

tion of Christian life. It is strong, free and beautifully balanced. Each leaf is highly individual in colour and could so easily upset the equilibrium of the whole; but there is no clash, no attempt at autonomy. Each leaf contributes to the tree and the whole becomes a song of praise—a burning bush.

These pictures were seen in Paul Harris's Birmingham studio and at the Leger Gallery in Bond Street. Some of them have been sold and are no longer on view. But what I have seen has whetted my appetite for more and I am looking forward tremendously to a painting of the Crucifixion and the Resurrection. U.M.S.

O B I T E R

PILGRIM CROSS, an illustrated account of the Vézelay Peace Pilgrimage which so powerfully captured the Catholic imagination last summer, is more than a book. 'Little things are little things', said Fr Vincent McNabb once, 'but they may be the beginnings of great things.' The pilgrimage to Vézelay was a gesture, a showing forth of the power of the Cross to heal a broken world. Fr Gerald Vann, preaching at St Dominic's Priory on the return of the pilgrims, expressed the meaning of *Pilgrim Cross*:

'We are at a beginning. A little lamp has been lit in the darkness which is over the earth. But so small a trail in so great a darkness: and we are at a beginning because that gleam must be enlarged and widened and new paths must be cut through the gloom, new lamps must be lit and tended. . . . We are at a beginning because there must be other pilgrimages like the first: similar pilgrimages in our own country, to lighten our own darkness; similar pilgrimages perhaps in other and more distant countries, to bring them in turn our brotherhood in the love of Christ. People will not be convinced of the presence of love by fair words alone; but when you can say, I have trudged these many miles to come to you, and I have brought you this cross on my back, then they will be convinced and heartened; and the world that looks on may say once again as it said when the Church was young: see how these Christians love one another'.

A grateful word must be said about the technical excellence of *Pilgrim Cross*. It sets a new, and very welcome, standard for Catholic publications. The integrity of the pilgrims' intention deserved a worthy commemoration, and it has certainly received it.

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ROMANO GUARDINI is best known as the author of *The Spirit of the Liturgy*, one of the formative books of the liturgical revival. An article in *Etudes* (December) reminds us of his work as the first Professor of Catholic Philosophy at the University of Berlin, until his removal in 1939 as 'hostile to the state'. He lived in retirement

during the war, but since November 1945 he has occupied a chair in the same subject in the University of Tübingen. Here, we are told, close on a thousand students attend his lectures. M. Engelmann quotes Guardini's views on the future of German youth:

'Our young people are wounded, grievously wounded. We must speak gently to them, as one might to someone who has returned from afar. For twelve years they have been delivered up to masters whose sole ambition seems to have been to prevent them from thinking. Our immediate task is to give back to them a measure of intellectual *anxiety*. I think they are on the right road since they have not lost the capacity for work. It is that which will save them from the nihilism into which they might have tumbled, from the despair which still haunts the best of them. But there are no short cuts'.

It is a matter for thankfulness that Romano Guardini should be, as it seems he is, the unquestioned leader of Tübingen. His immediate task is to efface the memory of his predecessor, the sinister Professor Hauer of the 'German Christian Church', who ended his career in S.S. uniform in Russia. For the larger task of 're-education', his patience and charity are qualities no less valuable than his intellectual distinction.

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EVELYN WAUGH is the subject of Miss Rose Macaulay's disinfected examination in the December *Horizon*. The cool and witty commentary, the determination to be fair, collapses before the awful fact of Mr Waugh's Catholicism. 'Divine purpose, human redemption, must flow through channels larger than those of any Church.' One can agree with Miss Macaulay's analysis of *Brideshead Revisited* in many respects. It needed perhaps her feminine, not to say feline, discrimination to question its 'grave lushness'. But what sort of criticism is it that emphasises the novelist's right to be concerned with moral issues and afterwards complains that his presuppositions are not one's own? Miss Macaulay when she is shrill is very like one of her own Englishwomen abroad confronted with the horrors of Popery. It is 'to debase the currency of words' to describe Pope Pius V, 'that fanatical religious idealist, with his notorious record as Grand Inquisitor, his incitement to murder and war', etc., as a saint, we are told. There is a sense in which no one is a saint until he is dead, and holiness can be very hard to *like*, humanly. St Pius V would certainly not sympathise with the compromise of truth which nowadays is too often mis-called religious toleration. He does not cease to be a saint because we may not like him, nor can we forget that a saint is *canonized*, is officially recognised by the Church as having won by exceptional holiness a place in heaven and veneration on earth.

TWENTY-ONE YEARS have passed since the death of Cardinal Mercier, which occurred on January 23rd, within the Church Unity Octave, whose aims he did so much to further. *Editions Catholicité* of Lille have produced a special number, 'Twenty years after the Malines Conversations', by Robert Kothen, which is a most useful piece of documentation. Like so many Continental commentators, M. Kothen seems inadequately aware of the baffling religious situation in England. 'Rapprochements between Christians in the 20th Century' is the Abbé Couturier's theme in *Reunion* (December) and it is a heartening record. Robert Rouquette, writing in *Etudes*, draws gloomy conclusions from the Archbishop of Canterbury's recent sermon on reunion with nonconformists:

'If the Anglican Church adopted officially the position outlined by its Primate, it would lose its position as a mediator: it would lose whatever Catholic elements it has and so strengthen its Protestantism. . . . Its contradiction within would become too violent even for English pragmatism. Reunion such as that foreshadowed by the Archbishop seems pregnant with schism'.

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A SCOTTISH CORRESPONDENT writes: Pamphlets and periodicals continue to multiply, not least in Scotland, where there has been a large increase in magazines strongly national in tone. The most recent is *The Lion Rampant* (Maclellan), which is concerned mainly with a back-to-the-land policy as a means of saving the Highlands and invigorating Scotland generally. It seems doubtful if it will get much support, unless it becomes more practical. As was recently said in *An Gaidheal*: 'We have talked enough. We now want to see something done'. A quarterly which seems securely established is *Scottish Art and Letters* (Maclellan). This combines informative articles such as Dr Farmer's on 'Music in Eighteenth Century Scotland'; essays in criticism, new writing in prose and verse; and good reproductions of modern Scottish painting. The same publisher issues a quarterly review called *Today and Tomorrow*, open to contributors of any political shade who can offer constructive criticism of Scottish affairs. Perhaps Mr Maclellan hopes to be the Hutchinson of Scotland, for he publishes not only *Today and Tomorrow* and *The Open Air in Scotland*, an excellent quarterly written by experts, but also a Marxist quarterly, *Million*, the only one of his periodicals not obviously concerned with Scotland primarily. These magazines, and others such as the *Scots Review* and *The New Scot*, deserve attention from Scottish Catholics. They spring from movements growing in importance, to which Catholics cannot remain indifferent. At present there is no Catholic periodical in Scotland to take its place among them, though there are indications that this lack may be met before long.

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