

Society's work but as standing in the very forefront of its *raison d'être*. Again, there is much interesting evidence on early Jesuit views of the Generalship and on the working of authority within the Society, where the spirit was often far less rigid and autocratic than established caricature would have us believe. The pull of contemplation against practical activity in some of the Spanish Jesuits is also a phenomenon of much significance. These however are but a few of the issues that emerge from this fascinating book. We shall await with high expectation Father Brodrick's picture of the Jesuits under Aquaviva.

H. O. EVENETT

AN OLD APOSTLE SPEAKS. By Vincent McNabb, O.P. (Blackfriars Publications, Oxford; 1s. 6d.)

Father Vincent McNabb was one of those men who becomes a legend while he still walks this earth—an indication, not of premature deadness, but of abounding vitality. The present reviewer has, like many other people, heard many stories about Father Vincent (some of them surprising enough), and he does not know which of them are true to fact and which are not; but they are all *ben trovato*, for Father Vincent lived up (and it was 'up') to his 'legend'. In this booklet we get another insight to 'the real Father Vincent', a selection mostly of his spoken words, illustrations of a friar preacher at his specific work.

The ten items bring out well some characteristic lines of Father Vincent's thought and life: the significance of Christian work, poverty and prayer; the use of our natural powers; a point of biblical translation and its importance (the meaning of *metanoia*); a case in moral theology ('hunger-striking'); the centrality of the Eucharist in the Church. These and the others, and Father Gerald Vann's half-dozen pages of discerning memoir, all bring out the appropriateness of the title, and the glowing mind and heart of this apostle.

When the time comes for a full and frank biography of Father Vincent McNabb this booklet will be a valuable little item among the sources; and it suggests to this reviewer that the most characteristic words of Father Vincent to go on the title-page of that biography should be: '. . . people don't love each other enough'. D.A.

THE HOODED HAWK, or, *The Case of Mr Boswell*. By D. B. Wyndham Lewis. (Eyre & Spottiswoode; 12s. 6d.)

This psychological study of James Boswell of Auchinleck is a masterpiece, an almost faultless piece of learning, wit and historical criticism written in fascinating style. Its curious title refers to Boswell's family crest, fitting symbol of its owner, who was for ever attempting to soar into the empyrean, clogged by his tirings, and perpetually falling to earth again, baffled.

The book is no mere laboured apology for Boswell, no piece of

avowed whitewashing, but a serious explanation of one of the most enigmatic characters known to us in literature. Mr Wyndham Lewis modestly claims for his work that it is but a signpost to the *Life of Johnson*. It is, however, much more than that. Few will read it without deepening appreciation and even affection for the greatest of biographers, or fail to share in the author's passionate distaste for the Whig detractors.

The writer has used to the full (almost the first to do so) the permission he received to draw on the hitherto only privately published edition, in eighteen volumes, of the *Private Papers of James Boswell*. Those intimate and as yet too little known confessions contain a wealth of illuminating information about Boswell, and are a valuable corrective to the warped and prejudiced views still adhered to by many. May they some day be published in the ordinary way and at a moderate cost! They then will (to adapt a Johnsonian phrase) increase the gaiety of the nation, and add to the public stock of harmless pleasure. But meanwhile the present work affords an appetising foretaste.

ROBERT BRACEY, O.P.

THEY ARE SEVEN. By Rev. J. F. Forde, D.I. (Mercier Press, Cork; 6d.)

This explanation of the Sacraments is one of a new series of catechetical booklets that aim not only to instruct but also to attract and inspire the young reader. The admirable letterpress is illustrated by the forceful, though somewhat sombre, drawings of Patricia Lynes.

LIVE AND HELP LIVE. By J. K. Heydon. (Published by the Author, 'Gibraltar', The Common, Tunbridge Wells; 3s. 6d.)

There is a type of mind not uncommon today whose bent, with the grace of God, could be very helpfully influenced by this book. For the author, who earlier on gave us *The God of Love*, leads the reader through the modern anarchy of ideas, right out of the thicket into the clearer light of the ancient philosophies and finally to a vista of Catholic truth. Mr Heydon has the refreshing habit of accurate definition, qualifying the clap-trap phrases, many of which incidentally are the cheap stock-in-trade of the English Catholic in an argument. To the latter they are a handy way out; to the doubter they may be but the means of stiffening uncertainty into a resentful reluctance to believe. Take for instance the airy individualism of the late G. K. Chesterton; he rightly opposes the totalitarian outlook in which humanity is no more than a homogeneous or at least organic unity. But any one capable of reason would be put off by so superficial a wise saw as 'Britain is no more an organism than Britain is a lion. . . . Because every man is a biped, fifty men are not a centipede' (In *What's Wrong with the World?*). To Catholics used to trotting out such useless and light-hearted arguments as Chesterton was capable of turning out, we recommend the sober reflection in *Live and Help Live* that 'individuals in a social unity remain a multiplicity in one sense and constitute a unity in another sense. Men and women always retain their personality, with all its identity