

The chapters on doubt and faith will be most read by the believer and the unbeliever respectively, each of the two being curious about the other's inmost self. It would be interesting to discuss at length some points about faith. Faith, it is true, is heuristic in character, as Professor Allport points out. It tends endlessly to integrate all the data of the invisible and visible worlds in a more complete, if obscure, vision: *Fides quaerens intellectum*. Furthermore, being neither a science nor an intellectual evidence, faith has in its psychological nature something of the essence of doubt, i.e. lack of evidence. St Thomas calls it: *cum assensu cogitare*. The assent is an act of the intelligence, but insufficiently determined, and thus requiring the command of the will (and the grace of God). Nevertheless faith is more than a 'working hypothesis', it has a certitude of its own. It is not only a 'practical absolutism' combined with 'theoretical scepticism', as the pragmatic tendency in modern thinking so often suggests. Doubt and probability may have a rôle to play before the act of faith has taken place. Within the faith there are difficulties, but, as Newman said, a thousand difficulties do not make a doubt. Probability might concern the introduction to faith, not faith itself.

The fact that these and other discussions arise out of Professor Allport's book is proof of its excellence. Not only does it convince one of the psychological value of religion in the development of a mature personality, but it makes some suggestions as to what should constitute a true religious outlook.

La Sarte (Belgium)

REVIEWS

THE GREAT MANTLE. The Life of Giuseppe Melchior Sarto, Blessed Pius X. By Katherine Burton. (Clonmore and Reynolds; 16s.)

Here is a life beautifully told, making no claim to be a spiritual biography as in the fashion of past times, but content to be a plain, straightforward narrative of the working life of a man of singular charm and kindness allied to remarkable sanctity and unflagging pastoral zeal. The outlines of the story are too generally known to be stressed here, but it is difficult to pass over without a special word of praise the author's account of Giuseppe Sarto's boyhood in his saintly home, wherein all the Christian virtues were so admirably practised without rendering the children in any way priggish or artificial. Giuseppe was a boy as other boys, devoted to his parents and deeply attached to his younger brother Angelo and his sisters, and, despite a certain gravity and thoughtfulness, full of spirits, loving to drive the family donkey to school and unwilling to allow so responsible though

pleasurable a duty to Angelo. The donkey only arrived after the family fortunes had slightly improved; till then Joseph had walked the two miles to Castel-franco, where he had won a scholarship at the high school, and generally carried his precious shoes slung over his shoulder until he reached the outskirts of the town, to save the expense of footwear. An old peasant, almost completely deaf, into whose ears the news was shouted on the evening of 4th August, 1903, that Giuseppe Sarto had been elected Pope, went round telling everyone whom he could buttonhole that he could not forget 'how the little rascal used to eat off his cherry trees and how often he chased him away'.

Although Riese, his birthplace, was in the diocese of Treviso, Giuseppe Sarto received a scholarship for the seminary of Padua through the good offices of the parish priest, Don Fusarini, who gained the ear of Cardinal Monico, patriarch of Venice, son of the Riese blacksmith. It had been a proud day for that village when James Monico was raised so high in the Church, and none would have ventured to think that another boy of that place would reach the patriarchal throne, and even higher. Giuseppe was ordained on September 18th, 1858, with a special dispensation as he had not yet reached his twenty-fourth year, and from that date until 1875 worked first as curate at Tombolo and then as parish priest at Salzano. In November 1875 he sadly bade farewell to his parishioners and took up the post of spiritual director in the seminary of Treviso with the rank of Canon. This seminary was anciently a Dominican priory whose cloisters were once the home of Nicholas Bocassini, a poor boy who in 1303, exactly six centuries before Giuseppe, was elected to the Papacy as Benedict XI. Neither could have foreseen as they paced those same cloisters the tremendous office and dread responsibility that awaited them, still less the glory with which the Church would crown them by placing them upon her altars, one as Blessed Benedict XI, the other as Blessed Pius X. Though separated by so many centuries, their biographies show them to us as united in the same charming kindness and love of peace, with strength of purpose and firm will to defend God's Church and to rekindle in her ministers zeal for God's house and family. It is of interest to record the words of Blessed Pius to the Master General of the Dominicans, Father (afterwards Cardinal) Fruhwirth, at his first audience: 'I once thought of joining your Order, and although I did not do that, at least I can say that I was chosen Pope on St Dominic's feast day'.

