PROFESSOR MAX DRENNAN

THE scholarship and wit, the lovable personality and frank geniality of the late Professor Drennan have been spoken of in two notices in the *Times*, the month of his death, January, 1935.

Therein, too, it is noted that, in his England, at seventeen he adopted Catholicism "with characteristic enthusiasm." From these convertites there is much matter to be learnt, said Jaques. There is; and from their wandering away; and from their return. 'Twas so with Drennan, truly a wanderer from his birth. Born in home county Banbury, he had taught in Ceylon under the Oblate Fathers, and had been in the United States before I first knew him, when he and I taught together, in Canada in 1903. Later he was Professor of English in Galway, at the time of the European War and of the Irish Rising of 1916. And, last of all, he was in Johannesburg (from 1917), where for nigh twenty years he lived; and where he died. In South Africa he said he at last found a home wherein he could settle down. But he kept in touch with England, as a member of the Authors' Club, London; which he joined, he said, "in the impossible event of my going over." And he was a not infrequent jester in *Punch*. His humour, if it had a distinctive touch, may, perhaps, be said to be specially English; although Protestant Irish, seemingly all Celtic, was his descent.[1] Persons of mind have praised M.D.'s *Punch* pieces. In Canada, he was *The Canadian Month's* "Eno Poppyhock," with his "Olla Podrida," finding "irrational" the almanack's June 25 succeeding June 24. "It is also monotonous. Why should April 2nd always follow April 1st? Is there any reason why it should? A scientific calendar such as I

[1] He was collaterally descended from the Ulster Presbyterian 1798 poet, William Drennan (1754-1820), so proud of having first used "the Emerald Isle," in his poem *Erin*, "When Erin first rose"; "that rebellious but beautiful song, said Moore (v. Brooke and Rolleston's *Treasury of Irish Poetry in English*, p. 25).

should construct, for instance, would run something like this: January 1st, August 10th, May 25th, December 39th. I should construct this with the aid of a weather expert or some other mendacious person; and people would then know when to plant their turnips."

Canada also gives a recipe in this English humourist's Olla: "Melt three pounds of Canadian cheese in a blast furnace for about a week. Stir gently with a boot-brush and add, while simmering, a large handful of mixed cloves and tin-tacks and a piece of butter the size of a walnut. Apply when of treacly consistency to the soles of your boots and no snow will ever penetrate them." His whimsical humour appears in an incident he recalls with his favourite children, little boy and girl, of a South African colleague. The Mother: "Now you've got to be bathed." And the visiting Drennan "yelled, and said: 'I won't. I defy you to touch me. I will *not* take my clothes off.' This was jam for the kids; and I have made my reputation as a wit, for ever, with them." Such was his ordinary extraordinary exuberance, in almost the last month of life.

There are many humourist publications. They must find readers; more, doubtless, than our professor found for his editing of part of Chaucer. Drennan had, early in life, taken a London honours degree in classics. In early middle life he went to Cambridge, to Emmanuel College, and took another good degree in Modern Literature, specializing in Teutonic language work. As a philologist he had notable taste and talent and, indeed, extraordinary knowledge; which he was always so willing to share. *Experto crede*. During Professor Skeat's absence, he was appointed to lecture in Cambridge for a while. His *Times* elegist judges that permanent high position at his university might have been his, had not his Catholicism barred his path. I know not if the writer was in a position to say that say.

To repeat, Drennan liked to write jokes. But he scattered literary criticisms in South Africa; one of which was sent me recently by his friend, Dr. E. J. Thomas, of Cambridge University Library, whom the man about to die saluted with: "In hospital again; love," a salutation reaching from

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the dead. (The tone of this echoes words to myself of a quarter of a century back, which I now come across: "Can't read your last word, but you have my love just the same.") A recent criticism, that was, on Edward Shanks, whom Drennan judged to be "one of the most distinguished poets of to-day," but "not," said the professor, "a 'modern' poet; as his verse has both music and sense." "There was a time," he adds, "when a poet was regarded as interpreter of rich feeling through musical expression. That is the time we here are in, with the great poets who never die. It is a long time; it is the time of all art; and art is long. How long do you think this will last:

> 'Volutes of molumn whorl towards chaos
> Abracadr(a) is mnemonic lozenge
> To the fool's limpid doubt
> Song unresolved'?"

