

## Book Reviews

It is a good story, well told; and readers must not be prejudiced by the sentimental picture on the wrapper. Some of the characters are Catholics; some are not; they are all fine studies, arranged in careful perspective; the villains are not nauseating, the attractive folk do not strain one's credibility; Maude and Cecily and their mother make lively contrasts; indeed, there is an admirable variety of person throughout the book—and the tale of Lady Mary de Gifford tells something well worth hearing to those that have ears to hear. *When the Saints Slept* deserves a warm reception.

R.R.

NO. 8 JOY STREET. (Basil Blackwell; 6/-.)

Here is an open door to the golden realm of childhood. The stories are written by people like Mr. Compton Mackenzie, Mr. Algernon Blackwood, Mr. Laurence Housman, Miss Mabel Marlowe, Mr. L. A. G. Strong, and Miss Eleanor Farjeon, people who understand things as they *are* in the nursery—the *livingness* of the toy world, the reasonableness of *A Clean Sweep*, the real value of a *Guilderoybaconandeggs* affair, and the simplicity of faery. There's no grown-up nonsense about obstacles to acquiring an *Old Argo*, no tiresome explaining-away of a fisherman's metamorphosis into a heron, no oily condescension in relating the fate of party fare. And the artists know exactly what colours and what clean black lines are right. And those who make the verses make them specially well. You see, the Editor has chosen—not those dreadful people who 'understand children'—but people who understand children's *things*, to help him build Number Eight; so it's a Highly Desirable Residence. I've lived in it as long as I could, and now I give up my tenancy (leaving, I hope, not a finger-print, or speck of tobacco-ash behind) for the habitation of one 'of those children for whom only the best is good enough.'

R.R.

UNCERTAIN GLORY. By Margaret Yeo. (Sheed & Ward; 7/6.)

The popular press is asking for better novels, books that tell a good story and do not rely for success on sensationalism; Mrs. Yeo has written another of them: in it are all the elements the critics ask for—a story worth telling, briskly told, acute character-drawing, colour and plenty of incident. Mrs. Yeo spares us so much that we sometimes find tiresome in other historical romances; she chooses exactly the right moment to close the curtains on a scene, she writes in our idiom, and she