July - August, 1955

ITE MISSA EST AND AFTER

SOME ASPECTS OF IRISH EMIGRATION

FAITH AND FACT

SCIENCE UNDER COMMUNISM

FRA ANGELICO

CHURCH AND STATE THROUGH THE CENTURIES

FIVE HUNDRED YEARS AGO

TÉANAM GUS AN AIFREANN

AROUND THE TABLE

THE LAST OF OLD IRELAND

ETC., ETC.

NEXT ISSUE

SEPTEMBER 5th

ONE SHILLING

The Irish Rosary

St. Saviour's,
Dublin, c.16.

The Dominican Rite Calendar JULY—AUG., 1955.

JULY, 1955. Month of the Most Precious Blood.		AUGUST, 1955. Month of St. Dominic.	
1 F.	Feast of the Most Precious Blood.	1 M.	St. Peter's Chains.
2 Sat.	Visitation of Our Blessed Lady.	2 Tu.	St. Alphonsus Ligouri, B.C.D.
3 S.	THIRD SUNDAY AFTER OCTAVE OF TRINITY.	3 W.	B. Augustine de Lucera, B.C., O.P.
4 M.	Of the Octave.	4 Th.	Our Holy Father Saint Dominic.
5 Tu.	St. Anthony Mary Zaccaria, C.	5 F.	Our Lady of Snows.
6 W.	Octave Day of the Apostles.	6 Sat.	Transfiguration of Our Lord.

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Dominican Rite Calendar—*Continued*

	JULY—contd.		AUGUST—contd.
7 Th.	B. Benedict XI, Pope, C.O.P.	7 S.	EIGHTH SUNDAY AFTER OCTAVE OF TRINITY.
8 F.	Of the Day.	8 M.	B. Jane of Aza.
9 Sat.	SS. John of Gorcum, O.P.	9 Tu.	B. John of Salerno, C.O.P.
10 S.	FOURTH SUNDAY AFTER OCTAVE OF TRINITY.	10 W.	St. Laurence, M.
11 M.	B. Oliver Plunket, B.M.	11 Th.	Octave Day of St. Dominic.
12 Tu.	St. John Gaulbert, Abb.	12 F.	St. Clare, V.

Dominican Rite Calendar—*Continued.*

	JULY—contd.		AUGUST—contd.
13 W.	B. James of Voragine, B.C., O.P.	13 Sat.	St. Hippolytus and Companions, MM.
14 Th.	St. Bonaventure, B.C.D.	**14 S.**	**NINTH SUNDAY AFTER OCTAVE OF TRINITY.**
15 F.	St. Henry, Emperor, C.	15 M.	The Assumption of Our Lady.
16 Sat.	Our Lady of Mount Carmel.	16 Tu.	St. Joachim, Father of B.V.M.
17 S.	**FIFTH SUNDAY AFTER OCTAVE OF TRINITY.**	17 W.	St. Hyacinth, C.O.P.
18 M.	St. Camillus, C.	18 Th.	B. Aimo Taparelli, C.O.P.
19 Tu.	St. Vincent de Paul, C.	19 F.	B. Emily of Vercelli, V.O.P.

Dominican Rite Calendar—*Continued.*

	JULY—contd.		**AUGUST**—contd.
20 W.	St. Jerome Aemilian, C.	20 Sat.	St. Bernard, Abbot.
21 Th.	BB. Ignatius and Companions, MM., O.P.	**21 S.**	**TENTH SUNDAY AFTER OCTAVE OF TRINITY.**
22 F.	St. Mary Magdalen, Protectress of Dominican Order.	22 M.	The Immaculate Heart of Mary.
23 Sat.	B. Jane of Orvieto, V.O.P.	23 Tu.	B. James of Mevania, C.O.P.
24 S.	**SIXTH SUNDAY AFTER OCTAVE OF TRINITY.**	24 W.	St. Bartholomew, Apostle.
25 M.	St. James, Apostle.	25 Th.	St. Louis, King.

Dominican Rite Calendar—*Continued*.

JULY—contd.		AUGUST—contd.	
26 Tu.	St. Anne, Mother of B.V.M.	26 F.	Of the Day.
27 W.	BB. Joseph, Melchior and Companions, MM., O.P.	27 Sat.	St. Joseph Calasanctius, C.
28 Th.	B. Anthony della Chiesa, C.O.P.	**28 S.**	**ELEVENTH SUNDAY AFTER OCTAVE OF TRINITY.**
29 F.	St. Martha, V.	29 M.	The beheading of St. John the Baptist.
30 Sat.	B. Mannes, C.O.P.	30 Tu.	St. Rose of Lima, V.O.P.
31 S.	**SEVENTH SUNDAY AFTER OCTAVE OF TRINITY**	31 W.	St. Raymond, C.

The Irish Rosary

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Fra Angelico THE ANNUNCIATION *Church of Gesu, Cortona*

Editorial

BEGUN FOR

THE vocation of man born of woman is a religious vocation. For the vocation of man is the grand purpose of man's existence. And the grand purpose of man's existence is a religious purpose. Two comprehensive Commandments have been given for the governance of man's existence. And these two Commandments insist that the grand purpose of man's existence is a religious purpose. These two Commandments are divine declarations that man exists before all else in order to love God his Father with his whole heart and with his whole soul and with all his mind and with all his strength and in order to love his fellow man even as himself. Man is made to the image of God. Man is made to be and to act as God is and as God acts. And as God is Love and as God's acts are all of love, the image of God in man is made to live, move and have his being in love and to be made perfect in all his acts by love. That is what man was begun for. That is what man is reborn for.

FIRST THING FIRST

GOD created man out of love. And it was out of love for man that God became Man. And God became Man in the Person of Jesus Christ in order to enable fallen man to achieve the grand purpose of man's existence by fulfilling the Two Great Commandments of Love. For it is through oneness of mind and heart and will with Jesus Christ that fallen man is enabled to love his Heavenly Father even as Christ loved His Heavenly Father and to love all men as Christ loves all men. And it is through being born again in oneness with Jesus Christ (by the re-birth of Baptism) that fallen man regains his sonship of God and is enriched

with the inheritance of Eternal Life. To enter into that inheritance he must fulfil the great vocation for which God has given him life. Vocation is a means to an end. Man's vocation in this life is, before all else, the means to his final end. Man's final end is eternal Life. And if thou wilt enter into Eternal life you must do so by means of the Two Great Commandments. Fulfilment of these Commandments is therefore the vocation before all else of man's life. All other vocational activities of man's life must be seen and judged as subordinate and subsidiary to this his supreme vocation. The first thing for man's life must be put first.

THE MAIN THREAD

THERE is no history, no sense or appreciation of human life as human and alive that does not stem from Creation and the fall of Man, the Awaiting, the Logos made flesh, the Cross, the Resurrection, the Ascension of the God-Man, the coming of the Holy Ghost to abide with Christ's Church and His Indwelling within the soul of man to enable man to enter into Eternal Life. There is no purpose in man's passing life save in his growing in the life begotten in him by Baptism and which is the seed of Eternal Life. And there is no sense in discussing the varied aspects and interests of man's life, such as freedom, education, suffering, emigration, marriage, wealth, etc., etc., without relation to the divine declaration of what is the first interest of man's life. Without this one main thread of human life—the Christian Revelation of the truth about man and the true vocation of man's life—sociology is but chaff and childishness—like the meaningless rubbish about "pure thought" mouthed by Shaw's Ancients in *Back to Methuselah*. What sense can there be in efforts for the reforming of man without sensing what man is formed for? The source of so much political and social madness is the ruling of man's affairs regardless of the sociology implicit in the Incarnation. The Incarnation is God's design for man in time and eternity which man personally and collectively rejects at his peril in time and eternity. To that first question for sociology Shaw never gave a coherent answer. Of Christian metaphysics he knew little or nothing.

TRADITION OF CHRISTENDOM

IT is of the intellectual tradition of Christendom that a man does not reach mental integrity till he realises the vocation which is the great end of his existence. And it is of the moral tradition of Christendom that a man does not reach moral integrity till he relates the whole service of his life to the vocation which is the great end of his existence. Are we really teaching religion, was argued at a Conference of Secondary Teachers, some years ago? And it was argued with good reason that no teaching of Christian religion is adequate and effective that does not issue in realisation of the great vocation of life and in active wholetime service that fulfills the religious vocation of life. For the service of religion is not one of the many services of life. It is not even the most important of the services of life. What makes a life really rational and Christian is the wholetime service of life to one's main purpose in life. The Christian life is not divided into two series of services—the one in the Church, the other in the market-place. The Christian life is not living on two separate planes, one the, natural plane of a political or professional or commercial career, the other the supernatural plane of prayer, worship and thought of things divine. The Christian life is the dedication and consecration of each and every of one's faculties and activities to the great end of one's existence—the fulfilment of the Two Great Commandments. That constitutes both mental integrity and moral integrity.

ITE MISSA EST AND AFTER

INTEGRITY of Life. If only there was clear understanding of what integrity of life means. If only it were understood that man's life cannot be truly integral without his life being wholly directed to the great purpose of life. Christianity integrates a man's life, or integrates it if he so wills. Christianity integrates a man's life firstly by illuminating his whole outlook on life with the light of the supernatural vocation of life, just as a room is wholly filled with illumination. And Christianity integrates a man's life with earnest dynamic activity wholly aglow with that illumination. Christian

worship is adequately estimated in the proper conception of integrity of life. The Mass occupies its proper central position, the sum of human homage. For integrity of life is the life of Christ in man. And the chief means whereby Christ integrates his life in man is through the Mass. Christ on the altar at Mass continues what Christ on Calvary began. Our churches are built for the Mass. And the *Ite Missa est* in the proper conception of integrity of life is not the end of a divine offering at morning but the beginning of a wholeday offering of life in service of the Two Commandments of Love. In the Sacrifice of the Mass we have the greatest act of Christian Love performed by the Founder of Christianity Himself. We are privileged to share in that act of Divine Charity morning by morning. And we are to continue it beyond the confines of the Church, energising and directing our whole day by that ' real Christianity ' of which the Mass is the source and the pledge. In so far as we fail to do so we fail in our sharing in the Mass. For when we share in that divine offering of the Mass we pledge ourselves to Christ in love, and to love of our fellow men, in consciousness of our unity of membership in Christ's Mystical Body which is the Church.

A FORMER EDITOR.

When death comes at seventy-five, it does not usually occasion surprise. But there was surprising suddeness in the recent death at seventy-five of Father Colman Kean, a former Editor of this magazine. He suffered a fatal collapse while celebrating Mass which he began in seemingly good health. He died at the Dominican Priory, Adelaide, where he had served for fourteen years after fifteen years previous ministry in Melbourne and Sydney. One of his brethren has described him as "an excellent community man" which perhaps is the best possible tribute to a member of a religious order. And though there was some realisation in his life that *pour vivre heureux, vivons cachés* he was active in the apostolic and sacramental services that are to the peace of men. May he be active with God in peace.

FRA ANGELICO

JAMES WHITE.

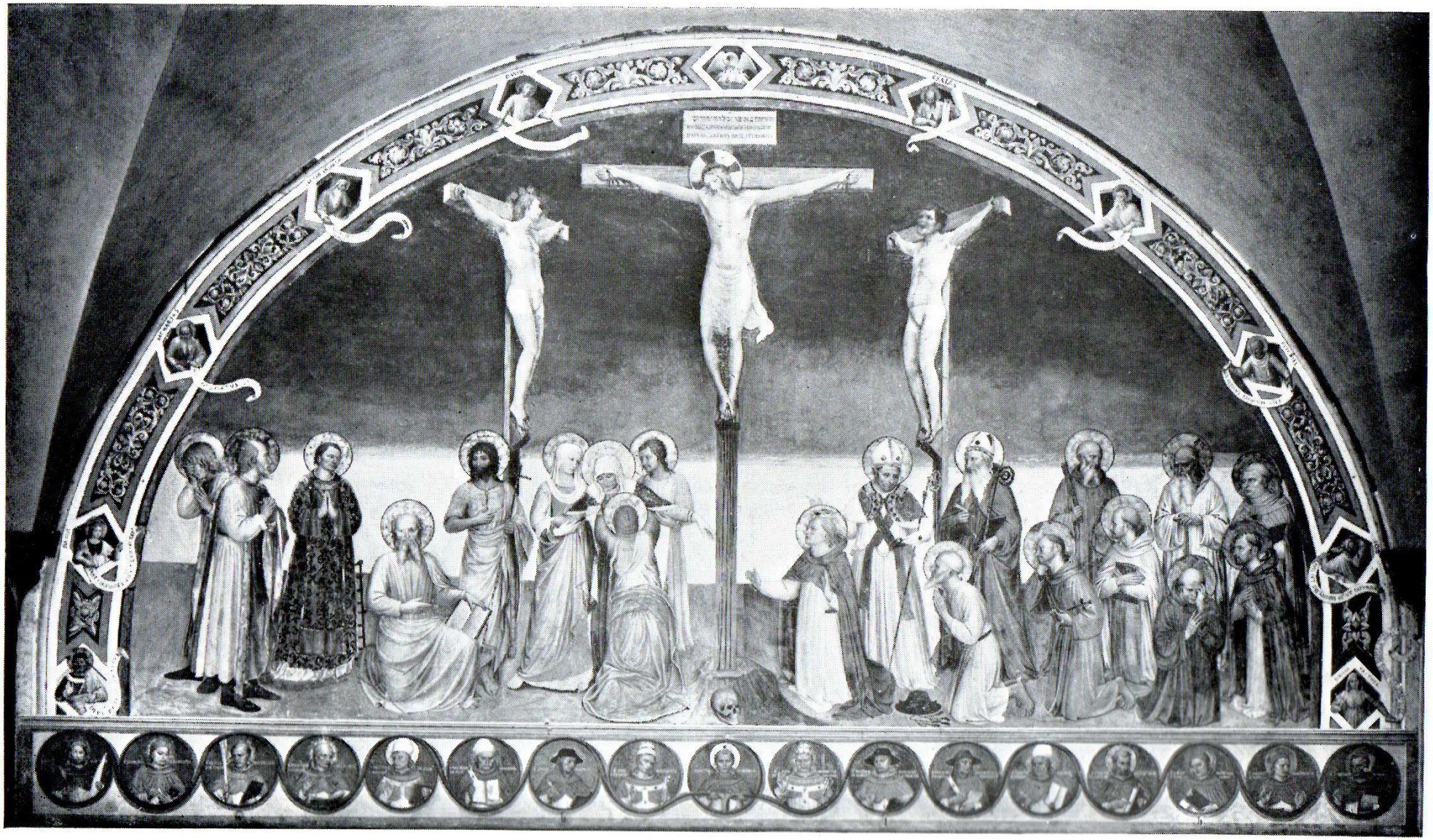
FRA GIOVANNI ANGELICO of the order of Friars Preachers, of Fiesole, is renowned as much for his excellence as a painter as for his high character as a friar. Indeed it is through the manifestation of his artistic life that his virtue was revealed. However he is ranked in Heaven, amongst those who understand the art of painting he is looked upon as one of the noblest and sweetest artists ever to be inspired by God. For that reason the true and simple record of his life and creation has been seriously distorted by writers, carried away by the romance of his pictures, who have imagined experiences and interpretations which can never be verified. Less than a hundred years after his death the historian Vasari wrote about him only in general terms indicating that the man was the artist and that his life was happily and fruitfully occupied in making works to glorify God. Who could hope to better the following description by Vasari? "Fra Giovanni was a simple and most holy man in his habits, and it is a sign of his goodness that one morning, when Pope Nicholas V wished him to dine with him, he excused himself from eating flesh without the permission of his prior, not thinking of the papal authority. He avoided all worldly intrigues, living in purity and holiness, and was as benign to the poor as I believe Heaven must be to him now. He was always busy with his paintings, but would never do any but holy subjects. He might have become rich, but he cared nothing about it, for he used to say that true riches consist in being contented with little. He might have ruled many but would not, saying that there was less trouble and error in obeying others. He could have obtained high rank in his Order and in the world but he did not esteem it, saying that he wished for no other dignity than to escape hell and win Paradise. In truth, not only the religious, but all men ought to seek that dignity, which is only to be found in good and virtuous living. He was most gentle and temperate, living chastely, removed from the cares of the world. He would often say that whoever practised art needed a quiet life and freedom from care, and that he who

occupies himself with the things of Christ ought always to be with Christ. He was never seen in anger among the Friars, which seems to me an extraordinary thing and almost impossible to believe; his habit was to smile and reprove his friends. To those who wished works of him he would gently say that they must first obtain the consent of the prior, and after that he would not fail. I cannot bestow too much praise on this holy father, who was so humble and modest in all his conversation and works, so facile and devout in his painting, the saints by his hand being more like those blessed beings than those of any other. He never retouched or repaired any of his pictures, always leaving them in the condition in which they were first seen, believing, so he said, that this was the will of God. Some say that Fra Giovanni never took his brush without first making a prayer. He never made a Crucifix when the tears did not course down his cheeks, while the goodness of his sincere and great soul in religion may be seen in the faces and attitude of his figures."

He was born in the valley of Mugello near Vechio in 1387. His real name was Guido or Guidolino. Van Marle says that it was quite likely that he and his brother Benedetto, a miniature painter, heard the sermons of Fra Giovanni Dominici, the founder of the Dominican monastery at Fiesole, already an old man whom St. Catherine of Sienna visited in his dreams and who preached against the new spirit of humanism, inciting his audiences to a mysticism of quite a medieval character. It is not very surprising then that Fra Angelico and his brother entered the monastery of Fiesole in the year 1407. Owing to the conflict between rival claimants to the papacy and later to an outbreak of plague, the young monks and the community spent the next eleven years in, alternatively, Foligno and Cortona, and it was not until 1418 that they finally returned to their monastery at Fiesole. Whatever Fra Angelico lost in the way of stability by these flights he must have gained in experience and contact with the work of artists in these districts and his first dated work, the Linauoli Altarpiece (1433), shows him to have been so mature that his holy spirit was clearly communicated in this painting.

