

ORDER

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'According to established popular usage, which the Philosopher considers should be our guide in the naming of things, those are called wise who put things in their right order and control them well.

'Now in all things that are to be controlled and put in order, to an end the measure of control and order must be taken from the end in view; and the proper end of everything is something good.'

S. Thomas Aquinas. *Contra Gentiles*, Chap. I.

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AN INTRODUCTORY.

THE POSITION, PLAN AND PROSPECTS OF 'ORDER.'

The firmest supporters of this paper have wavered during the long interval between this number and the last, and the Editor will admit that in the same interval he has frequently and fervently wished that some sensible, professional paper would appear which would not only make his own superfluous, but even discredit it entirely, by displaying such force and talent as would give the lie to all that he ever said about the apathy and intellectual bankruptcy of Catholics in this country. For the benefit of past supporters, himself, and such as may now pick it up for the first time, he had better investigate his present position, plan, and prospects as concisely as possible, so as to bring things up to date.

POSITION: Catholics are often supposed to be superstitious about their beliefs. This is nonsense, for you cannot have an undue regard for the infinite; but the truth is that they are superstitious about each other. In England at least they have got into the habit of considering as beyond discussion, still less criticism, any part or person in their organised body. This served well enough so long as they constituted a minority which could not afford to expend any attention except on difficulties threatening from outside. Now is the time to see whether the difficulties and dangers, which will certainly always be with them, may not be easier tackled if they are themselves in better condition, and also to show up and shed faults which have no longer any particular reason for toleration. All this process should go forward with a definite end in view, and should be done in the name of Order. This paper adopts that name, wishing to be under its patronage, together with all things, and not because it considers itself to be a concrete expression of the idea. It is published privately and occasionally because those who are responsible for it have neither the money nor the time to do otherwise. It is anonymous—first, because it does not wish the names of its contributors to give more or less value to its articles than the articles themselves

deserve; secondly, because it wants to avoid any chances of the formation of a party.

PLAN: Actual events of interest or importance to Catholics in England will be dealt with as they arise, but primarily with reference to the main idea of the paper. Larger problems which lie beyond present events, or beneath them, will always be kept in mind. Any of the ground even adequately covered by other periodicals will be left free to them. Through the medium of a generously-sized correspondence column it hopes to be a clearing-house for discussions and ideas which cannot usefully be entertained in papers with an indiscriminate circulation. The chief *foci* of its attention are Journalism, Education, Literature, Art, Apologetics, the Liturgy, and Social questions.

PROSPECTS: A paper run in this way must always depend ultimately on someone's personal and private prospects; say, the Editor's. As there are no possible means of foretelling these, nothing can be predicted for this paper. It has published two numbers, and now at its third sees no reason to envisage a disappearance. Unless they hear to the contrary, readers should always believe that the next number will appear rather than that it will not. The Editor is grateful for every offer of assistance—literary, financial, or otherwise practical.

EMANCIPATION AND FREEDOM.

By various public manifestations some English Catholics will this year celebrate the centenary of our Emancipation. Where the rejoicing will be natural it must also be naïve, otherwise only a fine sense for irony could induce any enthusiastic contemplation of this freedom enjoyed now for a hundred years.

Emancipation means, in effect, Citizenship. A Citizen is one who has his life largely guided by wealth, sensation, and commercial routine. Catholics are citizens with the Supernatural Life. This last fact, if we realise it, is extremely painful; if we do not it is fatal. We are going to celebrate what is roughly the hundredth birthday of this dilemma. This is an event which certainly must not be allowed to pass unnoticed publicly, for thereby it may

come to be noticed privately by a larger number of the faithful than is the case at present, bestowing upon them that blessed disquietude which is the dawn-wind of every creative personal effort. But the manner of its celebration requires very careful thought.

Though we do not imagine that a meeting convened in the Coliseum could possibly proceed were it made to consist of the public confession by Catholics of their mental and moral weaknesses, we would certainly insist that the opposite extreme of this conduct should not occupy it either: the continued and emphasised statement or implication of personal mental or moral strength based, unaccountably, on the record of material position and progress of the Church in this country during the last century.

We may be told that Emancipation was an historic event, and that we this year are simply recalling it—with no obligation to philosophise about it. We reply that, first, what you call to mind you inevitably reflect upon; secondly, the more fool you are the less intensely you reflect on this particular event. It is a unique opportunity for a review of, and an authoritative statement about, our present position, individual and corporate. The speeches have not yet been delivered; it is not too late to pray that they give a hint of some consciousness of the fact that real Emancipation is further away than it has been for centuries. But it is quite probable that the 'glorious liberty of the sons of God' will be spoken of in terms of that long overdue and exasperated kick bestowed a hundred years ago upon a lingering Protestant bigotry. This will be more than a pity, and it will mean that we still will persist in conducting the public part of our militant religion not only in an atmosphere where personal religion could easily be stifled, but also in an atmosphere from which even the material progress of things religious and otherwise has taken us.

The atmosphere which we have practically left behind was one in which we existed at social disadvantage and in theological disagreement with the British Public at large. Now we are in such a position as to make our force of numbers felt in public life, and the dwindling heterodoxies around us may soon be forced to leave us pride of place as the

accredited exponents of any theological question whatsoever. This is not meant to be a message of good cheer. Even if we come publicly to recognise that the weather has really changed since we last looked up are we certain to adopt the only *regime* proper to it? To answer that question we had better wait and see what will happen at the mass meetings to be held this year.

It is possible that, given a place in public life and in public religion, we will find ourselves also in the new servitude; legally emancipated, but very far from free. We do not mean to hint at the possibility of our leaders taking us into theological or philosophic error; but simply that individually and collectively we may easily find ourselves very unpleasantly confined by modern conditions.

We believe that the Supernatural life can touch everything that is human, everything that is human can be divine. But there is the certainty that large tracts of life are becoming dehumanised, and that increasingly influential factors in modern life have nothing human in them at all.

So for the individual: (i) to keep even at a natural level of conduct he must have a very clear supernatural motive; though this is not rare, it is difficult; (ii) with that motive he will find himself constantly up against brick walls made up of his own decisions; if they defend him, they certainly imprison him as well.

As for the corporate body of Catholicism in this country; the servitude, whose hundredth birthday it proposes to keep so well, can get into its things and colour its abstractions. Without any aspersions on individuals, the general rule may be noted that where the spirit of the Time is not actively modified by personality, by supernaturalised personality in our case, it can and does infect such unhuman entities as schools or newspapers and the popular abstractions of the moment. Our difficulty for years will be in rescuing these elements in our lives from the rewards that Emancipation may bring them. If we do not it may not be through any individual fault, but we shall all suffer for it.

A PART OF PARIS.

It is not true to say that there is no intellectual worth whatever among younger Catholics in England. But their thought has not yet taken a definite direction or settled down to the consideration of any particular problem. They are not used to their condition. Inchoate they are also incoherent; and natural and national qualities are not going to make development easy. Also they are waiting for a saint and are a little frightened at the prospect of having one (though, please God, he will come before too easy a compromise with the Time has been reached).

It is worth comparing this English scene with a part of Paris; first, because there is a violent contrast in every particular, which will serve to make our own characteristics stand out the more clearly; secondly, while the *matter* on which these French Catholics are working is not the same as our own, their *method* might well be watched and copied where possible; thirdly, there is hope in that direction: if no hope for us, at any rate hope for someone.

It will be our own fault if we make our reflections unnecessarily vague, though they must be general. Various parts of Paris have recently had what we must call 'mentality-maps' made of them. Enquiries and reports have been made on the thoughts and emotions present among people on various social and intellectual strata; books and articles, modified by letters of criticism, have been published. Something of the sort ought to be done here in England, and we mean to encourage the project so far as we can and immediately; readers can help by making comments à propos of what follows.

Paris has had Père Lhande to write of *Le Christ Dans le Banlieu* (cf. a sort of digest of his book made by Fr. Martindale in *The Catholic Times* some months ago), Robert Garric for *L'Ame du Faubourg* (in *Belleville*), and to these parts we will come (bringing in the English equivalent) in a future number. Meanwhile, we want to take notice of a series of articles in the *Nouvelles Littéraires*, which began in November and is only now concluded (9/2/29) as we feverishly stuff print into this belated journal. The series is called *Une Enquête auprès des étudiants d'aujourd'hui*. The whole thing runs, of course, to about fifty

columns of very close print—because the students are by no means reticent—but there is a certain unanimity in their replies to the interviewers which makes it easy for us to synopsis accurately:

It is commonly said that there is a lack of discipline and equilibrium in the post-war generation. But is this true, and is it all? The interviewers for the *Nouvelles Littéraires* took with them on their round a battery of questions which would seem to cover most of the ground. They asked (i) All adolescence is restless, can you say the *War* affected you? (ii) Do you repudiate the idea of order in morals, in education, in the State and the family? (iii) What do you think of sentiment, love, marriage, divorce? (iv) What is the influence of the supernatural on your life and thought? (v) Do you think contemporary literature is sincere? What do you think of Proust, Maurras, Blondel, Bremond, and the neo-Thomist renaissance? Is there a new humanism in the making, and will it impose new scientific disciplines?

In England there are few who could even begin to answer such questions, and those who would begin might so easily become insufferable as they continued. But in Paris the questions were asked in all the schools, and it is hard to find blank ignorance or affectation in the replies. (Note this comparison, don't moralise on it.)

Take first the questionings at the Fondation Thiers—'highbrows' (*altifrons altifrontissimus* according to the classification of Mr. Leonard Woolf) preparing Theses for Doctorates. Here are scraps from the conversation: 'No nordic American marriages . . . we want Homes . . . children must come into married life. We're nearly all Catholics . . . the Supernatural isn't something secluded; real religion lives in it all the time. What influences us? Super-realism and Thomism. Super-realism is one asceticism, Thomism is another, and one that is really living, for us. Painting is more interesting than books are nowadays; and the Cinema is the most interesting of all . . . never go to the theatre.'

These scraps are not meant to set forth any system of philosophy. They contain, we think, the key-words to most of the ideas aired in the full report.

Next came a visit to the Institut Catholique. A young man meets the interviewer, and says he wants to 'call things by their names, have no fear of any of them, because a fact is nothing without an intelligence to put it in its proper place.' This young man mistrusted history. There is something apocalyptic in this: 'Look at things and love them. Look at things; I mean understand, distinguish, penetrate, and judge. Love things, get the hang of them (*les deviner*), understand the terrific attraction of them. Fuse all this, bring it altogether into the unity of a complete human being, straining every faculty in a joyous dynamism, tirelessly fertile. It seems to me quite hopeless to go out into the wilderness, unless you have a very special call; what matters is to make a solitude deep in your heart, where you can retire and appreciate things with real freedom. There is a balance to be struck between a man and the world he lives in, and a divorce to be cancelled between intelligence and love.'

Letters to the paper poured in. After all, there were plenty of 'jeunes' who were in banks and businesses, and they had minds like anyone else; so they wrote, and in battalions. They wanted to know what on earth they were working *for* and towards. Relentlessly their work, in itself, showed that it was without a goal. They stayed in it for bread and butter, but went outside it and above it for their life and faith; the supernatural was the only air they found at all tolerable, though often a strain on the lungs.

A phase that showed itself in an interview at the Ecole Polytechnique could certainly not have been solely there: 'I wish I could shake off every idea of order and just develop myself along my own lines' (the interviewer remarks that even this had something in common with the rest—sincerity).

There were not a few outbursts against the 'laissez-aller' of the bourgeoisie; but the bourgeoisie is an abstraction which you cannot bring to the bar, and even at the risk of unfairness Monsieur P.A. of the Ecole des Hautes Etudes Commerciales ('un peu vehement mais plein de foi') will be muzzled

Of course, there were individuals to raise their voices against this communal creed-singing. English Goodness in South Kensington could say this, for instance: 'My

parents are educated Protestants with liberal tendencies and a sincere patriotism. Nobody more tender or more continuously heroic . . . the gentle lukewarm atmosphere of the drawing room, with families blooming . . . this is the only school for the nation, this the shelter for quiet thought and courtesy, the screen keeping out Russian or American collectivism, twin destroyers of the individual.'

* * * * *

The strands of conversation may be gathered up thus: the war has taught the worth of life, and there is a continual effort to realise it the whole time, money doesn't count for much, success does, but only for what can be done with it 'surtout pour l'ivresse de l'action.' To search after order is the thing. Which order? The highest we can think of.

