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If you think of Doctor O'Hagan as a secular writer, it is his thought and attitude that stands out in memory, for reasons which will later appear. He is taken as an "Among Ourselves" writer, it is more particularly his style and scholarship that commend attention; for as the Irish backsliders say to the revivalists in the city, "what we should do" is our duty, in whatever form of literature it appears, is more or less familiar. By his scholarship and his style, then, he gives personal service as an exponent of staunch Catholicity and common sense.

The most distinctive features of his style are the lucidity and directness which reveal simplicity of purpose. He is as clear as air, as limpid as water. He is sometimes called a brilliant essayist, but it is not in the manner in which, for example, Gilbert Chesterton, is said to be brilliant. When you read Chesterton, you are apt to lose momentary sight of his theme and purpose, in admiration of the paradox and epigram that blaze in your path. You catch them up to admire as if they were jewels, and forget the subject to which they relate. John Burroughs leads a reader browse off sideways on personal excursions prompted by his fanciful analogies. The style, which reads Doctor O'Hagan's essays will follow the development of the subject. The sparkle of the author's wit, the shining ornament of his thought, do not distract nor detract a ray of attention from the main point of the truth, so that more obtrudes itself than do harmonious conditions of light and air in a schoolroom or lecture hall, but they help one to hear and learn. Doctor O'Hagan has been and is an instructor and an educator, and this character is stamped on his work. It is not likely that actual students in his classes have found occasion for brilliant aside-reflections of their own. A steady seriousness gives the tone in his restful writing.

That which makes his style, aside from the craftsmanship, is the judicial mind of this author. A natural logic, a sense of proportion, and self-repression bring and keep the theme effectively in view. Among educators, there are two kinds of teachers: the one who by personal influence draws one to follow and accept his views which are frequently partial and biased; the other, who holds up the subject to the mind's eye as in a mirror, so that even antagonistic learners follow, by the logical impulse of their minds, to its acceptance. He gets a hearing anywhere by dispassionate presentation. Thus Doctor O'Hagan elucidates truth, addresses the wider field where many examine the claims of truth who would not listen to more impassioned exposition. Positive in his position and uncompromising in its expression, he is at the same time restrained, too polished, to give offense, and conciliatory through the power of peace.

The elements of strength in his style—taste, judgment, power and finished workmanship—are reinforced by, or rather, are a part of, the intellectual and reserve. He does not spend himself. Yet his thought is full, because his themes are the vital ones. Although he is a conservative thinker, he is decidedly original in two respects: he has brought his scholarship to a new point, for few authors cater. Too many Catholic writers condemn us forever to the rudiments of letters, or else they write about our heads with a vocabulary suited to theologians and other expert-specialists. Doctor O'Hagan, moreover, in writing for the general public has included therein that elusive and frequently anathematized creature, the American Catholic reader. Whereas, many of our writers, again in writing for this same general field, forget or ignore the fact that we are of this public and attentive to them. Hence, we have now and then the off-tone observation that cuts to the heart. Doctor O'Hagan's work is neither the literature of condescension nor is it "On the heights." His themes, at once popular, cultural and vital, are addressed to the educated—but not unduly educated—class, and are yet intelligible to many less fortunate in educational opportunities. He recognizes the literary need of those readers who seek something midway between popular exposition and heavy study.

In the following passages from his various essays may be seen the style of imagery, pleasing diction, judicial temperament and polish; the quotations at the same time reveal his attitude, scope of thought and sense expression.

"It is that of the Italian Renaissance depicted by Browning in The Bishop Orders His Tomb did not find setting in his poems as a foil to the pure and pious men and women who prayed before the shrines and in the cloisters of Italy who the new wine of the old classicism, poured from Homeric casks and flasks, had intoxicated the head and heart of that garden of Europe and turned possible saints into satyrs."

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JUNE 10, 1911

DOCTOR O'HAGAN'S WORK

A READER'S ESTIMATE

A man does not write for critics, and yet their opinions have weight; while those of the reader, which really show how the wind blows, are negligible—light and wayward as straws. Gathered in a sheaf, straws may conveniently be sat upon; which is the worst that can happen to those that follow. They are the impressions made by the writings of Doctor O'Hagan upon that type of life-student who never graduates anywhere but flits among electives. The contents of five little volumes, the scholarship and style of the author, are here translated to the viewpoint of that reprehensible being—the free-lance Catholic reader.

