

brief chapter on 'Poets and Prophets' vividly sets out how each, similarly yet profoundly differently, 'offer us what we most thirst for, the contact of truth in the midst of our struggles'.

We do not hesitate to say that for all its brevity and unpretentious simplicity, this little book only narrowly misses that exacting criterion which it quotes from Nietzsche: 'To be a classic, one must have *all* the gifts and *all* the needs'. It misses it because it perhaps tacitly and negatively assumes what Mr Broch in his introduction explicitly and positively affirms: the supposition that because 'the myth that man must enact is none other than the creation of his own mind, a creation that God, by a direct act of grace, had imbedded in his soul', it follows that man 'could renounce the outside hierarchy'. The author, for her part, does not indeed go so far as expressly to renounce this gift and need—itsself part and parcel of God's creation in and through his human image; indeed she implicitly gives it some due; but it still largely eludes her yet comprehensive yoke.

For the most part, however, Hermann Broch's introduction does little except dot the i's and cross the t's of the text: it has the rare merit of being an introduction. His statement of the nature and function of myth has hardly been bettered; but he fails to understand how integral Catholicity combines the fixity with the elasticity and dynamism of religious forms.

VICTOR WHITE, O.P.

WITH FATHER VINCENT AT MARBLE ARCH. By E. A. Siderman. (Blackfriars Publications; 2s.)

The tribute of an honoured and honouring Jewish opponent and heckler for twenty-five years, this booklet is of great value, adding no little to our knowledge of a great servant of God, whose words are set down with Boswell-like faithfulness. We see and hear him in his habit as he lived, year in and year out, fighting the battles of the Cross in Babylon, his gay and noble courage matched by his immense charity. This true son of St Dominic was utterly free from human respect. This 'bonny fechter' was well served by his Irish wit which deftly turned the laugh against so many aggressors. In some of his views of men and measures his warm heart got the better of his cool scholastic head, notably regarding the Anglicans. I know definitely that what gave offence was *not* his sympathy towards them but his use of words which would naturally import recognition of Lambeth Councils as ecumenical and Anglican orders as possibly valid, and his seeming encouragement of dreams of 'corporate reunion'. A perfunctory footnote was no sufficient corrective. Cardinal Merry del Val felt very strongly on this point. Again he seemed blind to their strenuous zeal in preventing conversions.

Dying in 1943, he was able to keep unshaken his firm belief in the integrity of allied war aims. Poland had not yet been openly

betrayed, nor Stalin truckled to, nor Hiroshima wiped out. His views on the Pope's peace suggestions and the bombing of Rome were rather contentious. The statement (on page 20) about his praise of Eric Gill needs qualifying. A letter he wrote to me implied a revision of his views on Gill's religious art. Against social and economic iniquities he was the most valiant and outspoken of crusaders, and fearless in rebuking disloyal Catholics who were Mammon's accomplices, selling their own and their children's souls for higher wages or larger profits.

Undaunted by abuse, undeterred by ridicule, he insisted always that primitive Nazareth and not up-to-date industrial Carthage was the model of Christian life. *Anima nostra cum anima ejus!*

A short but happy foreword by Mr Sheed and a telling afterword by Fr Bernard Delany complete this well-written tribute to a noble hero of the Cross.

H. E. G. ROPE

CHRIST-CONSCIOUSNESS. By A. Gardeil, O.P. Translated by a Preacheress of Carisbrooke. (Blackfriars Publications; 2s.)

We are sometimes startled in reading the New Testament to find our blessed Lord speaking of himself as the way, the life, the truth, the door, the bread of life. It is good for us to be so startled out of our sleepy complacency. St Paul also makes great claims for the Saviour whom he once persecuted. He tells us that Christ is made unto us, wisdom, justice, sanctification, redemption. It is round these claims which our blessed Lord makes for himself, and St Paul makes for him, that this little book is written. We are recalled to our Lord under these aspects. He *is* our life; he *is* our redemption; he *is* our justice; he *is* our sanctification; he *is* our wisdom. We are recalled to the very person of our Lord, to a consciousness of him, and therefore, we hope, to a greater personal knowledge of him, trust in him, and love of him.

G. B.

THE SIZE OF LIFE. By J. P. Murphy. (Longmans; 7s. 6d.)

This religious speculation corrects the distortions that result when we live, as we usually do, smaller than we are. Matter may loom large, but there is a greater and spiritual unrestraint behind it; the peak of art springs under the vault of morality; science may expand but its frontiers are always open; the human community is a transit camp for the city of God. The style of these four connected essays shows how scholastic idiom can be racy English; the argument closely packs the thought without dousing the light and warmth.

T. G.