A NOTE ON GERMANY.¹

In May, 1924, Wust, a brilliant young philosopher of Cologne, in a series of three articles: 'The Return of German Catholicism from Exile' announced that the intellectual centre of gravity had suddenly shifted to the Catholic quarter. Since the end of the Kulturkampf Catholics had been second-class citizens. Even in his own lifetime: 'Instead of bread they gave us a stone, we were children dispossessed of our heritage, the history of the German spirit and German culture went on without us, against us, and disastrously to the detriment of our people.' But 'Thank God we have changed all that. Naturalism satisfies nobody now . . . the Protestants have seen this, too, and Troeltsch on his death-bed declared that he had nothing to do but to become a Catholic . . . The night is over, my brothers, already a new culture is dawning objective and realist wherein man can surrender with love to the fullness and beauty of Being . . . Yes, the German world, driven by defeat to examine its conscience, makes ready for a new culture, and Catholicism, at last awakened, will have the principal part in this spiritual renaissance.' He dwells then on the Jesuit leaven of thought (Jansen, Przywara, Muckermann, Lippert), the movement for the Liturgy and towards Nature

¹ This is based on an article in *Etudes*, Nov. 20th, 1929.

(Guardini), the new Catholic writers (Dorfler, Federer, Weismantel, Kneip, etc.), the politicians (Hertling, Fehrenbach, Wirth, Cuno, Marx): 'German Catholics, your hour has come!'

The articles produced a double repercussion. The older Catholic writers angrily denied that there had ever been somnolence and the second rate within their body. The youngest insisted that the faithful were still somnolent and still second rate.

The next explosion was at Coblenz in 1927, where Kneip, a well-known poet, thus addressed a Congress of Poets (even the Muses are systematic in Germany!): 'Gentlemen, it's no good hoping for a lecture from me; there's going to be a bullfight. I am certain that there must be some plain speaking between the Church and her writers. Since Luther and since the Kulturkampf the representatives of the Church have either been demanding impossible subjugation of the Arts or have turned away from them. They call that dangerous or tendentious which is simply a sign of life. . . . At the Cologne Museum, for example, there is Lochner's Last Judgment . . . there a horrible tribe of devils is pushing damned souls into hell . . . among the damned are a bishop, an abbot, a pope, and a king. All one part is taken up by the massive nudity of a monk, who is fighting a demon with hands and feet. This picture was not painted in an atheist century as this is, but during the pious Middle Ages—those times so docile to the Church—and at Cologne. And now I ask: What painter would dare nowadays in this town to paint and show such a picture? What Catholic paper would dare to offer to its readers the work of this, the greatest master of the Cologne school? A flood of Letters to the Editor would denounce the work as calumniating the clergy, frivolous, blasphemous, or even immoral . . . It is always like that . . . Criticism is monopolised by the clergy—which turns it to its pastoral uses.' Kneip finished off with a declaration of absolute faith in and loyalty to the Church, capable still of inspiring work of immortal beauty.

Immediately a storm burst. Controversy on every question that could possibly be connected with the discourse came up, from Art and Morality to the rôle of the Laity

in the Church. The Kneip party came together in a book made in honour of Karl Muth, the Editor of *Hochland: Weiderbegegnung von Kirche und Kultur*, and their case is fully contained there. As for the discourse itself, *Etudes* points to Dr. Eberle, Editor of *Schonere Zukunft*, as having given the best reply, or, as *Etudes* calls it, refutation.

Dr. Eberle is on safe ground, we think, so long as he considers the ever-lowering level of intelligence among Catholics as but a share in the draining-off of intelligence that is going on all over Europe without any distinction of creed. Then, too, it may be argued, as he argues, that the state of siege wherein the Church finds herself at many points makes it inexpedient to have speech too free within the camp.

To judge from the article in *Etudes*, it would seem that Dr. Eberle then accuses modern art of indulging in formal propaganda for purely materialist values and exhorts Catholic artists to a counter-propaganda, or at least demands that they should fix their mind on the beauties of their religion and shut their eyes to the rest. Dr. Eberle seems to recommend the same principle in critical work; if the bias of the time is in one particular direction, the bias of Catholics should be precisely the contrary. As he says, if a boat is heeling too much to one side the crew should lean over to the other, but he should add that these exertions may become too strenuous, and the boat turn turtle. In any case, this hysterical pragmatism is very far from that golden principle of Catholic thought: 'Submission to the Object.' Finally, the principle underlying all these questions is magnificently upheld by Dr. Eberle: There must be a revivifying of that intense Christianity by which the early Church successfully lived through the first disease-laden winds of doctrine, otherwise it is the end.'

¹ We hope to be able to go further into German literary activity without much delay, and will be publishing reviews of the significant books in the next number. Space forbids any more than this very brief introductory.

THE PSYCHOLOGY OF SEX AND THE CATHOLIC ORDER.

THE most significant change in English and American culture during the last twenty years has been the breakdown of the traditional morality. The moral teaching of Christianity is becoming more and more discredited, and it is on the moral issue that Catholicism has to fight its hardest battle with the dominant modes of thought. In the last century the situation was entirely different. The Victorians may have rejected Christianity on intellectual grounds, but they continued to pay an almost exaggerated homage to Christian moral ideals. The Agnostics shared the rigid moral principles of the Unitarians; they had their saints and ascetics, like John Stuart Mill.

In this respect the English-speaking world stands in striking contrast to the continental development. There the Libertines were the precursors of the Enlightenment, and Voltaire and Diderot were inspired by an uncompromising hostility to the whole moral tradition of Catholicism. The moral *Aufklärung* has taken a long time to cross the seas, but it has come at last, alike in England and America. 'The great sexual insurrection of our Anglo-Teutonic race,' at which Matthew Arnold used to sneer, has begun in earnest.

The causes of this revolution cannot be easily analysed. They lie deep in the social and cultural changes of the last half century. But undoubtedly one of the most important factors, above all in the intellectual sphere, has been the coming of the new psychology. Perhaps the vogue of Freud as a philosopher of the boudoir and almost of the schoolroom has slightly faded, and we no longer take the jargon of the psychoanalysts quite so seriously as we did a few years ago. But its influence is all the stronger for being less superficial.

There is a general realization of the importance of the sexual impulse and the manifold disguises under which it manifests itself. The traditional English and Protestant attitude of shutting the eyes to the physical side of human nature and ignoring ugly facts has been so completely banished that sexual perversion is taking the place of romantic passion as a stock motive of popular fiction. Sodom and Gomorrah have become suburbanised.

This is not wholly bad. Puritanism and the romantic idealization of sex are alike profoundly uncatholic, and actually produced a violent hostility to the uncompromising realism of Catholic moral teaching. Catholicism has never shirked the importance of sex, and Catholic theology is at one with the psychoanalysts in regarding the sexual impulse as one of the fundamental forces in human nature.

To St. Augustine physical desire, libido, concupiscentia, is a power which permeates human life and so dominates the will that he is powerless to free himself without the intervention of an equally powerful spiritual force from outside. For all that, he is not the Manichean sex maniac that so many moderns imagine. His fundamental attitude to sex is extraordinarily rational and almost scientific. 'What food is to the conservation of the individual,' he says, 'that sexual intercourse is to the conservation of the race.' Thus to St. Augustine the satisfaction of the sexual appetite is no more evil than the satisfaction of hunger. Within its proper limits it is a natural and necessary good. Only in the present state of human nature it is practically impossible to confine it within these limits. It passes beyond its natural function and becomes an outlet for all the unsatisfied

cravings of the psychic life. It ceases to be a natural physical appetite and becomes a quasi-spiritual passion which absorbs the whole man and drags his nature awry.

Handwritten: Freud
This is not Manichaeism. It is a fact of common observation on which so much of our modern fiction and drama is a commentary. The Freudian psychology merely develops the thesis a step further by insisting that every psychic suffering and neurosis have their source in the disorder of the sexual impulse. The theory may be exaggerated, but its criticism is a matter for the psychiatrist rather than the theologian. Where the teaching of Freud comes into conflict with Christianity is in its claim to provide a substitute for religion in dealing with moral problems; to cure the disorder of man's nature by the purely rational methods of psychoanalysis. For it regards religion as an illusion created by that process of the frustration and repression of the natural instincts which it is the function of the psychoanalyst to remove. It is itself a by-product of the Oedipus complex, a neurotic obsession which cures the individual neurosis only by universalising it. The evil of sex, from the Freudian point of view, is not that it is anti-spiritual, but that it is anti-social, and this can be obviated only by a process of rationalisation which will ultimately substitute a purely social ethic for religious sanctions and ideals. Man will at last become acclimatised to the conditions of human life and will 'leave heaven to the angels and the sparrows.'

Handwritten: Huxley
Now the same criticism of Christianity as something morbid and inhuman has been recently stated very forcibly by a writer with a very different standpoint and outlook from that of Freud. I mean Mr. Aldous Huxley. The leading character in his new book² attacks Christianity with the utmost vehemence as a

¹ Cf. S. Freud: *The Future of an Illusion*, 1928.

² Aldous Huxley: *Point Counter Point*.

gospel of spiritual perversion, a religion which robs men of their humanity in an endeavour to make them more than human. Against this, he holds up the ideal of humanity as an end in itself a *via media* between the animal perversion of unbridled sexuality and the spiritual perversion of religious asceticism. *Handwritten: man, gna, man*

But where is this ideal humanity to be found? Certainly we look for it in vain among Mr. Huxley's characters. In fact, no writer has given a more lurid picture of the way in which humanity is tormented and deformed by a disordered sexuality. His hero, Rampion, has to go back to the distant past to seek a satisfactory type of normal humanity. And he finds it in a most unexpected quarter—among the Etruscans who, more, perhaps, than any other people, were obsessed by a morbid and gloomy preoccupation with death!

The fact is that when we exclude the religious ideal and confine man within the limits of his own nature, humanity becomes a sorry spectacle. The men of the Enlightenment attacked Christianity for its doctrine of original sin and its pessimistic views of human nature, but they themselves went farther. If Pascal and Bossuet view the world as a hospital, Swift and Voltaire see it as a monkey-house. The evil is still there, but it has become disgusting instead of tragic. Human nature has lost its dignity and kept its corruption. *Handwritten: not a*
Whether we view the world from a religious or a naturalistic standpoint, we have to admit that man is an unsatisfactory kind of creature. Judged as an animal, he lacks the perfection of an animal, because his spiritual capacity imparts something monstrous to his animality. And as a rational being, even the rationalists will admit that he is a failure, since he is for the greater part of his life at the mercy of his passions and impulses. If he attempts to suppress the animal side of his nature by a sheer effort of conscious will, nature finds a hundred unpleasant and unexpected ways of reasserting itself. If, on the other hand, he

tries to come to terms with his instincts by giving them their natural satisfaction, the experiment is apt to end in the animalisation rather than the rationalisation of his nature, since it is just the element of passion which raises the indulgence of physical desire above the animal level.

It seems as though man could only be truly human by attempting to be something more than human; he can only strike the mark by aiming beyond it. The attempt to close our eyes to the heights and the depths between which we stand can never be permanently successful. If man shuts himself up in the narrow limits of his rational consciousness, his life become stunted and arid. Somehow or other he must open his being to the greater forces that surround him. If he cannot enter into contact with the infinite reality of the spiritual world, he must seek relief by taking refuge in some instinctive contact with material reality, above all in the physical ecstasy of sex, by which he merges his little drop of rational consciousness in the life flux of the material organism.

Catholicism has always recognised this dilemma, and consequently it can offer a more fundamental solution of the problem than that of the rationalist, who is forced to maintain his optimism by an unreal view of human nature. For the Christian is not limited to the purely rational plane. He has redressed the balance of his nature by submitting to a new psychic force, a spiritual passion which takes the will by storm no less violently than concupiscence itself. '*Je l'aime plus ardemment que tu n'as aimé tes souillures,*' says the God of the Christians.

It is true that this conception of the intervention of an objective spiritual force in the affairs of men is not one which it is easy for the mind of the modern world to accept. It is incapable of logical proof. It requires an act of faith and a conversion of the will which themselves belong to the supra-rational order.

Nevertheless, even on the natural level life itself has to be accepted before it is understood. Pure rationalism is inconsistent with life, and the rationalist is as ready as any one else to give himself up by a non-rational act of the will to any force which appeals to his whole nature. Now, religion is a reality of experience no less than love or politics, and it inevitably impresses itself on the attention of the ordinary man by its outward manifestation in the Church and in the lives of its adherents. The vital point, however, is how it presents itself—whether Catholicism appears to the outside world as a purely human organisation, a kind of party held together by catchwords and intellectual prejudices, or as the vehicle of a divine force which is capable of transforming human nature. Ultimately the Catholic is justified in the eyes of men, as well as in the eyes of God, not by his powers of controversy or his spirit of party loyalty, but by the degree in which his life is permeated by this higher spiritual energy. It may be said that Catholicism depends on the objective truth of the Church's teaching, and consequently that it is independent of its human manifestation. But though the intrinsic merits of a great piece of music are independent of its execution, they can be rendered absolutely unintelligible or unattractive to the audience by a bad performer.

