

'climbing' as if it were in the play-room. The parents' own stillness, 'their silence of body', will convey to the little ones that sense of 'otherliness' about this House—God's House.

And if children are ever to be trained to self-denial of the greediness natural to all, surely such training should be part of church attendance. Never, never should there be eating in church.

Toys, rag dolls! Have we not the Church's own 'toys'—little statues, rosaries—that children instinctively love? Picture-books, yes, those best of all made up by the parents where each picture has been studied and explained before church so that there is little need for talk about them in church itself.

In parishes where families predominate it is good to find the old-fashioned ways still in being. The parents expect their children, even the smallest, to 'behave themselves', and it is rare to find some who do not. Example tells here as everywhere—where newcomers arrive and see their 'peers' behaving with decorum, the example catches. But where, alas, parents spend their Mass time concentrating rather on their children than on their own following of the Mass and worship of God, the consequent restlessness—'un-stillness'—is bound to convey itself to children and increase rather than mitigate any such tendencies in the little people.

Yours, etc.,

M. CAHILL

DEAR SIR:

Would you or your readers kindly inform me where one can find in Catholic literature references to Christian friendship? Much seems to have been written on relationships between priest and layman, on the married state, the duties of children and parents, servant and master, between employer and employed, teacher and pupil, and so on. But on friendship I can find little except a modern transcription of, I believe, St Aelred, called 'Christian Friendship' which rather uncompromisingly refuses to admit women into this at all!

I am looking for any sort of references, whether descriptions of friendships achieved, spiritual advice on the duties, rewards, warnings, and anything else arising from the state, letters between close friends, writings in the Scriptures or by the Fathers of the

Church, or official pronouncements which may have a bearing on the subject.

Although I have only recently become a student social worker, I have already heard from several people eminent and justly respected in this field that being a 'good friend' to a person in trouble is one of the aims of social casework and until this relationship is achieved one is never likely to gain their full confidence and co-operation. For this reason, as well as a general interest in the Church's teaching on the subject, I would be glad to know more about it than I do at present—and at present I know practically nothing.

Yours

KAY WELLS



## REVIEWS

NEGLECTED SAINTS. By E. I. Watkin. (Sheed and Ward; 12s. 6d.)

The neglected saints whose lives are here very ably sketched in 210 pages are St Martin of Tours, St Bruno, St Hugh of Lincoln, Blessed John of Montmirail, Blessed Jordan of Saxony, Blessed Diana D'Andalo, Blessed Osanna of Mantua, St Thomas of Villanueva, Blessed Anthony Grassi. Those of them who are actually canonized are the less neglected, naturally, but the author's portraits of them have a new look, and one cannot help agreeing with him, very largely, that it is the true look: from this point of view they also have been greatly neglected. St Martin of Tours especially comes out a man instead of a piece in a tableau.

The stories are arrestingly told. They grip the attention and hold it. That would be enough, and in these days a distinction. But there is much more to this book. A richly stored mind, a philosopher's flair for the general truth (here, trait of character) behind the particular incident, an eagerness to use single things and words as illustrations of principles, have turned the portrait gallery into a series of lantern lectures, casual, penetrating, very attractive indeed, about holiness, and what a saint really is.

Sometimes one cannot resist the suspicion that an axe is being ground, but then which philosopher, or theologian, does not carry around his little fascis and put his tool on whatever grindstone he finds? That St Martin could conceivably give 'precedence in his mind' to St Agnes over our Lady, is to me incredible, and I don't believe it. The nature of miracles, explained and illustrated, *passim*, leaves one with a question or