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suggest that such a wild general statement, if presented to a college tutor, would have met its fate by a blue-pencilling.

Seldom does a book of controversy contain, as Dr. Kidd's book contains, in its first sentence the ultimate ground of its unhistorical conclusion. The opening words of this book are: "The Roman Primacy means the authority enjoyed at first by the local Church of Rome and then by its Bishop. . . . At first the primacy was that of the local Roman Church. It had an acknowledged pre-eminence among other churches" (p. 11).

Although the Church of England has no other unity of head except the Crown, but still retains Pope Gregory's organization into two Provinces of Canterbury and York, yet Dr. Kidd might see in the organization of either of these Provinces the refutation of his own refutation of the Papal claims. Let Dr. Kidd substitute Canterbury or York for Roman, in order to give an historical and indeed a logical meaning to his words:

"The Canterbury primacy, in the Province of Canterbury, means the authority enjoyed by the local church of Canterbury and then by its Archbishop."

We will ask one question if only to reassure ourselves that discussion offers any hopes: Was it Canterbury that empowered Augustine; or was it Augustine that empowered Canterbury?"

VINCENT McNABB, O.P.

BIOGRAPHY

AUTOBIOGRAPHY: G. K. Chesterton. (Burns Oates; 10/6.)

Those who were most in the life of the writer of this autobiography cannot help recalling words and acts of his that argued a consciousness of coming death. But even the casual reader will feel that its completion on the eve of death was an "undesigned coincidence" that argued the unconscious, if not the conscious, fulfilment of a work before the night came when no man could work.

Though here and there we seem to see death marking its approach by a trace of weariness, the writer of *The Everlasting Man* and the singer of *The Ballad of the White Horse* has left his sign-manual of philosopher and poet on every page. Not a few of these pages in their perfect craftsmanship of remembrance show their writer to have a genius for friendship. Indeed the chapter fitly entitled *Portrait of a Friend* recalls, not Boswell's sincere and bulky praise of Johnson, but Cowley's no less sincere but more finely phrased panegyric of Crawshaw.

If the writer ever had or thought he had an enemy, he has found no place for him in the long litany of men he met and of "those old friends from whom I have been sundered in thought

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but not in sympathy." In recalling their names and deftly linking them with some incident that makes them more than names, his unconscious forecast of death may have thus been courteously offering them his *Ave atque Vale*.

We have been trying to say that this autobiography with its rapid outline sketches of a hundred of his contemporaries proves its writer a master-craftsman in such disparate spheres as literature and friendship. But we should miss a quality—perhaps the purpose of the book—if we did not discern the writer not just implicitly showing himself a true friend, but very explicitly calling himself a sinner.

There is a passage in the chapter entitled *How to be a Lunatic* which is almost G.K. unlocking his heart. My readers will bear with me, as with an old professor of logic, if I put the author's second sentence first, and first sentence second—not in order to correct the author's style or argument, but in order to bring into relief what the author might not want to bring into relief: "In the matter of religion I have been much concerned with controversies about rather provocative problems. . . . I deal here with the darkest and most difficult part of my task: the period of youth which is full of doubts and morbidities and temptations; and which, though in my case mainly subjective, has left in my mind for ever a certitude upon the objective reality of sin."

We wonder if even the profoundly philosophical and deliberate mind of the writer of this passage saw its profound humility; which linked him with another holy man who preceded him some seven centuries—St. Dominic. Both men were born and qualified apostles. The man who was born on Campden Hill, Kensington, in 1874—and breathed the artistic, literary, social air of Chelsea in the early nineties—was what he would call a controversialist, and the student of ecclesiastical institution would call an apostle. Truth was always news; sometimes good, sometimes bad. But God's truth was always "good news"; which had to be told. Gilbert Chesterton's generous heart could keep nothing to himself. And when God gave him sight of the final truth, the inclination to give became a call to the apostolate.

But though Jesus Christ is sinless, every apostle of Jesus Christ is a sinner. And though the gospel of Jesus is good, the gospeller must not account himself as good as his gospel. Herein is the likeness between the Spaniard Dominic Gusman and the Londoner Gilbert Chesterton. The Spaniard never drew nigh a town or hamlet to preach the gospel to it without first kneeling down to ask God not to punish the people for the sins of the sinner who was to preach to them.

In an almost mystical closing chapter entitled *The God with the Golden Key* this child of Campden Hill unlocks the heart of

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an apostle whose trumpeting of the good news went out to the ends of the earth. But this lowly follower of Augustine of the *Confessions* must say his own say :

I have said that I had in childhood, and largely preserved out of childhood, a certain romance of receptiveness which has not been killed by sin or even by sorrow . . . "This rude and primitive religion of gratitude did not save me from ingratitude; from sin, which is perhaps most horrible to me because it is ingratitude.

But here again I found that the answer awaited me. Precisely because the evil was mainly of the imagination it could only be pierced by that conception of Confession which is the end of all solitude and secrecy. I found only one religion which would go down with me into the depths of myself.

One day the Master, schooling His followers for the apostolate of the world, bade them learn before they taught; and learn the one fundamental lesson of humility. Few of those who read of Gilbert Chesterton's *Autobiography* only the words we have quoted, will fail to recognize the authentic humility of an apostle.

VINCENT McNABB, O.P.

MEMOIR OF MOTHER MARY JUDITH OF SION. 1847-1932. By a Member of the Community. (Longmans; 6/-.)

This is a short life of one of the most remarkable women I have ever known. Born a Protestant, Ellen Hodge was, from her early years, attracted to the Catholic Church. Her first attempt, at the age of fourteen, to be instructed was not a very encouraging one; the priest gave her a penny catechism and told her to be a good little girl!—adding that one day she would be a Catholic. How often we neglect to take children seriously! However, this was a beginning. In the first chapters of the biography we see this young soul fighting against many obstacles, the greatest being the opposition of her parents, gradually drawn to the Catholic Church and then to religious life. At twenty-one she joined the Congregation of Our Lady of Sion founded by Father Ratisbonne, the converted Jew. Those who read this book will learn something of the founder and of the spirit of Sion.

Sister Judith had her first experience in teaching the children at Grandbourg, near Paris. It was not an easy task, but she succeeded. As her biographer says: "The same tactful respect for the liberty of souls, the same strength and wisdom in government, the same loving solicitude for the children, characterized the younger religious as when she, in her turn, was called upon to bear the burden of Superiority for a long term of years." In 1877 Mother Judith came to London, and for fifty-five years this was to be the scene of her labours. The rest of the biography deals with her great work in the Metropolis both from a spiritual and material point of view. As to the latter, the building of the fine