

Again the Rosary is a striking example of how the various faculties are to be employed in dwelling on the mysteries of faith.

That love is the mainspring of contemplation is later shown, and it is this which inspires recollection and is inculcated earlier on.

The emphasis which is placed on the overwhelming providence of God in the life of the spirit is a wholesome antidote to some modern forms of anti-pelagianism whether theological or otherwise, which over-stress the need of human devices or bring the natural and the supernatural within a single plane. Not even the human will, despite its freedom, can escape the over-ruling mastery of divine providence. Indeed, 'nothing, from the greatest to the least, escapes the eternal providence of God, nor swerves from its course, whether in nature or in the acts of the will, or in events that appear casual and fortuitous, or have been ordained by him' (p. 55).

There are some splendid passages on the love of God and its relation to contemplation. 'The Contemplation of the saints, is for the sake of love itself, that is, of God, who is the object of contemplation . . . the saints have the love of God as the chief end of their contemplation' (p. 35). This is the love of the contemplated spoken of by St Thomas.

'It is love only that turns us to God, transforms us into God, by which we cleave to God and are united to him, so that we become one spirit with him; and by love only do we enter into bliss, by grace from and through him in this life and by glory in the next. Love cannot find rest except in the beloved, when it enters upon full and peaceful possession of its treasure. For this love, which is charity, is the way by which God comes down to man, and by which man ascends to God. God cannot dwell where there is no love. If, therefore, we have love, we have God, for "God is love". . . The soul is more truly where it loves than where it lives, for it dwells in the beloved as far as its own nature goes, its understanding and will; but it dwells in the body only *in its form*, and in this it is not above the animal creation' (pp. 42, 43, 44). More accurately the soul dwells in the body by animating it *as its form*.

The translator has done her work exceedingly well, and her translation runs smoothly and pleasingly. Perhaps it would have been safer to say 'God is the exemplar of the soul' rather than the 'form' (p. 16). There is a useful preface and the printing is good. An index of sources to which reference is made in the preface would have thrown light on the text.

AMBROSE FARRELL, O.P.

WESTWARD BY COMMAND. By Marie Cotter. (Mercier Press; 10s. 6d.)

*Westward by Command* is not a life of Mother Cabrini—it is rather a catalogue of her movements and becomes boring through 'monotony in the sameness of actual facts' (p. 140). Of the real woman and saint we learn very little, and 'The Counsels of Mother Cabrini' make one wonder why they are given as an appendix and why the

eulogy of her writings on page 94. In the Preface, the authoress warns that any life of Mother Cabrini 'calls for thundering adjectives—tremendous, stupendous, astounding', and at first one fears that the call will be answered though ultimately only the temptation to clichés is yielded to.

Bishop Scalabrini is suddenly elevated to the Red Hat (p. 92), but humbly resumes his mitre on the next page, and was the unnamed Jesuit (p. 49) really a Canon of Crema? The writer apparently does not know when Pope Leo XIII called Mother Cabrini a saint. It is attributed (p. 72) to her first audience with him, but later (p. 136) it is given quite definitely as following her audience with him in 1898—*incidentally*, that audience is described as her 'final audience' though she had 'more than one' during the following year.

This book may, however, whet one's appetite for a more worthy life of Mother Cabrini: her rule of never refusing a postulant on account of poor health, of disregarding her seemingly inspired dreams, and the fact that she apparently never learned that tedious phrase of so many religious when asked to perform some extra good work, 'I'm sorry, but the rules do not allow it', make her an interesting person, although, as she said of Blessed Marianna of Lima, she has probably not been raised up for our imitation.

TERENCE TANNER.

HENRY SUSO. By S.M.C. (Blackfriars Publications; 6s. 6d.)

The attractiveness of a saint is the measure in which he radiates God, and the by no means easy task of the hagiographer is to express and interpret the life of a saint in terms of the love of God. In her recent book S. M. C. gives us a study of the life of Henry Suso, and succeeds in showing us a man deeply in love with Eternal Wisdom. Like his divine Master, Henry Suso had to pay the price if he would win souls from evil. At first, as a young Dominican, already marked out as a student of talent and ability, Suso was disinclined to pay the full price demanded for perfection. Like another Augustine, it was the inspired word of God (read to him whilst at table) that decided him. From henceforth, he resolved, to none save Eternal Wisdom would he give allegiance.

Now a man in love with God will often, through the very excess of love he experiences, so act as to cause the worldly wise to sneer and deride him for a fool. His penances and mortifications are laughed at as being the acts of a fanatic. Maybe it is folly, but it is the folly of the Cross. In her treatment of the severe penances Suso inflicted on himself, S. M. C. shows judgment that is sympathetic, balanced and enlightening. It can so easily happen that the written life of a saint presents him as someone unreal, or forbidding and repelling through inadequate evaluation of his ascetical practices and any special divine favours that may be granted him.

Bl. Henry's apprenticeship as the true disciple of Christ was long