If the modern world is turning away from the Christian moral ideal, it is to a great extent because its spiritual reality has been obscured by the moral and intellectual inadequacies of Christians. This is of course largely due to the watering down of religion to a cult of respectability and philanthropic activity by the Protestant sects, but for that very reason the responsibility of Catholics, who alone stand for a supernatural moral ideal in the modern world, is redoubled. In the great periods of Catholic achievement—in the fourth or the twelfth or the seventeenth centuries, for example—the spiritual energy of Christianity

was a positive force in the world, which could be no more ignored than the material organisation of science can in modern society. But with the best will in the world the average man to-day may fail to grasp the spiritual reality of Catholicism, as it is presented to him through the medium of the Catholic Repository and the Catholic Press. There is to-day a certain dislocation between the Faith and its material envelope, and the problem for the Catholic—for every Catholic, since authority, as such, is powerless in these matters—is to reconquer the means of expression by which the indefectible divine energy that is the life of the Church can be once more rendered visible and palpable to the modern world.

THE ROMAN AGREEMENT. C.D.

The visible and active assertion of the principle which is the base of the Roman Agreement is an event of world-wide and perpetual importance. The news seemed literally to lighten the atmosphere. An Italian correspondent writes:—

The historic knowledge of journalists being none too wide, they find it convenient to think of the 'Roman question' as dating only from 1870. This is good enough for the Press but it does not help us to realize the momentous significance of the agreement now arrived at between the Holy See and the Italian Government. There has always been a Roman question, and there will always be one; although, from now onwards, it will take a form entirely different and more subtle.

There are two attitudes of mind concerning the relations between State and Church, one inclined to a theocratic extremism, the other to trusting a state agnosticism. Between the two, the Western Roman Empire, in its later days, had adopted an attitude of state protection towards the Church, the Church thus being, if not an *instrumentum regni*, at least a unique and vital institution within the state. Traces of those days can be found in our liturgy, and in the divisions of bishoprics and patriarchal sees, which, in many parts of Europe and the Near East, still follow the geographical lines of the Roman provinces.

With the fall of the Western Roman Empire the Bishops of Rome were practically, if not in principle,

free from any form of state protection or interference, except for a few sporadic, and finally unsuccessful, attempts by Eastern Emperors against their independence. But they were confronted with two colossal problems: one, of protecting themselves against the barbaric invaders; the other, of counteracting heresies and schisms. The two problems were inter-connected; many of the new races then invading the western and southern regions of Europe were schismatic, mostly Arians. The Lombards, who invaded Italy at the end of the sixth century and ruled over a large part of the country until the days of Charlemagne, representing a serious menace to the Holy See, were Arians when they came, and it took over a century to convert them to Roman orthodoxy. But it is significant to remark that, after the days of Theodoric, the Lombard kings were the first in history to describe themselves as 'Kings of Italy'; and their crown, the *Iron crown*, was the same that is now used for the coronation of the present kings of Italy.

The first lineage of Italian kings (or, rather, of Lombard kings overruling Italy) came to an end under the pressure of the Frank armies, whose support had been eagerly sought by the Popes; and the first Holy Roman Emperor was consecrated in the person of the Frankish king. The Holy See had acted, mainly, under the pressure of circumstances, fearing that it would cease to be the head of a universal church, and that it would become merely a Longobardic bishopric, if the forces of the Franks were not brought to check the pretensions of the Lombard kings. Charlemagne and his successors were now to be the emperors, but the Holy See had secured a piece of territory of its own, in order to be safe from undue interventions.

But the problem was not much changed afterwards. There was, perhaps, a misunderstanding between the Pope and the Emperor on the very act of consecration; it was not clear whether the Pope acted, so to speak, as a divine official, simply recognising the earthly power which Providence had entrusted to the King of the Franks, or whether it belonged to the Pope himself to decide on the assignation of the holy crown. Such a misunderstanding runs through the whole history of the Holy Roman Empire, and a faint reminder of it is to be found in the words uttered by Napoleon in the moment of his coronation ('God gave it to me,' etc.). The primitive individualism of the barbaric races, never checked nor abated, was the impending danger; any mediaeval ruler who had a chance of controlling the earthly life of the Holy See would try to use its moral predominance for racial or partisan

(Continued on page 104.)

OUR CONTEMPORARIES.

II: The World the Public Lives In.

BY Our Contemporaries we mean our National Catholic Newspapers, and by The World the Public Lives In we mean the conditions under which the average Catholic life is spent nowadays in England. There is only a slender connection between our two titles, which serves to illustrate what we take to be the source of troubles grievous enough to-day and to become increasingly grave as time goes on. The cure is to be preceded by a recognition of the disease: 'there is a dislocation between Catholic Press sentiment and genuine Catholic Public sentiment. So far as is humanly possible, Catholic Pressmen, as such, have become a separate species, which sees a world different from our own, and which judges and acts from what it sees.'¹

If this diagnosis is the reverse of the truth, then it will be necessary to claim for the sayings and doings of the Catholic Press a genuine Catholic sanction. The Pressmen themselves will be as embarrassed as anyone else by the claim. If they know their job they will know that their kind of news-value is to be judged by the degree of sensation it excites, a criterion used neither by saints nor theologians.

It remains only to accept the diagnosis and to look for the cure, if there be one. Inaction in the matter simply shows ignorance of it. We must ask (i) is it, at the lowest, expedient to maintain this standard peculiar to the Press? or (ii) can the Press act under the principles present in genuine Social Catholicism, and (iii) may it rightly take a place therein, making for a definite end?

Without claiming the ability to solve these problems we emphatically hold that their solution is to be looked for in honest reflection on the conditions of English Catholicism to-day and the Catholic Press to-day, and the relations of these two.

¹ Order, No. 1.

The temperament of the Catholic Press, solitary, though centred, in English Catholicism, is unique also in the very variegated world of journalism. Whatever be its defects and qualities there is this to be said of the secular press, that it is co-factor (even the determining factor) with the Public in producing or maintaining an opinion on any plane of society. One has lived to see, say, *The Morning Post* incarnate. If the Press united to insist that City workers should go forth on their knees, the City workers would in time be found willing to do so, whatever their flesh might have to say on the matter. The Press can put thoughts in our heads as easily as it can cut our hair and change our hats. So a publicist may read his *Daily Express* as barometer for the mental atmosphere of 'bus or tube, and the foreigner his *Times* for that of our loftier prejudices.

But treat the Catholic papers in this way, and results would be catastrophic. Immediately the average Catholic will be set to thinking that his Social Catholicism must be moved by the spirit of his Press, the average foreign Catholic will judge English Catholicism as reflected in its Press, and the English non-Catholic will follow suit. At present there is nothing to prevent this from happening except the limited circulation of Catholic papers; so that, as things are, only time is needed to make the possible catastrophe an accomplished fact. Perhaps the business-managers will see to it, certainly circulation figures will not drop.

We asked, can the Press act under the principles present in genuine Social Catholicism? First, *de facto*, at present it pretends to do so; rearing itself into a quasi-official eminence, getting itself blessed by the Pope, styling itself 'The Organ of the Catholic Body,' and putting itself up for sale in Catholic churches.

Secondly, it has a right to do so. It should demand, so to speak, of Social Catholicism that it be given a place therein. The printed

word is still the chief vehicle of thought, and so must be taken into account, the word printed in a newspaper is now the most influential of printed words, and so it must be taken into special account. But if it should demand a place it may not assume that it has a right to any or to every place. At present it wavers between sectarian, national and racial interests, or makes a magnificent gesture in confining within one cover advice on everything from motor-cars to morals. While insisting that in many individual cases the advice is in itself sound, being based, maybe, on *philosophia perennis* or on revealed truth, one may suspect this versatility as being at bottom just confusion.

Later we are going to argue, on behalf of the Catholic Press, that modern ways of living and learning seem to offer it a definite educative place and function. But education is of people, and for the present we must insist that until the Press knows the Catholic people, and the world it lives in, it must be kept very far in the background.

What follows is unashamedly a personal impression. There are no public facts and statistics to draw upon. We are in face of an elusive object, hard to grasp, and yet harden to hand on for inspection. Also there is little chance of checking our conclusions by those of others, as there is practically no public reflection and criticism on the matter as yet:—

Those who were alive then tell us that forty years ago there were doctrines and men held them. If you were not a Catholic, and you, probably, were not, then you were something else; you had a sort of philosophy, some principles, and were, in fact, a person. If you were a Catholic not only did you know it, but so also did the world. There was the possibility of opposing your principles to others'. Discussion could follow, and perhaps decisions. There were schools of thought: "Sir," said Dr. Johnson, "I would be a Catholic if I could, but an obstinate rationality prevents me"; and it is the idea of a plain incompatibility with enlightened thought which is pleaded by the best thinkers as the motive for resisting a claim so obviously strong *prima facie*' (Wilfrid Ward: *W. G. Ward and the Catholic Revival*, pp. 423-424; Macmillan, 1893).

We have changed all that.

The only significant generation, the new generation, spent its first years of full consciousness in the midst of just a gigantic sensation: the War. Principles were at a discount, events were the 'Thing,' and it was our senses that were up as their judges.

Then, in our time, routine in daily life was perfected and universalised, which means that for the greater part of our waking hours freedom of action is removed and freedom of will endangered. Hence, the Self, surrendered in working hours, returns with a vengeance in leisure. There never has been before such a deep and widespread cult of comfort.

So, in our time, personality is simply so much friction in the machine. Presence in the mind is so much (most inconvenient, most reprehensible, quite impractical) absence in the body.

Prophets are disturbing to complacency, so they are often ignored. But there are one or two to-day who bear very striking witness against the times and without any Hamlet-moanings as to their personal responsibility in the affair.

There is Wyndham Lewis, who works harder than any. He has the vision of an artist (precisely that vision; there are limitations, but they do not concern us here). In the first number of his review, *The Enemy*, closely following his big and obscure book, *The Art of being Ruled*, and immediately preceding the colossal onslaught of *Times and Western Man*, he defends criticism. It is the particular need and the most unlikely product of the age.

'For it would be to argue yourself of a curious density if you did not see that such a period as the present is of more danger to genius, or to any personal energy, than ever genius, or personal energy, could be to it; so that no individual to-day is our enemy, but rather our time that of each of us severally, in our capacity of individual—in some cases of energy. No abstract "time" or epoch has ever taken it into its abstract head to deconcretise, as this one has, its children. In its progressive precision of all that is individual, its rage to extinguish the independent life of persons, this abstraction has assumed for us a physiognomy, along with its purpose, not possessed by other mere "times," mere "epochs,"

coloured and characterised by the individuals within them. Our period is like a person, in short, just as we are less and less like one; the secret of its being is technically expressed in terms of "mass psychology."

Ministers to the spirit of the age are not lacking. Listen:

'The modern tendency has been and is all in the direction of minimising what one might call self-centred devotion and self-subjugation, and of developing and expanding external service. The idea of inner perfectibility dwindles with the diminishing importance attached to individuality' (H. G. Wells: *The Open Conspiracy*).

It is only the chaotic condition of modern language that can prevent Maritain's clear distinction of Individual and Person from making Wells' position patently an intellectual absurdity (cf. *Three Reformers*; Luther, and the review of that book in this issue). For the purpose of this article it will be sufficient to content ourselves with quotations from Lewis and Wells, witnesses respectively for the prosecution and defence of the modern mentality in England.

Now for the Catholics.

It is good spirit but bad theology simply to shout '*Chrétiens ont droit*.' We do not believe that with the present close intermixture of Catholics with non-Catholics these will remain quite unaffected by those. In addition, the hint in the quotation from *The Enemy* shows that it will not even be so much by personal influence that any tainting of the flock might come about, but rather by impersonal forces. Let us examine the effect of these forces a little more closely.

Routine makes for 'days of little things.' The Church knows it. Her definite wish for frequent Communion might, for its appositeness, come from her sure knowledge of the 'accidie' engendered on an office stool. The dulling effect does not necessarily come from the fact that fifteen hours of active life go with about five minutes of prayer each day. Quantitative measurement of this kind is quite superficial. The trouble lies in the fact that those fifteen hours are generally fully taken up with clearer (but far shallower) experiences than faith offers to the average man. Faith cannot compete in sheer sensational attractiveness

with life. To try to make its attractiveness sensational, to take a short cut to popularity, by rushing into topicality with a barbarous and partisan militancy, is to court disaster for that slower-moving better part of men which will outlive such efforts.