If you think of Doctor O'Hagan as a secular writer, it is his thought and attitude that stands out in memory, for reasons which will later appear. He is taken as an "Among Ourselves" writer, it is more particularly his style and scholarship that commend attention; for as the Irish backsliders say to the revivalists in the city, "what we should do" is our duty, in whatever form of literature it appears, is more or less familiar. By his scholarship and his style, then, he gives personal service as an exponent of staunch Catholicity and common sense.

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He has Browning's half-truths in mind when he says:

"The function of poetry is to speak essential truths as opposed to relative truths." And again in the same essay he convicts Browning: "Self-pennation, the true spirit of the cloister is . . . a seamless garment which neither the false satire of a Tennyson nor the flashlight of a Browning monologue can transform from a beauteous raiment of light."

Of Shelley's "Prometheus," he writes: "The poem breathes hatred to historical Christianity. Yet this great lyrical drama should be carefully studied, not for its ethical value, but as an exemplar of the logical product of the rationalism which was nurtured through two centuries in the garden of English song."

Two other selections seem apt for a different view of Shelley: "It is a noteworthy fact that the farther the human mind departs from Catholic truth, the less will be the value of the expression of its genius in art." "It is the office of poetry not to guide the conclusions of the intellect, but to tone the feelings in accordance with truth and duty. Poetry is not to teach truth; it is to judge itself."

In the judgment of poetry he would ask: "Does the poem possess unity, congruity and a definite and worthy purpose?" It needs a harmonious and not too literal mind to apply such standards and limitations to poetry. To many, defining poetry seems like putting a check-rein on Pegasus; the conception of Art more easily received. Art has its roots in the spiritual—and must be interpreted through the spiritual."

A passage destined to be quoted often is the closing paragraph of the admirable essay, "Poetry and History Teaching Falsehood." Catholics have no need to apologize for the poetry or poetry of their Church during its reign of nineteen hundred years. It is a book open to the world, and every chapter in it is a record of the spiritual and intellectual progress of man. There have been, indeed, twilight epochs—spiritual eclipses when man seems to forget his divine destiny; but the Church of God still stood at her altars waiting for the people to kneel—waiting for the "Inebriate of kings and nobles, peasant and slave. Therefore as a student of history and literature, we protest against every misrepresentation of Catholic truth whether within the pages of history, or in the pages of poetry. For the author—a professor in one of our New World universities, a Marie Correll, counting her gains as she kneels at the shrine of a publisher, a Tennyson striking the chords of falsehood and "looking down" on the "lowly" of the "poor"—Browning, constructing his little monologue chapel by the wayside to seduce from Catholic truth his poetic pilgrim—it is ever misrepresentation wearing the specious garb of truth, whether it be in fiction or poetry teaching falsehood."

As collected, Doctor O'Hagan's work comprises five small volumes, two of verse and three of essays. Of the poetry which is his, there will be no need to hesitate. The interest of the volume, "Canadian Essays," is particularly for citizens of that northern land, since many of the men and women discussed are as yet little known in the United States. It is reliable and of value as a reference book. The subject which will commend themselves to the student according to his needs are: "Canadian Poets and Poetry," "Women Writers," "The Legends of the Jesuit Martyrs," "The Canadian Deportation" and "The History of the Catholic Church in Ontario."

"Studies in Poetry" has more general value. It was designed and is in use as a text-book for English classes in academies and high schools. The "Studies" which suggest themselves as graduate work under advanced savants, are "In Memoriam," "A Death in the Desert," "Sonnets from the Portuguese," "Intimations of Immortality," "The Ancient Mariner," "Prometheus Unbound," and "The Eve of St. Agnes." The "st essay, embracing analytic, interpretative and appreciative criticism in the most exhaustive, Marginal topics and appended question lists are in accord with the design of the text. In all the studies, the author's attitude is impartial and scholarly, truth is sifted from error and the reliability of the poems is shown. In judgment of these classics, he is in accord with the generally-accepted opinion, except where a question of Catholic principle is the issue.

The latest volume, "Essays Literary, Critical and Historical," is the most timely and fresh in theme, and expressly welcome to the student-reader. It contains "The Princess," a study, "The Degradation of Scholarship," "The Literary Renaissance and the Popes of Avignon," "The Study and Interpretation of Literature," and "Poetry and History Teaching Falsehood." The only regret one feels is that this volume is so small. Several of the five essays are acceptably formed each a volume of itself. The Degradation of Scholarship is a live topic that somehow has thus far escaped the modern epidemic of "Exposure." Conditions described in Ontario might take high color in the United States whenever the school and text-book system have their turn with the muckrake. "The Popes of Avignon" are here in a congenial atmosphere, and in an essay one finds something a text can not give. And the essay calling most of all for continuation is the much lauded "Poetry and History Teaching Falsehood."

