and they have nothing to be cheerful upon. So they are boisterous or silly'.

These are not the reflections of a superior person, but of one who wants to help his co-religionists manifest the strength that was within them. When they rallied to him as the Achilli trial reached its climax, and he faced the likelihood of a prison sentence, he speaks time and time again that in thus gaining 'the prayers of Catholics, I gain what is *inestimable*'. How different was his sense of isolation when, some seven years later, he was ostracized for advocating lay consultation.

All this provides us with fascinating clues to an explanation of why Newman allowed himself to be drawn into the setting up of the Catholic university in Dublin. From the start it is clear he doubted whether those who asked for it knew what they were intending. If they believed that the object of a Catholic university was to make men good Catholics, then what they were asking for was a college and not a university ('a university is not *ipso facto* a Church Institution . . . Men are Catholics *before* they are students of a university'). The crucial difference is whether, in speaking of a Catholic university, your stress falls on *Catholic* or *university*: Newman stressed the latter, Cullen and his supporters the former. Thus arose a celebrated misunderstanding, when Newman was asked for stones to fling at the advocates of mixed education in a divided country, and offered in return the bread of a liberal and theological education.

The Letters provide us with much hitherto unpublished documentation (the instructions by Cardinal Cullen to Newman on the scope of his projected discourses, and Newman's frequently reiterated belief that 'the holy Father has spoken, and a sufficent blessing will follow his word'), but they do more: they set this fateful and fatal decision within its context of 'one who realizes that he can no longer separate his own salvation from the endeavour to save others, of one who strives constantly to put the message of which he is the custodian into the mainstream of human discourse . . . We are not civilization, but we promote it'.

Although these are not Newman's words, they stand for him. I have taken them from a work which, nowadays, no-one would care to delate to Rome – the encyclical *Ecclesiam Suam*.

John Coulson

PRIMITIVE CHRISTIAN SYMBOLS by Jean Daniélou, S.J.; MUTATIONS OF WESTERN CHRISTIANITY by Albert Mirgeler; THE VARIETY OF CATHOLIC ATTITUDES by Theodore Westow.
Burns and Oates 16s, 15s and 13s 6d respectively.

These are three of the new 'Compass Books', designed to lead us into the new territories now being opened up in the thought and scholarship of the Church.

Father Daniélou's book is a highly technical by-product of his research into the history of early Christian doctrines, using unlikely-seeming material to throw light on the first days of the Church. He provides a closely detailed study of certain of the attempts made by the early Christian mind to express itself in literature and in art under the pressure both of the revelation which had been received and of the new requirements of the apostolate. He sheds light on Scripture, on patristic thought and on the catechumenate in its first stages. Refined concept-theology may hesitate over the obscurities and ambivalence of this world of symbolism, but we cannot neglect it if

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we are to come to grips with the Christian fact in its most primitive manifestations. Since this book deals with only one aspect of the work which is being done on the period, it may well prove bewildering if read as an introduction. But it will also be a stimulus to take a plunge into the wealth of larger and more general books now available. This is the *renouveau* at first hand.

Mutations of Western Christianity may be recommended to anyone with a fair knowledge of Church History who feels in need of a revision; both a good dusting and shifting of the furniture. It takes one refreshingly beyond the familiar attempts to show that religion was important in history and that the Catholic religion was especially important, and invites us to be a little more detached and critical about precisely what sort of Catholicism may be said to have flourished so far. It contains a few of those generalizations which make some (though not all) Englishmen shudder; but, and this is much more important, it provides fresh thoughts about a number of factors in the making of Western Christendom which commonly receive less attention than others. The positive contributions of Celtic monasticism, of Spanish Christianity and of the Franciscan spiritual movement, for example, are well seen.

We have been so preoccupied with replanting the Church in England that we have hardly thought what sort of Christianity it is we want to see flourish and spread. One is never purely and simply 'a Catholic', but a Catholic of a particular kind; do we really want English people to be our sort of Catholic? In Dr Mirgeler's book German scholarship and reflection help us to make up our minds.

It is really the attitude of Mr Westow in the midst of his variety of Catholic reading that makes his book stimulating. There is, to be frank, rather too much of the sort of thing one reads in Catholic circles nowadays about the liturgical movement, individual piety, the right approach to the person, law and love and so on. The best parts are those in which Mr Westow is being most personal: his remarks about lay spirituality and about marriage, for example. The contemporary situation in England outside Catholic circles appears disappointingly little in his reflections. But this is a general fault in our writing. We conduct lively debates amongst ourselves, but *when* will we find someone capable of directing his critical intelligence at the world outside and bringing a constructively Catholic mind to bear on its miscontents?

The picture on the front of Fr Daniélou's book is striking, but Gnostic, not Christian; that on Mr Westow's is enigmatic, and, indeed, a little sinister.

Michael Richards

FÉNÉLON LETTERS, chosen and translated by John McEwen, introduction by Thomas Merton. *Harvill Press 30s.*

The late Sir John McEwen was one of those all-round scholar-statesmen whose ranks are now dwindling – the product of Eton and Cambridge, primarily a diplomat but also an amateur of the arts, a man of letters and a competent translator of French Catholic novels. The last task he set himself, and which he left practically finished except for the actual assembling of the material, was a selection and translation from the letters of a man who was, one cannot help thinking, a kindred spirit.

'Everything was there in perfect combination', Saint Simon said of Fénélon, 'and the simultaneous presence of the most contradictory elements