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OWEN FRANCIS DUDLEY

HUMAN HAPPINESS

&
H.G.
WELLS

CATALOGUED

ANTIDOTE TO "THINGS TO COME"

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HUMAN HAPPINESS AND H. G. WELLS

Books by Owen Francis Dudley

WILL MEN BE LIKE GODS ?
THE SHADOW ON THE EARTH
THE MASTERFUL MONK
PAGEANT OF LIFE
THE COMING OF THE MONSTER

HUMAN HAPPINESS
AND
H. G. WELLS

AN ANTIDOTE TO
"THE SHAPE OF THINGS TO COME"

By

OWEN FRANCIS DUDLEY

AUTHOR OF "THE MASTERFUL MONK," "PAGEANT OF LIFE,"
"THE COMING OF THE MONSTER," ETC.

LONDON

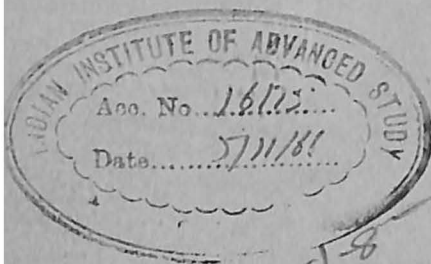
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AUTHOR'S NOTE

I HAPPENED to broadcast from Athlone recently some lectures on "Things that Matter," about the time that an article of mine, entitled "Human Happiness and H. G. Wells," appeared in the *Sunday Dispatch*. I have since realised that the broadcasts constitute an antidote to the main errors of Mr. Wells rehearsed in "The Shape of Things to Come," concerning which the article was written. Hence their combination in these pages—with a slight alteration and adaptation of the broadcasts.

Mr. Wells' Utopian future for humanity is erected mainly on his own hypotheses concerning human nature, religion, social life, morals and suffering. Hypotheses are guesswork. The hypotheses of Mr. Wells happen to be bad guesswork, however brilliantly expounded.

The following is offered as containing, not hypotheses, but facts destructive of the underlying fallacies in "The Shape of Things to Come."

OWEN FRANCIS DUDLEY.



CONTENTS

	PAGE
HUMAN HAPPINESS AND H. G. WELLS - -	9
(Reprinted from the <i>Sunday Dispatch</i>)	

BROADCASTS

I. THE TRAGEDY OF HUMAN NATURE -	13
II. ON PUTTING THE WORLD RIGHT - -	20
III. SOCIAL DISORDER AND SOCIAL ORDER -	27
IV. LUST AND LOVE - - - - -	34
V. THE ROYAL ROAD OF PAIN - - -	41
UNCONQUERED AND UNCONQUERABLE - -	47

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HUMAN HAPPINESS AND H. G. WELLS

AN immense amount of literary imagination is being expended in visions of an Utopian future in store for humanity. I think Mr. Wells started the vogue with "Men like Gods."

He is at it again in "The Shape of Things to Come," the film of which is now on the screen.

In the former book Mr. Wells envisaged a Wonderland of gods and goddesses strutting solemnly and nudely about their tremendous work of keeping everything and everybody fit and beautiful. These stark Apollos, the final product of "the Great Revolution that is afoot on earth", had taken hold, soul and body, of the life and destiny of the human race—marvels of physical splendour, who could "laugh at the things they had feared and lift their daring to the stars."

In "The Shape of Things to Come" Mr. Wells gives an amplified vision of this coming world, and by means of a fictional character who acts as his loudspeaker, describes the new order ahead replacing the order of Christian civilisation and representing the imagined fulfilment of Humanitarian hopes. A terrific revolt of Man has come about, against his own past, its stupidities and insanities including the Christian religion and Christian morality. The marriage-bond is a thing of the past. Free-love reigns supreme. Their creator takes his Utopians as seriously as they take themselves. They are all

that is noble and pure, now that morality has been abolished (it must be very wonderful to be like that). And, above all, everybody is happy. Now, my trouble is this :

I cannot quite discover what they are happy about. Apparently about everybody else being happy. But, I cannot see why *anybody* is happy in the Wellsian Wonderland. I may be dull, but Mr. Wells seems to me to have left nothing to live for, and nothing to die for. Everybody is frightfully busy ; but I cannot see what all the hubbub is about—except that it's all going on and on and on. We are left gaping into an objectiveless future veiled in a smoke-screen of rhetoric. In the film of the book we are left staring at the stars, with the injunction to conquer the universe ; although nobody quite knows how.

I don't wish to be irreverent, but the whole thing strikes me as irresistibly funny—and tragic.

I can discover no reason for being happy in the ideal, materialistic world of his imagination. It appears to me to be little more than a glorification of what in human experience has always stood for unhappiness. The very methods by which his New World is to attain being, are refined methods of terrorism and compulsion. It is true that he pictures a globe freed from unpleasantnesses, discomforts, inconveniences, diseases, money-troubles, social problems and wars. He fails to perceive, however, that he has emptied out the baby with the bath, by removing everything that could bring real happiness.

Had I to live in his uniform world of beings uniformly modelled by his World Council, compelled into the uniform "happiness" of a mutual

admiration Society, my reaction, in a week, would be claustrophobia, suicide or homicide. Human happiness is not so simple as Mr. Wells imagines. I am a Catholic priest, and, as such, I have been professionally trained in human nature. That professional training, together with my own reason and horse sense, tells me, directly I read Mr. Wells, that, though he is an acute observer of human habits, yet he has never studied human nature as such. His whole estimate of human happiness is guesswork, and bad guesswork at that; as is even more manifest in the screen version of "The Shape of Things to Come."

There never has been, and never could be, even such a thing as a collective human happiness in a merely materialistic world; for happiness in material things varies. The happiness of one person is not the happiness of another.

