

Blackfriars

From Mr. Heseltine's Introduction we learn that Sydney Smith was 'well prepared for the penny-plain frame of mind so acceptable to the Establishment,' while 'his younger contemporary, John Henry Newman developed the twopence-coloured mind.' Mr. Heseltine, enlarging on the comparison, decides that Newman wrote 'metaphysically and mystically in the *Apologia* and *Gerontius*,' and Sydney Smith 'logically and practically.' However, 'both rendered inestimable service to the cause in which they fought.' According to Mr. Heseltine Sydney Smith is 'in the true tradition of the bon-vivants' with 'his prototype of Chinon'; at the same time 'there is a very Franciscan air about the light-hearted virtue of this comfort-loving parson. . . . He was in the true line of the mountebanks of God.' Finally we are told that the wit of Sydney Smith 'does not bear repetition,' and that the best of it 'he has taken with him to the company of his fat friends Socrates, Francois Rabelais, Samuel Johnson, and Horace, and no doubt the Dumb Ox also.' What 'the enlightened common sense' of Sydney Smith would have made of all this we cannot tell. When St. Thomas Aquinas is labelled a 'fat friend' of Sydney Smith what can anyone make of it? But then Mr. Heseltine despises 'literary craftsmanship' as 'often no more than the trick of making half-baked ideas readable.'

But why does Mr. Heseltine allege that Dr. Johnson said 'nobody but a fool ever wrote except for money'? J.C.

THE SACRAMENTARY (*Liber Sacramentorum*). Historical and Liturgical Notes on the Roman Missal. By Ildefonso Schuster, Abbot of the Monastery of St. Paul's Without the Walls. Translated from the Italian by Arthur Levelis-Marke, M.A. Volume IV. (London: Burns, Oates and Washbourne, 1929, 15/-)

And so this majestic work proceeds, to be completed, we surmise, in a fifth volume. It is in truth a monument to the courage of its publishers and a happy augury for the future of the liturgical movement in this country. A reviewer of one of the previous volumes allowed himself to describe it as 'A sort of liturgical lucky-bag.' The phrase was an unfortunate one. It revealed too manifestly something of that spirit which prefers *Bona Mors* to Vespers, and all the fussy paraphernalia of popular devotion to the majestic simplicities of the liturgy. If our people are to be brought to nourish their Christian life upon the strong bread and meat of the liturgy, it is by such books as the one before us that that desirable end will be promoted.

Book Reviews

Yet the phrase which we have quoted did indicate one characteristic of these volumes very truly, that is, the comprehensive variety of their contents. It is such a variety as makes it impossible for the reviewer to do more than mention these contents in a brief phrase. The present volume, therefore, contains a large part of the *Sanctorale*, that is to say, the feasts of the Saints as they occur in the Missal, and these from March to August. The final volume will probably contain the remainder of the *Sanctorale* not yet achieved, *viz.*, the feasts from August to November. That gives the reader an idea of the main portion of the book. For the rest, there is a chapter on the priesthood, not to mention a short euchological appendix.

We welcome this 'lucky-bag' with all our heart, and hope that many readers will buy it and dip deeply into its rich contents.

J.M.

MINOR WORKS OF WALTER HILTON. Edited by Dorothy Jones.
(The Orchard Books, No. 17. Burns, Oates and Washbourne, 1929, 5/-)

We had feared that the winter had nipped its trees, but the Orchard is still flourishing and offers us once more some of its attractive fruit. The present volume is a collection of works of our fourteenth-century English mystic, Walter Hilton, other than his substantive *Scale of Perfection*, which has already appeared. Hilton has been justly described as the most Catholic and well-balanced of the old writers, and it is a joy to have some more of his work in this admirable form.

For Miss Jones has taken her work very seriously and every page of the book gives evidence of painstaking research and laborious care. How can a mere reviewer really appraise such work unless he submit himself in his turn to the same discipline? It is, indeed, impossible for him to do more than comment here and there on points which occur to him. We shall mention just one such point.

In her careful introduction Miss Jones shows herself definitely inclined to support the view that Hilton is the author also of the *Cloud of Unknowing*. We welcome any and every effort to dispel the mist which surrounds the *Cloud*, and we believe that the discovery of its authorship will be made by just such careful research as Miss Jones has employed, but we do not think that the case for Hilton's authorship is a good one. There are, it is quite true, similarities of phrase and topic; but there is, we believe, a profound dissimilarity of style. There is a high