

long or too short an evaluation. It lacks the power to convince through thoroughness—the spirit to convert through enthusiasm succinctly expressed.

P. P. FEENY, O.P.

Edward R. Westbook has some pleasing ordination and prayer cards (1½d. each) and calendars for 1943 (1s. each with envelope) for sale: 39 Ridgeway Road, Osterley, Isleworth, Middlesex. Every year he produces new designs which show considerable progress in technique. The human face and figure are still weak, but the prayers are pertinent and clearly written, which places them high above the trite Gothic texts and the sugary saints that so often act as book-markers in our prayer-books.

C.P.

### CORRESPONDENCE

*To the Editor of BLACKFRIARS.*

Dear Sir,

It was a surprise to me that, in these days of paper shortage, you should have devoted two full pages of your October issue to an unqualified eulogy of Evelyn Underhill's last book . . . What are we to think of the author's advice of 'dropping all consideration of . . . the imperfection of our character'? One of our own modern masters of the spiritual life, Dom Columbia Marmion, tells us that the appalling tepidity of the average modern Catholic is due to our habitual lack of 'compunction,' the very virtue that Miss Underhill seems to deprecate in her book in favour of an easy-going confidence in the love of God drawn from emotional experiences of wild cherry blossoms and the like. Surely concern for our own goodness is neither 'innervating' nor a special characteristic of our lax age, as your reviewer seems to think. On the contrary, the ardent desire for perfection has always been not only the concern of all the Saints but even that of our Lord Himself who told us to be perfect and to destroy ruthlessly all that might hinder us from attaining to perfection even unto plucking out own own eye! One cannot help wondering what the great Dominican Saints like St. Catherine of Siena, St. Vincent Ferrer, and in our own time a man like P. Lacordaire—to say nothing of St. Dominic himself—would have thought of such strange 'fruits of the Spirit' that pretend to send you to heaven on a comfortable motor road though, alas, only at 'thirty miles per hour'!

H. C. GRAEF.