The exceptions to Browning taken in this essay have been noted in the quotations already given. In the matter of history, Doctor O'Hagan attacks a text-book used in Chicago University—the General History of Europe, by Thatcher and Schwill whose names may be said to be the literary names of their time. Their text-book assailed the Jesuit in history. If Doctor O'Hagan in repelling the attack betrays more spleen than usual, it may be because the knights of the Midway Struggle are as gallant the Midway Struggle as the failed Jesuit in question. Yes, this is work for men. The wily Jesuit of fiction was always avoidable, but the Jesuit of history is ever a sore trial to the secular Catholic student.

Many writers who have done their best work in prose—Bayard, Taylor, Oliver Wendell Holmes, and others—

cherished a secret desire to live in their verse. Perhaps in their poetry they had looked away that which was most precious of their mind—the dream and the song to which they alone kept the key, because expression eluded them. A poem is a symbol that sometimes, but not always, means the same thing to its creator and its readers. It is a door and it is a mirror and a treasure chest with myriad keys lying in the hearts of those who read. Hence a poem is so difficult to criticize or judge by a standard; it may mean little to one and much to others. To the poet himself it should mean most of all.

Even though Doctor O'Hagan's poetic work were not his earlier expression, he is at his best in the essay. That which makes him of strong value in the latter work tells against him in verse. The judicial mind is antagonistic to the poetic temperament; logic, police, restraint are opposed to imagination, fancy flight and poetic fire. The volumes "In Dreamland," "Songs of the Settlement," hold feeling, but the emotion is not always communicated to the reader. Emotion must be felt excessively by the poet, since it is diminished in passing to the reader's sentiment, but Doctor O'Hagan's self-repression bars out this excess; he does not yield himself to it.

Aside from this lack, there is much to give delight and pleasure in the volumes of verse, for many prefer the quiet, restful voice and fruitful thought upon the fair-trimmed tree, "Songs of the Settlement," similar in key to Carleton's and Riley's homely poems, will always be popular with the majority. Heart-pictures of stronger days in rural corners of Canada, Canadian color-tones in descriptive verse, the two-fold patriotism instinctive in Western born Celts—all these find pleasing setting in imagery always tasteful and often powerful in transferring vision. The technique of the forms chosen is good, the rhythm always fluent. One fancies the sonnet form would better embody the dignity and grace of Doctor O'Hagan's thought and sentiment, but he has chosen more popular forms. "The Old Brindle Cow" and "The Freckled Boy at School" are good examples each of his humor and pathos, the latter poem having a decided flavor of James Whitcomb Riley's art. "Song My Mother Sings" is deservedly popular, yet is not the most individual of his poems.

There is both art and heart in the little poem, "The Tryat." In "Grosse Ile" is heart and a universal sympathy expressed objectively, commemorating the Irish exiles buried there. The spirit of Faith breathes always in his verse, while the human appeal is sometimes lacking. In "Grosse Ile" human appeal is strong and sure. In "Ripened Fruit," which is generally chosen as his best poem, this human note again carries distinctly, this time in subjective expression.

"I know not what my heart hath lost, I cannot strike the chords of old. Yet meanwhile he does strike them, most decidedly—the universal pain-chord, the common loss, and the discovery that 'Not all is lost—the fruit remains.' It is linked here as may be expected, with the spiritual:

"The glory of the summer sky May change to tints of autumn hue, But faith that sheds its amber light Will wind our Heaven's tender hue."

"O altar of eternal youth! O faith that beckons from afar! Give to our lives a blossomed fruit, Give to our morrow an evening star."

These lines recall the beautiful and tender, less optimistic, stanzas of "The Volcanoes": "O hearts that break and give no sign, Save whitening up and fading dreams, Till Death pours out his cordial wine, Slow death poured from Misery's crushing presses!"

"It is in the poem 'In Memoriam' that Doctor O'Hagan surrenders completely to the lyric impulse of sorrow. It is the inextinguishable child cry of humanity. Less polished than many of the poems, it has true feeling. Before one reaches the fifth stanza where the 'loss' is named, he will have guessed it: 'A father—'

"He knew the world in little part, And heeded not its noisy din, Taught of stain his life was mar, O Lord make pure the dark sin. For Sorrow now I look and gaze, Cut off from land by sorrow's bars, And through the mists that blind mine eyes, I faint would pierce beyond the stars."

