

criticism of the attempt to supplant the rational core of religion by a mysterious faculty of awe in face of *das Heilige*. Here, too, the criticism is constructive, for the author shows how this line of approach can be a virtual statement of St. Thomas's metaphysical proofs for the existence of God. 'Schleiermacher let the cat out of the bag when he defined religion as "a feeling of dependence."' The experience which modern writers on religion uphold is not a direct awareness of God but the consciousness of their own state as creatures.' As a culmination, we are given an admirable account of the Catholic faith as the way of entry into complete life.

This is an important book, well-informed, well written. There are a few inaccuracies. Doubt is imperfectly described (p. 70). A free act surely does not necessarily demand a simultaneous consciousness of a capacity to act otherwise (p. 85). Animal desire is not merely awakened by a physical stimulus, there is an element of knowledge (p. 89). *Phronesis* seems to be departmentalised in a manner contrary to the Aristotelean teaching on the connection of the virtues (p. 142). 'St. Plotinus' (p. 232) is a printer's error. The chief general criticism is that the book hardly lives up to its title. Like the famous Duke of York, it secures the approaches, invests the place, but does not take it. The interior psychological structure of an act of faith is not laid open. Suggestion, however, is sometimes a better instrument than plain statement and exposition. Materials abound for a judgement by interpretation. Nevertheless a continuation into rational psychology of the treatment of belief according to empirical psychology which is to be found in the second chapter, in other words, a section expressly devoted to the nature of belief, would have enhanced the permanent value of the book.

T.G.

THE PASSION OF SS. PERPETUA AND FELICITY, MM. Translated by W. H. Shewring. (Sheed & Ward; 3/6.)

Mr. Shewring's *Passion of SS. Perpetua and Felicity* is a book we welcome. The translation into English appeared first in the last *Fleurion*, chiefly for the sake of typographical presentment. The choice of it seems to have been due to Mr. Stanley Morison's suggestion; and the best available text was used for the occasion.

The editor has since studied all known sources, and now presents such a Latin text as scholarship has been able to restore; a slightly emended English version; four sermons of Augustine for the first time in English, and a useful introduction.

Blackfriars

The resultant volume is still small, but inexpressibly precious because of the stirring beauty of the Passion itself. It is characteristic of acts of martyrdom to be vivid, arresting: so much so that these qualities afford a handy test of genuineness; but it is doubtful if any exist in which the pulse of life is more evident, the glow of faith steadier, than in those of the Carthaginian martyrs.

After Perpetua had been thrown, and gored by a mad cow, 'looking for a pin, she likewise pinned up her dishevelled hair; for it was not meet that a martyr should suffer with hair dishevelled, lest she should seem to grieve in her glory. So she stood up . . .'

J.G.

THE GOLDEN THURIBLE. By Wilfred Rowland Childe. (Cecil Palmer; 5/-.)

The poems in *The Golden Thurible* comprise the fruits of Mr. Childe's imaginings and pious musings cast in elaborately pictorial settings. Readers who are already acquainted with his work will not be surprised to hear that doves, lilies and towers occur and re-occur, and that the words crystal or crystalline, amber and milk-white do their accustomed overtime. Each poem bears the stamp of finished workmanship, and yet the reader is left dissatisfied, for although Mr. Childe has a feeling for words and an unquestionable ability for evoking word-pictures, he employs these assets to the detriment of his subject-matter, which he weighs down with a load of imagery, not hesitating to use unsparingly the obviously poetic in word or phrase, surfetting by an excess of sweetness. The poems which please most are those where the thought is least adorned as in *The Greek Angel*, *Don Quixote*, *Prayer for the Faithful House of Limador* and *Our Lady Queen of Peace*. After so much prettiness throughout the book it is refreshing to come across such an unpicturesque trio as the Devil, the worm and the homely flea in *The Repentance of Dr. Faustus*, a poem which shows Mr. Childe can be forceful on occasion.

K.K.

ST. IGNATIUS. By Christopher Hollis. (Sheed & Ward; pp. x, 287; 7/6.)

It is a mistake to dally too long over the reviewing of a book, especially when it is an unusually interesting book—as Mr. Hollis's certainly is—and one apt to provoke comment, favourable and unfavourable. Perhaps the present reviewer's judgment has been somehow clouded by what he has read and heard said about the book since reading the book itself. For he has