

had no need of relationships with me nor did it ask for my consent or that of others; it rested in itself, obedient to its own laws, indefinable by us but laying bounds to itself. Now for the first time I felt again that there was a Power over me, and I knew that towards that Power a human being could conduct himself only as a servant. For simultaneously with the idea of quality and my growing concern with it, there appeared a set of standards: the meaning of worth and worthlessness came home to me, and seemed something ordained for me to follow—something that paid no attention to my notions but presided by reason of its own majesty. A ladder was immoveably present: transitory appearances gave way to form, change was halted, and permanence was manifest to me, almost within the reach of my hand—permanence unmoved by time and bringing to me in the midst of the stream of flitting things a pledge of the eternal. Now for the first time my life had a meaning, and dwelt in the morning glow of a way to live.

Twenty years more were required for the work of regeneration to reach completion. They were years in which he followed Baudelaire, who said in his artist's manner—*Le soif insatiable de tout ce qui est au delà et que voile la vie, est la preuve la plus vivante de notre immortalité.* Then in the end there was nearness to death, and a sharp phrase of Nietzsche's. "Finally the awful aspect of the long suffering mercy of God brought me to my knees," says Bahr. The details of the conversion are not worked out for us to see and enumerate. Perhaps the reader may therefore object that the conclusion drawn from Zola's phrase was somewhat abrupt and bizarre, nor does it seem that our author is even yet quite as thoroughly cleansed of Zola as he might desirably be.

Likewise there is mingled with the earnestness of a concluding summary of his religious experience Bahr's inclination to paradox—

Before the eruption of that ghastly malady of the spirit which is known as rationalism, no man would have hit upon the bottomless idea that he could drink through his fingertips. Kant is the physician who has cured the western world of such a malady. I had been trained too thoroughly in Kant from my boyhood to dream of pulling my own head out of the swamp. My vehement craving for authority, without which beauty, goodness and truth, so essentially necessary to my life, must remain unattainable, could not be satisfied with purely human theories . . . The mere historical circumstance that God once appeared on earth and died for us was also unable to aid me, so long as He simply left me alone. I was only then to be rescued when He Himself should lift me up, give Himself to me, and make me certain that gradually I would lessen my attachment to myself and strengthen my love for Him . . .

Of all the religions which I know, only the Catholic Church offers this assurance. The others do not even dare to propose it. Then too, my spirit is much too proud for obedience to a church which in any way grants that salvation might possibly be found without its assistance. If a church admits to me that I might perhaps be able to get along without it, my self confidence would never per-

mit me to refrain from the attempt to experiment. Only the church *extra quam nulla salus* is at all worth a trial. If one can reach the goal otherwise, why the added complication? A church which regards itself, so to speak, as one among many variants of a lost text, can offer me no certitude; and of uncertainties I have quite enough of my own.

Since then Bahr has tested his faith, realizing meanwhile "that I had always been, in my deepest heart . . . whenever I was really in touch with what I really was, a Catholic." His is a very human, a very gripping record. To have swum through the welter of modernity to the rock of Catholic tradition; to have found there the citadel by which the destiny of man, in his social no less than in his individual aspects, is guarded; and to have bent the knee while many scoffed—that is a career which Americans, who are handed so many faded flowers from European gardens, really ought to know.

CHRISTIANITY IN RUSSIA

By FRANCIS McCULLAGH

WHEN listening in Judge Ford's Court on Armistice Day to the arguments for and against the handing over of Russian Church property in America to Father Kedrovsky, I could not help reflecting on the fact that the ecclesiastical "reform" movement in Russia changes almost every month. Just as the title "Russian Socialist Federal Soviet Republic" has now been superseded by "The Union of Socialist Soviet Republics" and the name "Leningrad" has replaced "Petrograd," so the title "Living Church" has disappeared, its place having been taken by "the Russian Orthodox Church." There are therefore two institutions in Russia called "the Orthodox Church," one with the Patriarch at its head, and one ruled by a body which calls itself "the Sacred Synod," and at the present moment it is Judge Ford's business to decide which of these two bodies has the right to appoint metropolitans in this country.

I shall try in this article to make the situation clear, even at the risk of being somewhat dry and technical.

In the first place the Patriarch Tikhon is undoubtedly the Patriarch of Russia, for he was elected by the last free Convocation that met in Russia—the Convocation of Bishops which met in Moscow on August 15, 1917. Two months earlier, that is, in June, 1917, a Great Sobor or Conclave of the Russian Church met in Moscow, being the first representative council of that church which had met for over 200 years, the last having come together in 1721, during the reign of Peter the Great. Like the Convocation of Bishops, this Great Sobor was perfectly free, perfectly canonical. It was composed of the entire hierarchy — metropolitans, archbishops, bishops, archpriests, priests, and other delegates, every two hundred parishioners being represented by two priests

and two laymen—for in congresses of the Russian Church, the delegates are not all in holy orders—the whole number present being 1,072.

