

and affairs worth tuppence, or even a roughly exact notion of what happens on the continent.

The second of the above books really helps where one country is concerned. A good proportion of it is history—more than usually necessary when we find that for the solution of the Transylvanian dispute both Rumania and Hungary appeal to events, or alleged events, of up to sixteen hundred years ago. And there is as well geography and topography, economics and recent politics, religions and nationalities. The reader can find out something about Transylvania and the Regat, Bessarabia and the Bukovina, the Dobruja and the Banat, the Szekelys and the Saxons of the Ardeal, and who are the chief beneficiaries of Rumania's natural wealth—and they all mean a different problem. Mr. Kormos is apparently a Rumanian: but he does not gloss over Rumania's treatment of her minorities, particularly in Bessarabia, or the shocking corruption of Rumanian politics and administration; nor does he assail Hungary with abuse or question-begging epithets—he does not assail her at all.

This book is No. 2 of a new series, British Survey Handbooks, prepared by the British Society for International Understanding. Mr. Eppstein's *Belgium* is No. 1, and we say less about it than about No. 2 because far fewer Englishmen have been to Bukarest or Oradea Mare than to Knocke and Heyst, Ostend and Blankenberghe, Bruges and Brussels. But it is in every way as good and as well written as Mr. Kormos's book. It can be specially recommended to those in this country who 'fell for' Degrelle and his Rexistes, so many of whom six years later were numbered among the traitors. (The 'Catholic fallacy' again—they were named from *Christus Rex*.)

This series looks like having all the virtues and value of the British Survey leaflets, which in their line are the best and most reliable popularisations that the war has occasioned. The volumes are particularly intended to be carried in the pocket when abroad—nothing could be better.

D.D.A.

LETTRE DE NUIT : LA NUIT DONNEE. Par Raissa Maritain. (Editions de L'Arbre. n.p.)

These verses of Mme. Maritain's are for the most part *vers d'occasion*, now dealing in an unrealising way and through conventional symbols with the surfaces of life and now exploring the problems of the spirit. There is scarcely any attempt to create an idiom, Mme. Maritain being content (except possibly in the half-surrealist *Nocturne*) with a prose faithfulness to her experience, which has its vices in the lack of realisation of

' Les arbres à ma fenêtre  
Font un lacs de ramilles grises  
Et leurs troncs en robe verte  
Sont des colonnes de poésie '

and its virtues in

‘ Ils semblent parler de nous  
 Dans l’infaillible silence  
 Depuis le Jardin perdu  
 Ils se souviennent de l’innocence  
 Arbres de vie et non de science.’

Which is not to say that there isn't much accurate philosophy, honest psychology and true religion in these verses, but merely to say that language not only embodies but *is* a tradition and that it uses us as much as we it.

J.D.

JOURNAL D'UN CURE DE CAMPAGNE. Georges Bernanos.  
 SOUS LE SOLEIL DE SATAN. Georges Bernanos. (Editions de  
 l'Arbre, Montreal.)

The Canadian publishing house, Editions de l'Arbre, have performed a valuable service in reprinting modern French classics which had become unavailable with the German occupation of France. Bernanos's two great novels are especially welcome, appearing as they do in an exact reproduction of the original French editions. Now that France is free to resume her cultural life once more, it is right that acknowledgment should be made of the services of Canada in keeping French books, no less than French ideals, in circulation during evil days. It might even be said that the war has done much to enrich the French heritage of Canada. An impressive list of books, as well as so excellent a review as *La Nouvelle Releve*, make a hopeful augury.

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