Though Doctor O'Hagan's published volumes are few and far between, his work is a composition in the signs that the best work, the "ripened fruit" is yet to come. The latest book, the product of his particular powers, gives hope of more in the line of criticism, literary and historical. Literary criticism, as a branch of letters, bears too often the stigma of advertising. It has a more inspiring function. For those who can combine judgment and honesty, is the mission of forming the reading public and directing future literature in a time of low ideals, hasty publication and money coining. If literature is a criticism of life, then what is literary criticism?

An amusing passage in "My New Curator" is that in which "Daddy Dan" tries to set "Father Lethely" to research work for a paper on "The Three Cappadocians," and can cite no references but the works of notorious and noted antagonists of the "Three." Both clergymen are horrified to discover that none but opponents had ever written of these religions. The dearth of Catholic authorities in every branch of literature and science is not grievous now. Science, fiction, poetry, the poets have their serious and gifted men. In the field of literary criticism, however, the general reader finds, to form his thought, everywhere and at all times the work of Matthew Arnold, Brander Matthews, Burroughs, Stevenson and a host of others all more or less avowedly agnostic in thought and in perception of values. Strong and interesting and valuable is their work;

but the complement of their views, the reagent for their thought, the principles of historical Christianity, we do not find on the same library shelves. We need more Catholic critics.

The following passage from John Burroughs illustrates that which must be taken with his keen and strong views of life and literature: "The spirit of the age, the Time Spirit is always at work and takes us with it whether we know it or not. For instance, the whole religious world is now drifting away from the old theology and drifting faster than we suspect. Certain zealots have their faces very strongly set against it, but like Commodore Perry on the ice floe, they are going south faster than their efforts are carrying them north. Indeed, the whole sentiment of the race is now moving into a more genial and temperate theological climate, away from purgatorial fires rather than toward them."

And even though the half-truth in this perceived, the repetition and familiarity of the idea too often achieve an effect not warranted by the logic. Therefore, while read and least in the open forum of life are glad of Doctor O'Hagan's critical essays and desirous of more that shall find their way by judicial balance to the public reading shelves. In his journal in the "New World" he is "Chats by the Fireside" it is the judicial criticism of life and letters and art that come most timely. —CATHERINE MCPARTLIN in May Maguificat.

TWO VIEWS OF MODERN RELIGIOUS THOUGHT

By John, Hugh Benson in The Atlantic Monthly

CONTINUED FROM LAST WEEK

Up to fifty years ago it was commonly asserted by thinkers who were at that particular date "modern," that the phenomena alleged by Catholics to have been manifested at certain holy places, or in the lives of holy people simply did not take place and never had taken place, because miracles were obviously, impossible. It was a magnificent and beautiful act of faith to make—an act of faith since it rested upon an unproved principle, that the fact remained in spite of that—but it was not science. For within the last fifty years it has gradually been discovered that the events did take place, and still take place, in every century of the world. For example, the Church has observed for about two thousand years that every now and then a certain human being manifested every sign of being two persons in one, two characters within one organism; further she observed that the use of very forcible and dramatic language administered by authority, if persevered in long enough, frequently, but not infallibly, had the effect of banishing one's evil passions. She called this phenomenon "Possession," and the second "Exorcism." I suppose that there was no detail of the Church's belief more uniformly mocked than this. Yet at present, when we read the lives of the saints, we find that the modern psychologist of repute who is not familiar with these phenomena, and who does not fully acknowledge the facts. It is true that "modern thinkers" give other names to the phenomena, but they are not less real. "Not all is lost—the fruit remains," to the one, and "suggestion" to the other—but at least the facts are acknowledged.

It would be possible to multiply parallels almost indefinitely. Communication with the dead, the fact that physical means; phantasms of the living (called by the Church "bi-location"), and of the dead; faith-healing; the psychical effect of monotonous repetition; the value of the Church's exorcisms; "sacraments," that is, of suggestive articles (such as water) in which there is no intrinsic spiritual value; even the levitation of heavy bodies; even the capacity of inanimate objects to retain a kind of spiritual life. The list of the person who was once in close relations to them (as in the case of relics)—all these things, or most of them, are allowed to-day, by the most materialistic of modern thinkers, if not by the most enlightened, at least to be worthy of very serious and reverent consideration. When men like Sir Oliver Lodge, Professors Riebet, Sidgwick, and Lombroso are willing to devote their chief leisure to the investigation of these things, it is hardly possible even for other scientists to dismiss them as nonsense.