Of all the reforms carried out by this Sobor, the only one that need interest Judge Ford is that relating to the Patriarch, who is declared to be amenable for his administration to the Sobor or Great Council. In spiritual matters he must govern with the Holy Synod, and in temporal matters with the Supreme Church Council.

Since August, 1917, no canonical Sobor has been called, for "the Red Sobor" of May 2, 1923, was uncanonical, and as the "Living Church" is equally uncanonical, its appointment of Father Kedrovsky to the see of New York is *ultra vires*.

Why do I say that "the Red Sobor" of May 2 was uncanonical? For a hundred reasons, of which I shall try to indicate a few. It did not call itself a "Sobor:" it called itself a "Local Church Council," but it was not even that—it was a collection of priests and laymen without any ecclesiastical power whatever. These priests and laymen had not been convoked by proper authority. They had been called together by a group of insubordinate priests who called themselves "the Living Church," but who were not and are not a church at all, who are not and are not an administrative organ in the Orthodox Church. Moreover, the assembly was, to a disgraceful extent, "packed," priests and bishops antagonistic to the "Living Church" being kept out of it, and only priests who had identified themselves with the reformers being admitted.

This assembly was a grotesque caricature of a church congress. It had no more ecclesiastical jurisdiction than the conclave of actors in Dominican habits who fill the stage in the second last act of Bernard Shaw's *St. Joan*. It was a mock convocation whose proceedings were a shameful parody on religion, almost as shameful a parody as the blasphemous anti-Christmas processions which I saw myself in the streets of Moscow two years ago, processions in which bogus monks pronounced bogus benedictions on jeering gangs of atheists. The language wherein the members of this sham synod indulged was absolutely un-Christian, even anti-Christian. Vvedensky, a leading figure at this congress, proposed a resolution of thanks to the All-Russian Executive Committee and to Lenin, "the tribune of social truth." "We must bear witness before the world," he said, "the political truth exists only in Soviet Russia. I do not blaspheme: I feel that at this moment Christ is with us." Another resolution declared that "the Soviet government is not a persecutor of the Church, but on the contrary, it is the only government in the world that aims at establishing the ideal kingdom of God." In face of the persecution the Church was undergoing at that very moment, and of the repeated repudiation of religion by all the Soviet leaders and by all their organs in the press, such language as this is monstrous.

The point is, however, that this "synod," being an uncanonical assembly, had no right to unfrock the Patriarch, who is still, therefore, the head of the Russian Church. He is assisted by a synod, "the Holy Synod," it is called, which last met, so far as I am aware, on May 21, in the Donskoi monastery on which occasion it passed a number of resolutions. It consists of four metropolitans, five archbishops, and one bishop. There also functions, under the Patriarch's direction, a Supreme Church Council composed of twelve prelates and four laymen. The "Living Church" is ruled by what is called "the Sacred Synod" presided over by the Metropolitan Evdokim, but this synod is clearly uncanonical. It does not represent the Russian Church, and it cannot, therefore, make valid ecclesiastical appointments in America or elsewhere. Moreover, several of its members are reported to have made their submission to the Patriarch; and the whole New Church organization is short of money. At the time of the English Reformation, the reformed clergy were kept alive by the transfer to them of the properties whereon their Catholic predecessors had lived, but no such transfer has taken place in the present instance. The Soviet government nationalized everything, leaving the clergy to be supported by the Faithful. Well, it is a fact of which I have personal knowledge, that the only Orthodox clergy in Russia who are being supported by the laity are the clergy who take their orders from Patriarch Tikhon. Those who take their orders from the organization which formerly called itself "the Living Church," get no support from the laity, and their churches are only frequented by ignorant people who come there without knowing that any change has taken place.

At one time I was under the impression that the Living Church would dominate all Russia, but that was at a time when that church had just been started and one could only guess what would happen to it. Having watched it for the last six months, I now see that it is being starved by lack of financial support either from the Soviet government or from Orthodox Russians. This does not mean, unfortunately, that the Orthodox Church is saved: far from it. Disintegration is going on at a great rate, and the death of the Patriarch may mean a complete collapse. But it will not mean the triumph of "the Living Church."

NEW CONTRIBUTORS

C. C. MARTINDALE is a distinguished member of the Society of Jesus, and the author of *The Waters of Twilight* and *The Household of God*.

J. SCOTT MACNUTT is a well known artist of St. Louis.

DANIEL SARGENT, critic and poet, is the author of *Our Gleaming Days* and *The Road to Welles-Perennes*.

FRANCES BOAL belongs to the younger school of southern poets.

J. CORSON MILLER is the author of a book of poems, *Veils of Samite*.

MARGARET WIDDEMER, novelist and poet, is the author of *The Old Road to Paradise* and *The Graven Image*.

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HENRY JONES FORD, editor and lecturer, is the author of *The Rise and Growth of American Politics, and Representative Government*.

HUGH ALLEN is a contributor of fiction and criticism to the magazines.

