productivity while also offering a cross-confessional partnership that juxtaposed all white Americans to the peoples of color whom they colonized and killed. Americans often depicted modern friars, however, as avatars of corruption, lazy but determined predators whose misdeeds offered a canvas on which to project Americans' "own concerns about race, sexuality, and reproduction" (143). Moran's work complements John McGreevy's account, in *American Jesuits: How an Embattled Religious Order Made Modern Catholicism Global* (Princeton: Princeton University Press, 2016) of American Jesuits embracing colonial state-building as they had not previously embraced nationalism, and it demonstrates the value of her scholarly approach, in which nuance and ambivalence is left visible even as a clear narrative and argument are advanced.

Moran's close attention to a plethora of sources—some of which had, as Moran acknowledges, few contemporary readers—will delight some and try the patience of others. But she makes her case that images of heroic Catholic missionaries must take their place, in our understanding of the American Protestant imagination, alongside dastardly priests and escaped nuns. And she joins the ranks of rising scholars who are integrating histories of the Jesuits and Catholicism into historians' understanding of nations and empires.

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Catharine Randall

A Heart Lost in Wonder: The Life and Faith of Gerard Manley Hopkins. Grand Rapids, MI: William B. Eerdmans Publishing Company, 2020. Pp. 171. Pb, \$22.00.

Here is a relatively short but fascinating biography of the Jesuit priest and poet, Gerard Manley Hopkins by Catharine Randall, a scholar of French literature and culture, who teaches at Dartmouth. Her interests include the Huguenots and Camisards, Calvinism and Lutheranism, with an interest in the constraints imposed on the literary imagination she finds in those theological systems. She is also the author of *Black Robes and Buckskin: A Selection from the Jesuit Relations*, covering the period when Jesuit missionaries sent letters back to their superiors in France about the world they were living in now, enculturating themselves among the various Native American nations.

I note all this because Professor Randall has used those same skills in giving us a distinctive and evocative portrait of Hopkins that resonates with Hopkins's Victorian world, including London and Oxford, as well as cities like Liverpool, Manchester, Bedford Leigh, and Glasgow, as well as the landscapes of northern Wales and Stonyhurst, and closing with Hopkins's final years in Dublin, where he served as an examiner and a lecturer in Greek and Latin classics at the Jesuit-run University College amid poverty, disease, and a strong Irish dislike (well-justified) for all things British. That he was the only Englishman among the Jesuit community there did not make matters any easier for him.

There is a short, insightful foreword by Lauren Winner, who teaches Christian spirituality at Duke Divinity School. Like Professor Randall, she is an ordained priest, and understands what Randall has achieved in giving us the inscape of a man who came to love God by riveting his imagination and intellect on the things of this world seen through the lens of the Incarnation, God manifesting himself through what passes for the ordinary. Except that for Hopkins, as for others like the Franciscan Duns Scotus, the ordinary was anything but.

There follows a preface, in which Randall explains that she means to provide a perspective on Hopkins through the dual strands of his religious development from High Church Anglican to Catholic convert to Jesuit priest, at the same time examining the development of Hopkins's poetic style, beginning with the English Romantics and blazingly evolving into a form that welded his theological development via Aquinas, Ignatius of Loyola, and Duns Scotus, together with his profound historical understanding of Anglo-Saxon stressed alliterative verse, coupled with the intricate internal rhyme patterns of Welsh *cynghanedd*. There is more, of course, like Hopkins's fascination with ancient Greek choral music and its development in Gregorian chant, as in "Spelt from Sybil's' Leaves" and "That Nature is a Heraclitean Fire," and there are the manifold ways in which Hopkins revolutionized the Petrarchan sonnet, but it is the first two that Randall focuses on.

Then follow four lengthy chapters, preceded by *Alpha*, a poetic, impressionistic piece on the world Hopkins grew up in there in Hampstead, a semi-rural suburb of sprawling London, and a very brief piece rounding out the biography, fittingly called *Omega*. The chapters are titled Preparation, Dedication, Illumination, and Desolation. Preparation covers the first half of Hopkins's life, the twenty-two years he spent as an Anglican, attending school at Highgate, followed by his four years at Oxford, where he came under the influence of his tutor, Walter Pater, and—more centrally—the Catholic-leaning Puseyites

and John Henry Newman, founder of the Birmingham Oratory who received Hopkins into the Roman Catholic Church.

