

ciples of St Thomas. And although most of his conferences were delivered to religious who were striving after and at times reaching the heights of sanctity—(though he insisted that holiness is the natural development of the grace of Baptism and therefore the vocation of every Christian)—yet they can be understood and easily applied to his own life by the ordinary devout layman.

Representatives of many religious orders, including such well-known writers as Fr Eugene Boylan and Fr James, have collaborated with the monks of the Irish Benedictine Monastery which owes its existence to Dom Marmion's inspiration, to produce this tribute to the memory of their saintly compatriot. Their diversity and the success with which they prove his affinity to their various schools of spirituality show how truly 'catholic' is his appeal.

Fr Duff's essay on 'Abbot Marmion as Spiritual Guide for the Secular Priest' will surely be an inspiration to others beside those for whom it is intended and it will whet the appetite for the forthcoming 'Christ the Ideal of the Priest', an extract from which fittingly concludes this book.

If this volume should help to hasten the day when Dom Marmion's spirit, scriptural, theological, liturgical, will have been infused into the fervent Irish faith that was also his, it will indeed have wrought a great work for the cause of Irish Catholicism. (cf. the interesting pages on Irish spirituality in the paper 'Abbot Marmion and Fr Leen' by Fr M. Carroll, C.S.Sp.p. 94 et seqq.)

S. M. ALBERT, O.P.

OUR LADY OF FATIMA. By W. T. Walsh. (Macmillan; 10s.6d.)

PORTUGUESE PILGRIMAGE. By C. C. Martindale. (Sheed & Ward; 10s.6d.)

These two books together make an admirable, and not uncritical, guide to Fatima. Mr Walsh gives a straightforward and reliable narrative of the events and their setting. His book is particularly valuable for sketching in its final chapters the subsequent brief lives of Francisco and Jacinta. Not only is the spiritual maturity achieved by these two young children one of the most striking arguments (as Fr Martindale insists) in favour of the claims of Fatima, but it sums up concretely what has been called the 'message' of the place, which is the integration of the natural and the supernatural by penance and prayer. Francisco seems to have plumbed, for all his childhood, the depths of suffering; both preserved that natural balance of life which is one of the things that impress the visitor to the Cova da Iria. So by dint of his narrative Mr Walsh conveys much more persuasively what others, alas, sometimes attempt by typographical yellings and bangings.

Fr Martindale makes a wider skirmish through Portugal and Portuguese history (a too-little-read chapter of the story of Europe). His is less a narrative than a running and ruminating commentary *more suo*, full of learning and gossip, not free from snobbisms and

lightly-riden hobbyhorses. In the intervals he tells us of Fatima (which is the centre for all the brilliant and vivid distractions) and argues and discusses about it, and leaves things very much as they were, but the reader with a desire to know more and to have what is still denied us in the English language, a *procès verbal* of the whole affair. Not the least attractive feature of his book are the illustrations, which together with Mr Walsh's sober descriptions and his own genial flashes, give the reader the 'feel' of that country so strangely akin to England, so wildly exotic. It is possibly a little misleading to print a picture (p. 24) of Valinhos, where our Lady appeared once, with the caption 'Scene of the Fatima apparitions'; but it certainly gives more idea of the scene as it was than do pictures of the present sanctuary. The author's imagination and enjoyment of life (how he does enjoy himself for all his professed octogenarian valetudinarianism!) seem to have got the better of his memory when he claims to have said Mass at a Dominican friary (p. 25) at the Cova. This Dominican at least discovered none of his brethren there a year later. *Nec post hoc, nec (let us hope!) propter hoc.*

COLUMBA RYAN, O.P.

THEY MADE ME SIGN. By John C. Heenan. (Sheed & Ward; 5s.)

The instruction of converts, though at times delicate and difficult, is at least a straightforward task; not so the instruction of non-Catholics who merely come to the Church for marriage. Most of us confronted with this task have tried to make it clear that the Church required it in order to be perfectly fair to the non-Catholic, to let him or her know just what it meant to marry someone whose religious life was so very different. But it is still not easy. Dr Heenan's book makes this point, makes it very clearly and forcefully, and provides an admirable series of instructions adapted precisely to this occasion. Some adaptation to individual needs will of course be necessary but, whether the priest follows the book closely or lends it to the non-Catholic party, it does seem to be on the whole at the right level. There may perhaps be a keen reader of Penguins and popular scientific works who will question the proof for the existence of God; but as I have never been able to adapt St Thomas's arguments to any minds except those of infants or of metaphysicians, I do not know how in this space it could be improved upon.

EDWARD QUINN.

LIFT UP YOUR HEARTS. By Christopher Wilmot, S.J. (Burns Oates; 7s.6d.)

These essays are described as Conferences of Comfort. The reader will not find in them any 'easy speeches that comfort cruel men', but mature wisdom that penetrates the surface of life and sees the certainty beyond. Father Wilmot does not seek to comfort by blunting the sharp edge either of the bitterness or of the sweetness