Neither could there be a collective human happiness of that higher form, produced by the pursuit of truth, kindness and love, were that pursuit divorced from religion, and so robbed of all reality. The individual demands incessantly an answer to: "Why should I be good? Why should I be true? Why should I love?" Mr. Wells answers, "For the sake of Humanity," and thereby proclaims a moral imperative which, put to the test, reduces itself to an empty vaunt. What obligatory value can Humanity give to that morality necessary to human happiness, isolated from its Author? The man-made moral order (with immoralities thrown in) of Mr. Wells' conception is a sheer phantasy, which only unthinking dupes could accept.

I refuse to be good for the sake of a sanctionless,

Godless Humanity, which forfeits every vestige of right to my moral allegiance by its very denial of the Author of all morality and moral law.

I refuse to act irrationally.

In his Wonderworld, wherein the *Pax Mundi* has ousted the *Pax Christi*, the material the spiritual, Mr. Wells has succeeded in advancing irrationality to its logical conclusion—the replacement of the rational by the irrational, of God by Man, of morality by licence. For the climax of irrationality is man's disclaimer of his first rational act—the acknowledgment of his Creator and the recognition of His moral laws. In a world wherein all men disclaimed their first rational act, with which human happiness is inextricably bound up, the most magnificent Apollo could but 'be magnificently unhappy.

The material and finite cannot, and never could, satisfy the soul of man. The whole of the Wellsian, Utopian edifice is erected on the conception of a soulless humanity, and on the supposition that human happiness can be attained here on earth, once we are all physically fit and all physical discomforts and disturbances to social life are removed. It cannot, and it never will be.

All the things of this world and all their vanishing glory could never satisfy one single human being; a truth Mr. Wells seems incapable of appreciating. The soul of man tends inevitably to the possession of that Perfect Good, which can alone fulfil all his aspirations and desires. To possess that Perfect Good is to possess perfect happiness. The Perfect Good has no ending.

It is God.

FIVE BROADCASTS

I

THE TRAGEDY OF HUMAN NATURE

“ . . . that weedy, tragic, pathetic, cruel, fantastic, absurd and sometimes sheerly horrible being who christened himself in a mood of oafish arrogance *Homo sapiens*.”

The Shape of Things to Come, p. 330.

MR. WELLS considers that what is wrong with the world is human stupidity. My purpose here is to present in popular form another explanation. It happens to be the historical as well as the only adequate explanation, even if dismissed by the “modern mind” as a mediæval myth.

One day, many thousands of years ago, an angel hovered in his course over a garden. It was the Garden of Eden. And in the garden a man and woman were walking. The angel descended into the garden and looked at the man and woman. They were very beautiful. And the angel looked at the animals in the garden, and they were beautiful too; but not in the same way as the man and the woman. And the angel saw the difference. “God,” said the angel, “has breathed on the man and the

woman and made them living souls ; and in their souls they are like God." And the angel saw that their souls were pure and white and there was no stain of sin upon them. The angel noticed a golden radiance in the souls of the man and the woman, that never ceased from shining : " That," said the angel, " is God's gift to them—sanctifying grace. It is the secret of their beauty and holiness. It is the secret of their friendship with God."

(And the angel noticed that, though they had passions, yet those passions were completely under the control of their reason. He noticed, too, how God had enlightened their reason with great knowledge ; how nothing hurt or harmed them ; how they had power over all the animals in the garden. No suffering touched them. No shadow of death lay across their pathway. For they ate of the Tree of Life. " Yes," said the angel, " they are very beautiful. There is nothing in the whole world like them." And the angel passed out of the garden and upwards, and gave glory to God.

But in the garden below there was another tree, the Tree of the Knowledge of Good and Evil ; and in its shadow a dark form stood. Satan was watching the man and the woman !

One night, thousands of years later, the same angel hovered in his course over a great city. And he looked upon the city and descended into it.

Instead of one man and one woman there were multitudes of men and women. And everywhere were glaring lights and places of amusement, cinemas, theatres, variety-houses, night-clubs.

People were rushing about feverishly in search of pleasure. Painted women were bargaining with men for the price of their bodies. Newspaper placards boomed the latest sensations and scandals, the latest divorces, swindles and robberies.

The angel passed down a side street. From out of a drinking saloon came two men. They were drunk and quarrelling about some woman. They lurched down the street hurling filthy abuse at each other. They entered a house together. Inside they grew more violent. One of them drew out a knife and struck at the other ; and in a frenzy of hatred he stabbed him again and again and cut at his throat, until the other fell down dead. Then he kicked the dead body and spat on it. He went out and locked the door and staggered away.

The angel came to a large building. It was a chemical works. Inside one of the rooms a man was working. His head was bent over some glass tubes. He was inventing a new form of poison-gas. And as he worked he muttered : " If I can get this right, my fortune is made ; it would kill off a whole city."

The angel passed into an open space. A man was addressing a large crowd. He was telling them that men who believed in God were fools. From time to time he broke into blasphemy. He sneered at religion. He suddenly held up a crucifix and spat at it.

The angel passed down more streets. He noticed so many evil faces, selfish faces, faces of animals ; how the crowds were absorbed in the pursuit of sin ; how the things of the world mattered so much, and the things of God so little.

And the angel passed out of the city and upwards. And he thought of the man and the woman in the Garden of Eden, and then of the men and women in the city he had left.

He looked on the glittering lights below, and he said : “ Yes, they have fallen as low as that.”

Now supposing you and I were to look at this world from that angel's point of view, from outside. Don't you think that we should come to the conclusion that some tragedy had befallen the human race ?

We are so accustomed to living in a world of sin that we almost accept the fact of sin as a matter of course. But surely we human beings cannot be as God originally intended we should be. The All-Holy God could not have created us as we are—all smeared with the mire of sin. The human race must have gone wrong somehow. The Wellsian notion of human stupidity is inadequate to account for the facts.

What is it that is wrong ?