In 1436 San Marco was obtained for the Dominicans by Cosimo de Medici from Pope Eugenius. The reconstruction of this Florentine convent was immediately begun and was placed in the hands of Michelozzo Michelozzi. Fra Angelico had by now reached such a point of eminence as an artist that he was given complete charge of the interior decoration. According to Muratoff his principal work consisted of studying the scheme of composition, of giving

CORONATION OF THE VIRGIN (San Marco)



CRUCIFIXION (San Marco)

(2)

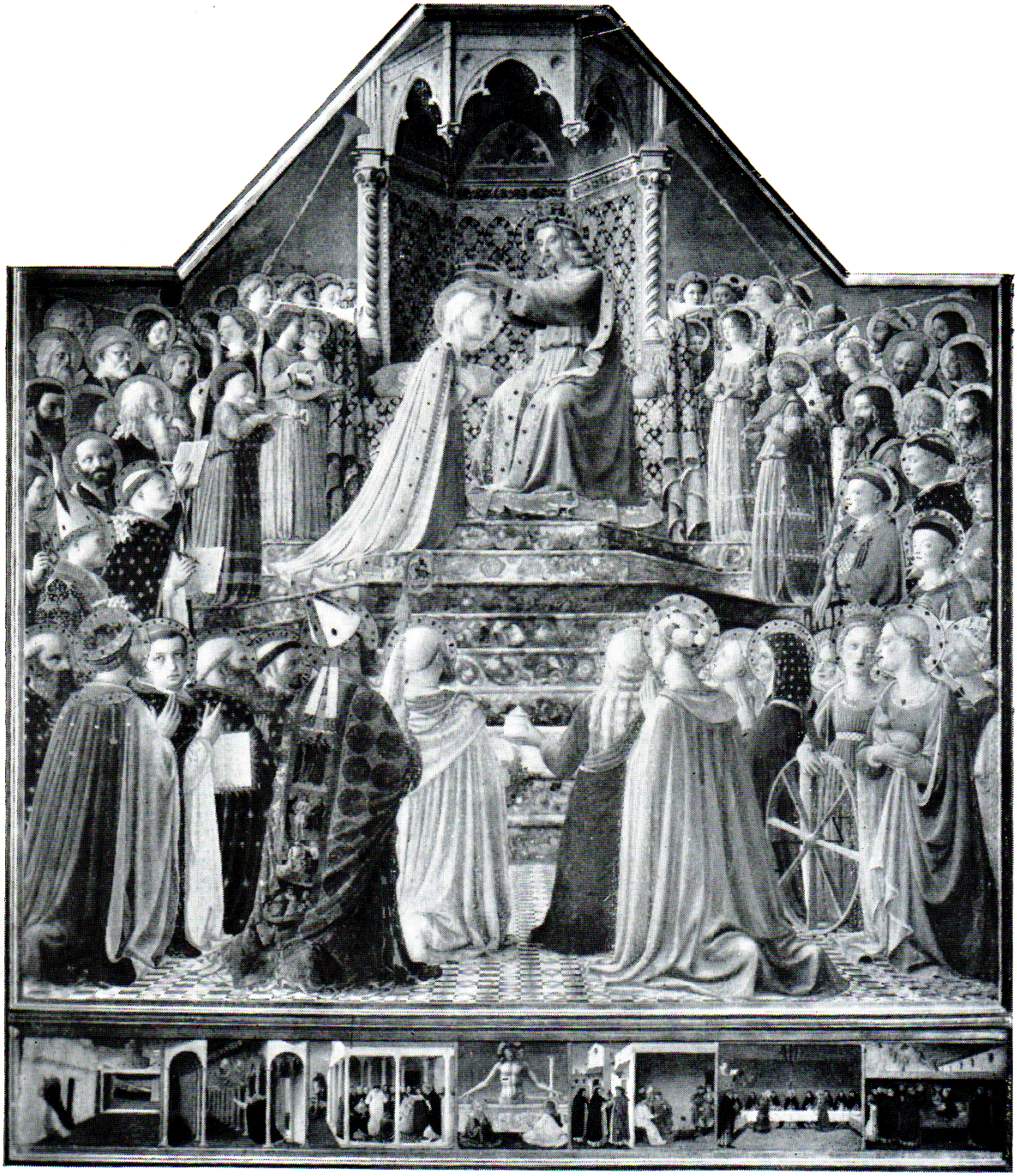
fundamental ideas and superintending the execution of the work. At the same time he had to attend to the scaffolding, the preparation of the mural surface, the quality of the paints and other materials, and perhaps also the bookkeeping and cashier duties. Nevertheless in seven years it was finished. Some seventy compositions had been carried out, each one a visual sermon filled with incident. No decorative scheme had been followed but the monastic nature of the cells and larger rooms had dictated to the artist subjects which recalled the monks to their vows but which nevertheless provided them with colour and ornament in the jewelled nature of the designs and the necessarily bright range of tones called for by the tempera medium.

In 1445 he was summoned to Rome by the Pope for whom he carried out a number of works. He stayed there until 1447 when he travelled to Orvieto where he rested and commenced an altarpiece which was completed by Bennozo Gozzoli. In 1449 he was recalled to Florence as prior, largely, it has been suggested, because this was the only way in which the Dominican friars could secure him from the patronage of the Holy Father. However, at the end of his three years ministry he was once more sought by the Pope and returned to Rome to complete his cycle of pictures. He died there in 1455—exactly 500 years ago. These facts set out practically all that is known of Fra Angelico the man. But from his pictures his character and nature can be gleaned as freshly as if he were still labouring with love on the embellishment of San Marco ; naive and simple in his inability to handle or describe the reality of life convincingly ; profoundly moving in the depiction of holiness and beauty and exciting in his modernism—ready to adopt the most recent theories and inventions ; one of the first artists of his time to introduce the nude figure and to paint landscape which was taken from the countryside in which he lived.

When he came to Fiesole at the age of twenty Fra Angelico had already been trained. According to the record of his entry "he excelled as a painter and adorned many panels and walls before taking the habit of a cleric." Before he commenced the interior of San Marco he must have reached a very advanced stage of development because he was then surrounded with many assistants and pupils. Yet little knowledge of his original masters can be elicited even by the most scientific of historians. These have been variously stated to have been Gherardo Starnina, Lorenzo Monaco, and Spinello, but none can afford to overlook the importance of the influence of the great sculptors, Donatello,

Ghiberti, and Luca della Robbia, each of whom was closely associated with Michellozi, the architect of San Marco. The soft and rounded figures of Fra Angelico's compositions suggest not so much anatomically-realised bodies as the bronze bas-relief of Ghiberti's door or of the flowing planes of Donatello. Reflect also on the correspondence of feeling between the gentle Madonnas of Luca della Robbia's enamelled terra-cottas in gleaming blue and white which this sculptor first invented in the year 1443 and the lovely Coronations in The Uffizi, the Louvre and in San Marco. The calm medieval monasticism of these static figures can then be seen to be a blend of the inherited Byzantine spirit and the visual equivalent of Fra Angelico's contemplation of Heaven. He was able to call the romanticism of his age to his assistance and to introduce gestures of movement and conflict into his subjects as can be seen in our National Gallery version of " The Martyrdom of SS. Cosmas and Damian," but he was always separated from the greatest of his contemporaries by his own spirituality. It was his total immersion in love, his inability to conceive the material man on the sensual plane, which gives his works an idyllic sweetness that takes them a little out of the tradition and makes them the epitome of innocence and, let us admit it, utterly desirable.

Truly to grasp the significance of Fra Angelico one must carefully compare him with one whom Bernard Berenson calls the greatest painter since Giotto. Massacio completed his work in the Brancacci Chapel in 1427. He seized on all the remarkable aspects of Giotto's art and pushed forward the science of painting in the 28 years which was all that was given to him of life. He created a sense of space in which his figures could live and appear to breathe and he made these figures so big and heavy, with yet a brooding and profound dignity, that the citizens of Florence were said to gasp with amazement when first they saw his Crucifion on the walls of the Dominican monastery of Santa Maria Novella. The reality which Massacio painted was that of one of Brunellechi's new churches containing a figure of Christ which confounded the viewer into mistaking the representation for the very Flesh itself. Fra Angelico had nothing of this quality, neither the overwhelming force of the figures nor the convincing appearance of interior space. Indeed it is doubtful if the holy friar would have wished to deceive any one's eye or to make them imagine even for one moment that they were seeing anything other than an idealised conception of the reward of virtue. He was not able even to suggest the horror of hell although he frequently applied himself to the task. Like that other painter of love and tenderness



CORONATION OF THE VIRGIN (Louvre)

TRANSFIGURATION (San Marco)

in Sienna, Simone Martini, he was imbued with a power to make images of God's saints that man might be moved, by very desire for beauty, into loving God ; since beauty is merely a synonym for God.

Those contemplatives, those mystics who succeed in subjecting their bodies to their minds, in order to achieve unity with God, must come in the end almost to forget what a healthy, perfect physique feels and looks like. If, as we believe, Fra Angelico was of such an order of men, he was surely incapable of conceiving the human body in the classic or idealised physical type and of reproducing it as did Massacio and later Michaelangelo. One turns then to Fra Angelico's art fully realising that the perfection he achieved was in the direction of simple love and goodness. It dealt with the drama of daily life only in so far as such drama assisted him to demonstrate the New Testament. Consider The Crucifixion from San Marco (2). Here the figures of Christ and of the thieves are painted as symbols of the Redemption. We feel the tragedy and the suffering only in a limited way. Turn away from the top half of the picture to the group of Saints below and observe how all of them are connected by expression and direction of countenance with the grief of Our Lady. As far as they are concerned the figures above might be merely statues. Fra Angelico has placed the Crucifix high but the mourners below are, so to speak, in the world with us and we join them in grief, not at what we see above, but at our realisation of what it means. Fra Angelico, the preacher, dominates Fra Angelico, the artist.

In the " Coronation of The Virgin " (1) from San Marco, one comes into contact with the master at his greatest. In the Louvre " Coronation " (3) he freely gives expression to a range of colours against a gold background which sets up a chord of emotion in the heart of the viewer to be likened only to the blissful relief of a child reunited with its mother after a nightmare separation. Like a tumultous song of joy in blues and pinks and gold the range of saints wing out on either side while in the centre a comparatively young King of Heaven crowns His beloved Mother. Note particularly that while the saints are drawn in characteristic poses and shapes, this ageless and pure symbol of Womankind who is Our Lady is described as a simple geometric form practically without bodily description except for the beautifully modelled head and tender hands.

In the San Marco Coronation however a new and probably original shape for the crown is introduced which by its dark and pointed form becomes a symbol for the whole altarpiece of the

earlier work in the Louvre. The polygonal altar has been replaced by abstract planes—clouds which separate the six saints from the objects of their adoration. The Holy Virgin is more precisely defined and this time is seated as She gracefully leans forward to receive the crown. However much one admires the complication and dexterity and brilliant colour of the first Coronation it must be seen that the simpler balance of the figures here and the mystery, tenderness and more direct expression of emotion makes this one of the supreme achievements of art. In particular, one cannot help pointing out how the consciousness of the harmony of bodily form here adds to the poetry of religious feeling which permeates the action and thought expressed in the eloquent movements of all the figures.

In the San Marco Transfiguration (4) the artist returns once more to his Byzantine origins and releases himself from the necessity of justifying the position of each saint in the picture. He surrounds the figure of Christ with saints in earthly astonishment and with others formally worshipping. Creating with these a spacious plan of design, he allows the superbly modelled figure of Christ to extend over the oval of light and thus to enter our consciousness, in reversal, one might say, of the plan of The Coronation. The Head and Hands of Our Saviour now take on the nature of The Flesh and the aspect is one of kindly benevolence. Here one sees the painter pay tribute to Massacio.

It has been said repeatedly that Fra Angelico was a medieval classic rather than a Renaissance classic. Surely it would have been more true to say that the spirit of pagan classicism which grew apace with the development of humanism was so far removed from the mind and the heart of our painter that his work remained pure and unsullied by a quality which however enlivening had also the elements of death. Undoubtedly Fra Angelico was unable to consider the problem of death. He perfectly solved problems of symmetry and harmony, of form and colour. In short he was an artist dedicated to Heavenly images and he only understood sin in so far as he could convert sinners. For over 500 years all those sinners who are able to consider his pictures, have come to regard them as poems of love, and by virtue of their quality, find themselves hushed and silent, knowing they are in saintly company.

Five Hundred Years Ago

JEROME TONER, O.P.

AUTOBIOGRAPHY is the truest kind of history that can be written of a man during his lifetime. For years after his death it is unwise to write anything about him, except as a collection of facts. In order to make a judgement about his life we must be able to see the man set against the background of his times. Such a view can only be had when we look back at him from a distance. The reason for this is that human actions do not end with the doing of them. They have often far-reaching effects in the society of men with whom we live. We are still suffering the consequences of human actions done by Martin Luther over three hundred years ago. We are still blessed by the consequences of human actions done by St. Patrick fifteen hundred years ago. The marks of Patrick's personality are still upon the Irish Church, his love of prayer and penance. Each one of us has been affected for good or ill by the human actions of our parents ; it is hard to give any kind of final judgement about parents, until what their children are, can be seen. Men who write history generally take it in periods ; over a given period, long or short, they can make judgements about the course events took during that time. The historians can sketch for us the dominant personalities of that period, the men whose actions more than those of any others shaped the world of their time.

But whether we are great or small, our actions shape the world in which we live. For each of us, the world is two things ; it is firstly the place in the universe in which we live, and besides it is the limited sphere of our own immediate influence. It may be as short as a street, as tiny as the Carmelite convent of Lisieux or Fir-house, and yet our actions can be a guiding force for the people of regions unknown to us. How true is that in the life of St. Thérèse of Lisieux. But to some extent it is true of everybody. Every human action which has the capacity to reach others has a message of good or evil. It is false to say that the good men do dies with them or that the evil they do lives after them. All that is entombed is a body ; our soul, and all those human actions that proceeded from

the faculties of the soul and are its treasure, survive. The soul appears before God and is judged ; it receives the reward or the punishment due to it on account of actions for which it was responsible. But that judgment is particular ; it is a matter between the soul and God. As far as God's knowledge of human affairs is concerned it is final. But it is only fair that the soul should be admitted into a manifest knowledge of all its merits and demerits. That final and general judgement cannot take place until we stand before the tribunal of the Christ (II. Cor. 5. 10). Then we shall see even our hidden and undreamt of merits. Our Lord in his beautiful parable in the gospel of St. Matthew (ch. XXV) represents the just as more or less surprised at the good actions that are accredited to them. And the wicked are more surprised at the good actions they didn't bother to do. They never recognised Our Lord in their least neighbour. On the dread day of the final judgement we shall see how inaccurate our own judgements have been ; most of them will be turned upside down, "*and the last shall be first, and the first last.*" For that reason St. Paul warned the early Christians of the dangers of criticism and rash-judgement. To make a judgement a man must be steeped in the truth. Only the soul of Our Lord is so full of the truth as to be infallible in every judgement. To Him, therefore, God in His goodness has given the task of judging the world.

Nowadays we tend to look on a sermon about the General Judgement as part of the framework of a mission. We almost feel that it is the missioner's trump card, something capable of the psychological effect of turning men from sin to virtue. But if we read the gospel, we shall find that the general judgement was a most important point in Our Lord's preaching. From the beginning it was an article of apostolic faith that Christ would come from the right hand of His Father to judge the living and the dead. The place where it will take place, the mode of our presence there, the minuteness of the judgement, the manner in which the apostles and others will co-operate with Our Lord in his task are all small matters which disturb men's minds and stimulate their curiosity. Sometimes they almost miss the point. The final judgement must take place. Christ who is the only man above the limitations of time must give his perfect judgement on the history of the world He redeemed. The world must know the goodness of God and see it reflected in His justice and mercy.

Above all things a sermon on the Final Judgement should make us think of the Church as a society of brethren. It should give us a responsibility one for the other. *For none of us lives for*

himself, and none dies for himself ; for if we live we live for the Lord, or if we die we die for the Lord ; therefore, whether we live or die we belong to the Lord. (*Rom.* 14. 7). The Church is united in the knowledge and love of Christ. The strongest unifying force in the Church on earth is Christ's Vicar, our Holy Father the Pope. In these days when the enemy of the Church is so strong and his forces so skillfully marshalled against us, we should be grateful to God for calling such wonderful men to be for us the Sweet Christ on Earth. It was not always that way. When St. Vincent Ferrer was born on the 23rd January, 1346, the Popes had changed their residence from Rome to Avignon in France. A year previously St. Catherine was born in Siena in Italy. The greatest achievement of her life was to persuade Pope Gregory XI to return to Rome in 1376. She died three years afterwards. In the meantime Vincent at the age of eighteen had entered the Dominican Order in the city of Valencia. The devil knew that in this young man he was encountering an opponent to be reckoned with. When he was a novice, one night after Matins he knelt before the picture of Our Lady in his cell. and a venerable old man appeared to him, and said : *I am one of the ancient hermits, who sanctified their lives in the desert of Egypt. For many a year I kept perfect chastity and rigorous fast. In my youth, however, I yielded to all the pleasures of the senses, but after tasting the delights of lust, I entered into myself again, repented, and God who is full of mercy, forgave me my sins. Believe me, my son, trust the experience of one as old as I am. Don't blight the flower of your youth. Lay aside immediately your bodily mortifications ; keep such things for the declining years. Have no doubt about it ; God will welcome home the erring sinner.*" But Vincent wasn't fooled. He knew that this is Satan's game with the adolescent boy. He bade him—*Begone !*

From 1363 until 1379 or thereabouts he studied and taught. These are years that are forgotten by those who think of him only as the roving preacher who brought France, Spain and Italy to their knees. The habit of prayerful study never left him. During the busiest years of his apostolate, a response in the Office of Matins describes him as *by night bent upon his sacred studies, keeping vigil in the contemplation of truth ; in the morning like a beautiful star, his doctrine shone out wonderfully on the world.* We learn something of his method of study from a chapter in his Instruction on the Spiritual Life—" *In the middle of your work, you should often turn your eyes away from the book—just for a moment—close them, and hide yourself in the wounds of Jesus, and then return immediately to your reading . . . Sometimes leave your study, and going on your*

knees, enter into God's presence with a short but fervent prayer." (Ch. X).

During this period, the unity of the Church was broken at its root. When Pope Gregory XI died in Rome shortly after his return from Avignon, a new pope was elected. The election of the new pope took place under strange circumstances. The Roman people insisted that he should be an Italian, and not a Frenchman. The cardinals elected the Archbishop of Bari, who became Pope Urban VI. Some months later, a number of French cardinals left Rome, and declaring the former election invalid, proceeded to set up at Avignon another Pope, Cardinal Peter de Luna or Benedict XIII. Now St. Vincent was a friend of this man, in fact his confessor and counsellor. In 1396 he sent for him, and asked him to come and live at the Papal Court of Avignon. It was no house for a saint to live in. Avignon was a place where men made the most of both worlds. But in a spirit of obedience to the man whom he believed to be the rightful Pope, Vincent remained at Avignon, and even wrote his treatise on the Spiritual Life there. The worry of being confessor and counsellor to so self willed a man as Benedict XIII, and the sad spectacle of life in the court of the Vicar of Christ on earth underminded Vincent's health. He returned to Valencia to die. But when his health was weakest, Our Lord appeared to him with a message : *Be brave, Vincent, my servant. Banish every anxiety from your mind. Just as I enabled you to triumph over Satan's temptations, I shall always assist you with My Grace, and now I shall deliver you from this illness and put an end to your anguish with my assurance that peace will soon return to the Church.*

As soon as you shall be well again, leave the Court of Benedict, because I have chosen you to be a great Herald of the Gospel. You shall pass through all the countries of Spain and France, and among other truths, I wish you to announce above all things the approach of the General Judgement. Fear not, I shall be with you."

