

There would seem to be no end to the titles we might call Her, because the best we can say of Her falls so far short of Her unsurpassable dignity.

Fr Hubert has given us a little book of seventy-nine pages, having for title one of the loveliest of Her pet-names. 'The Mystical Rose' is the heading of the first chapter. Other chapter headings are 'Mother of God', 'Virgin of Virgins', 'Mother of Christ', 'Mother of Divine Grace'.

Readers will find this book a great inspiration. Not that there is anything here that is not in other books, but there is an obvious love and sincerity about the author which is very attractive.

I do not like the frontispiece, but then 'de gustibus non disputandum'. The book deserves to become popular, for many people will find it very moving. P.C.

ST DOMINIC IN EARLY TUSCAN PAINTING. By George Kaftal, D.Phil. (Blackfriars Publications; 7s. 6d.)

The first volume in the new Blackfriars series of illustrated books is such remarkably good value for money that the reviewer—amazed by this elegant presentation of forty paintings of St Dominic—may take for granted the erudition and industry of Dr Kaftal in editing it. For the immediate appeal of the book is frankly the joyous assembly of these early portraits, bearded or unbearded, young or middle-aged, alone or in a triptych group: all, in their different accents, proclaiming the impact of St Dominic and his ideal on men who were young enough in heart to marvel and rejoice. The arrangement of the book is tactful, so that the pictures themselves appear in their own right. Later one can turn to Dr Kaftal's careful commentary, with its record of origin and date and dimensions. His preface, too, gives just what is necessary to appreciate St Dominic's achievement, so that the paintings are rescued from the art gallery and are restored to the times and places that give them their deepest meaning.

There are fifteen portraits and twenty-five 'scenes' from St Dominic's life, the latter accompanied by extracts from the biography of Theodoric of Appodia (1290). The reproductions (in black-and-white) are invariably excellent, and the triple achievement of editor, publisher and printer deserves—and will surely receive—the grateful acknowledgment of all who love St Dominic and his Order. The volumes to come, which will deal with St Catherine of Siena, St Peter Martyr and St Thomas Aquinas, will be awaited with impatience. I.E.

THE LIFE OF NEWMAN. By Robert Sencourt. (Dacre Press; 21s.)

In attempting to write a comprehensive biography of Newman, one cannot help feeling that Mr Sencourt has rushed in where angels have feared to tread. For surely, there is some remarkable reason for the fact that, despite an enormous amount of literature on the different aspects of his life and work, no full biography of Newman has ever

been written? One would give the answer that it is precisely because of Newman's towering greatness that no individual writer has been able to 'speak with authority' on more than one aspect of his life and work. Wilfrid Ward was able to deal in general with Newman the Catholic. Meynell, Barry and Lewis May were each able in their own incomparable ways to give an exquisite portrait. Mr R. C. Middleton has written recently on Newman and Bloxham; and now we have Maisie Ward's 'The Young Mr Newman'. The main literary productions of the Centenary Celebrations three years ago were volumes of essays. And one cannot help feeling that the long essay by a specialist is the best means of portraying one whose life and influence were so manifold. 'The whole Newman' can thus only be found kaleidoscopically.

Mr Sencourt has to our mind attempted the impossible. All the same, the Dacre Press has given us a handsome production to add to our Newman shelves and, apart from that, the book has its importance if only for the quotations from previously unpublished Pusey House and other papers. Our confidence is further established by the fact that Father Henry Tristram, of the Birmingham Oratory, without question the greatest living authority on Newman, has lent his support to the author. And whilst Mr Sencourt's line is too light and artistic to plumb the magnificent depths of the real Newman, he has done a pleasing work and perhaps fulfilled some purpose for the ordinary reader. Here, however, the absence of chronology, especially in the earlier part, has confused rather than clarified the issue. The whole setting up of the Oratory in England has been over-simplified; and in concentrating on the person of Newman himself, the author has to some extent minimised or vitiated the characters of those great Victorians who enter on the Newman scene. The gigantic mental and spiritual stature of men like Manning and Gladstone and Mark Pattison and Dean Church does not really emerge. We must congratulate Mr Sencourt on his intrepidity; but we still think he has attempted the impossible.

GORDON WHEELER.

THE ANGEL OF THE SCHOOLS. By Teresa Lloyd. (Duckett; 1s.)

Like many plays which depict scenes rather than tell a story, this little play needs to be *seen*, rather than read. The short episodes from the life of the great St Thomas Aquinas seem disjointed as one reads them. They give very little idea of the personality of the Saint; they seem not to hang together. But when produced—and the production should be very simple and dignified—it would surely strike one differently. The music especially, and the plain-chant rendering of the 'Ecce Panis' and the other liturgical hymns written by St Thomas would make the whole difference to the impression given by the play. The last scene, after the death of St Thomas, with the singing in plainsong of the 'Adoro Te', twice introduced as suggested in the