A modern materialist would tell us that all that is wrong is that man is not yet sufficiently evolved ; that what the Catholic Church calls “ sin ” can be quite easily explained if we accept the evolution of man from the ape ; that human nature is working its way upwards from a brute origin ; that “ sin ” is merely an outbreak of our old monkey-habits. It may be unfortunate when a man, whose rich aunt has made her will in his favour, proceeds to hit aunty on the head with a hammer ; but after all, it's only an old monkey-habit coming out.

If the materialist's theory were true, we should be no more than glorified apes, and not responsible for our moral conduct. Fortunately, judges still act on the supposition that man *is* responsible.

Apart from the fact of reason alone proving that man possesses a spiritual rational soul which by its nature could not have been evolved from an ape, and by virtue of which he is a human being and responsible for his actions—apart from this, both history and experience of life contradict the materialist's theory of man and his conduct being due to an animal origin. History shows us that there is something just as wrong with human nature to-day as ever there was; experience of life reveals civilised men, with full use of their reason and will, acting contrary to the right ends of animal nature. Civilisation may progress; human nature, left to itself, does not. And yet, on the supposition that it does, the whole of Mr. Wells' Utopian future for humanity is based.

What is it that is wrong?

The Catholic Church has a clear, definite answer to that question—an answer which meets the facts of human nature. The answer God has given her to give to men.

She tells us that a tragedy has taken place. That this world is a fallen world; that the human race represented by its first parents, Adam and Eve, has fallen into sin.

Do you remember how we saw Satan watching the man and the woman in the Garden? He tempted them. Seduced them. They disobeyed the Com-

mandment of God and fell into the abyss of sin. They lost the supernatural gifts of God—sanctifying grace, knowledge, control of the passions, dominion over the animals, freedom from suffering and death.

And all that they lost, we have lost too. They represented the human family and the human family fell with them. We have inherited their sin—a family inheritance called *Original Sin*.

Not their personal, actual sin ; but the stain of it.

That is why we come into this world, deprived of sanctifying grace and those other supernatural gifts. We have lost, not rights which belong to our human nature as such, but privileges, free gifts of God, which might have been ours. Not only that, but, owing to the Fall, our human nature is out of control, disordered, rebellious, with a terrible tendency to evil.

Modernists and unbelievers regard all this as an incredible fairy-tale. It happens, however, to be God's explanation. And it does answer the question—What is wrong ?

I would remind you that God is willing to give back to us all that we have lost, and more, in this world and the next, provided that we accept His remedy—the Redemption of this fallen world by His only-begotten Son—Our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ.

I would also remind you that we cannot accept the Redemption unless we accept the Fall—and that it is cruel bluff to tell men that sin is mere monkey-tricks, and that they are not fallen. For if men do not believe they are fallen they will not seek Redemption.

God has placed the Catholic Church in this world to remind men that they are fallen, to apply to their souls the graces of Redemption, to lift them out of the mire in which they are struggling, to bid them in the Name of Jesus Christ—Arise! And through her lips there comes the solemn promise of God that the beauty of the man and woman who once walked in the Garden shall one day be perfectly restored to us in Heaven. Mr. Wells prefers his phantasy of materialistic perfection on earth.

May I finish by saying :

If ever you find the great mystery of the Fall of Man—for it is a revealed mystery of the Faith—if ever you find it difficult to understand ; or if ever you are tempted to murmur against God for allowing such a tragedy to take place as the downfall of our human nature—well, remember this :

It was the same Eternal God of Love, who, looking down in pity on us, came down from His throne in Heaven, took our human nature upon Himself, and was made Man.

And, as Man, He suffered under the Fall, as not one of His human creatures ever has suffered, or ever will suffer.

The curse of Adam rested on the sinless Son of God.

And He never murmured.

II

ON PUTTING THE WORLD RIGHT

“One hung on a cross . . . but what did he think he was doing?”—*The Shape of Things to Come*, p. 212.

Ground for intellectual action

THE *motif* running throughout “The Shape of Things to Come,” is Mr. Wells’ belief that Man with a big M can be his own saviour. My purpose here is to indicate the futility of that belief.

You may remember that, after the Great War, men began to say: “A new World is coming. This has been a War to end War. The Brotherhood of Nations is at hand!” The World was going to put itself right.

To-day we are painfully aware that the new World has not come; that the nations are anything but a brotherhood; that within them there are endless troubles in social life. We seem to be helplessly floundering about. The World seems almost unable to put itself right.

I would like to suggest that the World is trying to put itself right without Almighty God. You may remember what the present Pope has said: that since the Statesmen of Europe in their con-

ferences, on Disarmament and other matters, have left Almighty God alone, perhaps Almighty God is leaving them alone.

Whether the world could put itself right without Almighty God as far as mere worldly peace and social life are concerned, I don't know. Even if it could, would the World be really right? Even if the Wellsian Vision of an Utopian future of material prosperity were achieved, would the World be really right?

No, it would not. Because something would still be really wrong. I have shown you already what that something is; something we call *sin*. And though modern materialistic social reformers and world reformers may not recognise it, sin, as a matter of plain fact, is the root cause of most of the evils in the modern social world order. And sin is in man.

As if the world could be put right without men being put right! As if men could put themselves right without God!

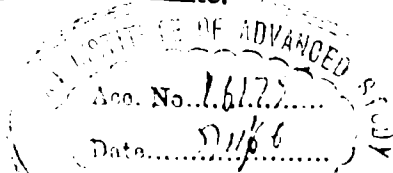
What is God's way of putting men right?

God's way is to put men right with Himself.

We call God's way the Redemption.

What do we mean by the Redemption?

When, as I have shown you, the human race fell into sin, an injury was done to God—an infinite wrong, because the Infinite Majesty of God was offended. And an infinite satisfaction had to be made to God, before man could once more be put right with his Creator. No finite being could offer an infinite satisfaction. Only an Infinite Being could do that. And only God is Infinite.



