

Blackfriars

ego hodie genui te; or 'that Bath of New Birth' for *lavacrum regenerationis*. But the author himself realises this, and it does not really matter, as it is not the 'Mind of the Missal' we have to live with but the Missal, and the 'Mind' is only intended as a stepping-stone to the Mass. F.M.

THE RISEN SUN. By C. C. Martindale, S.J. (Sheed & Ward; 7/6 net.)

There are not many men in England, or anywhere for that matter, who could have produced in the same year two such splendid, such utterly different books as *The Risen Sun* and *The Mind of the Missal*. And writing is but a fraction of Father Martindale's work.

The Risen Sun is chiefly an account of impressions gathered in Australia during the Eucharistic Congress at Sydney in June, 1928. It includes also a description of New Zealand, which was visited on the way out. There Father Martindale seems to have seen a good deal of the country, and incidentally met with a bad motor accident, which would have ended the tour for most men. But the rest of his programme was carried out, in spite of frightful attacks of influenza coming on top of injuries—*how*, the book itself best tells, chiefly by its omissions. Father Martindale not only went to Sydney, but also to Brisbane, Melbourne, Adelaide, and Perth. A glance at the map will show the extent of his travels, but not the amount of experience he packed into them. It is a thrilling book.

The style throughout is vivid and personal. The form of it is rambling and original, as suits a book of travels, consisting of Foreword, a dedicatory letter to the Diggers: Preface, life at Oxford and first encounter with Australians during the war: Prologue, the voyage out; Introduction, New Zealand; The Land of the Risen Sun, Australia; Epilogue, the voyage home and reflections; and a Postscript, to the Diggers. He can praise the good things he saw, and hit the bad with a mighty punch. Above all, it is by his identification with everything Catholic—especially emigrating Catholics—and his passion for souls that the writer strikes home in this book.

F.M.

MODERNITY. By F. L. Wheeler. (Williams & Norgate; 3/6).

Many people are troubled to day about the prevailing tendencies in philosophy, theology (outside the Church), literature and the arts. It is only too apparent that the old standards

are being disregarded or openly attacked. An unbridled individualism and subjectivism are at work everywhere, so at least to the old-fashioned, it seems that we live in an atmosphere of anarchy and unprincipled licence. Art is notoriously in revolt against tradition. Philosophy a welter of conflicting subjective systems. Literature expresses the wildest and most subversive individual ideas. Religion, again, outside the Catholic Church, divided as it is against itself, would seem to be fighting a losing battle against a revived pagan morality and a modernism that corrodes the essential Christian truths. Youth, bewildered and confused, is often swept off its feet by the universal flux, so that despair of finding stable principles leads it to yield to the pagan morality it sees on every side. But the very extent of the evil has its compensation. People are driven to look for stability wherever it may be found. The Catholic Church has an added impressiveness and grandeur amidst the welter of discarded principles and conventions that surround it. Mr. Wheeler, presumably an Anglican clergyman, reviews the position and points out the dangers and perils to which civilisation is exposed to-day. His is a slight book, but well-written and informed. He pleads for a Catholic morality and a return to sane philosophic principles. He finds the best hope for the latter in the neo-Scholasticism that is so active on the Continent. Many will wish that Mr. Wheeler had written at greater length, but no single work could have dealt with all the problems raised. He wished simply to draw attention to the anarchic state of contemporary thought, literature, art and religion and has succeeded excellently in his purpose. F.B.

THE VOYAGE OUT. JACOB'S ROOM. MRS. DALLOWAY. THE COMMON READER. By Virginia Woolf. (Hogarth Press; 5/- net each.)

The increase of novel reading and production in these days is not a sign of increased aesthetic sensibility in the populace. Literature, the humblest of the fine arts, easily lends itself to mere reporting of the facts of life, and not transforming them, or to preaching current propaganda. Our grandfathers, observing that the novel—like all other forms of art—does not promote directly the cause of ethics, religion or making money, condemned it as a waste of time. Herbert Spencer allowed George Eliot's novels alone in the London Library because they taught philosophy. Such an attitude at least acknowledged that art, however futile, had a nature of its own. But now the novel is the jam for every sort of pill. The grimmest parents