Our Lord had chosen him to be " *another angel flying through the midst of heaven, having the eternal gospel, to preach to them that sit upon the earth . . . saying with a loud voice : Fear the Lord and give him honour, because the hour of his judgement is come.* (*Apoc. XIV,*) St. Vincent's mission was to bring home to Christians everywhere their responsibility before God for the state of the Church. St. Vincent was fifty three ; he had been a dominican for thirty-five years spending his days in study, prayer, and occasional preaching. Suddenly Christ asked him to take up the baton of apostolic preaching and to spend the last twenty years of his life roving through Europe. His experience taught him that the cause of disunity in

the Church of God was not just the irresponsibility of the French cardinals, or the menacing attitude of the mob in Rome; it was the ignorance, vice, and lukewarm piety of so many people who professed to be Christians. In a letter to the Master General of the Dominican Order, describing his first missionary journeys, he said: *I noticed that the principal cause of errors and heresies was the lack of preaching.*

The Bishop of Lausanne came two day's journey on foot to ask St. Vincent to preach a crusade in his diocese. For fifteen years Vincent walked on all his missions; when he began to suffer from a wound on his leg, he went on horseback. Normally, however, he entered a city riding a she-ass, after the manner of Our Lord's last entry into Jerusalem. Churches were altogether too small. Normally he preached in a field or open space where a platform was constructed. His theme was very frequently the Judgement. At Fribourg in Switzerland, four times out of five, he preached on that subject, at Montpelier, five times out of nine. A group of priests from various religious orders followed him. Each morning they would sing the Mass which marked the beginning of his day's work. Trade in the city would close up during his visit. There was time for God alone. As he went fron town to town, a group of devout people followed him; some of these were public penitents and scourged themselves for their sins. At Rennes in the winter of 1418 as many as thirty thousand people listened to him for three hours on a bitterly cold day. It was years since they had heard the word of God. He was certainly invited by King Henry IV of England to preach in his dominions. During two years—1406-7—little is known of his journeys. It is thought that perhaps then he preached in London, and in Dublin. If so Archbishop Crancey entertained him at his country house in Tallaght.

In January 1409 he returned to Spain and until 1415 he remained there preaching constantly. It is estimated that about two hundred thousand Jews were converted and many Mahometans besides. In 1416 he returned to France, rejoicing that the schism which had divided Christendom for so long was coming to an end. A year later he began his last crusade in Brittany. He was seventy two years of age; his journeys, his age, his continual austerities had made him feeble, but when he stood up to speak, he was young again. Eighteen months later, on the 5th April, 1419 he was on his death bed in the convent of the Franciscans at Vannes. It was a strange scene. Around his bed in the narrow cell, were priests, friars, and many secular persons; outside was a crowd that could

not enter. But they could hear the four accounts of the Passion being read, the Litanies being sung, the Penitential Psalms being chanted ; they could only imagine how serene was the countenance of the dying Vincent. It was the Wednesday before Palm Sunday. A strange procession of white butterflies flew into the cell through an open window. He died and they flew away, as if angels had been sent from Heaven to take up his holy soul—" *Meet him, ye Angels of the Lord. Reveive his soul and present it to the Most High.*"

Some years before, in 1405, when preaching in Valencia, St. Vincent noticed in the crowd an outstanding young man. His name was Alphonsus Borgia. Afterwards he sought him out and said to him : *My dear son, I congratulate you. A day will come when you will bring great glory to your country and kinsmen. You will be raised up to the highest earthly dignity, and then upon me you will place the greatest of honours.* Alphonsus Borgia was elected Pope at the age of seventy eight in April 1455. On the 29th June of the same year, on the splendid Roman festival of St. Peter and St. Paul, as Pope Calistus III, he raised Vincent Ferrer to the honours of the Church five hundred years ago.

AND MAKE IT THINE.

Oh, guide my faltering footsteps Lord,
Willing to die and yet afraid to live,
'Tis Thou and Thou alone dost know,
What anguish fills the hearts,
Of earth's poor souls.

Hearken, then, dearest friend to one heart-broken plea,
And cure the sadness of a soul alone,
With words which only Thou canst choose.

Thou knowest compassion where none else can soothe,
Stretch forth Thy hand and calm,
The poor soul wearied by this earth of care.

When Mary saw Thee sad she brought Thee balm,
So in return dost Thou give calm,
To those in sorrow dire.

Thou only knowest all,
Thou only canst heal,
So take this poor sad soul,
And make it Thine.

DOROTHY HOPE

Science Under Communism

By Edward L. Murphy

DIALECTICAL materialism has been defined as the method of investigating human society in order to understand and change it. Its modern adherents in Russia pride themselves on their world-eye viewpoint proper to true believers in the historical necessity of Marxism or at least its exegesis by Stalin. They have no intention of limiting their efforts to the confines of human society and it might be better to exchange our definition for the more ambitious claim advanced by the English Communist Gallagher (1949). Marxism, he writes, establishes the existence of a material world and then asserts the power to influence the world and bring about changes in it. It is superfluous to point out the neglect of God in such teaching but Marx himself thought it necessary to emphasize the exclusion by his declaration " the material, sensuously perceptible world is the only reality." This world-changing aspect of Russian thought and its influence on scientific work has been generally neglected for the more intensive study of the class-struggle and its impact on society. The influence is very noticeable in Soviet scientific work at the present time and has become much exaggerated since the end of the second World War. There is a precedent for this Soviet belief in human progress towards Utopia. Immediately after the revolution of 1917 and the subsequent civil strife there appeared a very similar growth of the belief that science would eventually comprehend all the phenomena capable of human recognition and eradicate the unpleasant factors until the millennium is reached. Nowadays the biological mechanisms of change are trusted to achieve the desired results but in the first years of Bolshevism machines were to be the agents of relief from human afflictions. Russia had always remained untouched by the extreme degree of mechanization commonplace in the industrial nations and the new leaders were quick to use the propaganda created by the first visions of leisure to come which were prompted by the introduction of machines to a population ignorant of anything save brute force. Because poverty had become but a " product of inadequate organization " there was a deification of machines ; there was even a farcical idolatry of machinery as an artform. An oratorio composed of dynamos, pneumatic drills and the grating of cogs was presented in Moscow. A similar development in literature helped to end the short life of these mechanical preoccupations and the attempt at " formalism " (the official jargon used to damn all abstract and symbolic forms of artistic expression) was to terminate fatally for its sponsors. Between the wars more normal thought prevailed. The necessity for the Soviet Union to pay for goods in the implementation of the successive Five Years

Plans forced its entry into the commerce of nations and later the rise of Fascism prompted a meeting with other countries as co-equals in the promotion of the Popular Front. This grudging intercourse was entered into not for ideological motives but in a spirit of self-preservation to avoid isolation in a hostile world. The attempts at normality in extern relations necessarily produced a lessening of the earlier excesses in all branches of thought and the cleft between Communistic Russia and the nations labelled as capitalistic was bridged again by the enforced amity resulting from Hitler's onslaughts. This was a marriage de convenance and despite the rather hysterical eulogy from naive English " pinks " (" Thank God for the great Russian people and its leaders " was heard by the author in a B.B.C Anglican service !) the " honeymoon " period of 1941—1945 left little impression on Russian culture. Even before the assumption of hostility to the democratic powers an exaggerated nationalism had emerged from the spate of propaganda designed to establish Russian valour and indomitable might as the sole reason for Germany's defeat. Medical chauvinism was an obvious sequel, to a degree which in an individual would be good cause for diagnosing folie de grandeur. At present the U.S.S.R. fills its publications both for internal and foreign circulation with official claims of the military and economic power of Russia being superior to any hostile combination and there must necessarily be a similar jingoism of science, especially medical science. American medicine is especially disparaged and supreme efforts made to contradict its findings or to match its triumphs.

Since 1945 there has been a return to the more bizarre types of medical effort. Russian surgeons had always been famed for devotion to outré Dr. Moreauish forms of activity. Kravkov working about the beginning of the century was able to demonstrate the growth of hair on limbs removed at operation and preserved for months in nutrient solutions. By applying heat he claimed to make the long-dead hands perspire ! These experiments would seem to have attracted interest more for their gruesome conception than for any benefits which might have been expected. In 1946 Lapschinsky reported the successful replacement of an amputated leg of a rat by a new leg taken from another animal. As far as the writer is aware this experiment has not been repeated outside Russia and until it has, speculation about the methods being introduced into human surgery would be fruitless. Another Russian experimenter Anochin, working in Pavlov's laboratory, was successful in transferring the limbs of a salamander to other sites on the same reptile. During the last war Jacob was invited to see the results obtained by Professor Frumkin in his Moscow clinic. Frumkin who specialized in plastic surgery had performed some bizarre surgical work on human organs. This work was also reviewed by American surgical

visitors to Moscow but their clinical appreciation of the work lead to a much less enthusiastic estimation of its value. They suggested the operations were more of a surgical tour-de-force than an actual benefit to the patients. Even Jacob's enthusiasm for things Russian allows him to note : " one has the impression that Russian doctors tend to experiment like this for the sheer devilment of the thing."

The achievement of the impossible must necessarily be the aim of the conscientious Marxian rallying to the call of Stalin himself when he delivered the inspired message : " there are no things (sic) in the world which are unknowable, but only things which are not known. These will be disclosed and made known by the efforts of science." This official denigration of God and His works was soon implemented. With a wisdom worthy of a better cause the Russian scientists made certain that they were going to put first things first. Thus it was inevitable that life and death should occupy most prominent places in the programme of Marxian justification. Apart from being the only certain thing in life death has a high personal interest to all men, even Communists ! The effete scientists outside Russia held that if there was cessation of breathing and the heart's action the process was irreversible and further applications of medical aid were useless. Negovsky and his co-workers held no such defeatist opinions ; after all the non-Marxian attitude was the " formal " one and had never been tested experimentally. As a result of intensive work he was able to claim that cessation of cardiac activity allowed the organism to enter a state of minimal function, " clinical " or " relative " death, a state lasting as long as six to ten minutes. During this period the body was not really dead at all and could be resuscitated. There was the obvious objection as to how oxygen was utilized since the absorption and transfer of the gas were stopped. Despite technical difficulties Negovsky and his associates were able to show that metabolism made use of a process in which sugars are broken down by fermentation which does not need the assistance of oxygen. The critical reader may find it difficult to accept a mechanism by which cells accustomed to one mode of living can change to a new method immediately on death of the body ; a time-lag would seem inevitable. The persistence of any cell life must to the non-Communist indicate the presence of life, and the use of " death " is surely inconsistent with the existence of living processes. The whole work is a characteristic example of Soviet science and its boasted triumphs. All doctors agree that there are patients who appear dead to normal means of examination but who can be revived by well-known clinical methods. The certainty of death is always difficult of proof or the clouding of mirrors, a feather on the lips, or study of the pupil's reaction

to light would not have needed investigation. Russian scientists have probably based their work on a study of these apparently dead animals or humans, so that they could claim dramatic success from their new modes of resuscitation which are just as helpful and no more than the well-known methods. The concept of " clinical death " is not new. From Poe down writers of spine-tingling fiction have described variants of the cataleptic state and the possibility of burial while alive. The results are less hopeful when we note that the new resuscitation does not help those who died from prolonged illnesses or sustained serious damage to any essential organ. The primary trials were in 1939 at Minsk when patients in the agonal stages were given mechanical artificial respiration while surgeons were exposing a large artery and into it inserting a tube through which blood was pumped under pressure to constitute a mechanical circulation. Adrenalin, a cardiac stimulant, was added to the blood in large quantities, and in a few cases the patient took up breathing again with ultimate recovery of consciousness. Nearly every issue of the British Medical Journal contains an annotation on some patient who stopped breathing and whose heart ceased to beat during an operation. Opening into the chest to permit massage of the heart by the surgeon's hand or more commonly the injection of adrenalin directly into the heart muscle often produces a seemingly miraculous return to normal. It is amusing then to read that death is being studied in Russia " on the basis of brilliant conclusions of the Russian physiologist Pavlov and the progressive biology created by Michurin and Lysenko." The claim that death has been conquered, " provided the patient is still viable " seems a contradiction in terms. Knowledge helpful to the preservation of life is useful to all men, Marxists or not, so we should be glad that Stalin decreed a Laboratory of Experimental Physiology for the Revival of Organisms, of the Academy of Medical Sciences of the U.S.S.R.

The mystery of death having been satisfactorily settled, life was obviously the next enigma suitable for dialectical explanation. Spontaneous generation of life has always been a popular myth and in Ireland there still remains the tale of horsehair placed in a mountain pool entering into life as a common eel. Before the advent of bacteriology there was an everyday phenomenon which seemed in favour of life appearing from inanimate matter. The table meat was often near decomposition and the appearance of maggots, whose grubs had not been seen, seemed to prove the emergence of living worms from corruption. The Abbé Spalanzani (1729-99) was able to prove the extraneous origin of these scavengers of decomposition by experiments as cleverly designed as they were convincing to those willing to see. Pasteur also lent his genius to a convincing demonstration that life does not appear without transmission from

other living things and simultaneously Virchow in Berlin was confirming this doctrine. As a result of unequalled experience in microscopic examination Virchow arrived at his famous doctrine : " Omnis cellula e cellula," in other word " cells by their presence presuppose already existing cells," a maxim which medical science accepts as one of its foundation principles. Virchow is admitted to have been the greatest pathologist of all time but within the last few years Communist biologists have attacked his doctrine with a bitterness seldom found in scientific controversy. One criticism was that his preoccupation with the microscopical study of organs produced in his disciples complete stagnation in the investigation of cellular life. Another source of Virchow's fall from Marxian grace is his dogma that a living organism is a federation of separate cells all of which have an independent existence. This contradicts Pavlov's conception of an organism as a simple integral system, a belief more philosophical than practical. Pavlov's doctrine may be a physiological assumption of value but no useful purpose can be seen in the Communistic claim that he has " blasted " the idealistic Virchowian plan of living matter as an aggregation of independent cells. Pavlov's flight of fancy seems impossible of belief for non-Russian medical men whose entire system of medicine is based on the unity of the cell and its dependence for existing on a previous parent cell. The real reason for persecution of those scientists following Virchow is the " omnis cellula e cellula " dogma. In this there is no room for the spontaneous beginning of life and it irresistibly points to a Creator as the source of the primordial cell. The idea of a Supreme Creator is anathema to the fervent believer in Engels' declaration that atheism should be the guiding principle in all scientific work. Stalin had said that all things were knowable and the origin of cells was a subject available to experimental work. Nearly all Russian work is done to prove preconceived ideas despite the ideal method being that of collecting the facts first and then finding a concept to fit them. The Marxian biologist therefore sets out with the very definite aim of proving the origin of life without pre-existing living matter. In 1945 official recognition of success was shown when a Stalin prize was awarded to Professor Olga Borisovna Lepeshinskaya. She worked with various materials, one of which was the yolk of the common hen egg. The unbiased observer might feel that the chicken embryo above all other structures had been studied ad nauseam since the birth of microscopy and all its mechanisms unveiled. Perhaps it is that the pre-Stalin embryologists had not the good fortune to examine their eggs along the lines of " Michurin " biology for Lepeshinskaya was soon successful in her search. The " fallacious " theories of the past had forced on biologists the idea that the yolk existed only as a reservoir of food and energy for the particles of living protoplasm destined

to form the adult chicken. The Russian workers were able to " prove " that the yolk was not a mere food reserve but a material capable of giving birth to living matter ! It was agreed by all that one constituent of the yolk was an inert globular structure containing a basis of albumin. This formless cell was " seen " to develop a granular structure and containing walls with the eventual appearance of a nucleus. Finally the grown-up globule reached its maximum activity as a living cell by splitting into daughter cells which took their place in the building of the chicken. To state that Lepeshinskaya's work did not meet with " immediate recognition " is somewhat of an understatement. Indeed it is safe to say that scientists this side of the Iron Curtain have never recognised her claims ; they are heretical enough to declare that her findings cannot be confirmed by microscopical study no matter how prolonged and careful. There is an element of truth in the Soviet charge that the findings are denied on general principles without any such prolonged experimental work as went to their demonstration. Scientific workers in the democratic nations refute the accusation by saying that there are so many other important problems for solution that they cannot waste time on attempts to establish what they know to be untrue. They point out quite correctly that the experimenters behind the Iron Curtain would not bother with such nonsense if their activities were not forcibly canalised into the scientific justification of Marxian biological thought. Even more vociferous opposition was to be waged against Lepeshinskaya's second series of experimental " proofs," those involving the examination of hydras. Orthodox biologists were familiar with hydra because it was often used to demonstrate the capacity of a simple animal to repair the utmost damage ; in 1740 Reaumur proved that if cut into several pieces each piece will regenerate and grow into a complete animal. It would seem rather unfortunate to seek for proof of cell growth after injury in an animal whose very name is derived from its capacity for regeneration; early naturalists saw in it a resemblance to the mythical Hydra of the nine heads which Hercules eventually killed, but not before it repaired decapitation by growing two heads for one removed. Lepeshinskaya carried the experiments somewhat further. The hydras were ground " to break up all the cells " so that there was left a mixture of damaged cells and cellular debris. This was centrifuged (i.e., rotated very rapidly) to remove the solid matter. From the residue cells developed which eventually grew into masses of thirty to forty cells. This experiment is presented as proof that living cells took their origin from the inert dead fluid left after the cells had been destroyed. Life from non-life again, declares Lepeshinskaya. If the experiment is critically considered there are fallacies obvious to a layman much less to a biologist accustomed

to fool-proof work. The primary objection is to the statement that the animal cells are totally destroyed. Cells are very small things indeed and it would seem almost impossible to produce a mechanical apparatus guaranteed to destroy microscopic objects. Thus the assumption that a non-cellular mass was formed was erroneous. Lepeshinskaya neglected freezing. Apparently she did not go on to a safer precaution, that of filtration. When efforts are being made to remove cells from fluids, the fluid is forced through porcelain filters whose meshes are minute enough to halt all cells as well as the common bacteria. It is indeed strange that the Moscow scientist did not try this obvious precaution before making claims of spontaneous generation. Lysenko, of whom more later, has approved of Lepeshinskaya's work and contributed the foreword to her monograph. In it he wrote that she had brilliantly demonstrated that cells may grow not from other cells but from some appropriate matter without cellular structure. Such confirmation was a foregone conclusion because of Lysenko's unorthodox methods requiring such a special mechanism to explain his results. Endorsement ex cathedra was given in 1950, when the U.S.S.R. Academy of Science went on record that Lepeshinskaya's experiments were accurate ; it used the occasion for a fresh castigation of Virchow. In the same year the Academy of Medicine hastened to climb on the band-wagon when it lauded her work as a major achievement in biology.