THE IMPERFECT DINNER PARTY

By HELEN WALKER

(*The drawing room of Mrs. Chase-Lyon's home in New York, discreetly East, of course. Mrs. Chase-Lyon, who is awaiting her dinner guests, has the round guileless face of a cherub, with weak blue eyes. She has tucked her rather strident red hair up under a silver turban in whose folds glistens a diamond crescent—this because her particular guest tonight is to be the Indian mystic, I-Tellem-Blah—grand bulbul of a secret school of philosophy, who has come to New York to tell the secret to Those Who Are Ready.—A maid, unable to understand his non-Christian name, announces—"Mr.—Blah."*)

Mrs. Chase-Lyon:—I knew it was you. I felt your presence before you were announced.

I-Tellem-Blah:—Yes. You would. Tonight you belong to the East—my land—with your radiant head.

Mrs. Chase-Lyon (*uncomfortably feeling for stray wisps of hair which may have escaped the turban*):—How flattering! I should adore living in the East. Tell me about it.

I-Tellem-Blah:—Ah—we only waste time when we speak of other things than the Soul. Talk to me of your spirit. I wish to know your soul—to caress it.

Mrs. Chase-Lyon (*who is a little deaf, and not very clever at catching I.-T.-B.'s broken English*):—My what?

(*The maid announces Mr. Blair.*)

Mrs. Chase-Lyon:—You clever, busy man! How nice of you to be so punctual. Mr. Blair, this is Mr. I-Tellem-Blah, our great Eastern mystic.

Mr. Blair:—How do you do? First visit to New York?

I-Tellem-Blah:—Yes.

Mr. Blair:—Seen the Stock Exchange?

I.-T.-B.:—No.

Mr. Blair:—The Woolworth Building?

I.-T.-B.:—No.

Mr. Blair (*thinking hard*):—The Zoo?

I.-T.-B.:—No. My hungry pupils suffice.

Mr. Blair (*uncomfortably*):—I see.

(*The maid announces Miss Chatterson.*)

Miss Chatterson:—So sweet of you to ask me, Mrs. Chase-Lyon.

(*Mrs. Chase-Lyon introduces Miss Chatterson, then goes to greet Senator Folson, who has just entered with Mrs. Youngwidow. They are followed by a man and a woman—the woman, tall and blonde, is wrapped in something extraordinarily resembling a Navajo blanket.*)

Mrs. Chase-Lyon:—Oh, how lovely! I haven't seen you two since you were married. Mrs. Youngwidow, do you know our famous playwright, Mrs. Morse—(*she is interrupted by the blonde Navajo,*

who says crisply — "Miss Georgette Soule, if you please!")

Mrs. Chase-Lyon:—Er—ah—but weren't you two married last month?

Miss Georgette Soule:—Quite. But while I am Mr. Morse's wife, I am *not* Mrs. Morse.

Mrs. Chase-Lyon:—Really! How interesting!

Miss Georgette Soule:—No—I retain the name I was born with, and, I hope, the individuality. You see I was one of the charter members of a club called The Woman Speaks—one of the basic ideas of which is that all women should keep their maiden names, married, divorced or single. Charlie is quite in sympathy with us. I shouldn't have married him if he hadn't been.

(*Charlie smiles lamely.*)

Mrs. Chase-Lyon:—But my dear—it seems to me that you *did* change your name once. I remember as a little girl you were called Joyous.

Miss Georgette Soule:—Ah—that's a different matter. My career demanded that I replace Joyous with Georgette. The press is so merciless. A play by Joyous Soule would draw no end of ridicule. Equally poor would be a play by Mrs. Charles Morse—no distinction at all.

Mrs. Youngwidow:—But really—isn't it very confusing? How is one to know—er—

Miss Georgette Soule:—Not in the least.

(*Charlie has edged away into a far corner and is talking to Miss Chatterson.*)

You see I wear no wedding ring—a sign of woman's ancient bondage—only this little-finger ring of jade is the symbol of our perfect union. Charlie has his name; I, mine; he, his apartment; I, mine; he, his freedom; I,—(*she suddenly sees Charlie in the far corner.*) Charlie! Come and tell Mrs. Youngwidow how perfectly we have arranged things.

(*At this juncture, Mr. Chase-Lyon enters inconspicuously and greets his wife's guests. The maid announces Mrs. Ernest Uplift.*)

Mrs. Youngwidow (*who has pounced upon I-Tellem-Blah, is heard saying to him in a sudden lull of conversation*):—Yes, I know I'm psychic. At night, when I lie in bed, I have the curious power of being able to stop cats fighting in the rear. I simply say over and over to myself, gently, firmly—"Go away.—Peace.—Love one another.—Go away."

I-Tellem-Blah:—Ah, lucky lady. You are one of the Few who Are Ready. You must come to my classes.

Mrs. Ernest Uplift (*in strident tones to Senator Folson*):—But what is the Administration going to do about the important question of vocational training for convicts?