

alities can describe them, and with a diction almost unfailingly good. Nothing but the Parisian, or—in this case—Phoenician realism of the 20th century can account for the perverted taste which induces people to prefer the salacious novel of a morbid woman to a clean, wholesome and uplifting book like this.

One cannot help noticing that in all his writings the author's aim has always been to portray to Catholics and their non-Catholic neighbours the unalterable attachment of the Church to all that makes for the permanency of Christian morals and Christian doctrine. This is particularly so in his latest book, the "Black Cardinal," a story dealing with the divorce of Bonaparte from his lawful wife Josephine, and the compulsory separation of Prince Jerome Bonaparte from his wife Elizabeth Patterson, whom the Prince married in Baltimore. Opposed to the autocratic power of the French Emperor is the infallible voice of the Roman Pontiff, Pius VII., represented by his Prime Minister, the inflexible Cardinal Consalvi. After fencing for an opening with the Cardinal, the Emperor enters a stubborn protest against the refusal of the Pope to endorse his marriage to Marie Louise of Austria or dissolve the bonds which united Jerome to Miss Patterson.

"Jerome," exclaims Bonaparte, "is a true son of the Church, yet the Pope will not free him from his marriage with a Protestant savage in Baltimore."

"It is out of his power," spoke back Consalvi, "if a marriage be valid, there is no power on earth, within or without the Church, capable of dissolving it."

Every chapter of this fascinating novel bristles with defensive arguments protecting the integrity and indissolubility of lawful marriage. Aside from the value and interest of its historical and biographical studies and its charm as a piece of delightful English, this book ought to have a wide and general perusal, if for no other reason than to enlighten many of its readers who may have forgotten, or may never have known the stern attitude of the Holy See on divorce.

While reading this stimulating book we feel as one who looks for the first time on a finely chiseled piece of statuary.