

BLACKFRIARS

finally returned to Rome to die in prison repentant. Then there is an able description of the "Austrian Wolsey," Cardinal Klesl, who served the Emperor by ruling him until he too found wisdom in disgrace.

Owing to his comparative youth when elected—he was only fifty-two—Paul V had a long reign of fifteen years. He died from the effects of a stroke on January 28, 1621. Little has been urged against him by historians, the chief fault stressed being his nepotism, but it must be said in his favour that the relations he raised to honour, wealth and power were worthy of the trust he placed in them. Pastor's two excellent volumes are a just tribute to an estimable Pontiff.

WALTER GUMBLEY, O.P.

A PAPAL CHAMBERLAIN, THE PERSONAL CHRONICLE OF F. A. MACNUTT. (Longmans; 15/-.)

This is an unusual sort of book, and its author an unusual man, who had an unusual career. The late Mr. G. K. Chesterton, who contributes an Introduction, calls him "a rare and remarkable person, of whom we can say that the supernatural came natural to him." Half a century ago the writer of this review had the privilege of meeting him, but not until he read these memoirs did he realize how great that privilege was.

Francis MacNutt was an American, whose life covers the years 1863-1927. He came of the strictest sect of the Pharisees, that is to say he was born of grim Puritan stock, of Scottish and Presbyterian origin, settled at Richmond, Indiana. Yet to him, and in much the same fashion as to St. Paul, was given in early boyhood that dynamic Catholic Faith to which he ever afterwards clung. After some time at Harvard, he went to Europe and made a modern equivalent of the "Grand Tour," ending up with a long stay in Rome, in each place meeting everybody who was anybody and manifesting a positive genius for friendship. Then he had some interesting years in Mexico, and there first fell under the influence of that eccentric saint or saintly eccentric Kenelm Vaughan, whom many of us remember so well. That phase lasted a long time and for a while he was Father Vaughan's sole companion in the strange Religious Order the former endeavoured to found. When that ended in nothing, MacNutt (at Cardinal Manning's suggestion) became a clerical student at the Roman Accademia. But it did not take long to discover that he had no call to the Priesthood. He then entered the United States diplomatic service, and was First Secretary at Vienna, Constantinople, Madrid and elsewhere. After a subsequent ramble over the world, he settled down in Rome, married a rich wife, and found at last his true vocation. For many years he was a great figure in the Eternal City, and rendered real and unforgotten help to the

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Church. He became one of the permanent and confidential Papal Chamberlains, and enjoyed the favour and friendship of Leo XIII and Pius X. In his book he gives us a brilliant picture of Vatican life from the inside, in a way that perhaps no one else could do. All the great personalities of the period are met with in his vivid pages. Moreover, he and his wife took a lease of the historic and splendid Palazzo Pamphili, making it a social centre where the "Black" aristocracy of Rome could meet American and English Catholics, as well as those of nearly all other nationalities. MacNutt became a power, and with his undoubted culture and literary gifts and extraordinary facility for languages was easily at the head of what was really a kind of super-salon. But all this came to an end shortly before the Great War, at the outbreak of which the MacNutts were living in the Tyrol, where they had bought a castle. There and in Switzerland they were able to render great service to the family and friends of the unfortunate Emperor Karl. This was the last phase, and with it the story ends, some few years before the author's death. His book is packed with good things and has no dull pages. But the man who wrote it, with his friendships and his faith, constitutes its chief interest.

ROBERT BRACEY, O.P.

MISCELLANEOUS

THE DOMINICAN NUNS IN THEIR CLOISTER. Translated from the French, *Chez les Dominicaines du Grand Ordre*, by the Dominican Nuns of Corpus Christi Monastery, Menlo Park, California. Preface by the Very Rev. J. Leonard Callahan, O.P., Provincial of the Holy Name Province. (Dolphin Press, Philadelphia, Pa.; \$2.)

Dominican nuns, in the words which close this translation, "have no more ardent desire than to hide themselves, to lose themselves in life, in death and after death, within the love of their Christ." They should, therefore, be the last to complain if the fame of St. Dominic's first-born daughters has been eclipsed by the rapid increase and splendid works of their younger sisters of the Third Order. The purely contemplative life remains, nevertheless, according to the teaching of the Church, the highest to which a woman can be called. Above it there is only the apostolic life of the priesthood, which alone can wholly fulfil the Dominican ideal: *contemplare et contemplata aliis tradere* by preaching and theological teaching.

It is right, then, that the purely contemplative Dominican life should be made known; and there are further reasons for translating into English this excellent and charming work of a French nun. "Dominican contemplative nuns! Didn't know there were any—thought they all kept schools," is a frequent remark in