

## Book Reviews

**THE LIFE OF THE SERVANT OF GOD, PIUS X.** By the Very Rev. Don Benedetto Pierami of the Benedictines of Val-lombrosa, Abbot of St. Praxede. Published under the auspices of the Postulator-General, with a preface by Baron Ludwig de Pastor. (Casa Editrici Marietti, Rome.)

The chief value of this book lies in the authority of the author, who is no less a person than the Postulator of the cause for Pope Pius X's beatification. It is perhaps permissible to suggest, with all reverence for the writer's dignity and office, that the English version of his book would have had greater success if he had had more sense of humour and a translator with adequate knowledge of English (though it must be admitted that the deficiencies of the second sometimes go far towards supplying the lack of the first). We read that 'the young student underwent a siege of weeping,' or again, 'He also took charge of the youth . . . alluring them to the Church and to a correct mode of living by presenting them with little presents.' The lovable personality of the holy Pope struggles vainly to emerge from under such trappings. There is interest in any record of his almost incredibly manifold achievements, and the startling miracles which he wrought both during and after his lifetime; but those who would know himself will do better to read the entirely charming *Pius X*, by F. A. Forbes (Burns, Oates and Washbourne).

M.B.

**THE TRIUMPH OF LIFE.** By William Barry. (Longmans; 10/6 net.)

We confess to a difficulty in reviewing this book. The difficulty is due not to the book, but to the author. Catholics in this country are so much indebted to Canon Barry. He has presented the Catholic mind in literature at times when no other Catholic did, even if he could, present it. And so worthily always. He has never let us down.

But this book—his latest! We do not wish to appear ungracious when we say it 'dates.' We have made a list of the names of 'opponents' against whom the Canon argues majestically. They are dead. Their theories are dead. Why flog the dead even with polished whips? What though their names are the names of great men? Spencer, Mill, Tyndall, Crookes, Locke, Hume, Descartes, Clifford, etc., to mention the better known. Or shall we say, names known to the student of nineteenth century materialistic philosophy which is historical but not actual? Bishop Temple was saying only