

Mr Fraser's translation reads almost always extremely well and is good by current standards. But there are a number of mistakes, of which I quote a few. P. 11 a 'minime' is a Minim or Friar of St Francis de Paul, not a Friar Minor. P. 14: 'a little placard in poster form' is a meaningless rendering of 'petit placard en forme d'affiche'. P. 18: 'le grand monde' is not 'the great world' but 'society'. P. 29: the English for 'bénéfice' is '(ecclesiastical) living'. P. 36: 'a pamphlet' does not translate 'un ouvrage'. P. 37: 'repretrait' means 'found fault with', not 'again took up'. P. 42: 'grands principes' are not 'grand principles'. P. 47: the 'sacre' of a king is what we call a 'coronation' (two different moments of the same ceremony), not 'consecration'. P. 143: 'à sa mort' is here 'at', not 'on his death', and 'passé dans le trou d'une aiguille' does not mean 'passed through the hole made by a needle'. P. 193: 'worry' should be 'disturb' and the succession of 'it's' in lines 24 to 26 should all be 'he's', except the first. 'And ceremonies' (line 25) and 'unquestioning' (line 35) have been added by the translator. On p. 73 Baius is miscalled Balus. The 'Rue de la Tissanderie' (p. 6) should be 'Tisseranderie', known also as 'Tixeranderie'. On p. 18, for '1638' (line 55) read '1639'.

Mr Fraser frequently makes a mistake common in English translations from the French by spelling 'Monsieur' in full when it should be abbreviated to 'M.', although the mistake never occurs in M. Mesnard's original. It is only in addressing letters that Frenchmen spell 'Monsieur' in full before a name. He also adopts the irritating practice of prefixing the definite article to 'Abbé'. This word is a designation, not a description, and is comparable, not to 'duc' but to 'père, général, professeur', none of which is rendered in English with the article when it precedes a name. 'The Abbé Bossut' is as incorrect as 'the General John, the Professor Smith, the Bishop Butt' or 'the Father Evans'.

The frontispiece reproduces a portrait of Pascal with the caption: 'From the original picture by Philippe de Champagne' (sic). This can hardly be accurate. The only Pascal portrait which is certain is that by Quesnel, made after his death. Quite recently a picture has been discovered which is claimed to be by Philippe de Champaigne and to represent Pascal; it was exhibited in Paris in February 1952. The attribution to Philippe is generally admitted but the identification of the sitter with Pascal has been disputed. In any case this, the only portrait by Philippe claimed to show him, is not that reproduced in this book. Has a second Philippe portrait been unearthed in the last twelve months? It seems unlikely.

C. M. GIRDLESTONE

NEWMAN'S WAY. By Sean O'Faolain. (Longman; 25s.)

The interest of this volume and the intimacy of its style are well illustrated by the following passage about the Cardinal's visit to his brother

Charles in their old age: 'When he was very old, so old as to be feeble, having endured many humiliations and disappointments, been frustrated almost wholly, yet now a Cardinal, the sort of national figure, like Gladstone or Palmerston, whom one never thinks of as having any domestic life at all, no more than a statue or an immortal, he packed his carpet-bag one September day in '82, and astonished them all at the Oratory by saying that he was going down to Wales, to visit his brother Charles. They had never known that he had a brother Charles.'

This book is similar in subject to Miss Maisie Ward's *Young Mr Newman*. When that appeared, we thought we had everything we could desire about Newman in his family circle up to the year of his conversion. Mr O'Faolain has discovered a great deal more, and confines himself almost entirely to the same period. It is incredible what he has been able to dig up regarding the family history; and it is all of course supremely interesting, since we always like to be introduced to the intimate family lives of great men. The author tells us he set out to 'humanise the whole Newman legend'. In the case of John Henry, it seemed to need this humanisation, since, in his Anglican days, though he attached to himself so many friends, he seems to have had little intimacy with any but his family and Hurrell Froude. Mr O'Faolain gives us a convincing picture of the interior reserve of character which minimised his enjoyment of normal good cheer and entertainment. While agreeing with the author that there were psychological reasons, surely one must suspect that this is in great measure due to the depth of his interior life with God. He always has a keen sense of the undivided love he owes God, and is always afraid that any earthly joy, even in the company of mother and sisters, may interfere with his complete dedication. Mr O'Faolain is apt to see an element of Calvinism in this; but it is found often enough in the lives of Catholic saints. We know that love of God does not diminish love of our neighbour; but many people have a vocation of prayer which diminishes their capacity for the purely human pleasures of companionship. Certainly Newman's love for his friends is no less for his inability to enjoy them to the full.

The book was intended to cover the story of the whole Newman family. But the author found from the beginning that he could not keep John Henry from the central place; while in the end the latter completely steals the scene from the others. We are struck in this volume even more forcibly than we were in that of Maisie Ward by Newman's capacity in the midst of his sermons, tutorials, studies, and all his other public life, to take the whole Newman family under his wing, as he did after his father's death. Mother, sisters, brother and aunt, all look to him for sheer material assistance as well as for counsel. He even tries to arrange his sisters' marriages. John stands out in marked contrast to his eccentric brother Charles and his pedantic professor-brother Frank. In no circum-

stances is John other than generous and charitable to them.

In reviewing a book that tells us so much that we are curious to know, and tells it so well, it seems ungenerous to criticise. Yet one or two weaknesses seem of such importance that I hope I may be forgiven for noting them. On the matter of Newman's intellectuality, Mr O'Faolain thinks that his intellect become so refined 'as to be transformed out of its own nature into the nature of the imagination'. This sounds like the exploded views of Bremond and others who misinterpreted Newman's intellectuality so disastrously in the early years of the century. Newman's view is sometimes described as though it were traditionalism, as though he accepted tradition as a substitute for reason in matters intellectual. Again, I think Mr O'Faolain exaggerates Newman's early 'idealism', as well as his early Calvinism. With regard to the latter, I feel more confidence in the picture drawn by Fr Bouyer in his recent book on Newman. In a less important matter Mr O'Faolain seems also to overdraw Newman's lack of knowledge and interest in the burning questions of his day. What about his essay on British policy in the Crimea? What of his appreciation of Wilberforce's efforts to suppress slavery? What of his essay on the Turks and their relation to Europe? What of his interest in Wellington and Gordon? Mr O'Faolain complains that these topics do not appear in his correspondence. But I think it is possible to find other explanations for that than lack of interest. The author also queries Newman's interest in the human characters of early Church history. This may be true of his book on the Arians, but not of his *Historical Sketches*. Lastly, I feel that Mr O'Faolain does not do justice to Newman's defence of the *Via Media* and the Anglo-Catholic position in general. The Oxford Movement was not the failure that Mr O'Faolain thinks, whether one considers its results inside or outside of the Church of England. Newman's Oxford pamphlet on Eucharistic doctrine, which Mr O'Faolain regards as so important, is nevertheless one of his weakest efforts in defence of the *Via Media*.

However, I would not have the reader turn away from the book for the sake of these weaknesses. It gives us a completely fresh picture of Newman's early life with his family; and this it is which constitutes its great value.

H. FRANCIS DAVIS

GOD AND THE UNCONSCIOUS. By Victor White, O.P., with a Foreword by C. G. Jung. (The Harvill Press; 21s.)

Those who had been hoping for a *magnum opus* by Father Victor White on 'God and the Unconscious' will be disappointed in this book, as it consists largely of lectures and articles, most of which have appeared in print before. It remains nevertheless the most important contribution to the study of the relations between Psychology and Religion which we have