

described by Dr Stopp, was seen by Monsieur Vincent in a vision - the only experience of this kind he ever had. He himself had taken over her direction on the death of St Francis of Sales.

The above outline obviously cannot do justice to the wealth of detail with which Dr Stopp enriches the narrative. Never losing sight of the woman, whom she describes in picturesque detail: 'Her brown dress trimmed with velvet . . . the neat white guimp . . . her fine forehead and the light brown colour of her hair' (p. 31), the growing character of the saint is finely drawn, illustrated generously from her letters and the descriptions of contemporaries. The scholarship does not swamp the narrative, and there is most clearly distilled that *grand goust général du saint amour de Dieu*, which St Francis wrote of in *The Devout Life*, when urging Philothea to read the lives of the saints.

One trifling criticism: a misspelling occurs in the Bibliography of the name Vermeyleen (not with the final 'i', as it is given). Also, and rather by way of query: in dealing with the *Treatise*, Dr Stopp gives a lucid summary, but her appraisal of the rather surprising last chapters, with a return to ascetical principles, is perhaps too naïve. It has been suggested by a recent scholar that St Francis, owing to his continued dislike of Benet of Canfield's system of mysticism, which was very popular, did not take his book to the rarefied summits that it leads one to expect, and he returned to 'the valleys' (p. 159). (cf. *Post-Reformation Spirituality*, by Louis Cognet, *Faith and Fact Books*, p. 66). Also Dr Stopp's remarks on p. 229, that to those who had no Latin, the amount of spiritual reading 'was still very limited at the beginning of the XVIIth century', does not take sufficient account of the importance of translation literature at precisely that time. This has been established by a recent definitive work on Bérulle (cf. *Bérulle et les Origines de la Restauration Catholique, 1575-1611*, by J. Dagens, pp. 104ff.). The book is quoted in this context by Vermeyleen, whom Dr Stopp includes in her Bibliography.

D. RAFFERTY

AFRICAN HOLOCAUST, by J. F. Faupel, Geoffrey Chapman, 25s.

'*African Holocaust*', says the author, 'was started as a revision of *Black Martyrs*' - and now clearly supersedes it, incorporating the exhaustive researches of Fr Lefebvre, W.F. The total result is a work of impersonal but magistral, unhurried competence that is most impressive: a heavily documented story in which one detail after another is soberly laid down building up to a tremendous climax. There is a certain 'majestic instancy' about it, an 'unperturbed pace' that belongs most effectively to both theme and period. For Lourdel and Mackay were Victorians, and Victorians of grandeur, both of them; and the martyrs have the marmoreal greatness of those other, in some ways rather similar, martyrs in *Callista* and *Fabiola*. A great deal of the story is presented in authentic dialogue and diaries, so personalities come over whole, including the young Africans.

Here, for instance, is the flavour of Mackay, an entry in his diary on the news of Hannington's murder: 'Oh, night of sorrow! What an unheard-of deed of blood!' Here is Mwanga: 'Go then! Hurry off to your Heavenly King. He has the fatted calf ready for you!'. The young Africans are a little more difficult and the young anglers of today are no help to tune in to them. We are here in a world of classic sanctity, not unknown to the spiritual reading, at least, of the 1880s. Here are a group of young men, palace attendants and so on, perhaps, rather than pages, who for a long time lived with the extremely probably prospect of having to choose between sodomy and death by fire. In sober Victorian fashion, they built up their defences in depth of piety, and it added up to classic sanctity. 'When have you learnt to pray?' the pagan Chancellor asked one of them. The Chancellor had grasped the salient point . . . Of course the martyrs' evident African gaiety and sobriety make solid the melodrama. The rather noble but perhaps irascible Scot, Mackay, the Lacordaire-like figure of Lourdel, that vicious lout, Mwanga, the sinister Arabs and the lurid executioners make up the rest of the cast. The *mise-en-scene* - rich, simple and fantastic - banana groves, a mud and wattle palace, Arab trade goods and Victoriana, may be washed in to taste and speculation . . .

It is proper to the piety, gravity and authority of the book that a perhaps belated honour is given to the Protestants in the story. This is a book which is also a deed.

Blessed Charles Lwanga - the one who died over a slow fire - is the patron who is invoked here in Africa at the meetings of the S.C.G. It must seem a long way from contemporary social studies back to the Mwanga melodrama. But the saints probably have telescopic sight, in two senses.

MARY JACKSON

AUTUMN AND ADVENT, WINTER AND CHRISTMAS, SPRING AND LENT, EARLY SUMMER: EASTER AND WHITSUN, all by Rosemary Haughton, Darton, Longman and Todd, 3s. 6d. each.

These four little illustrated books might at first sight seem a surprising subject for a review in *LIFE OF THE SPIRIT*, intended as they are 'for our Lord's very youngest disciples'. But they are very important as an indication of a method of teaching religion which parents and teachers must learn to use unless they are to fail totally in relating religion to reality. The alternate pages are large coloured pictures, either of incidents in Christ's life or of things we do now. A picture (in modern dress) of Mary and Joseph preparing for the coming baby, she sewing and he making wooden toys, follows one of a modern family wrapping up fragile garden plants to wait for the spring. A picture of Christ after his resurrection preparing breakfast on the lakeside for his disciples is followed by the suggestion that 'a picnic is a lovely way to celebrate Easter' and a picture of a family having one.