Now, I am not concerned here with the discussion of the two main religious questions, the facts by Catholics on the one side, and "modern thinkers" on the other; for each explanation rests on a theory of the entire cosmos. The Catholic who is quite certain that the supernatural world, or who thinks it in the closest possible relations with this, is perfectly reasonable in attributing phenomena of this kind to those relations. The "modern thinker" who either does not believe in the supernatural world, or who thinks it in definitely distant (whether in time or space), and is simultaneously absolutely certain that all the phenomena of this world arise from the powers of this world, is equally reasonable in his superb act of faith. But it is surely very significant and suggestive to find that, whatever the theories may be, at least on the actual facts (professors of the particular province of the "modern thinker") the Church has been perfectly right and the "modern thinkers" perfectly wrong; and that the Church has not only enjoyed through her "Tradition" (which is another word for continuous consciousness) wider and longer experience, but has actually been more accurate in her observation. It is so entirely unreasonable to think that, since she has been right in her facts, she is at least entitled to some consideration in her theory, or to the question of that? For, after all, the Church is not so absolutely idiotic as some of her critics appear to think. She too is really quite aware of the fallings of human evidence, of the possibilities of deception, fraud, and error in the testimony of the senses. She perfectly realizes that it is often extremely hard to discriminate between objective and subjective energy, as her rules for the testing of alleged miracles, evoked or personal, show. Yet I would venture to assert that not one out of every ten of her psychologist opponents have ever heard of much less read, the very sensible and

shrewd directions on these very points, laid down by Benedict XIV.

And if, finally, it could possibly be shown that the modern psychological theories are correct, and that these abnormal phenomena were, after all, produced by hitherto unknown powers in human nature, there would still remain for discussion, the very grave question as to why it was that religion managed to control these powers when every scientific attempt to do so lamentably failed; why it is that even to-day "religious suggestion" is so successful in what ordinary suggestion, even under hypnosis, cannot; and how it is that certain undisputed facts brought about at Lourdes can only partly be paralleled, that the creed which embodied that Revelation should contain correlated and organized in a whole, all those points of faith of which each merely human system of belief can catch and reflect but one or two. For it is inconceivable that there is to be at any period of history a revelation from God, many points in that revelation should not have been anticipated, at least partly and fragmentarily, by groups of human minds for which, later, that revelation was intended. It is surely very remarkable that in this instance, as in so many other things hidden from the "wise and prudent" are revealed to babes and that the rulers and the managers, and manna, somehow or another, to control and use forces of which the present century of light and learning has only just discovered the existence.

Now, the facts mentioned are surely suggestive, not necessarily of the truth of the Catholic religion, but of the extreme likelihood that that religion, and not a benevolent Pantheism or Immanentism, is to form the faith of the future. Here is a religious society which is not only up to the present the one single religious force that can really control and unite the masses, but also the one single religious body with clear dogmatic principles which can attract at any rate a considerable selection of the most advanced and cultivated thinkers of the age. It is the easiest thing in the world to become an individualist; it is always easy to believe in the practical infallibility of one's self; one only requires the simple equipment of a self-interest, a contempt of one's neighbor; but it is not very easy to believe in the infallibility of one's neighbor. That requires humility, at least intellectual. The craving for an external authority is not, in spite of a popular and shallow opinion to the contrary, nearly so natural to man as a firm reliance upon his own. Yet here the fact remains that this continuous stream of converts into the most practically and theoretically dogmatic society in the world, of converts who through their education and attainments surely should be tempted, if they were tempted, to remain in the pleasant Paradise of Individualism and Personal Popery.

Next, there is the consideration of the undoubted tendency of academic minds to be blind to all data except those which fall under the dominion of science to which they have devoted themselves; faced by the very sensible and Catholic way of treating man as a feeling as well as a thinking animal, and of taking into account in the study of truth, not only matters of dry intellect, but those departments of knowledge to which access can only be gained by the heart. Thirdly, we glanced at the extraordinary vindication that Catholic exorcisms have received, at least with regard to facts, from the most modern of all modern sciences.