What did God do ?

He became man. He who knows human nature in all the nakedness of its sins, yet found it so lovable as to assume it Himself.

God the Son took our human nature upon Himself. He became one with us.

Why ?

To represent the human race to His Father.

To restore our human nature by sharing it with us, uniting it to His Divine Nature.

To undo the tragedy of the Fall.

To offer the Infinite Satisfaction for the wrong that had been done.

The God-Man placed the hand of man in the hand of God, linked together Heaven and earth. And only the God-Man could do that.

He rendered the Infinite Satisfaction with His life, on the Cross. His Father had so willed it, and He obeyed.

That, in the simplest form, is the Catholic doctrine of the Redemption. Rationalists declare that it is a brutal, cruel doctrine ; that, if true, then it was downright murder for God to demand the Blood of His own guiltless Son for our sins. They misrepresent the doctrine. God did not force His Son against His Will to die for us—it was equally the will of the Son, who Himself declared : “ I lay down my life for My sheep . . . I lay it down of Myself.”

It was a free-will offering.

The will of the Son was one with the will of the Father : for the Son, who died on the Cross, *was*, and *is*, God.

The Redemption does not reveal brutality, or cruelty ; it reveals that God loves us with a love surpassing all human understanding, to give His only-begotten Son, and for the Son to lay down His life for us. The Redemption is God's answer to those who challenge His love.

And it is by the Redemption that men are saved. It is by the Redemption that men are put right.

How ?

By accepting and receiving the Grace which Christ won back for the human race, on the Cross.

The grace of Salvation ; the grace of Redemption.

May I just remind you of what we mean by grace ?

Grace is a gift of God, given in response to the Sacrifice of Calvary ; a special creation called forth by what His Son has done. A supernatural help given by God to our souls. Invisible, except in its effects, and yet a terrific physical reality.

With it, we can work out our salvation.

Without it, we are as helpless as a bird without wings.

Grace is the gift of gifts from God to man.

By grace, and grace alone, we enter into that friendship with God lost through the Fall.

By grace we become His children.

By grace we become the heirs of Heaven.

By grace we enter Heaven.

By grace we see and possess God eternally in Heaven.

Do you see the unutterable value of the gift of grace won back for us by the Christ upon the Cross ?

A beggar in rags who possesses grace is

immeasurably greater than a king without it. As eternity is above time, as God is above His creatures, so is grace above all things of this world.

By the grace of Redemption men are put right with God.

And put right eternally.

The world will be put right, in God's way, only by the Cross of Christ. Mr. Wells thinks it will be put right in Man's way, without the Cross of Christ.

There are those who do not believe in Christ on the Cross. "Come down," they shout at Christ, "Come down from the Cross, and we'll believe in you. Come and reform the world. Come and put social life right. Come and settle between Capital and Labour. Come and stop War. Come down from the Cross!" The world is not saved that way. Nor in Mr. Wells' way.

It is Christ Crucified who saves.

Men are made better men by the grace of the Cross. And it is better men who will make a better world. Mr. Wells' Utopians would not be better men, but worse—however noble they may be made to appear on the screen.

There are those who shout—"No dogmas! No Creeds! Let's just be nice and good to one another." It sounds so well, that parrot-cry. Do you know what it means? "No Incarnation! No Redemption! No God come down from Heaven! No Saviour for this world!"

Poor World! How desperately it needs its Saviour.

I think, to-day, men are conscious, amidst the

strife of nations and social wars, of some terrible burden resting on this world. They feel it pressing them down. They seem almost unable to perceive what that burden is.

It is the same burden that rested on the God-Man in Gethsemane. It is the burden of sin. The burden Christ bore to Calvary. There is only one way in which men can be released from that burden. By taking their sins to Calvary.

I know it is humiliating, perhaps, to creep to the Cross. It is humiliating to kneel at the foot of the Cross. But it is more humiliating to hang there.

And yet the Son of God is well content to hang there in humiliation, that by so doing He may save men.

Yes, He hangs there on the Cross.

And that is the one thing that matters.

Do you think the Great War mattered compared with that? Do you think politics matter? Do you think scientific progress matters? Do you think the newspapers matter? Do you think the cinema matters?

That's what matters—that Christ hangs on the Cross.

The eternal destiny of every living soul hangs on that pale, bloodstained Figure!

There are thousands absorbed in the world, in the things of time and sense, to whom it means nothing that their God hangs on the Cross.

They have lost sight of the Crucified. They pass a Crucifix. They do not even raise their hats. It means nothing to them. The world has blinded them to the Cross. Hidden away the Crucified.

The Catholic Church will never hide away the Crucified. She points to the Crucified. Leads to the Crucified. Holds the arms of the Crucified outstretched.

She wields the power of the Cross. She has the power to apply to the souls of men the graces of the Redemption. She is commissioned by the Crucified to do so.

From the Cross there flow seven streams ; seven streams of Life ; seven streams of grace, the seven Sacraments of the Catholic Church.

Every man, every woman, has but to cry to her : " Let me in ! Set me free from the dominion of sin ! Give me Life ! " And immediately she sets them free, and gives them Life.

The Life of their Saviour and Redeemer.

That is how men are saved. And not by fanciful Utopias.

That is how the world will be put right.

And that is why God became Man.

And that is the answer to Mr. Wells' question, " One hung on a cross . . . but what did he think he was doing ? "

III

SOCIAL DISORDER AND SOCIAL ORDER

“ We have solved the problem of socializing property, the problem the early twentieth century was unable to solve.”—*The Shape of Things to Come*, p. 318.

“ The Council for World Affairs . . . is the only sovereign upon this planet.” “ All other sovereignty . . . ceased to exist during the period of disorder.”—*Ibid.*, p. 249.

