

avowed whitewashing, but a serious explanation of one of the most enigmatic characters known to us in literature. Mr Wyndham Lewis modestly claims for his work that it is but a signpost to the *Life of Johnson*. It is, however, much more than that. Few will read it without deepening appreciation and even affection for the greatest of biographers, or fail to share in the author's passionate distaste for the Whig detractors.

The writer has used to the full (almost the first to do so) the permission he received to draw on the hitherto only privately published edition, in eighteen volumes, of the *Private Papers of James Boswell*. Those intimate and as yet too little known confessions contain a wealth of illuminating information about Boswell, and are a valuable corrective to the warped and prejudiced views still adhered to by many. May they some day be published in the ordinary way and at a moderate cost! They then will (to adapt a Johnsonian phrase) increase the gaiety of the nation, and add to the public stock of harmless pleasure. But meanwhile the present work affords an appetising foretaste.

ROBERT BRACEY, O.P.

THEY ARE SEVEN. By Rev. J. F. Forde, D.I. (Mercier Press, Cork; 6d.)

This explanation of the Sacraments is one of a new series of catechetical booklets that aim not only to instruct but also to attract and inspire the young reader. The admirable letterpress is illustrated by the forceful, though somewhat sombre, drawings of Patricia Lynes.

LIVE AND HELP LIVE. By J. K. Heydon. (Published by the Author, 'Gibraltar', The Common, Tunbridge Wells; 3s. 6d.)

There is a type of mind not uncommon today whose bent, with the grace of God, could be very helpfully influenced by this book. For the author, who earlier on gave us *The God of Love*, leads the reader through the modern anarchy of ideas, right out of the thicket into the clearer light of the ancient philosophies and finally to a vista of Catholic truth. Mr Heydon has the refreshing habit of accurate definition, qualifying the clap-trap phrases, many of which incidentally are the cheap stock-in-trade of the English Catholic in an argument. To the latter they are a handy way out; to the doubter they may be but the means of stiffening uncertainty into a resentful reluctance to believe. Take for instance the airy individualism of the late G. K. Chesterton; he rightly opposes the totalitarian outlook in which humanity is no more than a homogeneous or at least organic unity. But any one capable of reason would be put off by so superficial a wise saw as 'Britain is no more an organism than Britain is a lion. . . . Because every man is a biped, fifty men are not a centipede' (In *What's Wrong with the World?*). To Catholics used to trotting out such useless and light-hearted arguments as Chesterton was capable of turning out, we recommend the sober reflection in *Live and Help Live* that 'individuals in a social unity remain a multiplicity in one sense and constitute a unity in another sense. Men and women always retain their personality, with all its identity