Randall provides us with a vivid portrait of Hopkins's struggles: a diminutive (five foot, four-inches, somewhat frail and prone to illness (though he was an avid walker who hiked hundreds of miles through England as he studied and sketched nature and medieval architecture), a man given to bouts of depression and—though a charming companion, preferred to be alone to read and meditate and pray. He was an odd combination of esthete and ascetic, given to fasting, someone with an iron will who once bet a fellow student he could survive a month without drinking water, until the headmaster discovered his blackened tongue and physically disciplined him. He was also smitten by a like-minded man several years his junior, the handsome, eccentric cousin of Robert Bridges, Digby Mackworth Dolben. Hopkins and Dolben met only once, but they corresponded and sent each other poems, until Dolben drowned while swimming in a river at the age of nineteen. Hopkins moved on, but apparently never forgot the young man.

"Dedication" and "Illumination" cover the period from his stint teaching at Newman's Oratory, to his entering the Jesuits in 1868, following him through his time as a novice at Roehampton in southwest London, through his time as a scholastic at Stonyhurst, to his three years of theology at St. Beuno's in North Wales, where, after years of self-imposed silence, he wrote his extraordinary *The Wreck of the Deutschland*, followed in 1877 by such classics as "God's Grandeur," "Pied Beauty," and "The Windhover." Then we follow the young priest through his various missions at Stonyhurst, Farm Street in London, Oxford, and the industrial midlands, including Bedford Leigh, Liverpool, and Glasgow, followed by his tertianship back at Roehampton, followed in turn by teaching at Stonyhurst. Randall is particularly astute at giving us historical glimpses of these places.

The final chapter, "Desolation," covers the last five years of Hopkins's life, when he was sent (unwillingly but obediently) to teach mostly Irish Catholic undergraduates in Dublin. It is a riveting chapter, focusing on the mental and religious darkness that descended on the poet, when he wrote his dark masterpieces like "Carrion Comfort" and "No worst, there is none" on scraps of paper, then left them to be discovered (or not) after his death at forty-four by typhoid. If it was a dark time for him, Hopkins still had his brilliant wit and humor, some of it shared with his Jesuit brothers along with his correspondents, though Randall does not, unfortunately, give us this aspect of the man. And there is an underlying sense that runs through the biography which favors Hopkins's Anglican world over his two decades as a Jesuit. It is as if she were playing on the two senses of "lost" in her title: that Hopkins was lost (fully

absorbed) in the wonder of things, but also that he eventually lost his bearings (and himself) in that search. But, as with anyone, in spite of the best we can do to inscape and record someone's life as objectively as we would like, we get caught up in that life and are fated in the end to see it through our own eyes. Thankfully, Professor Randall has an exquisite sensibility for theology and poetry, and this shines through on page after shimmering page.

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James Bernauer, S.J.

Jesuit Kaddish: Jesuits, Jews, and Holocaust Remembrance. Notre Dame, IN: University of Notre Dame Press, 2020. Pp. 220. Hb, \$55.00.

This deeply reflective book is part memoir, part historical inquiry, and part theological exploration. It is broadly about the Holocaust and the Jesuits, charting both shortcomings as well as successes in the Jesuit order and among individual Jesuits (especially the fifteen cited as Righteous among the Nations by Yad Vashem) when it comes to Jews, Judaism, and the Holocaust. As such, James Bernauer's approach leads to some valuable and inspiring stories, concluding with some fresh and insightful observations that are important for historians and religious studies scholars.

In Chapter 1, Bernauer points to two attitudes that have historically stood behind Christianity's differentiation between medieval anti-Judaism and modern anti-Semitism: that Christianity is best interpreted "through a particular form of European culture that asserted its spiritual surpassing and discarding of Judaism" and that the modern world is a repudiation of Christianity, which therefore has no responsibility for modernity's achievements or crimes. Bernauer includes a helpful discussion of Pope John Paul II's connections with Jews and Jewish community growing up and later in his work and travels. In elevating the martyrs of Nazism, Bernauer asserts that the pope was directly challenging the culture of excuse and encouraging a penitential spirit and he finds significant changes, including, for example, a major transformation in the German episcopacy's attitude toward the Holocaust after 1959, the work of the Vatican Commission for Religious Relations with the Jews in 1990, and the eventual recognition of the State of Israel under John Paul II.