

Book Reviews

but unable to find the focus. A slight adjustment, and the scene takes on an astonishing solidity. And so it is throughout a book which, as a help towards acquiring 'the excellency of the knowledge of Jesus Christ,' is priceless, and unique in that it does enable the reader to hear again, and in the Gospel narrative itself, what Père Lagrange has elsewhere called 'la note que donnait ce mystère au moment où il se déroulait en Galilée et à Jérusalem.'

We should add that an excellent map of Palestine and an excellent plan of Jerusalem help the reader to trace out Our Lord's steps, and fifty excellent photographs of Gospel sites show him the scenes His eyes rested on.

L.W.

THE JESUITS. By the Most Rev. Alban Goodier, S.J. Pp. 92. (Sheed & Ward; 2/6 net.)

The editor of this new series of books concerning 'the spirit and the ideal of the chief Religious Orders in the Church' has made an excellent beginning. Archbishop Goodier, whose writing, marked by grace and distinction, illuminates the subject, makes plain—in a few short pages—what Catholics and non-Catholics alike often miss in the character of St. Ignatius Loyola and the high purpose of the Society he founded. Vividly, yet with great economy of words, is Spain depicted in that 'age of transition and adventure' of the boyhood of the youngest son of a Castilian noble. Popular notions of the Jesuits are amended, mistaken opinions of the life and ideals of their founder corrected. The simplicity of St. Ignatius Loyola is insisted upon; the 'astonishing simplicity, the simplicity, very often, of a very little child.' We are reminded that 'so simple in mind was St. Ignatius Loyola that many have assumed that he could not be sincere, and have accused him of cunning or duplicity.' Assumption and accusation are equally wrong. With Ignatius the one idea 'greater glory of God' became an obsession. 'It had taken hold of him and possessed him, almost blinding him to every other light. To that single end all else was bent, work, word, prayer, life, even sanctity itself; by its single standard everything in life was measured, and rigidly allotted its value and place. For it, and for it alone, this world and man in it were fashioned; so long as it was promoted, it mattered little what else was done or how man fared.'

In this simplicity, characteristic of saints, and all who are great of heart, Archbishop Goodier finds Ignatius Loyola 'close

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akin to Francis of Assisi, the soldier of Pampeluna to the soldier of Perugia, the convert of Manresa to the convert of the Porziuncula, the leader of Christ's army, to him who called himself "the herald of the King."'

Since nothing mattered but the greater glory of God and the greater good of mankind, the actual training of his men is to St. Ignatius only a secondary matter. 'He asked for the keenest intellects; but when he got them he submitted those intellects to two fallow years, 'wasting their time,' as men might say, sweeping corridors and washing dishes. He would have them go through the finest training the best universities could provide, but when they were trained he would send them back to menial labour, to teach the catechism, and tend the sick. He would make them the keenest instruments our civilisation could produce, and he would send them out to Indian pariahs, or to have their fingers bitten off by Iroquoise babies, or to be confined for years in a Japanese cage, and then to be burnt alive.'

And, after four centuries, the aims of the Society of Jesus remain the same. A human institution, at its best, this Society of Jesus, 'readily acknowledging its limitations, weaknesses, failures,' nevertheless, 'the world is strewn with the bones of her sons and watered with their blood, poured out for God and man with not a hope or desire of reward or recognition.' For love demands the total surrender; and love, to St. Ignatius, was 'a devotion, not a simple joy in which to revel'; and 'an affair of deeds more than of words; a warfare, if warfare were needed, very much more than a crown to be enjoyed.'

J.C.

SOME POEMS. By Rupert Croft-Cooke. (The Galleon Press; 7/6 net.)

Because Mr. Rupert Croft-Cooke is, as the publisher's wrapper informs us, a 'very young man,' it is almost inevitable that his poems should set us thinking of the work of that other young Rupert—Brooke. Both, indeed, possess the passionate and wandering heart of the poet; both are alive with the emotional sense of life; both are utterly spontaneous in the expression of the dreams, desires, and despairs of youth.

But the point where Mr. Croft-Cooke parts company with his Christian namesake is, I am inclined to think, in the matter of simplicity of diction. Brooke's simplicity is only apparent. Whilst it gives the impression of easy fluency, it is in reality the perfect artistry that conceals his art. In his best poems