here, in the home of the Archbishop, into affairs of administration; and by his years of daily contact with the great mind and soul of Spalding, by his experiences in the work of the Second Plenary Council of Baltimore, by his intimacy with many great churchmen of that day, he was made closely acquainted with the situation of the Church in America and trained to meditate upon the problems it had to confront. The missionary bishop in the South gained a deeper love for the Southern people; but he learned too, by personal experience, that many good qualities of mind and heart may coëxist not only with entire ignorance of Catholic doctrine and life, but with the strongest prejudices against them. There he learned, above all, that not strong language nor scorn nor subtle arguments win souls to God, but a kindly spirit, untiring patience with ignorance and prejudice, forbearance under injury, and the force of truth over minds sincere. When, therefore, in the prime of life, he was called to this seat of authority, the first in the Church of America, he

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was fully fitted by experience as well as by nature to become a national leader.

Already as a missionary he had begun to reach the popular mind and heart. There was no grandiloquence in his speech, no waste of words; he had a solemn message to give and he gave it with clearness and simple directness. And when, in the light of his experiences, he wrote his little masterpiece, *The Faith of Our Fathers*, it speedily won him friends in all the land. There was a transparent sincerity and sweet reasonableness in its appeal, a gentleness and charity in its tone and a genuine respect for the reader which made him feel at once in touch with the author's personality; he read as if listening to words spoken with the directness and kindly interest of a personal friend. When the missionary became Archbishop of Baltimore and gained a wider audience, this charm of personality was felt in all his utterances. He did not strive for recognition. He said nothing bold or brilliant, nothing to startle; yet men listened, and gradually the nation came to perceive the serene wisdom of his words and their unmistakable accent of sincerity. And while they were pleased to see his evident good will to all, and to find him a man of his time and country, they noticed none the less his spirituality, his other worldliness and that perfect faith in which he moved as in his native air. Then came his able leadership of the Third Plenary Council and his election to the Sacred College of Cardinals; then his discourse at Rome on religious liberty in this country and his masterful championing of the Knights of Labor, which together won him the applause of all America.

Since that time, five and twenty years ago, he has been "Our Cardinal;" and there is no doubt that the dignity has added not only a distinction to his personality but new force to his influence. The cardinal's robes, it is true, are a trial as well as an honor. In them, the small man appears smaller; but the man of high moral stature, the churchman of wisdom and broad intelligence stands forth in greater vigor and grace. Cardinal Gibbons has stood the test. How long he has held the nation as his audience! Great orators and statesmen have risen since then and gained the ear of the people; today they are heard no more. Presidents have come and gone, and already the memory of some is beginning to grow dim. But all during this quarter century, the Cardinal has grown in influence; today,

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as for many years past, can I not truly say: there is no other speaker upon topics of abiding interest whom the American people hear so gladly.

He could not speak as your pastor only, O Catholic people of Maryland; as the Cardinal Archbishop of Baltimore, which includes the nation's capital, he belongs to the whole country. Many, indeed, outside the Church listen to him as to the voice of religion; for prejudice disarms when the Cardinal speaks. He, more than any other amongst us, has directed the course of Catholicism in our land. But above all, he has expressed most truly and most clearly the Catholic thought and sentiment of America and thereby crystallized them: he has been our representative to this age and nation. His influence, overflowing into all the channels of our life, cannot be adequately described; but I would invite you, my brethren, to consider it in its relation to the national sentiment, to the moral and social betterment of the people and to the religious life of the nation.

Loyalty is a salient characteristic of Cardinal Gibbons. A mind like his, open, teachable and keenly alive to noble influences, was certain to be deeply subject to impressions of patriotism; so his loyalty to America is as natural, as spontaneous, as a good child's love for a tender and noble mother. The spirit of America entered into his soul; and, truly, it was the pure and uncorrupted spirit of America, which is, I take it, a real love of liberty, for others as well as for oneself, a deep concern for the public welfare and a high valuation of civic virtue, a hatred of political discrimination against the adherents of any creed, a passion for justice to all, in our legislatures as well as in our courts, a longing to give the fullest opportunities to the great masses of the people, a large-hearted welcome to those who seek American citizenship, and a fearless faith in our ability to transform their ideas and spirit; democracy, democratic ways, the habit of valuing a man by his intrinsic worth, optimism, confidence in the substantial integrity, the good sense and fair-mindedness of the people, and a fondness of appealing, not to a select few, but to the whole body of the people. The spirit, the spirit of Washington and Lincoln, is as thoroughly and as evidently the spirit of Gibbons.

His love of country, spontaneous in its origin, has become through reflection and experience the fixed principle of

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a mature mind; and close observation of conditions here and abroad has but intensified his love. Nowhere else has he found liberty and authority more happily balanced, or social conditions that better permitted the mass of the people to lead a human life, worthy of rational beings. But America's best gift to her children he has held to be religious liberty. We understand its meaning in this country, at least, most of us do; it is still written on our hearts as well as on our statute books. Nothing is more precious to us, as Americans and as Catholics; and Cardinal Gibbons, who is best known here and abroad for his utterances on religious liberty, speaks not for himself only, but for us all. Religion here is untrammeled and free; and whatever the future may bring, we would desire no change here in the relations of Church and State. That is one lesson, surely, taught us by European history and bitterly driven home by the events of our day. No meddling official has a veto power over our preaching. No bureaucrat, more or less hostile to religion, draws up the list of names from which our bishops are chosen. The Holy Father's counsel or legislative acts need no endorsement of potentate before they may cross our borders. Our pastors are supported by the love and generosity of believing congregations, not by the stipends of a government. The civic rights of the Church are intrenched in our Constitution and upheld by the power of the State. Men or women who, in obedience to the highest aspirations of their souls, enter religious orders, do not thereby forfeit the rights of human beings nor are they hunted like outlaws. Separation here is a real separation, not spoliation nor conspiracy to lessen the Church's influence, nor restriction upon her liberty of action and liberty of teaching, nor tyrannical denial of the ministrations of religion to those who leave home to serve their country in the army and navy. It means perfect freedom for Church and State, each in its own sphere; but here in this land, as there has been no divorce between them, there is no legacy of bitterness. On the friendliest of terms, neither has any desire for a closer union. The Church here knows it can better do its work apart: it is freer and therefore more powerful, and being unpaid by the State and independent, it can uphold law and order without giving to anyone an excuse to suspect its motives. It renders greater services to the Republic than all statesmen and soldiers,

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for it keeps the foundations sound without which there is no stable government. And the State, though united to no Church, freely acknowledges the power of religion and through its chief magistrate, through its courts and national assemblies, makes public profession of divine dependence.

This is the happy situation of religion among us, which Cardinal Gibbons has so often described and lauded; it has delighted him as a churchman and increased his love of country as a citizen. In this, as in all things, his spirit is unerringly American, with the certainty of instinct. It is a grand thing for any nation when a man thoroughly possessed of its true genius is put in a position of national prominence; and Cardinal Gibbons, simply by being the thorough American that he is, has been one of the strongest forces for true Americanism in our land. But he has spoken and acted as well, and his influence is incalculably great. He has put bigotry to shame and made it skulk in dark corners. He has done more than any other to break down barriers of prejudice. He has set for his co-religionists the standard of courtesy and fair dealing to all. He has been, as it were, our ambassador to our non-Catholic fellow-citizens, bearing to them sincere expression of our good will. We are divided from them in religion, in what is most intimate and sacred; we cannot unite unless our brethren return to the fold from which their fathers strayed. Meanwhile, we are men, with the common feelings of decent folk; we are Americans, sharing a heritage only less dear to us than our religion. Here, then, are elements of union and friendly coöperation. The Cardinal has been foremost in utilizing them freely. He has opened up channels of sympathy and mutual comprehension which but for him would have been closed. We Americans of this generation do not know the bitterness of religious strife; and I think it is true to say that no one in our generation, churchman or statesman, has done more than Cardinal Gibbons to prevent and remove occasions of strife and to promote among our citizens those sentiments of good will which add sweetness and pleasantness to daily life.

The Cardinal has also been a powerful leaven of American spirit among that huge multitude from foreign lands which every year has brought us; and long ago, in a memorable struggle, he, with the aid of the American Hierarchy and the approval of the Holy See, prevented the adoption of a policy

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which would have created in our great cities large permanent centres of foreign influence, hostile to one another and more or less hostile to American ideas. This action of Cardinal Gibbons and his fellow-bishops, which represents the policy adopted for all time by our Hierarchy, has made it impossible for anyone to claim, with a show of justice, that the Catholic Church of America is alien to our national sentiment.

The interests of patriotism lie close to the heart of a priest, for a good government is the best ally of morality and religion; they cannot flourish without peace, liberty, order and the reign of the law. To labor for these ends is the work of a patriot; but a real churchman regards them also in the light of a religious duty. Such a one is a man of vision: he sees the necessity of religion for good government, and he sees as well that there is a work to be done for religion outside the round of sacred ministrations. Narrow-minded men may not recognize the value of his work. They may think he heeds too much the popular voices. Zeal may sharpen their censures. But, after all, their eyes are holden so that they see not a master builder in Israel. Cardinal Gibbons, while he has allowed nothing to obscure in his mind the chief aim of the Church, which is the sanctification and salvation of souls, has by word and example shown the conviction that here, in this age and country, religion should actively exert its influence for the civic and social betterment of the people.

Civic righteousness, accordingly, has been a favorite topic with him. Wisely avoiding questions of party politics, he has rightly regarded civic duties as a matter of morality and therefore of religion. He has put renewed life into the old Catholic ideal of public service; for if it is a blessed thing to give a cup of cold water in Christ's name to one stranger, how inexpressibly blessed it is, and how pleasing to God, when a man renders honest and faithful service to a whole city or state or nation! From dusty tomes and sermon books he has brought out into the light of the daily press the grand Catholic doctrine that a public official is invested with divine authority and a public office is a divine trust. Political corruption, therefore, is most hateful to him; for it is a betrayal of a sacred trust. A prolific breeder of vice, it taints with its turpitude the whole moral atmosphere of the community which it infests. He has tried to rouse the conscience of men, otherwise good, who have

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a soft-natured toleration for public dishonesty; and he has vigorously denounced our wide deflections from the true ideals of citizenship.

Brethren, I may not delay to tell how he has contended for the purity of the home, which is the foundation of society; how he has been foremost among the bishops and priests of the Catholic Church whose constant preaching of her doctrine has brought other Churches back almost to the Christian standard of marriage; how, at last, this seems to be making America ashamed of her foulest disgrace, the divorce evil, and to promise a diminution. Nor shall I attempt to enumerate the many good causes which the Cardinal has aided. He has been constantly besieged, in this age of social reform, to give his help to countless movements: the marvelous thing is that he has supported so many and yet chosen so wisely. The most pressing, the most difficult problems which have confronted Cardinal Gibbons concerned social justice. His masterly paper on the Knights of Labor, written a quarter century ago, shows his firm control of the chief elements of the general problem, and the attitude which he considered imposed by the situation upon the Church and her clergy. He noted the heartless avarice, as he called it, which pitilessly grinds not only the men but even the children in various employments. He noted not only the insufficient wages, but the wretched surroundings in which multitudes must work, with inevitable injury to health, morals and religion. He noted the dangers of monopolies, which not only crushed the poor but by reason of the bribery which they practised, willingly or unwillingly, threatened the stability of the State itself. He noted the vast accumulations of wealth in the hands of a few and the immense power of which they thus became possessed. In the face of this new situation, he asked himself, what should be the attitude of the Church, what was his own line of duty?

He did not hesitate. The Church is the friend of the people; and if ever or anywhere she be not that, then is she, in so far, faithless to her Master's spirit. Her representatives must not by timidity, aloofness, indifference or ignorance allow grave social injustice to exist unrebuked at their doors. But he declares at the same time that the multitudes are easily excited and always prone to extremes; and if power comes to them, they are apt, smarting under the sense of age-long injustice

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and exulting in new strength, to inflict injustice themselves in their turn.

The Cardinal, then, held that he would be an unworthy Catholic bishop if his sympathies were not warm for the people; and a cowardly one if he dared not uphold their rights and declare, as well, their duties. But modern economic difficulties, so various, so complicated, so changing, are the hardest of problems. A bishop cannot, like a professor, advance minute solutions; interminable wrangling would be the outcome and his interference would work more harm than good. His office, as the Cardinal conceived it, was to mediate between the classes by tracing the main lines of the solution and by fostering the temper in which differences may be calmly and amicably discussed. Accordingly, he contended energetically for the right of labor to organize; this was essential in view of the organization of capital and was the only means of obtaining justice. Skilled labor has been completely organized since that time; today we have the two great organized powers, which hold us all at their mercy, confronting each other. The Cardinal long ago foresaw the situation, and was one of the first and strongest advocates of the only possible solution, which is compulsory arbitration. Skilled labor in this country today is, in general, able to obtain justice and sometimes, no doubt, oversteps the line. It is in the humble ranks of labor that there are still crying injustices; and the Cardinal, while carefully avoiding agitation, which frequently merely intensifies discontent, has pointed out the evils and endeavored to foster a spirit of justice and charity.

When we consider these various activities of the Cardinal and the influence he has exerted by his personality, his wisdom and his energy, upon so many movements for the public welfare, we do not wonder that he received from the nation, in this year of his jubilee, a tribute which is in strict truth unparalleled in our history. Forever memorable in our annals will be that scene when our President and a former President, our Chief Justice, many of the foremost men of the country, of this State and this city, and a vast concourse of citizens, from all ranks of society and all religious creeds, assembled together to testify their enthusiastic appreciation of Cardinal Gibbons' civic and social services to his fellow-countrymen.

Love of country, love of one's fellows ennoble a man and

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enrich the world; but the supreme thing is love of God. They know Cardinal Gibbons but very imperfectly who have not realized that love of God is the supreme interest of his life, and next to that, love of souls: the desire to bring men to God. So true a man of God is he, so absorbing is his concern about religion that one cannot think of him except as a priest. It is not for us to venture into the sanctuary of his soul; but the secret of his life cannot be hid. Long ago in the days of his youth, he learned the one ideal of the priest, the character of Jesus Christ; and his fifty years of priesthood, what have they been but a daily study of that Character in the Gospel and a daily effort to reach that unattainable Ideal in whose light all are but sinners. This it is which, in spite of the praises of men, has kept him humble and has formed in him the mind and heart of a priest. Men feel it; and they yield to the priest an instinctive reverence which neither genius nor high position could evoke.

The intimate mind of the Cardinal, the unveiling of his deepest interests, is not to be sought in the public press, but rather in his books, which are the work of a priest and bishop. Four in all, they were written, one to bring men to a belief in Christ and His Gospel; a second, to lead them into the Catholic Church, which alone has the fullness of Christ's truth, is its appointed guardian and the ordinary channel of divine grace; a third, to instruct his Catholic people in the truths of faith and in their duties to God and their fellowmen; and the fourth, a book for priests, to fill them with a realization of their sublime vocation and to hold up before them the sanctity, unselfishness and zeal, the knowledge and wisdom and prudence which are demanded of the Christian minister. In these books stands revealed the man of God, anxious above all for the sanctification of his flock and the salvation of souls. Eternal interests are committed to his charge; how paltry, then, are the passing things of time! To establish the kingdom of God on earth, to prepare men for eternal happiness, to rescue them from eternal woe, this, the proper work of a priest, has been the aim of his life and the soul of all his labors.

As a churchman, nearly every movement tending to strengthen the Church of God in this country has solicited and obtained his active interest. Catholics all over the land have been accustomed to turn to him as to the wise leader who

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knows what is best for the Church's welfare. He has had the happy gift of attaching to himself men of divergent ideas and of originating or discerning the view or measure which collective wisdom ultimately recognized as the best. History will tell of his great share in guiding the Third Plenary Council of Baltimore to those wise and far-seeing regulations which are praised by churchmen throughout the world. In matters of great moment, he has throughout all pursued one unvarying policy, and at different crises he has taken a most decided stand; but he is best known and most revered among us as a man above parties, as the spokesman of American Catholicism, as a great churchman who works for the good of the entire Church.

The causes which he fostered are manifold; but I will speak here of one, the child of his heart and the centre of his strongest hopes, the Catholic University of America. To another, a man of brilliant mind and large ideas, is due the impulse which led to its creation; but from its inception to the present moment, its most powerful, most efficient supporter has been the University's Chancellor, the Archbishop of Baltimore. Like all great works which endure in the Catholic Church, it has been hardened in the school of adversity; dark days fell which took the sunshine out of brave souls and to the faint-hearted foreboded doom. Some who should have been its warmest friends, looked on with indifference. They saw secular universities attract our Catholic youth in thousands; but while with impotent sorrow or anger they deplored this new and grave danger to faith, they neither lifted up a voice nor turned a hand nor opened a purse in aid of our Catholic University. Cardinal Gibbons never lost heart. He knew it could not fail, this work founded by the act of the whole American Hierarchy and blessed not simply with the benign approval but with the energetic interest of Leo XIII. and Pius X. It was too necessary, too important to fail or to be allowed to remain a mere higher school of theology. It must send forth generations of young men who in all the higher ranks of society, in business, in engineering, in professional and public life, in journalism and in literature, shall stand forth as men of mark and stanch adherents of Catholic principles.

This is the broad-minded and large-hearted purpose which sustained Cardinal Gibbons and his fellows. They never

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faltered; and today, thanks to their unwavering efforts, to the magnificent support of the Holy See, to the excellent work of an able faculty and to the loyal coöperation of clergy and laity, the Catholic University lives, flourishes and before our very eyes, grows rapidly. Faculties are expanding, new courses are being opened year after year. Its lay colleges are filled; and clerical students are there in goodly numbers from many dioceses and from the homes of the religious societies and orders which have clustered around the University. No longer can its future be doubted. And truly, in this day when intellectual anarchy prevails in our homes of learning, there is a place in this country for a university that holds a stable teaching about the foundations of our moral, social and religious life; and the nation will discover that it also, as well as the Church, owes much to Cardinal Gibbons for his unswerving devotion to the Catholic University of America.

This enduring work was wrought in the aim of all his churchmanship; which has been not only to strengthen the spirit of Catholicism in this land, but to prepare the way for the conversion of his countrymen. The problem has long since been for him very far-reaching and very grave; he has regarded it not merely as a missionary seeking the salvation of individual souls, but as a churchman surveying the field with its difficulties and promises. He sees in the mass of the American people a genuine religious sense and a deep respect for Christianity; but he watches also, with deep regret, and certainly in no spirit of exultation, the unchurching of the masses which still claim the Protestant name and the disintegrating of that religion, which, amid the multiplicity of sects and their babel of discordant doctrines, still preserves some Christian beliefs. Their reunion is a dream; or rather the trend of development among the sects, points to ultimate union only in the common grave of rejected beliefs.

There is here a problem of greater import than any of mere statesmanship; it involves the salvation of multitudes and the religious future of the nation. It is the intimate conviction of Cardinal Gibbons, which he has preached unceasingly, that the Catholic Church is the one divinely appointed remedy for the ills of nations as of individuals. He has never been content to be merely the shepherd of his own flock, and the administrator of his diocese. In the spirit of a St. Francis de Sales, he

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has thrown himself into the work of converting America. Controversy turns on his lips to a message of peace. Strong convictions are declared with no tone of bitterness nor accent of scorn. Without weakness, without trace of unreal sentiment, there is over all the spirit of gentleness and sweetness. He does not aim to conquer an opponent, but speaks only to those who seek the truth with a good will. He prefers to expound rather than to argue, for he has discovered that ignorance of Catholic truth is the chief obstacle to its progress; and when he does argue, he chooses his reasons among those which are plain and solid, and level to the common mind. His spirit and his method are seen at their best in his admirable little book, *The Faith of Our Fathers*. We have works of controversy a plenty which make a richer display of learning and intellectual power; but I doubt if there is one better suited to the plain inquirer, or one that has led so many into the Catholic Church.

The perfect poise of the Cardinal's mind, the complete absence of anything which may be called bigotry, have only made him see all the more clearly a snare of the evil one in that spirit which vaunts itself as liberalism, the easy indifference to dogma, the boastful superiority to creeds. It is spreading like a poisonous vapor and withering definite beliefs, which are the life of religion. To this spirit he has always, in book, in sermon, in discourse opposed the Catholic creed and the Catholic Church. On the one hand, there is a religious philosophy which boasts its love of truth, yet, in despair of attaining it, has concluded with placid resignation that truth does not matter; which has no fixed doctrines or principles, and changes with every genius who appears among men; and yet, though it suffers a thousand changes and assumes a thousand forms, always contrives to regard itself, in every change and form, as the one true enlightenment. On the other hand is the Church which so dearly loves truth and principle that it has literally preferred them before kingdoms and prospects of earthly success; which knows its own mind and dares to speak it; whose doctrines are fixed and unalterable, yet marvelously adaptable to the intellect of every age and nation. In a word, modern liberalism has ever appeared to Cardinal Gibbons as nought but the ever-changing views of men; and in its stead, he has offered to America, so subject to its spell, the unchanging

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revelation of God declared unfalteringly to every age by the Catholic Church.

Non-Catholic America, we know full well, would welcome a Catholicism divorced from Rome; but our union with the Church of the unfailing promises is our glory and our strength. The Church of America, through this union, is a living member of that body whose head is Christ; without it, like any other Church, she would resolve into a swarm of contradictory and mutually destructive factions. American Catholicism, then, is unalterably Catholic and Roman; and, as the Cardinal has loved to repeat, there exists always the most perfect harmony between loyalty to our country and loyalty to our Church.

My brethren, if in concluding I may seek to leave you an image of Cardinal Gibbons' influence, I would say it has descended upon the Church of America like the rain of spring, refreshing all the land and mingling with the waters of every stream. In a few years, his kindly voice will be stilled and his gentle hands laid to rest; but his influence will be part of all our life, the less traceable, perhaps, because it will be so pervading. It has been sent us in God's own time, which, if signs speak true, is our early spring as a nation and a Church. All things are in God's hands; but, truly, it seems, the prophecy of greatness is writ plain on the face of America. Surely, upon this vast continent, between the old world of Europe and the old but newly opening world of Asia, Providence is preparing a nation, more energetic, more masterful than has yet appeared. We believe that the Almighty has committed to our keeping, in a greater measure than to any other people, the cause of peace, and the fortunes of civil and social justice, of civil and religious liberty among men. Here in great part, the destiny of the human race will be worked out; and the result will not only shape our character and greatness as a nation, but it will likewise influence deeply all the nations of earth.

And here too, my brethren, in great measure also will be wrought out the destiny of religion itself. Grave and inspiring idea! Catholics of America, our work in our generation will determine the religion of our children; and since nobody lives to himself alone, we shall, if we are faithful, be a source of inspiration and encouragement to the Christian Church throughout the world. Our influence, we devoutly trust, has

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only begun to well up; it shall flow down in blessings upon the whole nation, upon all the Church and all the world. Of our coming greatness in numbers, in intelligence and education, in wealth and in public influence, all the prophetic voices are telling; but these, my brethren, are things of earth. Where shall we find our true greatness but in humble fidelity to the spirit of Mother Church? It lies in a strong and uncorrupted faith, in a piety sincere and unashamed, in loyalty to the Holy See, in the purity of our family life, in the chastity of our sons as well as of our daughters, in upright dealing, in honest fulfillment of our obligations, in courage to stand by our convictions, in good will to all men. Each of us, in his own humble station in life, may be a witness of truth. Ah, my brethren, if we be true, if we be true, America shall come to know, as we know, the loveliness and force of divine truth, the sweetness and strength of divine grace.

This is the grand hope which shall inspire us. Your Eminence, it has been your inspiration: it has fortified you to work wonders. And we trust that Our Father in heaven may still leave you among us for many years, with that alertness of mind, that brightness of eye, that clearness and force of voice and that quickness of step which are still at this day so happily yours; and then you will long remain a tower of strength in the Church, and a kindly light to good souls that seek the truth, till at the end there dawn upon your own soul that Eternal Light whose rays have so marvelously guided you in your pilgrimage on earth.

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LIONEL JOHNSON AS A CRITIC.

BY FLORENCE MOYNIHAN.

ALTHOUGH Lionel Johnson died at the beginning of this century, no biography, no adequate memoir of him has been published. We are, therefore, dependent for our impressions of his personality on some extant portraits of him, and on sketchy reminiscences by some of his friends. The bare facts of his life are as follows: He was born in Kent, March, 1867, and studied at Winchester College and at Oxford. In 1891, on his conversion from Anglicanism to the Catholic Church, he went to live in London, where he chose journalism as a profession. There he resided in Clifford's Inn until his death through tragic misadventure in 1902. Those who knew him personally testify to an extreme slightness of frame, youthfulness of appearance, and delicacy of organization: "quick and mouse-like in his movements, reticent of speech, and low-voiced, he looked like some old-fashioned child who had strayed by chance into an assembly of men." The boyish expression and delicately modeled features of his portraits confirm their description, and betoken undoubted artistic gifts, and a juvenile candor and chivalry. A nervous disability, on which, perhaps, was conditioned his fineness of perception, conduced to make him somewhat of a recluse, and finally occasioned a recourse to stimulants—his one known failing. No evidences of this instability, however, appear in his writings, whether prose or poetry, all of which reveal a classic serenity of manner, and untroubled judicial quality.

For a knowledge of his personal traits we must supplement the meagre accounts of his friends with the hints of self-revelation which break through the reserve of his poems and essays. He had a love, amounting almost to worship, of Winchester and Oxford where he distinguished himself by his literary attainments. Indeed, his name stirs academic memories, and his student figure in cap and gown, is inevitably associated with the cloistered colleges, the gabled houses, the gray halls and closes, the spires and towers of Oxford. The immense erudi-

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tion of his writings, suggests the Bodleian as the proper source of his references, while his temper of mind was the Oxford spirit of devotion to lost causes and forgotten ideals, described by Matthew Arnold. It was this chivalry of spirit, together with some call of the blood—he was of Anglo-Irish ancestry—that enlisted his sympathy on behalf of the hapless loyalties of Ireland, as it was his romantic ardor of moral sentiment which prompted his embracing the Catholic faith. There was, thus, a certain consonance in his triple allegiance to Oxford, to Ireland, and to the Catholic Church. For all his Irish affiliations, he remained none the less English in fibre, balancing Celtic enthusiasm with English thoroughness and phlegm. This English cast of character, which formed the hard pan of his nature, asserts itself in his affinities with the eighteenth century worthies, in his feeling for the rich earthiness of Thomas Hardy's genius, and in his love of the countryside manifested in his wanderings on foot through Dorsetshire and Cornwall. The verses *In England*, which voice those lonely communings with nature, indicate another characteristic—a vagrant, gipsy strain which impelled him, with staff and scrip.

> To walk a wild west land,
> The winds my fellowship.

To understand fully Johnson's services to literature we must first realize the *milieu* in which he lived. He flourished in the tragic nineties: the era of "art for art's sake" when literature was frankly meretricious, and writers in *The Yellow Book* and *The Savoy* were experiencing life only with the senses. The cult of æstheticism was at its height; the record of its decadence was writ large in the exoticism of Oscar Wilde, in the bizarre draughtsmanship of Aubrey Beardsley, in the plaintive Bohemianism of Ernest Dowson, in the quest for sensations of Arthur Symons, in the materialistic mysticism of John Davidson. In fine, art was pursued solely as a mode of escape from life, and was untrammeled by moral preöccupations. In this decadence which his short life spanned Lionel Johnson was, as Louis Imogen Guiney has justly said, a tower of wholesomeness. To him art implied a salutary discipline of the imagination, a seemly regard for the sanctities of life. Trained in the school of the best literary models—the

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authority and gravity of the Latin classics, and the robust good sense of the eighteenth century writers—he brought to his craft qualities of moral earnestness, of reverence and reticence which were a salutary counterpoise to the anarchy and lyricism of his day. Fostered by the traditions of sainthood in the Catholic Church, his idealism became a consecration to high causes, and his artistry was touched with a fine austerity. It is this poise and elevation which set him so far above his contemporaries, and preserved his writings from all taint of morbidity. With him poetry was not the expression of lawless desire, criticism not the exploitation of arbitrary proclivities; rather were they both the vehicle of a passion for the things that are more excellent.