For this, he refers us to Miss Sitwell's *Aspects of Modern Poetry*. The regretted professor thought this "poetry" to be "infantile rubbish"; which is to be insulting to infants. But the criticism is not fooling; it is excellent; and is in the sane tradition, the universal, the Catholic.

Nevertheless, this good heart and kind friend, as a woman of sensitive taste found him and likes to remember him, was the man who made himself, to her, "fearfully tiresome" by his "eternal cracking of cheap jokes, independent of his talents; they made a monkey of him, not a man. Strange, how brains are grafted on stupidity." (Yet even a higher-bred Blessed Thomas More could not away with no jesting. While sometimes we cannot away with his jests, either.) By his traditions and upbringing, doubtless, Drennan lacked good taste; which meant, too, that he had no conventions; seeming as honest as the skin between his brows, he was (in words from the *Times*) unable to see why it was queer to go to a university function in frock coat and white flannel trousers. Thus to appear in bland innocence, how much of free soul life might that suggest to us horrified ones, if

> Custom lie upon us like a weight
> Heavy as frost and deep almost as life?

One might well wish, for a moment, to be like him thus

unconsciously free. And yet, as hoydenism in women might soon drive us off, so, in man, a certain rollicking joviality. Professor Drennan, acting the virtuoso, advertized himself, on board ship, that he would give a concert. I am not sure he could distinguish tunes. No more than a puppy could he play. But he sat down and banged the piano. He booed like a trombone; he too-too-ed like a flute. Quite the funny man.

Certeynly he was a gode felawe.

And no doubt he was a musical barbarian; he half knew it.

His nonsense music, set to words, served Eno Poppyhock well, however, to criticize, in *The Canadian Month*, the otherwise indescribable nonsense of the runnings, rushes, shrieks, the roaring of the world's worst music, in St. Mary's Cathedral, Halifax, as it was then to our shame. ("Inconceivable" it was, as said an Anglican friend, a visiting musician: "I never should or would have believed it from an enemy.") This Eno Poppyhock's rattling fireworks of words, his boomerang whizzing of exclamations, and general silly turmoil, were the more excusable vulgarity than that from which Pope Pius X strove to save worshippers at Mass.

Irresponsibility of mind, nevertheless, does all this suggest, when one is venturing to pluck at, if not out, the heart of the mystery of anyone—of this one, who came before his fellows first as a young Protestant; then, for a quarter of a century, Catholic (blatantly so, in his jokes; nobly so, as it seemed, in his serious life); and then, for some decade of years, as anti-Catholic; yet submitting himself in quietness and confidence at the last?

A cause of the shipwreck of his faith may have been in this, that "Drennan never was thorough in anything." The fact of persecution and cruelty by Catholics was what was disturbing his mind long before he left the Church. To me, for one, he spoke of it, as a terrible unknown monster suddenly visible.

Already, in the *Johannesburg South African Quarterly*, March-May, 1924, reviewing the book by his thirty years' friend Capt. McCullagh on *The Bolshevik Persecution* (John Murray), à propos of the author's reflection that both

Orthodox and Catholic are willing to suffer with the fortitude of early Christian martyrs, Drennan diverts to his obsessing thought that "a candid reader with knowledge of history will be less likely to say with satisfaction 'The blood of martyrs is the seed of the Church' than to meditate, as I did, that there is no creed in the world, no tenet, however sublime or ridiculous, holy or criminal, which has not had its army of martyrs. Man will die for the Unity of the Godhead as stubbornly as for the belief that there is no God to believe in. None of the least brave of such men are these glorious Russian martyrs."

