

Her basic assumption is that children can understand and follow the mysteries of the faith with far more insight and love than is generally imagined by adults. 'Children believe with simplicity because, along with the other gifts of the Holy Ghost at baptism, they possess the gift of wisdom, so different from the book-learning we think synonymous with wisdom. . . . This child's acceptance of the most staggering acts of creation is precisely that acceptance Christ said will qualify us for heaven.' She makes considerable, but I fear justifiable, demands on the parents. 'But if we apply ourselves seriously to teaching our children the spiritual life, one of the great challenges is the dare to turn the catechism into the happiest of all their studies. It should be. It could be. Perhaps the reason why it hasn't been so far is that we mistake it for an end, not a means. . . . The bone-dry definitions in the catechism are as essential as the recipe for the cake, but if we put them together with imagination and enthusiasm, and add love and experience, then set them afire with the teaching of Christ, his stories, his life, the old testament as well as the new, and the lives of the saints, we can make the study of the catechism a tremendous adventure.' That this high ideal can be attained is proved by Mrs Newland's teaching in her own family. Indeed, the extent to which the Newland family life is integrated with the liturgy must put most of us to shame, though Mrs Newland is never in any way smug, nor is there any air of 'holier than thou' about *We and Our Children*.

This book should be available in every local bookshop, and the more intrepid parish priests might risk buying a few to resell to the more devout of their parishioners who have large families. This is certainly what ought to be the case with a book so valuable as Mrs Newland's, yet the publishers seem determined to keep the sales to the minimum. Admittedly Darton, Longman and Todd are a new firm, and the cost of book production is high, but it is prohibitive to charge 16s. for a paper-backed edition, already published in the U.S.A., with no illustrations and running to a little over 275 pages. Perhaps the publishers could be persuaded to halve the price and thereby take a metaphorical leaf out of Mrs Newland's book by trusting more courageously in providence to look after their sales; I am sure that they will be rewarded if they take such a step.

E. M. G. BELFIELD

THE SEARCH FOR VALUES. By Russell Coleburt. (Sheed and Ward; 12s. 6d.)

This is an attempt to discern the important things in life. Mr Coleburt, making use of art and literature in a most persuasive way, sets out to diagnose and clarify the prevailing malady of our time, when

action is more urgent than ever and people seldom see any ultimate sanctions for their choice. The desire to live humanly, cut adrift from a common sense of what it is to be human, becomes the savage resentment of *Look Back in Anger*, or the ironic paralysis of *Waiting for Godot*. But these are equivocal gropings compared with a painting like Picasso's *Guernica* (reproduced on the dust-jacket), that caustic and dolorous comment on the spirit of total war; or with *Les Demoiselles d'Avignon*, dating from 1907, a prophetic image of the annihilation of man in a senseless universe.

These painful interrogations of life face the problem squarely: trapped in distrust, even in a kind of disgust, and yearning for something to live by, men have never been so conscious, at least in the western world, of their need for values; but also that values are not to be had for the asking. Sincerity, an ambiguous virtue, is the one value left: it keeps men from exploratory flirtation with the massive assertions of organized religion. Indeed, since Freud's theory of sublimation as the origin of all values, we have lived in a deepening scepticism about the validity of morals and religion. It will hardly do to say that religion is valuable, whether or not it is true (Jung regards Christianity, according to Mr Coleburt, 'as healthy, but not as true in any literal sense'): if it is not true, surely one would wish to go all the way with Freud, and say that it is wicked. To minimize the claim of Christianity, to make it into a kind of illuminating illusion, like mescaline, does nobody any service. And in a parallel way, minimizing the creative role of reason in ethics undermines the reality of moral values. We must *see*, and not merely *feel*, that something is right. Moral behaviour is not normally a hateful thwarting of our desires.

It is a mistaken concept of man, which he calls the split mind, that Mr Coleburt is attacking. Making a foil of Professor Nowell-Smith, but with a whole philosophical and moral climate in view, he argues through a rehabilitation of intuitionist ethics to an appeal for a new equilibrium of the intuitive and discursive modes of our thought. He elucidates art values in terms of extending awareness, art as a form of knowledge. 'It is only because we have forgotten the normal functioning of the intuitive mind that we become bewildered or suspicious when there is any suggestion of meaning conveyed in a non-discursive way'. This reunification is performed again in ethics, re-establishing conscience as a form of knowledge and moral life as essentially living by the truth one has seen.

The final chapters tackle the problem of religious values, or rather the problem of love. Is the only connection between knowledge and behaviour self-interest? If so, how do we avoid a radical cynicism? Love is not much discussed in *Mind*, but it is certainly at stake in *Look*

Back in Anger. This is the crux of the modern dilemma: are we to say, with Sartre, that the world is senseless and that ours is a derelict existence; or are we to say that our relationship to the world, in knowing, is a way of love? Our idea of what it is to be human turns decisively on whether or not we see the world as *created*. If we do, the way lies open to making the world the place of our encounter with the living God. The fact is that in an important sense values *are* to be had for the asking, and *only* for the asking. It is in the light of lives lived transparently in the life of grace that the painful search for values must find its sense.

This is of course an ephemeral and perishable book: most of the names and data will be different in a few years. But the function of this kind of literature is to efface itself when its discernments have once been made. There is no doubt that Mr Coleburt sees what the important things are.

F.K.

SAINT IGNATIUS LOYOLA—LETTERS TO WOMEN. By Hugo Rahner, S.J. (Herder Freiburg and Nelson, Edinburgh-London; 63s.)

In this excellent book, which one cannot recommend too highly, Fr Hugo Rahner portrays a little-known Ignatius Loyola. It is Ignatius seen through his correspondence with women of all classes. The twelve volumes of Ignatius' correspondence contain some seven thousand letters; amongst these are eighty-nine which he wrote to women and fifty which he received from women. Fr Rahner uses this block of one hundred and thirty-nine letters to discover the 'complete, real unfalsified Ignatius' (p. 3). For Ignatius was not the stern, impassive 'soldier-saint' he is thought to be. His letters to women, though comparatively few, reveal a more human and a more real personality. They show Ignatius' sanctity under a different light and demonstrate how he applied his spiritual teaching in the direction of women.

The book is divided into six main sections, each one of which investigates a different aspect of Ignatius' dealings with women. The titles of these sections explain their content: (1) The Courtier of Heaven (correspondence with royal ladies); (2) God's Cavalier (correspondence with noble ladies); (3) Begging for the Kingdom of God (to benefactresses); (4) The Inexorable Comforter (to spiritual daughters); (5) Father in Christ (to the mothers of fellow-Jesuits); (6) Friendship in God (letters to women who were his friends). But this is no mere compilation and classification. Each section and each letter is situated in its historical context so that the personalities involved live again and Ignatius' laconic phrases take on their full meaning.

As the author remarks, there is nothing sensational in these letters.