

with every sort of external work'. All will be well if we remember how trivial the incidents of this life are when compared with the life to come.

'And finally, in all the sadness which may come upon us, we must employ the authority of the superior will to do all that should be done in favour of divine love. There are indeed actions which so depend on bodily disposition and constitution that we have not the power to do them just as we please: for the melancholy-disposed cannot keep their eyes, or their words, or their faces, in the same good grace and sweetness as they would do if they were relieved from this bad humour; but they are quite able, though without the good grace, to say gracious, kind and civil words, and, in spite of inclination, to do what reason requires as to words and works of charity, gentleness and condescension. We may be excused for not being always bright, for one is not master of cheerfulness to have it when one will; but we are not excusable for not being always gracious, yielding and considerate; for this is always in the power of our will, and we have only to determine to keep down the contrary humour and inclination'.

'I cannot understand', says Francis, 'how souls that have given themselves to divine goodness can ever fail to be joyful; for is there any happiness like this?' Time after time, in his letters, St Francis encourages his correspondents to 'Be joyful' or 'Live joyfully!' For, after all, joy is the result of a loving conformity of our will with God's. When we love nothing but God, provided his will is done, we are perfectly happy. Sadness, on the contrary, indicates that the conformity is not yet perfect.

Joyful holiness was the motto of St Francis de Sales; and that is the only true holiness. The story is told of the Saint that he heard one day of a man who led a saintly life but who nevertheless always looked sorrowful. 'A sad saint', was his quiet rejoinder, 'is a sorry saint'. (*Un saint triste est un triste saint.*)

CORRESPONDENCE

To the Editor, LIFE OF THE SPIRIT.

Sir,—As a frequent visitor to Einsiedeln in recent years, may I be permitted to protest strongly against the article by H. C. Graef in your November number?

Anyone who is bold or rash enough to ask a serious periodical to publish the impressions received during a 36-hour visit might at least trouble to get the facts right. For example, it is just not true that the Mass in the 'Gnadenkapelle' is always that of Our Lady; the votive Mass is forbidden on all doubles of the first class

and days whose office excludes feasts of this rank. Another point: I have been at Einsiedeln for most of the major solemnities and never have I known a 'Mass in which the artistic accessories have actually been allowed to suffocate (sic!) the sacrificial rite'. To speak thus of classical polyphony is a sign of incredible narrow-mindedness. The writer gives the further impression that no plain chant was to be heard at all; if pressed, he would have to admit that the whole of the Proper was rendered very competently in plain chant. As regards the failure to provide an 'unforgettable liturgical event' for June 29, the critic was obviously unaware that this Feast is not kept as a day of obligation in most of the Swiss cantons, but is solemnised on the following Sunday.

To the casual visitor Einsiedeln must be an enigma, but to one who knows the Abbey there is untold spiritual wealth behind the baroque façade. That 'wordly splendour' itself was the only language its creators knew in which to sing the praises of Our Lady of the Hermits and her divine Son; to Them it may well be more pleasing than to the casual tourist from England. Behind all that, apart too from the excitement of the great pilgrimages, the Benedictine life goes on in unruffled calm; an intense apostolate radiates from as hard-working and edifying a community as can be found anywhere in the world. In their midst I, for one, was privileged to find during the stress of the war years 'a place of refreshment, light and peace'; their liturgy was a real joy; and, above all, our Lady was there. Even your contributor could not escape this last fact, but what a pity She should be placed in a setting that is a grotesque caricature of the real Einsiedeln.

Northampton.

Yours, etc., REV. PAUL A. TAYLOR.

The author of the article in question writes:

I am sorry my personal impressions of Einsiedeln—and the article in the LIFE OF THE SPIRIT was meant to convey only these, not to give an objective appreciation of the famous place of pilgrimage—have upset Fr Taylor. Tastes differ, and the baroque splendour with its inevitable touch of worldliness just did not appeal to mine, nor, I have been told, to that of other likeminded persons who happen to prefer a more austere liturgy to 'classical polyphony'. I must, however, apologise for repeating some evidently erroneous pieces of information. I am sorry I seem to have failed to convey what I meant to convey, namely the enormous spiritual impression made by the place, which I had thought I had brought out the more clearly precisely by recording the external details distasteful to me. I hardly think it necessary to say that of course no criticism whatsoever was implied of the Community, which I do not know at all, and which, I am sure, deserve all the praise bestowed on them in the letter of your correspondent.

Yours, etc., H. C. GRAEF.

'WORK AS PRAYER'

To the Editor, LIFE OF THE SPIRIT.