There remain, however, several other signs of the future which must not be disregarded. Mr. Charles Devas, in his brilliant book, The Key to the World's Progress, points out by an argument too long to reproduce here that, so far as the word progress means anything, it denotes that kind of development and civilization which only makes its appearance, and only is sustained, under the influence of Catholicism. He traces with great sociological learning the state of comparative coma in which "ante-Christian," nations seem always involved, the exuberance of life, for both good and evil, that bursts up so soon as Catholicism reaches them (whether directly as in the case of Africa and Spain, or indirectly, by imitation, as in the case of Japan), and the activities of corruption that, together with the dying impetus of the old faith, keep things moving, so soon as Catholicism is once more abandoned, as in the case of France. In regard to both virtues and vices, the ante-Christian, the Christian, and the post-Christian nations are clearly and generically distinguished. The object of his book is to indicate the strong probability of the truth of personal religion which exhibits these effects; but it is also of service in indicating the probability that that same religion should accompany and inspire progress in the future as it has in the past.

A large and very significant detail in this process lies in the effect of Catholicism on the family. Not only are Catholics more prolific than other nations (directly in virtue of Catholic teaching on the subjects of divorce and birth control), but the Church also is the one body that resolutely regards the family, and not the State or the individual, as the unit of growth. And it is simply notorious that where the family is overshadowed by the State, as in the case of Sparta, or by the individual, as in the case of every really autocratic despotism, no virtues of patriotism or courage can avail to save the country from destruction. It seems astonishing that our modern arm-chair philosophers seem unaware of the significance of all this with regard to the future of religion.

Another sign of the times surely lies in the prevalence of comparative religious indifference, and the fact that our modern researches have taught us, what the Church has consistently known and maintained, that there are great elements of truth common to all religions. Once more, our modern theorists have leaped forward enthusiastically, and acclaimed the discovery of this very ancient fact as a proof that Catholicism is but one among many faiths, and no truer than the rest. Hence, they say, "are a contemplation of the sacred in Buddhism, a reverent here for the departed among the Confucians; the idea of a Divine Redeemer in Mithraic worship; and sacramental

ism among the American Indians." Very prudently they do not lay stress upon the eternal despair of Buddhism, the paucities of the Confucians, or the religious brutality and materialism of the Indians. They select those elements of sanity and truth that are distributed among the various faiths of the world, those elements which appeal to all men, in some degree, and find in their diffusion an argument against the one faith that holds them all!

"Comparative Religion" has done, in fact, an enormous service to the claims of Catholicism. It has revealed to the world exactly that phenomenon which should be looked for, ex hypothesi, in a Divine Revelation, namely, that the creed which embodied that Revelation should contain correlated and organized in a whole, all those points of faith of which each merely human system of belief can catch and reflect but one or two. For it is inconceivable that there is to be at any period of history a revelation from God, many points in that revelation should not have been anticipated, at least partly and fragmentarily, by groups of human minds for which, later, that revelation was intended. It is surely very remarkable that in this instance, as in so many other things hidden from the "wise and prudent" are revealed to babes and that the rulers and the managers, and manna, somehow or another, to control and use forces of which the present century of light and learning has only just discovered the existence.

Now, the facts mentioned are surely suggestive, not necessarily of the truth of the Catholic religion, but of the extreme likelihood that that religion, and not a benevolent Pantheism or Immanentism, is to form the faith of the future. Here is a religious society which is not only up to the present the one single religious force that can really control and unite the masses, but also the one single religious body with clear dogmatic principles which can attract at any rate a considerable selection of the most advanced and cultivated thinkers of the age. It is the easiest thing in the world to become an individualist; it is always easy to believe in the practical infallibility of one's self; one only requires the simple equipment of a self-interest, a contempt of one's neighbor; but it is not very easy to believe in the infallibility of one's neighbor. That requires humility, at least intellectual. The craving for an external authority is not, in spite of a popular and shallow opinion to the contrary, nearly so natural to man as a firm reliance upon his own. Yet here the fact remains that this continuous stream of converts into the most practically and theoretically dogmatic society in the world, of converts who through their education and attainments surely should be tempted, if they were tempted, to remain in the pleasant Paradise of Individualism and Personal Popery.

Next, there is the consideration of the undoubted tendency of academic minds to be blind to all data except those which fall under the dominion of science to which they have devoted themselves; faced by the very sensible and Catholic way of treating man as a feeling as well as a thinking animal, and of taking into account in the study of truth, not only matters of dry intellect, but those departments of knowledge to which access can only be gained by the heart. Thirdly, we glanced at the extraordinary vindication that Catholic exorcisms have received, at least with regard to facts, from the most modern of all modern sciences.

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