

Blackfriars

The resultant volume is still small, but inexpressibly precious because of the stirring beauty of the Passion itself. It is characteristic of acts of martyrdom to be vivid, arresting: so much so that these qualities afford a handy test of genuineness; but it is doubtful if any exist in which the pulse of life is more evident, the glow of faith steadier, than in those of the Carthaginian martyrs.

After Perpetua had been thrown, and gored by a mad cow, 'looking for a pin, she likewise pinned up her dishevelled hair; for it was not meet that a martyr should suffer with hair dishevelled, lest she should seem to grieve in her glory. So she stood up . . .'

J.G.

THE GOLDEN THURIBLE. By Wilfred Rowland Childe. (Cecil Palmer; 5/-.)

The poems in *The Golden Thurible* comprise the fruits of Mr. Childe's imaginings and pious musings cast in elaborately pictorial settings. Readers who are already acquainted with his work will not be surprised to hear that doves, lilies and towers occur and re-occur, and that the words crystal or crystalline, amber and milk-white do their accustomed overtime. Each poem bears the stamp of finished workmanship, and yet the reader is left dissatisfied, for although Mr. Childe has a feeling for words and an unquestionable ability for evoking word-pictures, he employs these assets to the detriment of his subject-matter, which he weighs down with a load of imagery, not hesitating to use unsparingly the obviously poetic in word or phrase, surfeting by an excess of sweetness. The poems which please most are those where the thought is least adorned as in *The Greek Angel*, *Don Quixote*, *Prayer for the Faithful House of Limador* and *Our Lady Queen of Peace*. After so much prettiness throughout the book it is refreshing to come across such an unpicturesque trio as the Devil, the worm and the homely flea in *The Repentance of Dr. Faustus*, a poem which shows Mr. Childe can be forceful on occasion.

K.K.

ST. IGNATIUS. By Christopher Hollis. (Sheed & Ward; pp. x, 287; 7/6.)

It is a mistake to dally too long over the reviewing of a book, especially when it is an unusually interesting book—as Mr. Hollis's certainly is—and one apt to provoke comment, favourable and unfavourable. Perhaps the present reviewer's judgment has been somehow clouded by what he has read and heard said about the book since reading the book itself. For he has