THE Social problem will be solved, according to Mr. Wells, by human commonsense coalesced into a Sovereign World Council with sole authority on earth to cleanse the social system of all ineptitudes, inefficiencies and injustices, by means of the principles of dialectical materialism.

On paper the scheme reads magnificently.

My contention here is that a merely materialistic social order rules out the true end of social life ; that human commonsense is of little avail divorced from the principles of Christian Justice and Charity, by whose application alone will a social order be attained in accordance with the code of Divine Law ; and that a Divinely appointed Sovereign Authority on earth, in charge of that code, is preferable to a man-made sovereignty that could never be other than fictitious.

The reigning Pope, in his Encyclical Letter on "The Social Order," lays down certain principles for the governing of social life :

Private property and private ownership are natural rights—and, therefore, God-given rights—in order that the individual may be able to provide for his own needs and those of his family. To abolish private ownership would not benefit, but be gravely harmful to the worker, and against his own interests ; for it would at once deprive him of the power to increase his own resources. The State, as Communism demands, could never lawfully abolish the right of private property, because it could never lawfully abolish a natural right ; though the State certainly has the right to control its use, in the interests of public good.

In regard to Socialism, as distinct from Communism. We cannot deny that its programme, in certain respects, strikingly approaches the just demands of Catholic Social Reform. We have to convince the Socialist, however, that his demands, in so far as they are just, are defended far more powerfully by the principles of the Catholic Faith and Christian Charity. The fundamental mistake of Socialism is that Social life was instituted merely for the advantages which it brings to mankind, here on earth.

Christianity teaches that Social life is related to Eternal life, and is to be lived under an authority ordained by God ; and that, by the faithful fulfilment of social duties, a man may attain not only to temporal but to Eternal happiness.

In a word, Social life is a means to an end, far

greater than any temporal end. In his Utopian Order of the future, Mr. Wells' World Council acknowledges no Divine Authority above its own, no Divine sanctions, and no code of Divine Law; relates Social life to nothing beyond, and temporal happiness to nothing eternal. The Utopian Order thus becomes, as a mere end in itself, a gigantically futile phantasy.

Socialism in its fundamental ideas cannot be brought into harmony with the Catholic Church, for the very reason that it conceives of human society in a way utterly alien to Christian Truth.

And that is what the Pope means when he says : " No one can be at the same time, a sincere Catholic and a true Socialist."

On the other hand, there are some sharp remarks to Capitalists. For instance, of the debt of Capital to Labour. Human wealth is made by, and flows from the hands of the working-man, and it is by the labour of working men that a State grows rich. Capital cannot do without Labour, any more than Labour without Capital. It is not Capital in itself that is wrong, but the unjust distribution of wealth and ownership under the modern Capitalistic system. It lies with Capitalists and with the State to promote just distribution of wealth and ownership amongst individuals and amongst classes—to put an end, once and for all, to the crying scandal of wealth and property for the few privileged, and not for the masses of wage-earners. The Pope does not hesitate to condemn severely the neglect of their plainest duty on the part of those in authority, in not removing the present evil conditions. I would

like to see that word "wage-earner" done away with, and the word "profit-sharer" put in its place. I would like to see, in every industry and works and trade, the workers made sharers in the ownership, the management, and the profits.

'Because that's what the Pope wants to see! And because that is Christian and Catholic! Remember that word "Profit-sharer." Say it to yourself. Say it to others. "The workers must be profit-sharers."

If the class-struggle is to cease, there will have to be mutual trust—between employers and employed. And that will mean a council set up in every industry—a council composed of representatives of the employers and representatives of those employed in that industry. Co-operation for the discussion of everything connected with the industry. Bridge over that ugly gulf of mistrust.

And it seems to me that it might be a very good thing if the World's Industrialists were to meet together and ask themselves the question: "Is all this boosted labour-saving machinery an advantage to the Industrial World as a whole?"

It is a purely gratuitous assumption that labour-saving machinery is essential to industrial progress. It may save labour. But it also saves employing labour and creates unemployment. A piece of machinery which dispenses with manual labour, also employs fewer men and dismisses the rest, and also cuts out the natural use of hands. Hence the notice you see posted up outside a works: "No hands need apply!"

We want more scrapping, not of men, but of machinery.

Now, there is a very important scheme put forward by the Pope—for establishing harmony in social life. It is this: The aim of Social legislation should be to form what he calls “Vocational Groups” in society; that is to say, men grouped together, not according to the position they occupy in the labour market, but according to their function in society, according to their trade or profession. Not competing against each other in the same trade or profession, but the whole trade or the whole profession working together—a vocation, a group, a guild, if you like. Instead of butchers all competing against butchers, and bakers against bakers, and tailors against tailors, and fishmongers against fishmongers, and grocers against grocers—let each trade come together. Let’s have The Butchers, with a capital B, The Fishmongers with a capital F, The Grocers, with a capital G, The Miners with a capital M, and so on. And instead of lawyers against lawyers, and doctors against doctors, and dentists against dentists—let each profession come together. Let’s have The Lawyers, with a capital L, The Doctors and The Dentists with a capital D (and their Patients with a capital P). Vocations. Groups.

And (this is only my own idea) why shouldn’t each trade and profession be given its badge or colours? Why not? Why on earth should only a group like a football team have its colours, merely for kicking a bladder about? Why shouldn’t Butchers and Doctors? Colours are half the battle

with a football team. Why not something similar to colours in the trades and professions?

The Army, the Navy, the Police Force, the Air Force, have all got their colours. Because they're groups. Anyway, you see the idea?

It seems to me that in the Pope's Vocational Group Scheme, if the State, by social legislation, were to institute it, you would find the solution of many evils in the economic system. The State would obviously, then, have to legislate for the common interests of each group. Each industry would fall into its own trade group. The present individualist system, which directs capital into the hands of directors, into monopolies and corners and rings, and which has given rise to all this unchecked, unchristian competition for money-power, would be compelled to sign its death-warrant. For in the new system Capital, of necessity, would be directed into the common good of the group, into a common fund, of which directors would become trustees. It would ensure an even distribution of wealth. It would ensure profit-sharing.

