

but simply as one centre among several in the Christian East in which these made themselves felt.

Stephenson exhibits a rather uneven awareness of these issues. Thus he correctly, in my view, suggests that the reason that the exposition of the eucharistic anaphora passes immediately from the *Sanctus* to the *epiclesis* is that the author is commenting only on what was audible to the people, and the practice of reciting the substance of the great prayer *sotto voce* has already crept in; but he does not seem to see that this and the relatively late date it presupposes makes unnecessary, and indeed far-fetched, the hypothesis of Dix that the anaphora in use at Jerusalem was a derivative of that found in the Syriac Liturgy of SS. Addai and Mari. Again, he rightly sees in these lectures not a little that is relevant to the dispute over whether it is the water of baptism or the chrism of confirmation that bestows the gift of the Holy Spirit; but he confuses this issue by (i) comparing the Jerusalem practice not with its contemporary neighbours but with that of the West two centuries earlier, and (ii) assuming that all Churches had both rites. A glance at the contemporary catecheses of Chrysostom

(published fifteen years ago by Wenger), to which he hardly alludes, would have disclosed that Antioch, even at this date, had no confirmation at all, and this suggests that 'Cyril' is commenting on a recent innovation in his Church, the logic of which has not yet been fully worked out. There is, on the other hand, a valuable note on 'Cyril's' doctrine of the eucharistic presence, which he shows to be by no means so close an approximation to transubstantiation as, e.g. Edmund Bishop thought and, indeed, somewhat further from it than some of his Syrian near-contemporaries.

Stephenson is critical of 'Cyril' as a stylist as well as a theologian; perhaps it is partly his determination to leave 'some of its infelicities unimproved' that has led him to desert, as a translator, the tradition established by Church. The result is readable, not to say racy, and wholly avoids, as too many patristic translations do not, any suggestion of the 'crib'; but to gloss the 'flying' of the seraphim in Isaiah's vision (the prototype of the *Sanctus* in the liturgy) as 'really "treading air"', as they are apparently stationary' seems over-scrupulous.

H. BENEDICT GREEN, C.R.

JOSEPH ARCH (1826-1919), The Farm Workers' Leader, by Pamela Horn. Roundwood Press. £3.75.

No man has exerted so great an influence on rural trade unionism as Joseph Arch, the first president of the National Agricultural Labourers' Union. He achieved this position because he responded to a call for action on behalf of weaker brethren who respected the strong and independent hedge-cutter who was also a Primitive Methodist local preacher. Information about Arch's career and ideas can be found in *Joseph Arch, The Story of His Life Told by Himself*, edited by the Countess of Warwick. That work, with its passionate and even revivalist tone, is very different from Dr Pamela Horn's factual study.

This author accepts Arch as a key-figure because he was so involved in decisive social action. Before the formation of the national union in 1872, landowners and farmers could think collectively of 'Hodge' and 'Johnny Raw', but Arch forced them to see farm labourers as human beings with rights and duties. The men Arch represented were simple folk blindly seeking ways to combat poverty, hunger and illiteracy; the local preacher who stepped into the limelight at the age of forty-six was pledged to fight for the labourers of

England as well as those of his own Warwickshire.

Dr Horn does not consider in any detail the career of Joseph Arch as a politician or his commitment to local preaching. She shows that he was elected to Parliament in 1885 and that he retired from such national activity in 1899 because he was said to be aged and feeble. Even so, he lived happily in his garden and cottage at Barford for another twenty years.

In this labourer's life there was a shadow, a sadness. Possibly it derived from the fact that the countryman found London life hurtful and troublesome; or from the bitter memories of his early days, or it could have been due to the total collapse of his union in 1896. Dr Horn does not answer such questions. Her 'value-free' account is, in some respects, a little bland and even patronizing as, for instance, when she writes of Arch's relationship with the Prince of Wales. She makes much of the fact that Sidney and Beatrice Webb referred to the 'glorified farm labourer' who was overcome with the honour of acquaintance with the Prince of Wales. All this demonstrates is that Beatrice Webb's socialism was barely skin-deep.