"Lionel Johnson," said *The Academy* at the time of his death, "was a scholar by instinct, a poet by longing, and a critic by profession." This estimate expresses in little the true scope of his genius. In prose, which represents his most considerable achievement, he has left us that most revealing book, *The Art of Thomas Hardy*, and a number of critical essays collected under the title *Post Liminium*. The wide-ranging discursiveness, the consuming mental curiosity, and the weighty judgment matured by communion with the greatest minds of the ages, which constituted his equipment for his task, are illustrated in these books.

The writer whom in prose and poetry he most resembles, as he rivals him in critical faculty, is Matthew Arnold. He has Arnold's detachment, urbanity and grave meditativeness, and he has more range and penetration. For, while Arnold's essays in criticism deal too often merely with the manner and style of an author, Lionel Johnson's critiques pierce to his very pith and substance. His characterization of Lucretius, of Bacon, of Leonardo da Vinci, for instance, reveals a breadth of vision and massy comprehensiveness to which there is no parallel in Arnold. Like Walter Pater, he can disengage the specific quality of a masterpiece, and set it forth in haunting beauty of phrase. Who that has read shall forget his memorable revelation of the soul of Charlotte Brontë: "She had faced tragedy and walked with sorrow; she had known the special pang of *desiderium*, of the vain backward look that rests wistfully on graves?" How illuminative of Pascal's genius is this incisive remark: "Pascal's self-abnegation is his tribute to

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man's marred greatness and high destiny!" Mark again this descant on the poetry of Clarence Mangan: "He leaves aside the Gaelic poetry of love or laughter, and fills his page with the cry of battle, the wail for the dead, the dirge for departed glory. The note of sorrow—noble and proud sorrow—appears in almost all his Irish poems. As he broods over the lamentations of Irish bards, raising the keen over Ireland desolate and derelict, over Irish chivalry in defeat, his own immense melancholy kindles into a melancholy of majestic music." Or turn to the charming paper in which he re-creates from the musty chronicle of Anthony à Wood the "umbratile" figure of the poetaster Octavius Pulleyn, and sets him before us agog in the vivid gesture of life.

We might instance further how cogently he expounds the secret of William Blake, or elucidates the relations of dogma and revelation in the essay on Cardinal Newman, and we might cite many another luminous passage. A veritable feast of delights awaits the booklover in the pages of *Post Liminium*. Here Lionel Johnson passes in review the great figures of the centuries—poets, visionaries, prophets, mystics, humanists, statesmen, skeptics, infidels: Virgil and Dante whom he reveres, Arnold and Pater whom he loves, Savonarola whom he champions, Burke whom he celebrates, Parnell whom he cherishes, Byron whom he detests, St. Francis and Thomas à Kempis whom he almost worships. If a man may be judged by the quality of his admirations, surely Lionel Johnson's mind was of high lineage. A classic he had defined as that which has "a permanence of pleasurability;" in these essays he reveals convincingly the abiding charm which the great still books of time have for the mind that surrenders itself to their spell.

The acumen of a literary critic is tested most of all by his judgments on his contemporaries. He may, indeed, move safely among the recognized figures of the past, but he must exercise a nice discrimination if he is to acquit himself in dealing with reputations not yet established. This ordeal Lionel Johnson has not shirked, as his monograph on Thomas Hardy amply attests. He applies the touchstone of the great canons of criticism to the novels, and shows by the suffrages of the classics that in conception, and in large simplicity of execution, Hardy belongs to the great traditions of English letters. Nor is the essay a mere panegyric, for he finds much to censure as re-

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gards diction, construction and ethics. All his powers of dialectic are brought into play in assaying the mingled dross and gold of Hardy's artistic talent. Especially are they evidenced in his Scholastic disputation—in which he distinguishes the terms nature, law, society and justice after the manner of the great Doctors of the Church—on Hardy's determinism and naturalism as instanced in *Tess of the D'Urbervilles*. The vital books of criticism are those written by creative artists who interpret the genius of an author with an answering apprehension and insight. Of such are George Gissing's book on Dickens, and this study of Hardy. All the notes of the "Wessex" novels—the passion for the earth, the tragic sense of landscape, the feeling for a vanished Roman past, the native shrewdness or bovinity, the racy vernacular, the rustic stoicism "grand in the endurance of dooms"—are in turn made the themes of illuminating commentary. Apart from its subject, the book is delightful to read because of Johnson's personality which we sense on every page, and, because of his loving familiarity with the works and days of "Wessex!" Here, too, he gives a loose rein to his scholarly preferences, with the result that his thesis is inwrought with many a shining text of classic lore.

We must deny ourselves the pleasure of quoting from this delightful work, and turn to his views of his fellow poets. His faculty of recognizing a new star that has swung into his ken, is shown in a note on Francis Thompson which he wrote for Katharine Tynan: "He has the opulent, prodigal manner of the seventeenth century; a profusion of great imagery, sometimes excessive and false; and another opulence and profusion, that of Shelley in his lyric choruses. Beneath the outward manner, a passionate reality of thought; profound, pathetic, full of faith without fear." Again there is this note on William Watson: "An almost unfailing dignity of *external* manner; and always an *attempt* at an *internal gravity* and greatness, which sometimes succeeds. . . . An understudy, as actors say, of the great men Arnold, Wordsworth, etc., capable of deceiving you for a time by his airs of being the true master instead of a very serious and accomplished substitute." Similarly impressions of Davidson, Le Gallienne and Arthur Symons exemplify his unfailing critical instinct.

Lionel Johnson held his pen in trust to art for God's sake.

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From the first there was on him "the seal of something priestly and monastic." He looked abroad on life with a vision which did not mistake defilement for beauty, nor debase tragedy to sordidness, nor change the truth of God into a lie. From a short life, pitifully fated, he managed, so great was his spirit, to wrest bright achievement. Had he lived the allotted span of years, his gracious personality would still be felt among us. How much his presence is needed to seine the flux of current literature, a glance at the names and work of the leading writers—Shaw, Masefield, Galsworthy, Dreiser, Arnold Bennett, George Moore, H. G. Wells—will suffice to indicate. We should like to have had his judgments on Swinburne, Maeterlinck, Anatole France and many another. With Chesterton, whose books *Orthodoxy* and *Heretics* he would have loved, he would help to stem the drift toward rationalism, toward flippant perversity, toward neo-paganism, and bland indifferentism. The influence of his high seriousness lives on to inspire Catholic *littérateurs* to battle with the prevailing irreligion. How salutary the example of his literary practice was, may best be expressed in the terms of his own characterization of Walter Pater: "The Welsh word for *white* means also something which is a combination of holy, reverend, felicitous. . . . In his work, there is a 'whiteness,' a 'candor' indescribably felt, through this purity and cleanliness of it, as though there were 'a sort of moral purity' in art of so scrupulous and dainty a distinction."

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THE RUSSIAN CHURCH AND THE REVOLUTION.

BY F. AURELIO PALMIERI, O.S.A., D.D.

II.

PATRIARCOPHIL THEOLOGY AT THE COUNCIL OF MOSCOW.

N 1906, a year of feverish attempts to uproot the traditions of Russian ecclesiasticism, the *Tzerkovny Golos* (The Voice of the Church), a weekly organ of the *Society for the Promotion of Religious and moral Culture in Accordance with the Spirit of the Orthodox Church,* expressed as follows the sentiments of a considerable part of the Russian clergy: "By nature, the Church does not rest upon episcopacy. In the Church, viewed as a preserver of the faith, a hierarchical primacy is not a condition of life. Certainly, the Church is infallible, but her infallibility does not appear as a prerogative of the hierarchy. The gift of infallibility belongs to the whole church, that is to the whole body of faithful, either bishops or priests or laymen. The Orthodox Church does not know the distinction between the masters and the disciples, between the teaching Church and the Church instructed." [1]

These statements of the short-lived organ of the white clergy imply a protest against any attempt to restore the Russian patriarchate. The *Tzerkovny Golos* was the mouthpiece of the party hostile to the privileges of both the Russian episcopate and monasticism. It did not express, however, the general feeling of the Russian Orthodox Church. The spokesmen of Christian tradition and Byzantine ecclesiasticism sustained as essential the principle of hierarchical primacy, which, in the Eastern Churches, made the Patriarchs of Constantinople the irreconcilable foes of the Papacy. That principle lay like smoldering ashes in the bosom of the Russian hierarchy. Russian bishops could not conceal the anomalous state of their own Church under the synodal régime, which placed the supreme ruling power in ecclesiastical affairs in the hands of a layman.

[1] *Tzerkovny Golos*, 1906, n. 3, p. 67; n. 23, p. 1649.

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It was, therefore, natural for them to claim that one of their own body should be at the helm of the Russian Church. Thus, while the reformers of the white clergy struggled for the laicization of Russian Orthodoxy, the bishops, at times, took up the cudgels for the establishment of a Primate, who would supersede the uncanonical institution known as the Chief Procurators of the Holy Synod.

The "patriarcophilism" of the bishops was clearly revealed at the meetings of the Preliminary Synodal Committee held to consider the summoning of the Russian national council. To that Commission may be traced the movement for the restoration of the Russian patriarchate. The debates in the Preliminary Committee in 1906 and 1907 being the literary apparatus of the decision of the Russian National Council of 1917. In many cases, the *Fathers* of the Council approved and sanctioned the resolutions of the earlier body.

Yet in 1906, the principle of hierarchical primacy could count upon but few open supporters among Russian bishops. Not that they were opposed to the rebuilding of their Church upon the basis of the patriarchate, but they did not wish to displease the lay rulers of the Holy Synod, and, consequently, were cautious in exhibiting their claims. In fact, most of the memoranda of the Russian hierarchy regarding the reforms to be introduced in the Russian Church, aim at preserving both their own privileges and those of the synodal régime. The few who advocated the restoration of the patriarchate, dared not propose the abolition of the Chief Procurators of the Holy Synod as the first step to the vital reform of the Russian Church. The defenders of the Russian patriarchate, that is, the "patriarcophils" of the Preliminary Committee of 1906, were Veniamin, Bishop of Kaluga; Stefan, Bishop of Moghilev; Khristofor, Bishop of Ufa; Ioakhim, Bishop of Orenburg, and Archbishop Antoni, the last of the group being the only one who dared to condemn the synodal régime. Yet Archbishop Antoni was a warm friend of Constantin Pobiedonostzev, the type of Chief Procurator who strove to strangle ecclesiastical freedom. Furthermore, in many papers, letters, and even in typewritten reports, Archbishop Antoni strongly withstood the reform movement within the Russian Church.

The question of the restoration of the patriarchate was raised in the Preliminary Committee by Veniamin. He ex-

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plained to the Commission that the Metropolitan of Petrograd ought to be hallowed with the title of Patriarch of all Russia, but added prudently that the patriarchal dignity does not mean at all the emancipation of its bearer from the civil power.[2]

Bishop Stefan pointed out that the restoration of the patriarchate was required by the dignity and greatness of the Russian Church. The election of the Patriarch would belong to the Council of the hierarchy. His nomination would require the confirmation of the Tsar. The Patriarch should represent the Church to the State. But his power is hedged within narrow limits. He ought to rule the Church with the aid of a permanent council.

The same reasons were given by the Bishop of Ufa, who advocated the brotherhood in Christ as the cornerstone of the Russian Church. The Patriarch is simply the chief of the brotherhood. The revival of the Russian Church signifies the organization of a permanent synod composed of bishops, priests and laymen. At the head of the synod, the Patriarch would serve as an intermediary between the Church and the Emperor.[3]

The Bishop of Orenburg strengthened the plea of his *confrère* that the patriarchate was the desideratum of the whole Christian flock of Russia. A Patriarch is essential to Russia: a bishop chosen by his colleagues to represent the Church in the presence of the Tsar, to embody in himself the grandeur of Russian Orthodoxy, to preside over Councils, to settle the relations of the Russian with the Eastern Churches. The suppression of the patriarchate was an encroachment of the civil power. The canonical legislation of the Church admits an hierarchical primacy provided that it does not lean towards Papal absolutism.[4]

The Patriarch ought to be looked upon as the symbol of a free Church. In order to secure his freedom either from the civil power or from revolutionary demagogues, Vladimir, Bishop of Ekaterinburg, seriously declared that it would be expedient to isolate him and his permanent synod within the walls of a lonely cloister.[5]

Archbishop Antoni opened the campaign in favor of the reëstablishment of the patriarchate at the session of April 19,

[2] *Tzerkovnyia Viedomosti*, 1906, n. 4, p. 113 (Supplements).
[3] *Ibid.*, n. 13, 14, pp. 703, 704.
[4] *Ibid.*, n. 15, pp. 800, 801.
[5] *Ibid.*, n. 21, pp. 1328, 1329.

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1906, by setting forth the evils of the lack of headship of the Russian Church. Our ecclesiastical body, he said, has no religious head. The civil power granted to it only an *eye*, a *pupil*, the pupil of the government, *glaz, oko gosudarstva*. (This is exactly the phrase used by the Chief Procurators of the Holy Synod in official documents.)

The Church needs a chief from the ranks of the hierarchy. In Russia, the Church is a national Church. The fullest harmony reigns between the ecclesiastical and the civil powers. That that harmony may be continued and produce the best fruit, the Patriarch should have the right of direct access to the Tsar in ecclesiastical matters.[6]

Such were the yearnings for the restoration of the Russian patriarchate, timidly outlined by isolated members of the Russian hierarchy in 1906. They drew few supporters from among the white clergy and the laity. Those who joined the little host of the patriarcophils were professors noted for doctrinal intransigency, such as A. L. Almazov, a learned canonist and Byzantinist; Ivan Sokolov, an historian of the Greek Church; T. I. Titov, an archpriest well versed in the religious history of Little Russia, and Nicholas Glubokovsky, the greatest authority on exegesis in Russia. The latter, in a masterly manner, contested the statement of the Bishop of Ufa that no Apostle was granted hierarchical primacy. He recalled the words of the Gospel of St. Matthew x. 2—"*The first, Simon, who is called Peter;*" that the Greek word *protos* was not to be considered as a pleonasm. It implies the concession of a special authority to Peter by Jesus Christ. For the Lord said to him: "Thou being once converted, confirm thy brethren" (Luke xxii. 32). To be sure, Glubokovsky continued, the primacy mentioned in the Gospels is not identical with that of the Bishops of Rome, but it exists, and ought to be realized in the Russian Church. Russian Christianity needs a Patriarch, although it seems hard to find the right man to assume the burdensome dignity.[7]

As a member of the white clergy, Archpriest Titov, while advocating the restoration of the patriarchate, stated that the title of Patriarch would convey only an epithet of honor, *pochetnoe naimenovanie*, without any real power. The Russian patriarchate, in his view, had not contributed brilliant pages to the records of the Russian Church. The Patriarchs

[6] *Ibid.*, n. 21, pp. 1328, 1329.

[7] *Ibid.*, n. 22, pp. 1515-1519.

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had been the livery servants of the Tsars, as is clearly shown by the relations between the Patriarchs Job, Josaphat I., Josaphat II., Pitirim, Ioakhim, Adrian and the Russian Tsars of their times. They were not able to achieve anything praiseworthy for the Church. They failed in their attempts to correct the liturgical books, and to maintain the unity of faith. Their influence upon the social classes was almost negative. They did not oppose the abuses of the Holy Synod. The Russian patriarchate was but an outward decoration of the Church —the exaltation of one Bishop over other bishops. It was not in touch with the clergy and the people; it passed away like a meteor without leaving any trace in the historical past of the Russian Church.[8] The sole title to glory deserved by the patriarchate in the eyes of posterity, is its victorious efforts to stop the invasion of Russia by Catholicism.[9]

The debates of the Preliminary Committee closed on May 19, 1906. Evidently the majority of the members inclined towards a restoration of the Patriarchate. The proposals of the minority headed by the learned canonist Ivan Suvorov were voted down.

The Preliminary Committee was under the full sway of the hierarchy, and the Russian bishops wanted the title of Patriarch so as to avoid the reproach of composing an acephalous Church, tied hand and foot to the civil power.

By the vote of the majority it was therefore agreed that the patriarchate would be restored in Russia. The rights of the Patriarch were outlined as follows:

1. He is entitled to the presidency of the Holy Synod.
2. He shall preside over its sessions, and decide the order of the day.
3. He shall determine the application of synodal ordinances, and the programme of the officials of the Synod.
4. He will serve as judge on grievances from the low clergy and the laity against their bishops.
5. He shall represent the Russian Church in its relations with the other Orthodox Churches.
6. He shall be the intermediary between the Church and the civil power.
7. He shall have full and free admission to the Imperial Court.

[8] *Ibid.*, n. 22, p. 1487.

[9] *Ibid.*, pp. 1490, 1491.

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8. He shall present to the Tsar every year a complete memorandum concerning the conditions of the Russian Church.

The Patriarch is not only the head of the Russian Church. He is also the first in dignity among Russian bishops. Therefore the following privileges are also granted to him:

1. He shall fill vacant sees with bishops of his choice;
2. He shall have the discretion of granting to bishops the permission of staying one month outside of their dioceses;
3. He shall settle all differences among bishops;
4. He shall solve disciplinary questions in matters having no general import;
5. In full accord with the Holy Synod, he shall convoke the national council of the Russian Church;
6. He shall determine the measures to be adopted to correct abuses which may affect the ranks of the clergy;
7. He shall exercise leadership among the Russian hierarchy and his name shall be commemorated on the diptychs;
8. He shall dispatch circular letters, addresses and proclamations to the whole Church;
9. If guilty of any failure to observe his duties, he may be judged and condemned, but only by the general assembly of all the bishops of Russia under the presidency of the Tsar.[10]

The Council held at Moscow in 1917 subscribed to the resolutions adopted by the Preliminary Committee of 1906. Of course, the radical changes effected in the political and social conditions of Russia have suggested important modifications as to the standing of the Patriarch. In the eye of the conservative press, previously opposed to the restoration of the patriarchate, the Patriarch became a bond of religious unity. On the twentieth of October the *Petrogradsky Listok* wrote as follows: "Now all who have not broken with the Church are face to face undoubtedly with a truly historical day. The Russian Church—beheaded for two centuries—again finds her chieftainship. *The keys of St. Peter are again in the hands of him to whom the*

[10] *Na puti k obnovlenïu russkoĭ tzerkovnoĭ zhizni* (On the Path Towards the Renovation of Russian Ecclesiastical Life), in *Tzerkovno-obsshestvennaia Zhizn*, Kazam, 1906, n. 13, p. 466.

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power of blessing was given! The Council of Moscow, after many unpromising sessions, has come nearer the zenith."

It was asserted, however, that it was more difficult to select a good Patriarch than a score of good ministers.

At the Council of Moscow the patriarcophils attracted the majority of members. Distinguished scholars and political leaders entered their lists. We may mention again N. Glubokovsky; and A. A. Dimitrievsky, the most learned liturgist of the Russian Church; Prince E. H. Trubetzkoi, the biographer of Pope Gregory VII., and of Vladimir Solovev; Count D. A. Olsufev; Archpriests I. T. Slobodsky and F. N. Ornatsky.

The problem of the patriarchate was deemed so important that fifty-one members requested permission to speak on it. Several bishops urged, in vain, that the number be reduced to twelve; no barrier to the flow of eloquence could be erected.[11]

At the session of October 14th, Anastasii (Dobradin), Archbishop of Voronezh, strove to dissipate the prejudices against the proposed rehabilitation of the Russian patriarchate. No great idea, he said, makes its way in the world without opposition: "Our people desire a Patriarch and are waiting for him. Let us ask our Orthodox Christians. What do they answer? What are they appealing for? 'Give us back a Father and a Pastor, who will gather around him the scattered flock, and preserve the freedom and independence of our Church.' The Patriarch is not an ornamental figure; he is the living organic power, the living centre of our moral unity. The conciliar principle[12] is surely the foundation of our ecclesiastical life. But only the intimate union of a living person with that principle in a harmonious whole will afford us the fullness of that life. The idea of the patriarchate is not a forgery of the Church leaders. It is the product of the mysterious influence of that creative spirit, Who breatheth where He will. The horrors and crimes of life today, the gloom of our moral dissolution, which chills the heart of all Europe and makes it shudder, bid the Church expand her influence. We need a Pastor, to unify and bless the flock. At present our Church needs to buckle on the armor of God, to become a truly militant Church, to have her spiritual leader, her proto-hierarch."[13]

[11] *Vserossiiskii Tzerkovno-obsshestvennyi Viestnik*, 1917, n. 132.

[12] We have no words to translate the Russian abstract substantive *Sobornost*, unless we use the phrase "conciliar principle."

[13] *Vserossiiskii* T. O. V., 1917, n. 132.

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The session of October 18th was marked by a striking speech of I. N. Speransky, a delegate of the eparchy of Novgorod. It points out the true characteristics of the Russian Church under the synodal régime. The present writer was branded by Russian critics as a defamer of Russian Orthodoxy when, in his book *La Chiesa russa*, he showed that the Russian Church was but a tool in the hands of the political rulers of Russia. Speransky expresses himself quite as strongly:

"Before Peter the Great," he says, "the civil power in Russia considered itself as being within the pale of the Church. It took heart in the management of ecclesiastical affairs, and in turn it expected from the Church her participation in political life. The Church was, so to say, the conscience of the State, and all the State's undertakings were sanctified by the Church. Peter the Great was the first to establish two entirely separated fields of action, the ecclesiastical and the civil. He made a distinction between the morals of the Church and those of the State. In other words, he acclimatized in Russia a doctrine outlined in Protestant theology by Melanchthon. Since then the Church has ceased being the conscience of the State, and became one of its institutions. The State looked upon itself as upon an autonomous organization. Among the various branches of its activity, side by side with the departments of treasury, navy, army, the government established the section of ecclesiastical affairs. The Church, in its view, took the shape of a sort of brake in the machinery. The results of that policy were disastrous. The Church lost the characteristics of her body. The clergy shrank into a caste wedded to their own interests and traditions. The people who thought themselves to be the Church, found themselves locked within the narrow walls of a chancery. The orbit of her influence became narrower and more cramped.

"In the reign of Peter the Great, popular instruction and beneficent institutions were entrusted to her. In the course of time, a special department of popular instruction arose as an institution, emancipated from the Church, whose influence was confined to liturgical and ecclesiastical matters.. Of course the rolle of the Church as a saviour of souls did not end; the consciousness, however, of her divine mission became clouded, and faded from the hearts of her subjects. Now a radical change is

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required. We need once more to rest the Church upon her historic pillars, according to Scripture and the traditions of the Fathers. All the Orthodox Churches of the East have their heads—the Patriarchs. Our Church alone for over two hundred years has been acephalous. We ought, therefore, to restore the Russian patriarchate."

At the various sessions of the Council the opponents of the restoration of the Patriarchate carried the discussion into the political and canonical fields. Archpriest N. V. Tzvietkov, a well-known apologist of the Christian faith, was the only one to touch the subject from a dogmatic standpoint, from the viewpoint of the constitution of the Church.

The debates of the Council grew sharper when it came to the question of the canonical legitimacy of the restoration of the patriarchate. A layman, Prince Chaadaev, speaking as a jurisconsult, declared that the patriarchal idea was at variance with the conciliar principle. The revival of the Russian Church is predicated upon that principle. Now the conciliar life of the Church cannot freely develop, if it is to be regulated by the ordinances of a supreme depositary of ecclesiastical authority.

The patriarcophils strove to escape from the binding force of that argument. A memorandum was even written on the subject by A. V. Vasilev, a delegate of the eparchy of Petrograd. He grants that the chief task of the Council is to revive in the Church the conciliar principle.

> But the principle just quoted implies the principle of the hierarchy. In the human body the atoms, the cells compose the tissues, the tissues compose the organs, the organs blend into each other into an organic system, and at last all the organs move and act around a living centre. Similarly, conciliar life does not mean the absolute equality of all the members of the Church. The conciliar principle does not efface the human personality with his individual characteristics, and his relations to other individuals. In other words, the conciliar principle does not wipe out authority. It provides only that authority exert its influence by serving the interests of those subject to it. Concord, the unity of mind and hearts, love, these are the constituent elements of the conciliar principle. By dint of this principle, before the age of Peter the Great, Russia was organized as a compact and

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harmonious body from all points of view, either ecclesiastical, civil and social. By the institution of the Holy Synod, the principle of conciliar life disappeared. Peter the Great and his counsellors introduced into the Church the principle of parliamentarism, a satanic principle, which infected the ecclesiastical life.

It is interesting to trace out the lines of demarcation between parliamentarism and the conciliar principle. The latter is a moral, spiritual principle; formalism, on the contrary, is the keynote of parliamentary institutions. In the former, authority and personality are recognized and confirmed; in the latter, they are blotted out. The former appeals to mutual love, to concord and peace, to the union of minds and hearts, to the sacrifice of private interests. The latter struggles for the defence of sectarian aims, and imposes the will, the needs of the majority upon the will and needs of the minority. Hence it follows that parliamentarism conceals in its heart the germ of schism and division. It was the corrosive acid of the political and military body of Russia, and God forbid it should also corrode the Church.

In the conciliar principle we find the expression of both the personal—hierarchical and social principles. The orthodox conception of it implies the inward wholeness either of individuals or of the social bodies, that is, in individual men the harmonious correspondence of will, reason and feeling; in social bodies, the spiritual union of all their members. The patriarchate therefore does not antagonize the conciliar principle. It is the living centre of the social body, and the history of the past gives testimony to the fact that Councils were summoned as long as Patriarchs were governing the Russian Church. After the lamentable suppression of the patriarchate, the Russian Church lost her power of living in accordance with the conciliar principle, which became a sterile formula.[14]

The objections of Prince Chaadaev were answered also by Prince Trubetzkoi. He stated that the strongest argument for their solution was found in the social conditions of Russia today. Instead of superseding the conciliar principle, the patriarchate ought to rest upon it. It will be a centre of unity. If it were to limit the conciliar principle, it would cut down the branch by which it is suspended. Its strength depends upon its ability to mobilize all the forces of Russian Orthodoxy.[15]

[14] *Patriarchestvo i sobornost* (The Patriarchate and the Conciliar Principle). *Ibid.*, n. 159.

[15] *Ibid.*, n. 133.

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Another member of the Council, V. Bieliaev, a lecturer at the Ecclesiastical Academy of Petrograd, affirmed that the apprehensions of the defenders of the conciliar principle are groundless. The discontinuance of conciliar life would not attend the restoration of the patriarchate. It does not mean the setting aside of the choice of bishops and priests by election. The Patriarch himself is subservient to the conciliar principle, for he is elected by the members of the Council. Among his fellow-bishops he holds the place of honor. Hence it follows that under the patriarchal régime, the conciliar principle is fairly observed.[16]

A last objection served to test the dialectical powers of the patriarcophils. Why, argued their adversaries, was the question of the patriarchate raised at the present time? It looked like a stratagem of the supporters of the old régime. With the downfall of Tsardom, they are deprived of the source of despotism both religious and civil. Through the restoration of the patriarchate, they wish therefore to keep the monarchical principle smoldering under the ashes.