If these Russian claims are accepted Western ideas of many phenomena of life would need wide reorganization. Leaving aside the fact that the results have been denied by workers outside Russia their truth would seem suspect for the convenient way in which they confirm the Marxian principles which conflict with opinions obtaining in democratic countries. The spontaneous appearance of cells is but a step ahead of demonstrating how life appeared by chance on the earth. The Creator is made unnecessary and the atheist's lurking doubts as to where life came from originally can be stilled by these new " findings." The emergence of cell life is held to be a confirmation of Engels' fatuous statement : " life is the mode of existence of albuminous substances," a generalization so fallacious that it must be explained, but not excused, by his ignorance of biology. His " Dialectics of Nature " contain similar statements about the formation of living matter by the combination of albumin with some other chemical and must be read with the knowledge that Engels, to put it bluntly, did not know what he was talking about. Much of the present Communist biological thought stems from his " Anti-Duhring " in which he pours scorn on the concept of life as eternal.

There is little room for pure science in the U.S.S.R. and cellular experimentation was soon pronounced to be helpful in cancer

research. The growth of tumours results from spontaneous uncontrolled production of cells which resemble those of the parent organ. Apart from Lepeshinskaya's experiments another method of cancer treatment originated behind the Iron Curtain a few years before. It did not make a humble bow and was publicized in all the usual propaganda vehicles. As we have said Russian medicine seems to stem from altogether different premises to those held elsewhere. It was asserted that an extract produced from the organism responsible for Chagas disease of South America was antagonistic to cancer cells and would destroy them when injected into the sufferer. The Communist often accuse the free world of ignoring Russian advances but this cannot be alleged here. Cancer is far too important a disease for any chauvinistic neglect of possible cures. In the U.S. careful studies were made using the extract prepared as in the original description. A large number of cancerous patients were treated without any results of the slightest value. Nothing more was heard of the new cure but its discovery had an interesting sequel. During his stay in Moscow the U.S. Ambassador, General Bedell Smith determined to do his best to procure cultural exchanges between the two countries. He has told of his visit to the doctors responsible for the new treatment. The Embassy had received letters from all over the world begging for the new cure. Smith ascertained that the responsible scientists were husband and wife. He requested an interview with them and eventually succeeded by non-official means in meeting them. Dr. Vassili V. Parin, secretary-general of the U.S.S.R. Medical Academy gave, on a subsequent mission to Washington, a report on the new treatment at a press conference. On his return he was tried and sentenced for a premature revelation of Soviet secrets. For meeting the Ambassador the researchers received a reprimand and the Minister of Health himself was relieved of his post some weeks later. Another advance in treatment was claimed for a complicated serum, the life-work of Professor Bogomoletz of Odessa. This worker had produced results which tended to show that the advance of age was caused by a lack of some substance which emanated from the connective tissues of the body. The serum's manufacture was similar to that of diphtheria antitoxin. The tissues, or rather extracts of them, were injected into horses so that the animals' blood eventually produced an antidote. Blood was then taken ; it was said to contain this wonder-working factor which was burdened with the name Cytotoxic-antireticular serum. Despite the impressive nomenclature the extract has never produced good results in non-Russian hands and Bogomoletz himself died at 65 years, too young for his cure to have been of any real value ! For some years the serum was treated to heights of propaganda never before experienced but it is never mentioned now.

(*to be continued*)

Around The Table

JOHN HENNIG

A FRIEND of mine asked me the other day what I thought he would find hardest if he had to live on the Continent. " You would miss the open fires," I replied without a moment's hesitation.

Some modern house-planners try to persuade us that stoves or central heating are more economical than open fires. Yet, who really cares about economics where the basis of domestic comfort and the centre of family life is concerned ? Can you imagine how different life is when the home is built around the table rather than the fire ?

In most Continental homes the table is the centre not only of the dining-room but also of the living-room. Around the living-room table the family sit in the evening, most members engaged in some occupation for which a table is required. Similarly you sit with your guests around the table, and you talk looking into each other's face rather than into the fire. It is hard to say whether this arrangement is the cause or the result of what would appear to be the characteristics distinguishing life on the Continent from the Irish way of life—deliberateness and activeness or if you wish, lack of leisure and comfort.

While to us the table is not the centre of family life, we associate each table in our homes with some specific purpose, breakfast or dinner, dressing or writing, work in the kitchen or in the workshop, just as we do in our daily work outside the home, at the desk or the bench. The English word " table " refers to the flat *tabes*, beam or board. The Irish word *bord*, cognate to the English word " to bear," relates to the raised position of this board. Both words thus express features essential to the nature of a table. The Latin word *mensa* tells us that that raised board provides a plain of definite *dimensions*, setting aside objects placed on it from the surrounding space. The smooth flatness of the surface of the board an opportunity of keeping those objects in tidy order. The raising of the board provides not only definite separation from the surrounding space but also the possibility of handling the objects on the board in a position convenient to man, whether he kneels or squats on the floor, sits or stands.

The raised position of the table has been of greatest significance as the elementary prerequisite of many higher activities of

man in both the material and the mental field. One important point in which man is distinguished fron the animal is that he has definite feeding-times, because he prepares his food. The word " meal " relates to food prepared for consumption, primarily by milling. Even in primitive civilisations the preparation of food is carried out in some separate space, on a cloth spread out, a bowl or a board on which the prepared food can also be taken to the " consumer." The more work is spent in the preparation of food and the greater the variety of ingredients, the more important it is to have this space well defined and its position suitable for the " cook." You do not knead dough in a bowl kept on your knees or cut a loaf holding it in your hand.

One further point in the definition of a table is that the board is raised in a steady position. This is of particular importance when we consider activities where not so much physical force as accuracy is required. Accuracy is the basic requirement in the arts in both the wider sense, including crafts and technical developments, and the narrower sense, including writing. As soon as man no longer wrote on tablets of stone or wood, but on flexible material, the table became one of the basic requirements for intellectual pursuits, both writing and reading. The construction of books as a roll held on a stick or as a ream kept between two hard lids merely emphasises this importance of the table. The Book of Kells could never have been written without a table.

That our altars are made of stone, at least in their essential part, reminds us of the fact that the earliest raised flat surfaces used for definite activities of man were rocks. We are sometimes told that religion has been a fairly late stage in the development of *homo sapiens*. The study of the history of the table shows us that in reality religion is as old as the basic material activities of man connected with the preparation of food. The altar is originally the place on which the animal to be offered up is slaughtered in a becoming and suitable way. Requiring considerable physical strength the slaughtering was carried out standing. A rock or block-table did not permit of any other position.

The Egyptians are credited with the invention of tables at which man could sit. (The custom of taking meals in a recumbent position was one of the many signs of softness in the decline of the classical world). In the Slavic languages it can still be seen that the word for " table " and for " chair " was originally one and the the same, namely the word surviving in our word " stool," which indeed in its shape is a miniature table. It is one of the unhealthy features of modern life that chairs have become more prominent

than tables in our homes and working-places. A hundred years ago, clerks still worked standing at their desks, a position beneficial not only to the employers (because it prevented the workers from falling asleep), but even more so to the employees themselves (who did not need " constitutionals " to counteract the effects of a sedentary life). In many old monastic libraries to this day no seating accommodation is provided but readers are expected to study standing at high desks. To this day the priest stands at the altar throughout the Mass, and in the Canon of the Mass the congregation are still referred to as " those standing around." Sitting at Mass is one of the innovations for which we may blame the " Reformers."

The sitting-tables of the Egyptians were made of wood, a material combining strength with lightness. Thus the table became mobile. Tables (along with chairs) and beds are the most important parts of our mobile possessions ; the French describe all pieces of furniture as *meubles*. In the early Irish Church, altars were made of wood, and to this day the Roman Martyrology for February 1st says that " St. Brigid touched the wood of the altar and hencefort it became green." In missionary countries a wooden table often serves as sub-structure for the altar-stone.

While the tables of ancient Egypt preserved in the tombs of kings are flimsy " side-tables," it was in Rome that the table became a general and essential piece of furniture in every reasonably well equipped house. In fact it would not be wrong to say that Roman civilisation was materially based on road-building and table-building. The Roman army used portable folding tables, consisting of a trestle and a separate board, and it was to this type of table that in the Middle Ages the English applied the word " board," rather than " table." Solid tables, primarily found in the houses of the rich, were often richly ornamented. Such ornamentation was inclined to defeat the purpose of the table : The edges became so richly carved that the smooth surface became unduly reduced and difficult of access, a development repeated in the later Middle Ages and again in the seventeenth century. Curvature of the legs lowered the stability of the tables, and rich ornamentation reduced sitting space.

In classical Greece, round and oblong tables had occasionally been used. Only the rectangular table, however, really meets practical requirements, with its wide working area, straight base line and side lines at right angles to it. At banquets the rectangular table was the obvious answer to the traditional order of host and guests. The " president " is the person who occupies the head

of the table, and from a parable of Our Lord we are familiar with the idea that in accordance with their rank the guests were placed further up or further down the table. Round tables were apparently used from the outset for less formal gatherings. The social patterns associated with the shapes of the table have remained unchanged. We have lately heard of International Conferences preceded by long discussions whether they should be held at a round table or at a rectangular table demanding the irksome business of choosing a president.

Modern functionalism in furniture design has rediscovered the basic purpose of tables rather than added spectacular new developments. The study of the appropriate dimensions of tables for the kitchen, the workshop and the office has become a science in itself. Even for domestic purposes, tables have become again reduced to their elementary forms. Ornamented tables are now mostly imitations of traditional designs.

In the Blessing of the Altar (also described as " the heavenly table ") at the words " may this stone (or slab) be blessed," the Bishop makes with holy water a cross at each corner of the altar " the first at the right-hand, rear, where the Gospel is read, the second at the left-hand front, the third at the right-hand front and the fourth at the left-hand rear corner," thus measuring out diagonally the table. In the incensing of the altar during Mass, the length and width of the altar is similarly measured out in cross-shape or in circles. In both the Pontifical and the Missal these ceremonies are illustrated by diagrammatic pictures. One of the prayers recited in the blessing of an altar traces the tradition of the altar to the stone erected by Jacob the Patriarch for the purpose of offering sacrifices, and this prayer also refers to the " polished material of this stone to be filled with the heavenly sacrifice," one of the superb expressions of the idea that used in Divine worship, the natural quality of things is brought to its ultimate fulfilment.

The liturgical prayers abound with references to the truth of Our Lord's words : " My flesh is meat indeed." The blessing of the table (or rather of the food spread out on the table), which is found in the appendix of each volume of the Breviary, starts with the same words of the 144th Psalm which form the Gradual of the Mass of Corpus Christi : " The eyes of all hope in Thee, O Lord, and Thou givest them meat in due season." The Church invites us to look upon Holy Communion as the banquet at which we are the guests of the Host of all hosts. At the same time, she does not lose sight of the historical relationship between the altar and the table, yes, our dining-room table, a glorious illustration of the Church's teaching on the relationship between nature and supernature.

When the Church takes an object into her use, she consecrates it, that is, she sets it aside (on a table) for the special use in the worship of God. In using objects for her purpose, the Church also sheds some supernatural light on the lawful use of these objects in the world. Considering the central position of the altar in the worship of God, we cannot fail to recognise that from the altar such supernatural light is shed upon the tables used in our homes and working-places. Our tables are less different from the altar than are our mugs and cups from the chalice or our garments from the sacred vestments. In particular the table at which the family gathers for meals bears a very close relationship to the altar at which the faithful assemble for the Divine banquet. This relationship is expressly recognised by the saying of grace before and after meals. The custom of saying grace is bound up with that basic feature of well-ordered family life which is the gathering of parents and children for a meal at least once a day, and such gathering can only take place around the table. A snack hastily prepared by a harassed mother and taken by the child without even sitting down or without the company of his elders is not conducive to such elevation of the mind.

The relationship with the altar imposes obligations upon the use of tables in the world. Man is physically privileged by his upright position. Taking his meal at a table reminds him of the fact that even his feeding is on a higher plain than that of the beast. The preparation of food has been one of the main sources of those activities of man which we describe as civilisation without inverted commas. The gambler might occasionally pause to think whether the use made by him of the table is really worthy of the purpose of the table in the household of mankind and of humanity.

When you have finished reading this article, just look at one of the tables near you. Consider for a moment that this piece of furniture has not changed its shape for almost five thousand years. It has remained unaffected by the steam-engine and by electricity and it will remain unchanged even by the threat of the Cadmium-bomb. Consider further that this structure is basically the same whether the Lamb of God is offered or a pack of cards dealt upon it. Perhaps you will then understand that since I began to realise these things, I cannot help looking at a table with some respect. Now that I finish, I pass my hand over the smooth surface of my table, touching as it were the table of all tables than which few things in this world can tell a greater tale of what man has done and what he is called to do.

Some Aspects of Irish Emigration

By Stephen J. Brown. S.J.

THE River Jordan has recently been the subject of a dispute which might have resulted in a war. Syria on the one hand wishes to make use, for purposes of irrigation, of the abundant headwaters of the river as it comes down from the snows of Mount Hermon. Transjordania on the other wanted for similar purposes to utilise one of the river's principal tributaries. Israeli fears that the water of her only river would be drawn upon to an ever-increasing extent till the Jordan became a gradually vanishing river.

This is a parable of Ireland and our population. The new World on the one hand and Great Britain on the other are steadily drawing off the headwaters of our population, namely our young men and women, prospective fathers and mothers of future generations.[1] To speak of Ireland as a vanishing people is to say what is only too true to the facts. These facts ought to be known and taken to heart by all concerned, and all of us in this country, I submit, are concerned. They will find the facts, no doubt, in the Report of the Commission on Population, but that is a portentous document beyond the capacity of most readers. A clear statement and analysis of the same facts, based on the statistics of our Office of Statistics will be found in a recently published book " The Vanishing Irish.[2]

An attempt, which I will venture to describe as regrettable and unwise, has been made to discredit this work which I likewise venture to recommend most strongly, despite certain definite defects. It is a composite work with contributions from some seventeen writers and these contributions are of uneven value. But to say with a recent reviewer that " the only contributor who approaches the subject intelligently and writes helpfully is Mr. John D. Sheridan " is to say the least, surprising (if the review is to be taken seriously) in view of the fact that there is an altogether admirable contribution by Canon John M. Hayes, founder

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[1]" Statistics issued by the Central Statistics Office on January 26 show that, while persons under 14 years increased by 30,308, those aged 14 and over decreased by 24,822 between 1946 and 1951."

[2]London : W. H. Allen. My pamphlet *Emigration from Ireland.* (Dublin : *The Standard*) was written in the summer of 1953 before I heard of *The Vanishing Irish* and it owes nothing to that book.

of Muintir na Tire, others of genuine if limited value by Mr. Bryan MacMahon, Father Edmund J. Murray, and Father Patrick B. Noonan C.S.Sp., to say nothing of several more that are at least suggestive or provocative. But the most conclusive and best documented contribution, in my opinion, is that by the Editor himself, Father John A. O'Brien, for not only is it based on definite statistics furnished by our Office of Statistics,[3] but it embodies first-hand testimony by his Grace Dr. Walsh Archbishop of Tuam, Most Rev. Dr. Lucey, Bishop of Cork, Most Rev. Dr. McNamee, Bishop of Ardagh and Clonmacnoise, Father Dennehy of Tuosist, Co. Kerry, and others. There is of course, no question, of disparaging Mr. Sheridan's excellent contribution.

What, then, are the main facts regarding emigration ?

(1) There is first the fact that whereas in the course of the past century the other countries of Europe have doubled their population, ours has been reduced by half. True, there was the Famine of the eighteen forties, but decline continued after the Famine and has been continuous ever since. The population of the 26 counties declined from six and a half millons to slightly under three, while that of Denmark rose from 1,289,000 to 4,045,000 in the same period. The figures for all Ireland are 1841—8,177,945 ; 1951—4,330,172.

(2) In the period 1871-1951 we lost 2,637,520 of our people.

(3) The total of Irish-born immigrants residing in the United States in 1890 reached 1,871,509. (O'Brien, P.24).

(4) Professor James Hogan of Cork in his recent booklet on the Irish Manuscripts Commission (P.29 footnote) quotes W. R. Hancock (Survey of British Commonwealth Affairs, Vol. I, 1939) as saying :—

" In 1921 no less than 1,817,457 persons who had been born in Ireland were living in the United States or Great Britain or elsewhere in the British Empire. Their number was equivalent to 43% of the population of Ireland in 1926. No other country in the contemporary world has even approached so vast an emigration."

(5) Previous to 1921 it was open to us to blame (with what justice I am not at the moment concerned to discuss) British rule

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[3] I had completed this article when my attention was called to a lecture, afterwards printed in the Weekly Bulletin (No. 227) of the Department of External Affairs, in which Dr. Geary criticizes the conclusions drawn from these statistics by Father O'Brien, chiefly in the form of expressions of alarm regarding the future of our population. I have carefully read Dr. Geary's strictures but as they do not affect any statements of fact made in my article, I do not propose to comment on them, especially as my own views were not based on any expressions of opinion on the part of Father J. A. O'Brien.

for the state of things from which emigration resulted. To-day, after 33 years of self-government, that plea is not so open to us. The number of Irish-born people at present resident in England is reckoned at 750,000. How many of these emigrated since 1921 ?

(6) " The decrease," writes Father O'Brien, " in the number of school children in Eire during the last 100 years is without a parallel in any nation in the civilized world." And he provides a graph to show that " from 1851 to 1861 the magnitude of the decline was catastrophic. Then occurred a slight increase followed by a sharp decline from 1881 to 1901. The rate of decline then became less steep and the period from 1946 to 1951 shows a slight increase." He hastens to add a tribute to the high fertility of Irish marriages and to note that during the decade from 1936 to 1946 births exceeded deaths by 173,798. Alas, during the same period the emigration was 187,111. During the last five years natural increase almost balanced loss by emigration. But that our population should remain stationary is a state of affairs which we ought not willingly to tolerate. In my pamphlet I have mentioned other facts such as the decline in the Catholic population of most of the dioceses, but I need not repeat them here.

(7) Do the young men and women who emigrate to England and settle there realize that their children, if they are to have any, will be English in education, outlook, and speech, if they are not also partly English by blood. What their *religion* will ultimately be is a problem which ought to cause them anxious thought.

(8) I have called attention to the decline in the school population of the country. It is in the rural districts that this decline is most marked. There many schools have had to be closed for want of pupils. The number of children in those that remain is still dwindling. And this decline in the number of our children is, we believe, due only to a negligible extent to artificial limitation of the family. It is due in part to scarce and late marriages. But that is a matter with which I do not propose to deal.