A new condition of life for Catholics in England that has already been alluded to: their intimate intermixture with non-Catholic, post-Christian, society. It is not so much a matter of intellectual give-and-take, for the traffic in thought is very light and localised, since it is not commonly held that the end for the mass as for the individual is thought. The intermixture is in daily life, in conversations, conventions, and amusements. Hence, inevitably, not theories but practice, not belief but character, are first affected. It is quite common to find the anomaly of an accommodating disposition in ordinary life linked with a fierce intransigence in religious argument, but this cannot last in a developing individual. His reasons for intransigence (sketchily learnt at school and *only* there) will be outlived, and there will be left a puzzled bigotry which cannot survive nowadays. The process of fusion is going forward the whole time, and the amalgam is more markedly one of character than of theories. For the present, Catholics will not withdraw from their environment, then they must properly adapt themselves to it. We believe that this necessity gives them the opportunity for great personal development and a new, difficult, but powerful *apologia*. If it is character that is unconsciously being standardised, let character be made distinctive, be first looked at in others, first respected in ourselves. At present we suffer an amazing impoverishment through our habit of ignoring precisely this in non-Catholics, or, at best, attaching primary importance to exposing for our own satisfaction (to nobody's use) wherein the beliefs of others differ from our own. If we came to realise that, say, the general fellow-feeling and kindness among ordinary people was a good thing as such; that, informed with the right motives clearly recognised, it might become heroic; that it is not based on any dogmatic system that must be refuted, exposed, pilloried; that it shows a feeling which needs positive development and encouragement—we would be showing that we appreciated this

quality and that, indeed, we possessed it in a measure ourselves. A man who does not recognise another's purity, for instance, is not only obtuse, but most probably impure also. If we are permanently and constitutionally blind to good qualities in non-Catholics, is our case different? There is a dreadful double action in being unable to acknowledge patience, candour, honesty, precisely as good qualities in themselves where they are shown by theologians, historians, and scientists who disagree with or wholly deny our Faith. Conversely there is a blissful double action in possessing this power.

So much for the most necessary development of a Catholic character: working backwards we may say it comes from the valuing of character so from the discernment of it, so from the distinguishing of it—just from that fusion of it which has come up in our lifetime.

All this leads naturally to the new *apologia*; which will be made up a good deal less in argumentation and a good deal more in life: in the practical exposition of those qualities which ordinary people still see to be good, as reconcilable with, indeed as more fully developed by, an absolute, integral love and loyalty for the Church.

The threat of Materialism in England today is not so much a theoretical one as a practical one. The average man does not find his Christianity controverted so much as ignored and over-ridden. And over-ridden not so much by other theories as by alien actions. 'Philistinism' is as great a factor in ordinary English life at Routine and Intermixture. It may not be met by a self-conscious 'heartiness' and a studied carelessness; which often means, in a Catholic, deliberate scouting of the tension and difficulties of a Christian life in the world today, and is simply so much singing in the dark to keep animal courage going.

Another force which seems to affect the English Catholic body comes rather from its own consciousness than from outside. This is its own insignificance. Apart from one or two of its important men who owe their position among Englishmen to their personal genius, the Catholic Church in England is quite insignificant in society.

Sheer force of numbers and years of adversity have set it back. We are not examining the cause, but stating the fact. Now the way to recompense for this is naturally by a strutting display; by hot indignation at any slight—a natural recompense, but a supernatural one?

There is no point in enlarging on our difficulties. It is sufficient to state that they are made up of the stuff of an average man's average day, and of vague forces and queer-seeming trivialities that bear hard on us and have a great part in our lives. The Press can reach us; but what will it give us when we are in touch? If at that time it can only give us what it holds at present, it may not be a source of much hope. We shall see.

A PRESENT CONDITION OF CATHOLICS.

NOTE BY THE EDITOR.

by Julian Green

The sentences which follow are white hot. Often they give a real light, and for this reason their scorching must be borne. What they touch, and even partially disfigure, for us must be served and loved with faith and charity. 'Donnez moi la force et le courage de contempler mon corps et mon coeur sans dégout.'

I am not in full agreement with all these notes. I think that here and there are hints of a radical inconsistency of mind, for there is a true recognition of the weakness and miserableness of humanity side by side with a scandalised horror and bewilderment at what is only too obviously just human. Yet if the writer has not always borne in mind that he is dealing with a fallen race, this is far better than the opinion that a fallen race may as well wallow.

Again, we must keep clear of any tendency to separate the faith and the faithful, to find the one easy to believe in, the other very difficult. This is contrary to the essential nature of Catholicism, which began, after all, with an Incarnation, with the Infinite Word gliding down into creation 'dum medium silentium tenerent omnia, et nox in suo cursu medium

iter habet,' which continues as the extension of this Incarnation, with eternal truth in human mouths and sacraments 'propter homines.' I hate the mental attitude latent in: 'Look, there's Father O'Raterty, Grr! the bruit . . . ah! but that is the Alter . . . Sublime! Magnificent': Catholicism can only sanction the mentality which unifies what are contradictions to outsiders: 'Great Snakes: That man O'Raterty is actually serving the Alter; this is the Mass.' Integral Catholicism should make one full of wonder and reverence at the fact that *Brown, Jones*, and even *Robinson* are re-born of the Holy Ghost, that it is *Smith minor* who holds the Creed, and that *Sergeant Bloggs* has been confirmed. And our Press will assist us (perhaps!) by 'writing up' the Mystical Body as if it were a football team.

Finally, the points which follow are not so many theses for new Reformers; and I think it would be simply foolish to rush and nail them on the doors of our parish churches. Each will find its mark in individuals, individuals will realise quickly enough when they have been hit, and hit fairly. May they have sense not to get squeamish about the shots that miss them! If you dream of a super-Catholicism make your own the following meditation on 'the Problem of Evil,' *mutatis mutandis*,

'A positive possibility is not attained by merely removing from the actual what we do not like and turning ourselves into half men and half angels. Our mind must therefore be content with just the bare assertion that a better world is possible. But we must be careful not to confuse the better world with our own Utopias. It would, on the contrary, be a totally different world, because it is impossible to have another which in its totality would be relatively more perfect. To make a plea for a better world is to petition for our death sentence, since we would not be the same. In short, the universe, if not the best conceivable is relatively best, relatively to us and to the end God had in view' (M. C. D'Arcy, S.J., in *The Problem of Evil*; C.T.S., 2d.).

I should add that this is a translation which I have made from a pseudonymous French pamphlet, which appeared in 1924 and is now quite unobtainable.

1. The Catholics of this country have fallen into the habit of their religion to the extent that they no longer bestir themselves to know whether it is true or false, whether they believe or not; and this sort of mechanical faith stays with them till death.

2. One cannot believe without declaring war on oneself, but they do not fight at all; rather they accept Catholicism as something simple and natural; they would end by killing it, if it were possible to do so.

3. Yet for all that they are Catholics, they have been stamped by the Church, and they will always be Catholics, for the Church does nothing unless it be eternal. But they feed the germs of a powerful corruption: no need to look further for the real enemies of that Church which they fondly believe to be under their protection.

4. They were brought up in Catholicism; they will live and die there, but they do not fully realise what it stands for, nor what is going on around them, and they realise nothing of that mystery which enfolds them and separates them from the world.

5. They live in the world as if they were of the world; yet they are not of it, because of certain signs and certain words. If they understand that they are marked and then rise against the world they are none the less Catholics for that; if they are swallowed up in the world, then they are still Catholics—in their fall and damnation.

6. They sign themselves with a sign of awful significance, a sign by which they can recognise each other. But they are so used to their sign that it has lost its meaning for them. They are like parties to a conspiracy who are agreed upon a pass-word, without the slightest recollection of what it was originally meant to commit them to.

7. They read prayers whose every word is of terrific import; yet they read them as if they applied always to someone else, another's life, another's salvation. It does not seem as if they knew that their own death, their life, hung on prayers; it looks rather as if they believed that Catholicism had been founded for everyone else, and that they themselves took part in it by some happy chance quite casually.

8. They make their prayers without a thought to the fact that they will be answered infallibly in such time and in such a manner as a Wisdom greater than their own may choose, yet will this time and this manner be pleasing to them?

9. All prayers must be answered; for Scripture says 'Whatever you ask in my name . . . Otherwise Scripture is mistaken, and, if this is so, there is no Catholicism.

10. They make a contract with a formidable party which can never retract. The terms of their contract are obscure, even menacing. They repeat: 'Thy Kingdom come,' and they do not know the strength of Him whom they call upon in this way, neither His real nature nor his intentions. They do not know the way in which this Kingdom will come, nor whether they should wish and ask for it thus without reflection. Some day these mechanical but powerful repetitions may draw down at last this mysterious reign.

11. They ask, and this they call prayer. But asking is only half of prayer; the other half is praise and salutation, and this latter half comes first in the two principal prayers of the Christian Church: 'Hallowed be Thy name . . . ' 'Hail . . . '

12. They will certainly get what they ask for; but when they get it will they recognise it? They would do better, so far as possible, to keep to praise and salutation. They ask for health, and they get disease; it is the same thing. They ask for a good, and they are given a good.

13. They ask for earthly things, and they are given what corresponds to these in the heavenly order. They should ask just in general, prudently, and supernaturally.

14. In general, so as to allow for a merciful interpretation, prudently because their words are endowed with a strength which they cannot question, and supernaturally because thus there will be no transformation of their prayers (such as giving sickness for health). The prayers in the Mass have this threefold character.

15. The requests in the Lord's Prayer are exemplary in their ambiguity: they have an air of precision—and yet they are vague. 'Give

us to-day our daily bread.' What bread? Heavenly or earthly bread? You ask for nourishment without mentioning if it is to be literal or symbolic, or both; but you ask for nourishment, and that is asking for life, and life cannot be refused you. ('I am Life.' 'What you ask in My name.')

16. 'Forgive us our trespasses as we forgive others.' Read this twice. You ask for forgiveness, and at the same time you bind yourself to it. You are speaking supernaturally, and with an apparent contradiction, for you will be told that we do not forgive each other. (This sentence is a stumbling block for the blind; they are bound to trip over it.)

17. A man is in danger when he prays: even when he prays distractedly, or rather if he prays distractedly, for there are words that cannot be uttered in vain. He prays as if it were in vain, but nothing is vain except a man's idea of heaven. What a man says in prayer is magical.

18. The strength of religion is in its magic. Other religions have kept their magic secret, and disclosed it only to adepts, but the Christian religion has revealed to everyone what would have been made a mystery by pagans. She has initiated everybody, and in initiating everybody has kept her doctrine more secret than she could ever have done by consigning it to indecipherable books, hidden beneath the foundations of the remotest temple. A secret is never kept better than when it is told to everyone, for then it loses its secret look, and the world, which loves a mystery, turns away from such a public thing and does not bother to go into it deeply, and forgets all it ever knew about it.

19. The Catholics are in the secret and know nothing of it. They are absorbed by the world, and it is the world that holds their attention. Their efforts are forever towards knowing the world and conforming to it so strictly as to make one think that they belong to it; but the simplest amongst them has a wisdom deeper, more pure, and more basic than the whole of profane knowledge, all its studies and peculiarities. Again, would that they realised this; but they do not—there is the real ignorance.

20. The height of skill is to deceive even the initiate, in making them believe that they are not initiate, or that they have not gone very far. Conquest is total when mystery has taken on a vulgar appearance, so that the world yawns when it listens to the telling of truth so vital to it that at other times, as when the prophets lived, it would have died had it been denied all knowledge of it.

21. If Catholicism had a strange appearance, she would not lack zealots to flay themselves for her. But her face is so familiar that it ceases to interest, and we pursue newer and stranger things. For all that she is stranger and far more astonishing than all the errors treasured by philosophers.

22. Force of habit wins in the end. If the Gorgon's head were hung in the middle of the Strand, Londoners would soon get used to the sight. A few would be struck down, but the rest would not mind that ghastly visage, and would have no fear or anxiety about it at all.

23. If Catholicism does not move you, if you are not frightened by her words and the note of authority behind them, be thankful for it; or put the blame for your condition on your feeble imagination and your unapproachable heart.

24. You ask for miracles; your very indifference is one, considering what it is that you disdain.

25. If there were a thousand Catholics less in the world, would not Catholicism be alive notwithstanding? If there were a hundred thousand less, it would still live; one does not argue the point mathematically. But if Catholicism was so diminished as to leave but one member in the world, and if this one member were you, still it would live, in you and because of you.

26. When the salvation of humanity is concerned, what can it matter whether its members be numerous or not? See the eighteenth chapter of Genesis and the reasons put forward for saving Sodom. The Passion would have been suffered if there had been but one iniquitous judge in the world, a few executioners, and some soldiers; all that was necessary, in fact, to crucify the Messiah and fulfil the words of the prophets. I imagine, again, that had

you been the only man on this earth the Messiah would be dead for you.

27. The Messiah does not die for the number; he dies for the enormity of the offence, and such offence could be committed by one man or a thousand, but the offence exists just as much if one man commit it or a thousand.

28. Catholicism, the faith of the millions and the faith of a single soul, your own. Heaven does not apply a slide rule to its goodness. It is enough for it to find a few people or one person on which to work. This is the significance of the mystical converse between Abraham and heaven, and of the salvation of the human race through Noah.