In answering this objection, the patriarcophils were not at all convincing. They could not deny that both in Byzantium and in Russia the patriarchate owed its existence to political reasons, and that in the latter country political expediency put it to death. They were forced also to admit that the Russian patriarchate, in fact, added but a sonorous title to the authority of the Metropolitan of Moscow, as previously enjoyed. Others, such as Archpriest V. Veriuzhsky conceded that the patriarchate is the ripe fruit of a religious evolution which runs parallel with the political growth of the nation.

"The political rise of a people is naturally followed by their religious elevation. This means that their proto-hierarch assumed a wider autonomy. The patriarchate therefore gives expression to the growth of the political and religious consciousness of a people. In the Slavic-Orthodox world religious life reacts upon the State, without absorbing it or being absorbed by it. It did not amount to a divorce from the social and political life; it was not merely *clerical,* as is the case with the Roman-Catholic world. In fact, the apostles of Slavic Orthodoxy, Cyril and Methodius, according to the fundamental principles of the Orthodox ecclesiastical polity, stamped in the

[16] *K voprosu o patriarchestvie* (The Question of the Patriarchate). *Ibid.*, n. 132.

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hearts of their flock a national imprint. The greatest Patriarchs and Bishops of the Slavic Orthodox races were the national as well as the religious leaders of their peoples. Moreover, the religious life of the Slavic world blended itself with the national life. Its growth, however, although in direct relation to the political development of the State, followed its own special rules, the canonical laws of the Church. The patriarchate, therefore, is not an institution imposed by the mere exigencies of a growing political power, but the practical result of the twenty-eighth canon of the Œcumenical Council of Chalcedon, which attributes greater prerogatives to the See of Constantinople because it is the new Rome, the seat of the Eastern Emperors.[17]

Thus, the patriarcophils were driven to the point of acknowledging that the gorgeous titles of Proto-hierarchs or Patriarchs were derived from political interferences with the inner life of the Church. Now, however, they insist, matters are very different. "We are impelled by purely religious feelings," said Prince Trubetzkoi at the session of October 19th. "At this time, we need a living symbol of our religious and national unity. There are intervals of time between councils, and we need a constant source of unity. This is the strength which we need. The Patriarch ought to be independent of every form of government. The forms of political régime are variable. Today we have a monarchy; tomorrow, a republic. Parliamentarism in the Church is imbued with tradition of subserviency to the State. According to the saying of a Protestant writer, the Holy Synod was composed of pastors who comported themselves like sheep. The Patriarch will embody in himself the independence of the Church.[18]

In spite of their logical deficiencies the patriarcophils won the victory. The Russian Church could not withstand the storming waves of revolution without the assistance of a visable head. All the rusty weapons of century-long polemics against the Catholic Church were thrown aside. In the face of danger, the Russian Church realized that the theory of an invisble head for a visible Church, however fascinating it might appear, is not in keeping with the realities of life. The restoration of the patriarchate in Russia is the

[17] *Patriarchestvo v istorii Rossii i pravoslavnykh Slavian* (The Patriarchate in the History of Russia and of the Orthodox Slavs). *Ibid.*, n. 152.

[18] *Ibid.*, n. 133.

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natural and logical evolution of the Catholic idea of the Constitution of the Church of Christ. The difference between Russian Orthodox and Catholic consists in this, that the Russians apply these principles to their own national Church, and the Catholics realize them in the Universal Church. If the national Church of Russia, in spite of Russian national councils, cannot get along without a constant visible head, the Universal Church of Christ cannot also fulfill her universal mission without a supreme visible head. So long as logic exists as a science, or an art, drawing correct conclusions from correct premises, the Russian anti-Catholic polemists will not be able to deny the inference we have drawn from their own principles. If they have applied—with whatever authority—to the Metropolitan of Moscow the words of the Gospel, that confer on Peter and his legitimate successors an indefectible supremacy over the whole Church, so much the more are we right in sustaining, with all Christian tradition, the claims of the Bishops of Rome to that supremacy. And if the new Patriarch of the Russian Church urges the Russian bishops to obey him, and be guided by his rulings, to coöperate with him for the restoration of the Russian Church, so much the more will the legitimate successors of Peter be acting wholly in consonance with the eternal principles of Christian revelation, in inviting the Russian Patriarch, and all the Patriarchs of the East to obey Peter, and be guided by his decisions, and to coöperate with him for the welfare of the Universal Church of Christ. The question, I repeat, is one of logic, and Catholicism is the logic of Christianity.

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THE HOME-COMING OF RONALD A. KNOX.[1]

BY BERTRAND L. CONWAY, C.S.P.

A CONVERT'S journeying to the City of Peace is always of intense interest, especially when that convert is competent to describe every step of his home-coming, and honest as the day in laying bare his soul's inmost workings. Many a Catholic finds it hard to understand the power of inherited prejudice in preventing non-Catholics from seeing the truth and logic of Catholic claims. If uncharitably minded, he is apt to question the sincerity of a soul that seems to be sinning for years against the light.

The Spiritual Æneid of Mr. Ronald Knox, the son of the Anglican Bishop of Manchester, will give the Catholic reader a perfect insight into the various schools or tendencies of modern Anglicanism, and beget sympathy for the sincere though illogical souls who are trying to seek God's truth in a human society, State-made and State-governed.

Mr. Knox lost his heart to Virgil, while lecturing on the *Æneid* at Trinity in the fall of 1912. It was his constant companion during the retreat he made before being received into the Church. He took more than a merely literary delight in the poem, for we read of his making the sixth book a text for a treatise on purgatory before his amazed pupils. He makes the Æneid-motif run throughout his volume. He himself gives us the key of the allegory: "Troy is undisturbed and in a sense unreflective religion; in most lives it is overthrown, either to be rebuilt or to be replaced. The Greeks are the doubts which overthrow it. The miniature Troy of Helenus is the effort to reconstruct that religion exactly as it was. Carthage is any false goal, that, for a time, seems to claim finality. And Rome is Rome."

Mr. Knox was brought up in a country rectory, dominated by what the modern world derides as old-fashioned Protestant piety. "It has external marks—a strong devotion to and a belief in Scripture, a careful observance of Sunday; framed texts,

[1] *The Spiritual Æneid.* By Ronald A. Knox. New York: Longmans, Green & Co.

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family prayers, and something indefinably patriarchal about the ordering of the household." Three things he heard emphasized in his boyhood—the personal love which God devotes to us, the ever-surprising miracle of His Redemption, and the permanent ease of access to the glorified Saviour. Apart from memorizing the Church Catechism and the Thirty-nine Articles, and a familiar acquaintance with the Book of Common Prayer, he did not imbibe much Anglicanism.

Although some of his relatives had been received into the Catholic Church, Catholicism was in that Evangelical home "a fact to be mentioned in bated breath and with shakings of the head. As a factor in history, it was very real and abominable to me." His view of the Reformation was formed by the reading of the anti-Catholic novel, *Westward Ho!* and he was taught that "because the Reformation was successful it was therefore right."

The six years, 1900-1906, were spent at Eton. A great many Englishmen of late have been severely criticizing the religion taught in the English public schools, but what can be expected of men who have to set forth a religion which does not possess enough of fixed background to allow of its being intelligently yet authoritatively taught. "Anglicanism is in reality not a system of religion nor a body of truth," as he well says, "but a feeling, a tradition, its roots intertwined with associations of national history and family life. You do not learn it; you grow into it; you do not forget it, you grow out of it." Mr. Knox thus characterizes the Anglicanism taught at Eton: "It is a religion without enthusiasm in the old sense, reserved in its self-expression, calculated to reënforce morality, chivalry, and the sense of truth, providing comfort in times of distress and a glow of contentment in declining years; supernatural in its nominal doctrines, yet on the whole rationalistic in its mode of approaching God; tolerant of other people's tenets, yet sincere about its own, regular in church-going, generous to charities."

After three years at Eton, young Knox was initiated into the mystery of Catholic doctrines and practices by coming across, one Christmas day, *The Light Invisible,* written by Father Benson while the latter was still an Anglican. The Catholic system which he had hitherto known only distantly and felt as something wicked, now for the first time entered his hori-

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zon. Another book that "carried him off his feet" was Wakeman's *History of the Church of England.* A most prejudiced book on the Reformation, it is full of sympathy for the Oxford Movement and its heroes. It made Knox a High Churchman, although he as yet knew little or nothing of what High Churchmen believed, valued or practised. He began to take the *Church Times,* to read up on Gothic architecture, to fall in love with the pre-Raphaelites, and to argue with his friends over the whole field of religion and polemics. At fifteen he had become a party man, and a party man he remained until his conversion.

He was a devout boy, as Anglicans go, but he lacked the guidance every Catholic boy has in his confessor and director. For a time he invoked the Saint of the day at night prayers, but soon gave up the practice as savoring of emotionalism. He bought some religious prints, a crucifix, and even burned some candles before them in his room. He used to communicate every Sunday in "the church down-town," because celebrations in chapel were in those days only fortnightly. He blessed himself and genuflected, a privilege he dared not exercise in chapel from natural herd-instinct. He always felt it a duty to pray for Henry VI., the pious founder of Eton, and although he did not ask the prayers of the Mother of God, he had a strong sense of her patronage. Devotion to her was to increase as the years went on, and it certainly helped him on his journey from Canterbury to Rome. We find him also with a feeling for asceticism—"I wanted to make myself uncomfortable," he puts it—which manifested itself in fasting, special mortifications in prayer, and his vow of celibacy.

Let no one imagine that this piety betokened a shy, reserved, unpopular sort of boy much given to self-communing and morbid imaginings. On the contrary he was a supremely happy boy, and popular enough to become captain of his school. At Balliol he made a host of friends, joined over a dozen clubs, not caring a particle whether they were radical or conservative, Socialist or anti-Socialist. He acquired "an unenviable reputation for defending the indefensible." A good debater, he was willing at times, without the slightest concern to open and oppose the same motion at a meeting. He tells us that this continual talking before audiences greedy of originality begot in him an extraordinary distaste for the obvious,

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and he adds: "To this day I am not certain that I should not have become a Catholic earlier if Catholicism were not so glaringly obvious."

For three years at Oxford he was what he afterwards derided so cleverly, a High Churchman. He "heard mass" every Sunday, abstained from meat on the prescribed days, communicated once a week, and went to confession four times a year. Pusey House became his spiritual home, one of its librarians becoming his director. The Cowley Fathers' church provided him a confessor, stimulating High Church sermons, and "many a paroxysm of religious emotion" during its so-called mass. And yet withal there was no real doctrinal background for these devotional practices. The mass implied only the "congregational" presence of Christ as he had learned from Dr. Gore's book on *The Body of Christ*. He had lost his belief in the direct effect of impetrative prayer. He was for a time a Universalist, recoiling from the fact of hell. As a party man, he defended his views against all comers, but he never for a moment dreamed of asking on what authority his opinions rested.

About 1908 Mr. Knox drifted into that ultra Anglican body, which he himself has christened the "Ultramarines." It believed in open defiance of the bishops, when the bishops acted unconstitutionally. This spirit he imbibed on one of his many visits to Caldey, which gave him in microcosm the vision of a revived pre-Reformation Church. In listening to the conversation of "the monks and their visitors in the guest house, one would have thought that 'bishops' was a name applied to some secret band of criminals!" Just before ordination he told Bishop Paget that "any obedience he showed him came from either personal respect or through acquiescence in his decision as that of a purely legal official, but that he could not give him obedience as a Roman Catholic priest gave it to a Roman Catholic bishop. Bishop Paget was perfectly content with this bold challenge of his authority. It did not disturb him in the least.

Caldey also taught him the doctrine of the intercession of saints, the beauties of the divine office, the true spirit of the old monasticism, the benefit of "daily Mass," and the necessity of reservation of the Blessed Sacrament. A trip to Belgium convinced him of the need of adopting "Roman" devotions, such as sacramental confession, Benediction, frequent Com-

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munion, the recitation of the rosary, as the only means of touching the hearts of an utterly indifferent nation.

He soon became the leader of a group of young men who taught on every possible occasion that you could be a Roman Catholic in the Church of England. They all believed in Roman Catholicism as a system which worked. It held the man in the street and attracted the poor; whereas Anglicanism did not. As he puts it, "they declared eternal war on cant, on clergymen who pulled long faces, talked in unnatural voices, breathed an atmosphere of artificial heartiness, or in general behaved in a fashion for which I coined the word 'unctimonious.'" This *enfant terrible* of the Establishment is asked to preach a sermon on Foreign Missions, and he treats his Oxford congregation to a condemnation of their methods. He speaks in Trinity Chapel, and an undergraduate remarks: "Such fun. The new Fellow's been preaching heresy—all about transubstantiation." He wears a cassock while walking through the streets of Oxford. He attacks the Modernism of Temple's *Foundations* in a clever, biting satire, *Absolute and Abitophell,* which however did not cost him the loss of any of his modernistic friends. Men can often argue most good-naturedly about the Gospel, when they have lost all hold upon its fundamental doctrines.

From the year 1910 Mr. Knox was continually questioning the place of authority in religion—a question which always brings about conversion, if carefully and prayerfully studied. Modernism, which of late years has been making sad havoc in the Church of England, never made the slightest appeal to him. The more he studied the arbitrary and destructive reasonings of the higher critics, the more he distrusted them and their ways. He was always on the side of orthodoxy, possessing a temperament and an intellect that could not understand how deniers of a Christian creed could conscientiously hold the office of priest or bishop in a Christian Church. The same honest mind made him incapable of understanding the spirit which prompted some High Churchmen to receive Communion in a Catholic church or go to confession to a Catholic priest while traveling on the Continent.

The problem of loyalty to the principles of the Anglican Establishment was a far more serious one. The question that met him imperiously was: "Am I being loyal—what to?"

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A Catholic never asks whether he is loyal to the Church, or the Pope or the bishop—it is all the same to him. But an Anglican, unless temperamentally an English lover of compromise, must often worry about the paucity and ambiguity of his Church's title-deeds, and ask where the truth lies between so many divergent teachings. Some said, be loyal to the Prayer Book. Such a theory, however, opened the door for a quite disastrous elasticity of conscience, for on many questions the Prayer Book is either silent, or obstinately oracular. Some said, be loyal to the your bishop. But the bishop was a functionary responsible to a legal body, the Church of England, which had fixed laws and could have more tomorrow if Parliament saw fit to pass them. He was a mere servant of the Crown, like any civil magistrate. For a number of years—from 1911 on—the only authority Mr. Knox recognized was the authority of all the decrees and traditions which were operative in the English Church in 1500—before the breach with Rome.

Catholics often wonder at the unconcern with which Anglicans face the many great crises in their Church. One would think that vast numbers would "secede" to Rome in view of such facts as the united communion at Hereford on the occasion of the coronation, or the appointment of the rationalist Dean of Durham as Bishop of Hereford a few months ago. The "Ultramarines" ought to have acknowledged the Papal claims at the time of the Kikuyu controversy, but comparatively few really did. Mr. Knox's view is that the British people are not clear-headed or logical. There is a great deal of hurrying to and fro and a great demand for action among the younger clergy, but no one thinks for a moment of packing his trunks. The Establishment is a comfortable religion, wherein a man may live in perfect peace and contentment, no matter what his opinions or his practice may be.

Did Bishop Weston in the Kikuyu controversy denounce the right of Modernism to hold high office in the Establishment, the Erastian London *Spectator* spoke of persecution and liberty of thought. Did he object to the open pulpit, the admission of non-Anglicans to communion in Anglican churches, or the conducting of a united communion service by an Anglican bishop in a non-Episcopal church, he was called to task for his bigotry and intolerance, and reminded of the power of Parliament over an episcopate that really could not,

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on its principles, teach with any divine certainty. At a dinner with some clerical dons, Mr. Knox in his humorous way characterized the report of the Archbishop's findings: "The Commission comes to the conclusion that the service at Kikuyu was eminently pleasing to God, and must on no account be repeated." In a clever pamphlet, entitled *Reunion All Round*, he showed the absurdity of the position held by Bishop Weston's opponents. He said: "If it was the duty of all Christian bodies to unite for worship, sinking their differences on each side, why should the movement be confined to Christians? What about the Jews, from whom we were only separated by the Council of Jerusalem? And if the Jews, why not the Mohammedans? We could always split the difference between monogamy and tetragamy by having two wives all round. The Brahmins presented few difficulties.... Perhaps after all, charity should demand of us that we should accept the submission of the Pope. We might even join with the atheists in a common definition of the Divine Nature, asserting it to involve existence and non-existence simultaneously."

Still, strangely enough, except for a six weeks attack of "Roman fever" in 1910, Mr. Knox for many years had no idea of making his submission to Rome. It was only on the occasion of his brother's "first Mass" that he began to question seriously the validity of Anglican orders. Perhaps he said to himself, "neither he nor I was a priest, nor was this Mass, nor was this host the Saving Host." He adds: "There is no such bully as a logical mind. My intellect, peeping down the vistas of a mere doubt, forced my eyes open to the mockery it involved." He wrote at once to his father, the Bishop of Manchester, opening to him his doubts about the Anglican position; he discussed the problem with his many friends; he "read round" the subject of the Papacy and the Reformation; he sought the advice of experts on both sides.

Some told him it was a case of war-nerves; others counseled parish work, that he might forget the problems of controversy; others urged him to go slowly, and not be won over by the glamour of "the seven hills." He did the best thing possible: he prayed for light.

The anti-Papal books suggested by his friends had an effect directly contrary to their hopes. He calls to mind, for example, a passage in Milman, in which he comments upon the

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extraordinary precision with which, time after time, the Bishops of Rome managed to foresee which side the Church would eventually take in a controversy, and "plumped" for it beforehand. The Church fixes the date of Easter, the Church decides that heretics need not be baptized, the Church decides that the Incarnate combined two Natures in One Person. This uncanny capacity for taking the pulse of the Church is ascribed by Milman partly to the extreme cunning of the early Pontiffs, and partly to their geographically central position. It at once occurred to Mr. Knox that there was another explanation. "I could have laughed aloud," he writes.

He began to understand that all the substitutes invented by men at various times for the full Petrine claims were simply zigzag paths which came to the same thing in the end; they all led to Rome. Modernism, Tractarianism, Consensusfideliumism, and Gallicanism all demanded the Pope. He was beginning to see a light in the forest of doubting.

At the same time he tells us that the Church of Rome held out to him no sensible attraction whatever. The whole system gave him no pleasure to contemplate. For well over a year, he gave himself up to self-questioning, brooding, and to something not unlike despair. He spoke to few friends of his difficulties, not only from an instinct of reticence, but because he felt it an impertinence to inflict his troubles upon others. But with his ears ever strained to catch the divine call, he was conscious at least that he was not going back. He gave up preaching and the hearing of confessions; he studied the problem from every side in the calm retreat of Shrewsbury School; he prayed earnestly for light, and, at last, the answer came.

Grace finally triumphed during a retreat at Farnborough Abbey, and he entered the Kingdom of Heaven as a little child. "It was as if I had been a man homeless and needing shelter, who first of all had taken refuge under a shed at the back of an empty house. Then he tried a back door in the building itself and found it locked. . . . And then he tried the front door, and found that it had been open all the time."

The old charge that the convert to Rome finds his liberty cramped and restricted in numberless ways, he answers as many a convert before him: "The curious thing is that my experience has been exactly the opposite. I have been over-

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whelmed with the feeling of liberty—the glorious liberty of the sons of God. As an Anglican I was forever bothering about this and that detail of correctness. Was this doctrine one that an Anglican could assert as of faith? Was this scruple of conscience one to be encouraged or to be fought? And above all, was I right? Were we all doing God's will, or merely playing at it?"

There is not one word of bitterness in this fascinating autobiography. On the contrary, Mr. Knox has a feeling of unbounded gratitude to God for having been born in a Church which proved so excellent a schoolmaster to bring him to Christ. He has only words of kindness for the friends he has left behind, and words of gratefulness towards the new friends who have welcomed him so heartily into the Church of his forefathers. In his last chapter he prophesies that after the War only two great institutions which override the boundaries of country will dispute for the mastery of the souls of men, Catholicism and Socialism. May this brilliant young convert—he is only thirty—live long to do battle for the cause of the Church of God.

ELECTRIC LIGHT.

An Invocation.

BY JOSEPH I. C. CLARKE.

ILLUMINED magic of the ether, shine
When day is done upon this desk of mine,
And with thy gleam first struck 'tween star and star,
And held in angels' censers swung afar,
See that whate'er I write shall bear the sign
Of truth and love in every upright line;
And if I write the false, then quench thy spark,
And leave me to the demons of the dark—
Until, before my contrite heart, their flight
Shall win once more the blessing of the light.

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GEORGES GUYNEMER: KING OF FRENCH AIRMEN.

BY THE COMTESSE DE COURSON.

THE triumph of mind over matter: of an iron will over the limitations of a fragile body, was seldom more magnificently illustrated than in the life of Georges Guynemer, the hero of more than fifty air victories.

He was born in 1894, his father was an archæologist of some renown, but among his earlier forebears there were many soldiers and their spirit descended on the lad. The youngest of three children and the only boy of the family, his extreme delicacy of constitution gave much anxiety to his parents. At the age of twelve, when he was placed at the Collège Stanislas in Paris, he looked much younger than his years, his small, white face illumined only by big, black eyes, His professors and fellow pupils remember him as somewhat undisciplined and independent, but loyal, kind-hearted, intelligent and absolutely incapable of any base or unworthy thought.

When the War broke out, he endeavored to enter the flying corps: he had a gift for mechanics and had long felt drawn to a branch of the service that, four years ago, had not attained its present importance. His frail appearance and insufficient health caused him to be rejected twice, but in November, 1914, after repeated efforts, he obtained admission as a "pupil mechanician" at the Pau camp. He looked, so say his comrades, like a "little girl" dressed up as a soldier. In January, 1915, his close attention to every detail of his profession, advanced him to the "pupil pilot" class, and in February he was promoted to *fly* for the first time. From that moment his real vocation was evident; the work absorbed and delighted him; the "fields of air" became his domain, where he soon reigned by right divine of his marvelous gifts as a pilot and a marksman. His energy dominated his fragile body to such an extent that he seemed to make one with his airship. It obeyed his every movement like a well-trained instrument. He showed the coolness, foresight, presence of mind, and close attention

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to details of an older man, combined with a childish enjoyment of danger and a delight in his own success that was not vanity, but the outcome of happy and confident youth. In those early days, his captain, discerning his aptitudes, wrote in his notebook under Guynemer's name: "Very young, but his extraordinary confidence and his natural gifts will soon make him an excellent pilot."

Towards the middle of the following year, the French flying corps that, so far, had served only as scouts, gradually assumed the position of a fighting corps, and as such has continued to render valuable services.

On July 19th, Guynemer brought down his first German aëroplane, and five minutes later he landed himself and his companion within the French lines. "Where is the pilot?" asked a colonel, who had watched the aërial engagement. Guynemer came forward, a slim figure with a girlish face. "How old are you?" "Twenty-two." "Well, well," said the gray-haired officer, "children are now our best soldiers." Another colonel, whose men had followed every detail of the fight, wrote his congratulations to these "children," both of whom a few days later received the military medal.

For some months, the young airman was attached to a camp near Compiègne, where his people lived, and frequently he flew over his home. When, as sometimes happened, his fragile health obliged him to take a few days leave, he pined for his airship, and made his oldest sister promise to wake him whenever the weather was fine. She conscientiously did so, and the lad would go off for a few hours chase and come back refreshed. One Sunday his father met him as he was coming out from Mass. "Papa, I have lost my Boche, you must find him," he said, and then explained that he had brought down a German airship, which had fallen in the woods some distance away. He was due at headquarters, so he confided to his father the search for his victim.

The boy's pursuit of the enemy through the fields of air was sportsmanlike in its enjoyment. In December, 1915, he continued to add to his victories, but in February, 1915, before Verdun he was wounded. After a brief stay at a hospital, he insisted, although imperfectly restored to health, on joining his comrades in the Somme, and again, at short intervals, brought down several enemy planes. His boldness never made

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him careless. He always examined carefully every technical detail of his machine, leaving nothing to chance.

To the end of his short career, this conqueror of fifty-three German aircraft (only fifty-three were duly authenticated but many more were brought down by him) retained his girlish countenance; the delicate features quivered with emotion and the black eyes burnt like coals in the pale face. He owned to his sister that, when he took up his work after being wounded, he knew fear for the first time, and to conquer the sensation, set himself the task of remaining under the enemy's fire for a given time, manœuvring but not firing. He always believed that this saved his nerves and restored his self-confidence.

During the summer of that year, Guynemer, now a lieutenant, added new victories to his list. In July, 1916, his journal mentions that on the 9th, 10th, 11th, 16th, 26th, 28th, he brought down or severely damaged hostile airships. On September 23d, he disposed of three, but after this triple success he was himself brought to earth by the French artillery. He was picked up, stunned and bleeding, but alive, and on being recognized, was carried in triumph by the men, while the spirited "Marseillaise" rose from the trenches! In Lorraine, his next post, he continued to add to his victories, and is mentioned in dispatches as an unequaled pilot, *pilote incomparable.*

In the spring of that same year, 1917, he and his *escadrille, les Cigognes*—the Storks—were removed to the Aisne front, and here in one day—May 25th—he brought down four German machines. The enemy newspapers alluded to him as "the glory of French aircraft." These repeated victories so increased his boldness that on May 27th, alone and single handed, he attacked six German airships and came out victorious and safe. His fearlessness does not, however, suffice to explain his success; it was due, in no less degree, to the precision of his methods, to his presence of mind, and his skill as a marksman. The men in the trenches were never happier than when, with boyish delight, he manœuvred above them; his aërial flights were followed with passionate interest by the patient soldiers below. On July 5th, he received the Legion of Honor at the hands of General Franchet d'Esperey. The ceremony took place in a plain bounded by hills; the sun was shining brightly; the hero's family was present and when the

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ceremony was over, the troops marched past a slim boyish figure with a pale face and luminous eyes. Beneath the picturesqueness of the scene, the military music, the enthusiasm of the soldiers, the sunshine that glorified the whole, lay a tragic significance; many present felt that the shadow of death hovered over the hero of the day.

It was impossible for a human frame to stand this continual strain of mind and body, so after having brought down three more aircraft, Guynemer was sent to recruit his strength near the sea. A great wish of his had just been gratified. He had long dreamed of an airship constructed according to his own design, with which he believed he might achieve even greater successes. An engineer, M. Bechereau, entered into his plans and undertook the work. The boy's own knowledge of mechanics and his attention to all the details of the trade, gave him a certain authority in the matter, and he was allowed to go to Paris, from time to time, to superintend the building of his magic airship. In February he wrote to his father that his new machine would be better than anything he could hope for. "I can think of nothing else," he adds.

His photograph being widely circulated through the country, he was often recognized when he passed through Paris; this kind of celebrity provoked, rather than pleased him. If he loved glory, says his biographer, M. Henri Bordeaux, he hated ostentation. By this time he had been decorated by all the Allied powers: Belgium, Rumania, Russia, Montenegro, Great Britain, Serbia. He seldom wore all his crosses, but he often used, at his friends' request, to turn them out of his pockets to show them. "What decoration is wanting to your collection?" once said a lady, from whose lips I heard the story. "The wooden cross that I shall have some day," replied the lad gravely. The words sounded to the listener like a funeral knell. Her own grandson, Guynemer's comrade and contemporary, had been lately killed on board his airship and was at rest under a wooden cross in a frontier cemetery.

