

## BOOK REVIEWS

**TWO ESSAYS BY KARL ADAM.** Translated by Edward Bullough.  
(London: Sheed & Ward, 1930; 3/6 net.)

Dr. Karl Adam is now fairly well known to English readers by his *Spirit of Catholicism*, and there will probably be many who will be glad to have more from his pen. The two lectures translated in the present volume are of very considerable interest, both for their content and for their further revelation of the mind of the author. In the first, 'Christ and the Western Mind,' after a survey of the past inter-relation of Christianity and the West, Dr. Adam examines the present-day situation, and finds no hope for the West, but in a return to a complete and integral Christianity. In the second lecture, 'Love and Belief,' he shows that there can be no love without faith, and that the highest love requires the completest faith. In both he does not hesitate to ask from his Catholic audiences a more perfect enacting of their Catholicism, in faith and in love.

Of the two lectures, we found the second the more readable. In the first there are so many sentences of a very German turgidity of style that reading was slow and painful. The fault is not the translator's, except in so far as he undertook an almost impossible task, or, having undertaken it, chose to translate rather than to paraphrase. But we must quarrel with him for one little thing: the *Numeri sumus* of page 31, for what Horace wrote was *Nos numerus sumus et fruges consumere nati*.

J.M.

**WHEN THE SAINTS SLEPT.** (Heath Cranton; 7/6 net.)

There are four unusual things about this historical novel. The period chosen is the reign of Stephen; the dialogue is free of unintelligent archaisms; the situations are properly dramatic; and the heroine is really emancipated—that is, she has strength, independence, and a true purpose, and is still feminine. It is a good story and well told; readers must not be prejudiced by the sentimental picture on the wrapper. Some of the characters are Catholics; some are not; they are all fine studies, arranged in careful perspective; the villains are not too nauseating, the attractive folk do not strain one's credulity; Maude

and Cecily and their mother make fine contrasts—indeed, there is a lively variety of person throughout the book—and the mystical life of Lady Mary de Gifford tells something well worth hearing to those that have ears to hear. *When the Saints Slept* deserves a warm reception.

R.R.

ST. VINCENT DE PAUL. By Paul Renaudon. Translated by Cecil Kerr. (Sands & Co. ; 2/6 net.)

It is a striking and universal fact in hagiology that the saints who have done any great work in the Church have done it chiefly by being saints. They used, more or less, the same means as other people for their ends, but with marvellously different results. To St. Vincent's organising genius, but far more to the power of his holiness, all classes of French Society owed their physical or moral betterment, from court and clergy to beggars and criminals. M. Renaudon says that through him 'a new spirit awoke throughout the land, forerunner of the political union of the nation,' and quotes a letter from the Governor of a French town, calling Vincent 'the Father of our country.'

Theologians teach that the mystical life, which is the full flowering of the Christian life, is characterised by a certain passivity. Those who have attained to it act less on their own initiative than under the direct guidance of the Holy Ghost, Who moves them through those Seven Gifts under which Scripture and Theology have classified His manifold workings in souls. In contemplatives, the Gifts more immediately concerned with contemplation predominate; while those leading lives of outward activity are especially under the influence of the Gifts bearing more particularly on the practical, such as the Gift of Counsel. St. Vincent's own words are an illustration of this. He told the Priests of the Mission that the Congregation he had founded seemed to him like a dream: 'All these rules and the rest . . . have come about I know not how. For I never thought of it, and it has all happened bit by bit without its being possible to say who has been the cause.' And again: 'How can it be said that I founded the Daughters of Charity? I had no such thought, nor Mlle. le Gras . . .'

The occasional rare jars in the translation come with more of a shock because it is, generally speaking, so good. A few of the illustrations add to the interest of the book, but most of them seem to belong to the eighteenth century—that age of ugliness in the history of art, and we would gladly have been spared them.

M.B.