

indication of the lines on which it is possible to tackle the most common questions asked by young people". It will be of little help to Catholics working with Catholic boys and girls in Catholic clubs. But the authors have in mind, not the Church club, but the "open" club, whose members have all sorts of faiths, or more often no faith at all. And the unpleasant truth is that, while some of us could not subscribe to all of the suggested answers, the questions given are indeed the questions which are not infrequently on the lips of our boys and girls, many of whom have reached their teens in utter ignorance of the first principles of religion. If they do not yet know the answer to the first group of questions, which have the general title, "Does God Exist?", they are not likely to get far towards answering the others, on Church-going, prayer, morality, and the value of suffering.

It would be interesting to see how a Catholic, experienced in youth work, would deal with the many and delicate problems and questions which are constantly cropping up in the open youth club, to some of which this booklet suggests a useful line of approach. For the Club Leader's responsibility in this matter is a grave one, and he wields by his words and example a far greater influence than he generally realises.

F. BENNETT.

THE LITTLE PRINCE. By Antoine de Saint-Exupéry. (Heinemann; 9s. 6d. net.)

The simple charm of the drawings—also by the author—which portray an episode and hint at eternity, the inconsequence of the narrative and the spontaneity of thought, make this a perfect child's book. As such it can be wholeheartedly recommended by a reviewer who had the experience of trying it on a group of children of ages ranging from eight to twelve; clumsily attempting an extempore translation from the French until Miss Katherine Woods' sympathetic and felicitous rendering came to hand, he was so far successful as to be signed on as a regular story-teller to the group.

It is much to be hoped that other grown-ups will read the book aloud to children; it will be good for their adult souls. For this is more than a children's story: it is an allegory. Travelling without visible means of locomotion from planet to planet, the Prince comes across the fundamental types of modern man in all his stupidity. The lamplighter who lights up and extinguishes his lamp every minute because he has not the wit to adjust his position to the changed speed of his planet, the business man who thinks he possesses the stars because he can add them up—and even in French the word is, significantly, *businessman* and not *homme d'affaires*—the geographer who has no vision for the lovely world he charts, all these are so many occasions for an examination of conscience. And if the wisdom of the fox only becomes explicit towards the end, his profound thought is behind every line of text and of drawing: "It is only with the heart that one can see rightly; what is essential is invisible to the eye . . . You become responsible, forever, for what

you have tamed." The Little Prince had learned from persistent questioning the meaning of "tamed". That is why his leave-taking from the fox was so sad; almost as sad as ours from him.

EDWARD QUINN.

ENGLISH WATERCOLOUR PAINTERS. By H. J. Paris. (Collins; 4s. 6d.).

EARLY BRITAIN. By Jacquetta Hawkes. (Collins; 4s. 6d.).

It is scarcely necessary to remark that these two volumes of the *Britain in Pictures* series are admirably produced; they are illustrated by a colour-process which is more successful than that of earlier titles. Captain Paris has a rare gift for economy in description and accuracy in judgment that makes his book a valuable survey of the most indigenous of English art media. Its contemporary glories, in the work of Sutherland, Piper and David Jones, receive full treatment.

Mrs. Hawkes, herself a distinguished archaeologist, covers a vast field interestingly and reveals the rich and unsuspected history that lies hidden behind the innocent hills and meadows of these islands. There are some exquisite illustrations of Celtic and Roman remains, which are some compensation for the obscurity of what she rightly describes as the "most baffling period of our history." A.I.

INTRODUCTION TO TYPOGRAPHY. By Oliver Simon. (Faber; 12s. 6d.).

Typography has been well defined by Stanley Morison, quoted in this book, "the craft of rightly disposing printing material in accordance with specific purpose". Elaborating on this we could call it one of the few arts which are accepted as fulfilling Gill's functional conception of art. That typography demands great skill in the designing of books, this summary of its rules and requirements makes startlingly clear. The uninstructed reader will be surprised at the intricacy of the printer's problems in suiting the style of the book to the page, type, margins, etc. But while the uninstructed accepts without understanding these intricacies in the books he reads, he soon realises when the skill is lacking. He discovers quickly when he cannot read with comfort or pleasure. The modern painter will often disregard his public and perform stunts of exhibitionism; no such liberty is allowed to the typographer, for his readers must be able to read with pleasure. This functional discipline is of the greatest value to typography. That is why it is one of the most flourishing and virile of the arts to-day. That is why Gill was himself so outstanding a success in this particular field of design.

The book under review will not only prove a revelation to the ordinary reader, but it will also, and primarily, provide an excellent manual for all concerned or interested in book production. Mr. Simon lists the rules without, for the most part, attempting to explain the reasons behind them. He has also accompanied the text