

cryptogamist Berkeley) shows in its 600-odd books his width of reading: one source may have been St Bonaventure; another would be the eleven volumes he owned of Fenelon. He had Tauler and Ruysbroeck and seven volumes of Mme Guyon. But Hobhouse considers that St Thomas would not have appealed to him, though he thinks that Suso's influence on him could by research be shown and that of the five Cambridge Platonists (he owned seven at least of their books).

The frontispiece displays a page of Law's writing and the type of the book is most attractive. 'St Gregory of Nyassa' (p. 395) is a quaint misprint.

R. BURN

THE PAIN OF CHRIST AND THE SORROW OF GOD. By Gerald Vann, O.P. (Blackfriars Publications; 3s. 6d.)

We are glad that this book has been published, first, because we think that any series of sermons preached in Westminster Cathedral should deserve to be printed, and this one certainly does; and also because the 7th chapter is a paper read at the Aquinas Society, and surely most of what is read there should not be allowed to die, but should survive in 'collections' dealing with more or less homogeneous subjects. But no subject can matter more to men, especially just now, than 'wrong' and 'pain'.

Fr Vann begins with Gethsemani and, wisely, with quite simple thoughts. We notice that he uses Caussade's expression 'The Sacrament of the Present Moment'; and are we wrong in thinking that we are coming across it nowadays with remarkable frequency? Probably it suits us when we feel impotent in face of the world-tragedies of today; and Fr Vann, in his chapter on 'The Stillness of Mary', keeps reminding us that there is *never* 'nothing to do'. And are we not justified in thinking that the doctor Luke, and he alone, uses the word 'agony'? The 'death-struggle' took place in the Garden: this may deepen our sense of awe, when we realise the serenity at the heart even at the Abandonment on the Cross. Chapter II dwells on the Betrayal—and are we not inevitably inclined to concentrate, during Maundy Thursday, on worship at the 'Altar of Repose', despite the Liturgy's insistence upon Judas? Even the extinguisher of the Tenebrae candles used to be called a 'Judas-hand'. And in how much of our life do we not echo—not even Judas's 'That is He!', but Peter's 'I know not the man.' There may be a special value in the insistence (C. III) on the *freedom* of our Lord's sufferings. Religious rhetoricians used to dwell upon his *Father* laying on the scourge, driving in the nails. We see what they meant: but I remember the staggering words used indignantly to me by a young dock-hand: 'I never could kill the child of me own brain!' It took a whole evening to pacify him.

This encourages me to think that Fr Vann is very right in using simple words, yet in not hesitating to dwell on the profoundest thoughts provided by our Faith and its theology. He does so, it seems to me, especially as from his Chapter V. Quite a lot of people ask how our Lord, enjoying the Vision of his Father and knowing his own divinity, *could* have said: 'Why hast thou forsaken me?' It is something, but not enough, to recall that the Psalm of which he was speaking the first words, deals in one third of itself with the Triumph of the Sufferer—and a public and enduring recognition of his 'rightness' at that.

Nothing that follows can reach beyond the chapter called 'The Valley of Death'. Perhaps in Chapter VI, 'Between Two Thieves', Fr Vann could actually have strengthened his own argument had he used what many think is the better 'reading'—'when thou comest in (not *into*) thy Kingdom'. ('Don't forget me', Joseph said to the royal servant, 'when you get back into Pharaoh's palace!') The brigand, by an astounding gift of faith, foresaw this crucified co-criminal as ultimately coming in Messianic glory. Hence the point of our Lord's answer. 'Ah, it isn't an affair of waiting whole generations! This very day you will be, with me, in my Paradise!' We need not, then, torment our minds by asking how any 'culpa' *could* be 'felix'. Enough to be realist; to see that the world *is* 'wrong', *is* in 'pain', and to know that our Lord's redemptive pain was not only something proper to long ago, but continues itself in his mystical Body, and that 'in ipso' we are able to co-operate in his saving work.

C. C. MARTINDALE, S.J.

THE EVERYDAY CATHOLIC. By Martin Harrison, O.P. (Blackfriars Publications; 10s. 6d.)

In these days of mental and moral unrest Catholics have great need to strengthen their faith. 'Soldiers of Christ' is not a metaphor, it is the expression of a grim reality. War is being waged against Evil, not in the abstract, but against groups and societies, movements and ideals, encroachments and infiltrations. If we are to acquit ourselves manfully in this fight for God (and for our own souls) it is essential that we should be, as St. Paul says, 'rooted in Charity'. Spiritual reading will greatly aid us to strike our roots more firmly and tenaciously in the love of God. Many, too many, books of devotion have no, or insufficient, nourishment to strengthen our spiritual growth.

It is with the greatest pleasure, then, that we welcome *The Everyday Catholic*. Here is no attempt to play on the emotions; these meditations are not intended for delicate hothouse blooms but for sturdy outdoor plants. They do not belie their title, they are, above all, practical—they are for every day. There is no straining for style, yet they read easily. Where there is imagery, it is analysed into