"A reader again may, as I did, meditate upon the terrible prophecy of the Master, 'I come not to bring Peace but a Sword.' Whatever prophecy has or has not been fulfilled in this planet's sad history, this prophecy has been filled to the full. The pages of Christianity from the dawn till to-day are printed in blood. When Christians are not being murdered themselves, they are murdering their non-Christian enemies or their Christian rivals. Christian colonisation has painted the world with tears and blood, and has been more thorough in this respect than even Mohammedan colonisation. The most terrible war this planet has ever seen, which is still causing incalculable suffering to humanity, was fought mainly by Christians against Christians. A little more of such Christianity and we shall have Armageddon; for which, we read, Christian chemists are now actively preparing." That is hardly thoughtful professorial reflecting on the New Testament and the Koran. But Drennan went on in print: "In the way of causing persecution and torture, few of the great religions of the world can boast superiority to our Western Creed (*sic*). It is all sad and puzzling to a Christian." But "it is a sad comment on our poor humanity that all reformers and fighters for free thought become when they win greater tyrants than those they depose. *Plus ça change, plus c'est la même chose!* Who can read the riddle?"

And so he did not cease giving every man his tongue, apparently, as well as his ear; down to a letter of last Christmastide, wherein he wrote to a learned non-Catholic friend that while he judged "pragmatically" Christianity to

be the best, the most beneficent, of religions, "its past history is too terrible." The writer of those words was not thoughtless. Was he, so far, unthinking? It is hard for one within whom this fashion of Catholics to behave like sinful men is, in no wise, a special difficulty, to sympathize with the continued distress of a clever but, maybe, less complex spirit, going forward, frankly and generously, expecting to welcome, in Catholicism, a multitude living in nothing but faith, hope, and charity, speaking no ill of their neighbours, judging not, and practising the Golden Rule.

The one difficulty stands for the rest of us, to be sure, that, *ab initio*, of all men made in likeness of the Almighty so few have lived thus. Which initial difficulty if we pass not over or by, there remains for us no sane facing of moral facts. Meantime, all this boggling over Catholic bad men seems a later, surface scratching. Drennan kept on at it, in no ignoble worrying, but in distress. Perhaps there was petulance in the unreason which sunk his steps into a more clogging mire. I think he was a man who might ever be said, in those days of troubles beginning to come upon him, to have lived by admiration and love. But, though working under a holy archbishop and, if cultivated, the humblest of them, O'Brien, he had then found in Canada some priests whom, in their external life and in their ministrations, he could not admire; and with such priests Drennan could not discuss things seriously, even after his fashion. He may have charitably tried not to judge. It was too much for him; he fell. Perhaps his own poor joke might say he was felled. He had had such upsets of experience, concluded a constant competent correspondent, "that he didn't know what he believed. But with his self-confidence in his own capabilities he took up a position, and defended it; just as he would defend positions in philology or history that he was quite incapable of dealing with. . . . He used to jeer at Protestantism; and I instead of defending it used to admit that the Protestantism that *he* knew deserved it. As you say he was a lovable man; and we always found enough amusing things to correspond about. . . . His mind was made up, and he never tried to understand anyone else's

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views. That was probably why he put his foot into it so much in Galway."

Similarly with regard to some Irish laymen, he was shocked out of himself by double-dealing. I am told, by one Irish layman, using the all-praising term from Hindustani, that "he was too 'pukka' English to tolerate a lot of our people, very trying at times to the Anglo-Saxon mind. But we have to bear fools gladly if we are wise." *L'on a les défauts de ses qualités.* And if Professor Drennan was downright—always a sort of *braves Buberl,* as he outwardly appeared, in his massive good-boyish look—he was less sensitive, and, so, less discerning, than some Irish he met who had inherited the trickiness of subject people (much tricked) and who looked on his head-erectness as Pharisaism. I never saw an Irishman walk into a church as he did, when with solemn march he did go, slow and stately, by us. Then, seemed he to be a pillar.

