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life. There is the social aspect also: the loss not only of unity within the individual but also (and consequently) of all organic relationship with other individuals. The family which Mr. Murry describes is typical of the dead institution which still drags on a legal existence in our industrial civilisation. What was an organism has become a rationalized and mechanized arrangement. What was a sacrament has become a contract only. The children of such "families" naturally do not believe in the family; they dread its stifling bands. But life brings men and women together willy nilly and they cannot escape the problem of their unity. Mr. Murry and Katherine Mansfield, Lawrence and Frieda: two groups of human beings desperately trying to solve the issues of their deadly heritage, and torturing each other in the process.

It is the opinion of St. Thomas that even philosophy will not keep straight on the path of truth without the steady beacon of revelation to remind it of its ultimate goal; and his opinion is justified by history. Man's natural tendencies are sound and good, but they are in constant danger of terrible deviations. An institution like marriage is natural, is in fact demanded by reason. Nevertheless, in the present condition of humanity, it will not survive unless the natural bond is energized by the life of God. Mr. Murry is glad that he was not taught the Christian religion by his parents. If there is one thing clear in the story he tells it is this; given a Christian society the story would never have needed to be written. We are not offering Mr. Murry a pill; the Christian medicine-man with a panacea. We are not slapping ourselves on the back because we possess what he has not got. Christianity not only taught but lived and lived socially—that is the point. And looking over the dead world which this book reveals we ask how it is that the salt has lost its savour.

AELFRIC MANSON, O.P.

JOSEPH WOLFF, *His Romantic Life and Travels*. By H. P. Palmer, M.A. (Heath Cranton; 7/6.)

There is in these days such a pronounced taste for Biography that those who cater for this proclivity soon find that they have used up as material the great and the famous, and are forced to turn to the merely notorious, to cranks, "characters," and eccentrics. Thus, many long forgotten, and never in the very first rank, now have their lives written up. Among others, Joseph Wolff at last gets his chance, and as the hero of a well-compiled book proves highly entertaining and satisfactory. His biographer justly claims that he is at least utterly unlike anyone who has ever appeared on the clerical horizon before or since his day. He was certainly a most singular person. Born near Bamberg in

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Bavaria in 1785, the son of an obscure Jewish rabbi, Wolff very early struck out a line of his own. Troubled with doubts as to Judaism, he left home and wandered about Germany, Switzerland and Austria, picking up an eclectic Christianity, learning Greek and Latin (he was already a master of Hebrew), reading St. Augustine and à Kempis, Bossuet and Fénelon, interviewing Goethe and Schlegel, staying in monasteries, listening to sermons; and eventually at the age of seventeen being baptized and received into the Church—not that he ever got a real grasp of Catholicism, it was with him only a case of in at the portals and out again, and after a time his new-found religion slipped away from him altogether.

Drifting to Vienna, he for a while acted as a teacher and lecturer. He was much thrown with Clement Hoffbauer, the Redemptorist (since canonized), though there was little sympathy between them. Then, mainly on foot, he worked his way through Italy to Rome, where he contrived to enter the Collegio Romano as a student, and had several long private audiences with Pius VII, whose saintliness greatly impressed him. The seminary, however, had caught a tartar! Wolff was disputatious to a degree, unruly and ill-disciplined, impertinent to his professors, wild and tempestuous. At long last he was expelled.

We next find him in England, where he was taken up and financed by Drummond the banker (one of the Irvingite "Twelve Apostles"), silently broke with Catholicism, and joined the Anglican Church. At Cambridge for two years he studied fourteen hours a day, picked up Arabic, Persian, Chaldaic and Syriac, while Charles Simeon became his spiritual guide. He then took service with the Society for Promoting Christianity among the Jews, and set off on the first of his long missionary journeys. These off and on occupied many years, and in their course he went to Egypt, the Holy Land, Mt. Lebanon, Syria, Arabia, Persia, Turkey, the Crimea, and Cyprus. Everywhere he preached, disputed, scattered Bibles, and underwent incredible trials, being at various times thrown into prison, horsewhipped, and threatened with death. In between these travels he visited the United States (where he received Anglican Orders), Ireland (when Trinity College gave him its LL.D.), and England. Here, surprisingly, he married the well-dowered daughter of the Earl of Orford, and secured a considerable social position. In his later expeditions he traversed Afghanistan, Cashmere, and India from Delhi to Madras. He even penetrated into forbidden Bokhara, and preached to the astonished Ameer in a Doctor's gown, scarlet hood, and shovel hat.

Then, after five years as a Yorkshire curate, this amazing man settled down for the remainder of his life in a quiet country

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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,