

Nora Rowley, and Priscilla Stanbury. They and their like stand at the gates of the city whose inhabitants include Heathcliff, young Copperfield, Jude, Nostromo and Scobie.

This is the rewarding part of the book, and one is grateful for the critical integrity the author has observed in speaking of the novels, not of the man.

JAMES REED

IRISH PILGRIMAGE. By Daphne D. C. Pochin Mould. (Gill; 16s.)

The history of the great Irish centres of pilgrimage is remarkably little known when compared with that of their main continental counterparts. Most visitors to Lourdes or Fatima must know about Bernadette or the three children; but few penitents at Lough Derg or Croagh Patrick could give any but the vaguest account of the history of the exercises on which they are engaged. Yet if they could forget their sore feet for long enough to think about the matter, they would find plenty of questions to be asked. Why should the place of pilgrimage be on an island (or the top of a mountain)? Why is it visited only at certain periods of the year? What is the origin of the 'stations'—those curious circles of stone round which the pilgrim stumbles reciting his endless prayers? Why does he always go round them right-handed?

To these and other questions Miss Pochin Mould's book provides the answer. She puts the more famous Irish pilgrimage centres in their full setting: she describes from personal experience the other and lesser-known pilgrimages, such as the gruelling round at Glencolumbkille; she traces back their history so far as it is known, and she offers an explanation of their probable origin in the earliest days of Celtic Christianity. She has written a pleasant, discursive book, based on a wide knowledge of Celtic history. The illustrations are admirable: it is a pity that there is no map.

J. H. WHYTE

NO PASSING GLORY. By Andrew Boyle. (Collins; 16s.).

To write of a man who has become a legendary figure in his own life-time, and that before the age of forty, must present a biographer with special difficulties. And Group Captain Cheshire is perhaps only at the beginning of the career for which he will be ultimately remembered. Yet Mr Boyle was abundantly justified in writing a life of his friend, if only to set in proper focus the wilder legends of the war-hero who saw the Bomb drop at Nagasaki, became a Catholic and henceforth devoted his life to the most heroic exercise of the corporal works of mercy. The picture is not as simple as that, and Cheshire's true greatness already demands an interpretation.