An Irish intimate friend—who recalls that "I think we were the only Catholics he could put up with!"—finds that "Max was too external, too superficial a Catholic, an outer-self man, with a middle-self rather disorganised. His inner-self only God knew, and then He brought Him back. It was the English mind; lots of surface, and yet with a hidden depth. He got broken up by reading stuff beyond his fighting weight. . . . I think he was disgusted with Irish Catholicism. He could not understand what rogues and grafters we (*sic*) can be, and pious at the same time. . . . Perhaps we had a bad hand in him, but I think we made it up by our prayers, when we heard things had gone wrong. Father —— and Doctor —— drove him mad." A certain convocation of politic worms ate the heart out of him. His own juster mind might, no doubt, find such Fathers and such Doctors to be less typical than was a Father McCarthy of Cork, whose death is announced as these words are being written (Feb. 27, 1935) with the local Labour leader's elegy, that thereby "the poor have lost one of their best friends." And this priest of the poor had been on the Dunboyne establishment for higher studies at Maynooth. *Ex uno disce multos.*

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But "the priests don't read; they don't buy books," (writes in 1935 an Irish priest-historian, reflecting on his friend, Professor Drennan), "and the people don't read." There was once another, an Irish-speaking people, as has just been shown us, again, in Mr. Dowling's *Hedge Schools of Ireland*,[2] filled with hungerers after learning. And that Irish priest adds, for our day: "There is a great contrast between English and Irish Catholics. I read with intense interest *Transition and the Wards*. They were all (*sic*) thinking in England about religious problems. Sport is driving earnestness about higher matters out of Ireland."

This is true of England, too, for that matter. But as to Ireland, the optimistic Cardinal Archbishop of Armagh has been saying (Feb. 1935) in San Francisco: "The faith in Ireland is as strong as ever it was. The reason is that so many millions of our people received Holy Communion in early childhood and continue to receive frequently; and are living therefore close to Christ. Consequently, with the exception of political outrages, the people are a crimeless people. The Ten Commandments are before them every day, not just once a week."

But then "how is it," demands the Cardinal's pessimistic contemporary priest, "that we read of murders, burglaries, robberies, and impurities, nearly every day; while so many confessions and communions are taking place everywhere?" Not only in Ireland, we might suggest, referring to all the lands lived in by Drennan. (Although, who in Ireland would, on reflection, refuse some astonishment and some anxiety, being confronted with contrasts?) In Christian Corinth also, when St. Paul wrote (I Cor., *passim*): "I praise you that you keep my ordinances. I give thanks to my God always for you. Nothing is wanting to you in any grace." Yet "you quarrel maliciously among yourselves. You bring one another up in pagan courts; and give scandal; some among you being even incestuous." Though he would not at all despair of his mixed people: "Watch ye, stand fast in the faith, do manfully, and be strengthened.

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And let all things be done in charity." *Sicut erat in principio.*

There is to be noted in 1935 at Professor Drennan's "Catholic-condemned" University College, Galway, an "Aquinas week"; with public lectures in the Aula Maxima by Fathers Crofts and Doolan, O.P., and Professor Howley, on St. Thomas, and Modern Social Problems, and Modern Thought. Four other lay professors are among the dozen speakers. Father A. O'Neill, O.P., preaches for the University at the High Mass at the Dominican Church on St. Thomas's Day. And there comes a notice of the February meeting of the Aquinas Study Circle on "The Quest of the Unknown God"—a paper, by the Galway Professor of Philosophy, Dr. Howley. Our former professor, there, could not wait the passing of storms; and he expressed himself as increasingly disillusioned. It is possible that only the harsh will see self-righteousness in his surprise. (Still, while our few poor good deeds may be known to God alone, our failings are all too visible to man; and unjustly and illogically the truths of religion are blamed for the obvious shortcomings of frail human beings who yet may hold their religion as a thing dearer than life itself, as says, again, Mr. Joseph Clayton.[3]) Nevertheless, for those who have to meet young souls attracted towards the Church, there appears, in this story, a warning lest a neophyte have delusions about going to meet only holy priests, holy laity, holy everybody. And here we are not thinking of an ignorant man; yet he was one whom a Dr. Coulton could disconcert.