The most distressing aspect of our emigration problem seems to me the flight of our rural population from the land.[4] If Ireland were a highly industrialized country a certain migration from country to town would be normal. But Ireland, though more industrialized than it was thirty years ago, is still far from being

[4]" According to statistics published on January 26th last the decline in the number of agriculturists was 26,000 in the decade 1926-36, 50,000 in the decade 1936-46, while in the four years 1946-51 it was 81,000." Again the decrease in the number of farmers on farms up to 30 acres was marked. The figure fell from 150,267 in 1926 to 108,569 in 1951.

a highly industrialized country. And though the new industries have attracted to the towns a certain number of rural dwellers, I think it is true to say that the majority of those who leave the land leave it for England, the United States, etc. Incidentally in their new country they do not settle on the land but in the cities.

It has been said, by way of consoling us, I suppose, for the loss of our people, that, after all, the loss is compensated by a rise in the standard of living : there is more for the rest of us ! But is not what Goldsmith wrote in the eighteenth century still true in the twentieth ?

Ill fares the land to hastening ills a prey
Where wealth accumulates and men decay [*or depart*].
Princes and lords may flourish, or may fade ;
A breath can make them as a breath has made ;
But a bold peasantry their country's pride
When once destroyed can never be supplied.

Perhaps, too, it is not so much the standard of living that has risen as the standard of luxury and profitless expenditure. Are we not as a nation already spending too much[5] on motors, too much on petrol, too much on drink, too much on tobacco, too much on the cinema and other amusements, too much on dress, cosmetics, etc., too much on foreign travel ? It would be better for us all if less time were consumed in amusements and more time spent in work by all classes of the population.

Moreover, if the population declines much further, most of our industries must likewise decline according as the market for their products shrinks.[6] And thus there will be less employment, leading to more emigration . . . and so on indefinitely. Again, our towns and cities cannot exist, as it were, in vacuo. They depend on the country. Their population needs to be fed. If not fed by the products of the agriculture and stock-raising of their own country they would have to live entirely on imported food. Of course we are still very far from that situation, but it could arise.

On P.26 of his book Father O'Brien provides a map showing the percentage decline in the country population in each rural district between 1946 and 1951, a period of less than six years. It is based on the *Statistical Abstract* published by our Government in 1951. It shows a decline throughout the 26 countries save in the greater part of Counties Louth, Meath, Dublin, Kildare, and

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[5]That is, more than we can prudently afford, having regard to the need of saving.

[6] "A small stationary population is a deterrent to economic development." Dr. R. C. Geary in *Studies*. June 1954. P.171.

Carlow and a district near Cork. In three districts the decline is 10 per cent or upwards. In Kerry, South and East Clare, Leitrim. Cavan, parts of Donegal and Roscommon it is from 7 to 9 per cent. It is heavy (5—7%) in Connemara, Mayo, Limerick, Western Donegal, Monaghan.[7]

Little wonder that Most Rev. Dr. Lucey, should utter words quoted on the title-page of *The Vanishing Irish*: "The rural population is vanishing and with it is vanishing the Irish race itself. Rural Ireland is stricken and dying."[8]

A glance through the diocesan statistics as given in the *Irish Catholic Directory* of any year will make clear to anyone the steady decline in the population of the majority of our dioceses. Such a decline is likely to entail before long a decline in the number of vocations to the priesthood and the religious life, and a consequent falling off in Irish missionary activity in pagan lands.

Are we overpopulated? There are those who think so. But let us compare ourselves with a few of the smaller countries. I have already mentioned Denmark with an area not much more than half of that of Ireland. Holland is two thirds the size of the Republic. It has much trade but scarcely any natural resources, no coal, no wood, no stone, no minerals: its population is eleven millions. Belgium is the size of Munster and has eight millons. So has Portugal, a country with poor resources and poor soil. It would take a good deal of argument and many facts to prove that Ireland could not support even five millons without a serious lowering of the standard of living.

It can hardly be too strongly emphasized that those who are going from among us are *the young*, twenty thousand of them year after year. Occasionally an entire family transplants itself, but most of the emigrants are young men and women, the latter outnumbering the former. Few of these young people are wastrels and ne'erdo wells, only a few are unemployed. No, they are ordinary average young men and women leaving an employment of some sort, leaving their homes and families, their friends and neighbours, going to an environment of which they know little or nothing, often to employment which in their own country they would reject with scorn, to do harder work than they would be called upon to do in Ireland, to live in worse conditions. Why then do they go? There are many answers, perhaps as many almost as there are individual emigrants—lure of higher wages, discontent with

[7]What is left of the Gaeltacht is steadily disappearing.

[8]It is worthy of note that Rev. Dr. Lucey was a member of the Commission.

familiar and commonplace surroundings, desire for more freedom of conduct, mere unrest, dreams of making good in wider world, quite misleading notions of the foreign country, etc., etc.

One cannot but wonder with something near to anguish, what real chance most of them have of keeping the faith and living lives in accordance with it. That there are some who do so cannot be doubted, but on the other hand a great many painful facts have come to my knowledge. I do not care to detail them here. I may however quote this from *The Catholic Worker* for September 1954 :— " Many, many Irishmen coming to Britain fall victims to the Communist-front organisation, the Connolly Clubs. The tragedy is, how easily they fall. It suggests that . . . they do not see the application of their faith to the world to-day and are unprepared to face Britain. There are many exceptions and in the Legion of Mary (to mention only one body) from one end of the country to the other will be found Irishmen and women of whom the people at home can be proud. But there are very many of whom little good can be said." The utterly indifferent if not irreligious atmosphere on the one hand and marriage with non-Catholics and even unbelievers on the other have proved fatal to the faith and morals of many.

Though in this I have in mind the emigrants of the past thirty years, matter have to some extent always been thus. I am fully aware of the great work for the Church done by the exiled Irish. But two things should be remembered, in the first place great numbers lived and died in poverty and squalor and great numbers fell away from the faith. Secondly that so many proved faithful was in the main due to the priests, brothers, and nuns who went into voluntary exile to work for them, and who worked side by side with English and American priests, brothers and nuns in building up the Church.

Those who are worried and alarmed about our emigration problem (would that there were more of them !) have been wondering who or what is to blame for it. It is easy to lay the blame on the government and it is true that our governments have taken no drastic steps with a view to checking the exodus, nay have, one might say, shelved the problem by appointing a Commission which took five or six years to report. But on the other hand our governments have, since 1921, done a great deal of most valuable and permanent work towards making Ireland a better place to live in for both rich and poor—housing, communications, social security

and social services approaching those of the Welfare State, new industries, rural electrification, a certain measure of protection for established as well as new enterprises, new power stations, utilisation of the bogs, arterial drainage, and land reclamation. In their impatience to be gone our emigrants seem to ignore all that. Not so the observant foreigner who is coming over here in numbers to buy our land, to take a share in our industries, or simply to settle down among us.

It has been, as I have said, the fashion to look round on all sides for people to blame for emigration. I think the time has come to fasten the blame where it belongs, viz. on the backs of a large proportion of the people who are so light-heartedly deserting their country and, as Dr. R. C. Geary so rightly pointed out,[9] breaking up its family life.

In many cases can it be said that their motives for such a drastic step are really worthy motives or their reasons really sensible. How many of them have seriously weighed the dangers to their faith and their morals that await them in the country to which they are going ? Have all of them made a genuine and persevering effort to find employment here ? Do any patriotic reasons weigh with them ? For many emigrants in the past and some in the present the reason and motive for their emigration was simply necessity and that was and remains sufficient justification.[10] But to-day many of those who emigrate leave employment here in order to do so.

My purpose in this article is not to suggest, much less to prescribe, remedies, but to emphasize once more the gravity of the problem. In the pamphlet already alluded to, I made some quite general suggestions, but the carrying out of specific remedies such as are put forward in the Report of the Commission on Population, must be left to the competent powers—the Government, the Oireachtas, the local authorities, the trades unions, and the many voluntary organisations that are working for the betterment of life in this country. But unless the mentality and outlook of great numbers of our people can be considerably altered, such economic, financial, and even social remedies as can be applied will be in vain. In this I may be quite wrong but it is my firm belief based on the experience of a long life.[11]

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[9]In the June 1954 number of *Studies*, P.171. " Emigration leads to social disintegration and a sundering of family ties."

[10]As explained in my pamphlet I do not regard as emigrants in the ordinary sense priests, brothers, nuns, doctors, nurses, teachers, and research workers.

[11]Five years of which, in addition to a number of visits, were spent in England.

I venture to close this article by quoting from a letter which his Grace the Archbishop of Tuam prefixed to a pamphlet published in November 1953 by the present writer :—

" Emigration is draining the life-blood of our country. The statistics given in this pamphlet are so startling that we cannot be surprised if some people speak of the " Vanishing Irish." I fear this phrase can be properly applied to certain Irish-speaking districts in the West. In some houses not one young person has remained to take care of the aged parents. We must not lose sight of another aspect. Many of our young people leave home to enter English cities where living conditions are appalling, and where they have to face very serious dangers to faith and morals."

BOOKS RECEIVED

BLACKFRIARS PUBLICATIONS.

The Our Father. R. H. J. Steuart, S.J., *Introduction by Conrad* Pepler, O.P. 2s.

St. Thomas Aquinas and Law. Aquinas Paper No. 24. Vincent McNabb, O.P. 2s.

Neither Will I Condemn Thee. Franziskus Stratmann, O.P. 8s. 6d.

HUTCHINSON & CO.

Madame Elisabeth. Margaret Trouncer. 12s. 6d.

THE ANTONIAN PRESS.

Our Lady's Rosary. T. Martin. 3d.

BURNS OATES.

Seeds of the Desert. R. Voillaume. 16s.

Christians Courageous. Aloysius Roche. 13s. 6d.

The Adventure of the Amethyst. Cecily Hallack. 15s.

Daring to Live. Doris Burton. 10s. 6d.

Preparing for Easter. Clifford Howell, S.J. 6s.

The Layman in the Church. Michael de la Bedoyere. 10s. 6d.

JOHN S. BURNS & SONS.

You Did It Unto Me. Mother Clare Fey. 1s. 6d.

The Truth About China. H. W. Henderson. 1s.

HOLLIS AND CARTER.

Back to Reality. Gustave Thibon. 13s. 6d.

Nature in Shakespearian Tragedy. Robert Speaight. 15s.

Hermann Cortes. Salvador De Madariaga. 25s.

M. H. GILL & SON.

St. Norbert of Xanten. Rev. L. T. Anderson, C.R.P. 1s. 6d.

The Father of the Little Flower. Rev. Michael Collins, S.M.A. 5s. 6d.

St. Bernard. Rev. James Cassidy, B.A. 5s. 6d.

CLONMORE AND REYNOLDS.

And Spare Me Not in the Making. Sr. M. Catherine Frederic. 8s. 6d.

St. Vincent de Paul. Victor Giraud. 9s. 6d.

MISSIONARY ASSOCIATION OF MARY IMMACULATE.

Apostle of the Frozen North. Rev. Thomas Haugh, O.M.I.

FAITH AND FACT

R. O'DONOHOE, O.P.

> "What sticks in my throat", he exclaimed, "is that these priests ram a lot of stuff down your throat which no educated chap could possibly believe. It's a bit tough to have to believe all that balderdash just because chaps tell you".
>
> (ARNOLD LUNN, *Now I See*, p. 227.).

WHEN we make an act of Faith our minds accept God's mysteries not because we see their truth but simply because God, Sovereign Truth, has revealed them.*

Is the assent of Faith reasonable or is it blind credulity unworthy of a thinking man? Do we Catholics believe "just because chaps tell" us? Are the truths we believe "balderdash"? Can no "educated chap" possibly believe?

MODERN UNREASON

The Church has always taught that Faith is essentially reasonable. She emphatically rejects every theory, ancient and modern, that would build Faith on a blind religious instinct or emotion. Throughout her history the Church has defended the legitimate rights of reason against every form of doubt and unreasoning credulity. To-day reason badly needs a defender; for "The Modern Mind" has grown doubtful about everything. For this state of affairs Luther and his followers are largely to blame in teaching that human reason is so crippled by Original Sin that it can prove no truth (*cf.* Maritain's essay on Luther in his *Three Reformers*). It was left to the Protestant philosopher—especially Kant, the "St. Thomas of Protestantism"—to work out a system of philosophic doubt. Doubt has poisoned the minds of most modern thinkers and scientists outside the Church; it has reached the popularisers of "Modern Thought"; and through their writings infected the minds of many gullible people to-day. Monsignor Knox in his admirable *Caliban in Grub Street* (p. 191) quotes the words of several popular writers to prove how profoundly they distrust reason. Mr. Oppenheim writes: "My religion is the religion of the man in the street—an attitude of, I hope, reverent *ignorance* as regards the great unsolved problems of life and death." Mr. Sheppard writes: "A man comes to the certain knowledge that with the intellect he can prove nothing." Among the scientists we find Professor Haldane distrusting the multiplication table, (*cf.*

*cf. *The Irish Rosary*, May-June, 1955.

Now I See by Arnold Lunn, p.128). Bertrand Russel claims to speak for modern philosophy: "There is nothing but prejudice and habit for the view that there is a world at all". (l.c. p. 131.) Words in similar strain could be quoted from more recent professors and dons and from the works of several Existentialist philosophers. Many "thinkers" to-day have come to doubt everything, even the mind itself and its most obvious experiences. Chesterton wrote truly and also prophetically when he said in his characteristic way that with "Modern Thought" common sense has become uncommon nonsense, with the result that its distinctive note is the note of interrogation.

THE CHURCH DEFENDS REASON.

Against all such attacks of doubt and unreason the Church stands firm in defending man's highest natural prerogative, his God-given reason. For more than nineteen hundred years she has been not only the Rock of Faith but a rock of reason as well. In the true sense of the word the Church is rationalist, more rationalist than the rationalists themselves. She safeguards reason, and by the light of reason defends the Faith. In the chaos of world thought to-day she holds fast to reason, to that rooted sanity of mankind which is called common sense. Those who read Chesterton, and it is to be hoped they are still many to-day, will remember his favourite theme: down the centuries the Church has always been unswervingly loyal to common sense in spite of unceasing attack by fanaticism, heresy and false philosophy. That her common sense has never failed proves that she has common sense in a most uncommon and superhuman degree. Chesterton, who knew so well the history of human thought and its aberrations, believed this extraordinary fact to be one of the strongest proofs of the truth of the Catholic Church.

The Church teaches that the human mind can reach truth and certitude. It is a truth of Faith defined by the Vatican Council that we can know with certainty Gods existence by the light of natural reason, To prove that God exists is outside our present purpose. There is no lack of Catholic books and pamphlets that deal with the subject. Suffice it now to say that common sense and sound philosophy, which is merely systematised common sense, both proclaim the existence of God. By "common sense" we mean that native, instinctive power of human reason to reach true conclusions from first, self-evident principles. The mind accepts and must accept those principles, because they are obvious. To deny them would be to deny the possibility of truth, which would

be the destruction and suicide of mind and reason. That things that have a beginning must have a cause; that things with a purpose must have a designer; that laws presuppose a lawgiver; these and such-like principles cannot be denied by the human mind. Applying these obvious truths to the things in the world about us and to our own selves, human reason inevitably reaches the conclusion that there is a First Cause: a Supreme Mind that has designed all things; a Sovereign Law-giver, who has implanted law in the things about us and within our own minds and consciences. And that is what we mean by God.

The human mind can, of course, refuse to consider the proofs for God's existence; it can ignore all the evidence, and fix upon the objections that seem to tell against it; and in this way begin to doubt that God exists. The will can influence the mind to concentrate upon the objections to the existence of God. It can choose carnal pleasure, worldly interests or some other material motive, and thus force the mind to exclude all thought of God. Men can live as if God did not exist. They can even persuade themselves that there is no God; for the wish is often father to the thought. But when common sense sincerely and dispassionately considers the overwhelming evidence for Gods' existence, it must reach the firm conviction that there is a God.

II.

REASON AND MYSTERY.

Reason can prove that there is a God and also know something of His divine infinite perfection. But our knowledge of God through reason is imperfect; because our finite minds cannot measure His infinity or fathom His divine Nature. It is reasonable, therefore to admit that there are hidden mysteries in the Godhead which we cannot prove or fully understand. There is mystery even in the humblest of created things. We do not understand the mysterious life of a blade of grass or the secret of its growth. Shall we be surprised, then, to find mystery in the hidden life of God and in His divine activity? A God without mystery would not be God. If our petty minds could measure and understand God perfectly, He would not be infinite and all-perfect. Philosophers and scientists assure us that our knowledge of nature ends in mystery. The shallow mind that skims the surface of reality may think that mystery does not exist; the deeper mind knows that beneath the surface there is unfathomable mystery. "For some there are who presume so far on their wits that they think themselves capable of measuring the whole nature of things by their intellect, in that they

esteem all things true which they see, and false which they see not " (St. Thomas, *Cont. Gent.* I. 5.). The intelligent mind is not presumptuous; it knows its limitations, and approaches God in intellectual humility.

God Himself teaches us His hidden mysteries. We find them stated in the Creed: the Blessed Trinity, the Incarnation, birth and death of God the Son, and the other articles. We cannot prove these mysteries or fully understand them; yet they convey certain truths to our minds. When we believe, for example, that God became man, we know the meaning of the word " God " and the word " man ". The mystery of the Incarnation is not meaningless to us, although we do not understand how Christ is God and man. Reason cannot discover impossibility or contradiction in the mystery of the Incarnation; for if it did, we could not believe the mystery nor could God oblige us to do so. We believe, of course, that the Incarnation is possible because God can do all things; and He has told us that Christ is both God and man. Besides this, however, reason finds certain examples or analogies which help us to understand to some extent how Christ though One has a two-fold nature. We know, for instance, that a man is one person, a unity, and that there are nevertheless two distinct and even separable things in man: soul and body. We find, therefore, in man a certain duality in spite of his oneness. Similarly, in Christ there is a perfect unity of Person, though there are two natures, divine and human. Of course, the example is not exact, no example ever is; yet this example and others used by Theology to illustrate the mysteries of our Faith help us to understand their reasonableness and possibility.

FAITH FITS THE FACTS

In this life we can never fully understand the mysteries of Faith; yet they shed a marvellous light on the enigma of human life and destiny. Take the mystery of Original Sin. Everyone who knows human history and human nature will admit that there is something wrong with man. History on the whole makes sad reading. Men's folly and wickedness far surpass their wisdom and goodness. That contemporary history is no better, but probably worse, than that of the past the newspapers sufficiently testify. There appears to be a flaw somewhere in human nature. Our experience of ourselves and others tells us that there is an antithesis, a conflict within us. " We feel the thing we might have been, beating beneath the thing we are." Human nature is powerfully attracted by sin, and yet experiences the stirrings of virtue.

Men are capable of great heroism and virtue, but also of utter baseness and depravity. The story of the past war with the horrors and utter bestiality of its concentration camps and lethal chambers, together with the heroism and self sacrifice of many of its victims are proof of that. There is something of the angel in man, and also something that can degrade him beneath the level of the beast. Why ?

