

Blackfriars

by absorption. Dr. Addison's volume is not exactly fascinating, but as a thoughtful and sympathetic study, obviously the fruit of wide reading, and based on a thorough familiarity with the *mémoires pour servir*, it will no doubt retain an assured place in the literature of the subject. We venture to suggest that it might have been well to give the English of German terms and phrases. And we quote this pregnant sentence of Dr. Addison: 'As the history of Christendom abundantly testifies, where primary principles diverge it is impossible to expect collaboration, even in the practical pursuit of allied ends.'

E.J.

MARRIAGE. From the French of Raoul Plus, S.J. (London: Burns, Oates and Washbourne, Ltd.; pp. 95; 3/6.)

We welcome this terse and direct little book on the rights and duties of marriage. In the second part, on the preparation for marriage, some of the remarks are more in accord with French than English convention. Perhaps their sentiment is a little too expressly elevating for our tastes. For instance, the young officer who writes to his dear Edwige: 'From the bottom of my heart I assure you that it would be an excellent thing if you entered a convent.' And at least once you feel the grind of an unnecessary brake: 'Any familiarity serving to prepare for, or to complete, the marriage act—so long as this is normally performed—is allowed. Evidently, however, it is more perfect not to go beyond what is strictly necessary for the purpose of the act' (p. 25). And by this the author means the begetting of children. Good practice can be bad theory. See *Wowsers*.

T.G.

LEAVES FROM LIFE. By Dr. E. J. Dillon. (London: J. M. Dent & Sons, Ltd., 1932; pp. 843; 7/6.)

Essays and stories—shockers many of them—based on the experiences of a veteran journalist, university professor, man of affairs. The period is the end of the nineteenth century, when fashionable ladies swished a glittering way to the opera and Russian princes, fur-coated and distinguished, made the round of the resorts of Europe. The scene changes from Budapest, to St. Petersburg, Vienna, Paris, Frankfort. The atmosphere is reproduced, you raise cups of a refreshing beverage to your lips, dance on the light fantastic toe, and drive out to the country in a barouche to plunge your soul in the beauties

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of nature. Here you may read of how Detective Vaszary was tricked by a bandbox containing a human hand wrapped in tissue-paper and cotton-wool: of how Paulus, the cream of the Paris camelots, worked up popular enthusiasm for Boulanger, sometimes making up as an ill-used urchin to be petted and kissed and comforted in public by that gallant warrior and so move the crowd to tears; always ready at a moment's notice to organize a group at a few francs a head to create a spontaneous manifestation crying *vive* this or *à bas* that. Roguishness, this, rather than roguery; certainly more high-spirited and human than some of the activities of the modern press-agent.

N. W. T. G.

LIFE OF THE VENERABLE ANNE OF JESUS, COMPANION OF ST. TERESA OF AVILA. By a Sister of Notre Dame de Namur. With a Preface by Father Benedict Zimmermann, O.D.C. (London: Sands & Co.; 12/6).

Anne of Jesus, whom St. John of the Cross called 'a seraph in love and prayer,' was for twelve years St. Teresa's right hand, and after the saint's death carried the Carmelite reform into France and Flanders. Bañes, the famous Dominican theologian and St. Teresa's devoted friend, declared that Anne of Jesus equalled her in holiness and surpassed her in talent; and when Anne, at the age of twenty-four, asked admission to the Carmelite Order, the saint herself, contrary to all approved methods of dealing with postulants, answered that she accepted her 'not as novice and subject, but as my own companion and coadjutrix.'

Anne, like Teresa and so many other saints, combined the deepest mysticism with extraordinary practical capacity. It is a great mistake to think that they possessed one in spite of the other. On the contrary, the supernatural and the natural gifts are, for several reasons, mutually helpful, and the practically-minded mystics can handle work-a-day affairs undistracted by the laborious application demanded of minds which being more purely speculative are usually thought better fitted for contemplation. Like other great mystics, too, Anne was comfortably human even when most marvellous: a letter full of thirst for suffering is followed a few weeks later from a new foundation attended with many trials by a long grumble, and the admission that Don John (the priest in charge of the community, elsewhere referred to as 'our John') 'puts me in a bad temper'—possibly the longed-for humiliation.