The new airship was used for the first time by its owner on the fifth of July, the day he received the Legion of Honor. With it he gained new victories in Flanders, but again his strength seemed failing; yet, such was his passion for his work, those who loved him hardly ventured to suggest that he should, for a time, take the command of a training school for

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airmen, where his personality and his gifts would have benefited his pupils. On August 17th, 18th and 20th he brought down more German planes, but although he had lost none of his boldness, his best friends realized that the nerve tension of this boy in his twenties was becoming acute to the breaking point. His father discreetly counseled him to apply for a post where his technical knowledge of the craft would come into play. "No one has a right to leave the front," replied Guynemer. "I know what you mean. Do not let us speak of it: self-sacrifice is never wasted."

On August 28, 1917, his machine needing repairs, he came to Paris to overlook the work, and for the last time his slight figure was seen at the church of St. Pierre de Chaillot, where the parish clergy knew and loved him. He always went there for confession and Holy Communion, and often, before leaving the church, stopped to converse with the kindly priests, who were impressed by his generosity and modesty. "My comrades do as well as I do," he would say when they congratulated him on his victories. On the occasion of this last visit, they were struck by his gravity, it was touched with sadness. Standing in the sacristy; after having been to the Sacraments, he replied to their affectionate greetings by the word: "*Hodie mihi, cras tibi;* I cannot escape. I will certainly be killed." The words came back to his listeners when, on the eleventh of September, just two weeks later, they heard that the king of French airmen was "missing."

That day Georges Guynemer started at 8:25 to "bring down a Boche;" his comrades, more and more impressed by his strained expression and nervous fatigue, tried, under different pretexts, to keep him at the camp. He went, in spite of their remonstrances, and, for a time, flew neck and neck with one of his favorite comrades. Eight German airships having appeared, Guynemer directed his companion to disperse them, to facilitate his own task of bringing them down. The two got separated and, from that moment, Georges Guynemer was never seen again by his own people.

One of his pupils described to me the consternation that reigned along the line that afternoon, how telephones and telegraphs worked from one post to another, how British and Belgian airmen flew to inquire. The men of his command refused to believe their chief had fallen! The suspense lasted

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ten days, then a written message was dropped within the British lines; it stated that Captain Georges Guynemer had been brought down in an air fight above Poëlcapelle, that he was shot through the head and had been buried at Poëlcapelle with military honors. The news of his death was confirmed by the Swiss Red Cross, but a certain mystery prevails as to his burial; when on October 4th the British troops took possession of Poëlcapelle, they found no trace of his grave. Hence, the persistence with which the French people clung to the hope that the lad, who was a national hero, might be a prisoner. A message that came through the King of Spain on November 8th, confirmed the news of Guynemer's death, but still left unsolved the mystery of his last resting place.[1]

Throughout France, the young airman's fame was celebrated, but the Mass said for him at Compiègne by the Bishop of Beauvais was particularly impressive: his comrades were present, some grievously wounded and all cut to the heart by the loss of one, of whom they wrote: "He was our friend and our chief; our pride and our ideal."

[1] According to our press reports, Guynemer's body was discovered later by a Canadian soldier. He died evidently of a bullet wound in the head. The first finger of his left hand was missing, so it is probable Guynemer lost control of his machine, and hence its fatal plunge. [Editor.]

HOLY COMMUNION.

BY T. J. S.

Not light alone nor warmth of rising sun
Nor freshened beauty of an earth reborn,
Bespeak the fullness of Thy love divine,
Who comest to give Thyself to me at morn.

All other gifts share but a borrowed worth:
Glory and life and power arise from Thee.
To make supreme Thy pledge of closest love,
Thou gavest Thyself at early morn to me.

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THE BOYS OF THE HOUSE.

BY KATHARINE TYNAN.

SHE had been told the house was haunted, but when she came to it, in the second year of the War, it did not seem to her that its ghosts could be anything but gentle. The house was a low, brooding, tender old mother of children. The long corridors, the odd twists and turns, the little bowery and flowery rooms, were all delightful.

There was one long low room, with four windows set deeply in the wall, which must at one time have been a nursery. She made the room her own. When she approached it from outside she always looked up at the windows with an expectation of children's faces and children's brown and golden heads looking at her. Perhaps they were there. She was too short-sighted to see them if they were; or perhaps she only imagined things.

It was just the house for children to play in, with front and back staircases, rooms opening one into another, deep doors, covered with curtains and hidden sometimes by an article of furniture, a wardrobe or a bed on the other side. Her own children delighted in it. It was full of nooks and corners. Outside were spacious stable-yards, with lofts above the stables and granaries approached by twisting stone stairs. There was a lake, famous for its wild birds, covered with water-lilies in summer, with a boat which you might navigate between the tall reeds. There were the most enchanting back-waters. Little spits of land ran between the back-water, and if you were agile you could spring from one grassy path to another, or walk across an unsteady plank, surprising a heron or coot, or a flock of wild duck, or the moorhen's chickens; every kind of water-fowl haunted the little lake and the back-waters, to say nothing of the wild geese in the wonderful winter skies and the gulls that came when the storms were out in the Atlantic.

There were all sorts of delicious walks in the woods and coppices, and in spring there were such a plentitude of prim-

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roses as she had never seen anywhere else. If you can imagine to yourself a grassy hill, so covered with primroses that for a time there was no sign of grass between the flowers. The primroses had run over it like a tide and had run out as a tide will in little tongues, leaving a trail of pale greenish-yellow foam behind.

Someone said one day: "The primroses must have been planted here, but what a labor! It would take the tirelessness of children to put in all those roots!"

After that, she had a dream of children, generation after generation, planting the primroses, bringing them in from the woods in little wheelbarrows and "dibbing" them in with toy trowels.

It was in the winter following her coming that she began to have an idea that the house was haunted, but so sweetly haunted! She heard a light young foot cross the hall not ten paces from her. When she called no one answered: there was no one there.

Then, in the shadows—the house was full of shadows that winter—down the long corridor or as she went up the stairs, something flitted before her, a boy's shape, light and slender. She caught a glimpse of it, thin as mist, against the end window of the corridor. From behind a closed door she heard a boy's laugh. Sometimes she heard voices—always young voices. When other people heard them she argued about the acoustic properties of the house and the queer tricks played by sound, instancing the echo. Why, if a child laughted on the tennis lawn, or shouted, the house gave back the sound from all its open windows, as though other children there laughed and shouted too in a thin fairy way.

At first there was only one young shape, one light step in the corridor or crossing the hall. That was before the last day of the old year, when she was wakened from her sleep by a quick eager voice calling "Mother! Mother!" She lay awake in the dusk of dawn wondering if she had only dreamed it; but it was not a dream. The call had come to the elder of her boys.

Soon the house was very quiet. The younger boy went to prepare to follow his brother. The girl went to school. Bitter cold came and heavy snow. The old house was cut off from the world by its mile-long avenue. The wild duck went away

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to the sea. The gulls became pensioners on the bounty of the house, robbing the little birds by *force majeure*. The crows were melancholy—black against the unspotted snow. Everything was starving. There was a track made by the rabbits to the trees where they ate the bark. The sheep, dirty on the snow, nosed about piteously, looking for a bit of grass, and grew lean on their bare rations of hay. The gulls screamed all day for food and were joined by others; and, if you lifted a blind at nights, you saw the ghosts of little rabbits and squirrels running against the background of snow.

It was at this time, when she had to walk the long corridors for exercise, that she became aware, quite suddenly, of two misty shapes where one had been. More often now she heard the voices and the laughter. She began to see glimmering faces in the shadows, eyes blue, eyes brown; when she looked close, there was nothing. Or something went by her, brushing her skirt, lifting her hair, as with a little wind.

There were two of the boys. She was sure of that in time. One had a serious sweet young face. The other was merrier. There was roguery in the smile, in the blue eyes: the brown eyes were of a curious velvety depth—almost black. The brows were arched to a point. A Vandyck face. He was the elder of the two, she thought. It was the blue-eyed, golden-haired one who laughed from behind doors and peeped at her from dark corners.

Then, when the snow had broken up and the grass, liberated from the ice-prison, was smelling deliciously, praising God; when the first lambs were running with their mothers, and the thrushes and blackbirds sang; when the gulls had gone back to sea and the rooks were making a tremendous to-do over the building of their houses, someone came to make a call. After the usual talk about the weather and the house and the neighbors the caller said:

"I hear your elder boy has gone to the War. So sad that the two boys who used to be in this house were killed. One after the other. Two beautiful boys! Their poor mother!"

She asked when they were killed.

"Oh, poor children! Guy last October and Pat just recently. They were so devoted to each other. Pat always said that he was going to follow Guy—quite happily and without any gloom. He was such a darling—so full of life and merri-

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ment. Guy was quite different. He was already painting beautifully. That is one of his pictures over there."

"Oh!" She had been wondering about those pictures with their strange glow of light and color. They lit any room they were in; and they were in many rooms. When you entered a room with one of these pictures in it your eye was unconsciously drawn to it; you saw nothing else. "I was wondering who the painter could be. They are very beautiful. He gets the strange Western color, the cloud of indigo blue above a group of feather-like trees with their feet in the bog-flood; a sky of immense mole-colored cloud with light below it, light silver and gold and primrose green all in one."

"People rave about his pictures," the caller said, getting up to go. "A thousand pities the War should take such as he! They were both beautiful boys."

After that she became quite familiar with the coming and going of the boys. She saw them or thought she saw them—she was so short-sighted that she could not be quite sure—passing through the sunlit glades of the woods, tall and young, one with a fond arm about the neck of the other, the golden head and the thrush-brown head side by side. Or they rocked in the boat under the dappling of the sun and the pale green uncurling leaves. When she came nearer there was no one. It might have been imagination.

The house overflowed with pictures. At the end of the long corridor there was a room full of them, their faces turned to the wall. When she had taken the house from an agent, and had gone through the inventory with his clerk, she had not troubled to see what lay the other side of those canvas backs. But since she had become interested in the pictures of the elder of the two brothers, she had gone from one room to another—there were a great many rooms—examining the pictures, good, bad and indifferent. And so, at last, she came to the room where the pictures stood with their faces hidden, three or four deep.

It was one of the long bright evenings of high summer, and all outside, to the height of the immense sky, was flooded with pale gold. The room in which the pictures were faced North was full of a dazzling reflection. For a time nothing rewarded her search. There were many oil paintings, some good, some bad copies of famous originals. Very little

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of interest. She had all but concluded that the little room was a lumber-room when she found a portrait.

It was with a quick leap of the heart that she recognized it. It was Guy, the painter. He had been painted in a scarlet hunting coat and there was a little black velvet cap on his hair, which showed brown beneath it. There were the velvety brown eyes and the thin brows arched to a point. The skin was olive-hued, with something of the color of a ripe pear in the cheeks. The lips were sweet and grave. There was something compassionate in the young face, from which she turned away half-frightened.

The picture was not well painted—it was amateurish—but there was life in it. The great flood of pale gold from the North sky seemed to have a reflection from the depths of the brown eyes. Sharply she turned the picture again with its face to the other canvases. She loved it, but it hurt her.

During that summer, with the succession of its flowers, they did not often come. Once, smelling the sharp sweetness of clove-pinks under her window, she looked up from her writing and had a momentary glimpse of the boys: but they stayed away so long sometimes that she thought they were gone for ever. Sometimes too, she had a sense that they were there, though she could not see them. She prayed for them with her own boys, and others in peril, and those killed in the War, in the little oratory where they had knelt at their childish and boyish prayers. It seemed to her that in the narrow room with its Crucifix, its never extinguished lamp and flowers, where they were glad to see her come and grieved when she went away, these two young sons of the house often knelt beside her. When she lifted her bowed head from the *priedieu* at which she knelt she saw them, or thought she saw them. It was as though they too, like all the others whose pictures hung about the Crucifix or crept close to It on the table with its fair linen cloth, like those whose names were on the scrolls that hung either side of the Crucifix, found the shrine warm to troop into out of the night and rain.

She was not at all afraid of these gentle ghosts. On the contrary she felt the house lonely when they did not come: she began to wonder how, when the time came for her to leave this place where at first she had felt castaway, she could endure that they should look for her and not find her.

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No one else apparently knew of their presence. The ghosts the people had attributed to the house, much less pleasant ghosts, had no existence. She was sure of that after a couple of years of occupation. *They* would have frightened her; not these radiant boys—yes, they were radiant. In that third long winter they shone on her in those glimpses with a most benignant light, their presence became a reassurance. She thought that if the old hideous ghosts the people had believed in were to come, these young knights would be flashing sword in hand on either side of her to protect her.

That was the winter when her elder boy was in deadly peril, and the younger was coming near the point to go. The elder boy was in the East, threatened as much by pestilence as by fire and sword. Someone had said to her: "Every man who stays long enough, unless he is disabled and sent home not to return, is killed at last."

She did not know if it were true or not. She heard it with a faint cold wonder that anyone should say the like to the mother of a son out there amid the deadly rivers, with the sudden agonizing diseases that lay in wait for him if he went scathless from shell or sword.

Some time midway of this winter, the young ghosts deserted her. As she went up and down the house, shaking if the dogs barked, lest there should be a telegram, she looked in vain for them in the places where they had shone upon her like a light in mist. No more when she knelt at prayer did they kneel beside her. They had deserted the house. And now the least lonely place in the wintry house was the oratory, where the pictured faces of "her boys" as she called them—many a one came to her for comfort in these days because somehow the tale of her comfort had got abroad—brought her reassurance when the wind cried around the house like a banshee, and her heart was heavy and cold for what might be happening far away.

Then, midway of a great frost, there came news, not the news she dreaded, but the news she had hoped for. He was wounded. He had fought a great fight: he was to be decorated. These things she knew afterwards. When the news came that he had been wounded and would be sent home she felt that it was an answer to her prayers. He would be out of it, out of that hell of sickness and death; she would have him to nurse

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back to health. Curiously enough it did not occur to her that he might die of his wounds. He had been two years from her arms. Now that he was coming home her heart sang like a bird's.

The most wonderful May that was ever known had come on the tracks of a dreadful spring, and the primroses had replaced the snow—since they had so short a time to stay there was never such a blossoming—when she brought him home. She had gone as far as she could to meet him. What dismay she felt at the first sight of him—this gaunt, serious suffering man to be her boy, her *little* boy, as she had called him in her tender thoughts, though his brother was still her littlest one, her "baby"—she hid in her heart. His eyes had leaped at her out of their deep sockets. "By Jove, Mummie, how pretty and how young you look!" he said.

He was there still—her own boy, gay and full of singing, the soul of him just the same only hurt—to be coaxed back to what he once was.

She brought him home to the primroses. He lay out among them on an invalid couch, and the scent of them, he said, clung to everything, the soft wind came with the salt of the ocean in it and the days were hot; gorse and pine gave out delicious pungent odors, and the color crept back to his cheeks. He smiled—he had been very slow in smiling—and after a while he talked; but by that time all the primroses had flocked back to Fairyland for another year, and the white pinks had come and the forget-me-nots were like a sheet of sky under the apple trees.

She had not asked him about his wound nor about the battle. But one day when he said at last that he was better, he talked of his own accord and his talk flowed on quietly, like the lapping of a wave, even when he talked of dreadful things.

"I have been wanting to tell you," he said, "of the two to whom I owe my life. They came to my help when I was left behind, wounded. You know I was two nights and a day under the Turkish fire between the trenches. The odd thing was that they had been fighting beside me in the advance, and one was an Irish Guardsman and the other was in the Dublins. There were no Dublins there and no Irish Guards; and I remember wondering how they came to be there. Anyhow they were great fighters.

"Yes?" she said, breathlessly. "Yes?"

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"Sometime I will tell it to you at length," he said, lying with closed eyes, "when I am quite well and you can bear it. We were up against the enemy guns. Our men were going down all over the place. Over and over again I felt one or the other of these two covering me. They did not seem to get hit themselves. They were like lions—irresistible."

"Yes?" she said again. "Yes?"

"There were a good many prisoners taken," he went on. "When our men fell back I was left behind, pumping blood like a horse. I once saw a horse bleed to death. It was an artery. Nothing could stop it. I was bleeding like that; and I was in sickening pain. I suppose I must have fainted or something. I know that I had been calling out for someone to come and finish me, and I must have gone off. When I knew anything again the stars were above me—immense stars they were, like lamps rather than the tiny specks we have here. I didn't know at first whether they were stars or star shells, only as they stayed I concluded they must be stars. You see I couldn't think very well, I was ragingly thirsty, and though it was night there came a hot desert wind that parched me. Soon I said to myself the sun would rise; then. . . . Before I could do more than think of the torture, someone lifted my head and held water to my lips. Such water! It tasted as though it came from Paradise. Someone else was doing something to the wound, so gently. The bleeding had stopped, I felt something soft under me. It was grass. And I thought to myself that I knew now about green pastures and cool waters."

She listened—her lips apart, her eyes fixed on his face.

"Well, dear?" she breathed, when he paused.

"There's not much more," he said. "I'm afraid. . . . I am rather slow. How keen you are!"

She said to herself that he was tired. She ought not to let him talk more now, but she said nothing to stop him; she must hear the rest.

"It was those two again," he went on. "The Irish Guardsman and the Dublin Fusilier. *I* believe they carried me in. The chaps said I must have wriggled in. They had no idea any one had been left behind. They thought they had picked up everyone. I never found who those two fellows were. No one had seen them. I'd never have got in only for them. As soon as the sun got up I'd have been potted. That is all . . . now."

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"Don't talk any more," she said, hastily. "You must rest. You can just say yes or no. Was one—the Irish Guardsman—brown-eyed, with closely growing brown hair—the color of an Irish setter. Eyebrows with a queer pointed arch to them—a straight nose?

"Yes, I noticed the eyebrows. They gave him a look of asking a question. Do you know him then?"

"And the other, peculiarly merry-looking, blue eyed, fair-haired, very long dark lashes to the eyes?"

"I don't think . . . I noticed the lashes. He was fair—and he laughed, even then."

He opened his eyes, looking at her in wonder.

"Wait a moment," she said.

She ran upstairs, her heart beating fast. She dragged the portrait of the elder son of the house from where it stood behind two or three others. The dust of it was on her white dress as she carried it downstairs and went back on to the lawn.

"Hello!" he said, "I ought to be carrying that for you. Why have you dragged that great thing out here?"

"Can you look, dear?" she asked, supporting the picture on the end of the couch.

"It is the Irish Guardsman," he said. "So you do know him?"

"He used to live here. The other was his brother, the golden one. I'll tell you all about them another time. You've been talking too much and must have a good rest."

As she went away with the portrait she said to herself:

"Now, I shall not be so much afraid of my baby boy going to the War."

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PASSIFLORA.

BY HARRIETTE WILBUR.

Yea, a sign
'Twixt God and man; a record of that hour
What the expiatory act divine
Cancelled that curse which was our mortal dower
It is the cross!—*Sir Aubrey de Vere.*

THE blue or common passion flower has been termed "Holy Rood Flower," and it is the ecclesiastical emblem of Holy Cross Day, observed September 14th in memory of the return of the true Cross to Jerusalem in 628, after its recovery by Heraclius from the Persians, probably originally celebrating the consecration of the Church of the Holy Sepulchre in Jerusalem in the year 335. For, according to the familiar couplet:

The passion flower long has blow'd
To betoken us signs of the Holy Rood.

The Spanish friars in America first called it "flower of the Passion" (*flos passionis*), a name which has never been changed. It is one of the great contributions of the Western hemisphere to the symbolical flowers of Christendom, and its star-like blossoms have taken a worthy place beside the mystical roses and trefoils of ecclesiastical decorations, never more appropriately than in the iron work of the beautiful choir-screens at Lichfield and at Hereford.

The cross-marked flowers of passion hang o'er the victor's palm. —*Anon* ("*In a Dominican Priory*").

It was regarded as "the flower of the five wounds," by which the Passion was set forth, so that in due season it might assist, when its marvels should be explained to them, in the conversion of the people of Mexico, where it grew. The early Fathers saw in its bud the Eucharist, in its half-open flower the star in the East, and in the full bloom they could point out how the five

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anthers represented the five wounds received by Christ when nailed to the cross, the triple style being the three nails employed, one for each of the hands, the other for the feet; the anthers are the hammer, cup, and sponge; in the central receptacle one can detect the pillar of the Passion, and in the filaments forming the corona is seen a representation of the crown of thorns. The five sepals and five petals stood for the ten faithful apostles, and the whole calyx depicts the nimbus, or glory, with which the scared head is surrounded. Then, too, in its leaves are the spear-head with their glandular thirty pieces of silver, and its tendrils are the cords that bound the Lord. A curious old drawing shows not only a likeness to the implements of the crucifixion, but the objects themselves in miniature: the column, nails, crown, cup, and all. In allusion to the flower habit of half-closing to a bell form, a churchman wrote: "It may be well that in His infinite wisdom it pleased Him to create it thus shut up and protected, as though to indicate that the wonderful mysteries of the cross and of His Passion were to remain hidden from the heathen people of those countries until the time preördained by His Highest Majesty." In an old tradition, it was the passion flower which climbed the cross and fastened about the scars in the wood where the nails had been driven through the hands and feet of the Sufferer, and so absorbed their imprint.

A flower that had so wild a charm and grace,
That people call it the flower of the Passion.
Purple and sulphur pale, from out the sod
Of Calvary, they say, this blossom burst
When men had crucified the Son of God,
And shed his blood to heal the world accurst;—
Blood witness, it is named, and you will find
That every several instrument of malice
All tools of martyrdom of various kind
It carried counterfeited in its chalice.
Each requisite of pain the flower adorns,
From out its torture chamber nothing fails,
The spittle and the cords, the crown of thorns,
The cross, the cup, the hammer, and the nails.—*Heine.*

In the language of flowers, the passion flower, when held erect, speaks of "Faith," but when held reversed implies "re-

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ligious superstition." One writer says that its evanescence and its rays of glory make it fitted to symbolize human life. However, by long association, it suggests sorrow:

> The plant where pious maids discern the passion,
> The death by which we live.—*Hartley Coleridge.*

> But, for that she hath wept,
> And over buried hopes long vigil kept,
> Bring mystic passion flowers,
> To tell the tale of sacrificial hours
> When, lifting up her cross,
> She bore it bravely on through pain and loss.
> —*Julia C. R. Dorr.*

> And round his brow the dying Autumn weaves
> An empty wreath of faded passion-flowers.—*H.H.*

The passion flowers are an American species exclusively, generally found within or near the tropics. The different species are chiefly climbers, and are very handsome plants. Several were, long since, naturalized in Europe and regarded as one of the most graceful of plants for training upon walls and trellis work. C. P. Cranch tells us that, at Sorrento, it is a common sight to see "the passion flowers twining through countless roses;" indeed, most of the poetical quotations on the plant indicate its thorough adoption by the Old World:

> In and out the balconies thin stems
> Went twisting, and the chains of passion flowers,
> But, blossom and phantasmal orb of fruit
> Alternate swung, and lengthened every hour.
> —*Harriet E. H. King ("Palermo").*

> The thatch was all bespread
> With climbing passion flowers;
> They were wet, and glistened with raindrops shed
> That day in genial showers.
> —*Jean Ingelow ("Cottage in a Chine").*

The common, or blue Passion flower (*passiflora cærulea*) is a native of Brazil and Peru, where its branches often climb

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to the tops of the highest trees, where they sustain themselves by means of strong tendrils, and send out a succession of the most curious and beautiful flowers, of a lovely blue color without and purplish and white within, the filamentous corona being of the same color as the petals. The blossoms possess a faint smell, and last for a single day only; the fruit is egg-shaped, of the size of a large plum, yellowish when ripe, and filled with a sweetish unpleasant pulp and black seeds. This is well-known in Europe, where it has been grown since 1699, and is now a favorite greenhouse and garden plant. One poet refers to it as "the queen, the peerless passion flower;" it was one of the flowers which grew in "Maud's" garden of roses where

> A lion ramps at the top,—
> He is claspt by a passion flower.
> * * *
> There has fallen a splendid tear
> From the passion flower at the gate.—*Tennyson.*

In Owen Meredith's *Lucile*, we read of "the thick passion flowers of the little wild garden," and, in fact, there seems to be tendency among poets to associate this flower with worldly affection. Thus, a certain lover observes how, in the conservatory, "the passion flower o'er her bright head dropped," and Edward S. Field says in *A Garden Son:*

> The passion-vine clings to the wall,
> But the wall is cold; it does not care
> For the passion-vine.

Maria Lowell, however, in describing *The Grave of Keats*, notes the absence of this plant from the tomb of this pure-hearted young poet, for she says:

> No mystic-signalled passion flowers
> Spread their flat discs, while buds more fair
> Swing like great bells, in frail green towers,
> To toll away the summer air.

Alfred Noyes, whose love of color is so pronounced, has painted a pretty picture of *Passiflora cærulea* in his poem *A Flower of Old Japan:*

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For the red-cross blossoms of soft blue fire
Were growing and fluttering higher and higher,
Shaking their petals out, sheaf by sheaf,
Till with disks like shields and stems like towers
Burned the host of the passion flowers.

"In the land of the sun's blessing where the passion flowers grow," as Arthur O'Shaughnessy puts it, these many bright species make a riot of color in reds, blues, purples, whites, blended with the yellow fruit and the large green leaves, and the tall trees, "interlaced with purple passion flowers in gay festoons," form gay bowers of beauty:

The passion flower's clinging leaves interlace
As a screen from the glare of the setting sun.
—*Anon ("In the Tropics").*

And the red passion flower to the cliffs, and the dark-blue clematis, clung.
—*Alfred Tennyson ("The Voyage of Maeldune").*

The granadilla vine (*Passiflora quadrangularis*) is of economic importance, and has been successfully cultivated even in Europe for the sake of its fruit. It is a native of the West Indies, and the fruit, large, oblong, of a greenish yellow color when ripe, soft and leathery to the touch, quite smooth, with a very thick skin enclosing a succulent, purple pulp, of a sweet taste but slightly acid, is prized, because cooling and agreeable in that hot climate:

Soft, spongy plums on trees wide-spreading, hang
Plump grenadilloes.—*Philip Freneau ("Santa Cruz").*

As its specific name indicates, it has a square, ligneous stem; the leaves are from five to six inches long, the flowers are large, showy, red within, white without, and odoriferous.

The granadilla, in its bloom,
Hangs o'er its high, luxurious bowers
Like fringes from a Tyrian loom.
—*Maria G. Brooks ("Farewell to Cuba").*

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The name "granadilla" is the Spanish diminutive for "granada," the pomegranate, in honor of its edible fruit.

The South American species are all highly colored in blossom, but those found in the Southern States are not so gay. Those of the flesh colored (*Passiflora incarnate*) are whitish within, with a purplish pink corona. The yellow-flowered (*Passiflora lutea*) with small yellowish-green blossoms, and oval purple fruit, occurs in woodlands and thickets from Ohio to Florida. Another Florida species (*Passiflora suberosa*) has greenish sepals, no petals, and purplish corona. One botanist names one hundred and thirty-five species of passion flower.

The passion flower blooms red or white,
A shadowed white, a cloudless red;
Caressingly it droops its head,
Its leaves, its tendrils from the light.
—*Christina Rossetti ("Songs for Strangers and Pilgrims")*

The starry passion flower still
Up the green trellis climbs,
The tendrils waving seem to keep
The cadence of the rhymes.
—*Anon ("Recollections").*

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ST. MATTHEW AND THE PAROUSIA.

BY EDMUND T. SHANAHAN, S.T.D.

IX.

