

ANDRE RAFFALOVICH

P. ZAPLETAL, introducing the subject of these memories, in Fribourg, in 1902, said: Monsieur Raffalovich, *tertiaire*; and, delicately changing the language, *cujus laus est in ecclesia*.

He had been a Catholic for about seven years; and already he showed familiarity with church matters which must sometimes have surprised the observant. His was a conversion *coup de foudre*. His friend from boyhood, Florence Truscott Gribbell, had, in the glory of her young fifties, been received into the Church. There was a 'ghastly row,' as the phrase of the day was; but the mettlesome youth soon compromised, watched Chère Amie to see that she did not injure her health through medieval penances, saw to her Friday menu, and started every Sunday from South Audley Street at a quarter to eleven to walk round the park. She might report at lunch who had preached or whom she had seen at Mass. No reply.

Then, all but suddenly, André himself was a Catholic. No one now can disclose how this came about. It was already characteristic of the way in which he treated his spiritual affairs—all but the unflinching confession of his faith—perhaps as though these were the Lord's business, about which it would be sounder to observe reticence.

With thoroughness which knew no exceptions he was soon conversant with Catholic devotions, Catholic ways. His insatiable appetite for books forsook for the time all else for catechetical, ascetic and hagiography, for all but purely academical Christianity, which humility caused him to shun.

Fr. Pius Cavanagh may have been his link with the Dominican Order, the link early formed and daily strengthened for the remainder of life. This general fact must be known throughout the Province, and occasionally far beyond it.

Had he by chance any idea of a striking change in his life, the saintly Irishman would soon have made him wise. In fact, it would have needed sharp attention to detect small changes, which nevertheless must have been numerous.

Social life had long been with him an art. He brought with him from Paris the germ of what was to be one side of his celebrity. After the Lycée the plan had been for him to go to Oxford. Thither he went with dignified introductions and in charge of a competent tutor; and took responsibilities. But a congenital trouble warned him early; Oxford was abandoned, and he removed to London.

There he was soon settled in South Audley Street; and divided his time between the fashionable world and the Bohemian. He attended all first nights and went twice a week to the Opera. The typical caricature represented him scanning the auditorium with an opera-glass.

After his reconciliation, his movements, his acquaintance, would have undergone important changes; but these were imperceptible. In time, however, his home was near the Oratory, and new channels which he found for his income occupied more of his attention.

Most of his last thirty years were spent in Edinburgh, where he died on Ash Wednesday of this year. As he neared forty there was again cause for anxiety on the score of health. Just then he spent a summer in Scotland, and was surprised by the improvement in his strength and agility. After repeating the holiday, with similar satisfaction to himself, he migrated for the second time in his life.

Apart from the critical question of health, a civilized environment was all he required for the exercise of his natural gifts. The base of these was a properly pivoted intelligence. He read (though, indeed, exactly what he chose), meditated, discoursed and liked to be understood; and, without any human respect, he withdrew when he was not understood. Hence the vast and varied character of his acquaintance; his elastic memory: his facility with languages; the disquieting alertness of his mind. He liked hyperbole and family jokes: but he was never heard to employ an unnecessary expletive.

Alongside the intelligence grew and flourished natural kindness. This found objects for its expression in a multitude of friends and befriended persons. It would be a be-

trayal, in the circumstances, to allude further to this outlet.

The order which by nature he knew to be necessary determined all the things he did for his own satisfaction. He was as punctual as a lay-sister in his religious duties, If he could be said to have studied anything, the subjects were plant-life, mathematics, physiology.

As a rest from his own 'position' he put himself in the 'position' of others. His confidants had to hear without a smile that he had, say, presented a nun with a wheelbarrow. When a driver, to show affection for him, drove him, quite against his wishes, with desperate speed, he might say: 'It's all right, so long as he doesn't loop the loop.'

JOHN GRAY.

A HUNDRED YEARS OF PSYCHOLOGY

IN comparison with such sciences as Chemistry, Physics or Physiology, which have acquired a certain stability of doctrine and method, Psychology at the present day appears to have little of either of these characters; an excuse is often made to the effect that psychology is still one of the younger sciences, and has not as yet quite found a firm footing. The truth is that there are no clear-cut generally-accepted principles governing either the subject matter or methods of this science, as may be seen by consulting various text-books or that interesting volume of essays, *Psychologies of 1930*. Psychology may perhaps be considered young as an experimental science, but in regard to a part at least of its subject, it is about as old as any enquiry one can think of, for man has always been interested in man. Speculation on the existence and nature of 'Soul,' of mind, of thinking, of appetite, of character and conduct, reaches back to the centuries B.c., when Greek Philosophy was at its highest and best in the writings of Plato and Aristotle. These are subjects with which psychology to-day is still concerned, but having lost contact with the ancient philosophy it has also lost a great deal of coherence.