"Ireland finished me," was what Professor Drennan wrote after leaving Galway. "There is more religion in Orangemen than in these Irish Catholics following their unspiritual routine." How one-sided the judgment; how undiscriminating and undiscerning! It was Irish women, or the Canadian daughters of Irish, whom this Eno's Olla Podrida had served up, when he saw them as nuns at an

[3] In *The Irish Rosary*, Feb. 1935.

orphanage. What a common sight wheresoever there are eyes to see!—

"The *pièce de résistance* on the programme was a fairy drama; in the course of which some good fairies changed the children's wild flowers into gold. After reflecting on the cheerfulness and happiness of these little ones, the loving care by which they are surrounded, the general atmosphere of religion and refinement which fills the Home, I could not help meditating that this fairy drama was a parable, in which the wild flowers were the little orphans themselves, and the Sisters of Charity were the good fairies who were engaged in changing them into gold. What a noble work is being done here, unobtrusively, unostentatiously, without the knowledge of the busy world that passes uncaring the Sisters' gate! Many of these charmingly polite and refined little creatures that we see there to-day were doomed before birth to be denizens of the gutter, brought up in filth, squalor and rags, knowing the name of God only in curses, had it not been for the sheltering arms of this wonderful Order of Charity."

And there are such charitable Sisters, Herr Professor, even in Galway's hidden Ireland. Of you, a priest there writes: "Max was very pious. I used to see his bicycle outside the church often, after his bathe." (By the way, he had his bathe, winter and summer.) "He used to make a long visit to the Blessed Sacrament." And you yourself saw, somewhat, into the life of those hapless ones, the Irish poor, for (so a St. Vincent de Paul professional co-worker writes) "Max was an 'active' and a splendidly fervent worker in this, and in other active charities." Though of that St. Vincent de Paul Society he came to say "it was outward show; they were doing nothing." Let the poor answer. And his was no heart incapable of love of the hapless and the helpless, nor surely was he without chivalry of mind to give respect to those that often are more sinned against than sinning. "But," said his wife, "his ideals about the people of Ireland were shattered by his stay in Galway." The old story of so much to be said on both sides. One willingly hears an old student, on his visits at her home: "It was like fresh air coming in. And he was always overflowing with kindness and generosity. Keenly interested, too, in the college and his students."

It may be that Ireland is not unlike her Church—indeed,

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not unlike so many other things and men—in this, that

> you must love her, ere to you
> She will seem worthy of your love.

Drennan came to Ireland, as one more Englishman wishing to do good to the little place. Arriving in Galway he, with his instinct for hospitality and good fellowship, invited professors of all politics, of national and of un-national ideals, to sup with him *en famille;* and thus helped to estrange them mutually for ever. If he came not without well-meaning love of a sort, he ended, I think I may fairly say, by hating Ireland. The double voice of Ireland about the big war he felt as a downright outrage; and he wrote with much moral indignation thereon. Everything was so simple to this loyal-minded man.

Galway was not the only part of Ireland he had hated; he hated the whole stirring and striving of Ireland for a something that was not England. It was to Drennan a thing impossible. But there it was. He kicked against it. Drennan, intensely, passionately imperialistic, had felt himself not at all out of things in three of England's colonies. But he found an Ireland ready to take anti-imperialism as something more than a joke. As usual, even the Irish language could not be acknowledged by this absurdly angry linguistic scholar, except as part of Ireland's unreason; with its unreasonable crowdings of redundant letters, or letters with no proper pronunciation, because Irish letters are pronounced otherwise than are English letters. This was childish, but quite natural. Mark Twain made the same sort of Philistine jokes about "the awful German language."