The Pope's Vocational Group system would be one in which Justice could at last come into its own, in which men would be working, not against one another, but for one another, for mutual benefit.

That is, roughly, the Pope's scheme.

I've no doubt that some of the Magnates of Commerce and Finance might retort to the Pope's suggestions: "Idealistic and unpractical!" To which I could only reply in defence of His Holiness, and in the words of old Bill:

"Well, you find a better 'ole."

It is a suggestion offered to the modern industrial business world, that has failed to establish a sound social life. For the Magnates of Commerce and Finance are discovering their system to be inadequate to cope with the World's trade and financial muddle.

The whole Encyclical on "Social Order" is an amazing diagnosis of the conditions of the social world, revealing an economic system as so much loose machinery when not held together by the principles of Christian Justice and Charity. The Pope, who, from his watch-tower in the Vatican, can view the machinery as a whole, may be more capable of seeing what is wrong than those inside the system.

May the leaders everywhere attend to what the Pope has written for their benefit, and take the guidance of the one man in the world who has the moral right to give it, where moral injustices are concerned!

The one man who is the Father of all men.

Whose sovereignty is a fact, not a figment.

And whose sovereignty is of God—not a man-made pomposity of Wellsian fiction.

IV

LUST AND LOVE

“There had been a revolt against what was called ‘Christian morality.’”—*The Shape of Things to Come*, p. 310.
“We now love as we like.”—*Ibid.*, p. 310.

WE are living in an age in which we can witness the beginnings of a great conflict. A conflict for Christian marriage and the home, both of which depend upon the maintenance of that Christian morality whose abolition is to be achieved by the Utopian schemes of Mr. Wells.

On the one hand we have the Catholic Church rigidly maintaining the Christian marriage-bond. On the other we have what is usually termed the World, steadily undermining it. A whole host of philosophers, writers, and novelists of the materialistic school are openly advocating the abolition of permanent unions, and free-love in place. The Theatre and Screen are perpetually presenting to the public pagan concepts of love, subversive of the sanctity of the marriage-bond. Articles appear in the Press, or at least a section of it, containing veiled attacks upon that very morality without which Christian marriage and the Christian home would be swept away. Things are seen and read

by mere boys and girls lowering their whole conception of parenthood. Divorces are streaming through the law-courts of the countries in which the marriage-bond is not upheld by civil law.

The world, for the most part, still believes in homes and in stability in social life; yet fails to perceive that, in undermining the marriage-bond, it is undermining the one essential, vital safeguard of the home and social life. The whole of Christian civilisation has been built up on the sanctity of the Christian marriage-bond, and the moral teaching of the Catholic Church accompanying it. Remove that bond and the whole structure of Christian civilisation would collapse, and with it would vanish the whole of that happiness associated by millions with that magic word—Home. That sanctuary of human love, encircled for 2,000 years by a rampart of inviolable vows and the holiest ideals, would be no more. The family, the essential unit of social life, would be gone.

The Christian marriage-bond is the first and foremost safeguard of the home and social life. May I therefore remind you of the teaching of the Catholic Church on this point?

The Catholic Church declares that the Christian marriage-bond is unbreakable—that a marriage, validly contracted, between two baptized persons, and consummated, i.e., in which the marriage right has been used—that marriage is indissoluble. Only death can break the bond. A decree of nullity, sometimes granted by the Catholic Church, does not destroy the marriage-bond. A decree of nullity is a declaration that there was no valid

contract of marriage in the first instance, and, therefore, no valid marriage, and no marriage-bond. You cannot destroy what does not exist. The amazing clamour in the World's Press over the famous Marlborough and Marconi cases arose almost entirely from ignorance of the difference between a divorce and a decree of nullity.

As regards the marriage-bond. It is plainly enjoined by Christ Himself in Holy Scripture. It is obviously founded on the very nature and purpose of matrimony. It determines the right relationship of husband and wife to each other, and also between parents and children. Above all, it is the bond of what has been raised by Christ Himself to the rank of a Sacrament, and a symbol of Christ's union with His Church.

The marriage-bond is the guarantee of the home. The Catholic Church safeguards the home with the bond. Wherever, in any country, for instance in Ireland, or Italy, you find the marriage-bond upheld by civil law, you find the home the very centre and basis of the nation's life. Ireland's civil refusal to surrender on the marriage-bond is her civil guarantee that in Catholic Ireland the homes shall be Catholic and Irish. If an Englishman may say so, from the bottom of his heart—Ireland's charm and glory may be found perhaps at its fullest, in her Catholic and Irish homes. May those homes ever remain, what they have been in the past—a pattern to the world.

I said that it is the Christian marriage-bond which the world of to-day is undermining, and would even abolish. Promiscuous love is being

extolled. "We may now love as we like," says Mr. Wells of his Utopian days to come.

The advocates of free-love use the wrong term. Illicit love is not love. Passion, licence, lust, are not love. Love is that sacred mutual giving in married life, the relationship for which the marriage-bond stands.

There are those who extol promiscuous love as something nobler than married love; they declare that the marriage-bond is a vile bondage, occasioning adultery, infidelity and cruelty—I have seen it described as "one of the most heinous inventions" ever foisted on mankind. The blame for it all is laid upon the Catholic Church; upon what are presented as her inhuman and iniquitous marriage-laws.

We gladly and proudly accept the blame for the marriage-bond. We have nothing but contempt, though, for the libels levelled against it.

Is it because of the marriage-bond that adultery, infidelity and cruelty come about? Or because of treachery to its sacred trust? Blame the traitors to it, not the marriage-bond. Do the faithful to it, or the traitors to it, find it cruel and inhuman?