THE Lord answered more than He was asked on the Mount of Olives. Instead of stopping at the questions proposed, He went on to speak of His "coming" in another and more personally concerning sense. He declared that He would come to the individual at death, emphasizing this as the *Parousia* for which all should constantly be on the watch, "like men with loins girt and lamps lighted in their hands"—two striking symbols of readiness!—waiting for their Lord when He came back from the Wedding Feast of eternal life, to conduct them singly thither.[1] Can it be proved that Jesus gave this additional sense to His "coming?" Is it possible to establish that He taught the privacy of His *Parousia* in addition to its publicity? It is the sole point in the Discourse, concerning which no proof has as yet been proffered, and upon it many issues of moment hang.

Unless all signs fail, the thought of the twenty-fourth chapter of St. Matthew suddenly changes with the thirty-seventh verse, and we are introduced to another sense in which the "Son of Man shall come." This change is indicated, among other things, by the contrasting of two pictures—the picture of the angels *gathering together*[2] His elect from the four winds; and the picture of individuals *singly taken or left.*[3] If we can determine the meaning of the verse, "One is taken and one is left," we have direct access to the thought of the Saviour in the latter part of the Discourse, and the key to the illustrative parables that follow.[4]

There can be no doubt that the change of meaning, whatever it be, is from the public and curious to the private and

[1] Luke xii. 35, 36.

[2] ἐπισυνάξουσιν. Matt. xxiv. 31.

[3] εἷς παραλαμβάνεται καὶ εἷς ἀφίεται. Matt. xxiv. 40, 41; Luke xvii. 34, 35.—"*Then*"—the reference is to Jerusalem's destruction—"two shall be in the field; one is 'taken up,' and one is left." The prophetic present employed by St. Matthew is translated into the indicative future by St. Luke.

[4] The Parable of the Thief. Matt. xxiv. 43; Luke xii. 39. The Parable of the Ten Virgins, Matt. xxv. 1-13. The Parable of the Talents. Matt. xxv. 14-30.

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personally concerning. When the Saviour speaks of "one being taken, and one left," He is not answering a question that was asked Him, He is interpreting His *Parousia* in a new, unwonted light that had no flashing foregleams, even the dimmest, in the literature of Israel. Even were we in possession of no text but that of the First Gospel, this much, at least, might therefrom be gathered without strain. It is the "coming of a thief;"[5] it is the "coming of the Son of Man" to those whom He personally cautions to be ever ready to meet Him;[6] it is the "coming" of the Lord of *that servant*,[7] or the Lord of *those servants*,[8] either suddenly, or after a long time, to "*make a reckoning with them;*" it is the "coming" of the Bridegroom at midnight to the sleeping ten, five of whom go in with Him to the Wedding-Feast, and five find the entrance barred;[9] it is a "coming" in which the words of greeting are "thou" and "I," either to welcome the individual *to enter into the joy of his Lord*, or to condemn him for a life mis-spent.[10]

Surely, the "coming" which is thus described as a relation of person to person—the Person of the Lord to the person of each individual servant—means something quite distinct from the destruction of Israel, or the cataclysmic ending of the world. We are in the presence of corrective teaching. The Lord is disestablishing the Palestinian doctrine that those physically surviving to the end of Israel shall see salvation.[11] He is announcing to the disciples that salvation depends on their personal relation to Him, not on their survival or non-survival to the time of the city's fall. "Who, then," He asks them, "is the wise and prudent servant, whom His Lord hath set over His household, to give them food in due season? Blessed is that servant whom his Lord when He 'cometh' shall find so doing." In other words, as the verses preceding plainly indicate:[12] "Blessed"[13] is that servant—not the one "who waiteth and cometh to the thousand three hundred and thirty-five days," but the one who is *permanently ready at all times to be "taken up"*[14] *into the Kingdom of eternal life*, admission into which is not conditional on one's being alive in the last days of Israel, but on one's being ready at the hour of death, whenever and wherever that may come.

[5] Matt. xxiv. 43. [6] Matt. xxiv. 44. [7] Matt. xxiv. 46-50. [8] Matt. xxv. 19. [9] Matt. xxv. 1, 3, 10, 11. [10] Matt. xxv. 12, 21, 22, 26. [11] 2 Es. vi. 25; ix. 7, 8. [12] Matt. xxiv. 40-44. [13] μακάριος. Compare Daniel xii. 12. [14] παραλαμβάνεται. Matt. xxiv. 40, 41; Luke xvii. 34, 35.—παραλήψομαι. John xiv. 3.

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There is no dearth of proof that this is actually the intended meaning. The reference to the "coming of the Son of Man," at the beginning of this section, is accompanied by a conjunction, the presence of which in the text gives clear warning that something is about to be said, in addition to what went before. "So shall *also* the coming of the Son of Man be clear" is the way the verse runs in the oldest and most reliable readings.[15] This conjunction is not found in verse twenty-seven, where the meaning attached to the *Parousia* is the destruction of Jerusalem. There it is simply said: "So shall be the coming of the Son of Man."[16] It is remarkable, to say the least, that this conjunction should be present in the second mention of the "coming of the Son of Man," and absent from the first. The *Textus Receptus* obscured matters by inserting it in verse twenty-seven, where Griesbach rightfully questioned the correctness of its presence. The readings of the Matthean text vary; and it would be precarious to build a scientific argument upon them but for the supporting testimony of St. Luke, in whose Gospel we find this same significant "also" brought directly before our notice.[17] Nor is this all. In St. Luke's verse about the "lightning,"[18] which corresponds to the twenty-seventh of St. Matthew, there is no trace of its presence in any manuscript; a fact which goes clearly to prove that the reference to Noe in both accounts is the introduction of a new thought.[19] Grammatically, therefore, there is the strongest of evidence that the "coming of the Son of Man," mentioned in verse thirty-seven of the Matthean report of the Discourse, is employed in a sense *additional* to the preceding, and that the thought behind the phrase has changed.

What particular idea did the Saviour wish to enforce by the statement: "And as were the days of Noe, so shall *also* be the coming of the Son of Man. For, as they were eating and drinking, marrying and giving in marriage, until the day that Noe entered into the ark; and they paid no heed until the flood came,[20] and took them all away, so shall *also* be the

[15] οὕτως ἔσται καὶ ἡ παρουσία τοῦ υἱοῦ τοῦ ἀνθρώπου. Matt. xxiv. 37.

[16] οὕτως ἔσται ἡ παρουσία τοῦ υἱοῦ τοῦ ἀνθρώπου.—Matt. xxiv. 27.

[17] οὕτως ἔσται καὶ Luke xvii. 26. [18] Luke xvii. 24.

[19] The γὰρ, sometimes inserted in Matt. xxiv. 37, is rightly rejected by Tischendorf for δὲ. St. Luke has καὶ, xvii. 26—a sure proof that γὰρ was not used by St. Matthew. [20] Matt. xxiv. 37-39; Luke xvii. 27.—ἦλθεν in both instances.

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coming of the Son of Man." The point of the comparison is not surprise and suddenness, but the *exact similarity* between the "coming" of the Flood and the "coming" of the Son of Man, as the text distinctly says. Those who hold that the comparison refers to the Second Advent in connection with the destruction of Jerusalem do not seem to realize that the text resists their view. Why should the Saviour say, *if His words concerned the Second Advent,* that His "Coming" would be sudden and surprising? Has He not just told His disciples the opposite, bidding them not to take fright at wars or rumors of wars, or the rising of nation against nation?"[21] Has He not just finished assuring them that their practical judgment would prove sufficiently forewarning,[22] and that they need not grow anxious until they actually see the assembling of the foe?[23] The Second Advent theory of the comparison is self-disproving.

Jesus compares the "coming of the Son of Man" to the "coming" of the Flood. That is the outstanding fact in the text, and the grammatical indications that this is the point of the comparison are very strong and striking in St. Luke. When he likens the Lord's coming to the "lightning," the third evangelist uses an adverb signifying *analogy*;[24] but when he compares it to the "coming" of the Flood, an adverb is employed which indicates the *exact similarity*[25] of the approaching "days of the Son of Man" and the former" days of Noe." And what can this exact similarity mean but *the destruction of the multitude, and the saving of single individuals* from among the vast throng that shall then, as in the days of Noe, go unheeding to their doom? This thought is expressly set forth by St. Matthew in the very next verse: "One is taken, and one is left;" and its explicit setting forth offers the safest of reasons for concluding that such is, indeed, the purport of what precedes. Jesus is asserting that salvation is to be private and individual, not public and collective, at the time of Israel's destruction. He is interpreting His *Parousia* in the personal and spiritual sense of His "coming" to the Twelve and countless others, to bring salvation or rejection, at the hour of death. The disciples have already been cautioned to "look to them-

[21] Matt. xxiv. 6, 7, 8.

[22] Luke xxi. 20.

[23] Καὶ καθὼς ἐγένετο. Luke xvii. 26. Compare the τὰ αὐτὰ (ταῦτα) xvii. 30.

[24] Ὥσπερ. Luke xvii. 24.

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selves."[26] They have already been told that "he who shall lose his life for My sake, shall find it;[27] and that he who persevereth unto the end, the same shall be saved."[28] To which the Lord now adds[29] that He is to come to each one singly at life's close, to take him up, if he be ready, to the "Kingdom of Glory"—a Kingdom which the Jews expected to see established on earth, in the storied land which their fathers trod. Jesus has put a new meaning into the "coming of the Son of Man." The content of this current phrase of prophecy has changed.

An interesting circumstance attests this change of meaning. In his Second Epistle, St. Peter informs the Christians of Asia Minor that he expects to die within a short while. "I know," he says, that "the putting-off of my tabernacle cometh soon, as the Lord Jesus Christ hath signified unto me."[30] This declaration of St. Peter is quite commonly connected with the prophecy of the Lord recorded by St. John, in which the Beloved Disciple is portrayed as outliving the Head of the College.[31] But with all due deference to existing opinion, this cannot possibly be taken as the subject of reference. In the Johannine Gospel, Jesus foretells the *manner* of St. Peter's death, not its *time*. He predicts the future crucifixion of the Prince of the Apostles, but says nothing that would intimate its nearness—a circumstance that compels us to look elsewhere for the source and occasion of this forewarning utterance.

Have we not the solution of the problem in what St. Peter gathered from the Lord's words about "one being taken and one being left?" The Chief of the Twelve was manifestly concerned upon their utterance, because they took a parabolic form in which the Lord was not wont to speak to His own in private. "Lord," he said to Him, "speakest Thou this Parable unto us or also unto all?"[32] The question is put immediately after the Parable of the Thief's Attack, recorded by St. Matthew in the eschatological discourse,[33] and by St. Luke on a different occasion,[34] but in a context where the Lord, as here, is correcting the Jewish idea of salvation—deathless existence in a Kingdom of glory on earth.[35] St. Matthew does not

[26] Mark xiii. 9. [27] Matt. xvi. 25. [28] Matt. xxiv. 13.
[29] Luke xvii. 33, 34. Notice the collocation of the two verses.
[30] 2 Peter i. 14.
[31] John xxi. 18, 19. "And this He said, signifying *by what death* he should glorify God." [32] Luke xii. 41.
[33] Matt. xxiv. 43. [34] Luke xii. 39-41. [35] Luke xvii. 20-37.

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report St. Peter's question, nor St. Luke the Lord's answer. But St. Mark records the Lord's reply in the closing verse of the Discourse: "What I say to you, I say to all: Watch." [36]

Is not this the occasion to which St. Peter is referring, when he declares that the Lord told him of the *nearness* of His death? Have we not, therefore, the express testimony of the Chief of the Apostles that this was what he understood by the "coming" in which "one would be taken and one left?" Was not this the *personal* lesson which he derived from the Parable of the Thief's Attack, and the picture of the man whose own house was "dug through," [37] before Israel perished? What else could he infer from the solemn admonition: "Wherefore, *be you also ready*, because at an hour that you know not, the Son of Man cometh?" [38] St. Peter knew very well that the Lord was not alluding to Jerusalem, much less to His Second Advent, when He spoke of a "coming of the Son of Man" that would have no heralding signs. He was quick to catch the difference between a "coming" that made its approach known beforehand by the prophesied course of events and one that would descend upon him overnight. His question shows that he understood the "coming of the Son of Man" as referring to the hour of individual death. Death was *when*, and *where*, and *how* the "kingdom of glory" was to come. And unless St. Peter had the Parable of the Thief in mind, when, in his Second Epistle, he speaks of the Lord's having told him that he was soon to die, the occasion on which Jesus so addressed him has escaped reporting—a supposition impossible to entertain, in view of the curiosity and excitement which such a prophecy would have naturally aroused, among a body of disciples who conceived of salvation as unending life on earth with the Messianic King.

A baffling passage in St. Luke, regarded by most critics as a lost proverbial allusion, affords the most simple, unexpected, and striking confirmation of the view that is here put forward. The Pharisees ask the Saviour, "when the Kingdom of God cometh"—the Kingdom of mundane glory that was expected when the Temple fell. Jesus tells them that "the Kingdom of God cometh not with observation; neither shall they say, Lo here! or lo there! for the Kingdom of God is *among*[39] you," [40] nay, has actually been in existence since the

[36] Mark xiii. 37. [37] Matt. xxiv. 43. [38] Matt. xxiv. 44.
[39] Compare Luke xi. 20.—"The Kingdom of God is come upon you."
[40] Luke xvii. 20, 21.

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Baptist's time.[41] This question of the Pharisees about the time of the Kingdom's coming brought the whole Jewish doctrine of salvation into clash with the teaching of the Lord; and He immediately turns aside to instruct His disciples on the falsity of the Pharisaic concept of the "Kingdom of glory" as something local, terrestrial, and purely future. At the close of the instruction, He makes this solemn statement to the contrary; "I say unto you, *this very night*,[42] two shall be in one bed; the one shall be taken up and the other shall be left; two women shall be grinding at the mill; the one shall be taken up and the other shall be left; two shall be in the field; the one shall be taken up, and the other shall be left." [43] The disciples are manifestly puzzled. "Where, Lord?" [44] they ask Him: "where shall all this accepting and rejecting take place, of which Thou speakest?" Surely, this is not the kind of salvation prophesied to come in Israel at the time of her overthrow? And Jesus answers: "Yes, this is the kind of salvation that shall come *in Israel when the invading armies overrun* her unto destruction"—an answer that is locked up in the adapted prophetical quotation, "Where the dead body (Israel) is, there shall the eagles (destroying armies) be gathered together." [45]

That this is actually the meaning becomes convincingly apparent upon a detailed inspection of the text. The statements made in this particular section are all didactic and corrective. "Days will come," says Jesus to the Twelve, "when you shall desire to see *one of the days* of the Son of Man, and you shall not see it;" [46] a declaration which we are compelled to understand of the *glorious Son of Man*, not only because that was the thought which the Pharisees had in mind when they inquired about the time of the Kingdom's establishment, but also because of the phrase: "Days shall come." St. Luke employs this expression, without the definite article, four times;[47]

[41] Matt. xi. 12; Luke xvi. 16.

[42] ταύτῃ τῇ νυκτί. Luke xvii. 34. Compare xii. 20, and the σήμερον in xix. 9, xxiii. 43.—ἐκεῖνος would have been used here, if the reference were to Jerusalem. In fact, St. Luke uses it in that connection, xvii. 31. Contrast the τότε in Matt. xxiv. 40, and see note 3 preceding.

[43] Luke xvii. 34, 35. [44] Luke xvii. 36, 37.

[45] For proof of this meaning, see: *St. Matthew and the Parousia*, THE CATHOLIC WORLD, June, 1918, pp. 364-370. [46] Luke xvii. 22.

[47] Luke xix. 43; xxi. 6; xxi. 22, xxiii. 29. ἡμέραι without the article.

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and the reference is always to Jerusalem, to the days of *vengeance,* instead of expected *glory* that are drawing nigh.

The refutation of existing opinion becomes clearer still in the several Lukan verses in which the seventeenth chapter rises to its climax. The Saviour warns the disciples against the false expectation of the Pharisees, distinctly requesting them to pay no heed to the rumors of His Return that will fill the country during the siege (v. 23). There is to be no secretiveness about the "day of the Son of Man" which is approaching. It will be as visible as the lightning unto all (v. 24). But first He *must* suffer many things and be rejected of this generation—a conception of the Messias that ran counter to every thought and hope of Israel (v. 25). The coming "days of the Son of Man," He next tells them, are to be *exactly similar* to the days of Noe and Lot, when the unheeding ate, drank, bought, sold, planted, and built, until the Flood, in one case, and fire, in the other, came and *destroyed* [48] them all (vv. 26-29). *After this same manner*[49] shall it be in the day when the Son of Man shall be made manifest (v. 30). No glory followed destruction at the time of the Flood, or the burning of Sodom. None shall follow when Jerusalem is destroyed. "In that day, he that is on the housetop, let him not go below; and he that is in the field, let him not return to the stricken city" (v. 31), in expectation of the glorious Son of Man. "Remember Lot's wife (v. 32). Whosoever shall seek to save his life shall lose it; and whosoever shall lose it, shall preserve it (v. 33)."

What is the meaning of this verse about saving one's life and losing it? Is it a reminiscence of the old Jewish idea that those who escape the predicted perils shall see salvation in the land and "be preserved alive forever?" [50] Or—is it a corrective statement, announcing a new and wholly different concept of salvation? The saying occurs in all four accounts, and is reported six times [51]—the surest of indications that it was regarded in an important light. In the five other instances in which it occurs, the saving or losing of one's life is *directly* connected with the confession or denial of the Saviour.[52] "Everyone, therefore, that shall confess Me before men, I shall

[48] ἀπώλεσεν—Luke xvii. 27, 29. The stress-word of the context.

[49] κατὰ τὰ αὐτὰ.

[50] 2 Es. ix. 7, 8.

[51] Matt. x. 39; xvi. 25; Mark viii. 36; Luke ix. 24; xvii. 33; John xii. 25.

[52] Matt. x. 32, 33; xvi. 25. "He that loseth his life *for My sake,* shall find it."—Mark viii. 35, 38; Luke ix. 24, 25, 26; John xii. 26.

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also confess him before My Father, Who is in heaven. But he that shall deny Me before Men, I shall also deny him before My Father, Who is in heaven." [53] This is the idea in all five contexts, and it clearly establishes the un-Palestinian sense in which the statement was understood. It means that "he who saveth his life (by publicly denying Me), shall lose it; and he that loseth his life (for publicly confessing Me), shall preserve it." There is no warrant in the Gospel text for any other view.

Is there any contextual evidence that such also is the meaning of the verse in the present instance? Immediately after its mentioning, St. Luke recites the Lord's statement about "one being taken and another left *this very night.*" [54] Would he have placed these two verses alongside had he not seen in the "taking of one and the leaving of another" the same idea as the Lord's "confessing of those who confess Him before men, and His denying of those who deny Him?" Is not the meaning plainly this, that "the one shall be *received* [55] *into the Kingdom of glory at death,* and the other rejected?" The query of the disciples, "Where, Lord?" ceases to be a mystery, when the above meaning comes forth from the recesses of the text. The Twelve still think,[56] notwithstanding the Master's teaching to the contrary, that salvation is to be a glorious preservation from death when the end of Israel comes.[57] The eschatological view of the Kingdom is in their minds; the historical in the mind of Jesus; hence the question and the answer. The Apostles were unable to understand how any one could be "saved" *this very night,* much less that such a manner of salvation would continue to be put into effect, after Israel fell. Salvation was to them a matter wholly of the future; a public and glorious, not a private and present relation to the "coming of the Son of Man." And when Jesus spoke of His personal visit to each individual at the hour of death, solemnly warning the Twelve themselves that this was the "coming of the Son of Man" for which they should always be on the watch and ready, He was expressing His new doctrine of salvation in the very terms of the old, and furnishing another example of His masterful method of teaching. The Son of Man was to

[53] Matt. x. 32, 33.

[54] Luke xvii. 33, 34.

[55] παραλαμβάνω.

[56] Matt. xx. 21.

[57] St. Matthew uses τότε and refers the verse to the destruction of Jerusalem. xxiv. 40.

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come at the end of Israel in power; at the end of the world in glory; and at the end of individual life in salvation or rejection. To a phrase that was thought to have but one meaning, Jesus had given three; and He added a fourth before His teaching ministry closed.

Scattered through the Synoptic accounts is a strange anomaly—a note of personal warning in the very midst of assurances that no need exists for taking fright. The "coming of the Son of Man" is presented at one moment as an event some distance off,[58] the approach of which shall be made manifest by successive signs; and scarcely have we gathered this thought from the text, when we are told that it shall be sudden and unannounced.[59] The evil servant who "says in His heart, my Lord is long a-coming," and takes advantage of the fact, discovers his belated Lord "suddenly appearing in a day that he expecteth not, and at an hour that he knoweth not, to cut him asunder and appointed his portion with the hypocrites;" with those *false teachers*, namely, who led him to believe that there was but one way only, in which "the Son of Man would come."[60] The picture of a man going into a far *country*, or *sojourning there*—an idea associated with length of stay—is nevertheless accompanied by intimations that he may suddenly return at midnight, at cockcrow, or in the morning;[61] and that the wise and prudent would do well to take this contingency to heart. The disciples are told to be girded and ready for their Lord returning from the Marriage Feast, that they may instantly open unto Him when He knocks;"[62] and they are also advised, not to take counsel of their fears, until they "see Jerusalem actually being surrounded by armies." This is the "sign" that shall flash its lights of warning in advance.[63] Were the Evangelists so dull of sight that they could not detect the contrary character of these reports? Or, was it this *contrariness itself* which they wished us to behold and ponder? Can anyone imagine Christ enjoining His disciples to be ever alert and watching, if by the "coming of the Son of Man," He meant the end of Israel? Is not the "unexpected coming" an event altogether distinct from that other, on which the eyes of the whole nation were intently fixed?

Let the author of the Fourth Gospel tell us what was meant by this unexpected coming:

[58] Matt. xxiv. 6. [59] Matt. xxiv. 43, 44. [60] Matt. xxiv. 48-51.
[61] Mark xiii. 35, 36. [62] Luke xii. 35, 36. [63] Luke xxi. 20.

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"I will not leave you orphans, I will *come* to you. Yet a little while, and the world seeth Me no more. But you see Me: because I live, and you *shall live.* In that day you shall know that I am in My Father, and you in Me, and I in you."[64] "A little while and you shall *behold*[65] Me no more; and again a little while, and you shall *see*[66] Me."[67] "Now, indeed, you have sorrow, but I shall see you again, and your heart shall rejoice, and your joy no man shall take from you."[68] "In My Father's house there are many mansions. Were it not so, I would have told you. I go to *prepare a place for you.* And if I go and prepare a place for you, *I come again,* and *shall take you up*[69] unto Myself, that *where I am, you may be also.*"[70] "If any man minister unto Me, let him follow Me; and where I am, there also shall My servant be. If any man minister unto Me, him will the Father honor."[71] "Father, I desire that *where I am,* they also whom Thou hast given Me may be with Me; that they may *see My glory,* which Thou hast given Me, because Thou hast loved Me before the foundation of the world."[72]

In what other sense can these Johannine passages be taken than that of the Lord's coming at death to the believer, to conduct him to His heavenly abode? The meaning cannot be identified with the "sending of the Comforter,"[73] or with the indwelling of the Divine Three in the souls of the just.[74] Over and above these manifestations, Jesus expressly declares that He will "come to take the disciples up," to "receive" them "unto Himself,[75] that where He is, they may be also." The most instructive and convincing point in the text of St. John is his use of the verb to "take up," to "receive." It is the same verb which St. Matthew and St. Luke employ in their verses about "one being taken and another left"—a striking proof that the thought in all three cases is the same. "One shall be received into the Kingdom of Glory, and the other shall be refused admission." Who can doubt from all this convergent testimony, and the use of the same verb by Matthew, Luke, and John, that such and none other is the meaning? Who

[64] John xiv. 18-20.

[65] θεωρεῖτε—"to see with bodily eyes."

[66] ὄψεσθε.—to see with the eyes of the spirit.

[67] John xvi. 16.

[68] John xvi. 22, 23.

[69] παραλαμβάνω—"to take up," to "receive." The same verb employed by Matt. and Luke. Matt. xxiv. 40, 41; Luke xvii. 34, 35.

[70] John xiv. 3.

[71] John xii. 26.

[72] John xvii. 24.

[73] John xvi. 7.

[74] John xiv. 23.

[75] John xiv. 3.

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can fail to see that the Lord is refuting the Jewish conception of the "Kingdom of Glory" as an earthly institution of a political nature? The "Kingdom of Glory," Jesus tells them, already exists in heaven, and they shall not know what it is, until He comes to take them thither after death. In that day of joy, He assures them, "You will not ask Me any questions on the subject." [76] Is it any wonder that St. Matthew put the realization of the Parable of the Virgins in the future: "*Then* shall the Kingdom of Heaven be compared to ten virgins?" [77] It referred to a knowledge which was not to be vouchsafed them till they died.

Other texts come out of their obscurity to range themselves, of their own accord, with the many thus far quoted. Of what was the Lord speaking, if not of the renewal of companionship after death, when He said at the Last Supper: "I shall not henceforth taste of the fruit of the vine, until that day when I shall drink it new in the *Kingdom of My Father?*" [78] Is it not in the same *sacrificial sense,* namely, of their dying for Him, as He is about to die for them, that the Lord declares: "I shall not eat it (the Paschal lamb), until it be fulfilled (by their salvation) in the *Kingdom of God?*" [79] Is it not also the idea that flashes forth from the fine passage of St. Luke: "You are they who have *continued with Me* in My trials; and I appoint to you a Kingdom (on earth), as My Father hath also appointed unto Me: that you may eat and drink at My table in My Kingdom (of eternal life in heaven); and you shall sit on thrones, judging the twelve tribes of Israel?" [80] Have we not here the new doctrine of salvation, expressed under the current Jewish imagery of a banquet,[81] and cut off from the existing expectation of an immediate earthly reign of the just? In the best manuscripts, as we shall see more fully in a later study, the promise that the disciples shall "sit on thrones, judging the tribes of Israel," is clearly represented as something *additional* [82] to their "eating and drinking at His table in His Kingdom." The latter is the *primary and immediate* feature of salvation; the former is an event put off to the resurrection

[76] John xvi. 23.—οὐκ ἐρωτήσετε οὐδέν. Contrast with αἰτήσετε in same verse.
[77] Matt. xxv. 1. [78] Matt. xxvi. 29. [79] Luke xxii. 16.
[80] Luke xxii. 28-30. Compare Apoc. i. 6; 1 Peter ii. 1-10, especially v. 9.
[81] Compare Luke xxii. 16, 18.
[82] Notice the independent additional clause: καὶ καθήσεσθε, not καθῆσθε, as would be the case if governed by ἵνα. The Sinaitic, Alexandrian, and Vatican (B3) so have it.

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to judgment, as St. Matthew expressly says.[83] In view of the distinction which Jesus drew between these two pieces of imagery—Palestine never drew it!—the theory of Loisy and others that Christ preached an eschatological Kingdom of the near future is clearly belied, not only by the grammar of the verse just quoted, but by all the texts which have been marshaled for inspection during the course of the present study. These texts reveal a closer affinity between the first three Gospels and the Fourth than appears upon the surface. They are not, and cannot be proved to be, mere infiltrations of Palestinian thought into the teaching of the Master. Rather are they the pictorial expression of the new and distinctive doctrine of salvation announced by Jesus—His "coming" namely, at death to those who continued with Him in His trials, "to take them up to the Kingdom of His Father, that they might behold the glory which was His, from the foundation of the world.