More serious perhaps—because it calls into question not only the author's concern for accuracy but also her historical judgment—is the matter of Arch's alleged intemperance. It is suggested that his habit of regular drinking (if it was a habit) might have been encouraged by his practice of staying in village pubs. This is surely a doubtful supposition. Many honourable and sober persons did this regularly. Many agricultural organizers followed the same custom in later times. Pamela Horn quotes a note from *British Trade Unions Since 1889* (Vol. 1), by Clegg, Fox and Thompson, which says: 'Joseph Arch, a loyal Liberal satellite, sat in the House from 1892 to 1900, drinking his bottle of whisky a day but hardly opening his mouth for any other purpose.' This is more like malicious gossip than factual reporting and no serious historian would regard it as being credible. But the biographer goes on to argue that his daily drinking did not prevent him from condemning the then Conservative Government of 1896 as 'a "parson, publican and brewer Government" opposed to the Sunday closing of public houses'. It would have

been most strange and out of character if Arch had *not* condemned that government: it would have meant turning his back on all the things he had believed in throughout his life.

What the writer is saying, by innuendo rather than by direct statement, is that Arch was a drunkard and a hypocrite. She does not prove either of these covert assertions. In his later years Joseph Arch appears to have deserted the Primitive Methodist sect, and he must have had reason for doing so because his preaching meant a great deal at one period of his life. Arch's experience of the world outside Barford and Warwickshire must have enlarged his mental horizons and affected his attitudes to men and institutions. This biography contains many new facts about the life of Arch as a trade union official but it does not really approach the personality or the beliefs of Joseph Arch. Probably it would have been a better work in all ways if the author had taken it beyond the thesis stage.

E. W. MARTIN

THE SPIRITUALITY OF FRIEDRICH VON HÜGEL, by Joseph Whelan, S. J., *Collins*, London, 1971. 320 pp. £3.75.

Years ago I read *Letters to a Niece, Selected Letters*, and the *Baron's Life*, and dipped into *The Mystical Elements* and *Essays and Addresses*. von Hügel's great lumbering sentences, full of recurring parentheses and, as it seemed, almost obscured by his heavy learning, put me off any serious attempt to read him properly. Fr Whelan has shown what a loss this has been.

Professor D. Knowles calls the book 'the revelation of von Hügel's mind and soul' that has given him so much to admire and such food for reflection. Professor Mascall says that it is a work of the highest scholarship. Bishop Christopher Butler thanks von Hügel for helping him 'to remain a convinced and open-minded Christian', and 'for preparing the way' for his move into the Roman Catholic Church. He speaks of 'the fresh air and limitless horizons' of von Hügel's world. Here are reliable witnesses.

But what about a run-of-the-mill reader, theologically not particularly educated? Surely we are offered not just an enlightenment, but almost a new insight, a coming into God's presence, because von Hügel practised prayer, and trying to read the book and reflecting on it will be praying.

'Live all you can', he wrote to his niece; 'as complete and full a life as you can find—do as much as you can for others. Read, work, enjoy—love and help as many souls—do all this. Yes—but remember: Be alone, be remote, be away from the world, be desolate. Then you will be near God.' (May I be excused if I say that Mrs Greene, his niece, found all this, it seems, in the person of our Bede Jarrett: 'Never so many opposite things have lived together in amity as in this rarely proportioned person'. *Pax*, August 1934, p. 105.)

'People put God so far away', he wrote, long before Tillich, 'in a sort of mist somewhere. I pull their coat-tails. God is *near*. He is no use unless he is near. God's otherness and difference, and his nearness. You *must* get that. God's nearness is straight out of the heart of Jesus . . . God's given-ness. . . . We are creatures and we must be creaturely.'

God is *near*, in our lives. We must gain life from 'a double current', of the here-and-now and the eternal, of history and eternity, of secularism and religion. Never is it 'either-or'; always 'both-and'. 'A broad secularity is the situation, the stuff of, and the opportunity for, a profoundly *religious* Christianity.'