De facto, the marriage-bond is one of the most potent factors for human happiness, and intended by the God who decreed it for the welfare of the world. It carries with it all that ennobles human nature—ideals of faithfulness, of unselfishness, of self-sacrifice, of a love that will not die.

May I quote some words of our Holy Father, Pope Pius XI, in his Encyclical Letter on "Christian Marriage"? These: "The objections brought against the firmness of the marriage-bond are

easily answered. For, in certain circumstances imperfect separation of the parties is allowed, the bond not being severed. This separation, which the Church herself permits, and expressly mentions in her Canon Law . . . removes all the alleged inconveniences and dangers."

Answering those who are in favour of the bond being severed, as against the maintenance of it by the Catholic Church, the Pope says, "For all the advantages that can be put forward for the former, there can be adduced as many disadvantages and evils which are a formidable menace to the whole of human society."

I wish that all opponents of the marriage-bond would read that Encyclical Letter of the Pope; for in it they will find unassailable arguments proving that the evils for which the marriage-bond is falsely blamed are the very evils which become rampant with its breakage. If ever there were blind leaders of the blind, it is those who frame laws destructive of the bond; for such laws can only prove destructive of that very stability in social life their makers are supposed to uphold.

To sum up :

Christian marriage, its sacramental nature, its sacred bond, are God's own supreme safeguard, supernaturalising and spiritualising love between men and women, binding them together in mutual faithfulness—"until death do us part." Away from it men and women must inevitably degenerate into a welter of lust and licence, into a state of moral anarchy and chaos, from which the light of all that is Divine is blotted out.

In regard to the marriage-state itself :

It seems to me that there are two factors which make for harmony in married life—the human and the supernatural. The human factor is the principle of “Give and take.” It is impossible for both husband and wife to have their own way in everything. There must be—give and take. The husband must decide things in his province, the wife in hers. In matters that concern him as head of the home, the husband should have the last word. Yes—head of the home. There must be a head ; and there cannot be two heads. To the husband as head the wife is subject—or should be ; although that’s not popular nowadays. As father and mother, they are King and Queen of the home, and the children are their subjects ; that, also, is not popular in these days of “old beans” and “she-parents.” It works, however. If there are no subjects, there is no rule. No rule, and the home becomes a pandemonium of conflicting interests and egos.

Do you know, I can almost tell what their fathers and mothers are like when I play games with children, by the way they play games—whether they have been taught unselfishness at home, taught to control their tempers, taught respect. In a word, whether they are being ruled ; whether they are the subjects of the King and Queen.

That is the human factor in the home.

The other is the supernatural factor.

The Sacramental Grace of Holy Marriage is a grace not only to be received, but used, together with all the other actual graces that are given in married life.

Of this I am certain :

No home can be unhappy ; no husband and wife can really fall out, or drift apart, as long as they are both actively co-operating with the Sacramental Grace specifically given for their help, keeping in view the supernatural sacredness of the marriage-union and the children born of it.

Into that home no evil thing will enter. Nothing to spoil or tarnish. Nothing to bring in shame.

With the Everlasting Arms around, and the wings of angels guarding.

V

THE ROYAL ROAD OF PAIN

“Under the Second Council the painless destruction of . . . the more dreadful and pitiful sorts of defective was legalised.”—*The Shape of Things to Come*, p. 306.

UNDER the Utopian World Council humanity is to be freed of encumbrances such as human defectives, by a process of painless destruction or “legalised” murder.

The Wellsian materialistic order recognises no Creator in whose hands alone lies the power of life and death, and acknowledges no higher values of pain and suffering.

I propose to present those higher values by exemplifying from what takes place at Lourdes to-day, where the problem of pain and suffering is seen in its supernatural setting.

There is a spell about Lourdes—the exact like of which I have never felt elsewhere. It is both subtle and intense. It grips you at once on arriving there, even as you slow down past the Grotto into the Station. It comes at first with the peculiar radiance of joy that is not of this world. You

grope about trying to fathom its mystery. Is it due to the knowledge of Immaculate Mary's appearance to Bernadette? You gradually perceive that it is more. It comes not merely from something that has happened, but from something that is happening—from something that is being done, something that Our Lady is doing, and is doing all the time—a work of vast import.

Our Lady of Lourdes has asked us to come here for more than her own honour, the honour which she passes on to her Son. She is watching you all the time to make sure that you will do something further. She is demanding something of you. You cannot escape her. She weaves her spell around you, fascinates, compels, until you look her in the face and ask: "Mother, what is it you want?" And she replies: "Watch, and you shall know."

What is it she wants?

You watch that tide of broken humanity flowing to her shrine—maimed and twisted, sightless and speechless, decrepit, decaying—life's wreckage laid at her feet. And you begin to understand.

It came to me, first, watching my fellow-brancardiers at their work—whose boots I am always conscious of not being fit to lick—a work that, to the natural man, can be nothing but irksome and distasteful; toiling along with stretchers and chairs in the burning sun or drenching rain; no limelight; a work that may even become loathsome and repugnant in the Piscines—bathing battered bodies sometimes odiously stenching; tending open sores, lowering and lifting helpless cripples

to and from the waters. Could they do it for long but for the love of God?

“Now,” Our Lady challenges, “Now do you understand? Have you ever done this for my Son? Have you ever really sacrificed yourself, consecrated all you don’t like and don’t want? Have you ever really consecrated yourself to the Cross?”

You leave the Piscines in shame, knowing how miserably you have shirked the Cross and shrunk from what it involves. You knew before, that, without embracing pain and suffering, whether of your own or others, you could not enter into the Passion of Christ; at Lourdes you realise it. Our Lady asks for heroes and martyrs to be crucified with her Son. She asks for the big thing. She asks you, by the power of the Cross, to live at the service of others for the love of God, of the helpless, the suffering, the unattractive, the despised, the outcast, of all whom the world does not want.

“Son of mine, will you consecrate yourself to the Cross?”

