

Book Reviews

mented and corrected. And for this he could have desired no better editor than Father Thurston. This third volume maintains the high level of its predecessors. Some of Butler's Lives have been completely re-written, all have been revised, and notices of Saints (like St. Clement Hofbauer) canonized since his time, have been added. Blessed Henry Suso (whom Butler dismissed in a mere footnote) receives adequate treatment, and the Elizabethan martyrs and those of North America do not go unnoticed. The Acts of SS. Perpetua and Felicitas, one of the greatest hagiological treasures that has come down to us, are very fully set forth in the light of the latest modern scholarship. It is only to be regretted that considerations of space have necessitated the sacrifice of some of Butler's excellent little homilies, long the favourite spiritual reading of our forefathers. As it is, this March instalment contains nearly five hundred closely-printed pages. Each notice is without exception eminently readable, though perhaps one misses with some sadness the flavour of Alban Butler's own old-fashioned style. Historical slips are very few, yet we may note that the Emperor Francis was the successor not of Joseph II but of Leopold II (p. 258), and the title borne as Anti-Pope by Amadeus of Savoy was Felix V not Felix IV (p. 448).

F. R. B.

ROBERT AND CLIVE: THE STORY OF A SURGEON. By Clair Cope. (John Bale & Sons and Danielsson; 6/- net.)

Dr. Axel Munthe has shown in his book, *San Michele*, what a gifted and vivid pen can make of a doctor's memoirs. Clair Cope's *Story of a Surgeon* is not exactly biography, though in its twenty-eight little sketches it lets us into many of the secrets of the doctor's life. We are planted into the midst of the characters without any very formal introduction, and each incident and new chapter somewhat abruptly whirled us off to fresh scenes—all exciting and stimulating; and once we get into the stride of the book we see that the impressionist style creates precisely the right atmosphere of the busy doctor's day (and night) which must be prepared to meet every conceivable emergency and see all the tragedy and comedy of life in the raw. The medical profession is one that has maintained a high standard and lived up to its ancient nobility when other professions have not refused to fall in with (and down to) the prevailing commercialism and stunt advertising. This is not to say that the doctor is never assailed by that soul-destroyer, avarice, nor to deny that he ever succumbs to greed; but the

Blackfriars

nature of his healing craft is such as to make him more detached and disinterested than men of other professions and less liable to unworthy or sordid considerations. Of all professionals who went to the war, I venture to think none shone more gloriously than the doctors. This little book conveys the same impression and leaves us marvelling at the charity and self-sacrifice of the great medical fraternity—and the impression is all the more pronounced because there is no special pleading, nor even any effort to conceal the more human of the medico's failings, and the writer is doing nothing more than setting forth his own plain statement of a doctor's experience. The little dissertation on Pain in Chapter xxiv is of especial significance and value to anyone in search for a Catholic statement of a difficult problem.

B.D.

THE UNREALISTS. By Harvey Wickham. (Sheed & Ward; 7/6 net.)

The unrealists are William James, Bergson, Santayana, Einstein, Bertrand Russell, John Dewey, Professors Alexander and Whitehead. The book contains good portraits of six of these philosophers with irreverent mottoes attached. It is a vivacious criticism of their various philosophical positions from the point of view of a robust realism, and might be described as an episode in the ancient quarrel between the plain man and the philosopher. But that is perhaps too mild a description for this slashing onslaught, written in a very lively and picturesque style. The idiom is, indeed, rather too lively and too picturesque for the subject, and we fear that many a reader will find it difficult to follow the argument. It is philosophy served up with jazz and cocktails, and should have an appeal for those who like that sort of thing. Yet the book contains not a little shrewd criticism of its victims, who are treated throughout with a breezy irreverence that may serve as a refreshing antidote to popular worship.

J.M.

OF SHOES AND SHIPS By Thomas Foster. (Rider; 4/6 net.)

'Of shoes and ships,' of jerry builders, publishers, the clergy; of unemployment, agriculture, and corrupt business practices; of youth, of age, of pernicious 'movements,' of muddled thinking; of all these they talk, the characters in this book, and of persons and periodicals presented under transparent pseudo-