

'Ah my friend! St. Paul, St. Paul— By this unfinished sentence the Abbé Marinier probably meant to convey that St. Paul was St. Paul. Di Leyni on the other hand, reflected that Marinier was Marinier. Dom Clemente remarked that not all saints could be sent to China. Why should not the saint of the future be a layman?"

This idea of the layman saint plays a prominent part in the book; it appears again in one of "the Saint's" most important speeches.

"I see in the future, Catholic laymen striving zealously for Christ and for truth, and finding a means of instituting unions different from those of the present. They will one day take arms as Knights of the Holy Spirit, banding together for the united defence of God and of Christian morality, in the scientific, artistic, civil and social field. They will be under certain special obligations, not however of community of living, or of celibacy, incorporating the office of the Catholic clergy, to which they will not belong as an Order, but only in their private capacity, in the individual practice of Catholicism. Pray that God's will may be made manifest concerning this work in the souls of those who contemplate it &c."

Whatever then the book may be it is not a Protestant book. "He and Giovanni were discussing a German book on the origin of Christianity, which, it seems, has made a stir, and was written by a Protestant theologian. Maironi observed that when this Protestant speaks of Catholicism, he does so with a most honest intention of being impartial, but that, in reality, he does not know the Catholic religion. His opinion is that no Protestant does really know it; &c." A very true remark, as you cannot know anything except from the inside; but it is a remark that would apply equally well the other way. Of course from such detached quotations one cannot gain any idea of the spirit and power of the book any more than single bricks can convey the idea of a well designed building. I am afraid however that in a review that has already overstepped all reasonable limits, no attempts must be made to sketch the character and career of the saint with its terrible inward struggles and its conflict against stupid superstition, shallow frivolity and hard bigotry. On the one hand "non-concessionist clericals" are opposed and on the other cynical anti-clericals; these appear as unlucky creatures, making the greatest sturmon on a charity that tries to bear things. On the whole this saint preserves his sanity in spite of the pressure on all sides, and there seem to be hints that he sees that the hard asceticism that has ruined his health is not the noblest ideal. But after all his public career is short because of the fever that he caught when he spent those lonely nights of struggle in the most malarial atmosphere. He dies and is that the end? No, he is supposed to have left disciples who in varied ways will continue the work of enlightenment and enfranchisement. Just so, then, these men and women must face the everlasting problem of bringing saintliness into common human conditions. There are a great many to whom death does not bring speedy relief; the pain has to be borne, the work done, the faith transformed to meet life's varying needs.

The book reminds of Bourget's *Etape* and *Thais* by Anatole France but