That is the understanding she gives to those who are well and strong. So it has seemed to me.

What of the sick themselves?

You watch them, too, within the Piscines being bathed in the stream, coming forth from the waters with a new light in their eyes. You watch them on their beds of pain being blessed by the Sacred Host, the new peace that is manifest.

And again you begin to understand.

You thought, perhaps, it was the miracles that mattered at Lourdes. Oh, yes, they matter, of

course. It matters very much that the Creator should deign to manifest Himself and strengthen our weak faith. But there is more than this. To only a few are the miracles given. What else would you expect? Miracles, of their very nature, must be rare. Yet all the sick who come in love and faith receive something.

They receive a new gift of grace—a grace whereby is conveyed the power to rise above pain and the humiliating helplessness of maiming disease, a grace whereby the crushing burden of it all is transferred by Our Lady to her Son. “Come to my shrine, be blessed by the Sacred Host, bathe in the stream—and I will take the anguish of it all and place it with my Son.”

They receive the grace to offer themselves. If they are to be healed—*Deo gratias*; if not—*Fiat voluntas tua*. They all receive the grace to carry on; to carry on gloriously, “until the day dawn and the shadows of earth flee away.”

It is true perhaps that, for the first day or two of the Pilgrimage, expectancy of a cure may run high. Then comes resignation. Then the joy of a great understanding: They are the *chosen* ones of God for a vast, mysterious work of expiation, a mighty volume of pain and prayer sweeping up before the Throne in Heaven. Chosen to remind men of the folly and futility of the flesh. Chosen to tell the world that there is something immeasurably greater than the mere physical courage of long-distance flights—supernatural fortitude. God remains unmoved before the puny, vaunted achievements of scientists, film-stars, athletes, record-breakers, and

boxers—the world's heroes. He does not remain unmoved before the stretchers at Lourdes.

The world's heroes do not make God act. The world's broken ones, offering themselves, do. They plead from Calvary with Eternal Love; and down from the heights comes a vast outpouring of grace upon all in need, upon his Mystical Body below, upon those in the darkness without.

They become invested with a new dignity, a grandeur, an import, an infinite value, touched by the Cross of God which they share with the Crucified. There is a look about the sick who have been to Lourdes many times. A supernatural refinement. They live near death, conquerors of life, travelling the royal road of pain, kings and queens reigning from stretchers and chairs.

For such as these there is no place in the Wellsian Utopia.

It was my privilege once to look after one of them—a girl of twenty, from Savoy, stretched on her back, worn to a skeleton—great sunken eyes, her whole soul looking through them. She would have been lovely in health. She was more lovely in the spiritual radiance shining through the wreckage of her body; a triumph of grace, telling you of God and His ways as only such as she could do.

Kings and Queens of life and death.

I remember too the little child of eight I used to carry about, with her legs in irons; sometimes she would struggle along on her own. She would tell you proudly: "I lead the blind man about." She was a little princess. And the young man powerless from the waist down, who didn't mind being carried

like a sack over my shoulder in order to get to the Grotto. He was a young prince.

The royalty of Lourdes.

That Gethsemane, that at Mary's touch becomes a Garden of Resurrection, whose very trees, the birds, the sun, the rain, the river, are alive with her beauty. That haven of transformation from which the broken can look into Eternity and see themselves as one day they will be :

Their bodies whole and glorified,
 Haloed with Heaven's own light,
 Resplendent with such beauty
 As shines from stars at night.
 Nothing to tarnish their glory,
 Nothing to mar or maim,
 Nothing to hinder or hold them,
 Nothing to hurt or pain.
 Partaking God's own happiness,
 Transfigured after strife,
 Sharing the Royal Sovereignty,
 Crowned with the crown of life.

UNCONQUERED AND UNCONQUERABLE

“The new government . . . had gripped that vast world organization, the Catholic Church, and told it in effect to be still for evermore.”—*The Shape of Things to Come*, p. 260.

MR. WELLS has made a most unfortunate slip in “*The Shape of Things to Come*.” He has depicted the ending of the Catholic Church.

He appears to be as assured of its ending as he is of his Utopian world continuing for millions of years : Christianity is incompatible with his scheme for humanity, and must therefore be suppressed ; the continuance of the world for millions of years is compatible with his scheme, and therefore the world must go on.

That the Catholic Church has been marching on for twenty centuries over the strewn corpses of schemes with which she was incompatible and by which she was to be suppressed, seems to have escaped him. Or does Mr. Wells suppose that his World Council, “the only sovereign upon this planet,” will succeed where all else has failed ? The Catholic Church is a two-thousand-year-old fact ; Utopia is not yet born, and may be still-born. Faced by history, the Wellsian scheme reduces itself to the defiance of a schoolboy putting his fingers to his nose. To Napoleon strutting

before him and boasting the might of his empire, a Pope remarked, "You comedian!"

History is apt to repeat itself.

The convenient killing-off of a character, for artistry's sake, may be allowable on the Screen; but the convenient killing-off of the Catholic Church for the purpose of a fanciful future is little less than comic pomposity in face of the Archangel's declaration, "Of His Kingdom there shall be no end."

The Archangel happened to know. Mr. Wells does not. Otherwise the unfortunate slip might not have occurred.

The Catholic Church is no mere human organisation, but a Divine organism made by Christ, Who is God; and, as such, imperishable. If the powers of hell cannot prevail against her, neither will Man with a big M—the Utopian big noise.

When will Mr. Wells perceive the obvious?

That there is something about the Kingdom of God no kingdom of man can suppress; that the existence of the Catholic Church to-day is a fact for which no human or natural causes can account; that every earthly kingdom has crashed beneath what she has withstood; that she survives what only a Divine Kingdom could survive; that her continued presence in this world is an abiding miracle of God; and that the Providence which keeps her will keep her to the end.

Unconquered and unconquerable.

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