The present study is not by any means a full statement of the evidence. The Gospels—we have not carried the inquiry beyond their bounds—contain several more luminous indications that the private *Parousia* of the Son of Man is the thought most lengthily developed in the Synoptic text. We shall turn to their considering in the study to follow. Enough has been recited to convince the impartial that we are pressing no ill-founded claim. One thing already stands out most clearly: *The originality of the doctrine of salvation which the Saviour taught and the impossibility of its having sprung from Jewish sources.* "Jesus," exclaimed the thief upon the cross, hanging by His side, "remember me when *Thou comest in Thy Kingdom.*" And Jesus, solemnly correcting the Palestinian view of salvation as something *wholly future,* replied: "Amen I say to thee, *today* thou shalt be with Me in Paradise."[84] *Corrective Teacher to the end!*

[83] Matt. xix. 28.

[84] Luke xxiii. 43.—σήμερον μετ' ἐμοῦ ἔσῃ ἐν τῷ παραδείσῳ.

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UKRAINIAN PICTURES.

BY MARY CATHERINE PHELPS LYNCH.

"Nay, thou art not dead, Ukraine,
See, thy glory's born again,
And the skies, O brethren,
Smile once more!

"As in Springtime melts the snow
So shall melt away the foe,
And we shall be masters
Of our homes.

"Soul and body, yea, our all
Offer we at freedom's call—
We, whose sires were mighty
Cossack braves.

UKRAINIAN nation! Ukrainian people! Ukrainian Rada! The words are constantly before us these days. Yet they do not carry my heart across Atlantic and Carpathians, to that land greater than all France, holding its thirty million souls, whom to know is to love, pity and admire—even with her peace treaties signed!—but to East Seventh Street in New York city; to that morning on the last Sunday of December, 1916, when in quest of Russian music, I stumbled, late to Mass, up the steps of St. George's.

Motioned to another door by a solemn Slav carrying full seven centuries of sorrow in his eyes, I realized that St. George's parish, although Catholic, acknowledging the Holy Father at Rome as head of the Church, was Eastern and Ukrainian to the heart, placing its men on one side of the church and its women on the other.

In condescension to American ways, pews were provided, but only one here and there was in use. I made my way forward through a sea of Ukrainian devotion kneeling in the aisle. Once in a pew, I felt those Ukrainians were wiser than I. Kneeling benches had been forgotten, or perhaps considered too great a luxury, even in this New World of many luxuries, for those who had known all the bitter hardships of life in Little Russia. I found myself also on the floor and with the pew in

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front too high and the pew behind too close, it was, all in all, a very fitting penance preparatory for the coming Feast of the Nativity. For with their Eastern liturgies and customs, Ukrainians cling, of course, to the Julian Calendar, thirteen days later than our own and for them Christmas—or *Little Easter* as Eastern Christians quaintly call it—was yet to come.

But penance was soon forgotten in the glorious liturgy of the Mass—one of those Eastern liturgies which the late Andrew Shipman has brought so close to American hearts interested in the services of early Christians. The music, without instrument according to Greek Church custom, had for me far more of pure devotion than that so-perfect music of the Russian Cathedral choir. This always carries now the Metropolitan Opera House in its voice even as it sings the Mass in that very religious setting of St. Nicholas', studded with icons and paved with sea of worshippers. At St. George's the choir is of mixed voices. Since the parish counts at least ten thousand Ruthenians (a local term for Ukrainians) in its fold, it can hardly be a case of expediency, so it must be Ukrainian custom pure and true.

Even so are these Ukrainians pure and true Russians from the very cradle of ancient Russia; the descendants of the original Slavic races that gave name to Russia. Recalling history, one readily understands with what reason these Ukrainians believe themselves the truer Russian race and culture type, as compared with the peoples of Great Russia (Petrograd its centre) who are half Finnish. In the Middle Ages when these men of Northern Russia were rude colonists, fighting with still ruder tribes of the North, our Little Russians, Ukrainians, Ruthenians —call them as you will—had established their capital at Kieff and here Christianity and European civilization came from Constantinople.

All the world who loves Russia, knows the history of the Ukraine. How in the thirteenth century the great Mongul invasion tore her State into shreds and razed Kieff to the ground. Then and there began that terrible martyrdom of the Ukrainian people—a martyrdom beside which Poland's century of subjection seems of little moment. Crushing yokes of subjection following one upon another; suffering added to suffering. Burning hope and every effort made, again and again, for recovery of national life; compelled each time to return to a lot

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more wretched than before. Yet with indomitable courage and a patience which only the great may know, Ukrainians refused to be absorbed by their half-Finnish brothers.

Of higher culture than her conquerors, Ukrainian language and laws were given to Lithuania. And although proscribed again and again by the tyranny of Great Russia, the Ukrainian language lives today, a glorious tongue rich in fork-lore of the mystic land, in splendid songs of old Slav, pure Russian, and in a national poetry full of history and traditions handed down through the village priests of Ukraine, to which one may not listen without a sob in the throat. Seven long centuries of suffering—that is the story of the Ukrainian people; a story without end in sight even though her peace treaties have been signed.

When Poland was partitioned, Austria received Galicia which was Ukrainian land—and must be hers again. Under Austrian rule, barriers to Ukrainian culture were raised and Galicia became the centre from which Ukrainian language, education and culture leaped the Carpathians and again filled the Russian Ukraine with hope of national life. But only for a moment. Russian tyranny again silenced the thirty million souls. "All Slav brooks must lose themselves in the Russian sea!" There was no longer a Ukraine nation, no Ukraine nationalism; no such word in the Russian dictionary, unless it meant "frontier"—thus did Great Russia spread her diabolic propaganda over the civilized world. Ukraine was forgotten. And then suddenly, less than a year ago, we read that Ukraine had declared independence! We remembered her then—the martyr nation!—and hailed the news with joy and a prayer that it might be fact as well as declaration.

And today, if in the bitter strife for this independence, Ukraine has made peace with the Central Powers, one remembers the seven centuries—and forgives her. That her martyrdom is to be prolonged is too certain today to permit us to look upon her as false to that equality and freedom for which we fight and for which she, as a people, has forever preëminently stood. One knows that Ukrainian wheat, sugar-beet, pig-iron and steel may serve as formidable factors against that very equality and freedom; and yet the exhaustion of seven long centuries of suffering are also to be weighed. Pity counterbalances condemnation.

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At Mass that Sunday morning a year ago, I thought of all this suffering under every conceivable persecution, political, economic and religious, which these people about me had borne. I did not wonder over their lack of self-consciousness; there is no room for self in a people who have suffered as have the Ukrainians for sake of the great things of life. Nor did the whole-heartedness of their devotion, the ardor, the humility with which each soul seemed lost in God, cause me to marvel. I have seen many people at their worship, but none as these Ukrainians. I have known no other people who have been martyrs for seven centuries.

I wanted to remain for another Mass, so wonderful to me were these people about me, so glorious the old liturgy and ceremonies of the altar, for unlike a true Greek church, there is no screen here at St. George's dividing the nave from the sanctuary and all the beauty of the Eastern rite is ever before one's eyes. Yet aisles would in a few moments hold no more; even the pews were filled. I must go now or never. And so it was I learned of *The Night of Bethlehem*—another Ukrainian picture still vivid before me.

I tried to ask several girls at the door if there would be Vespers. But like the glorious liturgy of the Mass at which we had just assisted, their tongue was still as Eastern as the rising sun. Then at my side I found a young woman from whom I not only learned of Vespers, but of a multitude of interesting things as we stood under the choir loft and whispered. She spoke English and was altogether lovely. Did I know they kept their Feast of the Nativity later than we other Christians? And did I ever come to *The Night of Bethlehem* which the parish gave each Christmas in a hall near the church? She told me it was given as in the old country of Ukrainia: for centuries it had been a custom. She did not need to say that it was while forbidden all public use of the beloved mother-tongue, that Ukrainian hearts found outlet for expression and solace for suffering in such sweet old plays as this. A "scenic opera" she called it, charmingly literal. She herself took the part of the Blessed Virgin.... I promised to be there, and we went out together, she with her Eastern reverence of bending forward at the waist until her right hand swept the floor, I, with my Western genuflection—fealty to the One King.

And so when the Julian Calendar announced the return of

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Christmas for the Eastern World, a friend and I entered the Manhattan Lyceum on East Fourth Street. I know many a theatre haunt of Old World people in New York—yet other Americans know them too. But who ever hears today of the Manhattan Lyceum? At least it was Old World to the core that night, since the four Americans who came to the Ukrainian Mystery play were as lost in the Ukrainian sea as Great Russians had commanded Ukrainians themselves to be lost in the Russian.

St. George's pastor—a priest with the mysticism of the mystic East and that spiritual exaltation of the Ukrainian people written on his face—had given us our tickets the week before, translating the unreadable tongue and laughingly advising that we pay no attention to the "about 7:30" which meant *at least* 8:00 P.M. for the Russian, whether he be Great, or Little! He, with his curate, came in about nine. How long before the curtain went up I dare not say. The Fathers sat just in front of us and translated our programmes and explained this and that with whole-hearted zeal—it may have been for an hour or two! On the left were two New York City school teachers who had all of Russia, except its faith and tongue, under their finger tips. With these learned ones, we vied in asking the priests questions concerning Great, White and Little Russian; of dead Lithuania, from which some Ukrainians will tell you they come and which one but vaguely placed a year ago, for, like Ukraine, Lithuania was a prohibited word; of the probable fate of the Ukraine when the Allies win the War; of Greek and Russian Church and whether, forgetting *fllioque* clause, all will not soon have followed the Ruthenians into St. Peter's Fold, acknowledging his successor at Rome. . . . Our ardor in a thousand questions so pertinent to Ukrainia of little more than a year ago, was not in the least dampened because, at intervals, the pastor had to turn and with his cane capture a diminutive Ruthenian, broken away from parental moorings and, in his own fashion, celebrating *Little Easter* by racing up and down the aisles and climbing over the orchestra's chairs. Everyone chatted; everyone seemed happy for the Feast, forgetting perhaps for the moment that the sword was again piercing the heart of Ukrainia. For when hope of freedom dared again to leap into Ukrainian breasts, when they hastened loyally to support the Tsar against the Hun, Great Russia added

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still more cruel tyranny to her rule of the Ukraine, as she plunged into war that never-to-be-forgotten August.

Suddenly the orchestra begins softly. The pastor's cane in rapid taps loudly demands quiet. Silence settles on the house. Shepherds are heard singing in the distance:

> Open, O Heaven, give us our Hope,
> Abba, Jehovah, let the Messiah come!

All the centuries of suffering, the patient waiting, echoed in the words as they came from Ukrainian hearts that night. I hear them again as I read of Ukrainian Rada and peace treaties with Central Powers; and hearing them, I understand, at least a little, why Ukraine, so noble of heart, so great in patience, and greater still in love of freedom, has signed as she has done.

Before the curtain rose again, the pastor called some of the "angels" of the first act and introduced them. The majority were in school—several in high school and planning to teach later. Education has ever been dear to the Ukrainian—second only to freedom. I thought as I chatted with these girls, of all those Ukrainians who have risked life itself in order to slip across into Austrian Galicia to schools of Lemberg and Tarnopol.

There was a girl on our right whom the priest gently drew into the conversation—Sophia, a chambermaid in a small hotel up-town. I think I have never seen a sadder face. Four years in America, she told me in her broken English; all her people "over there." How could she be happy even at such a spectacle "*as this*," she demanded, when she knew how they were suffering—how cruel life was in Russia for the poor? I said she must be happy because Christ was born—the feast was His, not ours for sadness. Seven centuries of crucifixions had not pierced my heart as they had hers.

Gloria in excelsis bursts from the angelic hosts as shepherds and Magi press closely around the Crib. . . . The play is over. Yet the picture must remain vivid in each American heart there with me that night. Perhaps this year there were many more than four Americans gathered with the sons of Ukraine—not so much because within a year all that is of Russia has pressed so closely home, but because within one short year we too have learned to love simple things more.

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New Books.

HISTORY OF THE AMERICAN PEOPLE. With Maps and Illustrations. By William Mason West, Professor of History in the University of Minnesota. New York: Allyn & Bacon. $1.75 net.

This latest work of Professor West is a valuable contribution to high school study of history. The story of America's political, social, and industrial growth is admirably told in a simple, unaffected manner. The treatment throughout is scientific and philosophical. It is not a mere rehashing of facts. It goes back of the events themselves, states and explains their causes, and traces the development of policies and institutions. Yet this is done in a manner calculated to hold the attention and elicit the interest of the average high school student.

Especially worthy of note is the attention given to the establishment and growth of the early Colonies. The fact that, from the very beginning, they cherished the fond hope of a more complete self-government, and the bearing of this ever-increasing desire upon the future struggle for independence, is well portrayed. Another important feature is the due credit given to the great, struggling West for the part which it played in the fight for a purer democracy. That the hardy pioneers, who crossed the Alleghanies in the early years of the nineteenth century, were most instrumental in securing the spread of true democratic principles and in crushing out the more aristocratic and autocratic tendency of the East, cannot well be gainsaid.

Among other features of note, mention must be made of the splendid treatment of the industrial development, of the social and political life of the people of the various sections of the country, and of the awakening of the laboring classes to a sense of the important part they were playing in the upbuilding of America, and to a more definite assertion of their rights as against the encroachments of capital.

The book abounds in valuable references both to standard historical treatises and to works of fiction bearing upon the principal epochs of American history. It is truly up-to-date, closing with a chapter on the present world-wide War and the part which America is now playing in this great struggle to save democracy for mankind.

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TWO WAR YEARS IN CONSTANTINOPLE. By Dr. Harry Stuermer. New York: George H. Doran Co. $1.50.

Shortly after the fall of Przemysl in 1915, the author of this volume, a German subject, was sent to Constantinople as the representative of the *Kölnische Zeitung.* For two years he watched the course of events in that city of multiplied interests, noting Turkey's activities and the influence of the various phases of the War upon the Ottoman Empire. He was at Pera at the time of the Gallipoli campaign, when a few more shots would have brought victory to the British. He witnessed the "Holy War" and the massacre of the Armenians; he saw the corrupt profiteering of Turkish and German officials in charge of food supplies. Those two years of German-Turkish politics so estranged and disquieted him that he resigned his position and left for Switzerland, where he wrote his book.

Dr. Stuermer is bitter in his denunciation of the "world politics" of his native country. His official position gave him splendid opportunities to see the inner workings of this policy in Constantinople, and he does not spare the Germans or the Turks in his arraignment. The whole book is a revelation of foul misgovernment such as only the Turkish mind, aided and strengthened by German genius, could conceive.

The book contains nothing noble or inspiring. It is a sordid story. One can only hope that Allied victory will work new changes in this land of misgoverned people.

UKRAINE: THE LAND AND ITS PEOPLE. By Stephen Rudnitzky, Ph.D. New York: Ukrainian Alliance of America. $2.00.

This work was originally printed in the Ukrainian language at Kieff, in 1910. It was translated into German, with many improvements and additions, and reprinted at Vienna in 1917. The present English edition is a translation from the German. It is divided into two books, *i. e.,* Physical Geography and Anthropogeography. The first part treats of the land, its topography, rivers, climate, flora and fauna. The second of its inhabitants, their language, traditions, aspirations, culture, economic survey, *i. e.,* hunting, fishing, agriculture, minerals, industry, commerce. Six maps and a large bibliography add great value to the work which is eminently scientific.

The book bids fair to be indispensable to professors of

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geography, ethnography and general history, in view of the fact that this new organized nation is likely to become a world power and take the place of the old Muscovite Empire. The Ukrainians claim to be the true Russians, the Russians who with Nestor, the Chronicler and the hegumen Daniel, founded Russian national literature. Like the Serbians and Bulgarians, they are endeavoring to form a race entirely distinct from the Great Russians or Muscovites.

THE BEGINNINGS OF MODERN EUROPE (1250-1450). By Ephraim Emerton, Ph.D. Boston: Ginn & Co. $1.80.

Professor Emerton of Harvard thus sets forth his thesis: "This then will be the natural thread of our narrative: the working out, consciously in literature and unconsciously through social and political conflict, of the idea that individuals or bodies of men voluntarily united in a common interest might, if they pleased, speak and act for themselves."

Like most moderns the professor has not the slightest idea of the spirit that dominated the men of the Middle Ages. To his mind mediævalism is synonymous with ignorance, superstition and fanaticism, under the impudent domination of a pseudo-divine Papacy. Every immoral ruler who defies the Pope like Frederick II. of Germany or Philip IV. of France is a hero; every heretic who denies the Gospel of Christ is a splendidly courageous soul like Huss or a most eminent scholar like Marsiglio of Padua. He sets aside with a wave of the hand all that is supernatural in Joan of Arc's story. Her visions are the current coin of a fifteenth century imagination, her prophecies untrue, and her fatalistic confidence in herself abnormal.

The curse of our modern days is a multiplicity of textbooks, which repeat the inaccuracies of their forbears, and are original merely in the grouping of facts or the arrangement of a page. One must understand an age perfectly before one attempts to picture its happenings. That Mr. Emerton proves himself incompetent, the following three statements prove: That a deep distrust of man as of an essentially unworthy being pervades mediæval thought; that all the world of phenomena, which we call real because we can grasp it by our senses, was to the mediæval man unreal and untrustworthy; that mediæval asceticism deadened man to all natural impulses.

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A MINSTREL IN FRANCE. By Harry Lauder. New York: Hearst's International Library Co. $2.00.

This story of the famous Scotch entertainer's war experiences is addressed especially to those who suffer the loss of their own at the battle front. His message is one of strength and hope. Himself changed in one crushing tragic moment from the gay-hearted troubadour of the world's music halls to the stricken father, he rises from the blow dealt him by the death of his only son at the front to go back to his daily task of cheering others; and eventually he makes his way to the trenches and becomes veritably "A Minstrel in France," singing to the boys in khaki in the very midst of their fighting.

A very deep religious spirit, frankly avowed and naïvely expressed, imbues his pages. "We could only hope and pray!" he says, as he recounts the sorrowful hours that followed for himself and his wife after the departure of their "bonny laddie." "And we had learned again to pray, long since. I have wondered often, and Mrs. Lauder has wondered with me, what the fathers and mothers of Britain would do in these black days without prayer to guide them and sustain them!" And when the blackest of all days fell upon them: "I thanked God then, and I thank God now, that I had never denied Him nor taken His name in vain." So all through his narrative, faith in God and in prayer sustains him, not alone in his personal sorrow, but in the face of the most staggering horrors of warfare, as he witnesses them with his own eyes in the trenches in Flanders and France.

A SHORT HISTORY OF FRANCE. By Victor Duruy. Everyman's Library. Two volumes. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. $2.50 net.

It is a pity that the worth of this history is not commensurate with the artistic finish of its style. The author's prejudices and predilections unfitted him for the task of writing the history of a Catholic country. He showed his opposition to and anti-clerical bias against things Catholic when he was prominently active in educational work in the France of the last generation. This is not always openly manifested by direct attacks on Catholic interests or attitudes, nor does he fail to give praise on occasion, but he warps judgment by omissions which would be detrimental to the non-Catholic. Thus, he is

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full of pride and appreciation for Joan of Arc and Louis IX., but he colors the portrait of Huguenots with a counterfeit of truth. His Protestantism throws him awry. The supplementary portion of the book which brings Duruy up-to-date is still more flagrantly guilty in its unfairness towards Catholics and Catholic activity. According to it Catholics are simply nowhere, and the great man of the generation is Clémenceau; Catholic thinkers might just as well not have existed as far as the compiler is concerned, and the un-Christian attitude that has despoiled France is justified in his eyes. The future will show the glory of the Catholic Church in France and condemn these recorded appreciations.

A LIFE OF ST. FRANCIS XAVIER. By M. T. Kelly. St. Louis: B. Herder. $1.25 net.

To this latest retelling of the romantic story of St. Francis Xavier, Miss Kelly brings not only ardor and enthusiasm for her hero, but likewise the fruits of considerable research into the life of the Basque adventurer of God. She clears up a number of disputed points, and reveals to us, on the whole, a very human and appealing saint. The old fable of Xavier's refusal —for the sake of self-mortification—to visit his venerable and beloved mother before his departure for the Orient, is exploded. That story was always hard to reconcile with the ardent and tender heart of St. Francis. The fact is, as Miss Kelly shows, that not only did the saint not refuse to go to his mother, but he could not have done so—for she was long dead when the day for his going arrived. The style of this excellent biography is clear and simple, well calculated to make better known the story of one of the most picturesque and inspiring figures on the Church Calendar.

SELECTED LETTERS OF ST. JANE FRANCES DE CHANTEL. Translated by the Sisters of the Visitation, Harrow. New York: P. J. Kenedy & Sons. $2.00 net.

More and more we come to know the intimate human side of God's saints; and through no medium can we grow better acquainted with them than through their letters—those frank unpremeditated expressions of the spirit which speak like living voices from the past. These selected letters of the great Jane Frances de Chantal reveal to us a remarkable woman,

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gifted with extraordinary powers, yet possessed, as Cardinal Bourne says in his preface, "of a human nature like our own, subject to many trials, weaknesses and frailties." A widow when she came to realize her religious vocation, she was a mother of children as well as of spiritual daughters—and of children who were exactly like other children, causing her, equally, trouble and anxiety, joy and consolation. To her work of administering a great religious order she thus brought ripe wisdom gleaned from practical experience.

The publication of a book of this nature cannot fail of good. Not only will religious be edified and sustained by means of it, but the lay reader also learns from it that saint-hood, after all, is a simple matter of perseverance of soul, whether in the world or behind cloister walls.

JOAN OF ARC. By C. M. Stevens. New York: Cupples & Leon. $1.50 net.

Andrew Lang did not hesitate to say that Spenser could not create nor could Shakespeare imagine such a being as Joan of Arc; the War has, naturally enough, revived or awakened interest in her tragic career which has always been one of the enthralling romances of history. The author of this present biography had for his purpose a book of inspiration and loyalty, and to interpret the meaning of Joan's life for Americans. He has written in fullest sympathy with his subject, has collated from sources and authorities a telling number of facts and appreciations, and has made of them a thrilling narrative, though his interpretations are by no means unanimously in harmony with Catholic traditions. His introductory chapter is the most disappointing. Carried away by his feelings, he loses all perspective, as when he says that Joan was the first martyr in the Christian Church for freedom of conscience in the conduct of life. He also has his own theory of the forces which govern life. To such a theory may be attributed the statement that "Joan was a revelation of Faith, whereas her enemies were a revelation of Will; and Faith and Will are antagonists in the limited regions of individuals, and are one only as they coalesce in the infinite regions of the divine system of minds which are called the social universe." Similiar misreadings of history and philosophy do much to spoil the book for the Catholic reading public.

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OVER THERE WITH THE AUSTRALIANS. By Captain R. Hugh Knyvett. New York: Charles H. Scribner's Sons. $1.50 net.

There is a wonderful appeal in the quiet charm of this book that tells of Australia's glory. It is the simple, modest story of an Anzac scout, who speaks of his country's answer to the call of civilization, of the mobilization of her free-swinging men, their bloody struggle at Gallipoli, and their further valor and sacrifice on the Somme. The book is the first chronicle of Australia's magnificent story, and no one could wish a fitter pen for such a resplendent record of unselfish achievements.

Since their entry into the War the Australians have made a remarkable record for action. With only a few months training, they stormed the Turks and their impregnable position on the Hellespont and later did valorous work on the Western front. The theme itself that tells of their brave deeds is thrilling to the utmost, and in Captain Knyvett's modest presentation it becomes one of the most virile, interesting and graphic stories of the War.

THE BIG FIGHT. By Captain David Fallon, M.C. New York: W. J. Watt & Co. $1.50.

When the War started, Captain Fallon was an instructor in the Royal Military College at Duntroon, New South Wales. He had seen active service in India and had been decorated for gallantry in the hill fights with the natives. His value as a teacher made the authorities loath to let him go, for they had planned to use him in drilling the Australians who volunteered for service. However, such a quiet life did not appeal to the young Irish officer who held the boxing championship in the army, and he used his influence to be assigned to active duty at the front. Subsequently Captain Fallon accompanied the Australians to Gallipoli, and with them fought that desperate fight that will long remain Australia's glory. After the terrible winter on the Hellespont the author was given a command on the Western front where he participated in the fierce struggles on the Somme.

The Big Fight parallels the story told by Captain Knyvett in *Over There With the Australians.* While much of Captain Knyvett's modesty and self-effacement is lacking in this book,

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the rollicking, care-free audacity of the author and his manly, blood-stirring story are so compelling that the reader cannot but be attracted by the tale.

THE SUBLIME SACRIFICE. A Drama of the Great War.
LOUVAIN. A Tragedy.
THAISA. A Tragedy. By Charles V. H. Roberts. New York: The Torch Press. $1.25 each.

The first two of these dramas are parts of what Mr. Roberts' publishers describe as his "great war trilogy," opening with a prologue in pandemonium somewhat after the fashion of Stephen Phillips' *Armageddon*. *The Sublime Sacrifice* tells the story of Edith Cavell's martyrdom; *Louvain* depicts the entrance of Belgium into the present War, introducing such historic contemporary characters as its King and Queen and Cardinal. It is no doubt inevitable that these men and woman, chief actors in one of the world's greatest tragedies, should point the moral and adorn the tale for many centuries to come. Such is one penalty of their immortality. But it seems a little early and more than a little temerarious to exact this penalty in dramatic form while they are still, for the most part, in the act of doing—and saying—vital things.

In each case, the material of Mr. Roberts' work is enormously dramatic. Its literary presentation leaves more to be desired. The war dramas produce a strange confusion of effect by their effort to combine a realistic and familiar treatment with a remote and stilted phraseology. The conversation of French maids at the telephone or German officers at the camp cannot be successfully reproduced in blank verse.

Mr. Roberts' method is more successful in *Thaisa*, an early Christian drama centring about the murder of Agrippina by her son, Nero. But on the whole, one gathers the impression that his muse is not particularly well adapted to the delicate and inspired work of poetic drama.

THE RHYTHM AND PROSE. By William M. Patterson, Ph.D. New York: Columbia University Press. $1.50.

As its title implies, Mr. Patterson's book treats of the subtler form of rhythm in literary prose, as found, for instance, in the works of Walter Pater; but incidentally, and by way of illustration, it touches on the general principles of all rhythmic

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movement. Written mainly from the psychological standpoint, with data drawn from scientific experiment, it indicates a careful and extensive study of the subject.

For those who are seeking information on the various questions connected with rhythm, the book will no doubt be helpful, even if they cannot agree with all its conclusions; but it is to be apprehended that, in the present state of our culture, there are many to whom it will be the voice of one crying in the wilderness.

A MEMOIR OF WILLIAM A. STANTON, S.J. By William T. Kane, S.J. St. Louis: B. Herder. $1.25 net.

The many friends of Father Stanton will be grateful to the writer of this most interesting biography. The subject of it received the highest praise from Archbishop Harty for his work in the Philippines. He was welcomed by the American residents whom he gathered together in the church of La Ermita; he was idolized by the soldiers; he was trusted and loved by the Filipinos. He was indefatigable in preaching, caring for the sick (especially during the cholera epidemic), instructing converts, and carrying out his scientific work at the Manila Observatory.

In British Honduras he did good work among the Maya Indians. He learned their language, studied their customs, and won them by his kindliness and patience amid the many hardships of life in the tropics. He was often away from Benque Viejo many weeks at a time, traveling as much as three hundred and fifty miles through the bush and soggy swamp land, drenched for hours by the heavy torrential rains. Like every true missionary he was ever cheerful, loved by Catholic and Protestant planters alike, and successful among the Indians, because they recognized in him a man of God.

GERMANY AT BAY. By Major Haldane McFall. New York: George H. Doran Co. $1.50 net.