Man was created " little less than the angels," but he fell from his high destiny. The effects of the Fall are still felt by men. Their minds are darkened, their wills weakened, their lower animal nature rendered rebellious to the rule of reason and the law of God. The grace of Christ urges us to better things ; but our nature wounded by Original Sin weighs us down. The mystery of Original Sin sheds much light upon human history, psychology and morality. It gives us a new insight into the problem of evil, the prevalence of sin, the folly, weakness and wickedness of mankind. Those facts of experience do not explain away the mystery ; but the mystery is the best explanation we can find of the facts.

SUBLIME HARMONY OF THE FAITH.

When we examine the Christian Creed as an organic whole its marvellous synthesis and harmony compel admiration. To take a mystery out of its setting and study it without its context, may give rise to misunderstanding and difficulty ; but restore the mystery to its place in the Christian scheme, and the whole context will shed light upon its meaning. One mystery dovetails into another, and all form an harmonious whole. We cannot now examine the Christian system even in outline ; but if the reader will apply his mind seriously to the Apostles Creed, he will find even in that short summary sufficient evidence of the wonderful symmetry and consistency of the Christian Faith. The articles of the Creed came to us from God at different times and through various divine channels, and yet they all fit into a perfect system or plan, " like the pieces of a jig-saw puzzle, or like the parts of some marvellous machine, they click into their places " (Chesterton). " We could study the Christian Faith for a whole eternity," wrote the great genius Paschal, " and it would ever grow to us more magnificent and wonderful." Even the apostate Renan admits that " the Christian system is like blocks of granite bound together by bands of steel." The more we study our Faith the greater grows our wonder at its sublime grandeur, harmony and symmetry. When we consider all the circumstances, we must admit that such sublime perfection could only come from God.

WHY DIVINE TRUTH IS OBSCURE.

Because the mysteries of Faith are obscure we may be led to think that God deliberately hides them from us in order to puzzle and tantalise us. This is a wrong idea of God's divine Revelation. God reveals His mysteries to enlighten us as far as we can be enlightened in this mortal life. In our present life we are sense-bound and even our minds cannot function without help from our imagination. Neither sense nor imagination can perceive what is spiritual. Our ideas come to us through our senses and imagination ; they cannot perfectly present to our minds what is spiritual, still less what is transcendently spiritual or supernatural. The truths of Faith are entirely supernatural and as spiritual as God Himself. Our human ideas, consequently, cannot convey them to our minds clearly and adequately. Our minds reach God's truth through the imperfect medium of our ideas. " We see now through a glass in a dark manner." (1 Cor. xiii, 12.).

But we can increase our knowledge of the mysteries of Faith, even though we can never in this world fully understand them. The more we meditate upon the mysteries of Faith the better we understand them and realise their truth. We owe it to God who in His goodness speaks to us, and to our own souls and minds, to understand as well as we can what He tells us. Every Christian, according to his circumstances and capacity, is obliged to grow more and more in knowledge of the Faith. Some of our so-called intellectual and cultured Catholics often ignore this fundamental obligation. They try to be well informed about philosophy, science, art, literature and so on, at least they claim to have a " gentleman's knowledge " of some of these subjects ; but they make no effort to understand their Faith. They are satisfied with the hazy, puerile ideas of their Catechism days, but never attempt to clear up those ideas by re-reading their Catechism, studying a good commentary on the Catechism, or reading any of the excellent books that explain their Faith. Such Catholics culpably ignore the most fundamental and important study of their lives for time and eternity, their Catholic Faith.

It is because we do not ponder the truths of Faith sufficiently and make them part of our mental life, that they seem to us so unreal and obscure. The part that divine grace has in Faith and its increase will be dealt with later. Considering the question for the moment from the view-point of reason and psychology, it may be said that our Faith will be real and vivid in so far as we make it part of our minds by reflecting upon its truths. In some, whose

minds constantly dwell upon the mysteries of Faith, Faith grows so vivid as to appear no longer faith but vision.

The Catholic who makes his Faith an intimate and integral part of his intellectual life knows that the truths he believes do not cramp his intellectual powers but expand and develop them. Faith brings his mind into contact with Infinite Mind and Supreme Truth, the highest object of man's intellectual powers. Man's ultimate perfection and supernatural destiny remains to be achieved in the next life. Then, if he is faithful, he will see clearly in the Vision of God the mysteries he now believes by the obscure light of Faith.

III.

CREDENTIALS OF THE FAITH.

During our mortal life we can never fully understand or prove the mysteries of Faith. Does it not follow, then, that our Faith is a blind and unreasonable assent? Are not the rights of reason violated when we accept truths which reason cannot prove? No; for although reason cannot prove the truths of Faith, it can prove that it is perfectly reasonable to accept them. Nothing is more reasonable than to accept as true what God guarantees to be true. God is Sovereign Truth. He cannot be mistaken nor can He deceive us. What he says must necessarily be true. *

Reason can prove beyond shadow of doubt, that the Christian-Catholic Faith comes from God. When I believe in the Blessed Sacrament, my Faith in Our Lord's Presence is perfectly reasonable, because He has said that He is present; and His word must be true, because He is God. That Christ was God can be proved by arguments that reason must admit to be conclusive. Christ claimed to be God, and proved His claim by innumerable miracles. He raised the dead to life; cured the sick and deformed as no mere man could cure them; He foretold the future; and wrought many other signs and wonders which only God could perform. Nor are these the only proofs that Christ was God. His incomparable wisdom, His perfect holiness, His unique character are also proofs of His divinity. His Resurrection from the dead, foretold by Him and wrought by His own power, proves above all that He was divine. And as Christ's life-story proves His claim to be God, so also does the history of the Gospel He preached. Christ's Gospel was first preached to the world by a small body of men, mostly fishermen, despised, unlettered Jews, without natural gifts or resources of any

*cf. *The Irish Rosary*, May-June, 1955.

kind. They preached a Faith and morality radically opposed to all the prevailing prejudices of a pagan and corrupt society. Humanly speaking, their mission was doomed to failure, from the very beginning. . That they succeeded in planting the Christian Faith in the Roman world and in Rome itself, the heart of the Empire, proves that they were endowed with a power that was more than human.

The Christian Faith not only survived three centuries of terrible oppression and persecution by the Roman authorities, but gradually grew in strength, and in the end conquered the Empire for Christ. Through all the vicissitudes of history, in spite of attacks from enemies without and from heresy and apostacy within, the Christian Faith still remains in the Catholic Church one and unchanged after nineteen centuries of conflict. The unfailing stability of the Catholic Church, her unchangeable unity, her unique holiness, her surpassing charity and its abundant fruits, make her a living miracle that proves not only her own divine origin but also the divinity of her Founder.

Such briefly is one line of argument to prove the divine origin of our Catholic Faith. Parts of the argument require further development and proof. Suffice it now to state that there is superabundant evidence in history, in psychology and in actual facts to convince any unprejudiced mind, cultured or uncultured, that the Christian Faith comes from God. Stamped with God's divine guarantee, the Faith is true. When, therefore, we believe the truths of Faith, we do no violence to our reason ; for it is preeminently reasonable to accept on God's authority what He assures us is true. Reason itself demands that we believe ; because there is nothing more reasonable than to believe God Himself.

Faith, Pascal tells us, is the highest act of which the human mind is capable. We shall agree with him if we consider sufficiently the sublime truths we believe, if we examine the rational basis of our Faith and its divine credentials.

Arnold Lunn's young friend disagrees in the forcible words we have taken as our text. His opinion is endorsed by some members of our intelligentsia, though they would express themselves more gracefully. One wonders if these " educated chaps " have ever devoted a leisure hour to the study of the Christian Faith and its credentials. Are they aware that the greatest and most cultured minds of the human race were convinced that Christianity is true, not because " chaps tell you ", but because God Himself tells you so ?

Téanam Sus an Aifreann

(ar lean)

Maol-Íosa

Marbuigti an tarb mar "íobairt i n-éiric na bpeacad", do beiread an priomsagart leis cuid den fuil isteach ins an dTearmonn Ró-Naomta mar a scraiteadh sé i do réir mar a bí órduighte ag an ndeasghnát. Tigeadh sé amar gan aon moill as an dTearmonn Ró-Naomta, marbuigti an pocaide mar íobairt "i n-éiric peacad an pobail", agus do beiread an priom-sagart leis cuid den fuil isteach ins an dTearmonn Ró-Naomta agus do croiteadh annsúd í ar an nós sceadna.

Cuireann N. Pól íobarta an tSean-Reachta agus an priomsagart úd i scóimheas le hÍosa Críost agus lena íobairt. Deir sé nach raib ins na híobarta éagsamla iolarda úd act samaltacha lenar réamchómartuigh Dia aon íobairt iomlán foirbthe fíor-ghlan an Nuadh-Chonnarta (Eabr. IX.). Meabruigeann an Eaglais an níd céadna dúinn i sceann de na *Seicréidi* (an 7adh Domnach tar éis Cingcise) mar seo: "*Deus, qui legalium.* A Dia, a chuir i scrid íobarta éagsamla án tsean-reachta leis an aon íobairt iomláin amáin: glac ó do seirbíseachaib dílse an íobairt seo agus coisric le do beannacht í . . . . ." Ag déanamh cóimheasa idir an bpriomsagart úd agus Críost dó, deir N. Pól:

"Do tairbsigh Críost ina Phriomsagart na ndeagh-tabartas le teacht, agus chuaidh isteach ins an dTearmonn Ró-Naomta, uair gan actuair, tré puball ba mó agus ba iomláine—puball nár láimh-déanta, 'sé sin le rádh nár den tsaoghal seo é—agus ní tré bíthin fola gabar ná laogh a ghabh Sé isteach, act tré bíthin a chuid fola féin, agus an fuasgailt síorraidhe déanta aige . . . ." (Eabr. IX. 11-12). Siad na flaithis féin an puball (nó an tabarnacal) a ndeachaidh Críost tríd, agus é ag gabáil suas isteach i láthair a Athara Síorraidhe agus a chuid fola féin dá toirbeart aige dá Athair i n-éiric na bpeacad. Gabh Sé isteach i dTearmonn Ró-Naomta na bhflaitheas, "uair gan actuair," ar an ádhbar go ndearna Sé an "fuasgailt síorraidhe" le haon íobairt na Croise. Leis an aon íobairt sin do bí an cineadh daonna uile slánuighte aige.

Séard a ghní Críost ins an Aifreann íobairt, úd na Croise d'athnuadhaint, d'aithdéanamh, tré n-a chuid sagart go deireadh an tsaoghail. Sé Críost féin an Ghníomhuighteoir dofheicse ins an Aifreann.

I dtús an Aifrinn meabruigeann an Eaglais don tsagart go bfuil sé le dul isteach ins an "dTearmonn Ró-Naomta," i láthair Árdrí Neimhe, gurab é fear ionaid Críosta é, go bfuil sé ar tí Corp agus Fuil Críosta do toirbeart ar an altóir seo i bhfiadhnaise an Athara Síorraidhe agus na Cúirte neamhda. Ag machtnamh don tsagart ar an gcúram naomta sin, ní féadann sé gan a iarraidh go hiniseal ar Dia aris, leis an urnaighe sin *Aufer a nobis*, a peacaí do thógáil de agus a chroidhe do ghlanadh.

Nuair a sroiceann an sagart an altóir, cromann sé beagán agus guideann :

"*Oramus, te, Domine.* Guidimid Tú, a Thigearna, as ucht tuilleamais na Naomh a bhfuil a dtaisí annseo agus do chuid Naomh uile, mo pheacaí go léir do mhaitheamh dom. Áimén."

Ag ráth na bhfocal *quorum reliquiae hic sunt* ('a bhfuil a dtaisí annseo') don tsagart, pógann sé an altóir. Sul a ndéantar ionóbairt an Aifrinn ar altóir, caitear an altóir (nó leac na haltórach, ar a luigead) do choisriceadh. Sé an tEasbog a ghní an coisriceadh, agus, le linn a dhéanta, cuireann sé cuid de thaisí na Naomh i dtaisge ins an tic, agus ní fulair taise amháin de chorp Mairtiris do beith ar na taisí sin—is amlaidh do léigtí an tAifreann ós cuamhair na Mairtíreach anallódh, le hómós dóibh agus lena meabhrú do na Críostaidhibh gurb é bás Críosta "ba tús do gach mairtíreacht". Is ar tic na haltórach a leagtar Corp Críost agus cailis A chuid fola. Le hómós do Chríost, agus dá chuid Naomh a bhfuil a dtaisí ins an tic sin, is eadh a pógas sé an altóir. Sin é an fáth, freisin, a dtúisigeann sé í—rud a ghní sé (más Aifreann Mór atá le beith aige), tar éis dó an urnaige sin '*Oramus, te, Domine*', do chríochnú. Beannuigeann an sagart an tús leis na bréithribh seo :

Ab illo benedicaris. Go mbeannuighidh an Té sin tú a ndóighfear tú le hómós dó. Áimén.

(A). An méid sin den Aifreann ar a bhfuil labharta againn go strásta, goirtear an **Réamh-Aifreann** de. Is feileamhnach an t-ainm é, mar is fada gur órduigh an Eaglais (ins an mbl. 1570) na hurnaighthe sin do ráth ag an altóir mar a ghnítear anois. Séard a bhí ins an Réamh-Aifreann urnaighthe do moltaí don tsagart a ráth dó féin roimhré, urnaighthe lena ndéanfadh sé a aigne agus a anam d'ullmhú agus do chóiriú le hagaidh an Aifrinn. Ní raibh aon urnaige áithrid ceaptha don tsagart ar dtús, acht a cead aige urnaighthe freagarthacha a ráth do réir mar a thogruigeadh sé. Is furas a thuigsint go n-abruigeadh a lán sagart an Salm sin, *Judica me, Deus* (Sm. 42) i ngioll ar an rann sin *Introibo ad altare Dei* atá ann. Ins an mbl. 1550 do foillsigeadh leabhar Aifrinn le hughdarás an Phápa, Pól III, agus do hórduigeadh ins an leabhar Aifrinn sin go n-abróchadh an sagart Salm 42 "ós árd nó ós iseal" roimh ghluaiseacht fá théin na haltórach dó.[1] An 14adh lá de mhí Iúil 1570, d'foillsigh Pius V an Bulla *Quo primum* lenar ughdruigh sé leagan cearthuighthe den

[1] I leabhar Aifrinn Sarum (do cuireadh i dtoll a chéile i ndeireadh na 11adh haoise) tá sé órduighthe don tsagart Sm. 42 (*Judica me, Deus*) a bheith ráidhte aige, ins an Eardam, sul a dtigidh sé anuas go bun na haltórach. I n-áiteacha, deirtí Salm 42 agus urnaighthe an Réamh-Aifrinn i séipéilín ar leith, nó i gcór na mainistreach, nó, ag ghluaiseacht fá théin na haltórach don tsagart. Ní cóimhrightí mar chuid den Aifreann iad, áfach, go dtí gur foillsigeadh leabhar Aifrinn Pius V (1570). Agus i ndiaidh 1570 féin, d'féad na Doiminiceánaigh, na Cairméilítigh, (agus eaglaisí áiteamhla áithrid, a raibh leabhar Aifrinn dá gcuid féin acu) a leabhar Aifrinn féin do choinneál. Níl an Salm sin *Judica me, Deus* (Sm. 42) ins an Aifreann ná roimhe ag Ord n. Doiminic. I leabhar Aifrinn na gCairméilíteach, tá an Salm sin le ráth ag an sagart "ag ghluaiseacht fá théin na haltórach dó".

leabar Aifrinn[1]. Sé leabar Aifrinn Pius V do socruiġ Urnaiġte an Réamh-Aifrinn mar atáid ó soin, agus a d'órduiġ don tsagart iad do ráḋ ag an altóir mar a ġnítear anois.

(b). Maidir leis an *gConfiteor* (*Admhuighim*) de, ní féadfaḋ an sagart gan é féin d'íslíú i láthair Dé roimh an Aifreann agus a ucht do bualaḋ, ag machtnamh dó ar an iodbairt ró-ġlain atá le n-ofráil aige agus ar a peacaí agus ar a neamhfiúntacht féin. Déarfaḋ sé, mar adubairt fear bocht úd an tSoisgéil: "A Dia, déan trócaire ormsa, an peacaḋóir,"—nó focla eile. Nil a fios, ar ndóiġ, cén t-am ar sgríobaḋ an céad leagan den *Chonfiteor*. Is cosamail gur leagan gearr a bí ar dtús ann agus gur cuireaḋ leis ó áit go céile agus ó am goham, ins an gcaoi go raib leaganacha éagsamla den *Chonfiteor* dá ráḋ ins an Meadon-Aois ins an **Réamh-Aifreann** (agus i dtús na faoisdine, freisin, mar a ġnítear anois). I dtús na 12aḋ haoise bí an leagan seo inár ndiaiḋ den *Chonfiteor* dá ráḋ i n-áiteacha mar cuid den Réamh-Aifreann:

Confiteor. "Admuiġim do Dia uilecómhachtach, do na naomhaib sin, agus do na naomhaib uile, agus duitse, a bráthair, gur peacuiġeas le smaoineamh, le labairt, le ġniom, le truaillíú m'intinne agus mo colna. Uime sin, impidim ort, guid orm."

Ins an 14aḋ haois bí an *Confiteor* fada atá againn indiu dá ráḋ i n-áiteacha. Da é Pius V a d'uġdruiġ an ġnáth-Chonfiteor sin agus a d'órduiġ don tsagart é do ráḋ mar aon le hurnaiġtib eile an **Réamh-Aifrinn** ag an altóir (1570 leis an mBulla úd *Quo primum*).[2]

[1] Sin é an leabar Aifrinn atá againn gus indiu. D'órduiġ Clemens VIII an leabar Aifrinn sin do coigeartú agus d'foillsiġ sé an leagan coigeartuiġte leis an Bulla *cum sanctissimum* (an 7aḋ lúl, 1604). Rinneaḋ an dara coigeartú ar an leabar Aifrinn le hórdú an Pápa Urbanus VIII, agus d'foillsiġ an Pápa sin an leagan atcoigeartuiġte sin an 2aḋ lá de Meadon Fóġmair 1634 leis an mBulla *Si quid est.* Act níor athruiġ an dá coigeartú sin aon cuid den téacs a bí socruiġte ag Pius V.

