

## ***Blackfriars***

Sacrament (p. 280). Similarly, the words *Church* and *Catholic* find no place in the Index.

We point this out because, while Catholics can find in these pages much help in defending some of the fundamental positions of Christianity, they should realise that this otherwise praiseworthy volume is singularly incomplete.

H.P.

MARCH, KIND COMRADE : War Experiences with the H.L.I. By R. H. Steuart, S.J. (Sheed & Ward; 7/6.)

The title of this book is unfortunate—it kept me hesitating for a long time—and the poetical extract, from which I find it to be a quotation, is to me utterly unintelligible. Then the frontispiece! It only served to deepen my misgivings. But I took the plunge and am delighted to have done so. Fr. Steuart has given us a splendid book. It is not a chronological record, an amplified journal, but a series of essays giving us his outstanding impressions. The pictures, as they have stamped themselves on the author's memory, are all extremely well drawn. There is no need to dilate on Fr. Steuart's style. It is, as we should expect, always good, mounting up at times, as in the essay entitled *Nocturne*, very high indeed. To those who were not actually among the armies abroad, the book can be recommended as giving one of the most understandable pictures we remember to have read of what it was really like. To those of us who were Chaplains ourselves the book renews with charm and vividness and truth the unforgettable experiences. Yet how strangely different we all are. Well can I remember my first discovery—after a troubled night—of contact with those vermin which Fr. Steuart resolutely refuses even so much as to name, and which, as his book tells us, caused him such mental anguish. Is it a subject of congratulation or reproach that, I remember, my attitude towards that novel experience was—after the first horrified start—of much the same philosophical stoicism as marked one's attitude towards other matters at the front? Then the cold: Fr. Steuart writes very feelingly about it; and well he may, it could be terrific. Yet even so, and under conditions not far removed from those he relates, it never once kept me awake when otherwise I was all for sleep. Perhaps it was youthfulness: anyway here is a book one finishes with regret, feeling one may reach down for it again one day, and read through its pages once more.

O.F.M.