29. I do not know how great you are, neither do you. It was decided to make sacrifices in order to save you, and to suffer torment and humiliations whose horror the mind cannot conceive. They are unimaginable, for they came to an infinite being, and so were themselves infinite. They would have sufficed to wither the world.

30. The Mind tires in pursuing this thought. We are the objects of a love that has no name.

31. This stupendous love gives us no rest; it provokes us to combat and, if we drop our guard for a second, it rushes at us, takes possession of our bewildered hearts, sends our lives staggering, and makes us hateful to ourselves and to all the world.

32. It never leaves us, for its desire is everlasting. At the slightest sign of feebleness it hurls itself upon our souls, draws them towards itself, sends them mad, and, worse than mad, it paralyses them. It heaps suffering on them, overwhelms them with the weight of a desire which they cannot escape, and which grows and would kill our souls if they could die, but they live—to suffer.

33. It stands before a soul like her servant, speaking quietly to her; and, to make her listen, puts a solitude all about her and a silence within her, it entices her to a lonely, secret place, and the soul consents to be taken, for she is feeble in her own defence.

34. At first she tastes this entrancing solitude, swooning there, overwhelmed with a new-found happiness. But suddenly she loses

courage, by force of some strange law. If she is strong and bold she will say to herself: 'This is a trick; I shall hold on in spite of my dismay,' and the divine strength of these words will save her. But if she is only human she will want to retrace her steps. Though she do this, she will never find the peace of this world; she has lost it for ever, and she will ceaselessly seek incomprehensible joy.

35. Once visited by love, the soul will keep the cruel memory of it, and it will haunt her till death; she will have tasted it, and this will end in killing the flesh. All the pleasures of the world will not dim the memory of this strange love which she has not been able to accept, and which now she desires with a passion charged with remorse and despair.

36. Whoever wishes peace on this earth will spend his time in keeping heaven at arm's length. There are men who strive night and day against the temptation to become saints. But if they are ardent souls they will fall; it is only the indifferent who triumph.

37. Of all powers in the world indifference is the mightiest. Heaven can do nothing against it. It outwits the subtlest ruses of love. It wants to damn itself, and it will damn itself.

38. It is the only heresy that counts.

39. On the way back from Mass people talk and laugh; they think that they have witnessed nothing out of the ordinary. They are doubtful about nothing, for they have not taken the trouble to look for anything. One would say that they have just been present at something quite simple and natural, yet it was something which, if done on one single occasion, would suffice to ravish a passionate world to ecstasy.

40. They are on the way back from Golgotha, and they are chatting about the weather.

This indifference prevents them from going mad.

41. If they were told that John and Mary came down from Calvary discussing silly trifles, they would say it was impossible. Yet their own behaviour is not so different.

42. They have just witnessed capital punishment; in a second it is out of their minds. Such a lack of imagination prevents them from being taken with vertigo and so dying.

43. It is said that what the eye does not see the heart does not grieve for; as a matter of fact, nothing else but the invisible is important, nothing else but that exists.

44. They have been twenty-five minutes in a church without understanding what was going on there. They saw a priest in a chasuble come in, and not for a second did they suspect that this was the Christ of Scripture (for it is charitable to suppose that they did not know it, or had forgotten it). Some of them sat down the whole time.

45. Some of them stood up during the Elevation. I do not know which is the more marvellous, the Elevation itself or the attitude of those who see it.

46. As if the Elevation gave only a symbol of the truth! But it is the truth itself presented in a manner proportionate to our weakness. The Jews had not the strength to face the visage of Moses when it shone, and Moses was only a man. Manoaah thought he would die from having seen the face of his Creator; but he had only seen an angel. What is there hidden beneath the appearances of bread and wine? Certainly more than an angel, and certainly a greater than Moses. One of the most amazing facts about the Mass is that it does not kill the congregation.

47. They hear Mass with tranquility, without tears and without any soul-stirring emotions. What is needed really to move them? Something commonplace.

48. To realise how faint of heart they are, you must see what is done every single day, all over the world, to keep Life in them. Their weakness is not great or small; it is infinite. Powers, Thrones, and Dominations are not so strong as the imbecility of their souls.

49. If they could only keep a faculty for surprise they would be saved. But they make religion one of their little habits. That is to say something low-grade and natural. Habit damns the world.

50. I prefer the attitude of the unbeliever who thinks Catholicism is absurd to the attitude of the Catholic who thinks it is quite natural. I would even say that the attitude of the unbeliever is the only one proper to Catholicism.

51. One should be converted anew to Catholicism every day, and have a *surprised* faith.

52. Unbelievers speak well of religion. They say that it is puerile, and that their reason does not accept it. The Fathers would not have spoken differently. In general, one is mistaken in wishing to praise the things of religion; one says that they are beautiful, magnificent, sweet; speaking in a matter-of-fact tone about the things of heaven.

53. Man's praise is so poor and so far below the truth, when it is offered to heaven, that blasphemy seems preferable; at least there is passion in blasphemy. The man who blasphemes is astonished and indignant with Providence, and he says so passionately. I like this indignation, which is a violent phase of surprise; I like this passion.

54. It is horrible to hear casual and cool talk about the things of heaven, for these things are all vehemence and warmth.

55. In this way the clergy is at fault, for it brings everything to the level of human intelligence. It speaks naturally about the Supernatural, and in an earthly way about the heavens. In the end you cannot be sure what it really wants to speak about.

56. I recall here some words I heard publicly pronounced at a clothing ceremony. Coming from the mouth of an ecclesiastic, who was addressing postulants, they seemed to me to be at once crude and precious. The man said: 'The Divine suitor has made heavenly advances towards you.'

57. It is astonishing that the truth should have been confided to people who do not know how to announce it; it must have been done designedly. In the same way Moses is charged to go and speak to Pharaoh, and he, as he himself admits, is not eloquent, and finds his words with difficulty, he is of uncircumcised lips. I do not know if this uncircumcision is just a figure of speech. The inadequacy of the clergy has something supernatural about it.

58. The clergy is afraid of its audience, and to obviate its making any effort to understand speaks to it in a popular way. It is saying the truth, but saying it in a popular way. Is it precisely this which is mysteriously called the sin against the Holy Ghost?

59. The clergy does violence to the truth in forcing it down to the level of those who are called the faithful (faithful to what?), whereas the faithful ought to lift themselves up to it. It goes as far as giving an impression of boredom with all these mysteries which it expounds, be they even the most moving and the very deepest. This is treason without anything to equal it.

60. Its gestures do not vary, the pitch of its voice is always the same. From the first words you can foretell the last phrases of its sermons as certainly as one knows that the last word of a prayer is Amen. All this is abortive, or perhaps it is useful, since it puts faith to the test.

61. The clergy speaks of that which it has no sense for. The debauchee speaks with warmth of his vice; he speaks in this way because he is taken up with his subject. Speak as he does!

62. Human reasons will not convince the faithful of that which is above their reason. If the truth does not intoxicate you don't mention it.

63. If you do not feel that words are coming from you that you have not premeditated, that your sermon is taking unexpected turns, that your scheme is suddenly wrecked by some sort of force from within you, then stop as soon as possible; you will harden the hearts of your congregation.

64. Your long, drawn-out phraseology will kill you.

65. The love of Christ; you don't know what that is. You speak of it in an orderly way, point by point; there is no madness in what you say.

66. I like what Portius Festus said to Saint Paul, who was preaching before Agrippa and his wife Bernice: 'You are mad.' And he added that his great wisdom was the cause of it.

67. Real preaching is mad. The clergy speaks shrewdly and reasonably. What it says of the things of heaven is little and bad. It cannot but say something about them, for there is something in it which is stronger than it, independent of it, which forces it to preach the truth. But the clergy takes its revenge by making this truth exasperating.

68. A man who has received Holy Orders puts on a special character. He is double; someone is added to him, and this mysterious person works ceaselessly in him. In the stupidest of priests there remains something strange and superhuman which he cannot shake off, a sort of sanctity taking ignominy for its friend. Nature cannot swamp this unknown element because it is beyond its range; it shines for the eyes of those who can see.

69. The very presence of a priest has some mysterious power. Newman, when he was a Protestant, could not see a priest without feeling a secret emotion. Christ puts on our humanity. We are told in our turn to put on Christ. A change of clothes.

70. The person of a priest is an astounding thing. To speak precisely, there is no such thing as a bad priest; there are bad men who are priests, and who are worse than other men because they are priest, but the priest in them is Jesus Christ.

71. Jesus is outraged in the person of an impious man who has received Holy Orders; the outrage makes him suffer, but it does not in any way make him less present.

72. This alliance of the divine and human bewilders me. I could easier conceive a clergy perpetually in ecstasy at the thought of its own position and function than such a clergy as we have—care-free as other men, eating and drinking as they do; in fact, almost indistinguishable from them.

73. I could easier think of a people terrified by the presence of the clergy, fleeing from it, than a people treating it with familiarity, as if it was one tribe with it, even persecuting it and daring to carry arms against it.

74. Thus is the clergy unknown to itself and to others. It forgets that it represents another world and conforms to this one; it forgets that it is called to preach a mad thing and makes it reasonable; it lives in tranquility while one would expect it to live in a fever of agitation. It has houses, little foibles and vices, small and great, like everyone else.

75. There is a truth in it which is the joy of angels and the food of prophets, and yet it lives with this truth and becomes accustomed to it as if it were normal. It is rather like say-

ing that the clergy lives with that monster of which Ezechiel speaks, and has grown used to it. Not the vices of the clergy surprise me most, but its calmness.

76. Elias was not calm, no more were Isias and Jeremias. Yet they had less to say than the most ignorant of Catholic priests, but what there was of truth in them really took hold of them.

77. My priest has the power of that Messias for whom all creation groaned for centuries, and he is dosing. I cannot ask that he act as the prophets did if circumstances do not demand it, but at least that he have a little of that holy agitation that possessed Israel, and that he should not go to sleep too often.

78. One would think that there was nothing more to be done, that the whole world was converted to the Faith, and that there only remained the coming of the Paraclete. There is much more to be done now than in the first days of the Church, when heresy fanned the zeal of the faithful. In our time the Church is in face of a danger a great deal more potent than the heresies of former times: the tolerance of unbelievers and the half-hearted support of Catholics.

To be continued.

CATHOLICISM AND AMERICANISM.

FOR a generation past, at least, European Catholics have watched with wonder and admiration the forward stride of American Catholicism, its imposing statistics and its wealth of numbers. With the growth of this prosperity and with the gains in popular toleration, if not popular support, has grown up a controversy now come fully into the open on the occasion of Governor Smith's campaign for the Presidency. Briefly, this controversy may be summed up in the question: Can the Church live freely in America, or, if you like, is Catholicism compatible with Americanism? For various reasons that question assumes a practical importance for many outside America, and there is some use in looking at a recent trend in the discussion.

Is Catholicism compatible with Americanism? The usual and natural and, in the long run, disastrous answer of the American Catholic is to deny the need of even asking this question; those who put it are knaves and, of course, fools; 'Kluxers' at heart if not formally. There is some justification for this impatient attitude; a good many of the questioners are animated less by their American patriotism than by their sound old Protestant dislike of Rome. Yet the question is also in the minds of Americans with no particular prejudice, and of some Europeans who are Catholics.

To assert this is to invite protests from American Catholics, for they feel, sincerely, that their Catholicism and Americanism are both above dispute. Doubts as to their Catholicism are, indeed, unkind and unjust. Much of the criticism arises from that habit of forgetting that there are many mansions, that even Italian customs are not necessarily designed for universal consumption, that *mores* if not *morals* are sometimes wisely modified by geography.

It is the Americanism of American Catholics that is a little more in doubt. That it is in doubt American Catholics may deny, but cannot help feeling. The rest of the American people regards the Catholic as an American who may be all right, but is so in spite of his religion. The American Catholic feels this, resents it, and reacts in a way that too often gives critics of his Americanism and of his Catholicism a handle.

These considerations are made fairly topical by the publication (in the January number of *The American Mercury*) of an article by Father Boyd Barrett, called 'The Catholic Church faces America.' The introduction of the topic into *The Mercury* is, in itself, an omen, for that vehement opponent of the political and social doctrines of American Protestantism is inclined to look on the Church with a friendly eye, the intelligentsia and the Church have common enemies, and should be, if not allies, at least not enemies. The thesis of the article is a justification of *The Mercury* attitude, for it attributes to the Church in America social and political doctrines which make for a high appreciation of the merits of the Bill of Rights which Mr. H. L. Mencken, the editor of *The Mercury*, is much concerned to defend.

Father Barrett argues, with much force, that the leaders of the Church in America, clerical and lay, have firmly adopted doctrines of liberty and toleration which are not yet, to say the least, much emphasised in Catholic Europe. He reminds us that Mr. Belloc has predicted an inevitable conflict between the unchanging Catholic tradition and the newer but equally rigid political doctrine of the United States. It was this inevitable conflict that was stressed by Mr. Charles Marshall in his controversy with Governor Smith and which will, doubtless, be reasserted in Mr. Marshall's forthcoming book on the question.