One of the religious Brothers whom Drennan, even in the days of his spiritual exile in Johannesburg, continued to frequent—if I am not implying too much—brought word to us in Ireland of his friendliness to their house and work. Nevertheless, he had been determined. "I have great reverence for the Founder of Christianity," he was pleased to declare to the present writer; "but we must face facts." Just so; we must. "I shall not go on, like some folk in the Establishment, pretending about a religion in which they

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no longer believe. Yet to think," Drennan added, "that I should stand as an unbeliever by my wife's grave." She, having come back to England for medical treatment, had just died, after long illness borne very patiently, after that her husband had lost the Faith which he had led her to accept. Consequent on her conversion he had gone as a pilgrim to Lourdes—so I had understood him to tell me—thus fulfilling the vow that so he would offer his thanksgiving if his wife became a Catholic. "And I had Mass said for her." (It recalls the Will of Wilfrid Blunt, as an unbeliever, providing for the family Mass; so penitent at the last, however—as his Dominican deathbed adviser has let it be known—for his generous petulence against what seemed to him the inhumanity of the pious; and of the impious, as we must add.)

From Professor Drennan since the death of his wife I never heard. A quondam common colleague of ours writes: "We were with them in Cambridge shortly before her death, January 9, 1925, and were distressed to notice how badly he took the cross God sent him." (But the writer possibly did not know that Drennan's unbelief had already come upon him. "I woke one Sunday morning; and found my Faith gone," was what he wrote me. And Drennan, when in affliction and unbelief, might have been sadly irritated into not wishing to seem to pretend.) That writer continues: "He seemed to have deteriorated spiritually. We used to go to Mass every morning, and were surprised that he did not come with us, as we knew Mrs. Drennan was dying. I think her death was the real break-up of his spiritual life. He never wrote to us on his return to South Africa. I think its atmosphere was bad for him every way. And Johannesburg killed Mrs. Drennan. And I think her husband realised this; but he always wanted to have his own way. I think he knew how much we both loved Mrs. Drennan. She was miles his superior, socially and spiritually. At least, so both of us think." (I myself recall, when he sometimes indulged in clever or even bitter censoriouness, the interpolation of her gentle wisdom, with an affectionate "Don't, Max, say that.") "He needed a good congenial Catholic atmosphere to keep

him fervent. And he could not stand up to misfortunes. But he was brilliantly clever."

This Mrs. Drennan, his first wife, was the mother of his only child, a son. "The young man," wrote the father, out of his own unbelief, "thinks about these things, I fancy, pretty much as I do." Which fact his father seemed to think, I might specially note, as being here or there. Drennan had something of this "out-with-it" tone, before as after. In his Catholicism he wrote to a serious friend: "I may as well meet you as often as I can in this world; since there is no chance of our meeting in the next." This sort of thing may have been only thoughtless; but it had a ring of the mere mechanical. "I envy you your simple faith," he wrote me, announcing his own loss of it. Which, considering circumstances, has to me rather a silly sound. (Though in this, it may be that I am not without blame. And was not Jaques a mere bag of vanity when he let out: "I think of as many matters as he; but I give God thanks and make no boast of them"?) Some men do affirm God in as business-like fashion as others deny Him. And our professor had no reticence about dragging into the light of day the childlike pieties of the Incarnation, and making them sound childish puerilities; when their expression was rattled off in tones fitter for the language of the street. He seemed to thrust them upon one, as part and parcel of the Faith, taken as a regimental order *en bloc*. Yet this allowing of words to run on before may have been his continuous "enthusiasm," to requote the elegist. And Drennan would ever have his say out. The more exquisite are not always the more true-hearted.