To the author of *Germany at Bay,* strategy is everything. It is the secret of all success, whether military, political or economic. Without it all action must necessarily be futile. With this idea as a basis, Major McFall takes up the German strategy, analyzes it at great length and brings out clearly and forcibly the workings of the German military plan and the aims that will actuate Germany in concluding peace.

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The book is written for the "Man-in-the-Street" and brings to him the development of the German mind made arrogant by the philosophy of Gobineau, Nietzsche and Treitschke and the ambitions engendered by the "Dream of Dertg." The book, however, is noteworthy not so much for its analysis of the German psychology, but rather in its presentation of the military phase of the German strategy. Here Major McFall is an expert talking on his own subject. As a result he gives the reader a most comprehensive understanding of the great campaigns since 1914.

THE CHURCH AT THE TURNING POINTS OF HISTORY. By Godefroid Kurth. Translated from the French by Rt. Rev. Monsignor Victor Day. Helena, Montana: Naegele Printing Co. $1.25.

This volume contains the substance of a course of lectures given at the Women's University Extension in Antwerp during the scholastic year 1897-98 by Dr. Kurth, the late eminent Professor of History in the University of Liège. These brilliant lectures show how the Catholic Church under the guidance of her divine Founder met the many crises of her history, any one of which would have sufficed to destroy a merely human institution. The six lectures discuss the Church in relation to the Jews, the Barbarians, Feudalism, Neo-Cæsarism, the Renaissance, and the French Revolution.

LUTHER ET L'ALLEMAGNE. By M. J. Paquier. Paris: Librairie Victor Lecoffre. $1.00.

These seven conferences were delivered in the Church of the Trinity, Paris, during the early part of the current year. They picture vividly Luther's dishonesty, intemperance, pessimism, cruelty, fanaticism, false mysticism, and hatred of the Church. The Abbé Paquier is well known for his translation of Denifle's monumental work on Luther and Lutheranism.

BACKGROUNDS FOR SOCIAL WORKERS. By Edward J. Menge, Ph.D. Boston: Richard G. Badger. $1.50 net.

This book sets forth the principles that ought to guide the social reformer. It is written as the author says, "for those who desire to be right before going ahead; for those who want to accomplish something that is enduring; for those who want a *why* satisfactorily answered when human betterment is dis-

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cussed." After preliminary chapters on the purpose of education, and the principles of ethics, the writer discusses birth control, eugenics, sex-instruction, the sterilization of the unfit, etc. The volume concludes with three lectures on the Primitive Family, the Mediæval Family, the Renaissance and Reformation Family.

TO BAGDAD WITH THE BRITISH. By Arthur Tillotson Clark. New York: D. Appleton & Co. $1.50 net.

Mr. Arthur Tillotson Clark, a 1918 Princeton man, who gave up his university work to enlist in the Y. M. C. A. service at the front, gives an entertaining view in this book of a phase of the War that still remains remote to the average American. His work took him to the Mesopotamian field, and there he witnessed the struggle of the British against the Teuton-managed Turks to capture Bagdad and cut off the German lines of communication toward India. The book gives the reader a feeling of the vast world-scope of the War. It is well done, in a clean-cut workmanlike style, yet not lacking in the atmosphere of the storied East; and it furnishes a good fund of history and information as a background for the action of the present conflict. It is well illustrated with photographs and maps.

THE HAND INVISIBLE. Edited by E. B. Harriett. New York: The International Historical Society. $1.75 net.

This book consists of what purports to be a series of communications from the disembodied spirit of Walter L. Curzon. The messages are recorded at odd dates between 1910 and 1916, and are for the most part axioms and precepts of moral and religious philosophy. These do not change in character with changing conditions, nor acquire any closer applicability during the period of war: and they are presented in the disconnected, involved, and sometimes banal, manner peculiar to writings of this sort, as is also the evasion of any definite statement as to the conditions that control existence in that unseen world. Beyond some words concerning Spiritualism, there is nothing absolutely objectionable, but neither is there anything that has not long been known to the dwellers on earth, and what is said gains no clearness or force. On whatever theory the book is to be accounted for, it is of negligible consequence.

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IN THE WORLD. By Maxim Gorky. New York: The Century Co. $2.00 net.

In this the second volume of Gorky's autobiography, the author reviews his life from the time he began to fend for himself in a world which showed him none too much kindness or encouragement. It is a somewhat rambling narrative, and there is a super-abundance of details which are not in themselves of special interest nor useful for deepening impressions. He gives us but little of his inner self, his reflections and aspirations during those formative years, but he records minutely the words and deeds of those among whom he was thrown, and in these there is enlightenment upon the strange, complex nature of the Russian people, as well as much that tends to interpret the author's personality in some degree. The tone is one of depression, and in the absence of fuller individual revelation, is frequently monotonous.

RECONSTRUCTION IN LOUISIANA. By Ella Lonn, Ph.D. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $3.00 net.

Professor Lonn of Grinnell College has written a detailed history of Louisiana during the years 1869 to 1876. The story of reconstruction in that State is a story of the worst political corruption ever known in our history, coupled with the worst atrocities ever perpetrated in a civilized community. It is practically impossible to know all the facts in the case, for both Republicans and Democrats seemed to think nothing of lying and perjury. It is a most sordid history, told in almost tireless detail, but with an honest effort to portray the facts as they were. The writer is a bit prejudiced against President Grant and General Sheridan, although the corrupt rule of the Southern negro and the carpet-bagger of the North were enough to drive any people to rebellion.

THE WAR AND THE COMING PEACE. By Morris Jastrow, Jr. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co. $1.00 net.

Treating of the moral aspects of the present War, and likewise of the resulting moral angle of the problem of the peace that is to come, one would have expected Dr. Jastrow to have handled his subject from the Christian point of view, which is the only possible manner in which to attack it effectively. Instead, however, he bases his argument on naturalistic grounds;

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with him morality and religion are merely matters of natural evolution, a reflection "of man's own ethical advance in opposing nature"—and as a consequence, despite Dr. Jastrow's high motive and his lofty ideal, which are unquestionable, in the last analysis he cuts the ground from under his feet; leaves no solid foundation, no absolute standard, on which and by which his world-morality is to be erected. Apart from this, however, his book makes interesting reading, and gives an informing discussion of the causes of the War and of the nature of the peace which is to follow. The gist of his treatise is well expressed in these words from his chapter on peace: "A war is not settled either by victory or defeat on the field of battle, but when the *issue* involved in the war has been won or lost." In the present instance, as he shows, a purely moral issue is at stake; and the moral issue must prevail, not alone in the winning of the War itself, but in the establishment of the coming peace.

THE BEGINNINGS OF SCIENCE. By Edward J. Menge, Ph.D. Boston: Richard G. Badger. $2.00 net.

Dr. Edward Menge, Professor of Biology in the University of Dallas, gives us a popular manual on the relationship between philosophy and the laboratory sciences. It will be a valuable guide-book to the university student who is often tempted to make shipwreck of the Faith on account of the dogmatic pronouncements of unbelieving professors on the so-called opposition of religion and science. The most interesting chapters in the volume deal with the present status of Evolutionary Philosophy, Theories of Evolution and Vitalism.

IRISH JOY STORIES. By Sheila Mahon. New York: The Mahon Press. 50 cents.

These stories, collected "by courtesy of THE CATHOLIC WORLD and other magazines," cover a wide range of subjects, but are all racy of Ireland's soil. We read of the gentry and the peasantry, of fairies and leprahawns, and we carry away with us a keen impression of Irish loyalty to Faith and country, and abiding love for her language and traditions. The little volume is as cheery as the bright green in which it is bound; it gives us moments of recreation that are doubly welcome in these troublous days.

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THE WINGS OF YOUTH. By Elizabeth Jordan. New York: Harper & Brothers. $1.40.

This novel by the author of the *May Iverson* stories will doubtless be, in its way, as well liked as they. It is the story of a brother and sister, Lawrence and Barbara Devon, who make a compact to leave their luxurious home for a fixed period, during which they will earn their own living, independently of each other and not even meeting until the time has expired. Eventful experiences for both follow, and the adventure results in Lawrence's transformation from a spendthrift and gambler into a fine, manly young fellow, which was Barbara's object in proposing the experiment. Their vicissitudes are entertainingly told, and, of course, include a highly satisfactory love-affair for both.

MY BOY IN KHAKI. By Della Thompson Lutes. New York: Harper & Brothers. $1.50 net.

There is practically no plot to this story, and in many other details it bears the ear-marks of a genuine experience. Despite the theme, and the opportunity to sentimentalize, the author remains at nearly every point reticent and unaffected—although she is not always happy in the weaving of the slender love-thread which she works into the background of the tale. Her message, of course, is obvious: she speaks for the soldier's mother, and to the soldier's mother, calling on her to summon all her courage and all her innate spirit of sacrifice to meet the ordeal that war brings upon her; she shows how her own deadened faith was reawakened by her war experiences and how the inevitable impulse of the human heart in time of sorrow is to turn to the Mother of God, as a source of solace and strength, in real Catholic fashion.

THE GRASS IN THE PAVEMENT. By M. E. Buhler. New York: James T. White & Co. $1.25.

When Miss Buhler sings of the things she knows and loves, of the things nearest the heart, she reveals an inimitable grace of expression—as in her very beautiful lyric entitled *Faith;* a power to drive home a thought and leave it fixed. But when she speculates on the vast problems of creation and life, rising to face the sun, her wings falter, and not seldom she falls mumbling to the hard ground of bare words. There are three of

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the more thoughtful poems in the volume, however—*The Symphony, The Workers* and *The Purpose*—which merit only the warmest praise. Unquestionably, Miss Buhler is possessed of an exceptional poetic gift; and though her present work may more truthfully be said to give promise than to achieve, it is nevertheless of the highest achievements that it does gives promise: of a muse consecrated to the loftiest aims.

RELIGION AND COMMON SENSE. By Donald Hankey. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. 60 cents net.

Donald Hankey wrote a noteworthy volume, entitled *A Student in Arms.* His popularity has no doubt led the publishers to issue this small volume, entitled, *Religion and Common Sense.* It was certainly not the intrinsic merit of the work. Better for Hankey's name had it been left in oblivion. It is uncritical, self-contradictory and gives away—though it never intends to—the whole case for Christianity. A serious injustice had been done to the dead author, for if he could speak he certainly would never have approved the volume as it stands.

THE YELLOW DOG. By Henry Irving Dodge. New York: Harper & Brothers. 50 cents net.

"Are you a yellow dog? Do you doubt your Government, grumble against it, snap up joyfully rumors adverse to its welfare? Do you sit silent and let your country be abused? Do you let rumors pass unchallenged?" These are the pointed questions that Mr. Dodge hurls at every reader of his little allegory of awakened patriotism in a small American community. He tells his story with sparkling humor and biting satire, and he presents a solution of the slacker problem that might not prove so very fanciful after all if tried out.

CHRONOLOGY OF THE LIFE OF CHRIST. By Rev. Francis Valitutti, Saratoga Springs, N. Y. 30 cents.

In the introduction to this little volume, the author draws a distinction between the Fathers when reaching a conclusion concerning chronology, and the Fathers when witnessing to Christian tradition. He devotes the opening chapter to "Erroneous Chronologies of the Life of Christ," giving special attention to the views of the Valentinians and the Basilidians, and their influence on subsequent writers. The main support

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of the author's thesis rests on the authority of St. Irenaeus as witness of Apostolic tradition, reënforced by the Elders of Asia. It may be questioned whether the foundation will bear the weight of the superstructure.

Under the light of this testimony are passed in review the chief events of the Life of Christ from His birth to His death, as well as the Messianic prophecies. The book's small bulk, modest price and valuable information may well commend it to all readers, especially to the clergy.

THE ABIDING PRESENCE OF THE HOLY GHOST IN THE SOUL. By the Very Rev. Bede Jarrett, O.P. New York: The Cathedral Library Association. 70 cents net.

This re-arrangement of Père Barthélemy Froget's *De l'Inhabitation du Saint Esprit dans les Ames Justes* is suited to meet a need in the English-speaking world noted by Cardinal Manning some decades ago: the need of a practical exposition of the Church's beautiful doctrines concerning the indwelling of the Holy Spirit of God in the soul. The language is simple, uncontroversial, direct. The conclusions are, above all, persuasive and practical, dealing in detail with the nature of the Presence, the Gifts and Fruits of the Holy Ghost, the sublime meaning to be attached to the doctrine that the just are "heirs of God," and the application of all these teachings to daily effort and action. We earnestly recommend the study of this little volume to both priests and laity.

FATHER RICKABY who writes the preface of the *Passio Christi: Meditations for Lent,* by Mother St. Paul (New York: Longmans, Green & Co. $1.40 net) is authority for the statement that a meditation book is a good servant, but a bad master. Mother St. Paul has steered a safe course between the over masterful meditation book which leaves nothing to individual initiative and the skeleton type which presupposes an expert. Her fifty meditations are to the point, childlike and practical. We feel sure this little book will encourage the timid who have been afraid to venture on the exercise of meditation out of distrust of their own powers, and that when Easter dawns, they will find themselves nearer in mind and heart to the Crucified Jesus, and confident in the habit of mental prayer.

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IN *The Forum of Democracy*, by Professors D. E. Watkins and R. E. Williams (New York: Allyn & Bacon, $1.00), the cause of the Allies is presented in more than sixty speeches and articles by the best and most representative men of the nations engaged in this War for the liberty of Democracy. "Out of this furnace-heat of conflict, thoughts have been given expression, ideals voiced, and convictions stated, so forceful in character and so beautiful in form that they deserve a permanent place in the literature of coming generations," says the preface of the book. Thus it was in 1775, and again in 1861; and thus it will ever be in the great crises of the world.

PLAY as well as work in these strenous days must savor of the patriotic. Nine short *Patriotic Plays for Young People*, by Virginia Olcott (New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. $1.25), all demonstrate the well-known truth that the royal road to happiness is to forget one's own troubles, and help others. The plays are short, simple, easy, and require little stage property. The songs follow the metre of the National airs with which most children are familiar, and the costumes are illustrated and described, so that even the most timid need not fear to attempt to produce them.

NO one can fail to appreciate the ardor and diligence evinced by Mr. Campbell in his new edition of *The Poems of Edgar Allan Poe* (Boston: Ginn & Co.). It must have been no easy task to trace, to follow, to collate so many variants of the same line—nothing but love could have rendered the labor pleasurable. The old favorites—*The Bells, The Raven, Annabel Lee*—still stand out for musical beauty, sheer delight of language and the weird spell they weave, and will ever weave over the lovers of music and rhythm. The price is $1.50.

THE *Revue Pratique d'Apologétique* is publishing a series of pamphlets on *What a Catholic Ought to Know.* The first of the series has just reached us: *A Proof of the Existence of God*, by Joseph de Tonquédec. The price is 15 cents.

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Recent Events.

France.

M. Clémenceau still remains France's Prime Minister, although certain conflicts which have taken place in the Chamber of Deputies seem to indicate a growing opposition to his continuance in office. On one occasion the Government proposal to call out the class of 1920, found one hundred and eighty-six opponents—a larger minority than ever before. M. Briand, it is said, is manifesting an open desire to return to power. It is to be hoped that all selfish aims of this kind may fail of success in this crisis of the nation and that M. Clémenceau, who has done so much to effect the complete unity necessary for a victorious end of the War, may not have his efforts thwarted by internal opposition. The trial of M. Malvy revealed how far from complete was that necessary union of all France some little time ago. It made evident the fact that the efforts of the Defeatists to weaken the people of France had affected not merely a considerable number of the civil population but had led to mutinies among the soldiers. M. Clémenceau seems to have been the one man with sufficient courage to cope with the situation. Bolo Pasha and M. M. Duval have suffered the extreme penalty for their part in weakening the morale of the country; M. Malvy has been sentenced to five years banishment for malfeasance in office and for entering into relations with Germany. The trial of the chief offender, M. Caillaux, is about to begin. It is gratifying to note that the present complete union of France is in strong contrast to the past, and that the existing confidence in a successful termination of the War, and the determination to achieve it, are largely due to the arrival in France of our American soldiers.

Russia.

So frequent are the changes taking place in Russia and in those parts of the former Empire which are now under German influence, that it seems uselesss to attempt to chronicle them, and it certain would be foolish to offer any forecast. In Finland, however, there has been no change of note. It still re-

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mains a Republic, notwithstanding the fact that the German Government has demanded that it should elect as its king one of those many princelings who are aspiring to occupy thrones. To this request the Finnish *Landtag* has so far made no reply; in fact, the Finns who were so eager to seek the help of Germany are now regretting their action, inasmuch as they are suffering from that German greed which has manifested itself in every place. The country has been stripped of food, and to the United States its inhabitants are making piteous appeals for relief. Sweden, too, although outside the direct control of Germany, is suffering indirectly from the fact that the Baltic is now under the domination of that power. The commerce with Russia which once was in Swedish hands is now being diverted into Teuton channels. Esthonia and Livonia, which by the Brest-Litovsk treaty were in part left in the hands of the Russian Republic, have by a new arrangement with the Bolsheviki Government been transferred to that of Germany. Up to the present time no developments have taken place in the establishment of a definite government for these provinces, nor yet for Courland and Lithuania; but that Lithuania is far from willing to come under German influence is shown by the fact that the President of its provisional government was one of the first to congratulate the Entente Allies on their recent successes in France.

In the Ukraine the waning of German influence is most clearly seen. The assassination of one of the Kaiser's Field Marshals, General Eichhorn, followed within a month that of Count von Mirbach. These occurrences, striking though they are in themselves, are, according to those best able to appreciate the situation and the character and conduct of the Russian people, merely symptomatic of widespread, public sentiment. Unable in any other way to free themselves from the tyranny which has been imposed upon them, they are resorting to the old methods common in the days of the Tsars. The assassination of Field Marshal von Eichhorn is but one of many proofs of the detestation which is felt of their German overlords by the people of the Ukrainian Republic; a detestation due to the demands which the Germans made that the food and grain of the Ukraine should be handed over to them. Visitors from Russia describe the result of German endeavors to rob the peasants of the fruits of their toil. "The Germans," these visitors say,

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"are living in a little Hades; guerilla warfare is constantly in progress, conflicts occurring daily in which many persons are killed, while occasional battles have taken place lasting many days. The peasants in one section have raised an army estimated at twenty-five thousand. The men are filled with hatred for the Germans, and are awaiting an auspicious moment to begin hostilities. The peasants in other places pursue the policy of burning their grain and destroying their cattle, and are acting similarly with regard to their other possessions rather than have them fall into the hands of the Germans." These visitors considered the disturbances that had already occurred as only a foretaste of what might be expected at harvest time, when the peasants, it was predicted, would do everything possible to prevent the Germans securing their crops. Under these circumstances there is little reason to wonder at the anxiety felt in Germany as to the outcome. Doubt is expressed by many Germans as to whether their children and their grandchildren will, as the Kaiser expected, look back with satisfaction on the policy adopted towards the Russians by their ancestors. Five hundred thousand soldiers, it is said, are necessary to control the situation, and if new developments proceed at the present rate still more will be required—a demand which will greatly weaken the Western Front—much to the satisfaction of the Entente.

In what is left of Russia there seem to have been formed some five or six self-determining regions. The Don Cossacks have driven out the Bolsheviki from the regions they occupied. In Turkestan, Tashkent has formed itself into an independent republic. But it is in Siberia and in the northern part of Russia that the most important changes have taken place. Of the changes in Siberia it is difficult to get a clear idea, but it seems certain that a new government, that of Eastern Siberia, has been established at Vladivostok; and still another government at Omsk in Western Siberia.

In Eastern Siberia in addition to the government just mentioned, General Horvath has been operating with his army, recruited from sources which have not been defined. General Seminoff is in command of yet another army which at one time was reported to have been decisively defeated and even disbanded, but it still makes its appearance from time to time. And there are the Czecho-Slovaks whose forces seem to be

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divided, one part, and that the smaller, being at or in the neighborhood of Vladivostok, the other on the borders of European Russia in possession of a long extent of the Siberian Railroad and the Volga River.

The third government of which mention has just been made, is that of Northern Russia, bordering on the Murman Coast. This new government embraces six of the Northern provinces of Russia. It has formed itself on perfectly legitimate lines, as laid down by the Bolsheviki themselves, and its first achievement has been the expulsion from Archangel and the districts surrounding it of the Bolsheviki, of whose tyranny it has had sad experience. This was done with the help of the British and French who had landed some months ago at Kola for the defence of the munitions and stores which had been accumulated for the help of Russia in the war against Germany. It is by way of the Northern Government of Russia and the Eastern Government of Siberia, through Kola and Vladivostok, that the help which at last this country and Japan have resolved to give to Russia, will find its way into that country. For at last, after long waiting, too long many will think, the President has complied with the request of Japan and has decided, in coöperation with that country, to send a military force to Russia to be followed by economic help in the shape of food, machinery, and other things for the restoration of Russia's position. The military force to be sent is, according to the statement issued from the office of the Secretary of State, a small one, by which is meant, it is to be presumed, that such will be sufficient. No doubt, however, a larger force will be sent if necessary. The avowed object of the expedition is to help the Czecho-Slovaks, whose safety is said to be endangered by the German and Austrian prisoners who have been formed into an army acting with the Bolsheviki. The official statement says that this assistance to be given to the Czecho-Slovaks is for the purpose of enabling them to move westward, but whether that means that this westward movement is to the Allied line in France to which it was at first the purpose of the Czecho-Slovaks to go, or whether the movement westward is to enable the Eastern Front between Russia and Germany to be reconstituted seems by no means clear. Although Japan and this country are the only two powers that have come to an agreement to assist Russia, it is understood, and in fact the

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statement recognizes that other powers have the right to participate. Their participation has in reality already begun, for Great Britain has sent soldiers from Hong Kong to Vladivostok, while France, from Cochin-China, has sent four thousand of her own troops and a thousand Annamites.

That an army should spring up in Central Siberia ready and willing to help the Allies, is a development utterly unexpected. It surely requires some explanation. Those Czecho-Slovaks are Austrian subjects who at first driven into the War by Austria against their fellow Slavs, permitted themselves to be made prisoners by Russia. But when the Bolsheviki made peace with Germany and attempted to disarm them the Czecho-Slovaks protested, and up to the present time have been able to resist all such attempts by the Bolsheviki. That they have thus been able to resist successfully is a clear proof that they have the sympathy of large numbers of the Russian people. They have not only refused to lay down their arms, they have taken the field and large districts of Russia are now under their control.

These districts comprise the most fertile parts of Russia, and therefore the Czecho-Slovaks have been able to cut off the food supply from the Russian capital. Their number is estimated from fifty thousand to three hundred thousand. The Czecho-Slovaks are to be found not only in Siberia, but also on the Italian and on the Franco-British-American front. The Entente Powers have recognized them as belligerents and their native State, although it is still under Austrian domination, as a native belligerent State.

In the state paper in which this country announced its purpose of sending help to Russia, no mention is made of any government of that country. That of the Bolsheviki has not been recognized except by Germany and Austria-Hungary, and this of course only for their own purposes. Reports accumulate that the power of the Bolsheviki is waning day by day, but they have been circulated so often that no assurance can be felt on the matter. A few days ago it was stated that Lenine and Trotzky had fled for safety to the fortress of Kronstadt. The next day the news came that to Lenine and Trotzky and another had been given absolute power to do everything which they thought fit for the safety of the State, and that this was given by the fifth Supreme Council of Soviets which was sit-

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ting in Moscow at the time. Another evidence of the insecurity of the situation in Moscow is the refusal of the representatives of the Allies to leave Vologda for the capital when requested to do so by the Bolsheviki; in fact, they felt it safer to get as far away as possible and are now at Archangel. The same course has been pursued by the German representative at Moscow, Dr. Helfferich, who has removed the Embassy to Pskof some three hundred miles from Moscow. The Germans, it is reported, are now on their way to take possession of Petrograd.

Mention must be made of the death of the ex-Tsar as an illustration of the Bolsheviki methods of government. No State trial was vouchsafed to him; in fact, so far as word has come, no trial at all was granted. The regional Soviet of the Ural adjudged him worthy of death on account of his crimes against the people, sent six soldiers and a corporal, gave him two hours to prepare, and at the end of that time the squad executed the order of death.

Germany.

Dr. von Kuhlmann's fall, due to the warning which he gave to the Militarists that the War could not be brought to a conclusion by force of arms alone, was followed by the retirement of the Chief of Staff of the Admiralty for explaining to the German public the reason why the submarines had not been able to prevent the landing in France of a million American soldiers. Admiral von Capelle, the Minister of the Navy, has resigned and has been succeeded by Vice-Admiral Behncke. This was brought about by the failure of that U-boat campaign, the success of which he so confidently prophesied. That the campaign is a failure is now evident. Not that the submarine campaign has entirely failed. The losses caused by the activity of these pirates off our own coasts prove the contrary, but the small importance attached to this activity is shown by the fact that our Government has not recalled from European waters a single destroyer in order to deal with the menace.

What will happen to Marshal von Hindenburg (if he is still in command) or General von Ludendorff (if it is he who is the real commander-in-chief) in consequence of the recent reverses on the Western front remains to be seen. Several generals have already suffered the penalty of retirement for their

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failure in the course of the latest operations. A civilian outside of the diplomatic ranks has been appointed to succeed the assassinated representative of Germany at Moscow, in the person of Dr. Helfferich the well-known authority on finance, whose efforts it is expected will bring that distressed Republic under the economic control of Germany.

For the past six months the Militarists have been so confident of success that they have scrupled at nothing in interfering with the civil authorities. A dispatch from Switzerland announces what is practically a revolutionary political change. It states that very quietly and unostentatiously full executive rights and state rights have been granted to the Imperial General Staff. "This means," the dispatch adds, "that the civil and military executives have been placed on an equal basis." This report has not been confirmed. The reverses the German armies have recently suffered has somewhat changed the tone of the Militarists' utterances. Six months ago a German statesman is said to have expressed the willingness of the army command to sacrifice a million men if necessary, in order to win the War this year. Estimates made with the greatest possible care make it appear that up to July 25th that number has become the victims of the Militarists' policy. And now for the first time General von Ludendorff in his attempt to gloss over his recent failure, alleges as a cause of his retreat that he was very anxious to save the lives of his fellow-citizens. Another instance of the change of tone is found in the effect produced in the cities on the Rhine visited by British and French airplanes. The dwellers in these cities at the beginning of the War gloried in the destruction of lives and property in Great Britain wrought by German airplanes and Zeppelins; now they are loudly calling for a change in the law of nations which shall render such a mode of warfare impossible.

About the privations which are suffered in Germany owing to the lack of food, whole pages might be written giving more or less trustworthy accounts. There is no doubt, however, that the situation is getting very serious, and that in some districts starvation is imminent. General von Hutier, in an army order issued before the recent drive, called upon his soldiers to pay special attention to reaping the harvest in the fields of France which he hoped to take possession of. He gave as a reason the distressed condition of their brethren at home

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and provided sacks in which to garner the grain. Other instances of the same care to obtain food have come to light. Turning to the moral situation, according to the Munich *Post*, a reign of terror exists in that city, the military and the police being confronted with strikes of the munition workers. On the least provocation arrests take place, and so great is the dread of such arrest that no one speaks freely. In Berlin the state of things is even worse. A paper of that city, the *Zeitung am Mittag* makes open confession to the world that while even before the War Berlin was the most immoral city, it has now become the most criminal, and goes on to justify this statement by a description too long to quote. This description of the newspaper writer receives confirmation from the pastors of the Protestant Church, who, in a recent synod, declared that the decadence of German morality, especially among the youth of the country, had reached a shocking state, the commission of such excesses and liberties being unheard of before the War. Passing from the utterances of religious teachers to those of the organ of the Socialists, who in Germany have abjured all religious teaching, the *Vorwaerts*, commenting on this declaration of the Protestant synod, admits that the past four years of war have greatly lowered the standard of German morals. "The fact is generally known," it says, "that criminality, theft, aggression and bands of robbers have immensely increased."