Father Barrett believes that there is a conflict, but that the Holy See will be content with rebuking American doctrinal errors, though not necessarily by name, and shrink from the contest with the vast American Catholic body which is so firmly devoted to its own views that it will stand no remonstrances even from Rome.

The reasons for the adherence of the American Catholics to the doctrines of the Bill of Rights is, fundamentally, a pragmatic one. The guarantees in the Federal Constitution of freedom of speech and of religion have been, in the past, a buckler of American Catholicism. The States, not so limited, have been, in many cases, hostile to the Church, but their enmity has been tempered by the Federal Government, particularly by the Supreme Court. Within the past few years the Oregon school case has given American Catholics fresh reason to regard the principles enshrined in the Constitution, particularly in the Bill of Rights, as the temporal condition of their religious development. There are, of course, limits to this defence of Catholic principles. The decision in the Virginia sterilisation case, where the court upheld the law of that State providing for the sterilisation of the 'unfit,' showed that a great area of public morality was undefended by the Constitution. This was made more evident by the fact that the court upheld the statute by eight to one, the dissentient being the only Catholic member of the court, Mr. Justice Butler. Despite this, it is natural that American Catholics should transform their practical use of the American dogmas of freedom and equality of religions before the law into something like a principle. They would not argue that a theoretically perfect Catholic State

should not officially recognise the Church, but more and more they feel, and sometimes say, that, in fact, this perfect Catholic State does not exist in the modern world, that the likelihood of its existing is so remote as to be negligible, and that, in practice, the Church flourishes more nowadays when free from political trammels, that the price of State support is always more than it is worth, and that doctrines applicable to the Middle Ages have become not false, but irrelevant.

This is, I think, a fair representation of the position of Governor Smith and of his clerical advisers, and it is hardly doubtful that it is the view of ninety-nine per cent. of American Catholics. That it is not the view of the average Catholic in most of Europe is equally evident. What is uncertain is that these differences, easily enough explicable by historical origins, are necessarily destined to lead to a conflict. It is here that one feels Father Barrett has over-argued his case. In the first place, he seems to think that any scepticism of the *bona fides* of Mr. Marshall is merely an example of that over-sensitiveness to criticism with which, not unjustly, he charges American Catholics. But the scepticism is justified. Mr. Marshall is no doubt honest in the conventional sense, but he is *not* merely an American citizen anxious about his country, but an Anglo-Catholic angry at the arrogance of Rome. His famous article was proof enough of that. The condemnation of Anglican orders, which was dragged in with a noble disregard even of the appearance of relevance, showed where Mr. Marshall was most keenly hurt.

Space forbids more examples of Father Barrett's too eager acceptance of a necessary conflict, save one. He says that ninety-five per cent. of American Catholics voted for Governor Smith, which may be probable, but cannot be proved. He goes on to argue that this vote was a vote on Papal claims in part at least, that these Catholics voted for the doctrine of the absolute separation of Church and State. That most American Catholics are in favour of this separation is true, but it is difficult to see what the election figures have to do with it. Did the Catholics who voted for Hoover, for example Colonel Donovan, who is expected to be a member of the new cabinet, vote for the union of Church and State? If the Holy See had

condemned Governor Smith's candidature, and ninety-five per cent. of American Catholics had, nevertheless, voted for him, Father Barrett's deductions might have been justified, but as it is they leave one feeling that he is more anxious to make a case than to make an objective study. The question of the attitude of Catholics to the modern State is one of great interest, and one in which sound theological leadership is badly needed, but the alarms for America are, if not needless, excessive. Much is wanting in American Catholicism. The standard of apologetics is, on the whole, below both that of England and of the necessity of the case. There is a tendency to fall into the bad national habit of shouting abuse, 'Bolshevik,' 'Atheist,' when some aspect of Catholic activity is attacked or even questioned. The clergy are far less guilty in this than the laity, indeed, the Hierarchy must sometimes be inclined to pray for less public zeal. A tendency to look for martyrdom leads to such unsavoury episodes as the Lepelletier case, where the Church at large was made to suffer for the acts of a few—and it is useless to tell the American Protestant that such things are done despite the bishops. He knows that Catholics always do as they are told!

The Church in America will not gain the position it should hold in American life without a good deal of modification, without abandoning what may be called the catacumbal attitude. But that it will do so, now that its heavy work of holding the immigrant is lessened by the practical stoppage of immigration, and it has time to raise its intellectual level, it will become more of a missionary among the non-Catholics, more of a beacon to the Christians who see the bankruptcy of American Protestantism, will be doubted by none who know it even superficially. It will not be free from faults and frailties, but no reader of this paper will be allowed to think that these are confined to our American brethren!

DE PROPAGANDA FIDE.

I TRAVEL up with him pretty often in the train. Let us call him John Smith: round about fifty, well-informed and interested, takes some part in local affairs, on Education Committee, and so forth. Often talks about religion, and always very nice to Father O'Carroll whenever he meets him with me.

Well, the other day I seized some chance occasion to open out to Mr. Smith on the topic of Catholic claims on the school question. I explained how I and other Catholics of St. Brendan's parish had saved the rates £15,000 by building schools for our own children not many years ago, and now—even before the debt was paid off—we were being called on to spend several thousands more for enlargements and improvements to bring them in line with the latest regulations. Also I told him about the neighbouring parish of St. Calixtus, where a new housing district had brought three hundred Catholic children whose parents were much too poor to build a Catholic school for them.

'Don't you think it would be only fair,' I said, 'for the State to make building grants for Catholic schools? Yes, and for secondary schools too, if it comes to that. Every child ought to have a fair chance these days.'

My friend said nothing.

'Catholic parents pay their ordinary rates and taxes like everybody else. It isn't right that we should have to pay twice over just because we think our religion is every bit as important as arithmetic.'

Still Mr. Smith said nothing.

'Surely you believe, don't you, that parents have a right to get a religious education for their children?'

'Yes,' he said, 'I believe that. I suppose you people had better watch what we do—the Church of England I mean—and follow our example. We don't hope to keep our schools much longer, but we intend to hold on to the buildings until we have arranged the best possible bargain with the State; and what we hope to get is an opportunity of providing Church of England teaching in every school in the country—one Church of England teacher guaranteed in every school, or else some sort of right of entry.'

'But that's no good to us Catholics,' I said. 'We want a Catholic spirit running all through school life. Children, parents, teachers, priest, all members of one Family. unification of Authority in the child's mind—all leading back to God. You can't teach a child, religion any other way.'

'I know,' said Mr. Smith. 'I know. Very reasonable.'

But he still looked doubtful. I waited, and he was silent for a while, looking out of the window. Then he turned towards me and leaned forward, speaking with a rapidity unusual in him, and evidently in deadly earnest.

'Look here, Jones; you're a good sort—I'll tell you exactly what I think, and you mustn't take it amiss. I know the arguments for your Catholic schools well enough, because I often look through one or other of the Catholic newspapers, and they seem to have it all in every week. The arguments are all right—I haven't a word to say against them. But what gets me down is that invariably, on the very next page—sometimes even in the very next column—I have to read an attack on the religion I happen to believe in. Sometimes it is bitter and spiteful, sometimes jeering and sarcastic, sometimes grave and Pharisaic. As often as not it begins "Much as we dislike religious controversy. . . ." Just tell me what is the earthly use of asking the English people to help your schools in one column while you insult them in the next?'

'I didn't know you were such a keen Churchman,' I said rather feebly.

'Well, perhaps I'm not. But all the religion I've got is bound up with the Church of England, and it's good enough for me. I like to see religion doing its part on public occasions, Armistice Day, and all that; and I've always taken Communion at Easter ever since I was confirmed. As for Mass vestments and confession and incense, I don't believe those things matter much, but they're all right for people like my wife that find them a help. Our Vicar has all these things, and he's a splendid fellow—knows what he's doing—all out for Christianity, if you know what I mean. Well, according to your papers, we are all feeble-minded idiots or dishonest knaves. Why can't they mind their own business? *Every week, mind you!*'

It was evidently up to me to try and salve these wounds.

'No, I won't try to defend our Press,' I said. 'But you mustn't judge us by our newspapers. You know one of your own bishops has spoken of "The Protestant underworld"; well, there is an intellectual underworld amongst Catholics, too, and some of our journalists manage to represent it to a certain extent.'

'Who owns your Catholic papers?' asked my friend. But he was too full to wait for an answer, and he went on:

'Besides, if it comes to that, it isn't only your Press, it's your whole propaganda. In some of those pamphlet boxes at the church-doors I have seen exactly the same thing—appeals to English fair play for your schools, side by side with "Why I left the Church of England," etc. And your pulpit and platform, too. Don't I read the utterances of your prominent preachers in my Monday morning *Times*? It's just as I say—one Sunday they are asking for fair play for your schools and the very next Sunday they will make an onslaught on Anglican orders, or accuse us of stealing the English cathedrals from you, or scold our bishops for not being more united amongst ourselves.'

'Well, you know,' I said (for I thought it was about time I put in a word), 'there are some things that have to be made clear. If there is, after all, only one True Church—'

'I know, I know—you've got to act on your principles—I don't mind that. You've got to refuse us the one great symbol of Unity—you can't admit us to your altars. But surely that's *enough*! Can't you understand that these things may be just as sacred to some of our people as they are to you? We are not fools—when yet get talking about it we quite understand that you mean our clergy are only laymen and our sacraments a mockery. That touches us in our deepest feelings, if we happen to have any.'

'Of course,' I put in, 'I quite disagree with using sarcasm and ridicule in these matters

'Do you?' he answered. 'Well, tell your editors and orators about it. If they feel they must go on attacking the religion that is dear to most English people I suppose they must. But in that case tell them they needn't waste

any time asking English people to pay for their schools, where such a spirit will be taught and spread. We may be foolish and illogical, but we aren't such fools as that. I wish you'd tell 'em so.'

And that is what I'm trying to do.

COMMON PRAYER.

II: THE DISEASE OF RITUALISM.

THE fundamental justification of any 'Liturgical movement' must be the recognition of it as the proper expression of the supernatural solidarity of all Christians in the life of Grace. The movement will suffer even at the hands of those who ostensibly forward it if this, its *raison d'être*, is ignored or given secondary importance. There are difficulties in the movement that are practical, and are normally encountered in the average parish. These we will try to deal with later. But, first, there are more hidden, insidious difficulties which are provided precisely by those who would facilitate progress; who attempt to supply the means for it, but who, as we have said, ignore the end. They bring forward arguments in defence of the Liturgy, but arguments weak and fundamentally irrelevant. These may be grouped under the general heading of 'The Disease of Ritualism.' Its victims defend the Liturgy by throwing all the emphasis on certain of its inseparable accidents, chiefly either on its æsthetic or cultural associations. The main spiritual aim of the Liturgical movement is thrown into shadow; minor aspects are put first, and consequently the true end is put on one side. The culture of Europe to-day has enabled us to associate with the 'thing' a number of ideas only accidentally connected with it. This is healthy enough so long as the associations do not obscure the 'thing'; if they do, an examination of conscience is needed; and this is best achieved by a rigorously rational analysis of the 'thing' *in se*. Some of us, for example, associate the Liturgy with the culture of Europe in the early ages of the Church; it is 'redolent of the catacombs,' 'Hieratic,' 'full of Roman gravity,' and the like. All this is very well in its way, if it remains possible to keep the Liturgy itself

as limpid as it should be; order our appreciations in regard to their objects. The position that the Liturgy remains the 'right way of making' prayer in common' and a possible way to-day will be defended in a subsequent article. Assuming this for the moment, we will only say that the first reason for loving the Liturgy (and for many the only reason) must be that it is perfect 'Common Prayer,' and the noblest practical expression of the nobler dogmas of the Faith. If we are pestered by associations, it becomes more necessary to analyse the fundamental *ratio* of the Liturgy; the associations must remain associations of the 'thing' and not ends in themselves. Changes in the accidents of the Liturgy have not affected its fundamental spiritual value; and ignorance of its associations will not make it valueless. Something is lost, yes; but not in spirituality.