During the past few months you have printed several articles and letters pointing out the difficulties felt by the ordinary man and woman in the world in combining a life of prayer—that is the Christian life—with their day-to-day tasks and duties.

It seems to me that whilst all the statements made, and the various methods of approach suggested, are admirable and sound, a wrong emphasis has been put on a sort of necessary segregation between the life for God and the 'other life' that consists of getting and spending or the 'daily round'.

Such suggestions as saying the Rosary whilst hurrying for the bus, or reciting the Litany whilst stirring the pot are obviously good, but I am bound to admit that to me they smatter of escapism in its most dangerous form. The trouble today is that the mass of people are engaged in uncongenial tasks that could become quite easily literally soul-destroying if not looked on in a Christian way. It is no help to them to exhort them to find more time for prayer as some of them truthfully have no time. Surely the solution is the realisation that work, no matter what it is, is *in itself a prayer*. More work and better work can be made into more prayer and better prayer, if a true resignation to the will of God is made.

I am of course not advocating in any way that direct prayers should not be said throughout the day when possible, and particularly in the morning and evening, but the general tragedy today is the inability of the really busy layman to connect his work with his salvation.

The stockbroker will indeed get nowhere if his eyes are constantly turned to heaven instead of being glued to the ticker machine, but it is quite possible for him to see in the machine the glory of God reflected in the ingenuity of man, and the way to be of real service both to God and his neighbour by using it as best he can.

Two pernicious phrases are often introduced into this controversy. A general exhortation to 'grin and bear it' or to 'make the best of a bad job'. Now it is quite impossible and well-nigh stupid for the ordinary man to grin whilst suffering intense pain or whilst putting up with a particularly tedious, cantankerous, talkative customer. It is, however, quite possible to pray and bear anything, if the two actions are made to overlap. There is no such thing as a completely useless job ordinarily speaking, and the way to make the best of it is certainly not to call it bad. These are not verbal gymnastics but surely strike at the heart of the dignity of man and labour.

Perhaps one of the most terrifying sights today can be seen in the London tube, a constant, endless stream of hurrying people with anxious faces. There is no peace in that hurtling crowd and never a minute to lose. Perhaps I might be wrong, but I feel very few of them are saying their prayers as they rush up or down the moving

staircase, spurning in their haste the quiet if undignified help offered.

But suppose all these people were hurrying and bustling to their work just because it *was* their work, the work God gave them to do! Then indeed let them bound up the stairways, let them fight for tickets and let there be a veritable spiritual tornado, but there would be no painful, strained eyes and no furrowed brows. In the midst of bustle there would be that Peace that surpasseth all understanding.

5/12/48.

Yours etc. GABRIEL T. GRISEWOOD.

REVIEWS

SAINT PAUL, Envoy of Grace. By Robert Sencourt. (Hollis and Carter; 16s.)

There is a quotation from Chrysostom on the title-page: 'I am grieved and pained that all men do not know this man as they ought to know him; but some are so far ignorant of him as not even to know the number of his epistles. . . . It is not through any natural readiness or sharpness of wit that even I know as much as I do—if indeed I do know anything—but owing to a constant drawing towards him and an earnest affection'. And it is plain that the author has likewise drawn towards him with affection. This is biography and not hagiography, that is, it presents Paul the man rather than Paul the Saint, and one has the impression of an essentially human story, albeit of one inspired, rather than of one who wrote 'Christ liveth in me'. Paul is the hero of the story and we are frequently shown his mind at work as reflected in his writings. The author has read very widely in Pauline literature and provides a wealth of scholarly references in the footnotes which are all grouped at the back. One notices that he draws more on the work of non-Catholic writers, such as Ramsay (who is a principal source), Westcott, Sanday and Headlam, Kirsopp Lake and even Renan, than on that of Catholic writers like Lagrange, Prat and others, though happily recourse is frequently had to Holzner. Proper names and biblical references follow the Protestant text. The plan of the book is simply that of St Paul's life, which is vividly recounted on an ample background of historical and local colour, with a study of his writings at the various periods. The author has clearly weighed carefully St Paul's own words, which are usually rendered in a free translation. Controversial points are briefly alluded to in the text, and the arguments are developed in special appendices. The writer, following the trend of Anglican criticism of today, comes down, happily, on the side of tradition, e.g., St Paul was responsible for Hebrews and wrote Ephesians and Colossians and the Pastorals. The theory, not very widely held, that Philipians was written from a supposed imprisonment at Ephesus, is keenly upheld. Galatians is early. But can we doubt whether 'the followers of Jesus had then made their religion precise' (p. 43)? And were Stephen and those who stoned him naked (p. 34)? And was Christ (p. 29)? And