Austria-Hungary.

The Reichsrath which had been prorogued because party dissensions had made it impossible to carry on the government, reassembled on the sixteenth of July with Dr. von Seydleer still in office, his so-often proferred resignation not having been accepted by the Emperor. The attempt to carry on the business of the government with only a minority supporting it soon however proved a failure, and the Premier's renewed resignation was carried into effect. The Minister of Education in the preceding cabinet, Baron von Hussarek, was named as his successor. Dr. von Seydleer was appointed to the special office of Cabinet Adviser to the Emperor. The new Premier is looked upon merely as an official, and his cabinet will consist of officials until a more propitious hour comes and the opportunity presents itself to collect a body of men capable of dealing with the difficulties in which the Dual

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Monarchy now finds itself. The Emperor, shortly after his accession, sought by means of an amnesty to conciliate the Czechs, by releasing from prison many hundreds who had been sent there in the course of the War, and by calling together the Parliament, the meetings of which had been suspended from the beginning of the War. Too high a price, however, was asked for the favors received; thereupon there was a reversion to the old policy of giving to the Germans of the Empire that domination, even in Slav districts, for which they were always striving. The Bohemians especially have been aggrieved by a recent arrangement which places the Germans in an advantageous position in districts occupied by them. This has led to an increase of the agitation, the object of which is to secure that independence which they, or at least a large part of them, have so long desired. So widespread, indeed, is this agitation that it is reported by the Czecho-Slovak National Council at Washington, that no fewer than one million of the Czecho-Slovaks in the Austrian Army have deserted. These deserters are not confined to the districts occupied by the Slavs, for in Vienna itself there are, according to the same authority, eighty thousand who have left the army and openly defied the authorities. These have formed what is known as the "Green Guard." Between it and the Austro-German forces at least one battle has been fought in which the Green Guard came off victorious. Even among the Hungarians there have been instances if not of desertion, at least of rebellion. Report has been circulated of a still further humiliation which has been inflicted upon the Dual Monarchy by the German overlord. General von Ludendorff has demanded not only the recall of the Commander-in-Chief of the Austrian Army, on account of the latter's failure to defeat the Italians, but has also insisted upon the appointment of a German general to supersede him—a demand which the Emperor Charles with the greatest reluctance was obliged to grant.

Bulgaria.

Last June a change of ministry took place in Bulgaria. M. Radoslavoff, having served his master's purpose, was manœuvred out of office. He had been Premier for almost five years, and was King Ferdinand's instrument when he betrayed the Balkan States by entering the War in alliance with the

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Central Powers. The playing off of Germany against Russia and *vice versa* in order to secure his own ends has been the characteristic feature of Ferdinand's policy. When Russia disappeared as a world power, a change became necessary to secure a counterbalancing power to Germany. Though a small State, there are eleven different parties or rather factions striving against one another in Bulgaria, and it is easy, therefore, for the monarch to bring about a variety of coalitions so as to obtain his own ends. His present purpose is to play off the Entente against Germany, and by seeming willing to make overtures to it, to bring over the Kaiser to his side as against Turkey. The latter power is making itself very troublesome to the Kaiser and his allies, indeed it has been rumored that diplomatic relations have been broken off with Germany. The cause of the dissension is the desire of the Porte to regain some part at least of the territory Turkey lost to Bulgaria as a consequence of the first Balkan war. Germany finds itself in the unenviable position of having to satisfy the opposed claims of two such irreconcilable enemies as Turkey and Bulgaria. The instrument chosen by King Ferdinand in this difficult situation, was the head of the party which goes by the name of "Democratic." He has formed a cabinet made up of representatives of various groups. This cabinet has already, it is said, begun playing the old game of setting one power against another by sending envoys to Switzerland to make overtures to the Entente Allies, and to learn what price they would offer Bulgaria for the betrayal of Germany, which King Ferdinand is said to contemplate or to appear to contemplate. He has found the situation so difficult to handle, however, that he has been obliged to leave Bulgaria for an indefinite time to be under treatment for what is politely called mind strain.

Progress of the War.

On the day after France and the rest of the civilized world had celebrated the fourteenth of July, Germany launched the long-delayed fifth drive against the Allies. Instead of achieving the success usual in the first days of an attack, the progress made on this occasion was so comparatively slight that it became a question whether the drive was intended as a serious attempt to reach Paris. Subsequent events showed that the small progress made was due to the resistance en-

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countered. On the fifth day of the drive the great counter-stroke of General, now Marshal, Foch threw into confusion all the efforts which the Germans had been making to reach the French capital. This was accomplished by the army of General Mangin, who struck the right flank of the German forces below Soissons so forcibly that, after hesitating for some time, they withdrew behind the river Vesle, where they are still attempting to hold the line between Soissons and Rheims. As Soissons has been lost, it is not thought that this line can be held for long, and it is therefore probable that the Germans will be forced to retire beyond the river Aisne possibly even as far as the Chemin des Dames. By this defeat nine hundred and thirty-one square miles of France have been restored to its rightful owners, and large numbers of prisoners, great stores of ammunition and many guns have fallen into the hands of the Allies. The American army formed about thirty per cent of the troops engaged in the course of these operations, and by their bravery and courage afforded inspiration to the troops with whom they fought. In fact the part they took was of capital importance, and it may be said without boasting that their coöperation was essential to the success obtained.

On the eighth of August the British had their turn. Field Marshal Haig, to the surprise of the Germans, launched an attack in Picardy on a twenty mile line from Morlancourt, south of Albert, to Plessier-Roxainville, between Moreuil and Montdidier, eight and three-quarter miles beyond the old line. Their advance on the first day was greater than any made by the Germans. Further advances have been made day by day, until now the Germans have been driven back to the old Somme line. Whether they will be forced back to what is called the Hindenburg line is at present uncertain. The French coöperated with the British in the course of these operations. Together they wrested from the Germans Montdidier, which had formed a point of great danger to the Allied line. The result of these two great victories, as reckoned by those competent to judge, has been to deprive the Germans of the initiative, to avert danger from Paris and Amiens and to free from German control the two lines of railway of utmost importance for maintaining the Allies' communications. Seventy-three thousand prisoners, twelve hundred guns, and ten thousand machine guns have been captured, and in both operations fifteen

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hundred and fifty square miles have been freed from the enemy. Further north in Flanders the enemy has made some local withdrawals, so it seems probable that no drive for the Channel ports is contemplated. In fact, some think a drive in that quarter will be made by the British, but this is a matter merely of conjecture. The enemy has been so weakened that he has been obliged to seek help from the despised Austrian troops. These have been used, not indeed in the battle line, but in Belgium. General Foch has been made a Marshal of France as a reward for the brilliant strategy which brought about these victories.

An American field army has just been formed, but it cannot be stated what part of the line it holds. It is believed to be that part which leads to the border of Switzerland, possibly with a view to forming the advance troops when the great drive to Berlin begins. It is expected that by June next the United States will have an army of 3,200,000 in France. Then, as General March says, it will be able to do what it likes with the German army. To this end the new Draft Bill has been introduced to furnish monthly quotas necessary for its accomplishment. The President recognizes that victory must be gained in France, and is determined that nothing shall divert him from this objective.

No change of any importance has taken place on the Italian front, although rumors have been circulated that the Austrians are preparing to make yet another attempt to reach the Venetian plain. In the Balkans, also, no change of any importance has taken place, although attempts have been made by the Austrians to regain lost positions. In Palestine the British have been satisfied just to retain what they have won. A campaign which has received little attention, is that which has been carried on by the Arabs against the Turks. It has resulted in the loss of large districts in the interior of Arabia which now form the domain of the new King of the Hedjaz. With the exception of Yemen, an isolated district to the south, and of the terminus of the railway at Medina, the few scattered posts of that railway, nothing has been left to the Turk of all the vast country which extends from the Red Sea to the River Tigris.

The most surprising recent development was the appearance at Baku, on the Caspian Sea, of a British force. For some time little has been heard of the British expedition which is

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acting north of Bagdad and south of Mosul. When the Russians evacuated that part of Turkey which they had occupied in the course of the War, the Turks were said to be preparing to enter Persia and outflank this British army in Mesopotamia. This threat seems to have aroused the British to counter measures. As a result, they have entered Persia, traversed its northern province, and have reached what was once the Russian town of Baku. Baku is important on account of the oil fields in its neighborhood, more important at the present time as forming a possible way of entry into Russia through the Don Cossack region, and also as blocking one of the much-talked-of ways to India, so much coveted by Germany.

Yet another step toward entering Russia is the landing at Vladivostok of a regiment of United States soldiers brought from the Philippines, in order to extend to the Czecho-Slovaks of that region the help they so urgently need. If the Japanese have not already landed troops, they are on the point of doing so, either at Vladivostok or, as seems more probable, at Dalny, formerly known as Port Arthur. From here they would be able to reach far more easily than from Vladivostok, the place where their help is most needed. A third point of entry into Russia is by way of Archangel and the Murman coast. From the former place French and British forces have already advanced nearly a hundred miles on the way to Vologda. Thus from three points help is reaching Russia to enable her to reconstitute the Eastern line and drive out the German who is so desirous of bringing her into subjection. These attempts, especially the one from the north, are said to be welcomed by the peasants who have grown tired both of their foreign and internal oppressors.

August 16, 1918.

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With Our Readers

THE news has just reached us that Joyce Kilmer was killed in battle. The bullet that took his life robbed poetry of one of her most promising children, America of a devoted son, and us of a beloved, intimate friend.

Our readers we know were shocked at the news. Death is always a surprise even when war brings it all about us. Kilmer came to us shortly before he went to the front. He sat here in this office so much like a boy, so much the man. A great calmness was in his voice and in his heart. No man loved wife and children and home more than he. He had come to say farewell and also to tell the happy news of the birth of another son. Ardently as he loved his own, with equal ardor he loved our country. There was no anger nor excitement nor boastfulness in his voice nor in his heart. He was going to serve, to defend the honor of his native land. As he talked he typified the great mystery of America's entry, America's determination, America's sacrifice in this War.

* * * *

MANY could not or would not see. Even some in high places misjudged the soul of America. They denied its existence or thought it too small, incapable of a magnificent, spontaneous full response to the ideal of spiritual and political liberty for itself and for others. Excitement, protest, did not characterize us. The loud voice, the bombast, the noise were absent. And they who judge by such evidences failed to see, and inevitably underestimated. The quiet, strong, sensitive soul of America was living and awake, was thinking, judging, feeling. It was the soul of a people; patient, long suffering: of a people that did not forget its inheritance nor the traditions to which it must prove true if it were to be true to self.

It loved peace, therefore was it loath to take up arms. It loved its fellowmen, therefore was it slow to kill. It would endure much injustice because it hated to work iniquity. But its love of liberty, of justice, of righteousness was a consuming passion. Slow to be aroused, its will would be sure of its purpose, unshakeable in its fealty unto victory or death when once set in action. The *Lusitania* tragedy had caused it almost to abandon

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hope of peace. Joyce Kilmer voiced the feeling of the nation in *The White Ships and the Red.*

When its long patience was worn down and it was face to face with undeniable duty, the nation went forth quietly, calmly, but with a determination unequaled in the world's history to put an end forever to the tyrant and the tyranny that has menaced the happiness and well-being of every nation and of every individual in the world. The soul of America spoke its high resolve; it would do what it set out to do and it would accept nothing in return. It would sacrifice its best sons, millions of them, if necessary, and it would not ask nor accept indemnity. It did not seek one foot of territory. It would give itself that others might live. Greater love than this no man hath that a man should lay down his life for his friends.

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JOYCE KILMER, as he bade us farewell, typified all of this. He left high position, promising future, fame among his fellows, a young wife and four children, and quietly went forth to give his life—as he truly thought—for his country. He voiced America's soul.

The history of his life is a wonderful evidence of how the Catholic faith begets the greatest patriots. Kilmer when he first came to us, years ago, was groping for that spiritual truth which would, in turn, give unity and direction to the many problems, political, social, economic, that vexed and tried his soul. He came to us bewildered, and when we spoke of the supreme revealed truth of God, as taught by the Catholic Church, his soul was roused and attentive. He had studied the teachings of the Church but he could not accept. There followed many months of conference. Then Kilmer saw and wished to make his own the truth of Jesus Christ. But never was it more evident that faith is the gift of God, and the gift came not. At that time Kilmer was working on the New York *Times*. Every day at the lunch hour he went to the Church of the Holy Innocents, and there prayed that God's hand would give him the power, the grace, to make his own what he wished to make his own but could not.

God's mercy was not slow. The gift came. Joyce Kilmer rejoiced as a child in its coming, and walked in simplicity and full acceptance of the Catholic faith ever afterwards. It was the light that for him enlightened his whole being, his whole life and all that affected it. In sanctified the love of wife and children; it made possible the great sacrifice his wife and he were asked to endure and finally to consummate. It purified and exalted his love of country. It consecrated and inspired his poetry. It kept clear

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his vision so that in this world tragedy he saw straight from the beginning. And it was that Faith that led him to make the supreme sacrifice; it was that blessed Faith that has crowned him before all his country and throughout history with the crown of a hero and a patriot.

AMERICA'S confidence in ultimate victory in the present War has never been touched by doubt. We take it for granted that we shall win, primarily, because the purposes for which the nation fights are sacred and the motives that have led us as a nation are noble. In a mysterious way which we recognize without fullly understanding, the vision of a great ideal has arisen and it inspires the collective soul of the American people. The daily list of casualties concerns every one of us, but the affection of which our grief is born is an affection reverently subdued to the larger law of life. Great souls do not count the cost of their service to great ideals. Great nations pay gladly the exacting price of the devotion to institutions which recognize the Law of God and incorporate the spirit of that Law into the standards of action.

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THE proposal of the Government to extend the draft age to the years between eighteen and forty or forty-five, warns us that the nation must now pay a second installment of its manhood in purchasing security for human rights and respect for the Law of God. If the Congress should enact the law, further disorganization of industry, of education and of home life will be experienced. But none who count, will state objections or venture opposition beyond the point where objections and opposition serve to clarify the judgment of the Government and to search out the bearings of the intended changes. This new proposal gives assurance to the world that the resources of the nation are to be engaged to their limit, if necessary, to win the War. Let us hope that this measure need be nothing further than a precaution. Let us hope that before it is applied in full, victory will have come, bearing with it the promise of a world peace. If that should be our early and happy fortune, the new measure will serve the great purpose of further educating our entire population in the newer meaning of Democracy, and in the new relations in which the individual will stand to the community in the future that we now foresee.

When young men of eighteen or nineteen, whose souls have been scarcely aroused by more serious views of life, are brought to realize the sterner realities of life, the greatest educational value may be expected in the maturing of character and in the under-

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standing of the deeper meaning of life itself which the Draft Law promises.

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THE business world is greatly concerned because of the prospect of losing a large percentage of its ablest men if the draft age should be extended up to or beyond forty. Colleges and universities will take a serious view of the Draft Law, which may divert from our schools the young men of the nation who are about to enter upon college courses. The Church will be concerned because of the probable bearing of the law upon the numbers who enter the ministry. Undoubtedly the Government will take all of these bearings into consideration and, let us hope, find a happy readjustment that may hold our younger and our older men in the quiet ways of normal life on the one hand, and at the same time satisfy the demands of war which might call them to camp and to arms. We must uphold the Government at every point. Industry, schools and churches should with patriotic thoughtfulness help the Government toward a sympathetic understanding of their points of view. There is no doubt that the spirit of instant support of the Government which now fills the nation, will promote in all of these departments a reasonable attitude. On the other hand, the solid understanding of the interests of peace evident in the Administration both before and since we went into the War, will lead it to give the fullest hearings on the new Draft Law before enacting it. Perhaps none of us can foresee the details of the outcome, but all of us can foresee the spirit of it. That spirit is one of unswerving loyalty to the Administration, and the patient bearing of every sacrifice entailed by our loyalty and demanded by the justice for which we are fighting with all the power at our command.

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IT is difficult to draw the distinction between essential and non-essential activities in their bearing on exemptions from the Draft Law. All reports that come from the battlefield, as well as from the camps, concur in giving religion first place among the supports of morale and of morality in the army. The Government and the leaders of our army have recognized what religion means in the life of soldiers and sailors, and the power of its inspiration to an army. The instinct of humanity is turning back to God, baffled by mystery and chastened by sacrifices that search out the very soul. We are confident that the Government will so interpret present military demands, as to recognize the call to the service of God in the ministry, and not to jeopardize the interests of religion

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by diverting to the army young men who hear the voice of God calling them to His service in the Church.

MUCH practical light is thrown upon the discussion of after the War changes in the economic world by the publication of the principles ruling its conduct which have been put down by the National War Board of Labor. All admit that economic society will never again be as it once was. Labor is in the ascendancy and it is of vital importance to know how it will exercise its newly-acquired tremendous powers. The "Presidential" doctrine which has been brought home so closely to everyone of us, of the individual duty of all men during the War is now, writes Mr. Frank P. Walsh, Chairman of the National War Labor Board, in the August *Forum*, very well understood.

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IN Mr. Walsh's opinion labor understood it before capital appreciated it. In the differences and antagonisms that characterized the industrial world "capital has been at fault and so has labor." Mr. Walsh adds that capital in the past has always been unionized. On the other hand there have also been questionable settlements of strikes by labor leaders. "Through long habitual system and through the biased purposes of adjustment, capital and labor became inexcusably dense towards each other. Such a condition does not lead to fair arbitration of an economic issue." The following have been adopted as guides by the War Labor Board:

PRINCIPLES AND POLICIES TO GOVERN RELATIONS BETWEEN WORKERS AND EMPLOYERS IN WAR INDUSTRIES FOR THE DURATION OF THE WAR.

THERE SHOULD BE NO STRIKES OR LOCKOUTS DURING THE WAR.

Right to Organize.

The right of workers to organize in trade-unions and to bargain collectively through chosen representatives is recognized and affirmed. This right shall not be denied, abridged, or interfered with by the employers in any manner whatsoever.

The right of employers to organize in associations of groups and to bargain collectively through chosen representatives is recognized and affirmed. This right shall not be denied, abridged, or interfered with by the workers in any manner whatsoever.

Employers should not discharge workers for membership in trade-unions, nor for legitimate trade-union activities.

The workers, in the exercise of their right to organize, shall not use coercive measures of any kind to induce persons to join

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their organizations nor to induce employers to bargain or deal therewith.

Existing Conditions.

In establishments where the union shop exists the same continue, and the union standards as to wages, hours of labor, and other conditions of employment shall be maintained.

In establishments where union and non-union men and women now work together and the employer meets only with employees or representatives engaged in said establishments, the continuance of such conditions shall not be deemed a grievance. This declaration, however, is not intended in any manner to deny the right or discourage the practice of the formation of labor unions or the joining of the same by the workers in said establishments, as guaranteed in the last paragraph, not to prevent the War Labor Board from urging or any umpire from granting, under the machinery herein provided, improvement of their situation in the matter of wages, hours of labor, or other conditions as shall be found desirable from time to time.

Established safeguards and regulations for the protection of the health and safety of workers shall not be relaxed.

Women in Industry.

If it shall become necessary to employ women on work ordinarily performed by men, they must be allowed equal pay for equal work and must not be allowed tasks disproportionate to their strength.

Hours of Labor.

The basic eight-hour day is recognized as applying in all cases in which existing law requires it. In all other cases the question of hours of labor shall be settled with due regard to governmental necessities and the welfare, health, and proper comfort of the workers.

Maximum Production.

The maximum production of all war industries should be maintained and methods of work and operation on the part of employers or workers which operate to delay or limit production, or which have a tendency to artificially increase the cost thereof, should be discouraged.

Mobilization of Labor.

For the purpose of mobilizing the labor supply with a view to its rapid and effective distribution, a permanent list of the number of skilled and other workers available in different parts of the nation shall be kept on file by the Department of Labor, the information to be constantly furnished—

1. By the trade-unions.

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2. By State employment bureaus and Federal agencies of like character.

3. By the managers and operators of industrial establishments throughout the country.

These agencies shall be given opportunity to aid in the distribution of labor as necessity demands.

Custom of Localities.

In fixing wages, hours, and conditions of labor, regard should always be had to the labor standards, wage scales, and other conditions prevailing in the localities affected.

The Living Wage.

1. The right of all workers, including common laborers, to a living wage is hereby declared.

2. In fixing wages, minimum rates of pay shall be established which will insure the subsistence of worker and his family in health and reasonable comfort.

* * * *

THE work of the Board has resulted in applying much educational information with regard to the service of both capital and labor in the War. Its immediate attention has of course been consumed with war work and war problems. Nevertheless its efforts reach far beyond the War, and sow the seeds of future industrial adjustment and industrial justice. The Board has no arbitrary powers and, judging from Mr. Walsh's account, has been cautious and fair in using the far-reaching moral power which it undoubtedly possesses. The chairman of the Board is keenly alive to the great changes of the hour: "We are no longer looking at labor with the same capitalistic eyes that we used to. Labor is no longer a commodity to be handled in that way. We have made the discovery that labor is the flesh and blood of America. There is a supreme spirit everywhere in human life changing property value, measuring human value by the measure of service. There are no more labor slaves. Labor will master the world!"

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THE appreciation of changed conditions is a necessary and oftentimes a promising preliminary to their right solution. Many in the days to come will champion disastrous radicalism. It is not too early to point out the safe roads of justice and order. It is gratifying to read the chairman's words that this new, or rather increased, demand of labor "is not one of revolution: it is one of orderly coöperation. Instead of the terms employer and employee, we may have the terms, planners and workers. It should be also understood that the National War Labor Board is not going to coddle labor, or to advance any possible scheme of reform.

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The Board requires more work than could possibly be done under the old system of relation between capital and labor. There is no conflict of ideals, there is only a misunderstanding of them. We have long refused to give labor human treatment, because we thought such treatment was not practical. The Presidential Doctrine of Labor is to give labor an equal voice in the affairs of the nation with capital; an equal right with every individual in the country to enjoy the privilege and credit of winning the War."

THAT a work or a man should be crowned by the French "Academy" is a notable mark of distinction all the world over. The election of Monsignor Baudrillart as a member of the "Academy" some few months ago, is an event of happy augury for the future status of religion in France, and an eloquent testimony to the patriotic services he has rendered France in the organization and direction of the *Catholic Committee for French Propaganda in Foreign Countries.*

* * * *

THE blatant anti-clericalism in high places in France had lowered her in the esteem of Catholics the world over. The still lively faith and ardent piety flourishing there was submerged and lost sight of. Hence the slow growth of sympathy with France, in some quarters, during the earlier years of the War. To overcome this was the purpose of Monsignor Baudrillart's organization. It brought to our shores such men as the Abbé Flynn, M. M. Veuillot, Dutroit and Fleury and Father Delor—men who have shown us the great Catholic heart of France and have knit us to her with bands of steel.

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NATURALLY Frenchmen of every shade of thought and the entire French press appreciate the originator of this great work, and have hailed with joy the honors paid him for "high merit and eminent services," among which this is accorded first place.

Monsignor Baudrilliart is also a writer of no mean merit. The historian of Philip V., the biographer of Monsignor d'Hulst, a prominent religious apologist, a well-informed, earnest and clear-headed publicist, a virile lucid orator, he might well have claimed the Academic suffrages even before he stood out as the intrepid and convincing defender of the French cause before the bar of the Catholic world.

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RECORDING recently the honor conferred upon Monsignor Baudrillart, François Veuillot concludes with the following estimate: "Because of the position he occupies in France, the

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legitimate authority he has earned there, because of the reputation which has followed him across the seas, the Rector of the *Institut Catholique* of Paris is regarded in foreign countries as one of the best known representatives of the Church of France and of Catholic higher education in that country. In the homage offered to this prelate by a body representating the élite of French thought we can but see a new and eloquent witness in the cause of holy Union. Among the clergy, hitherto suspect; at the head of our Catholic University, but yesterday menaced; the French Academy has found and crowned a great Frenchman."

BOOKS RECEIVED.

HARPER & BROTHERS, New York:
German War Aims. By Edwyn Bevan. *A British Cardinal's Visit to the Western Front.* Pamphlet.
G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS, New York:
The Desert Campaign. By W. T. Massey. $1.50 net.
D. APPLETON & Co., New York:
Minniglen. By Agnes and Egerton Castle. $1.50 net.
THE MACMILLAN Co., New York:
The Rise of the Spanish Empire. By Roger B. Merriman. 2 vols. $7.50 per set.
E. P. DUTTON & Co., New York:
Color Studies in Paris. By Arthur Symons. $3.00 net.
P. J. KENEDY & SONS, New York:
Jacqueline. By J. Ayscough. $1.50 net. *A Soul's Appeal.* By I. West. $1.00.
BENZIGER BROTHERS, New York:
Eight-Minute Sermons. By Rev. William Demouy. 2 vols. $3.00 net.
OXFORD UNIVERSITY PRESS, New York:
The League of Nations and the Coming Rule of Law. By Sir F. Pollock. Pamphlet.
THE UNITED STATES CATHOLIC HISTORICAL SOCIETY, New York:
Historical Records and Studies. Vol. XIII.
COMMITTEE ON FEEBLE-MINDEDNESS, 105 E. 22nd Street, New York:
Mental Defectives and the Law. By F. D. Gallatin. Pamphlet.
THE AMERICA PRESS, New York:
The Ethics of Irish Conscription. Pamphlet. 5 cents.
GUARANTY TRUST Co., New York:
Acceptances.
THE MARLIER PUBLISHING Co., Boston:
Arcadie. By Edouard Richard. 2 vols.
LITTLE, BROWN & Co., Boston:
Richard Strauss, the Man and His Works. By Henry T. Finck.
GOVERNMENT PRINTING OFFICE, Washington:
Recent Discoveries Attributed to Early Man in America. By A. Hrdlicka.
CARNEGIE ENDOWMENT FOR INTERNATIONAL PEACE, Washington:
Year Book, 1918.
J. B. LIPPINCOTT Co., Philadelphia:
The Life and Times of Stephen Girard. By J. B. McMaster. 2 vols. $5.00 net.
CONCORDIA PUBLISHING HOUSE, St. Louis:
Church and School in the American Law. By Carl Zollmann. Pamphlet. 25 cents.
UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO, Chicago:
Rush Medical College—Seventy-sixth Annual Commencement.
BULLETIN OF THE UNIVERSITY OF WISCONSIN, Madison:
Some Aspects of Feeble-Mindedness in Wisconsin. By J. L. Gillin. *Comparative Salaries of City Officials in Wisconsin. The Manual Arts as Vocations.* Pamphlets. 10 cents each.
CATHOLIC TRUTH SOCIETY, London:
Serving at Mass. The Holy Hermit of Knaresborough, by Abbot Cummins, O.S.B. *The Knights of the Blessed Sacrament. Religion and Civil Liberty,* by H. Belloc. *A Word About Noncomformists,* by A. Convert from Methodism. *Will Any Religion Do?* by Dom E. Horne. *Divorce,* by the Bishop of Northampton. *The Essentials of Spiritual Unity,* by R. Knox. Pamphlets.
AUSTRALIAN CATHOLIC TRUTH SOCIETY, Melbourne:
A Failure. By M. Agatha. Pamphlets.
GIUS. LATERZA & FIGLI, BARI, Italy:
Studi sul Romanticismo Inglese. By Federico Olivero.

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