

of Christ in the prayer of the Christian. The sense of 'community' is one of the signs of the times, but Mr. Jenkins makes it quite clear that he is not talking of just any kind of association, but one of responsible persons ('subjects') related to God, the absolute subject. This relation, he argues, is set up in the act of Christian faith; the self surrender and obedience of the whole man to God as revealed in Jesus Christ. Our rebirth at redemption by Jesus Christ, the High Priest, gives rise to the Church, the spirit-filled community and it is in and through their common membership of the Body of Christ that Christians must pray. Such is Mr. Jenkins's thesis and he argues it well, with great, and at times moving sincerity. Occasionally, however, an argument well begun loses itself in a burst of rhetoric and fails to convince. There are a few obscurities which might lead to misunderstandings, such as the rather curious expression Mr. Jenkins gives to the Doctrine of the Trinity. We feel also that Mr. Jenkins would find his analysis of the act of faith enriched if he pondered St. Thomas' Tractate on Faith in relation to what he has himself said about "justifying faith."

Finally with regard to this and many other books Catholics must face the question: Why is it that so many Protestant writers, who wish to know Catholic doctrine, only appear to be able to receive it in a distorted form?  
IAN HISLOP, O.P.

THE FIRST EXILE. By Robert Farren. (Sheed & Ward, 8s. 6d.).

This epic poem, or series of poems, on the life of Saint Colmcille (Columba to the uninitiate) is a brave essay in a difficult medium. Mr. Farren has shown, in earlier collections of his verse—notably in *Thranging Feet*—that he has a simple lyric strength which is admirably suited to his purpose: for he speaks of the faith flowering in a single world, an Irish world of earth and stone and sky.

The seventy sections of *The First Exile* are an elaborate counterpoint of rhythmic contrasts, with the figure of Colmcille as a constant theme. The concrete sense of created things takes away the blurred edge of legend and hagiographical convention.

"Bring the green shoot  
up through the red sod,  
bring the full fruit  
of the corn on the stalk.  
Bring it to ripeness  
through yellow to whiteness."

Useful footnotes and a full glossary of Irish words add to the value of a poem that is wholly Catholic in inspiration and achievement: Catholic, because Mr. Farren has realised that sanctity is the perfecting of the whole of man.  
I.E.

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