

REVIEWS

living in Somerset. He re-built church and vicarage, looked zealously after his handful of parishioners, and preached to them the most wonderful sermons ever heard. A vivid description of his pulpit-oratory has come down to us: sometimes he thundered and bellowed and vigorously thumped his Bible, at others he spoke in quiet colloquial confidential tones, now and then he burst into a Hebrew song. He took his hearers into desert and jungle, he introduced them to Indian princes and Eastern patriarchs. Never did moments pass so quickly, never was preacher so entertaining. He stood alone and apart, he was "a pulpit Hadji, the Grand Dervish of Christendom!"

This strange being passed away in 1862. A biography of him was certainly well worth writing, and is still more well worth reading. As a missionary his labours were largely futile, but as a traveller he was altogether unique. His adventures, however, so some of his contemporaries warn us, should be taken with a very considerable dose of salt.

ROBERT BRACEY, O.P.

MISCELLANEOUS

RECOLLECTIONS OF MALINES. A contribution to the cause of Christian Reunion. By The Right Reverend Walter Frere, C.R., lately Bishop of Truro. (Centenary Press; 3/6.)

Dr. Frere, the last surviving English representative who attended all the Conversations at Malines, has written his present recollections of them as a contribution to the complete history which must one day be written. Nothing substantially new is added to our knowledge of what occurred, but these reminiscences are valuable for the light they throw on the spirit in which the Conversations were conducted. The utmost friendliness was maintained throughout, yet this was found compatible with the plainest speaking and the most uncompromising statement on either side. At the time of the issue of the Official Report of the Conversations there seemed to be a fear abroad that the Catholic representatives had been inclined to sacrifice truth to charity. This may have been due to the fact that only agreements were stated in the Report and from the extent of these the reader was left to infer the amount of ground over which disagreement existed. Dr. Frere makes it plain that the discussion was full, that it was often very spirited but never unfriendly.

The comments on Cardinal Mercier are interesting. The Bishop considers that the great Cardinal never really understood the Anglican position. "The largeness of his heart embraced us all, but his head did not seem to take in our position. He had clearly established a logical argument for the Papacy and a position that satisfied him: a great deal of the discussions on the subject must have seemed to him very irrelevant; historical considerations,

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even the history of doctrine, did not seem to appeal to him, and naturally therefore ideas of theological development were in the same case." Mgr. Batiffol, on the other hand, "seemed quickly to grasp a great deal of it and to understand it much more readily than either the Cardinal or Mgr. van Roey," and the Bishop adds "perhaps because he had a more historical and a less scholastical mind and training."

The book contains interesting appendices which include the Cardinal's letter to his clergy explaining and defending the holding of the Conversations.

HENRY ST. JOHN, O.P.

LYRA MARTYRUM. An Anthology of the Poetry of the English Martyrs, 1503-1681. By the Rev. Sir John R. O'Connell. (Burns Oates; 6/-.)

The possession of good will is not a sufficient title for the editing of archaic verse. In this book Blessed Thomas More's poems are mutilated almost beyond belief. In the process of modernization syllables have been dropped or added so that lines no longer scan; the spelling 'son' (for 'soon') is translated 'son'; 'there nys' (meaning 'there is not') is replaced by 'there's nys,' and 'me list not' by 'me may not,' which combines bad sense with bad grammar; and so forth.

The later poems have suffered less, and the editor is to be thanked for printing several new stanzas of Thewlis' *Song of a Happy Rising*. In his text of *Hierusalem, thy joys divine* he improves twice on that in Shane Leslie's anthology; by making the poem begin with 'Hierusalem,' not with 'My thirsty soul,' and by reading 'peerless in renown' for 'pearls in renown'; but he has two bad readings elsewhere. Neither he nor Shane Leslie has made an obvious correction in the fifteenth stanza; one reads 'Virgin imminent,' the other 'Virgin immanent'; I do not know what the MS. spelling is, but the word intended was certainly what we now spell 'eminent.' The last stanza of this poem needs to be heavily punctuated in an edition meant for the general reader; I should suggest this:

We can imagine but a shade;
It never entered into thought
What joy He is, enjoyed, that made
All joy, and them that joy, of nought.
My soul cannot the joys contain;
Let her, Lord, enter into them,
For ever with thee to remain
Within thy town Hierusalem.

W. H. SHEWRING.