While at Tombolo the resemblance between him and the holy pastor of Ars (whom he lived to beatify in 1905) first began to appear; it increased during his pastorate at Salzano, but it became even more marked when he was at the seminary, where he would sit for long hours

in an icy room hearing the confessions of the many students in the bitter winter days when the temperature at Treviso was often below zero, and the seminary too poor to buy fuel. To those who sympathised with him he would reply that the wall against which he sat faced south, but 'as the wall was several feet thick it was doubtful whether the sun provided him warmth'. He emulated St John Vianney, not only in this most important priestly duty, but also in his abundant and incessant charity, spending next to nothing on himself. Although it often exasperated his relatives and friends, and even drew expostulations from his bishop, this astonishing liberality remained with Giuseppe up to the end, and increased as his means became more abundant. He carried it with him into the Vatican, meeting there the customary remonstrances of officials and friends alike with his wonted sweetness and determination.

His work at Treviso was not by any means confined to his duties as spiritual director; he also taught both dogmatic and moral theology, and held the post of diocesan chancellor. Nor was it long before he himself was called upon to bear the burden of the episcopate, for in 1884 Leo XIII chose him to rule the important see of Mantua and would listen to no argument. Canon Sarto just had to submit, and with this appointment his career as a great churchman opened. It is with this second part of his life that this biography is chiefly concerned, and very well indeed has the task been done, for throughout the years passed as bishop of Mantua, patriarch of Venice, and Pope, the author shows her same skill in presenting this same zealous and loving pastor with the same winning personality, directing all things to God. There always remained that immense consideration for others. He told his parish priests in his Mantuan diocese that what pleased him most was a share in their usual meals, not a specially prepared feast. He knew only too well the poverty of most parishes, and he forbade all useless expenditure on pompous receptions. And he loved to see his people approach the Communion rails. It was just the same at Venice after his promotion to the cardinalate and patriarchate. There his charity was given free rein, with the result that the more he received the more he gave. 'I was poor in other places', he once remarked, 'but here in Venice I am truly a beggar.'

Holidays with him were practically non-existent, but occasionally he snatched a day at Treviso or Riese, and once he spent several days with his nephew, Don Battista Parolin, parish priest of Possagno. One evening in June 1903 as he sat smoking in the rectory he told Battista that when he was 'too old for the great city' he would come and be his curate. Little more than a month later he succeeded Leo XIII as the prisoner of the Vatican, and what he suffered from the confinement

after his open-air life is not easy to estimate. His attended walks in the Vatican gardens made him long 'for his carefree tramps in Venice where he talked to passers-by, gave candy to the children, shared his tobacco with the loafers enjoying the sunshine, and chatted with gondoliers and fishermen'. Once he said to his secretary when he heard a shrill whistle: 'Listen, perhaps that is the train for Venice'; and the same secretary once found him looking through an old Venetian train-guide.

Of his work as Pope there is little need to speak here; it has passed into the Church's history with other movements of historical importance. To restore all things in Christ was his motto, and how he abided by it may be seen in the encyclicals on Frequent Communion, the necessity of Catholic Action, the condemnation of Modernism, and other pronouncements of the utmost importance in safeguarding the teaching of the Church and protecting the flock of Christ. Everything was dedicated to his high task, and not even sickness was allowed to intervene. Once his doctor remonstrated with him for working too soon after a sharp attack of bronchitis and begged the Pope to remember his (the doctor's) responsibility before the world, but Pius replied: 'Think of mine before God if I don't take care of his Church'. And he died as he had lived, tranquilly and peacefully, with marvellous resignation, murmuring at the last: 'All things in Christ'.

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LA VOCATION RELIGIEUSE. By Chanoine Jacques Leclercq. Cahiers de la Revue Nouvelle. (Casterman; 66 fr.)

Here is a book which, unlike so many of its kind, is easy to read and worth reading. Good wine matures best in the wood, but should be bottled when maturity has been reached. Canon Leclercq has allowed the good wine of christian teaching to mature in his mind through the action of sanity and experience, and has here bottled it for us. It is humiliatingly clear that the author has gone about not only with his eyes wide open but also with his mind equally open. He has allowed his experiences to engrave themselves on his mind and has not shrunk from making statements which the more timid of human beings would leave unsaid. 'Imposer à une jeune fille d'aujourd'hui des attitudes que la réserve commandait il y a cinquante ans ou des formules de respect dans un langage désuet qui lui paraît comique, et lui imposer cela sous prétexte que c'est une exigence de la consécration à Dieu, c'est l'écarter. Mais beaucoup de vieilles religieuses refusent toute modification aux usages de la vie religieuse telle qu'elles l'ont choisie à vingt ans.' (p. 63.) How very true! It is not cynical either to state: 'Le vieillard détaché est la perle la plus rare au trésor de la vertu'. (p. 123.) The author's positive