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her background? For ever, behind the scenes, is the figure of Cecil with his dark and sinister purposes always before him—the de-Catholicizing of England. Then comes Walsingham, the plotter and contriver, hardly the politician—unless the terms are interchangeable. Behind these the host of profiteers; still deeper in the background the relentless Puritans, who were to win in the end and leave their ineffaceable mark on English history.

Apart from the style which carries you on from stage to stage, what gives real force to Mr. Hollis's pages is the knowledge with which he writes. One feels that he has steeped himself in the documents, in the State Papers and all the real literature of the period. Would that he had given us references! But perhaps in a volume of this size that would be too much to expect. There is much to criticise of course. For example, is he right in saying that Henry's changes were not much resented? According to Chapuy's informants he was within an ace of losing his crown because of them.¹ Then the Bull of Deposition: was it really such a blunder? It certainly clarified the situation, which to so many Catholics was a puzzle; perhaps without it the number of our Martyrs would have been considerably less. For the Bull provided just that stiffening which saved the Catholic body from an unintelligent acquiescence in a situation which we perhaps see clearly, but which was too close to the actors for them to form an unbiassed view.

The 'Catholic Problem' as here presented is one which every Catholic who is proud of our Martyrs should read if he would grasp the nature of the mental trial they went through. In fact, the main thesis of Mr. Hollis's pages might be given in his own words (p. 143): 'This essay is . . . concerned with an estimate of the attitude of the Government towards the Catholic and of the Catholic towards the Government.'

H.P.

THE MIND OF THE MISSAL. By C. C. Martindale, S.J. (Sheed & Ward; 7/6.)

Fr. Martindale has written a book that should make every reader realise the truth of the saying that it is the Mass that matters. The object of the book is to make Catholics understand and love the Missal, and so love the Mass. The way to learn to love the Mass is to *use* the Missal and to *pray* the Missal

¹ See Henry VIII, *Papers Foreign and Domestic*, Vol. VIII, Nos. 1, 279, 609, etc., and especially Gairdner's *Preface*.

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so that the Mass will become one act of priest and congregation offering together ' that Act of Jesus Christ our Lord by which is applied to the soul of each the Act accomplished once for all on Calvary.' ' The Roman spirit . . . never thought of a " congregation " as a number of individuals juxtaposed inside a church and secretly occupied with who knows what private devotions.' ' The first point about the Missal is the obvious one that it is a *Mass-book*. Some books that people use at Mass make them treat that service as a sort of preparation for Communion such almost as one might carry through were communion being given out of Mass. Mass is not just a number of prayers accidentally surrounding a Communion.'

The book first deals with the ' Structure of the Mass,' that is, its fixed part, giving some historical account of the origin of the Mass. It then proceeds to the *De Tempore*, ' The Year of Mass,' linking up those parts of a Mass assigned for a special season, so that they may have each a unity and a bearing on the mystery of Our Lord's life commemorated. The author's intention is that ' any constant *idea* running through any one Mass, giving it unity, and tying together its various parts, is seldom to be found. It makes it far easier, however, to " follow " a Mass, when some such idea is provided, and we usually try to do so, or at least to emphasise the idea proper to the season.'

The last part of the book is devoted to ' Some Special Masses,' and includes Votive Masses, Masses of Our Lady, the Angels, and some Saints. Probably all who constantly use the Missal arrive at the author's frame of mind in preferring the older Masses. ' To me these ancient Masses are not unlike the Roman aqueducts that stand in heavy arches across the enormous plain. It is true that their structure is very simple, and goes on lines that you would have thought could have been invented by almost anyone; and yet they were not . . . ' ' In all this ancient Roman building there was a minimum of ornament perfectly suited to it, though the sheer rythm of the arches in a sense sufficed as ornaments.'

There are just a few mistakes and misprints. The translations are not always happy, for instance ' Hold high your hearts. We are holding them up to the Lord. Let us give thanks Due and just is that.' Why be frightened of ' Lift up your hearts. We lift them up unto the Lord It is meet and right so to do ' ? Surely we need not deny the dignity of the English because it did not proceed from a Catholic pen. Then again, ' 'tis I that did this day beget thee ' for

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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