[2] Ní misde cúpla sean-leagan eile den *Chonfiteor* a cur síos annseo. Siod é an leagan atá i leabar Aifrinn Sarum: "*Confiteor.* Admuiġim do Dia, do Muire beannuiġte, do na naomhaib uile agus daoibse." Ins an leabar Aifrinn a d'foillsiġ Pól III (1534—1549) bí an leagan seo: "*Confiteor.* Admuiġim do Dia uilecómhachtach, do Muire beannuiġte, Sior-Óiġ, do Peadar beannuiġte, agus do na naomhaib uile agus daoibse, a bráithre, gur peacuiġeas, tré mo coir féin. Impiġim oraib, guidid orm." Ó d'foillsiġ Pius V (ins an mbl. 1570 leis an mBulla *Quo primum*) an leabar Aifrinn iomlán iarna ceartú, sé an ġnáth-Confiteor fada an t-aon ceann amáin atá ceadaiġte ins gach aon áit a bfuil ġnás liotúirgeach na Róma i bfeidm.

D'féad na Doiminiceánaiġ, na Cairméilítiġ agus na Cartúiseánaiġ, á ngnás liotúirgeach féin a coinneál, amhlaidh, ar an ádbar go raib a leabar Aifrinn féin ag na hÓrdaib sin le dá céad bliain roimh 1570.

Deir Ord n. Doiminic an *Confiteor* mar seo: "*Confiteor.* Admuiġim do Dia uilecómhachtach agus do Muire beannuiġte, Sior-Óg, agus do Doiminic beannuiġte, ár nathair, agus do na naomhaib uile, agus daoibse, a bráithre, gur peacuiġeas go ró-mór lé smaoineamh, le labairt, le ġniom agus le cionn-failliġe, tré mo coir féin. Impiġim oraib guidhe orm." Freagruiġeann an cléireach (tar ceann an pobail): "*Misereatur.* Go ndéanaid Dia uilecómhachtach trócaire ort agus go maidid duit do peacaí go léir: go saoraid Sé tú ar gach uile olc, go gcúmduiġid Sé tú agus go mbeirid slán tú cun na beatha siorraidhe. Áimén."

I n-áiteacha ins an nGaedealtacht, deirtear an focal sin "le cionn-failliġe," nó "le failliġe" ins an gConfiteor, agus luaidtear ainm Pádraig mar seo: "agus dár naom-pátrún (asbol), Pádraig"—pé ar bit cén caoi a dtáinig "le cionn-failliġe" isteach, mar ní as na leabraib Urnaiġte a fuair an sean-dream na focla sin.

(leanfar de)

The Last of Old Ireland

AN IRISHMAN LOOKS AT HIS WORLD

JAMES DEVANE.

I REMEMBER reading in the travel book of a Himalayan mountaineer a story which reminded me of the fate of my own nation. The traveller had climbed some thousands of feet when suddenly there came to his sight a beautiful bird—the golden crested oriole—soaring on easy pinion a thousand feet up in the sky. The author described with what emotion he looked on this beautiful bird as he thought, (for it was long since believed to be extinct,) that his were perhaps the last mortal eyes that would ever again gaze on a golden crested oriole.

So it is with bird and beast. On the one side is the natural history museum, full of reconstructed skeletons and stuffed effigies of animals and birds, and without is the teeming life of what Goldsmith called " animated nature." But somewhere between, there must have been a time and place where the last few surviving specimens of a species now extinct dragged out their last few years on this earth.

As it is with birds and animals so it is with nations. Hundreds and hundreds of nations have dropped out of history and left not a track behind. When I see on the film screen pictures of the Indian wars my sympathies are not all with the white man. The American continent was big enough to hold both white and red ; the white conquerors should have mingled their blood with the indigenes as all the great empires and conquerors in history have done.

When in some illustrated paper to-day I see pictures of the last survivors of a once great Indian tribe, the Sioux, Iroquois, clad in ill fitting cast off clothes of the white man, herded into reservations and paraded every few weeks in feathers and native dress to do a war dance and be a jibe and jeer for a tripper's holiday, my sympathies are all with the Indian. He once had his own proud nation, rode freely over his own native prairie. He had his rites and initiation ceremonies, his native song and dance and speech, told by the camp fire the story of the braves, the simple saga of the tribe. Soon it will all be gone. Soon he will have perished for ever from

man's memory. Yet he will not altogether die. Like a nation nearer home, a thousand years from now in North America, many a valley, lake, mountain and stream will bear a beautiful Indian name though the memory of the men who named them will have been utterly forgotten.

When a great religion dies it ought to fill us with sorrow, for there passes out of life something which has sustained the life and soul of a whole civilisation. One of the saddest songs in Greek literature came in the Byzantine period. A Philhellene in Byzantium invokes the old country gods ; Pallas guardian of the olive, Bromius of the vine ; Demeter of corn, and Hera of flowers, and the Paphian queen, Aphrodite called the Rose. And then he cries : —

" Pan, dear Pan, with me remain,
Touch the pipes and run them over,
Somewhere in this lovely plain
Echo waits upon her lover."

Mackail, commenting on these lines writes " We seem to hear the very voice of ancient poetry bidding the world a sad and reluctant farewell."

If it be mournful to see the last remnant of another nation soon doomed to die, it was not without emotion that I left Dublin to find the last survivors of my own Gaelic nation, which has undisputed titles of ancestry in this country covering more than two thousand years, and beyond that, through the celtic race, back to the dawn of history.

In a previous paper " Soliloquy in Lisnagry " I described how I went from the tinsel cosmopolitanism of Dublin into Connaught, looking everywhere to see if I could find a something that was unique ; something that was not a copy) a reproduction, an imitation ; something that was Irish and that could be mistaken for nothing but Irish ; an original, a man that was as distinctive of Ireland as a symphony is of a great master. I sought for that something Irish in a cloak, a shawl, a kerchief, a cravat, the cut of a boot, a coat, a buckle, stocking, lamp standard, cornice, frieze, roof or an inn sign. So absent was distinction or tradition, that I might be passing through a new colonial land, instead of through a country with an inheritance of a distinguished pagan culture and a Christian civilisation that had illuminated the darkness of the dark age. After one hundred miles of travelling I came to Lisnagry where I stayed for the night.

I stand at the door of the little inn at eight o'clock on an October night. There is a drizzle of rain. The streets are dark and deserted, save here and there a few dark

forms huddled in doorways. A pale yellow light from the few taverns which are open pierces the night. As I walk along the streets I see in a bar a few men slumped against a counter, gazing silently at a vacant wall in front. For any sign of life they might be dead. There is in the air that tang of salt and sea weed which is I think peculiar to our western sea board. The moan of the ocean is heard afar as it rolls in reiterated melancholy cadence along the sandy shore. Above the town the still lake makes more tense the stillness of the night. Far away may be seen the lights of scattered farm houses, each as remote from the other and as self contained, as a feudal castle with its moat and drawbridge. The newshop has a few flyblown magazines scattered in the window—" Home Chat," " Woman's Life," and children's " comics." The soughing of wind through the trees and the occasional lowing of cattle make an appropriate accompaniment to this melancholy picture.

In all this long journey and here in Lisnagry what had I seen of that colour, pageantry, poetry and art which is no small part of the glory of christian civilisation, as it certainly is of catholic culture ; or what had I seen that was Irish and could be nothing else but Irish. I could not help thinking that we were nobody's children in no man's land. The Anglo Irish was a distinguished society. It is idle to deny it. Its fault was that it was in Ireland, and was not Irish. In truth it was anti-Irish. But Ireland for a thousand years has stood by the graveside of every society, interest or party that tried to establish in this country an autonomy that had not the sanction of the nation's will.

The old Irish gaelic culture was great. Else how could it have survived for two thousand years. It was the Gael who absorbed Dane, Norman and English from the ninth to the end of the fifteenth century. And in the terrible centuries the sixteenth, seventeenth, eighteenth and first half of the nineteenth it was the Gael who saved the nation and the faith.

But this culture that we see about us to-day, this drab, vulgar, standardised cosmopolitanism, what is there noble in that ?

Having failed so far to find what I was looking for, the last survivors of the old Irish nation, I decided to go to Achill. There I said, I shall see our native Mycenae, Tiryns, our House of Atreus, and listen to tales of gods and heroes.

I had thought that Achill was an island, that you came to it by canoe or steam boat. I was surprised to find it was joined to the mainland by a short bridge. I had thought Achill was poor and sparsely populated. I found that it was much richer and more populous than an equal portion of the mainland. I also had

the idea that the Achill people were simple, primitive, unsophisticated. I soon found my mistake. In Achill they lived a sort of dual life, an inverted absenteeism.

In the old days the landlord drew his income from Ireland and lived in England, or wintered abroad on the Riviera. The Achill people winter at home. When St. Patrick's day comes they are off to England.

New York, Boston, Chicago, Liverpool and Glasgow are nearer to them than Dublin or Cork. Many know more about soccer and footballpools than gaelic and Croke Park ; more about rumbas and turkey trots than jigs or reels ; more about jazz than their own native songs.

All Achill speaks Irish. The old people spoke it from childhood as their mother tongue. The children learn it at school. A bounty of five pounds is paid if they speak it in the home. But you will hear little of Irish in Achill. And the reason is twofold : first Irish was the badge of an inferior society. The ' best ' people spoke English. Second English was a way of escape to better prospect of employment and pay in the English speaking world over the seas.

Languages like nations require an élite to insure survival. In relation to language and literature élites may be divided into three classes.

1.—Writers and especially poets. One great poet can make a language immortal. Once Homer was Greek would be. (I use the word " writers " in an extended not literal meaning. In early times literature was preserved in the oral memory of the people. Possibly this is true of " Homer ").

2.—Writers and poets need a cultured audience to appreciate good writing, and poets, if they have not money of their own, and the best have not, need patrons. In our civilisation—Europe—that patronage was given by the feudal aristocracy, and in Ireland by the old gaelic aristocracy, which by the end of the fifteenth century had absorbed Dane, Norman and English into a common gaelic culture.

By the seventeenth century the old gaelic aristocracy went down and was succeeded by a new aristocracy, largely English by racial origin (due to the plantations), English in language, in culture and political loyalty, and English in religion.

I know of course that there were individual exceptions and short periods that do not conform with this generalisation which covers a few hundred years of Irish history.

3.—There is a third something which has an immense influence on language and literature. It is even greater than the two I have spoken of, since it is that around which all cultures and civilisations in history have formed—religion.

The Irish language was spoken by millions in the nineteenth century. It could have survived the absence of one great world poet ; the loss of a native aristocracy, but the third loss was fatal—the severance of Irish religion from Irish speech.

Whenever I have travelled abroad, I have always tried to learn something of the religion of the people with whom I chance to be, and to visit their temples, for if you know something of the religion and philosophy of any people you will have an insight also into their way of life, architecture, craftsmanship, art and moral fibre and character. For all the great religions are social. This is true of the Hindu and Buddhist religions,the Græco-Roman, of Mohommedanism and of Christian religion. In Achill too, I said, to-morrow being Sunday, I shall go to the catholic chapel close by (I use the word chapel as meaning a little church) and there perhaps I shall find an answer to a problem which has puzzled me since I came to the peninsula.

I was up early on the Sunday and reached the chapel a quarter of an hour before the service began so that I had time to look around. I never heard the latin of the mass better spoken. Every syllable was clear. The celebrant I later heard was a jesuit, who was on a visit to Achill. There is at present a controversy as to whether latin or the vernacular should be used in the mass. I am all in favour of latin. The association of a classic language with a religion helps the religion ; of Sanscrit with the Hindu ; of the Hebrew with Judaism, of Arabic with Mohammedanism, of Greek with the Eastern church. Latin is the language of the Vulgate, of the latin fathers, and of Rome with which the Papacy has been associated for nearly two thousand years. And it adds both to the idea of the unity and universality of the Church when you can hear the same words and service in a little chapel on the banks of the Ganges or the Nile, as in a great cathedral in Spain, or Peru, or New York.

As I sat in the chapel in Achill a strange thought came into my mind for I said to myself there is more of the spirit of the Zambesi nation in a little wooden shack in central Africa on the outskirts of the jungle, served perhaps by a priest from Connemara, than there is of the Irish nation in this catholic chapel in Achill. It is true I saw everywhere signs to remind me that I was catholic, but I saw nothing to tell me I was Irish. The parochial notices in the front of the church, the inscriptions on the Stations of the Cross, the prayers before and after mass, the priest's address were in a language different from that which a hundred per cent of the natives spoke ; which their christian forefathers prayed in for nearly fifteen hundred years,

and which was the common language of Ireland for well over two thousand.

I looked at the stations, the statuary, the wooden effigies, no where could I find evidence that I was the heir of a nation that in the dark and early middle ages has created symbols of devotion among the most beautiful in Christendom, and that to-day has craftsmen and artists of no mean quality.

How different it is in Zambesi land in mid Africa. There in the little wooden shack that serves for a chapel you might see church notices in Zambesi and hear prayers in the native tongue ; there a Zambesi in bare feet, banyan and cloth strums out on a harmonium a Zambesi spiritual. Down in the bazaar a smith with a rusty nail and hammer traces in brass the image of a Zambesi Christus, another carves a black madonna out of ebony wood ; a budding Zambesi Angelico with a box of paints, given to him by an Italian friar, makes the first rude attempts at a church mural, the first glimmer of a Zambesi school of painting ; and at the native puja around the church in bright garment with native song and dance, tom tom, pipe and African flageolet the Zambesis hold high carnival.

How different is Achill, and even Ireland. As in Achill you have a inverted absenteeism. So too have you a sort of inverted puritanism. It is often said by our native " intellectuals," who repeat what they are told by their betters, that Ireland is puritan. The reverse is the truth.

Everyone who knows anything of history knows that puritanism was begotten in England, and that English puritanism came out of religion, calvinism ; that it held the gentle creed that the greater part of humanity were damned from birth, and could do nothing to avert its doom ; that it hated beauty and mirth ; it closed the old cathedrals and country churches which catholic England had built ; shattered noble stained glass ; hacked to bits beautiful English medieval painting, sculptures, frescoes, gold and silver ornament ; forbade ritual, vestments, pageant and colourful vesture ; closed the theatre (the devil's playhouse), proscribed cards (the devil's pictures), wine and even tobacco, horse racing, the village maypole, christmas, the country dance. What puritanism meant to Ireland is preserved in the everyday speech of the nation; the worst that one Irishman can wish for another—" the curse of Cromwell."

In Ireland you have a people who have run riot on drink, gambling, racing, dogs, jazz. Our government does not ban pictures

dance and song. Our fault is that we spend millions of pounds on rubbish, the wrong pictures, song and dance.

Our church does not forbid the temple beautiful ; vestments, ritual, ceremonial, pictures, statuary and an appeal to the senses in the worship of God. Our fault is that we import all these statues etc. ready made ; synthetic churches put together like a jig saw puzzle with bits and pieces cut out of illustrations in books ; pictures by the gross and statues in crates with a discount for cash. We are inverted puritans in that though we see nothing wrong in the adornment of the temple, we chose the ugly rather than the beautiful ; we chose rather that that adornment should be made in a factory in Belgium than that an Irish artist should make them in a studio at home. Perhaps there is with us an inverted puritan fear of beauty ; the fear that aesthetic beauty might corrupt. But aesthetic beauty can be defended on a moral argument—that beauty is good. The sense in which God looked on His creation and found that it was good; the sense that aesthetic beauty is a reflection of ideal beauty, which is God, or rather an attribute of God.

There are two rational approaches to Church architecture and ornamentation, and neither is the Irish way. The puritan which believes in the bare bald wall and bald temple. The classic catholic which believes in the temple beautiful ; that, within the resources of the people, the best, that is the most beautiful, is worthy of the House of God.

Here as everywhere else Ireland seems to have fallen between two cultures. We have neither the beauty of the catholic nor the the material wealth of the protestant. (If you want to find the reason read a twopenny primer of Irish history). There is perhaps more liquid wealth in ten square miles of Chicago than in all Italy. But there is more beauty made by man in ten square miles around Florence or Venice than in all the United States and Canada. There is more beauty in one Spanish cathedral than in all the protestant churches and conventicles of the American continent.

After I had stayed for sometime in Achill and failed to find the old Ireland I had come to see, I decided to go down the coast towards Galway in search of the lost Gael. I left Achill at evenfall and had gone many miles when rain came down and lashed against the windscreen. I peered through the wet glass to grope my way along the dark road, and then I heard an ominous sound, the splutter of a failing engine, a sign that my petrol was giving out. I had no spare tin. I nursed the engine and strained at the wheel in a physical effort to push the car on. I had almost given up hope and became resigned to spending the night by the wayside when I saw

in the distance the lights of a small village. I just reached it. I pulled up at a tavern and asked for the hospitality of a night's shelter. The owner kindly agreed although it was not his custom to receive guests, and he gave me a very welcome meal.

At the rear of the tavern there was a room with a mudfloor, a large open hearth, around the hearth several soogawn chairs and on the walls a few oil lamps. On to the room there was built a large corrugated iron roofed shed.

In this village it happened that the old people spoke Irish among themselves and all the young folk spoke English. As in a field when a storm gathers, and thunder and lightning crashes from the sky, you may see sheep seek the shelter of a ditch, so did these old folk, a few days each week, seek a refuge in this kitchen against a menace more powerful than Dane, Norman or Saxon, the smog of mass standardised civilization which threatens to envelop the earth.

Shy and retired before strangers and mass standardised civilisation, here these old Irish cast off their reserve. They lived again in a lost world. Many a tune the fiddler played. Many a song they sang. Perhaps some ancient song or mode a Gaulish soldier sang when he stood with Brennus in the capitol at Rome; that St. Paul may have heard when he spoke to the Galatians.

And then there came a cry, the cry of every age, young and old, and of all the ages—" Tell us a story." " Once upon a time "—it began, but on what wind of time was there borne to this kitchen at Kileshandra, from Persia, the Indian plain, a Russian steppe or an Aegean isle, this fairy tale of the childhood of the world ?

I listened for a few hours entralled. And then there came from the juke box in the jazz shack a satanic din—yelps and yowls and moans—the slimy whine of a crooner ; dark sadism and foul perversion—the laceration of the themes and tempos of the great masters ; the rape of noble instruments, the oboe, clarionet and bassoon. And ever and again there came from the fiddle of the old Irish minstrel a note so lonesome that it might be the voice of the universe, a melody so pure that it pierced the soul like some dim memory of celestial harmonies.

I seemed to stand between two civilisations, here my own old Irish ; and there a painted harlot we are rushing to embrace.

How beautiful is everything in its natural setting. How beautiful are these old salt seared faces ; these rough hands, coarse home spun clothes and hob nailed boots, here in this mud kitchen; and without the sand dune with its sparse tufts of wispy grass, and beyond the ocean beating an eternal tatoo against the scarred

cliff. How false when a city bred man puts straws in his hair and straw ropes round his trousers, and dances a Morris dance; when a precious writing man with pencil and notebook peers through a keyhole or listens at a chink in a ceiling and reproduces a dialect that was never spoken in Connemara, in Ireland or anywhere else on this earth.

The turf had turned to white ash in the hearth and now it was time to go.

