

the one drawing us and shaping us ever more closely towards the other who is the way to the Father.

We must learn to love the Spirit within us, the 'soul's delightful guest', to long for him and to pray ardently to him. Indeed, this inward prayer to the Holy Spirit is the very beginning and foundation of all religion, of any attempt to become more like Christ, any hope of bringing Christ the Saviour to an almost lost world.

Edward Grubb is right when he says: 'The greatest need of our time is the recovery and the fearless proclamation by word and life of the religion of the Spirit'.

SONGS OF ZARATHUSHTRA. By Dastur Frambroze Bode and Pilov Nana-vulty. (Alan and Unwin; 3s. 6d.)

The Gathas of Zoroaster are one of the most difficult texts in any language, and no translation can lay claim to finality. The present volume, however, reads more like a paraphrase and at times degenerates into a re-interpretation of Zoroaster's thought in the light of more modern, vaguely 'theosophical' ideas. Like many books in the series it makes prolific use of capital letters and for simple ideas substitutes prolix phraseology. What, for example, is gained by translating the word for 'fire' as 'His Flaming Fire of Thought'? Or why seek to explain away the enigmatic 'Soul of the Kine' by a generalised 'Soul of Creation', suggestive as it is of neo-Platonic ideas which are singularly ill at ease in the primitive Zoroastrian community? The introduction too is crammed with subjective views of what the authors would have liked Zoroaster to have said. The most glaring example of this is the statement that 'to achieve his mission', Zoroaster 'formed the Circle of Contemplative Thought', which the authors admit in the next line is 'not thus mentioned by name'. Why then drag it in?

As a translation of this difficult text the book has little value, and is certainly not in the same class of Duchesne's (*Zoroastre*, Paris, 1948). It is perhaps of value as showing how a Parsi High Priest interprets the ancient hymns of the founder of his religion. In this it is to be preferred to the more considerable books of Nyberg and Herzfeld who have sought respectively to transform the Prophet of ancient Iran into a witch-doctor and backstairs politician respectively. Zoroaster, the Mystic, is more convincing than either of these. However, to those who are primarily interested in what Zoroaster actually said, the book cannot be honestly recommended.

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