

## *Blackfriars*

Charity, confidence, joy; to these he trusted to form the characters of his boys. He would have them joyous at prayer, joyous in poverty, joyous in contradictions and sufferings, and he himself set the example in a simple matter-of-fact fashion.

*Don Bosco avait l'âme la plus gaie du monde*: and we put down this story of his life, which may be called one of God's fairy tales, with an indefinable impression of joy. S.M.T.

NUMBER SEVEN JOY STREET. (Basil Blackwell, Oxford; 6/-.)

Here is *Number Seven Joy Street*, with a most attractive wrapper as usual. It is dedicated to 'Parents, Aunts, Uncles, Elder Brothers and Sisters, Friends, and All who buy this volume for children and read it themselves.' But for whom is it intended really? It declares itself 'A Medley of Prose and Verse for Boys and Girls.' But is it for them? I am not so sure. At any rate the list of contributors is as good as usual, and that is high commendation. Those line drawings in the beginning by Irene Mountfort are exquisite. The first story, 'Princess Dimple,' has the real Joy Street flavour that we expect from Mabel Marlowe and the drawings are almost alive. That is for the children undoubtedly. Marian Allen takes us to the Zoo and I like her drawings even better than her verses (though I suspect she is not unacquainted with 'Christopher Robin'). 'By Underground' is a pleasing phantasy in which tube railways and fairyland are most gorgeously mixed; only Algernon Blackwood uses rather big words and grown-up sentences for children. I suspect he has one eye on the Parents, Aunts, and the rest of them. I feel the more sore about this because in 'Westwoods' Eleanor Farjeon seems to have a profound underlying moral. Of course stories for children often are a cloak for something more serious or more subtle, like 'Alice Through the Looking Glass,' but Miss Farjeon seems more intent on pointing the moral than adorning the tale. Perhaps I am still biased by that dedication, and anyhow it is so easy to pass on to Ethel Cooke's verses, if only because there are some more of those very attractive pictures by I.M. (The pictures by themselves would make Number Seven worth while. All the coloured plates are good.) But, bias or no bias, of this I am certain, that 'Cotton Woolleena' was *not* written for children, even if Laurence Housman is the author. The language and the ideas are much too 'grown-up,' and yet I do not see that there is much to attract the 'Parents, Aunts, and the rest of them,' either. It is a pity because it is the longest story in the book. The next is a long one too, a cat story by Roy

## Book Reviews

Meldrum. It is mostly for the children; there is only an occasional paragraph specially for the others. Lord Dunsany has shown himself most ingenious in finding rhymes for 'Geneva' in a tale, told in limerick form, of the 'old girl' of that place. (No, it does not even hint at the League.) All the rest of the volume is definitely for the children, and good. The last item, Compton Mackenzie's 'Enchanted Blanket' is possibly the best of all. Number Seven is evidently a Royal Palace of sorts, seeing how many kings and nobles appear in it, but look at it as you will it is a splendid six-shillingsworth. H.C.

**SERMONS ON ST. THERESE OF THE CHILD JESUS.** By Fr. Francis Xavier of St. Teresa, O.D.C. Translated from the Italian by a Religious of the Society of the Holy Child Jesus. (Burns, Oates and Washbourne, Ltd; price 3/-.)

**OF THE JOY OF LOVING GOD.** According to the Spirit of Saint Teresa of the Child Jesus. By R. P. Mortier, of the Friars Preachers. Translated from the French by the Dominican Sisters of Portobello Road, London. (Burns, Oates and Washbourne, Ltd.; price 2/6.)

**NOVISSIMA VERBA.** The last conversations of St. Thérèse of the Child Jesus, May-September, 1897. With a Foreword by His Eminence Cardinal Bourne. (Burns, Oates and Washbourne, Ltd.; price 2/-.)

It would be of interest to know on what occasions these six sermons were preached, but no indications of any kind are given. Their purpose would seem mainly to dispel the usual current illusions with regard to St. Thérèse, and to show forth what Père Petitot has so well done in his book on the Saint—the true force of her character, her supreme mastery over her soul, and the real meaning of her simple child-like way to God, which is so often misunderstood.

One detail is surprising, however; namely the Father's insistence on St. Thérèse's great culture, especially in the arts of music and painting. This seems scarcely to tally with the facts as hitherto known.

The translation is excellent from every point of view.

Père Mortier has joined the ranks of St. Theresa's many Dominican admirers, and like them he, too, does her service in knightly fashion. Of this book we may say that the voice is indeed the voice of St. Theresa, but the hands are the hands of Père Mortier. The learned Dominican historian and the little Carmelite Saint wander happily together in their heavenly