As with cultural associations, so with Art. The Liturgy is often defended as a beautiful (or, at least, negatively, non-vulgar) form of public prayer. It is pursued not for spiritual but for æsthetic reasons. The æsthete, then, like the 'cultured,' must examine his conscience, and keep the first things first. To pursue the Liturgy first because it is beautiful and secondly (or not at all) because it is of spiritual value, is simply incontinence in the order of making things; not theology only but æsthetics are at fault here. 'Art,' says Maritain, 'is the right deduction from things to be made,' and 'is what it ought to be . . . if it conforms to the rules and peculiar end of the work to be produced.' That is to say, the Art of the Liturgy will only be good Art if it is based upon a full understanding of what the Liturgy is; and this involves, on æsthetic as well as on spiritual grounds, a grasp of the essential *ratio* of the Liturgy. For the artist is the slave of the thing which he is making aright, and so if his art is to be good he must know the thing, its *raison d'être*, its implications. Consequently, to pursue the Liturgy as being beautiful is a loss in Art as well as in spirituality. This is not to say that the Liturgy can be cut up into 'aspects'—Spiritual, Aesthetic, Historical: only it has, so to say, its inseparable accidents. Rationally, these accidents can be ordered aright by a sound scale of values; only, it is possible to be right on the great spiritual issue (on which, fundamentally, the

Liturgy is justified), while remaining blind to its historic associations or its æsthetic value. Supernaturally, there is no loss; in the other realms there is. But ultimately the Liturgy is a spiritual matter, and its revival may be fruitful in this its own realm while remaining incapable of reviving the culture or the art of the thirteenth century. It has been argued that the bad art of foreign 'Liturgical Centres' proves the whole movement to be a whitening of sepulchres; fundamentally it has affected nothing. This may be argued on other grounds, but surely not on these lines. For Christian Art depends on Art as much as on Christianity; to quote Maritain again: 'The Christian work of Art must have the artist free *qua* artist.' 'Art . . . suffers no divided allegiance. She suffers no foreign element to intervene as her assessor and to mingle in the production a stranger's ruling.' That is to say, there can be no Christian Art unless the Faith has to transform what is already potentially good Art. Where the artist is bad, Faith alone will not make him good at his art; and in the same way the dogmatic attitude involved in Liturgism may improve the literary or dogmatic content of a bad picture; it will not improve the picture and make it good Art. A Liturgical and an Artistic Revival in the Church may accompany each other; there is no intrinsic reason why they should. This is not to say that the Liturgy will not sanctify the artist, although it does not make his art better as art.

The Liturgy was designed as a form of public prayer based upon the dogmatic attitude involved in the whole conception of a supernatural life. It still expresses the same attitude—it may still foster it—and, by knitting dogma and spiritual life together, give a greater solidity to the spirituality of souls. If this is the case, as will be argued in the next article, it stands justified quite apart from the fact that its artistic possibilities and cultural associations are lost to many. It is good because it is capable of doing what it was designed to do, and we wish for its revival upon those grounds. It is possible to have an entirely wrong scale of values in the matter, and to mar Art and History as well as spirituality by glossing over what the Liturgy is, and why it is, and confining our attentions to its acci-

dents. But if it remains possible to abstract the accidents and effect a return of the old spiritual orientation by grasping the place of Liturgical worship in Supernatural Religion and in the dogmatic scheme of the Catholic Church, then a Liturgical movement stands justified by its end. That this is the case will be the thesis of the next article; so far, it has been enough to show that spiritually and artistically a grasp of the relations between Dogma, Spiritual Life, and the Liturgy is the first need for a Liturgical Revival.

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IMPORTANT.

The Editor apologises to those subscribers who experienced some difficulty and annoyance in obtaining the second number. Many addresses and papers became temporarily mislaid during the complicated operation of handing over the agency to Messrs. Bumpus.

A beginning has been made with Advertisements. The Editor can vouch for the fact that this paper is read by minds at a 'high level of vigilance' (as those Cambridge monsters call it), and that these minds are numerous and not all bad. Advertisers show considerable initiative in coming to us, as we have no facilities for going to them.

Readers of this paper would be giving enormous assistance to the Editor if they would apply to him for prospectuses of *Order* and judiciously distribute them for him. Only in this way can the paper be got to those who ought to have it.

An illness of the Editor, taking up three weeks during which *Order* should have been finished off and sent to press, has forced him to leave out a number of Book Notices and Review of Reviews. The majority of the books will be dealt with in the next number, and the following exchanges are acknowledged with many thanks: *The Catholic Times*, *The Month*, *Pax*, *The Downside Review*, *The Christian Democrat*, *The University Catholic Review*, *Blackfriars*, *The Catholic Gazette*, *Catholic Truth*, *The Sower*, *Stella Maris*, *A Catholic Survey*, *Vita e Pensiero* (Milan), *Schönere Zukunft* (Vienna), *Etudes* (Paris), *La Vie Intellectuelle* (Paris), *The Commonwealth* (New York).

POINTS FROM LETTERS.

(1) SIR,—I think ordinary people who would like to write what I think your magazine would like to print are hampered in three ways. I think they are afraid of seeming snobbish, and of hurting feelings, and even of being thought tepid Catholics.

If they say that the Catholic press either never contains anything in which a decently educated person can feel interested, or, if it does, writes about it in an uneducated way that puts a sort of suburban smudge over its subject, they are asked: 'Who are you to sneer at the suburbs?' And they are made to feel as ashamed as if they had boasted of being gentlefolk among a crowd of people who do not claim to be so; or, worse, that they have told people, who do claim to be so, that they are no such thing. If they say that there is a sort of 'accent' about nearly all religious art and writing that simply makes them sick, they cannot but reflect upon scores of nuns and parish priests and layfolks, whose shoes they know they are not worthy to kiss, who like what they loathe and spiritually thrive upon it. When such humble unselfish people show one a pious image that turns one's stomach, and ask if it be not beautiful, how is one to have the heart to tell the truth? And given that the clergy have certain undoubted rights, and that it is very difficult for a layman to criticise a sermon, let alone a pastoral, without seeming in revolt, it is a puzzle to know whence improvement is to come, how the vicious circle is to be eluded, and how ecclesiastical inbreeding is to be broken through. Perhaps the only plan is to pray for a number of first-rate men full of human kindness, never sarcastic and perhaps not even critical in the sense of preferring to *attack*, but producing the best stuff that they can while retaining much affection for people who neither can produce it nor wish to. I do not mean they should be insincere, and you will understand I am not desirous of 'art-y' art in our churches such as what is now being used to smarten up chantry chapels in Anglican cathedrals, and so on. But a lot can be done by hard work, perfect sincerity, and kindness, by people who are not too anxious for quick returns.

(2) SIR,—It may, I presume, be understood that the contributor of your article, 'Common Prayer: an Introductory,' is anxious to forward in this country that 'revival of the Liturgy' which has been more marked in Belgium, France, and in America, than in England. There is no need to dispute the truth of his assertion that the great central Christian doctrine, that of the unity of Christ and His Church, is best expressed in the Liturgy. But the very fact that the Liturgy may be regarded as 'the practical expression of these dogmas' suggests that the Liturgical revivalists have, in their enthusiasm, forced the semblance of Christian Worship upon those whose mentality makes it impossible for them to worship in any but an un-Christian manner. The most significant mark of a Christian culture is an appreciation not only of the unity of Christendom, but also of the Christian orienta-

tion of every human activity; when the Church is regarded as that divine being in which redeemed mankind can realise its position in the hierarchy of creation, then the Christian approach to any problem is naturally adopted. Whether that problem be the making of a building, of a picture, or of a prayer, is of no account; in its execution the work will be signed with the mark of Christianity, for this is of the very life of the workman. In such circumstances the art of the liturgy is most properly and reasonably cultivated. It is natural to the people, nor is there any self-consciousness in the 'participation in the public and solemn prayer of the church.' The manner in which it is carried out is the effect and not the cause of a manner of living.

With the disappearance of the mentality which produced that mode of life, the liturgy is found to be no longer a part of the life of the people. In its place have arisen those expressions of devotion which are to the liturgy what every modern corruption is to the reality for which it is substituted. There is need for reform—but at which end shall the reformers start? They have apparently attempted to cure the disease by removing those symptoms only which appear on the surface. There can be no doubt—any parish priest can verify this—that even to this day the prayer which is offered up publicly is of a nature which is consonant with and produced by the culture of the congregation. You may cut down their 'devotions' and drive them to Vespers in the evening, but their attendance, as a general rule, at these services is unnatural and incompatible with the principles upon which their daily life is built. It is these which must first be changed.

A Benedictine Abbey in America has recently issued a series of books entitled 'The Popular Liturgical Library.' Let not the term popular be read according to its natural meaning. The books do not contain the expression of a dogmatic appreciation which colours popular thought; on the contrary, they are aimed at forcing into the heads of people, by means of simple explanations, the appreciation of a form of common prayer which is naturally repugnant to the mind of the un-Christian Catholics of America. The scheme upon which the modern organisation is built and the civilisation of which the liturgy is *one* expression, are incompatible. Correct the former, and the sequence of the latter will be spontaneous. The position is paralleled by that of the 'Arts and Crafts' movement. As the latter covers an inward rottenness by a surface which apes the appearance of soundness so 'the liturgical movement' shrouds an un-Christian mind in a semblance of Christian expression. The value of the destructive work which it does cannot be denied. It is when it proceeds to construction that the misconception is apparent. We have no English counterpart to the Abbey of St. André; nor have we to its fruit, the shoal of pseudo-artistic work that is consecrated by the term liturgical. That the spirit of those has not been changed, who have been in contact with the source of the liturgical revival is exemplified by these productions. Had their 'appreciation of the liturgy' had any effect on their lives or minds, apart from the impression of certain theological notion, it would have

influenced their work. A glance at the artistic absurdities which are swallowed by the readers of, for example, the 'Bulletin paroissial Liturgique,' will reveal the absence of any such influence.

[Note by the Editor: This letter was shown to the writer of 'Common Prayer,' who has borne it in mind for his article in the present issue.]

FROM ANOTHER LETTER FROM 'No. 5.'

SIR,—I am glad that you are so patient of criticism, as well as active in it. You kindly ask me to explain why I think your engravings and the Stations at Westminster are pagan It seems to me that the Stations and engravings in their composition, use, and manner of line, form and attitude of figures, and decorative effect, reflect the mind of Assyrian and Hindoo paganism respectively. I do not mean, of course, that the artists themselves have pagan minds, but that they have used, or adapted, these pagan forms and methods.

These works are not in the tradition of Christian art. It is true that Greek and Roman art have been Christianised; so why not Assyrian and Hindoo too? Because, I suggest, there is something inhuman and anti-Christian about them. Classical art was natural, and could be supernaturalised; but the other forms are unnatural. I cannot go further into that now, and, indeed, I do not feel equal to it. It has much to do with underlying philosophies

Repository art is, no doubt, debased, but it is debased Catholic art. That is why I should not like to see it replaced by art which, as I should think, would become the more harmful as it was the more true to its own spirit and methods.

In other words, our trouble is worldliness. No doubt, Repository Art manifests that trouble; but so, I suggest, in other ways, does the art I have ventured to criticise. There are forms of modern art (and not only pictorial art) which are *substantially* pagan in that they are the product of a pagan philosophy and outlook. Old forms of paganism and 'neo-paganism' have a common root. When we regain sincerity in our thought, simplicity in our lives, and dignity in our manners, we shall find sincerity, simplicity, and dignity in our art.

Yours sincerely,
LETTER (5).

A REPLY TO THE ABOVE LETTER.

The artist does the work; the critic has the inspiration and I am confirmed in this opinion by the letter of your correspondent (No. 5). Indeed, indeed, all he says may be true. Who shall judge? Certainly not I, or any other artist. Our problem is always how to do the work—how to do it best—how to begin and how to end. We cannot bother our heads as to whether we are being pagan or anything else: . .

The Christian artist will endeavour to be a Christian man. Christian art is the art of Christian men; it is, as M. Maritain says, 'the art of man redeemed.' But though their Christianity will no doubt in the long run shine out of the art of Christians, it is not possible to have anything more respectable than mere opinion when it comes to judging whether a particular modern work is 'Christian' or not.

As to the works in question, my small acquaintance with the artists who made them leads me to think that they would be the first to say *mea culpa*, but, they would demur, does this critic know what the job of carving stone or engraving wood is like? Let him, filled with nausea as he doubtless is by the works of B. O. and W., not to mention the R. A., and overwhelmed by admiration, as he doubtless is, at the works of Hindus and Assyrians, not to mention Byzantium and Ravenna, let him try to carve or engrave the human face. Let him take chisel in hand—what will he make of an eye? What is an eye? What is an eye in stone? What would an eye be like had God made it in stone instead of flesh and blood?

Such, and such are the questions confronting the modern artist, and may God give him grace to bear the inspiration of critics in patience.

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BOOK REVIEWS.

