

stand on their own as works of art. The religious lyrics in particular bring with them a taste of the Psalms and a smell of the country. One poem should be made the theme song of the liturgical revival, centred on the Easter Vigil:

Last night did Christ the Sun rise from the dark

The mystic harvest of the fields of God . . .

Miss Waddell's humble confession should not, however, be forgotten: 'The greatest things in mediaeval Latin, its "living and victorious splendours", are not here because I cannot translate them.' Yet she has recovered for us many very beautiful things.

THE SMALL MISSAL. (Burns and Oates; from 6s., the school edition, to 21s. de luxe binding.)

This Missal has already done more than any other to assist the ordinary Catholic or the neophyte of a convert to take his share in the regular Sunday Mass. It is presented again—inevitably more expensive than in its pre-war dress—entirely revised, with the Knox translation and with certain important additions. Its 398 pages, which make a compact pocket-sized book, contain all that is needed by the regular Catholic who assists at Mass on Sundays and on the important feasts. They include prayers for the sacraments and for Benediction as well as Compline for Sundays. Catholics will welcome its reappearance and look forward to the continuation of its good work of quietly leading people to enter more fully into the action of the Mass.

NOTICES

PRIESTLY BEATITUDES is the title of a retreat for priests written by a great German missionary, the late Father Max Kassiepe, O.M.I. (Herders; 37s. 6d.) and translated by a fellow religious. While we must welcome any book that will help the men dedicated to the altar to deepen their own faith, there are sections of this retreat which are almost embarrassingly practical. Priests, apparently, were encouraged to 'tell smutty, risqué stories' in clerical company in the eighteenth century; but Fr Max is happy to say that times have changed. They are to be prudent alike in drinking and in speech and retreat. There is, however, much positive assistance in the way of prayer.

FR A. D. FRENAY, O.P., takes us step by step through the Mass commenting on every prayer in **THE SPIRITUALITY OF THE MASS IN THE LIGHT OF THOMISTIC THEOLOGY** (Herders; 30s.). The commentary is intended also for priests so as to deepen their appreciation of what they do and say every morning. There are some liturgical assumptions, as 'The prayers of the Canon are not, as they may seem, independent prayers, each one separated

from the others: all . . . are related, . . . and form one organic whole'. But this quotation will show the synthetic, theological attitude that Fr Frenay adopts. Priests will derive much assistance from the book.

THE GOOD CONFESSOR, by Gerald Kelly, S.J. (Clonmore and Reynolds; 5s.), shows again that the priest today is not being neglected. The book is also written by an American, but its publication in Ireland makes it readier of access to the shelves of the clergy on this side of the Atlantic. The treatment is very practical as the author discusses such things as 'consultation' and how far one can use experience gained in the confessional for preaching and direction. The book will be bought by many confessors.

THE VEN. PETER DONDERS was a Dutch priest who went out to Suramin and Batavia in search of missionary work, lived heroically among the lepers, and at the age of fifty-seven became a Redemptorist. He died after a life of great energy and holiness at the age of seventy-eight in January, 1887. His life is told with spirit and attractively by John Carr, C.S.S.R., in *A Fisher of Men* (Clonmore and Reynolds; 9s. 6d.).

EXTRACTS

THE BLESSED SOLITUDE may well appeal to the greatly active and ever energetic French Catholics; so we are not surprised to find the October issue of *La Vie Spirituelle* devoted to the modern hermit. Is the call to a solitary life an evil sign—weakness, escapism, despair? Or is it perfection? Do we desire to fly to the desert under the impulse of the Spirit? Elias is the great figure of the solitary:

He is alone. The immense solitude of the desert which surrounds him is but an image of his isolation in his faith. His intense zeal has proved impotent. He knows that deep sense of frustration which so often pervades the heart of man. The most resounding triumphs come to nothing. Perhaps it is just here that we experience the most acute understanding of our interior wretchedness. . . . Miracles are not and cannot be holiness. If it please God to make use of us for his exterior works—without dragging in miracles, but limiting ourselves to the apostolate or to preaching—we rediscover ourselves in the dead weight that we are, acutely conscious of the vast disproportion between what God is and what we are.

But in that despair an angel appears and nourishes Elias with heavenly bread. Even so he must remain another forty days in the aridity of the desert on his way to the Holy Mount.

A footnote to another article recalls a past discussion in the pages of the LIFE OF THE SPIRIT:

Now that the constitution *Provida Mater Ecclesia* has recognised