Constant with the constancy of the celt; faithful among the faithless; loyal at the end to the nation and the religion which they saved, long after the religion and the nation had forgotten them: with that easy grace and quiet dignity, which cannot be bought for gold nor learned from books, (for it comes with age and ancestry), they walked into the night, to oblivion and to seeming death, these old Irish men and women, the last of sixty generations of my people, the gaelic nation, that for twenty centuries was Ireland, embodied.

* * * *

I had seen what I had come to see, the last of old Ireland; even as the climber in the Himalayas had seen, what no Irish nor mortal eye may ever see again, the last gold crested oriole.

My mission ended, next day I arrived in Dublin at nightfall. After a light meal I strolled down Grafton Street, and again I asked myself the question what is there in all this I see around me to show that I have a personality, a unique identity, something to tell me I am not in a side street of Liverpool, Glasgow, Sidney, Boston, that I am not one of a cosmopolitan mass of hundreds of millions.

While I was in this mood I found myself almost without knowing it in a cul de sac and in a large city church. A preacher was in the pulpit. He had a good presence and spoke with easy gesture and in a rich balanced voice, without pause or effort, as if the thought and the word took wing together. Soon a weird feeling came over me. I thought I was in a strange land. It may be in a cathedral in Spain, or a country church in France or Italy, in the little chapel by the lagoon at Negombo, or the Jesuit mission at Bandra on the Hoogly.

Well indeed might I think that I was in a strange land. In a catholic church in the metropolis of the Irish nation and the Irish race, I heard an Irish priest speaking to Irish catholics in the tongue of Patrick and Brigid, Columba and Columcille.

BOOK OF THE MONTH

CHURCH AND STATE THROUGH THE CENTURIES

Translated and edited by Sidney Z. Ehler and John B. Morrall (London ; Burns and Oates) pp. XIII. 625, 35s.

Here are brought together in one volume a selection of official pronouncements bearing on the relations of Church and State. In date the volume ranges from Trajan's rescript to Pliny (113 A.D.) to the Czechoslovak law on Church affairs (1949). Many of the documents are not easily accessible even in their original languages and many, here published *in extenso*, are appearing in English for the first time. The editors have certainly achieved their declared aim of providing reliable translations of " significant official doncuments in one of the most controversial fields of Church History—the story of the Church's relationship with the secular political power through the various metamorphoses of that power over twenty centuries of history." For this reason this volume should be invaluable to the serious student and indispensable to the teacher of history. The relations between the Church and the State are not a matter solely for the professional historian or the professional churchman. A study of official documents dealing with the question at various levels and in differing circumstances and applications should not be without value to the general reader in his capacity as voter, councillor, or legislator.

Limiting the scheme of the book to official documents, while it simplifies the problem of selection, does not forestall the inevitable disagreement as to what documents merit inclusion in a collection such as this. St. Ambrose was so much the model bishop of the Western Church that his relations with the civil power were of considerable importance in shaping the ideas and policies of individual bishops and of the Church as a whole in the west. For this reason perhaps a place might have been found for his letter to Theodosius I concerning the massacre at Thessalonica. If place could be found for only one prouncement of Boniface VIII, it might be maintained that the *Clericis Laicos* is more significant than the bull *Unam Sanctam*. Again it might be argued that the selection of the *Regnans in excelsis* of Pius V demands the printing of the *Act of uniformity* without which it has little significance. In any of these cases there are good reasons for and against selecting the document but, glad as one may be to meet an old friend, it is difficult to find any valid reason for admitting the *Donation of Constantine* as an equal to this company. The absence of any document on the prosecution of heresy is remarkable. One might have thought that the *De heretico comburendo* of Frederick II or Henry IV might have found a place. Either document would have illustrated the fact that in the midst of conflict in one direction Church and State could be in complete agreement in another. This is a fundamental matter for it is largely due to the all but complete agreement between the adversaries that conflicts arose and reached such depths of bitterness in the middle ages.

The documents are grouped into eight chapters, each chapter prefaced by a general introduction the purpose of which is to place the documents in their general historical context. Each document is preceded by a commentary. The eight general introductions taken to-

gether amount to a history of the relations of Church and State over a period of two thousand years. It is doubtful if any treatment of so large a subject in so narrow a compass could be successful. What is required is an introductory chapter, in addition to the present introductions, defining as clearly as possible the agreed spheres of Church and State and indicating the areas in which conflict has in fact occurred. Such an introductory chapter would have required some treatment of the origin and nature of the Church and would have obviated some of the difficulties met with in the course of the book. It is not easy to see in what sense the decrees *Sacrosancta* and *Frequens* of the Council of Constance bear on the relations of Church and State even if we accept the unexpected commentary which precedes them here. " If applied integrally and permanently, the decrees *Sacrosancta* and *Frequens* would have changed the whole structure of the Church, transforming it into a type of parliamentary democracy. This being unacceptable to the Papacy, the Conciliar ideology met, after the Council of Constance, with the stubborn opposition of the Pontiffs ; many serious and protracted difficulties resulted." The view of the Church implied here is not very sure ground on which to base any discussion of the relations of Church and State.

The basic claim put forward by the Church was, and is, that it is the Church of Christ, a visible society, complete and autonomous in its own right, its structure and hierarchy, with the pope at its head, fixed and determined by its divine institution. It is the divinely appointed vehicle of the sacraments and of divine grace, the teacher, guardian and protector of the faith and morals of Christians in their public and private lives. This claim is not something that developed with time. It is inherent in the nature of the Church deriving from its charter of foundation —the teaching of Christ. The whole purpose of the Church is to guide and assist all men towards their supernatural happiness and perfection in heaven. Once Christianity was accepted, this claim was not seriously challenged until the Reformation and even then it was the identity of the Church of Christ that was disputed rather than its basic rights and duties.

The State is likewise a society complete and autonomous in its own right existing to promote the good and peaceful life of its citizens, to maintain internal order and to defend the community from its external enemies. So that it may fulfil the purpose of its existence it has the right to make and enforce laws, to judge between citizen and citizen and between citizen and community, to use coercive power, and to tax its citizens in the interest of the common good. All its rights and duties derive from the nature of things—the natural law—and are antecedent to and independent of revelation.

When these two complete and autonomous societies confront each other in circumstances where the state is non-Christian, though many practical difficulties may arise, there is scarcely any theoretical difficulty. The Christian obeys the laws and gives every service of a citizen to the State so long as these laws or these services do not conflict with his faith or morality. In a matter of faith or morals he must accept imprisonment or death or whatever be his fortune—" for we must obey God rather than men."

It is when the rulers are Christian and the citizens entirely or almost entirely Christian that serious theoretical problems come to the fore, with their attendant train of grounds of practical conflict. Now the body of the faithful is the community of the State, the common good is the good of a Christian community. The Christian ruler may with some justice see himself as receiving his power from God, an almost sacramental power given for the maintenance of Christian values in the community. As steward of the flock of Christ he must give an account of his stewardship to God. How can he then be liable to correction or to deposition by the Church. The Christian ruler looks to, and is responsible for, not only the mundane good of his subjects but also their supernatural good. Should he not therefore have the appointment and control of the ministers of the Church? The ministers are likewise citizens of the State; should they not therefore bear equally with other citizens the burdens of citizenship—taxation, jury service, military service and so on? The clergy likewise are bound by the rules of public order; should should they not therefore be amenable to the jurisdiction of the civil courts?

From the point of view of the Church autonomy demands political independence. In the case of the Pope it has been found that independence can only be achieved if he is an autonomous civil ruler, and on occasion even that has not guaranteed his independence. The independence necessary for the Pope is necessary for every minister of the Church in his degree. If he is to be free of political entanglements he must be free of political liabilities, but above all he must not be dependent for his appointment or livelihood on the civil ruler. Churches and ecclesiastical institutions and the revenues attached to them, in so far as they are ecclesiastical, derive from gifts of benefactors. They are therefore to be considered as things given and consecrated to God and therefore free of civil burdens and taxation. The Church is directly responsible for guiding and protecting the faith and morals of all Christians, and like any other Christian, the ruler is amenable to its jurisdiction and correction for his public and private actions to the extent that they involve matters of faith or morals. If in the last resort, the protection of the faith or morals of his people should demand it, his subjects can be relieved of their obligation to obey him and he is deposed.

Through twenty centuries these questions have been threshed out, sometimes fought out in arms. The selection of documents brought together here is only a tithe of the official pronouncements made at various times by either party. It is only a tiny fraction of the vast litterature that grew up around each question as it came into dispute. To read these documents fairly it is necessary to bear in mind that there are just claims involved all the time, though on either side they may be pressed beyond due limit. Principles valid in themselves have in this matter, as in so many others, been followed up in practice ill-advisedly, over-zealously or even dishonestly. The excesses of the partisan, however he may jeopardise the cause he advocates, do not invalidate sound principles. If the history of the relations of Church and State over the last two thousand years proves anything it proves that it is as unwise to treat the State as part of the Church as it is to treat the Church as part of the State.

URBAN FLANAGAN, O.P.

BOOK REVIEWS

ST. DOMINIC ; SERVANT BUT FRIEND. By Sister M. Assumpta O'Hanlon, O.P. Herder, London, pp. 182 ; Price, paper 15s., cloth 26s.

This is a very satisfying life of the founder and father of the Dominican Order. True, the subtitle appears at first a little disconcerting, but it may be hoped that readers will recall the text in St. John's Gospel ; "I will not now call you servants . . . but I have called you friends." This ideal of close friendship with the Saviour of Mankind, especially as the Truth Incarnate, is the prevailing thought around which the author writes a very living and at times graphic account of the great Patriarch.

Obviously the holiness of all saints consisted in friendship with Christ, but each possessed his own way of expressing it. St. Dominic, described by Dante as " Friend fast knit to Christ," had a very characteristic way—an entirely Dominican way of loving, and in love of serving. This very personal friendship, as the author shows, looms large in his brief but terribly intense life of fifty one years. " The power of St. Dominic as a preacher, his success as a defender of truth, his victories in the field of controversies, his chivalrous devotion to the Mother of God, his supreme self-conquest, all emanate from a single source, friendship with Christ."

Sister M. Assumpta in her previous books already established a reputation for historical research and literary ability. Both these gifts serve her well in this new biography. Historically she shows wide knowledge of the period, and paints a vivid background of the state of the then Christian world, against which St. Dominic's life and labour in quickly moving scenes comes into sharp focus. As far as specialised Dominican history is concerned, she is not satisfied with just a rehash of modern devotional lives, she brings the reader happily back to the earliest sources for her authentic information, which she then analyses and develops in support of her central theme. Scripture, especially the clear teaching of the Divine Master, shows the light of St. Dominic's life as a flame in the great lamp of Gospel truth. Frequent quotations from Aquinas show how well the father lived what the greatest of all his sons was one day so truthfully to describe. From the literary point of view her skill lightens what might otherwise be a dull historical treatise. Classical English authors help in elucidation, but the writer's main-stay is Dante who so beautifully expressed all that St. Dominic was and did in his " Paradiso."

Two other assets in biographical composition are obvious in this work. The author writes as a Dominican and as a woman. As a Dominican her enthusiasm is evident. She is in complete sympathy with her subject, walking as she does in the footsteps of the founder. This enthusiasm may at times lead the author into minor rhapsodies, but never over-done, never merely fanciful. That a woman should engage in portraying St. Dominic is in the best Dominican tradition. We owe much to Blessed Cecilia for information which is typically feminine. Writing as a woman

engaged in the Order's Apostolate of teaching, there is naturally a particular emphasis on what all Dominican Sisters owe to their father and founder. When the Church for the first time in history was confronted with an organised force of women heretical apostles, she found St. Dominic's perfect answer in a Christian organisation of women of "The Holy Preaching." It was the first example of the apostolate of like by like.

A.M.C.

HERNÁN CORTÉS, CONQUEROR OF MEXICO. By Salvador de Madariaga. Hollis and Carter. 25s.

This history of Cortés and of his part in conquering one Mexico and founding another was first published in 1942 and a second edition of the scholarly and readable work now appears. The author, Salvador de Madariaga, has now over a dozen major works to his credit, covering history, literature and life, on much of which he has an individual approach. To the exposition of his views he brings a far-ranging scholarship, a ready wit, and a turn of phrase, which cannot fail to charm even when the reader cannot agree with his assumptions or his conclusions.

In the present work the personality of the author does not obtrude itself more than it should. In HERNÁN CORTÉS, Salvador de Madariaga assembles, translates, records, collates, sifts, evaluates. The picture of the life and times of Cortes which emerges is one which reflects credit on the subject himself, on the Spain from which he came, and on the author.

Mexico of the Aztecs, Mexico of the Emperor Monteçuçuma, was magnificent, highly developed and highly organised, yet bedevilled by human sacrifice and cannibalism. Superstitious fear facilitated conquest by Cortés as he was thought to be an incarnation of the god, Quet-zal coatl. Yet there was an appalling disproportion between the material means at Cortés' dispoşal—a couple of thousand men, a couple of hundred horses, a couple of score of cannon—and the task which Cortes set himself. What were the gifts of mind and character which turned the balance in his favour

Hernán Cortés, it is clear, was one of the great captains. He kept his objective always before him; and his objective, as Salvador de Madariaga shows, was no less than the conquest of Mexico for the flag of Spain and the Cross of Christ. He was a tireless seeker of information about the enemy. He drove himself, his officers and his men. He struck the enemy hard. He kept the initiative. He guarded his lines of communication. He made the most of the moral advantage of his preternatural-seeming cavalry, his steel weapons, his cannon, and of surprise.

But he was no plaster saint. It is the statesman rather than the soldier who extends unduly the limits of military necessity, and Cortés was a soldier-statesman. At all events his interpretation of military necessity seems at this distance of time and space to have been occasionally over-wide. There were acts of torture, mutilations and executions which Cortés ordered or permitted and in which the innocent suffered with the guilty. If it was not Cortés himself but his lieutenant, Alvarado, who

was guilty of the tragic outbreak of preventive violence in the Mexican capital, nevertheless Cortés had already provided a precedent in ordering the massacre of Cholula. Yet the author brings out time and again the respect which Cortés had for the law of nations and the law of God—Cortés' difficulty was in applying the law as a commander in the field fighting against a bloodthirsty—literally bloodthirsty—enemy. At times his respect for legal forms, based on his respect for law as much as on his legal training, appears almost pedantic.

The missionary Catholism of Hernán Cortés is brought out not only in his enthusiasm to plant the Cross and to tear down the idols, but also in the acts of profound and public deference with which he greeted the first twelve barefooted Franciscan friars, for whom he had sent to Spain, on their arrival in Mexico.

Though Cortés would not have considered himself other than a Spaniard, the loyal subject of their Catholic Majesties, nevertheless he was in a way the first Mexican, and figures such as Cortés—powerful, self-willed, single-minded, astute, turbulent, human and heroic—have continued to exercise a special fascination over men's minds in Mexico and elsewhere in Latin America.

S.E.

THE CONVENT AND THE WORLD. Sister M. Laurence O.P. Blackfriars. 9s. 6d.

A mere glance at the title of this book makes one want to know what is inside the cover. And that is well, for this is a book worth reading by all classes alike, both religious and layfolk. Published already a few years ago in pamphlet form, in three separate booklets, the measure of its success may be gauged by the fact that now, in response to a demand we have the trilogy printed in one compact little volume, which forms " an amazingly comprehensive yet brief and lively estimate of the practical essentials of religious, and especially of contemplative, life."

Written by a contemplative nun, " one who has been for many years strictly enclosed within the walls of her Dominican Monastery," " it is written with a keen appreciation and in the language of the outside world of to-day." The writer's approach to her subject is entirely original and entirely satisfying. In the first section of the book, which is divided into three parts, we have a series of letters between Sister Laurence and an imaginary young girl Doreen, who thinks she may have a vocation to the religious life, and wants some help and guidance in the matter. " I want to be a nun but I haven't dared tell anyone about it, because I thought a priest would say I hadn't any signs of a vocation, and I have been praying for courage to mention the matter." In the two remaining sections there is another series of letters between Sister Laurence and a fictional Marjory, a friend of Doreen's, who is quite certain she has not a vocation to the religious life, but who wishes to exercise a little apostolate in the world " even if it's only that of correcting wrong ideas about the Church. *But* I badly need to discuss some of the criticisms which have been made to me, about the religious life for instance."

In her replies to her two correspondents Sister Laurence shows herself to be a woman of sound doctrine and practical common sense, well able to meet these girls, typical examples of modern life, on their own

level. Her book cannot be too highly commended ; it's own intrinsic worth is further enhanced by an excellent foreword by the Provincial of the English Dominicans, Very Rev. Father H. Carpenter, O.P. It " will be of particular value to young women who think they may have a vocation, to Catholics and others wishing to understand the true essence of religious life, and for religious Superiors to place in the hands of enquirers."

S.A.

CONTEMPLATIONS. Blackfriars. 7/6.

This slender volume was presented to the Glasgow Dominican Tertiaries to mark the Silver Jubilee of the foundation of their Chapter, which they celebrated in 1949. The sons of St. Dominic first came to Glasgow in 1246, where they laboured for the faith until 1559 when they were driven forth from the city at the time of the Reformation. From that date on no Dominican Community existed in Glasgow until the establishment of the Third Order Chapter in 1924. "The Chapter seems to have owed its beginning in a sense to Father Vincent McNabb whose friendship with Dr. Flood led to the latter's becoming first a Tertiary himself, and then the founder of the Third Order Chapter in Glasgow."

"Since its inception this new growth of the Dominican Order has maintained a full and vigorous life. Helped only occasionally by the actual presence of one of the Fathers of the First Order, it has nevertheless proved itself a model of what a Dominican Tertiary Chapter should be."

"Such is the regard of the Province for this Chapter and appreciation of its intrinsic worth, that a volume of such general appropriateness as this was almost inevitable."

The book contains articles by distinguished members of the English Dominican Province, who were associated with, and assisted in the formation and development of the Chapter, on such subjects as "The Little Office of Our Lady," "The Rosary," "The Glasgow Blackfriars," "The Glasgow Chapter of the Third Order of St. Dominic."

This work should prove of interest not only to the Glasgow Tertiaries, for whom it was primarily intended, but also to all English speaking Tertiaries, and anyone interested in the history and achievements of the Order of Preachers.

S.A.

ST. BRIGID OF IRELAND. By Alice Curtayne. Browne and Nolan Ltd. 10s. 6d.

This life of St. Brigid is hagiography of the highest standard, written with ease and command of language. The writer succeeds admirably in depicting fifth-century Ireland. The life of the Saint is fully dealt with, from her youth as a slave-girl to her life as head of the great Abbey of Kildare. Here the amazing charity which was characteristic of Bridget is illustrated by many stories, and from the pages emerges a clear and satisfying picture of Ireland's Patroness.

There is additional interest in the glimpses it affords of early Irish Monastic life, and one encounters there other great Irish Saints—Patrick Mel and Columcille.

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