Anyway, a high theologian Dominican friend did find him to have been "woefully ill-instructed in the Faith, seemingly incapable of, or too superficial (as to a great extent, I think, he was) for the sorting out of essentials and accidents. And therein—not in any great wrestling of the spirit with difficulties or doubts—was the source of his rebellions. And these were childish, not malicious. I have no doubt he was one of those who 'fondly thought to err from God, and who woke up to find themselves at His side.' He was such a

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child in many ways, what else was there for our Father to do? To his restless soul be soon the *quietis beatitudo*. Amen."

His son became a doctor; he married; and, about four years ago, there was more wretchedness, the young man being found dead in the South African bush. "The son's death embittered him about religion,"[4] writes a nun from Johannesburg, telling us of the father's Christian death. Yet why (one might reflect) if the suffering parent was "an atheist"? "I am an atheist; and I shall die one," he maintained when, some months before the end, he first went to the hospital whither he returned in his last illness, and where Irish nuns kept visiting him. They rendered unto him much good, for the evil of any irresponsible contempt he may have shown, during "the time that he was careless." Thus is his apostasy (as our clumsier speech might have it) covered by this nun's gracious charity, unwilling to bring against him any railing accusation. She and her sisters are daughters of the Gospel of Love, that thinketh no evil. "We prayed much," writes the nun; "his death was very happy and peaceful." And at least some Jesuit and Dominican Fathers also, his friends, had long prayed. "He had been in our prayers for a long time," writes a highly educated lay writer; "I wonder if it was the Nine Fridays. He must have made them some time in his life." Though here is a Dominican priest's note, as to that lay friend's word; which note "recalls a long argument with Drennan on the subject," nearly a decade before he broke with the Church. "He regarded the devotion of the Nine Fridays as definitely superstitious"—as if (one would add) that settled the matter, much more than the canonization of St. Margaret Mary—"and could not see that it was not regarded by Catholics, at

[4] It was said by Victor Hugo, and doubtless by many another, that if God is forgotten, then sorrow makes for fierceness; and suffering spells despair. I re-read, at the moment, Begbie's *The Lady next Door*, pp. 238-9: "I was conscious of a certain envy, in my commerce with the peasants of Ireland; for, if their poverty is afflicting, it does not embitter them; it seems to purify and sweeten them; and if their toil is hard, it is at least never out of partnership with hope."

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any rate by educated ones, as an *essential* of Catholic life. Well, he knows all now: and his friends are rallying to give the aid he did not seem to want on earth. May he rest in peace."

"Some four days before his death," adds the nun, "Professor Drennan saw the priest. He made his confession, and received Communion. And from that till his death, the Rosary never left his hands. He had great devotion to Our Lady. Certainly he had a most holy death. Thanks to the Good God. And he must have been a good man to get such a grace after many years of carelessness."

Not in the mighty rushing wind, but in the still small voice came the Lord. *Requiescat in pace Domini.*

W. F. P. STOCKLEY.

A REMARKABLE ACHIEVEMENT

We have recently received, from the Canadian Dominican Mission in Japan, several numbers of their illustrated newspaper, Taimatsu. *The originator and editor of this monthly periodical is the Rev. Fr. Vincent Pouliot, O.P., S.T.L., B.Litt. (Oxon.), late of Blackfriars, Oxford, who has been in the mission but little over two years. Of the letterpress we can say no more than that it is exquisitely printed, for it is almost entirely Japanese, but the copious illustrations are splendid. Even from these latter and from the brief French explanations we obtain some notion of the remarkable progress in the establishment of the Faith made by these devoted Fathers, and we are filled with pleased surprise at the success with which even the externals of the Western Church have been grafted onto an Eastern culture in so brief a time. We feel that, as far as the Dominican missionaries are concerned, this is due not least of all to the unselfish zeal with which they have set themselves to master with incredible speed one of the most intricate languages in the world. This newspaper, only one of their many activities, we regard as a remarkable achievement. (Ed.)*

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