THREE REFORMERS: LUTHER, DESCARTES, ROUSSEAU. By Jacques Maritain. (*Sheed and Ward, 7/6.*)

Reading these brilliant and profound studies we watch an army, long driven back, turning upon the triumphant foe, the tide beginning to flow after the ebb. 'Modern thought'—in the person of these three leaders—which has been so long accustomed to judge and condemn with scant hearing Catholic philosophy is itself judged and convicted before the bar of the former criminal. The radical errors which vitiated the teaching of these three Reformers are revealed so clearly by the searchlight of M. Maritain's criticism that it is hard to see how any unprejudiced reader can fail to recognise them for what they are. The unregenerate self decked in the forensic merits of Christ (Luther)—the angelic view of the human intelligence (Descartes)—natural emotion canonised as the ultimate value (Rousseau). Can anyone accept these as satisfactory? No doubt, like all advocates, M. Maritain presses his case too far. He is not content to expose error: he must denounce it as personal sin. In the case of Luther, Yes. It is impossible on the evidence to acquit him of very serious personal guilt. But Descartes and Rousseau? Certainly they were no saints. The cult of Rousseau, described so mordantly by M. Maritain, was hardly less absurd and odious than the cult of Lenin. But why blame him so severely because he was not a saint? Many pious Catholics have had as many faults to their account as he—and the convert of Madame de Warens was never more than a nominal Catholic. To some it is given to display the beauty of holiness, to others more natural forms of loveliness. If Rousseau revealed beauties of natural scenery and intimacies of human sentiment for which before men had either no sight, or at least no means of expression, we may be grateful for the service without complaining that he did not also manifest the supernatural life like his contemporary, St. Benedict Joseph Labre, with whom M. Maritain unfairly contrasts him. Descartes, it is true, is not the object of a personal attack—but the impression is conveyed that his angelic view of the human understanding was the result of personal pride. Was St. Augustine's doctrine of the eternal torture of unbaptised infants the result of personal cruelty? As a temperamental defect probably—but certainly not as a deliberate fault of the will. Descartes should not be judged by a harder standard. Moreover, there is, we think, a sense in which Descartes was right in his contention that human reason is infallible and error voluntary. If our judgments were confined to the logically demonstrated consequence of self-evident premisses we should not err. But, of course, and here Descartes went astray, we are obliged to make indemonstrable judgments. A body of knowledge confined to demonstrated truths would suffice neither for the conduct of human life nor for the advance of human knowledge. We must risk and therefore incur error. Nevertheless, it is well worth while distinguishing our infallible knowledge, e.g., the demon-

strations of mathematics from such fallible, if apparently certain beliefs, as the law of gravitation or the law of the conservation of energy.

But for M. Maritain the entire movement of modern thought is, it would seem, so much sheer error and perversity, and the sole way of salvation its total abandonment. To the reviewer it seems rather a series of partial insights into truth mistaken for complete truths. Certainly it would be a retrograde step to reject Thomism in favour of Cartesianism—or Christian sanctity for the natural religiosity of Rousseau. But room must be found in the complete edifice of human thought and sentiment for those elements of truth in each, which alone enabled their errors to gain currency. The spirit of reaction—so intelligible in view of the insolent superficiality too common in Liberal and free-thinking circles—but which, nevertheless, detracts from the persuasiveness of a book on the whole so convincing—is exemplified by the attack upon Liberalism in the essay on Luther. Liberalism is accused of having substituted the individual for the person—demanding for the former a freedom due only to the latter. That Liberalism did confuse individuality with personality, and therefore believed that by emancipating the individual it emancipated the person is, we think, true. And no doubt the error very largely accounts for the failure of Liberalism (we use the term in a wide sense) to fulfil its brilliant promise. But M. Maritain has not shown that the emancipation of the individual is not a favourable condition for the building up of personality. We believe that it is. Otherwise, our Creator would have confined free will, the most dangerous of all liberties, to developed personalities. If Liberalism has mistaken the means for the end, the scaffolding for the structure, it is not, therefore, wrong, but merely inadequate—to be supplemented, not rejected. And if the partial breakdown of Liberalism proves it false—what of the similar breakdown of mediaeval Catholicism? But we have no wish to quarrel with M. Maritain for preferring the rôle of prosecutor to that of judge. Perhaps it is not only in a court of law that truth is best discovered by the counter-arguments of the opposing counsel. And his impeachment of 'modern thought,' understood as a complex of currents hostile to supernatural religion, is long overdue. We congratulate M. Maritain on his performance, and give our voice for the verdict he seeks.

THE CATHOLIC CHURCH AND THE CITIZEN.

By John A. Ryan. (Burns, Oates and Washbourne. Calvert Series, 4/-.)

The average Catholic is ignorant, if not heretical (*materialiter*), regarding the Catholic doctrine of civil authority; and not only the average Catholic, but perhaps more especially those who should know something about the subject—our lawyers, and university students of political theory.

Dr. Ryan puts the doctrine clearly and briefly, and discusses those interesting points of the theory of sovereignty where Catholic writers have differed among themselves. There is an eloquent chapter on Patriotism, as we should expect from one who has spent a life's work in driving home sound knowledge

of the responsibilities of Christian citizenship. He defends liberty even against the United States tariff statutes and some provisions of the Volstead Act. But he is stern regarding the duties of the elector and the tax-payer. He would 'expel' the concept of 'purely penal' laws, and solve cases covered by that concept on other lines. In one matter of terminology, 'legal' justice, he is both unconventional and inconsistent with himself.

This little book opens out to the Catholic social student a wide field where much work, historical and philosophical, remains to be done.

THE CATHOLIC CHURCH AND THE HOME. By the Rev. James M. Gillis, C.S.P.; pp. 116. (Burns, Oates and Washbourne, 4/- net.)

Fr. Gillis quotes (not with entire disagreement) Mr. Shaw: 'It is no use talking of honour, virtue, purity, and wholesome, sweet, clean, English home lives . . . The flat fact is that English home life to-day is neither honourable, virtuous, wholesome, sweet, clean, nor, in any creditable way, distinctively English. It is in many respects conspicuously the reverse.' On top of this Fr. Gillis piles the usual indictment: revolt against marriage and the home, divorce, birth prevention. Sweeping, and certainly justified. He denigrates (a) 'a return to the conviction that marriage is a sacrament,' with pretty talk about idealism, romance, poetry, mysticism in the union of man and woman; (b) the recognition of religion as the salvation of society—in a professedly indifferent and agnostic society.

In a book on the Catholic Church and the Home we might reasonably have expected a certain amount of definite theology, of clear-minded exposition, of explanation of how our pastors and teachers and faithful lay folk might set about the rehabilitation of the Christian home—for we must put our own house in order first. For a moment, on pp. 105-6, I thought Fr. Gillis was going really to face one of the most glaring sets of abuses and difficulties (in which Catholics acquiesce generally without a murmur), but instead he glides off into an account of Soviet iniquities. A most discouraging book.

CATHOLICISM AND THE MODERN MIND. By Michael Williams. (Longmans, Green and Co. 10s. 6d. net.)

Mr. Williams is editor of the American *Commonweal*, the best American Catholic paper that we know. He seems to have dashed into a Trappist monastery with a typewriter, copies of all his recent articles, scissors and a large pot of paste, and set about making a book. This book might have been called 'Catholicism and a Modern Mind'—the mind being Mr. Williams's. For it consists of his own rapid surveys and schemes, observations and controversies, reflections and pronouncements, in and about the Catholic Church, and in no sense the philosophical exposition which his title may seem to suggest.

The real value of this book to Englishmen is that it gives them a reliable and easy means of getting to know the mentality of a very important section of American Catholics.

READINGS FROM BARON VON HUGEL. Edited with an Introduction by Algar Thorold. (Dent. 7s. 6d.)

'Here, then, is *Eternal Life* . . . I wrote the thing praying; read it as written Child!' With these words Baron Von Hugel sent one of his works to his niece. The same command seemed to come to the present reviewer, ruling out the possibility, for him, of anything but obedience to it. Anyhow, let this be said: we are very grateful indeed for this book, and, in case any weight goes with what we say, then, it ought to be read by a very great number of people.

Von Hugel is a real apostle *ad externos* nowadays. There is nothing in this book but what is of his very best.

THE BRIDE ADORNED. By D. L. Murray. (Constable. 7s. 6d.)

Mr. Murray has written a very good story indeed—at least, that is the verdict I gave as I closed the book with a bang and went to sleep (the clock supported me by showing that I had been kept awake nearly all night). I would have nothing more to say of it as novels do not come within the narrow boundaries of this paper, except that strange things have happened since that night (since the book was published). It is quite interesting to go into them, and quite within the day's play for us.

Let us take for granted that the book was written by two men and a third person of unknown sex. Mr. X wrote sound history for it, with a fine sense for the period (Rome in the 'sixties), Mr. Y managed the religion, and managed it very well, showing a clear and strong understanding of values, Z arranged for Angela, blue eyes, the thin brown face of Count Ursi, rescues and love scenes—all excellent in their way.

Now strange things have happened: *The Universe* has approved of Mr. X and Z, and is very sad about Mr. Y. *The Tablet* has decided that Mr. Y is a Free Catholic, one who likes 'all that is dignified, beautiful, solemn and mystical in Catholicism while standing outside her visible unity and rejecting her definite authority.' Mr. Y is also 'a bubble floating a little while in the sunshine,' and is free 'only as a boat without engine, rudder, sails or oars, is free when somebody has cut the tow-ropes.' Mr. Y should have called his book 'The Light that Failed,' except that Mr. Kipling . . . Now without bothering to write to *The Tablet* and ask why the book should not be called 'The Bubble that Failed' or 'The Boat that Burst' or anything else, let us see at once what all the fuss is about.

The Universe and *The Tablet* are up in arms because Mr. Y, so they allege, *has made the hero lose his faith*. If their allegation is right, then Mr. Y is quite a sound psychologist, and their indignation is sheer emotion. If their allegation is wrong, emotion would be too polite a word.

(Continued on page 104.)

This is the position: Papal Rome has fallen, that means that, for the hero, the bottom of the world has fallen out, his own body is smashed, the marriage for which he has prayed seems to be impossible now; the Church had been his Star and apparently it has splintered before his eyes—'nothing can hide the abyss.' He says all this in despair. Mr. Y has put the pain of loss into his voice, and loss is of reality, and reality can only be touched again by intuition. We want a single word, or the slightest sign, for the vision to come again. The vision does come, the sort of vision that would come (the peasant mother nursing her baby is of one piece with the other Mother nursing Her Baby, in a grotto nearby. 'Touch but a stone and stir a wing'). In a line, the last line of the book, the story begins again: "'There is a Star of the Sea,'" he whispered.'

We offer our sincere apologies to Mr. Murray on behalf of our contemporaries, *The Tablet* and *The Universe*.

THE ROMAN AGREEMENT—continued from page 82.

purposes, thus diverting it from its divine function. And the Holy See would be afraid of any temporal lay power settling permanently on the Italian soil, lest it should abuse its material predominance to manipulate and control the affairs of the Church.

The unpleasant result of all this was that the Italians were condemned to be politically divided for ever, in order that they should remain religiously united. From Dante to Machievelli and to Mazzini, not one of the greatest Italians has ever failed to realize how great a burden was put on their people for the privilege of being the hosts of the Popes. Mazzini had gone so far as to plan a new non-papal religion for the Italians; but Cavour, who was actually the guiding spirit of the Risorgimento, produced the liberal formula; 'a free church in a free state.' This formula was very useful for a while; it was a helpful slogan, a political device, destined to encourage the patriotic without utterly discouraging the more zealous Catholics. But in the long run, as all political catchwords, it proved empty. Some suggested that it could be interpreted, to all practical purposes, as: 'the state will do what it likes, and the church may do what it can.' The occupation of Rome, the confiscation of religious properties, the one-sided approbation of the 'law of guarantee,' were bound to be judged on the other bank of the Tiber as sacrileges and unwanton acts of villany. But, as evil is often the occasion of good, the Holy See found her moral position all through the world strengthened by its apparently enslaved condition on the sacred soil. These last fifty years have been marked by a splendid increase of Catholic initiative and prestige in the most varied and distant lands; by a perfecting of internal discipline

and regulations within the church. The 'Roman question' in its juridical terms, therefore, had gradually lost its original gravity. Then the revolution of Fascism, which brought back into Italian political life the respect for moral and religious values; and the happy coincidence of two great personalities Pius and Mussolini, controlling affairs on the two banks of the Tiber, saw both the 'Roman question' and the problem of juridical connections between the Italian State and the Papal See most satisfactorily solved.

A moral and political problem will remain; perhaps it is right and desirable that it should always remain. The problem of maintaining mutual understanding and mutual discretion. The Italians should not be made to feel that they are any less free in their own national life and development because they are, so to say, the hosts of the Vatican State; the Vatican, and all non-Italian Catholics in general, should not be made to feel that Italy is trying to take undue advantage from her now privileged position. The support that the two powers of Rome must and will give to one another in many important affairs, should never degenerate into any form of interference or of privilege. A great problem for great men to deal with, all through the ages to come.

BOOKS TO BE REVIEWED IN THE NEXT NUMBER INCLUDE:—

Dieu et Mammon. By François Mauriac.

Moi Juif. By René Schwob.

Ernest Hello. By Stanislas Fumet.

Le Roseau D'Or. Two numbers of *Chroniques*.

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